

...THE...

# Carmelite Review

A CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount  
Carmel.

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WITH THE HIGHEST ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY.



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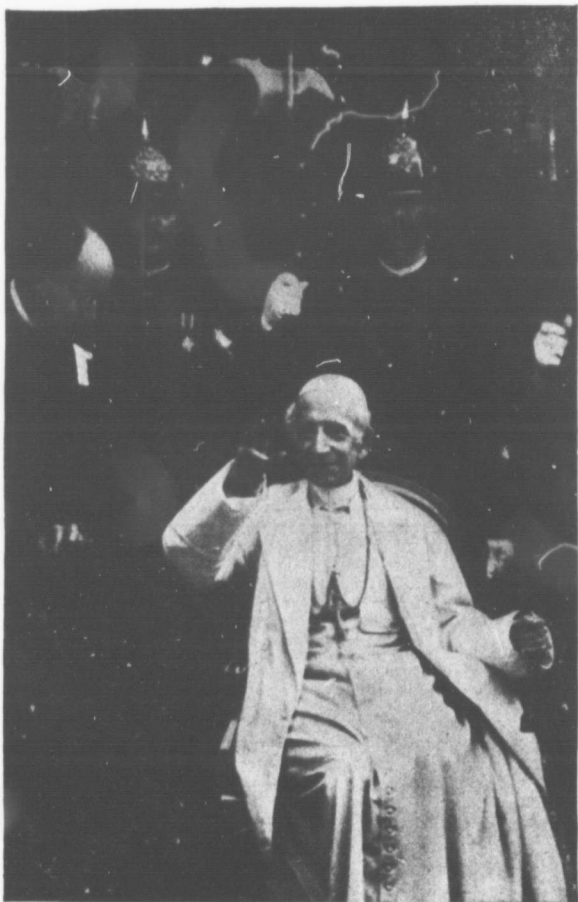
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## OUR HOLY FATHER, POPE LEO XIII.

**GRANTS A SPECIAL BLESSING TO ALL READERS OF THE CARMELITE REVIEW.**

**The above is an exact copy of the latest biographic view taken of the aged Pontiff. In the background are members of the noble guard and attendants of His Holiness.**





## The Holy Infancy.

(JANUARY.)

I.



UPON her lap He lies; His lovely eyes  
 'Neath snowy lids are veiled—Jesus reposes.  
 Hushed is the world to Him, who in the rim  
 And hollow of His hand, all earth encloses.  
 And Mary looks upon her Child, and knows He is divine,  
 Yet softly whispers to herself, “still, still, my Babe  
 is mine.”

II.

But now He wakes, He stirs, and into hers  
 His tender eyes look love, and, as if pleading,  
 His little hands He lifts, to win her gifts  
 Of sustenance and care, and she, quick-heeding,  
 Clasps Him to her pure breast. He nestles there, and oh,  
 the thrill  
 Of mother-love intense that doth her inmost being fill.

III.

She notes each budding charm; the rounded arm,  
 The pressure on her breast of dimpled fingers,  
 The tendrils of His hair, so soft, so fair  
 Where glint of sunlight falls, and, loving, lingers.  
 Only a mother understands, and she, far-off and dim  
 What that sweet mother thought and felt, the while  
 regarding Him.

## IV.

She kisses His pure brow ; ah, would that now,  
*That now at least,* she sees no hint of thorn,  
 In tiny hands He lifts, no mark of rifts,  
 And little feet so dear, all yet untorn.  
 Ah, would if but one hour each day while on her lap  
 He lies,  
 The future, with its fearful doom, were veiled from her  
 fond eyes.

## V.

Rest, Mary, in the thought that God hath wrought  
 For thee a crown of thorns and one of roses.  
 So intertwined are they, thou canst not say  
 If joy or grief prevail, while He reposes  
 Against thy loving, bleeding heart, who is thy God,  
 thy Son,  
 O Felix Mater, Mater Dolorosa, both in one!

—MARY LOUISE RYAN.

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### A Thought for 1899.

While the Christmas thoughts are still fresh in our minds, and the echoes of angel-voices have scarcely died away, another year dawns for us, bringing a sense of fear as well as hope, of sorrow as well as gladness.

There is before our thoughts, the yet unwritten page of life. Shall we venture to stain it, as we may have done in the past? Must we inscribe joy or sorrow, bright hopes or saddening disappointments? Shall those bells that "ring out the old year, and ring in the new," toll soon again for the departure of some loved one to the eternal home? What shall we do for Jesus and Mary this new year? All

these questions seem ringing in our ears, and there is *one* answer that admirably suits them all, it is the expression of our Divine Lord Himself—the disposition of His Infant-Heart: "Behold, I come to do thy will." We know not that will as He did, but at least let us generously and confidently, at this time, offer ourselves to God, who will unfold it to us by the events of this year, and will ask nothing that He is not ready to give us grace in its fulfilment. Let us kneel before His Tabernacle and echo His own words, "Behold, I come to do thy will."—  
 E. DE M.

# LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

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

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

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

## CHAPTER XV.

CONSECRATION OF PIERRE DE LUSIGNAN—SECOND ILLNESS AND MARVELLOUS CURE  
OF BLESSED PETER—JOY OF THE CYPRIANS—THE ROYAL ANOINT-  
ING—MANY CONVERSIONS AMONG THE SCHISMATICS—1360.



HERE was a change in the reigning power at Cyprus, for the good King Hugo was dead. The tenth day of October, 1359, had witnessed the close of his long and useful life. The year before his death he had designated as his successor his son Pierre, Count of Tripoli.

Notwithstanding this precaution, however, there was discord in the family, and disputes, for Pierre was only the second or younger son. The elder, Guy, who had died some time before, had left a son himself—Hugo, Prince of Gallilee—and this prince was ambitious to be the representative of his father. His right, however, was not acknowledged, even the wise Hugo had not considered it well founded, and had, therefore, excluded him from power. The trouble was not of short duration, and the loyal ones foresaw that *Pierre*, the first of that name to occupy the throne of

Cyprus, would not enjoy a peaceable possession of his kingdom. Prince Hugo, his nephew, insisted that it belonged to him, and laid the cause before Pope Innocent VI. Pierre sent the Count de Rohas, marshal of Cyprus, and Thomas de Montolif, auditor, as his representatives. Finally Prince Hugo withdrew his pretensions in consideration of a certain sum of money. He demanded for revenue 50,000 bezants, which was agreed to.

But it was not opposition from the adherents of the older branch that constituted *all* the trouble for King Pierre, and made his ascent to the throne something else than a flower-strewn path.

His adventurous, daring spirit alarmed the more timid of his subjects, and started anew the question of his possessing the throne. To silence this opposition, and to win the affection of the people—and, actuated also by a *spirit of faith*, he was desirous of receiving the royal unction from the hands of the saintly Legate, whose high position and eminent virtue were so venerated throughout the Orient.

4 His ambassadors, therefore, went to entreat Blessed Peter to come and anoint the forehead of their prince with the oil which consecrates the king. The saint, prostrated by his incessant exertions and suffering from a fever, was at Rhodes, where, since the festival of Christmas, he had been confined to his bed, and cared for by the knights of St. John. And yet, when the messengers unfolded the end of their mission, and represented that his concurrence upon the solemn occasion might be of service to the diffusion of the faith he listened attentively, and, with the most generous condescension, responded at once in the affirmative. Although scarcely able to stand, he determined, in spite of all the alarming previsions, to set out before the joyful festival of Easter.

Only the knowledge of his zealous fervent disposition, which they knew to be capable of summoning all his energy, could induce his attendants to transport him to the vessel.

During the passage he became so much worse that they despaired of his ever reaching Cyprus alive. They landed at the Port of Paphos, there being the faintest indication of improvement, but all believed that if his death were retarded for a few hours, it was certain to take place very soon.

Berenger, dean of St. Gregory of Nicosia, and probably one of the envoys of the king, came from the hatchway, near which the patient lay stretched upon his bed of pain, carefully closed it, and went into the city in search of an hospital where the sufferer might receive fitting attention. Having found one, he hastened to return to the vessel. What had taken place during his absence of less than an hour? The dean had scarcely left

the prelate than the latter, entirely cured of the burning fever, and perfectly free from his malady, arose, went up the ladder, and in presence of all, rendered thanks to God for his unexpected restoration to health. Berenger, when he saw him standing upon the deck, with animated look and healthful color, instead of the emaciated appearance and livid tint of scarcely an hour ago, was lost in amazement. To the questions and congratulations of the dean, he only replied: "St. Gregory cured me." And without even the assistance of a sustaining arm, he walked to the lodging which awaited him at Paphos.

The sudden and entire disappearance of the apparently fatal illness was universally accepted as a miracle.

When it became known that the Legate had arrived, a welcome not less cordial than that accorded him when Hugo entertained him, was joyfully tendered him.

Pierre I. went to meet him with his mother, Alixia, and his wife, Elenore of Arragon. Eager to manifest their respect for the Legate of the Holy See, sovereigns and noble dames, peers of the realm and innumerable knights formed a glorious cortege upon his entrance into the capital.

Under the influence of this enthusiasm a week, fruitful in happy results, was devoted to a course of public instructions upon those virtues which are the salvation of the people, and to private conferences upon those points which win the love of subjects for their king. The solemn consecration, according to ancient usage, was to take place in the Cathedral of Famagouste. Upon the appointed day, therefore, the Legate, the King, the court and the army repaired, with all due solemnity, from Nicosia to that

interesting city by the sea.

Vested in the robes of his office, the holy Legate first performed, with touching devotion, the preliminary ceremonies. Then, upon the demand of the barons, amid the prayers of the clergy and the acclamations of the vast throng, he poured the holy oil upon the brow of Pierre I. de Lusignan. He consecrated him King of Cyprus and Jerusalem for the glory of God, the diffusion of the true faith, and the destruction of the enemies of the Cross.

With what special emphasis he spoke when he gave to the King "the weapon of the brave" and pronounced the words of the traditional formula: "Accept this sword, and use it to combat your own enemies and the foes of our holy Church." Then came the coronation. The diadem of Cyprus had already been conferred upon Pierre I. when his father, Hugo IV., was about to set out upon that voyage to Europe, during which he died. Peter Thomas had then only to place upon the royal brow the crown of Jerusalem, which the house of Lusignan had ever regarded as the most glorious of their prerogatives.

This fete, illumined as it was with hope's brightest ray for the expectant subjects, was one of the happiest occasions ever experienced by the kingdom of Cyprus, which was frequently menaced by dangers of various kinds. The better to preserve the charm, first at Famagouste, and then at Nicosia, the popular games were kept up longer than had at first been intended. One feature of the program, however, as desired both by the nobles and the masses, was a daily sermon from Blessed Peter. The King never failed to attend, and not satisfied with participating in the fruit of the general

exhortations he continued, in special conferences, to nourish his fervor and his generous impulses.

The time seemed propitious to the man of God to solicit the good offices of the King in regard to the union of the Churches. In a religious point of view, the indigenous Cyprians, otherwise submissive to the Byzantine Empire, had, for the greater part, adhered to the doctrine of the Separatists.

