



SHADOWS.

For the Carmelite Review.

The joyous strains of Christmas tide
Gave place to minor chords,
When Simon's song re-echoing wide,
Pierced sharp as keen-edged swords.

The tender heart of her, whose eyes,
Saw as in vision dread
The years to come in anguish rise,
Like storm clouds o'er her head.

'Twas ever thus—the coming cross,
Casts shadows long and dark,
The years are reckoned but by loss
Which leaves its heavy mark.

O'er sheres of wreck, and souls made mute,
By sorrow's broken strings;
Alas! for those who touch the lute
While mem'ry sadly sings.

The past! how much its ravens hold
Of joys that fled full fast;
Of hopes and fears long since grown cold,
Of dreams which could not last.

And now as Lenten shades again
Fall softly on our souls,
That past comes up with all its pain,
The wave of sorrow rolls.

O'er hearts grown cold, and weak, and lone,
"Mid life's o'er-crowded ways,
"Alone, in crowds," they sadly moan,
"Oh! for departed days."

Blest sorrow, if it lead to piety
E'en after many days,
Dear shadows, if the sunshine cease,
To lure to folly's ways.

The light will follow darkness drear,
The cross stands in the west,
Oh! climb the hill top without fear,
Beneath its shadow rest.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1894.

M. C.

To suffer for the love of God is a signal favor of which man in himself is unworthy; but he does not understand this, for he thanks God for prosperity, and does not remember that adversity would be much greater grace.—ST. JOSEPH OF CUPERTINO.

On Saint Teresa's Footsteps.

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

CONTINUED.

LEAVING the monastery of the Augustinian nuns on the right, turn towards the town, cross the *Mercedo Grande*, and a narrow street will conduct you to the *Puerta del Peso*, a gate which will admit you through the walls into the limits of the old city. You are now beside the venerable cathedral of Avila, which itself forms a portion of the massive walls. Enter within its sacred precincts. Ah! reflect, pious soul, this very ground was once trodden by the youthful Teresa, here her heart sent forth its prayers in the morning of its life to the throne above. There, too, before a statue that is still preserved in a separate chapel of the cathedral, Teresa, on the death of her to whom she owed her life, chose the Blessed Virgin as her mother. The cathedral of Avila, dedicated to the Holy Saviour, goes back to the year 1001, but its general features are of the 12th and 13th centuries. On the greatest portion of this solemn interior the eyes of St. Teresa once rested. Even the *Retablo* of the high altar existed in her day, for it dates from the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, while its pictures, works of Santa Cruz, Pedro Burnegnette and Juan d' Borgona, were painted in 1508, before St. Teresa was born. The stalls in the choir were constructed while the saint was living in the monastery of the Incarnation at Avila, and, on her visits to the cathedral, at that epoch the nuns were not cloistered, she no doubt gazed with the admiration of her poetical soul upon the costly masterpieces of sculpture that were being formed beneath the artist's chisel.

Proceeding again through the *Puerto del Pico*, direct your steps towards the terrace, outside of the northern walls. Do you behold that large, though antique structure across the plains. Thither we direct our steps, it is the monastery *de la Incarnation*. Within its walls, Saint Teresa spent that portion of her life which preceded her work of the Reform. You are now walking upon the road which the maiden of Avila took, when, unknown to her father, she bade farewell to the world, to enter the monastery of Carmelite nuns. Reaching the monastery, you will not fail to notice a well, from which the water is drawn by means of horses. This no doubt suggested to Saint Teresa a well-known similitude in one of her works, taken from the various means of watering a garden; the drawing of water with horses is one of the means referred to. The monastery of the Incarnation is still occupied by nuns of the same order as those who inhabited it when Saint Teresa applied for the reception of the habit. They belong to the Order of Mount Carmel, but they never embraced the Reform of Saint Teresa. In the days of the Saint they were not cloistered, but today they observe the enclosure. Although the Saint considered a monastery of women without enclosure to be most dangerous on account of the liberty allowed the religious, she nevertheless speaks highly of her own. We cite her words: "What I say does not refer to my monastery, for therein are so many who truly and with great perfection serve our Lord. * * * And this monastery is not one of those which are most relaxed, for every kind of good discipline is observed in it." *