The clergy—pretending, as they did, to be orthodox—animated by a most intolerant spirit, hesitated not to employ any methods to increase the number of their disciples. Their zeal in this regard was unbounded, and only equalled by their ardor in annoying and even persecuting those of the Latin rite.

Deeply grieved at this deplorable state of affairs, the Legate resolved to apply the remedy at the very source of the evil. After having consulted with the King, he convoked an assemblage in the largest church in Nicosia. The Greek Archbishop, Gregory, and all his clergy responded to the call. He also invited the Latin priests and the prominent members of their respective congregations.

When the vast church had received them all within its walls, Blessed Peter ordered the doors to be closed lest some tumult from without might disturb the conference. He then took his place, in front of the main altar, near the Greek Archbishop, thus both were in the midst of the clergy of the two rites.

His discourse, based upon the texts of the Gospel, and delivered with a mildness and serenity, which could not fail to please, gradually found its way to the hearts of his hearers, and with its brilliant light shed some rays

into their obscure recesses. The hope of re-union seemed to grow brighter, and Blessed Peter prayed more fervently than ever for a happy result of his efforts. A number of prominent people amongst the Greeks fully recognized the claims of the Roman Church and faithfully adhered to her doctrines. They practised their religion openly. And *now* that holy faith seemed about to realize the fondest hopes of her children and enjoy a triumph as peaceable as it would be glorious.

But, alas! The spirit of evil is never idle—and the demon of jealousy is always vigilant. A certain prelate, whose hatred had always been particularly bitter, in loud and excited tones began to hurl forth calumnies against the Legate and his adherents. Upon the instant indignant voices were lifted up to protest against the scandalous proceeding—which elicited recrimination and altercation so that the peaceful convocation threatened to end in a discordant panic.

The throng which had gathered outside the church caught the spirit of agitation from within, whilst a group of ushers seized upon their increasing alarm to insinuate that the cause of the disorder was nothing else than the ambitious course of the Bishop of Coron. The ease with which a crowd is frequently swayed was exemplified. Human perversity, always ready to believe the worst, now stigmatized him, who but recently was an object of universal regard as worthy of distrust, aversion and general hatred. Angry cries resounded from all parts of the court, and the crowd, at first moved by curiosity, but now growing so large that it appeared like a dense and compact mass of raging creatures, gave utterance to the darkest menaces, "*Death to the Legate*" was the watch

word, whilst those, who were opposed to re-union, opened the massive portals and the Schismatics, like the waves of a turbulent sea, flowed up the broad aisles of the temple.

As if drowned in its depths the Latins disappeared, or like disjointed billows abandoned themselves without resistance to the current.

Alas! that the true and faithful ones should so often be brought to such straits by the insolent disciples of error.

The nuncio, at least, maintained a firm and unmoved demeanor. He rallied around him a little band to whom he said: "May the Almighty be our protector: Bring unto me the cross." Standing close to the sacred sign of our salvation they calmly awaited the death which seemed inevitable. The Legate, at their head, before the high altar faced the raging multitude without a trace of emotion. The Prince of Antioch meanwhile had been apprised of what was in progress at the temple.

The news of the gathering tempest, having thus penetrated to the royal palace, the brother of the king was not slow in hastening to the rescue. He was also the high constable of Cyprus, and had therefore full authority to act. Hurriedly donning a suit of armor, he summoned a body of cavalry, and all galloped furiously to the scene of disorder. But seeing that it was merely an uprising of the "vile rabble," to use the expression of the feudal times, the constable put up his sword, the others followed his example and, making a descent upon the surging crowd, with baton in hand, distributed blows, in every quarter, with a will.

In a few moments, therefore, the sacrilegious mob was expelled from

the holy place, and the nuncio was delivered from his assassins. God was content with the act of resignation to death, so fervently formulated by his servant who was never to die the death of a martyr save by desire. In vain had the least reputable amongst the prelates striven to find, in deeds of violence, a compensation for their moral and intellectual littleness. Their actions were of a nature by no means suited to add to their glory, nor calculated to alarm or discourage the confessor of faith.

Always fearless, despite the apprehensions of his friends, he continued his apostolic labors in season and out of season, and after a brief delay he resumed his conferences with the Greeks.

Faithful to his office as representative of the Holy Father, sometimes he sought to win them by loving words, sometimes by portraying realistic word pictures of the terrible judgments of the Almighty.

His eloquence did not fail of a happy result. The good seed did not fall upon sterile ground in this fair land, governed as it was by a Catholic king. It caused the germ of the true faith to vivify in full perfection in the souls of the Greek Archbishop, and many of his prelates were equally favored. A great number of priests and those under their jurisdiction also responded to the call of divine grace. In a word, Christianity in Cyprus made its submission *en masse* to the authority of Rome. The much-desired re-union, impervious to all attempts under preceding reigning powers, now became general, sincere, and of long duration.

Unfortunately, during the course of centuries, the bonds of this church, on account of political revolutions,

and the difficulty, in the midst of the Saracen wars, of communicating with the Holy See, became relaxed to a certain extent. But, at all events, the Koran never succeeded in winning the numerous disciples at Cyprus. The immense majority of the actual population remained faithful and steadfast Christians.

The consecration was over, and re-union, we may say, an accomplished fact. The time had come for the Legate, summoned to a distant point of his vast spiritual territory, to bid farewell to the king and the people. With the most eloquent, powerful and persuasive discourses, with the most tireless works of zeal, he had endeavored to repay the testimonials of affection bestowed upon him in this great island. And those evidences of love—numerous as they were before—were multiplied as the time of his departure drew nigh. They touched him deeply, nay they seemed, as it were, to pierce his inmost heart. For this monk, fearless and immovable in the midst of the greatest peril, had a tender heart, and could not withstand the manifestations of friendship. As he left them, the Cyprians perceived that their beloved spiritual father could not restrain his sobs and tears. A marked predilection attached him to these good people; perhaps he had a presentiment that his body might, in death, repose, until the resurrection morn near those to whom his ministrations had been so wonderfully efficacious.

So true it is that spiritual affection yields *in nothing* to human love—nay more—the former is far more tender, enduring and powerful!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## WHAT SHOULD WE READ?

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



HIS question was often asked before, and frequently answered, so there is little new to be said on a subject so often treated by various writers. But as there may be many readers who may have given little thought to this matter, and as there may be some who may not have even given it the slightest consideration, we think it will not be out of place to give a few suggestions that may be of use in a matter of such importance. As we are writing for Catholics, and as we know the solemn obligations they are under, to practice their religion and to serve God faithfully during life, we consider any means that may help them to attain that all important end, to be not only of the highest moment, but a matter that should be embraced, whatever inconvenience or difficulties may come in the way. There is another obligation equally imperative, binding Catholics to shun anything calculated to withdraw them from this highest sense of duty, no matter how specious the reasons may appear for acting otherwise.

There are many means held out to Catholics for the furtherance of this end, and among them good books hold a prominent place. The doctors of the Church, the saints, great theologians, and ascetic writers agree that the reading of good books is a powerful means to strengthen virtue, to exalt

Christian people, to make the children of the Church good and practical Catholics, and to bring self restraint, peace and happiness to the Christian home. Bad books have the contrary effect, and if they treat directly or indirectly on subjects against faith or morals, they are strictly forbidden. Some works of this kind are written in an attractive style, and the charm and the beauty of the language intended to convey the ideas to the minds of the readers, tone down and soften the repulsive form of the matter thus treated. This is what makes them the more dangerous, and gives them an insinuating power to instil their poison into the minds of unsuspecting people. Where did the ideas come from that are conveyed to the mind of the reader through the medium of works of this kind? Did such thoughts have their origin in heaven? No, nothing defiled can enter that blessed abode, and whatever comes from there is consecrated, bearing the stamp of the sanctity of the all Holy God. Such thoughts come from another direction, the very opposite of heaven; they come from the author of lies, no matter what may be the charm of expression, fabricated by his emissaries to deceive their readers. Or they may be deductions, from the same source, wrought out and formed by a distorted imagination, in a brain on fire with unholy passions. If this be their origin they are poor food for the grand faculties of man's soul, for they are the husks which the swine did eat, and upon which the prodigal would fain feed. God grant that those who



endeavor to digest such food, may give it up in disgust, and return once more to the home of their Father.

Bad literature unfortunately parades its evil effects daily before our eyes; if you allow the expression, it unmans man, it lowers the mind, it deifies the pleasures of the senses, and makes him so selfish that it lowers and brutalizes his better instincts. If we could, we would gladly pass over in silence, and leave untouched, or rather we would throw the veil of oblivion over whatever is unseemly in public morals, were it only of the past, but abuses and allurements intended to corrupt youth are met with at every turn. And we must confess, as is plain to the eyes of the public, that all the evil is not confined to bad books alone, for there are many accessories in the low grades of newspapers, equally destructive in their effects. It is sad to have to acknowledge in a country that boasts of its advanced civilization, of the enlightenment of its people, and of its progress in modern science, that art, that divine gift given to man by his Creator, for his elevation, that he might draw down the Promethean fire from heaven, and form new celestial creations on earth, to elevate and rejoice the hearts of Christian people, is prostituted to the lowest and most unholly of purposes. There are pictures in which the human form, dignified by the God-like spirit within it, is drawn distorted by the caricaturist, either for paltry gain or for other private ends, unworthy not only of a Christian, but of a human being. But this is not the worst abuse of art, it is used to corrupt the imagination and the hearts of youth, as is evident from the fact that the pictures in certain stores and saloons are not a fit spectacle for Christian eyes. And then

what will we say of some of the low illustrated papers? We need not defile the pages of this REVIEW by recording the names of the most infamous of these publications, for they have gained an unenviable notoriety that would be scarcely appreciated by the King of Dahomey in the palmy days of his barbarism. It is astonishing to us that a Christian people in a great nation do not, in their indignation and in the might of their power, rise up and stamp out of existence such publications, for by so doing the hearts of thousands upon thousands of youths would remain pure that unfortunately are now corrupted. Nor are such illustrated papers confined to the cities alone; they are distributed throughout the land, and find their way to the lonely homes in the back woods of the far West. But a word to Catholic parents, if they wish to save their children and preserve their virtue, at all cost they must be vigilant, and peremptorily prohibit illustrations of this kind for their use, and banish all such poisonous mental food from their homes.

But it is not enough to avoid bad literature. We must have something good to read, and this brings us back to the question at the head of this article, "What should we read?" The holy Scripture is recommended to all, especially the New Testament, provided it is read not according to the private interpretation of each individual, but according to the interpretation of the holy Catholic Church. For Saint Peter, the prince of the Apostles, warns us against private interpretation of the holy Scripture, where he says, speaking of Saint Paul: "As also our most dear brother Paul, according to the wisdom given him, hath written to you. \*As also in all his epistles, speak-

\*2nd Ep. Peter, 3c., 16 v.

ing in them of these things, in which are contained things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and the unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures to their own destruction." Our Divine Lord by establishing the Church made His holy religion easy to her children, for before the Church all men are equal. The great, the learned and the powerful, the crowned monarch, the humble peasant, the poor and the ignorant, stand on the same elevated plane before her, and bow to her dogmatic decisions, for they know that she speaks with an infallible voice. On this head Catholics may congratulate themselves, if they pay only a moderate attention in acquiring the knowledge of their holy religion. It is not necessary for them, nor is it possible for all of them, to be highly educated, or to be acquainted with literature, as they will find in two little books, easy to be acquired, the *Following of Christ* and the *Spiritual Combat*, more true wisdom than in all profane literature besides.

For improving the mind, and at the same time for entertaining and affording pleasure to the reader, without too much strain on the mental faculties, in our opinion history is the best. But history, like every other branch of literature, has but too often been distorted and used for the most unjust purposes, to conceal truth and propagate falsehood. To be true to itself, it should give us plain facts with the circumstances attending them and the causes as far as possible that evidently produced them. It should be the light of the past, it should bring us back through the ages of the world, and with the spirit of truth and impartiality witness the deeds of men, without exaggeration or palliation, two operations continually at work

where the mind of the historian is biased and darkened with prejudice. If an historical fact touches on the supernatural, if a miraculous event takes place, if deeds hard to flesh and blood are accomplished, demanding self-restraint and crucifixion of the three great concupiscences that make up the world; the historians of the above mentioned class would either explain them away or would pass them over in silence. As they had come to the conclusion from a false process of reasoning based on false principles, that such facts could not have occurred. There is another subterfuge generally made use of by writers inimical to the Church. If the matter in question is of a religious nature, or had it a tendency to prove the sanctity of the Church, no matter how patent the fact might be, or with what publicity it may have been accomplished, though hundreds or thousands of respectable witnesses might have been present. Such historians, had the occurrence taken place some hundreds of years past, would either not notice it, or they would not call it an historical fact, but a legend, something that is hardly worthy of notice, a mere rumor among the people, that has no historical proofs to sustain its authenticity. Taking all these facts into consideration with regard to history, we need not be surprised, that the distinguished French writer Count de Maister declares "that for the last three centuries history has been a grand conspiracy against the truth." We hope that from these few words, brief as they are, Catholics will see the necessity of being careful in the selection of histories, and not be lead astray by a specious show of impartiality, a position very often assumed as a cover to deceive the unwary, by writers who

wish to conceal the poison they desire to instil into the minds of their readers.

Every art has been employed to vilify and misrepresent the Catholic Church; painting, history and fiction have been powerful weapons in the hands of her enemies. In the English language, Sir Walter Scott reduced the writing of fiction to an art, and frequently, with that peculiar charm with which he was accustomed to clothe his narrative, made it a sharp instrument to traduce the loving mother, who called his fathers from paganism and civilized them, and who, down through the ages almost to his own day, nurtured them with holy doctrine, and sanctified them with the sacraments within her sacred bosom. But we must not throw all the blame on the great novelist in this matter; other writers in this domain of literature have misrepresented and attacked her with all the violence that passion could suggest. It appears that Sir Walter could not get entirely rid of the prejudices of his times, but he painted some beautiful Catholic characters with a master's hand, that none but a Divine Religion could form and sustain through the turmoils and frequently through the adverse circumstances of life. But to take fiction in itself, it may be used for good or evil; books of this kind to-day flood the world, and are pouring from the press yearly in astonishing numbers. The bad works among them are doubly dangerous, on account of the peculiar circumstances of the times, for we may say, without exaggeration, that the times are evil, or we may say what Cicero said of his own times, "O! Tempora, O! Mores: O! Times, O! Morals." But however that may be, we may lay down the general rule to be observed in such cases by all

Catholics, that any novel treating directly or indirectly against faith or morals is strictly prohibited by the Church, and must not be read by Catholics under any pretense whatever. Cheap literature in fiction, where children can procure the books for a nominal sum, shows how powerful such means are for evil. Books of this kind are doing their pestiferous work and have been doing it for many years. They have corrupted the hearts of an incalculable number of youth, they have sowed the seeds of insubordination and immorality, they have encouraged and aroused the worst passions known to human nature, that grew with their growth, that became their tormentors during life, and their companions in death.

Some persons make the great mistake in choosing what they call Catholic novels, or, in other words, they think that because the novel was written by a Catholic it is fit to be read. But it is well to consider that there are Catholics in every department of life who are unworthy of the name, and who are a disgrace to the religion they profess, and in the department of fiction their works are a fair sample of those who wrote them. A bad tree cannot produce good fruit, a corrupted heart cannot teach high morality, and low and groveling instincts cannot infuse into the hearts of others high and holy aspirations. Such productions as these should never be read, for they are calculated to do untold injury to the reader. The Church is not to be blamed for all the acts of her wayward children, though some unreasonable people endeavor to hold her accountable. There are Catholic societies in the Church which she loves and controls, but a Catholic society is entirely a different thing

from a society of Catholics. The former as a body is affiliated to the interests of the Church, and is governed by ecclesiastical rules, whilst the latter as a body has nothing whatever to do with the Church, only that the individuals that compose the society are Catholics, and are only connected with the Church as individuals. In like manner we must draw a wide distinction between Catholic novelists, and Catholics who write novels. To define a Catholic novelist is, perhaps, not so easy, and there may be some who may make objections to the definition. But we must understand that the definition of a novelist will not be the same, if we qualify the term novelist by the word Catholic. What we understand by a Catholic novelist, whose works we could recommend to Catholics, is one whose object is to elevate his readers, to make them better men and better women, and more practical Catholics. And one who holds the integrity of this purpose so high that neither lucre nor the applause of the world can make him depart from it.

Outside of this class, Catholics who write novels have no right to be called Catholic novelists, and their works should receive no more consideration at the hands of Catholics than the works of those outside the Church.

Some novelists are not over-scrupulous in the choice they make of the leading character of their work. However, it appears to us that there are rules that should govern the choice of such character, that should not be slighted. These rules may not be written, but they hold a firm place in the minds of the public. If the leading character be taken from the community at large, without any reference to place, no matter how repulsive the

picture drawn by the artist may be, even though he should have labored to bring out in bold relief, and in strongest colors, the most selfish and unsightly features of a depraved soul, provided it did not trench on the limits of decency, no one would have a right to complain. But if such a character be located, the readers would look suspiciously on the town or community, which they would rightly or wrongly hold accountable for the formation of the morals of such an individual, and would probably make up their minds that the general conduct of such people was not entirely immaculate. If this be the case with towns and villages, it is much more so with particular institutions. Some novelists have taken advantage of this general sense of public interpretation with regard to novels. By this means Dickens reformed the nurses in the public hospitals of London, and the schools in Yorkshire. But lest he might do an injury to the latter institution by misrepresentation, before writing *Nicholas Nickelby*, he went down to Yorkshire, with a quasi government commission, to examine the schools. And if the nurses in the hospitals needed no reform, if only one or two were unreliable, we would have never heard of *Sarah Gamp*.

There is a Catholic who writes novels, who has injudiciously taken for the leading character of one of them, no less a personage than a nun, from one of the most strict religious orders in the Church. When called to task for his temerity, he declared that the character was taken from real life and that the facts narrated actually occurred. From what we have said above, this answer is not sufficient. Is he sure the facts are true? He may have heard them from rumor only

But let us take it for granted that she did fall. Is the writer sure that the community from which he selected her for publication is in any way accountable for her? Though the members of such a community may be, and we have no doubt are, angels on earth adorning it with their virtues, the chaste spouses of Christ, upon whom He looks with infinite love, nevertheless the readers of such a work will look upon them, in spite of themselves, if not with suspicion, at least with less reverence. That one should fall from a community of the highest virtue should not be wondered at. Have not the angels fallen from heaven, and were those that remained faithful, less sanctified or less pleasing to God? Did not their song of praise ring through the vaults of heaven with as joyous an air, and did not their countless ranks shine with as great brilliancy in the new celestial glory in which they had been confirmed? As though no angel fell from the lofty throne where the hand of his Creator had placed him. Did not a bishop of the Church fall from among the Apostles, and were the eleven less sanctified because of his wickedness? If the

Apostles were an obscure community, and not well known to the world at large, and a writer undertook to portray the character of Judas, as one of the twelve, his whole work would be misleading. There was an exhibition of everything that was mean, wicked and ungrateful, though he was three years and a half the companion of an incarnate God, the witness of His miracles, and His sanctity. But what of the eleven? Of their going forth without scrip or staff, of the prisons in which they were incarcerated, the stripes that they received, their miracles and their martyrdom? It is thus a wrecked fallen nun, the violator of the vows, which she swore to God to be faithful to, her fall, her shame and her infamy, are flaunted before the world. But what about the community from which she fell? The self-sacrifice, the annihilation of self, the exalted sanctity, the seraphic love! Behold them for hours wrapt in the gloom of the sanctuary, before the Prisoner of the Tabernacle, sending forth their heartfelt prayers for a sinful world, a world not worthy of them.

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### Shrine of the Scapular !

BEAUTIFUL Mother, we deck thy shrine ;  
 All that is bright and best of ours,  
 Found in our garden, we reckon thine—  
 God thought of thee when He made the flowers.

Beautiful Mother, upon thy shrine,  
 Picked and gathered in loving haste,  
 See ! we arrange them in pleasing line—  
 They who love thee will not want for taste !

—REV. KENELM D. BEST.

## AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

### CHAPTER X. (Continued.)



**M**R. GREY had done a most unwise thing, toward the preservation of his peace of mind in looking between the pages of the book Pedler Daly had entrusted to his care for Mrs. Burns.

In an idle moment, the day following his conversation with Judith in the orchard, the little paper-bound volume lying on his table caught his attention. The day was threatening rain, a heavy midsummer rain. The desolation outside was intensified in the low old room, whose darkly papered walls, and furnishing of a generation back, were vibrating voices of days that were no more; for in the halcyon time ago, when the Blue Licks Springs was a resort famed throughout the country as the great rendezvous for Southern wealth and beauty, the Larue enjoyed a popularity above the other hotels. A narrow rubber band held the book in its paper wrapping, and as this was removed his eyes caught the title, "The Faith of Our Fathers,"—"By James Cardinal Gibbons." The high literary quality of the book delighted him and he read it from cover to cover, drawn on by the exquisite diction of the Prince of American writers, but without giving more than a passing minute's consideration to the arguments it contains, and the stubborn con-

clusion drawn therefrom. When he turned from the last page, he glanced up surprised to see that the afternoon was waning and he suddenly remembered he had had no dinner. He re-wrapped the book and went down stairs for a walk as the day had cleared. The guests were scattered over the grounds, some lying in hammocks, others seated on the piazza, or under the broad elm trees, and one young lady's bright eyes invited him to her, while she drew in her billowy summer skirts, offering him a place on her rustic bench. He went to her and as she playfully rebuked him for his lack of sociability and dilated on the pleasure she had had that day in their boat ride down the river, he found himself recalling striking passages from the book he had just finished, or assertions would come back, dimly, making him anxious to again seek the pages to see again just what the writer had said. After supper, he again unbound the book, to look up the half forgotten words, and again began to read but this time thoughtfully. The soundness of the logic it contained stood up like a wall before him, neither surmountable nor destructible, and finally he sprang from his chair and went to bed. But he could not rest. His mind would keep running back to the passages he had read, arguing against their conclusions, so finally he arose to assure himself on a point discussed, and turning up the light, opened the book to find the passage.