Thirty years of Saint Teresa's life were spent in this convent, and here she pronounced her vows on Nov. 3, 1534. Enter through the gate of the monastery, you will find yourself in the court-yard around which are the out-buildings, the house of the chaplain and those of the servants. Imagine nothing gorgeous nor splendid, not even artistic or tasteful, for everything breathes the utmost simplicity, though firmness and solidity characterize the entire edifice. On the right, a low doorway will admit you into the monastery itself. Ascend the flight of stairs on your left and you will find

yourself in a small parlor. The mother prioress will converse with you through the grating, and show you many objects that the monastery still possesses which were connected with its illustrious inmate, Teresa de Ahmada. O glorious monastery of the Incarnation! Hidden away midst the hills of Castile, in the obscure town of Avila, thou art one of the favored spots upon earth, for in thee dwell one of God's most privileged souls. This very parlor, reader, is sacred to her memory. How many a time did it not behold her at the grating, where her soul still clung to the earth; how often did it not hear her voice! Here it was that she conversed with the illustrious Jesuit, that master in the spiritual life, Father Balthasar Alvarez; here also took place her interview with that other son of St. Ignatius, St. Francis Borgia.

If you look through the grating, your eyes will fall upon a spot rendered sacred by one of the many visions of the Saint's life. You behold that corridor before you? About midway a staircase begins. At its foot St. Teresa once beheld an infant who inquired for her name. It was after the Saint had begun her Reform, and when she had been called back to the monastery of the Incarnation to govern it as prioress. Her answer to the infant was: "I am Teresa of Jesus." "And I," replied the child, "am Jesus of Teresa."

There is another parlor, still more interesting. It is situated on the lower floor. There it was that the saint once conversed with St. John of the Cross, when both were wrapped in ecstasy.

And where is Saint Teresa's cell? You may see the spot where it stood, reader, if you follow me to the church. This is the old church of the monastery, but it has undergone a change. The chapel in the rear did not exist in St. Teresa's time. The space it occupied lay then within the convent. In the centre stood her cell, where so many years of her life were spent. The spot is marked by that large square slab. Here the Saint of Avila suffered, struggled, prayed and finally, conquered.

Among the many relics of St. Teresa in the city of Avila, the convent of the Incarnation is to me the most interesting, for it has undergone the least change, and it is, more than any other, as it was during the life-time of the Saint.

CHAS. W. CURRIER.

TO BE CONTINUED.

* St. Teresa's autobiography,--Chap. VIII.

The Catechism OF MOUNT CARMEL,

[BY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.]

CHAPTER FIRST—THE NAME.

QUESTION. What is Mount Carmel?

A. Mount Carmel is the name of a mountain in the Holy Land. It forms a promontory, extending into the Mediterranean sea, and is situated on the western shore of Palestine, south of the Bay of Acre, about twenty miles from Nazareth. It is frequently mentioned in Holy Writ and praised for its beauty and fertility.

Q. Who are the religious of Mount Carmel and why are they so called?

A. The religious of Mount Carmel are the members of the religious Order of Mount Carmel, and are so called because this holy Order was founded on Mount Carmel by the great prophet of God, Elias, who dwelt on this mountain.

In the Vatican Basilica at Rome, by order of the Pope, statues of the holy founders of religious orders have been placed on both sides of the nave. The first place to the right of the high altar, is occupied by a beautiful marble statue of St. Elias, as being the first founder of a religious order.

Q. Why is the Blessed Virgin called Our Lady of Mount Carmel?

A. Because the followers of Elias on Mount Carmel were the first to erect a chapel in honor of Our Lady on their holy mount, and were the first to invoke her and venerate her as their heavenly Mother and Patroness. The Roman Breviary, mentioning this fact (in the 4th lesson of the matins on the 16th of July) also states, that the hermits of Mount Carmel had enjoyed the special friendship of the Blessed Virgin, who visited them and held holy conversations with them.

Thus the title of Our Lady of Mount Carmel originated. In the same way we give the Blessed Virgin the title of Our Lady of Loretto, Our Lady of Lourdes, Our Lady of Guadalupe, etc., from these different shrines where she is venerated in a special manner, and gives unusual proofs of her powerful protection.

Q. The devotion to Our Lady of Mount Carmel must, therefore, be very ancient?

A. Yes; some of the early fathers of the church, in commenting upon the little cloud, which St. Elias saw rising from the sea, say that the great prophet recognized in it a symbol of the coming mother of Christ, and that he and his disciples, long before her birth, venerated the Immaculate Virgin who was to be the mother of the Messiah.

The visits of the Blessed Virgin from Nazareth, which is near the grottoes and caves of Mount Carmel, inspired these good hermits with still greater devotion towards her, and they were the first to build a church in her honor. The devotion to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, is therefore, the most ancient of all the devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Q. What name was given to the inhabitants of Mount Carmel on account of their devotion to the Blessed Virgin?

A. They were called by the faithful, the Brothers of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. When the Order was transplanted to Europe, at the time of the first Crusades, this title was recognized by the Popes and special indulgences granted to those who gave this title to the Carmelites.

Q. Did the Blessed Virgin herself ever give any signal proof that she considered the Carmelites as her brothers and special servants?

A. Yes; she not only showed her love for them by her visits to Mount Carmel during her life, but she has given innumerable proofs of the singular affection she has for her Order, as we shall see in the course of these chapters.

Q. But does it not seem too great an honor even for saints to be called Brothers of the Blessed Virgin?

A. This honorable title was given to the Carmelites from the earliest times and was approved by the Holy See. But the Blessed Virgin herself in a most wonderful manner confirmed it on one occasion, when it was disputed by the enemies of the Order.

It happened in England, in the city of Chester, in the year 1317. The Carmelites had erected a monastery in the city and were generally known by their customary name as Brothers of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.

This glorious title, however, offended some

of the citizens, who began to murmur against the religious, and to accuse them of presumption in arrogating to themselves a name of which they could not but be unworthy.

A strange thing happened then. Several of the more bitter enemies of the Order died suddenly, and most of the others were stricken down by various diseases. The town seemed to be under a scourge from heaven. The governor of the city, the Abbot of St. Bamburg, grew alarmed and ordered a public procession to be held in order to appease God's wrath. The Carmelites were requested to assist in the solemn procession. They gladly acceded to the request, and during the procession, as they passed a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which was held in great veneration, they all bowed their heads and saluted the Blessed Virgin, saying "Ave Maria."

The statue, in presence of all the population, bowed its head in return, and elevating the hands and extending the fingers, pointed to the Carmelite Friars, saying in a loud voice, "These are my brothers." These words were uttered three times in succession.

The miracle, as may easily be supposed, caused a great sensation, especially as the dread scourge of sickness disappeared as suddenly as it had come. The whole affair was thoroughly investigated by Rome, and several Popes have recognized the occurrence and ratified the favor, thus publicly shown the Carmelites by their gracious Advocate and Queen. One of the Popes granted fifty days indulgence, for all times, to those who give the Order, or any individual member thereof, this glorious title. The indulgence is gained each time the title is given.

Word-Picture of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Translated for the Carmelite Review.

THE recurrence of the Lenten season has suggested the translation of the following description of our divine Saviour's personal appearance. It has come down to us through "the corridors of time," having been sent to the Roman Senate by Publius Lentulus, Governor of Judea, when the renown of Christ's ministry was becoming widespread, and His miracles exciting universal comment. It portrays Him as He

appeared *before* that week which we will ere long commemorate, when the Jews cried out "Away with this man, give us Barab-bas," *before* "He looked for one that would grieve together with Him, and there was none, for one that would comfort Him, but He found none." It portrays Him as He walked forth *before* it was said of Him, "Behold we have seen Him, having neither beauty or comeliness; there is no sightliness in Him; He hath borne our sins, and suffered for us and He was wounded for our misgivings, and by His bruises we are healed."