But in turning the pages another statement caught his eye. Standing, he read on, and on, until physical weariness recalled him. With impatience he closed the book, blew out the light and returned to his bed; but it was long before he slept. On waking in the morning, turning his eyes toward the eastern window, for like Whittier he sought first the sunrise light, his eyes fell on the book face down on the table; and he lay until roused by the breakfast bell, thinking. After that meal, impelled by a force that seemed irresistible, he sought his room and picked up the volume. Against each conclusion reached by the Catholic writer, which is the destruction of the whole fabric of Protestantism, the minister put forth his own arguments, but he found them not so entirely satisfactory as he wished. With the first whispering of a doubt, he flung the volume from him across the room. As he was passing out into the sunshine with his bicycle, it suddenly struck him that his treatment of property to which he had no claim was, to say the least, scarcely in accord with the ethics of good taste; but he did not, however, return and replace Mrs. Burns' book in its wrapping. He half turned to Judith's house, for there were some subjects his reading had brought onto his mind, about which he had liked to ask her; but he remembered it is not military wisdom to go to an enemy to inquire about the strength of one's own army! So he turned from the rocky road into a narrow smooth lane. The day was warm, with the breath of a breeze caressing the overhanging leafiness. Above him the cardinal and mocking birds, the blue birds and thrushes were holding high carnival of song. The wild rose made sweet the way side

with its fragile beauty and from some quiet valley the warm east air brought the smell of freshly mown meadows. It was impossible to remain unmoved to such influences, so gradually, Silas Gray found his mind spring back to its customary quiet, and as he progressed the tormenting questions of the past hours were forgotten.

In one place the lane runs over a steep hill, half way down which, the rider suddenly became aware of a strange object on the road ahead. As he drew near on his noiseless steed, he saw it was a woman bent under a long well-filled sack, which she carried on her back. As he was on the point of passing her, a sharp piece of flint came in contact with his tire, and at the sudden report of the escaping air, the woman dropped her burden, and turning, cried, as she clasped her hands over her heart, "God save us!"

The pale face, whiter for the spotless frill of a white cap, looking out at him from under the black sunbonnet, showed every day of its five-and-sixty years, yet it was the sweetest face he thought he had ever seen.

"Ah, Madam!" he exclaimed, taking off his hat, "I am sorry I startled you like thus. It was this sharp rock which pierced my tire."

It had been said of Silas Gray that he had only to smile and straightway confidence was awakened; nor was the old woman invulnerable. That peaceful gentle tender light Time, when he deals harshly with us and we meet him with valiant, steadfast hearts, leaves on the face, became more radiant as she gave him an answering smile.

"Arrah, then, young man," she said, the soft mellow accent instantly proclaiming her nationality, "what sort of a machine is that you're carrying with you, any way? And what in the world was that that broke in it? I thought some one had fired a gun in my ear."

"This is a bicycle," said he, "and I don't carry it; instead, it carries me."

"Well, I wonder!" she exclaimed, advancing to examine the wheel, while Mr. Gray looked on half amused at her curiosity, half annoyed at his own mishap. "It's wonderful what the mind of man can invent," she said, after a minute, lifting her sweet old face to him. "Do you think there any of those things in Ireland yet?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied, "and when folks go over there they take their wheels along. They say they have fine roads in Ireland."

"Indeed, then, they have, the finest in the world! How funny it would be to see one of the bouchals coming down a Wicklow road on a machine like that!" and she laughed softly at the thought.

"Did you injure it?" she then questioned.

"Yes," he replied, "and now I shall have to walk back to the Springs."

"Sure that's only a step for a young fellow like you!" she said. See what an old woman I am, yet I walk over every Saturday to the store, and on a Church Sunday, too, when I think there's a chance for me to get a seat in somebody's wagon going to Carlisle," but she lifted a slight sigh for her lost strength and youth. "Well, I'm sorry for your accident. Couldn't you fix it up? My little house is down there in the hollow, if there's anything you think I'm likely to have to help you."

"My tools are all over at the hotel," he said, "though I'm much obliged to you for your good offer."

"Oh, that's nothing, my son!" she said, with her smile, and his heart felt a fierce stab. Ah! how long had it been since he had heard that last "My son!" He warmed instantly to this little old woman.

"That's a big load you have there," he said, approaching the sack where it lay on the road. I am going to carry it home for you."

"Indeed, then, you needn't," she said, "for it isn't at all heavy. It's only bark and chips I gathered in the woods."

"Well, I'll see it home for you, anyway," he said, slinging the sack over his strong young shoulders and holding it there with one hand while the other helped forward his disabled wheel.

"Now, who'd think such a fine young man would do that!" exclaimed the old woman as she walked by his side, her steps singularly free from the feebleness of her years.

"I had a mother once," he said, softly in reply.

"And she must have been a good one," said the old woman. "Is she dead?"

"Yes," he answered, "she is dead."

"God rest her soul!" said the woman, and her sharp eyes detected a something on the young man's face as he heard her words, and she asked, "Are you a Catholic?"

"No," he answered, looking at her,

"I am a Baptist minister."  
"Well, now," she said, "I took you for a Catholic from the first moment my eyes set themselves on you."

At other times Silas Grey would have laughed at the simple expression of thought. But just now he felt it irritate him.

"My good woman," he said, stopping and looking her full in the clear eyes, "that is very amusing. Will you tell me in what possible way Catholics differ from the rest of the human race, that they can be picked out even before they open their lips to announce their religious views?"

"I'm not a learned woman, my son," she returned, "to answer your fine words. But there's something different in them from other people, if you take notice. I suppose it is the faith in their souls that shines on their faces."

Silas Grey went forward, moodily. Was his faith, his strong white faith in God and Christ and all those sacred names implied, nothing? Then there recurred to him the solemn words the old pedler had spoken, "When you believe thus, you are no longer a Protestant."



## THE ARCH-CONFRATERNITY OF THE HOLY INFANCY.



**O**f all the wonders of the hidden life of our Lord at Nazareth until his thirtieth year, the mysteries of the Holy Infancy are alone revealed to us in the Gospel narrative. Silent as to the rest, the Holy Spirit would seem to concentrate our attention upon the simplicity and meekness of the Holy Child, in the sweet abasement of His tender Infancy. The mysteries of His early life have always been dear to Christians, but it has been reserved to these latter days for the Church to consecrate to them a particular devotion. The revelations concerning this devotion were made to a humble Religious at the Carmelite Convent of Beaune (France), Sister Margaret of the Blessed Sacrament, who was born at Beaune in 1619. She was favored with heavenly graces from her earliest youth, and by a most extraordinary privilege, was permitted to enter Carmel in her twelfth year on the day of her first communion. Her entire life was devoted to honoring the mysteries of the Infant Jesus, and inculcating this her favorite devotion. The Arch-Confraternity was instituted by no other than the Divine Infant Himself, for He appeared to Sister Margaret and said: "I wish you to institute an association of which I will inspire the rules. I will regard it as my treasure and my portion. This Association will be my family—the Family of the Infant Jesus—this is the title you shall give it." The Divine Infant then promised many favors to those who joined this Association.

Sister Margaret lived to see the ac-

complishment of her work, and the Association established. M. de Renty was the chosen guardian of the devotion and helped to propagate it until his death.

M. Olier was intimately connected with it, and established it at St. Sulpice. Fenelon composed the Litany for it. Its progress was checked for a time by the terrible trials in France, but later it spread anew, and in 1855 was raised to the rank of an Arch-Confraternity, and still has its centre at Beaune.

The History of the Miraculous Infant of Prague is too well known to need recital. Within a few short years, the Little King has made a triumphant tour of the world. He has been received with honor in the Carmels of Europe; in Brazil, Chili, China, Japan, Canada, Australia He is known; far in the interior of Africa amid the hostile Cannibals He has established his reign, and in America devotion to Him has spread with marvellous rapidity. Not only in Carmel the world over, but among Religious of every Order, even to the deserts of La Trappe He has found His way. In private houses, in chapels and in Churches we find Him, and everywhere He carries the little Chaplet of the humble Margaret of Beaune. It would seem that the Holy Child with His smile of innocence and simplicity, would wish to soften all hearts and melt the icy band of intellectual pride that holds captive so many a noble soul. May He succeed, may the sweet Jesus, the Infant King, reign with unchallenged sway over the near-approaching twentieth century.—*From "Carmel,—Its History and Spirit."*

## DEVOTION TO THE INFANT OF PRAGUE :

### And Installation of the Holy Infant at Louvain, Belgium.

"It had been for many months the greatest desire of our hearts to have the sweet image of the Infant of Prague in our chapel, and at last this happiness was granted us. Some ardent, generous souls procured the precious treasure for us, and the solemn installation took place on the eighteenth day of July. O! thrice blessed day!

Every effort was made to enhance the splendor of the decorations which were to surround, and give glory to the Little King. Lovely flowers adorned the altar, and fragrant garlands, together with innumerable waxen tapers united to beautify the royal shrine.

The statues of the different saints received their floral tributes, but naturally all eyes were directed to the exquisite representation of the divine Child. The shrine, at the right side of the chapel, assumed the form of an artistically carved throne, placed upon a pedestal, whereon magnificent offerings were placed. A vase of purest gold, baskets of rarest flowers, plants growing in their beauty before the image of Him who had created them. What a charming offering for the little King, who lovingly looked into the hearts of the donors, and beheld the devotion which instigated the gifts. Above all, was the consoling inscription, "The more you honor me, the more I will bless you."

The ceremonies opened at ten o'clock by the celebration of the adorable sacrifice of Mass. A favored number were present in the chapel, which was too small to accommodate all those whose faith and fervor had led them to

hasten thither. The singing, which was exquisite, was the voluntary offering of some fervent members of the congregation, who joyfully laid the homage of their great gift before the holy Infant of Prague. After Mass, Reverend Father Etienne, of the Carmel at Brussels, in a touching address, wherein he explained the meaning of the ceremony about to follow, made use of those words of our Lord: "Suffer little children to come unto me," words which he specially directed to the little ones. He dwelt upon the love and tenderness felt by the Saviour for children, and evidently made a deep impression on the tiny guard of honor surrounding the throne of the little King.

Then came the blessing of the statue by the Very Reverend Provincial, who did us the honor to preside on the occasion, and immediately after, the blessing of the children, a favor which caused every mother's heart to beat with joy. O! what happiness was theirs when they heard the good Father invoke the protection of the dear Infant upon those beings so precious in their sight! Then followed the act of consecration, read by a dear little girl, nine years of age, a niece of one of the Sisters, and the childish fervor evinced, as her clear young voice pronounced the words, affected many of those present to tears.

The ceremony concluded by the en-tioning of a charming canticle to the little King—Jesus—during which a general distribution of rosaries, tiny statues, and medals of the Infant of Prague took place. Truly, nothing was omitted to make the occasion one

that could never be forgotten by the favored participants.

The afternoon witnessed again the same assemblage of devout worshippers. The Provincial held, for the second time, the congregation enchained by his eloquence, and the rapt attention they gave to his every word, proved that they understood and appreciated his discourse, the text of which was as follows: "Unless you become as a little child, you will not enter the kingdom of heaven."

He demonstrated the humility of our Lord who, to teach us how to humble our pride, condescended to dwell upon earth as a little babe. Only through humility can we learn to tread the narrow path which leads to Paradise. It was the intention to terminate the afternoon ceremony by a canticle, but so deeply had the reading of the act of consecration touched every heart, that the request for its repetition was unanimous. At the very last, however, a magnificent hymn of praise to the holy Child Jesus was intoned, and the happy, joyous occasion had become one of the most delightful memories, to be cherished forever more."

\* \* \* \* \*

Some months ago a splendid demonstration, in honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel, took place, by special favor of her devoted sons, the fathers of the Carmelite Monastery, to whom we can never be sufficiently grateful. For the first time they came forth, in procession from their beloved seclusion, and permitted us to view the most magnificent and soul-stirring ceremonial that could be imagined. What a privilege was ours, for those grand ceremonials, whilst rendering "homage due" to the God of the Eucharist cannot fail to awaken in every heart a more ardent devotion to our holy

faith. Encouraged by the expressions of appreciation, which awaited them from every side, and convinced that nothing could more readily bring to the foot of the altar the working classes, for whose spiritual welfare they were so anxious, the fathers completed the measure of their zeal on last Sunday by their great effort to win souls, through devotion to Mary.

*This* procession surpassed in beauty and grandeur even the one which had dazzled our vision on the feast of Corpus Christi.

At the head of the procession was borne a new and elaborate banner, representing the Holy Family of Nazareth, the model for Christian families. It took precedence of the statue of St. Albert, that illustrious son of Carmel's widely spread house. But see! the cortege suddenly changes. Do you see those pretty children? How proud are they to have been chosen as escorts to their little King, the divine Infant of Prague! See! His miraculous statue appears, resplendent and majestic, the throne adorned with verdure, intermingled with roses. Kings vie with pages in striving for the honor to be nearest Him, at whose feet they wish to place the tributes of their love. Indeed, this part of the procession reflects infinite credit upon the children who performed their parts admirably, and with infinite grace.

After this happy band, came two monks, vested in dalmatics. They were entrusted with a beautiful reliquary, whose contents were, however, far more precious. It contained an authenticated relic of the crib where our divine Saviour was born, and the poor linen which, on that cold winter morn, covered His adorable body. These relics they presented for the veneration of the faithful.

The Mother of God, under the name of "MARY, MOTHER OF DIVINE GRACE," closely followed her beloved Son. Under that dear epithet, let us invoke her fervently to solicit His compassion for the suffering souls. And what an admirable proof of the confidence reposed in the Blessed Virgin's power is the fact that every banner borne aloft by the many bands in the long cortege held an invocation to her under one or another of her beautiful and glorious titles.

However, it was as OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL that the divine Mother was specially honored to-day, the demonstration being a splendid climax to the novena just closed in the Church of the Carmelite Fathers. But every one was eager to participate.

Several distinguished clergymen from a distance were present. Even from Anvers came the Rector to represent Monsignor Solvyns. The music and singing on this beautiful feast day were exquisite and will not be readily forgotten by the favored ones who listened to the sacred sounds.

And, then, what devotion and love towards our Lady of the Scapular shone forth as the throng venerated her statue. To impress upon the children the importance of the precious treasure which she had herself brought from heaven—the holy Scapular—her formal promises were displayed to their view. "The Scapular will ever be a pledge of salvation, a safe-guard in danger, an assurance of peace and a perpetual covenant."

Then, to show that it was her favored sons of Mount Carmel to whom she had confided the treasure, it was under the shadow of their banner that the statue was borne, and so exquisitely beautiful was it that more than one tribute such as this came

from childish lips: "O! mamma, how lovely is our Lady of Mount Carmel!"

"Angels" formed a guard of honor for the Queen of Angels, and maidens, with lilies of dazzling whiteness and robes of snowy hue, followed so closely that one would say they were eager to appropriate all her benedictions.

But, fear not, from the throne prepared by love and zeal MARY will answer everyone; by announcing the passage of Jesus, she will point out the way to heaven.

And, verily, the celestial court seemed revealed to our enraptured gaze. Faith, Hope and Charity open the portals, and, wondering, we see THE NINE CHOIRS OF ANGELS gliding noiselessly by. From Paradise, where this beautiful pageant transported us, we are brought back to earth, but the sight of the lovely baskets of fragrant flowers, the golden wheat, the purple grape, the Chalice, emblems of the Holy Eucharist, the silvery voices of the children chanting the praises of the Lord. All these tend to console us, and to prepare our hearts worthily to receive the favors of our Lord.

Finally, the reverend Carmelite Fathers, with their white mantles, immediately preceding the Blessed Sacrament; the guard of honor—Catholics proud to bear torches, whose steady light was so typical of their ardent faith, made an impression that could not easily be effaced.

Two repositories were erected along the route, and we had the happiness of receiving Benediction.

As to the decorations of the buildings too much praise cannot be given to their occupants. Evidences of good will appeared on every side. The national colors, statues, flowers, and wax lights lent their aid for the occasion, and every heart beat in unison beneath the standard of the Cross. We know that our dear Lord will bless the efforts of all who thus labored to promote His glory, and that if, amongst their ranks, there are some who have strayed from the fold the good Shepherd will lovingly seek, and gently lead them home.—*From Chroniques du Carmel, by S. X. Blakely.*

## TIMELY THOUGHTS.

BY A BENEDICTINE.



**NOTHER** Christmas has glided by. The all too short, happy day, when the great and mighty heart of the world throbs with joyous and happy feeling, when souls estranged, in all

else, meet within the bonds of holiest and purest sympathy.

Let us hope that each of our readers felt the full and perfect meaning of the "peace on earth to men of good will."

A bright and happy "New Year!" The "Angel of Time" has wrought one more link in the chain of the years of life. The "old year" has gone, and in its train have passed the trials, sorrows, disappointments, and fruitless efforts—if we may call them such—that have been our portion. St. Bernard says, "the glory which follows these pains passes not, it is eternal." Honest effort to realize a lofty purpose is not fruitless, even though the aspiration fail wholly in its fulfilment.

How many changes! Winter, bleak and hoary, has come and gone, gentle spring has greeted us, and summer with its halcyon days has smiled upon us and passed away, since last we welcomed the glad "New Year."

The face of nature has been changed by each season in its turn, and left upon each brow its mark. We are not exempt from this law of change—it is imperative. Every hour sees some change, either a new thought developed, or an old idea eradicated. We

cannot stand still. Onward and upward, or backward and downward the course must be. Life leads to death, but not more surely than change leads to higher existence, or to enduring misery. This passing of time is a beautiful encouragement to serve God. All passes away save what we do for God alone—it will not only remain untarnished, but last forever. Though we grow old with the passing of the years, we may keep our mind, heart, and soul fresh and bright by ever turning to the Heavenly Father for draughts of Faith, Hope and Charity.

As we pause at the close of the "old year" to take a look backward, does the path seem more strewn with failure than success? What holds more of promise than the "New Year" just dawning? To feel the throb of a new determination to rise to higher things, mistakes made, disappointments, and defeated plans but "stepping stones" in life's new beginning.

The good of the past is the beacon-light of the present. The great lesson of life is always open to us, and it is upon the pages of the past, we read its most useful instructions. Rejoice then that the "New Year" is here, for it brings us new life. Hope, opportunity and new power are the promises of every "New Year." Let us begin well. Life is too short for aught but high endeavor. And, now, at the beginning of this New Year, what return, what offerings can we make the Child Jesus for all His love and mercy?

The costly gifts of the Kings of East we have not, but we have gifts which

are very precious in His eyes—love and gratitude. Let these be our first offerings. The "Babe of Bethlehem" longs to be loved, and is pleased when we are grateful for His gifts. Each year He acquires new claims upon our gratitude and generosity. It will delight His heart if we endeavor to make others happy, and He will bless our efforts. Every word we utter may have an influence upon the eternal welfare of others. How well we should weigh the little messengers, that are so powerful for good or evil.

Michael Angelo, as he stood before a block of marble, said, "There is an angel in this marble; I am come to set it free." In vision he already saw the thing of beauty which his hands were about to fashion. Let us pause a moment and think what grand possibilities lie concealed in the material on which we are to work—those with whom we come in daily contact. What may not they become under the awakening power of kindness?

Kind words may prove pearls of the highest price. Let us cherish, then, a kind heart full of love and sympathy, and loving words will spring to our lips, to bless and comfort

all around us. "That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain."

Each year may bring us fresh trials. If we cultivate a contented spirit, a habit of looking for the "silver lining" to clouds, the "sunny side" of all the events of life, and learn to receive all that happens, as from the hands of God, we will enjoy even in this life the hundredfold of heavenly consolation. Our Blessed Mother will help us in all difficulties. She will be the guiding "star" that points the way which leads to God. "Look up to the star; invoke Mary! Call on her in the needs of life. Call on her in the straits of death!"

A holy and peaceful "New Year!" May it be one of fervor and progress. It will quickly pass, as that which has just ended. If God permits us to see its end, how glad and happy we shall be to have done even a little to spread the "peace on earth to men of good will," to have secured a link, which will draw us from earth to Heaven, where after "a little while" we shall rest in His Bosom, who is the Fulness of peace.

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## Surgam!

By SUSIE M. BEST.

BECAUSE I have slipped in the Slough of Sin,  
 I need not dwell in that vile estate;  
 My soul can arise and nobly win  
 A lovelier lot and a fairer fate.

## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

### THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JANUARY, 1899.

#### MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

A glad New Year to you, one and all, with the brightest hopes for that future which is safe in the providence of God. I know of no better sermon which you could hear as a guide for all the years of your life than these words of God's sweet saint and truest gentleman, St. Francis of Sales, "God is your Father, for otherwise He would not have commanded you to say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.' And what have you to fear, you who are the child of such a Father, without whose permission not a hair of your head can fall?"

Yes, dear children, it is not too early to learn the one lesson which can make the saddest life a joyous one. God loves me better than I love myself; therefore He is not willing to lose me, and nothing can befall me which is not His will. Now, here is a New Year, and so many people are turning over new leaves and making good resolutions. Suppose we make one. To trust Almighty God. It is the great fault of so many good people, to have no confidence in God. They trust everyone else and believe in their friends with an unshaken confidence; but they are shy of Him who is really their best friend, and act as if He were constantly setting traps for them, and therefore they must be fearful of Him.

Is that talk only fit for grown people? No—you will be the men and women of the future, and, therefore, it is well to teach you early, this most

important lesson, which our forefathers in the faith knew so well. To trust ourselves in all things, and for all things to the fatherly providence of God. That is really what faith means. No wonder our Blessed Lord said it would move mountains—mountains of trouble, of worry, of discontent, to trust Him, feeling sure that in His own good time He will make everything straight. Crooked is the word which best expresses the things that worry us all, big and little people.