What a subject for Lenten meditation is contained in the transformation wrought by the sufferings of "Holy week" in the beautiful face of our Lord.

"There is now in Judea a person of the most exalted virtue who is called Jesus Christ. The Jews believe him to be a prophet, but his adherents, to whom he is an object of unbounded veneration and love, adore him as one who has sprung from the immortal gods. His highest touch or simplest word can scatter the pestilential breath of the most loathsome malady, and at his call the silent dead walk forth in health and life upon the earth.

In appearance he is of a type but seldom seen, tall, perfectly formed and of a dignity at once attractive and impressive, his superiority evincing itself as he moves along.

His hair is of a most beautiful color, flowing gracefully upon his shoulders and parted above his noble brow, after the fashion of the Nazarene. His forehead is high, his cheeks show the faintest tinge of color, his nose and mouth are perfect. His beard is full and in color corresponds to those waving locks which often imprison the sunlight as he walks. His eyes are brilliant, but although lovely in form and color they seem even to hold the shadow of coming sorrow in their unfathomable depth.

He rebukes with a majesty which few can withstand, and when he exhorts it is with a sweetness which none can hear unmoved. His every word and act are marked by a refinement exceeding great, and characterized by a gravity which becomes him well. Never has he been seen to laugh, seldom to smile but often to weep, withal he is gentle, unassuming and wisdom itself. Truly by his remarkable beauty and divine perfections does this man—Jesus Christ—rank far above all other children of men."

St. Marys, Pa.

S. X. B.

FLOS CARMELI.

BY SUE X. BLAKELY.

For the Carmelite Review.

CONTINUED.

ARCH faded into April, and still the fervent prayers seemed to be unanswered, but the faith of Mrs. Stuart never faltered, for she knew well that Mary, "the tenderest hearted Virgin," would obtain her petition at last. It was a lovely morning. Flowers in graceful profusion met the eye on every side, the deep blue of the skies was varied here and there by snowy clouds, the bright waves of the bay carried snatches of a boating song from some far-off happy mariners, and the luxuriant foliage of many a tree cast an inviting shade far around. And it was this day that Ernest Fenwick selected to reveal his decision to his over-joyed friend who lost no time in calling upon Fr. Francis at the monastery, and telling him that her petition was granted. Ernest had left the arrangement to her, subservient to the convenience of the zealous father, and the work of instruction began. He seemed so much better that little Grace was sure her papa would get well, and even Mrs. Stuart began to cherish a faint hope to that effect. "Do not delude yourself," he said, on one occasion, to the latter. "It is only the fitful flaming up of the taper before its light is lost in darkness. But it will not be darkness for me. Fr. Francis has just told me that on the feast of St. Simon Stock (May 16th, he tells me,) he will baptize me conditionally, and receive me as a child of the holy Catholic Church. And I am to make my first Holy Communion, too." "God grant that it may not be your last," said Mrs. Stuart. "You have made me glad indeed." "And Fr. Francis will invest me with the Scapular," he continued. "He explained it most beautifully to me. Give me the box, darling," he said to Grace, who retained her place by his pillow, holding a dainty casket in her hand. At his request the lady opened it. "These were amongst the little treasures left by my wife," he said. "One of her old teach-

ers sent them to her as a souvenir on our wedding day. She told me then, smilingly, that they should be my first 'scapulars,' but I scarcely thought of them until to-day."

"When I am dead, my kind friend, and these still remain upon me, I would like them to be placed so as to be visible to all as a tribute to my conversion to the faith. And this Rosary is for you, Grace. It was your dear mother's, and our good friend will teach you its use," Mrs. Stuart, seeing that he was exhausted, replaced the scapulars in the box.

They were of that kind, in the making of which nuns love to occupy their leisure hours. Beautiful in design and execution, Grace held fast the Rosary, which was of amber beads with golden cross, so her kind friend left the room, bidding the little girl watch over her papa while he slept. And thus the days passed on.