Things are crooked, and the work we have to do goes crooked, and of course we in turn must get crooked.

Well, one of the first messages sent over the newly invented telegraph was: "A patient waiter is no loser." That's a text for the year 1899. St. Francis de Sales will preach us a delightful sermon on it. He who was so sweet and so lovable that St. Vincent de Paul exclaimed, "How good must God be, when the Bishop of Geneva is so amiable!" It would be a very wise choice which would make him the patron of the New Year.

Who could say a cheerier or more encouraging thing than this: "God is satisfied with little, because He knows we have not much to give."

It is a beautiful devotion, that to the Providence of God; and there are some who say the Litany of Divine Providence, when things go "crooked" with them. There are certain things which only God can straighten. Perhaps my little friends will say "this is for older heads than ours." Very good. You read it and tell it—you can

do it very much better than the Secretary—in your own sweet way to the older people, who know what “things going crooked” means.

I doubt if any girl or boy who reads this does not also know its meaning. The school room is the very place where things go *beautifully* “crooked.” No one knows that better than a teacher. O! yes. I agree with you, *she* too gets crooked. Of course, you don’t expect her to be the only straight member of the school.

Well, let us all set to work and do our share in trying to set things straight, and surely the world will be happier because of our efforts. Take St. Francis of Sales into the secret. He has such a winning way of settling things. Isn’t it a pity that he couldn’t live forever. God can do all things surely. Some one said, “He might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but undoubtedly He never did.

So the Secretary feels like saying of the charming St. Francis of Sales. Read the Life of St. Jane de Chantal, by Emily Bowles, and see if you will not grow to have the same opinion of him. It is through the daughters of the Visitation that he is best known to the world. *His* velvet was always worn outside—but his own “doves,” as he called them, knew better than any others what their “Blessed Father” was.

Again, a happy New Year to you all, dear children, and may the sweet spirit of St. Francis of Sales fill every day of it with joy.

Your devoted friend,

CARMEL’S SECRETARY.

#### MAXIMS FOR JANUARY.

1. God is my gift; Himself He freely gave me,  
God’s gift am I, and none but God shall have me.  
—Southwell.
2. Tranquillity is purchased by patience.—Nieremberg.
3. Plain and clear our words be spoke,

And our thoughts without a cloak.

—Newman.

4. First he wrought and afterwards he taught.—Chaucer.
5. Thou can’st not go where God is not.—Louisa J. Hall.

#### FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. My first is nimble, my second innumerable, my whole fatal.
2. Taken from a mine, shut up in a wooden case, never released, yet used by everybody.
3. What word contains twenty-six letters?
4. I live in a study, yet I know not a letter.
5. A word of one syllable, easy and short, reads backward and forward the same.

#### FOR THE THINKERS.

1. By whom were bells invented?
2. Who invented the magnifying glass?
3. When was trial by jury introduced?
4. Who invented the notes of the gamut?
5. Who was the first commodore in the U. S. service?

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Grace—race—ace.
2. An old salt, with a peppery temper, who has just been mustered out.
3. Support.
4. Conundrum.
5. Discount.

#### ANSWERS FOR THINKERS.

1. St. Bonaventure, in 13th century.
2. In Constantinople, A. D. 379.
3. Because of the legend which says the juniper sheltered the Holy Family when flying from Herod.
4. Because the Blessed Virgin dried the clothing of her Child on the branches of a rosemary bush—according to a Spanish tradition.
5. With the English Waits. The earliest carol was printed in 1521 by Winkin de Worde.



## Editorial Notes.

### Apostolic Approbation.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION,  
201 I Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.  
December 15, 1908.

Rev. Philip A. Best, O. C. C.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—I have received the copies of THE CARMELITE REVIEW kindly sent by you.

It affords great pleasure and consolation to me that you, by this magazine, are trying to propagate and increase the honor of our celestial Mother under the title of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

I, therefore, with all my heart bless you and all those who help you in this excellent work.

With esteem, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

SEBASTIAN, ABP. OF PAPHOS,  
Ap. Del.

### Picture of the Pontiff.

The living picture of our Holy Father, in the act of bestowing the Apostolic Benediction, which appears this month as our frontispiece, vividly recalls the fact that His Holiness, through our reverend Father General, grants that same blessing to all our readers, and to those who aid us in our work at Niagara. We are indebted to our friend Dr. Walsh, editor of *The American Herald*, through whose kindness we are enabled to bring this picture to the view of our readers. The Pontiff consented to allow the picture to be taken in order to gratify the many Catholics in America who are prevented by circumstances from making a pilgrimage to Rome. *The Church Progress*, of St. Louis, understands that the Apostolic Blessing "was intended to be imparted to all before whom the views may ever be presented." As the same esteemed

contemporary says, these microscopic views should be always given under ecclesiastical auspices and never be allowed as an incidental feature of a vaudeville show. It is here, also, a pleasure to remark that THE CARMELITE REVIEW commences its seventh year of existence with the blessing and approbation of the Pope's worthy representative in the United States—Most Reverend Archbishop Martinelli.

### An Answer.

Replying to critics who find fault with methods made use of to raise means to build and adorn divers Catholic shrines, the editor of the *Annals of St. Joseph* puts things neatly by saying that such works are either right or wrong. If right, why criticise them? If wrong, *videant consules!* This paragraph would be incomplete if we did not say right here that our Scapular Shrine, placed at Niagara under Mary's auspices, can show plenty of credentials if ecclesiastical approbation is in question. Let the *Annals of St. Joseph*, (published with Bishop Messmer's approbation) have the last word: (the italics are ours.)

"From the early centuries, there have been in the Church, cherished places of worship, where Popes, Bishops and people have paid special honor to some saint, places where the gifts of princes, the mites of the poor have built beautiful temples, which even to-day show the devotion and lively faith of the early Christians, who sent their offering even 'at long range' to gain the same graces, to obtain the same favors, as those who were living near enough to make pilgrimages. We do not need 'iconoclasts,' now; *there are not too many shrines among us, where the glories of our religion and fervor of the people may be shown.*"

### Monk and Martyr.

The Carmelite, Saint Anastasius, whose festival holy Church commemorates on the 22nd of this month, was born in Persia, in the midst of idolatry. After his conversion, he became a monk on Mount Carmel in Palestine. When visiting the Holy Land, he met persons given to magic, and because of his efforts to save them from their errors he was arrested and martyred. After suffering cruel torments and being compelled to witness the death of seventy Christians, his head was cut off and brought to the King in proof of his death on January 22nd, 628. The miracles following his death were so numerous, that the Second Council of Nice paid him the following eulogy: "At the sight of the relics, or the image of St. Anastasius, the demons are put to flight, and the sick are cured. After this testimony, the pious custom was established of wearing a picture of the head of the Saint, as a preservation from sickness and the snares of the devil, and of placing it in houses and on the breasts of the dying, to sustain them during their last conflict."

### Seamen and the Scapular.

That good priest and patriot, Father Chidwick, former chaplain of the ill-fated "Maine," bears his honors gracefully. During a well-deserved, but too brief, furlough, he hastened across the Canadian border to bring solace to his venerable sister, and at the same time seek rest and quiet away from the crowd which makes and breaks an idol in a day. But those who fly honors usually find them, hence it was but natural that the good priest received an ovation from warm-hearted Canadians, irrespective of creed. Father Chidwick has a deep-seated devotion to our blessed Lady of Mount

Carmel and a warm spot in his heart for his old friends the Carmelites, and hence remained some hours with our Fathers at Niagara Falls. We heard again from his lips the oft-repeated and consoling fact that the gallant marines consider their outfit incomplete without their Scapular. It was also a pleasure to hear that THE CARMELITE REVIEW is a favorite in the American navy.

### Weigh Well!

If you wish to know "What should we read" during the new year, carefully read elsewhere a seasonable article on the subject by the Prior of our Canadian Carmel. Books are mostly referred to therein—it can also be applied to the newspapers, which daily reek with morbid details of crime—the publication of which is illegal in Germany. Children's faith and morals are ruined by such vile stuff, dear parents! Think well on it! When will the Catholic conscience awaken in such matters? The up-to-date young person, who rales in the little brick school house, (in districts where you have, alas! no parochial school), tells your boys and girls to be in touch with current history (?) and to read the papers! Stop it! Get a good Catholic paper in your house at once. (We may be pardoned if we say in parenthesis that now is the time to subscribe for THE CARMELITE REVIEW). Finally, weigh well these words of a Catholic journalist in far-off New Zealand, the editor of *The Tablet*, who says:

"How many of the general run of Catholics have a deep knowledge of theology and philosophy? Practically none. And yet they set themselves daily to read articles touching upon the highest and deepest religious subjects, written by agnostics, material-

ists, anti-Catholics, bristling all over with wily sophistries and couched oftentimes in charms of style and quips of fancy that captivate any reader who is not a master of the subject. And how many of them have the opportunity or the will to read or hear the other side of the question? Again, practically none. Those to whom I speak take no Catholic paper. A deep practical faith may and often does preserve our youth from the full natural consequences of such reading."

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If you wish to promote the interest of this magazine, send us five new subscriptions. You will get a free copy for yourself.

\*.\*

A few volumes of THE CARMELITE REVIEW," neatly bound in cloth, can be had from this office for the price—one dollar and fifty cents.

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More power to our good Catholics, and readers, down in Cape Breton, who made short work of such a calumniator as that vile creature Fulton.

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Clients of our Blessed Lady wishing, during the coming year, to have lamps or tapers burning at the Scapular Shrine at Niagara Falls, are requested to notify the Carmelite Fathers at their earliest convenience.

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His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., specially blesses all readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW. We have, also, many letters of approbation from Cardinals, Bishops and priests.

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Any information concerning the popular Carmelite devotions to the Miraculous Infant of Prague, Holy Face, etc., will be cheerfully given on request. If future demands warrant it, we shall print some useful little leaflets, which can be carried in the prayer-book.

The Scapular Shrine at Niagara Falls is dedicated to our Blessed Lady of Peace. It deserves to be preserved and made more beautiful. Will our Lady's clients help us?

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The *Catholic Almanac* for Ontario can be had at the office of the *Catholic Record* (address Mr. Thomas Coffey, London, Ont.) The *Record* itself also deserves a wider circle of readers.

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We want you to start right in at the beginning of the year to increase the number of our readers. It will cost you nothing. It is all for the glory of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

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Hundreds of our friends gladdened our hearts during the Christmastide by words of cheer, and we would have gladly responded to each of these letters which reached us from Alaska to Alabama. In very many cases we did reply through the mails, but we regret the fact that it is impossible to reach all in this way. The editor, therefore, anticipates any thought of our dear readers, which might accuse us of any neglect.

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Here is something for philanthropists (?) to ponder over in their cosy homes during these hard winter days. Father Karmagh (according to *St. Joseph's Blatt*) quotes Gladstone as saying that Oxford and Cambridge (where St. Simon received the Scapular) saw their golden days under Monastic rule. And Lord Salisbury (according to the same authority) said at a meeting in London: "I wish we had still with us the friars of the good old days, who indeed gathered alms, not for themselves but for their fellow men." No wonder the poor love the monks!

A Papal letter of Oct. 2, 1898, referring to the grand old Order of St. Dominic, and the Rosary, says that the Dominican Order "holds as its inheritance, all that belongs to this devotion."

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Speaking of the Scapular Shrine of the Carmelites at Niagara Falls, the late saintly Archbishop Lynch said—and we love to quote and re-quote his words. He said: "*Our Holy Father Pius IX. has been graciously pleased to confer upon the present little church Plenary Indulgences and other favors granted to the most ancient pilgrimages of the Old World.*"

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A Happy New Year to all our friends near and far! It is our earnest prayer that

"God with special care will keep  
The dear ones while they wake or sleep,  
And give their guardian angels power  
To guide and keep them hour by hour!  
For He who hears and answers prayer  
Can see the absent everywhere,  
Can tell them all we think and say,  
And make them hear us while we pray.  
For those who are far away,  
Yet live in our hearts night and day,  
we pray."

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It does not follow from the fact you wear the Scapular, that you gain the Sabbatine Indulgence. It is a different matter. This Sabbatine privilege means that the Blessed Virgin promises to deliver *those wearing the Scapular* from purgatory if they observe two things, namely: Observe chastity according as their state allows, and to daily recite the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. In case you cannot say this office, you may, instead of it, abstain from meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays. If you cannot conveniently abstain, your Director will change it to some other pious work.

"What is a Scapular? Who wears it?" some one asks the *New York Sun*. Millions wear it. If any more information is required, subscribe at once for THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

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Referring to the Ohio State Secretary's statement that the increase of criminal tendencies among children is attributable to defective home influence, *The New World* remarks truly, that so long as religious and moral training are excluded from the schools, the evil of child crime must be expected to continue, even when the conditions of home life are the best.

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Mr. Henry Coyle, the poet, has brought the *Weekly Bouquet*, of Boston, up to the ideal youths' and Sunday-school paper. Some large Eastern publishing houses, before getting out their stories for boys and girls, give the manuscript to a certain bright boy who is a good judge of the reading appetite of his comrades. When read, this boy's dictum makes or kills the book. By a late experience of his own, the editor of THE CARMELITE REVIEW was glad to find the *Weekly Bouquet* receiving just such a favorable verdict.

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To correct any absurd notions concerning a mutoscopic "Papal Blessing" it is well to re-print these words sent to the press by Mgr. Martinelli: "The Pope very frequently sends his Apostolic Benediction through mail or by wire, but no one dreams that the letter or cabled message has any virtue except to record the fact that the blessing has been given. The mutoscopic picture is exactly of this nature; it shows the Pope in the act of bestowing his Benediction on the American people."

You ought to make your friends acquainted with all Carmelite devotions. To save you the burden, we shall be pleased to give them all information, if you kindly send in their full addresses.

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The Cincinnati diocesan commission is doing good work in sifting good from bad church music. Some is accepted—some is only tolerated. The commission put one "Requiem" where it belonged, by labelling it "concert" music.

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*Aut Catholicus, aut nihil!* Catholic or nothing, is the cry of these modern pagan days. Her enemies predict that the Church *will* and *must* triumph, and that there will be one faith—one fold—one Shepherd. But it will be through blood—open persecution of the spotless Spouse of Christ—but martyrs' blood has the quality of cementing together divided brethren.

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The reader will note in our Carmelite Calendar for January 25, on the second page of the cover, that a Plenary Indulgence may be gained on that day. Pope Pius VII., on November 23rd, 1819, decreed that a Plenary Indulgence can be gained on the 25th day of each month by all who, having with due dispositions made their Confession and Communion, shall assist at any church or public oratory in which the Carmelite Devotion of the Holy Infancy is practised, and shall there venerate the Twelve Mysteries of the Sacred Infancy, reciting the approved prayers, and praying for the intentions of the Holy Father; also an Indulgence of 300 days, once in each day, to all who shall devoutly practise this devotion in private. All these Indulgences are applicable to the poor souls in purgatory.

Certain religious periodicals, founded single-handed by zealous clergymen in America, are now being published under the auspices of some religious Order. It is the best way to perpetuate a magazine. The man dies—but the Order lives.

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Again we write to satisfy many enquirers, and say that no particular prayers are prescribed for mere wearers of the Brown Scapular. The only conditions required are: 1, to wear the Scapular—and *wear it always*. 2, to be enrolled by a Carmelite—or a priest delegated to do so, on whom rests the obligation of registering the names of persons invested, in order that they be not deprived of precious Indulgences. If you are doubtful, write to us and we shall be pleased to set you right. Scapulars made under our own direction are daily sent to all parts of the world. It brings no pecuniary gain to us. However, our friends cannot expect us to bear the expense of carriage.

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The Holy Family is held up to us as a model and for veneration by holy Church during January. No family is, nor can be holy where authority is not respected. This is an age of independence and disregard for authority. The Holy Father asks the millions of Sacred Heart Associates to pray this month for more respect for those in power, which comes from God. The holy Infant of Prague inculcates the virtue of obedience—for was not Jesus subject to Joseph and Mary—the Creator submissive to His creatures. Here is the place to learn obedience and humility—to quote that sweet poetess, Eleanor C. Donnelly—"here in the heart of Mary's Blessed Boy."

The published accounts of savage and satanical cruelty, inflicted on innocent monks and nuns in the Philippines by the insurgents, show us what manner of men these masonic murderers are. By their fruits you shall know them. It means crowns for many martyrs, whose blood will invoke, let us hope, a blessing on the new American empire and be the seed of many twentieth-century candidates for canonization.

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During the past year a great deal of history was made—and many changes drawn in the geographies. Alas! the "United States of America" do not exist at present. And what a jump upwards the Catholic census made! The good old monk, who gave us powder, little dreamed of all the great things his unruly chemical child would do. Let us not boast, though, Providence plays the greatest part. Little, puny, short-lived man is only the figure on the playing-board. It *was* a great century—with its electricity, Roentgen rays, big guns, and all that. We made a big noise. But, has crime disappeared? Are people happier? Are there no poor people? After all, what then? Vanity of vanities!

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We have been requested by some readers to explain the meaning of "O.C.C.," which is usually affixed to the name of our religious. Want of knowledge in such matters causes curious mistakes, as in the case of a postmaster, who, being ignorant of the significance of "O.P." (Order of Preachers) behind the name of a worthy Dominican friar, forwarded the letter to the Ohio Penitentiary. Therefore, to avoid embarrassing events, we beg to say that "Order of Calced Carmelites" is the full meaning of "O.C.C." "Calced" is another word for "shod," to distinguish our religious from the stricter—or barefooted—

Carmelites—the *Discalced*. Our fathers in America are all calced, including those at Niagara Falls, provided our friends promptly send in their subscriptions.

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The official title of the Carmelites is not "Brothers and Sisters of the Order of Mount Carmel," but "*The Order of the Brothers and Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel*," The Church grants an Indulgence to those of the faithful who address us by this latter title, handed down to us by our forefathers, disputed by some, defended by the holy See, and used by us for centuries.

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During the coming months we shall treat our readers to some fascinating historical sketches, with photographs, prepared for these pages, by the well-known and learned English Carmelite, the Reverend Father Zimmerman, of the London Carmel. These papers will be descriptive of the old English Carmelite convents and churches in Coventry and London, edifices immortalized by Dickens in his "Old Curiosity Shop."

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Properly speaking, there are three branches in the Order of Mount Carmel. The first order includes the male portion, (who may be priests or lay-brothers). The second embraces our nuns, and the third—the tertians, or third order—the members of the latter being those who, living in the world, follow, as far as practicable, the rules and observances of the first and second orders. We might call all those wearing the Scapular, in a way, the fourth order. Their number is legion—in fact, the largest society in the world after the Church. By wearing the small Scapular, they enjoy (by a privilege from Rome) the same rights as if wearing the full habit. To an enquiring reader in Idaho, we beg to say that we know of no "Sisters of the Blessed Virgin at Niagara Falls," except members of our Third Order living piously in the world.

## GOOD LUCK.



**T**he beginning of a new year, when we wish our neighbor good luck and happiness, one is forcibly reminded of some common emblems of good luck. Take for instance the horse-

shoe—or, as the Germans call it, the Glueck's-Hufeisen. It is, perhaps, a matter of mere bagatelle, you say, nevertheless, it has an unsavory and un-Christian origin.

Since the death of our Redeemer, the Cross, which before had been a sign of infamy, became a mark of distinction, a sign of triumph, a sign which promises us prosperity and salvation. "In Cruce Salus"—"In the Cross is Salvation." "Hail, holy Cross, our only hope." These were the words with which the first Christians greeted the holy Cross, and on the eve of a decisive battle a Cross appeared to the Emperor Constantine the Great with this inscription, "In this sign thou shalt conquer." When, through the efforts of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, the holy Cross, on which the God-Man had died, was recovered, the veneration of this precious token of our redemption became general throughout the whole Christian world. Churches were built in the form of the Cross; the Cross was to be seen on the top of towers and other edifices; on the summit of mountains, along the dusty highway, as well as in the peaceful cemetery, and wheresoever Christians dwelled or passed.

Even in the wilderness, amidst pagans and cannibals, the missionary planted the holy sign of our Redemption. Christian architects employed the Cross in decorating doors or windows. Without exaggeration, we can say that in the Ages of Faith, which our own faithless time delights in calling the Dark Ages, there was scarcely a house to be found where the sign of the Cross, in one form or another, was not prominent. In Catholic countries the custom prevails among the faithful to put the holy sign over the entrances of their houses, over the doors of their barns and stables. By this means they intend to keep off the devil and all calamity and disaster which accompany him; for, as everybody knows, the devil is put to flight by the sign of the Cross.

When, in long winter nights, as children we sat around the fire places, grandma used to tell us many stories and legends of olden times; there passed before our eyes the kind fairy and the mischievous goblin, the bold mannikin and the terrible man-eater; but we listened full of awe when the devil was introduced. Though the hellish beast assumed a human form, he could always be recognized. Looking closer, the hero of the story could see a horse's hoof instead of a human foot, so in various countries the horse-hoof is in a certain way the sign or arms of the devil. Now, to a horse-hoof belongs also a horseshoe.

Thus, as the Cross is the sign of our Lord Jesus Christ, so is the horseshoe, in a certain respect, the sign of the devil.

A horseshoe is perfectly in its place at the foot of a horse, or a donkey,

but over the housedoor, or in the room where there should be a Cross, it is out of place.

Our faithless and immoral age, rejecting the sign of our salvation, reveres the horseshoe, as a sign which will bring welfare and prosperity.

If others follow this spirit of the age, let them do so, but Catholics should not. And, yet, how often do we not find in the houses of Catholics a dismal horseshoe hanging over the door. Often you see it adorned with gay ribbons and other decorations, and hanging in a place where your eye expects to meet with a Crucifix. I am shocked when, in the house of a Catholic, I see the place which the sign of our salvation ought to take, by right, occupied by the horseshoe, which, to

say the least, signifies nothing at all. If you ask such a Catholic why that horseshoe is hanging there, you will get the answer, "A horseshoe brings good-luck into our house." What a superstition! Answer yourself, dear reader, what ought to bring more luck and blessing, the sign of our redemption, or the sign of the horsehoof, and you certainly will say the sign of the Cross.

If you have such a thing as a horseshoe over your door or elsewhere in your house, take it away and sell it as old iron. Then add a few cents to the money you make out of it, and buy a Crucifix, or a blessed medal, and hang it over the door of your house, or in some other prominent spot, for "In the Cross is Salvation!"—REV. ELISEUS RICK, O.C.C.

## The First Song of the Year

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

THERE are mystic echoes stealing  
O so gently: to and fro,  
Of most sweet angelic music  
In the star-light long ago.

And another year is dawning,  
Welcomed by that melody.  
Wilt thou listen, dearest Jesus,  
To these lowly notes from me?

Ah! forgive, with tender mercy  
Coldness in those days now flown.  
May thy Heart this year inflame us;  
Thou dost claim it as thine own.

Mother, "Ornament of Carmel!"  
Star of beauty far above!  
Shine o'er every joy and sorrow  
With the mild rays of thy love

Image of the Eternal Father!  
Guardian of the Holy Child!  
Humbly do we seek thy guidance,  
Keep us ever undeluded.

Onward, though our way is weary,  
Lead us to the land of light,  
Upward—through life's darksome shadows,  
To God's restful, pure delight.

Jesus, Mary, Joseph! sweetly  
Sound those names so blest, so dear.  
Jesus, Mary, Joseph! listen  
To my first song of this year.



## PUBLICATIONS.

Received from Marlier, Callanan & Co., 172 Tremont St., Boston Mass., *The Secret of Fougerouse*, a Romance of the 15th century, from the French, by Louise Imogen Guiney.

The *Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is growing in interest every month. In the last number many clients of the Miraculous Infant of Prague render thanks for many cures and favors.

The *Canadian*, the official organ of the C.M.B.A. in Canada, has profitable reading for the fraternity. The sermon published in the December number should teach the brethren to cherish a deep respect for the priest and all those in authority.

*Maria Corolla*, a wreath for our Lady, by Rev. Father Edmund Hill, C.P., comes from the press ready for the holidays. It is just the book to send to your best friend. Retail, \$1.25. Write to Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay St., New York. This same firm has just the right kind of a boys' and girls' paper. Ask them for a sample copy.

The press of our Spanish namesake, the *Revista Carmelitana*, published at Barcelona, is getting out some choice books and pictures. Since the war, some of our high schools are teaching young America to talk Spanish. If from this the future governors of Cuba and the Philippines are moved to taste of the rich literature of St. Theresa's beautiful land—the presses of the *Revista Carmelitana* will (we hope) be working day and night to supply the demand.

It will surely be a favored one who gets from his New Year's mail Miss Donnelly's beautiful new book of verses on *Prince Ragnal*. The verses are exquisite and the typographical get-up very handsome. Messrs. Kilner, 324 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., are the publishers and printers. The same company has some other good holiday books, the best being *The Leopard of Lancianus* and *In a Brazilian Forest*, two very clever and interesting works of Dr. Maurice F. Egan.

## Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude favors received from: Miss G. G. O'F., Stratford, Ont.; J. M., Monk's Head, N.S.; J. G., Dundas, Ont.; Miss M. McP., Joliet, Ill.; Miss A. B. E., Port Credit, Ont.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass.; Miss M. McC., Caldwell, Ont.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Miss B. L., New York City;

Mrs. J. W., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Miss M. W., Buffalo, N.Y.; Miss F. R., Green Bay, Wis.; Mrs. M. D., London, Ont.; Miss E. M. P., Charlestown, Mass.; The Benedictine Sisters, St. Mary's, Pa.; Rev. D. L. M., Blooming Prairie, Minn.; Mrs. M. M., Louisburg, Kas.; J. D., St. Clements, Ont.; Mrs. F. D., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. T. B., Petrolia, Ont.; Miss J. G., St. Louis, Mo.; M. A. K., St. Thomas, Ont.; Mrs. M. A. G., Renfrew, Ont.

## OBITUARY.

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

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

For deceased friends.

MISS MARY WAGER, of Leavenworth, Kan., who died Nov. '98.

MRS. JOHN GUENTHER, of Leavenworth, Kan., who died Nov. '98.

MISS PAULINA MURA, of Leavenworth, Kan., who died Nov. '98.

MARGARET LAUGHTON, who died at South Boston, Oct 16th, 1898.

MARGARET CROTTY, who went to her well-earned reward on December 1st, mourned by all who knew her. Deceased was a model mother and womanly woman, whose virtues shone far beyond the walls of a well-ordered Christian household.

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

## PETITIONS.

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

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

Spiritual favors for four persons. Temporal favors, four. Vocations, one. Conversions, seven. Special, eight. A father's recovery, employment. A brother's return to the sacraments, means to pay debts. Deceased parents. Conversion of a brother. Success in obtaining a situation. Return of a husband. For all our readers. All those who have asked prayers. Those for whom we promised to pray and all, living and dead, for whom we ought to pray. For all intentions possibly omitted.

A reader thanks our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel for a very special favor obtained through her intercession.

## WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

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

Names received at Scipio (Kansas). Monastery from Dardenne, Missouri.

Names for registry received at Carmel Convent, Niagara Falls. From St. Joseph's convent, Washington, Georgia.

Carmelite Priory at New Baltimore, Penn., has received names for Scapular album from Richton, Ill.; Media, Ill., and San Andreas, California.

St. Joseph's Carmelite Convent, Leavenworth, Kansas, is in receipt of names for registration from: La Salle, Ill.; Chuy, Ill.; St. Isidore's Church, Bethany, Ill.; St. Benedict's Church, Dentonville, Kas.; St. Mary's Church, Kansas City, Kas.; St. Lemmer's Priory, Canon City, Col.

At Englewood, N. J., Priory, received scapular names from the following places: Everett, Mass.; Our Lady of Lodes, Paterson, N. J.; St. Joseph's Church, Mendham, N. J.; St. Mary's Church, Rondont, N. Y.; St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Louisville, Ky.; St. Mary's Rectory, Jersey City, N. J.; St. Mary's Abbey, Newark, N. J.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular registry from: Church of St. Rose, Carbondale, Pa.; St. Mary's, Grace Bay, N. S.; Alliston, Ont.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Holy Angel's, Buffalo, N. Y.; Convent of the Good Shepherd, Troy, N. Y.; St. Francis Xavier's, Rochester, N. Y.; St. Agatha's, Ont.; Jesuit Novitiate, Los Gatos, Cal.; St. Mary's, Fancher, Wis.

Names for registration received at Carmelite Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Louis; St. Augustine, Mo.; Phoenixville, Pa.; St. Titus, Ch.; Titusville, Pa.; Dodon P. O., Ind.; (2); Caledonia, Wis.; St. Francis' Mission, Rosebud, South Dakota; Newmarket, Scott Co., Minn.; Buffalo, Minn.; St. Henry, Le Sueur Co., Minn.; St. John, Lake Co., Ind.; Uniontown P. O., Perry Co., Md.; Monastery of St. Paul of the Cross, Pittsburg S. S., Pa.; University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind.; Immaculate Heart Church, Reble St., Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Covington, Ky.; St. Peter and Paul's Church, Mankate, Minn.; St. Vincent's Seminary, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sacred Heart Church, L'Ance Barage Co., Mich.; St. Patrick's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Ridgely, Maryland; St. George Church S. S., Pittsburg, Pa.

## Thanksgiving.

NEW BALTIMORE, PA., Dec. 8, 1898.

REV. FATHER,—I promised our good Lady of Mount Carmel if she would help me with a

difficult undertaking, I would have it published in THE CARMELITE REVIEW. The undertaking proved successful, and I ask you to publish it.

Wishing you success with your work, I am,  
Yours truly,  
"W."

## Carmel's Child.

[The following is an extract from a letter lately received from the Maritime Provinces.]

Nov. 27, 1898.

DEAR REV. FATHER,—

We have been taking THE CARMELITE REVIEW for about six years, and, since I've been able to read, I have read it. I like it very well. I am thirteen years old. I am in the sixth grade, and I go to Mass every morning. I have been wishing to go to Mount Carmel ever since I started to read THE REVIEW. Mamma tells me to keep going to Mass and to pray to the Blessed Virgin. \* \* \* \* \*

Your little reader,

BEATRICE ———.

[Thank God, Beatrice, for His best gift—a good mother. Keep on loving your heavenly Mother, too, and some day she will bring you to the real, beautiful and everlasting Mount Carmel in heaven. Daily prayer to Our Blessed Lady will bring you up that mountain swiftly and surely. A holy and happy Christmas to you, and all of your age, Beatrice, is the wish and prayer of—THE EDITOR.]

## Care of a Client.

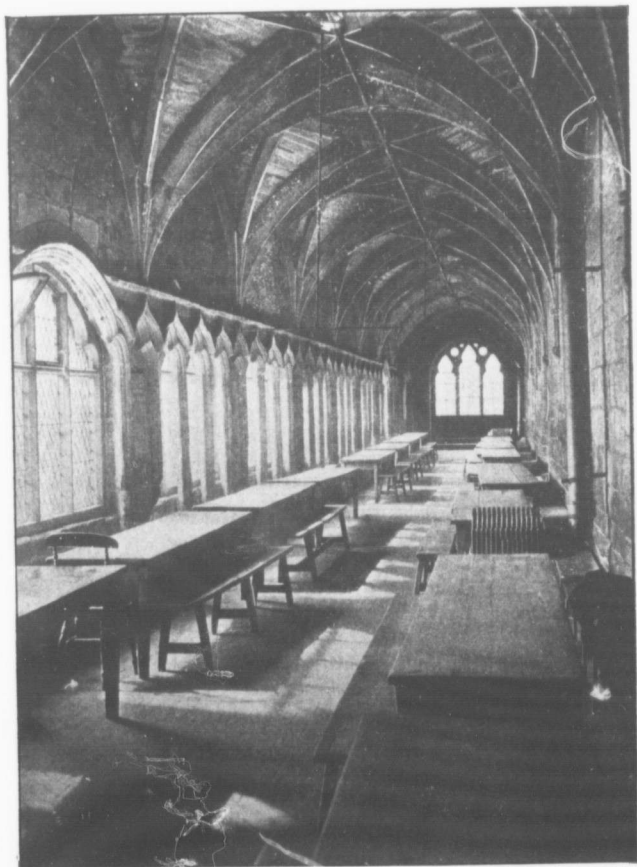
———, ONT., Dec. 20, 1898.

DEAR FATHER,—I am pleased to inform you of the miracle performed through the powerful intercession of Our Blessed Mother in the cure of a goitre. Having made two novenas, it began to decrease and now it is completely cured. Many thanks to our Blessed Mother, and you, dear Father, for the application of Saint Albert's Water.

H. E. MEYER.

## Falls View.

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



## THE CLOISTER.

WHITEFRIARS, COVENTRY.—(NOW THE UNION, MUCH PARK ROAD.)

Founded 1342 by Sir John Poultney (four times Lord Mayor of London). Suppressed 1539 by Henry VIII.