Sometimes, of course, Ernest would be too weak for any effort, then all attempt at instruction would be abandoned, and he would lie quiet and happy while Mrs. Stuart and Grace recited the Rosary, looking towards the pretty little oratory which Grace had fashioned in his room, and longing for the hour when he would indeed belong to the "household of the faith." Fr. Francis told Mrs. Stuart that he had seldom met one who had received with so unquestioning a faith not only all the doctrines of our holy religion, but all the beautiful devotions which, like fragrant flowers, have sprung up hither and thither to adorn the vast garden of the church. "With the Scapular," he said to me yesterday, "our Mother draws poor careless wanderers like I was, to a place of safety, with her Rosary she chains them there, and with the holy League she leads them to that surest refuge, her holy Son's most Sacred Heart. And as for his charity, Madame, it has no limits. Daily he insists upon my taking an alms to distribute among the poor." At last the happy day dawned, and Ernest Fenwick realized the desire of his heart. O! how that heart went up to God with simple childlike thoughts of love, and what grateful thoughts, too, centered about the QUEEN OF CARMEL, to whose intercession he attributed the priceless blessing he now enjoyed! * * * "My kind friend," said he a few days afterwards, "do not think

me unreasonable, but a longing has taken possession of me to such an extent that I cannot banish it. I cannot endure the thought of my little Grace leaving me lying in the cemetery here. I know it is only fancy, but it seems that if she could often kneel by my grave, and twine her offering of flowers around the cross, death would be robbed of more than half its pangs. O! kindest of friends, I want to die *at home*!" Mrs. Stuart was startled at first, but the pleading eyes of him, who was now indeed her son, since, at his baptism, she had become his sponsor, went to her heart, and she promised that if the physician thought the project might be considered, and Fr. Francis could obtain permission to accompany them, the arrangements would be made without delay.

And everything happened according to their wishes. With a sigh for the old world and a smile for the new, our party took their places in the cabin, and the stately vessel sailed out on its course across the broad Atlantic, bearing the wanderers home. The morning, tinted with rose color, and flecked with golden light, would find Grace by her father's side, and the evening, with the brilliant moon and glittering stars reflecting their brightness in the ocean, found her scarcely ready to bid him good night. The two enjoyed the voyage thoroughly, and Mrs. Stuart would say to Fr. Francis, "Could it be that he would stay with them yet a little while?" But the priest bade her entertain no such fallacious hope. He frequently talked to Grace, and tried to accustom the child to the thought that her father must soon leave her for a better home, and so the time passed, and land was almost in sight.

One morning the valet hastily summoned Mrs. Stuart, who bade him go at once for Fr. Francis, and then told the maid to waken Grace gently, and hold her in readiness to come to her dying father. And whilst the sun rose over the great city, shedding its beams over the happy and the wretched, over many a spacious church, gilding here a grand altar with its graceful tabernacle, and there a tiny chapel with its simple ornaments, whilst hundreds and thousands of devout worshippers hastened to mass (for it was the Feast of the SACRED HEART) and offered up their prayer "for all who are in their agony," one, favored

child of Mary who had found consolations without end in the Communion of Saints, exchanged hope for glad fruition, faith for sight, and prayer for praise, in the kingdom of everlasting bliss.

Overlooking the beautiful waters of a noble river, whose verdant banks sloped upward with such a gradual, even ascent, that one might almost think nature had rested for a while and sent art to fill her place, stood the picturesque old house which Mrs. Stuart called her home. On leaving the shore, however, and mounting the hill beyond, it became evident that the assistance of art could not by any possibility be imagined in the wild luxuriance of the scenery which greeted the eye. A road led to the house, but the approach to it was somewhat difficult to find, so dense was the miniature forest which arose on either side. At the rear of the house a narrow and rather rugged road terminated in some barren looking hills, in the depths of which some mining operations had been inaugurated at one time in the hope of enriching those who projected them, but they had long since been given up. The openings left by the workmen still remained, and the appearance presented at this point was rather unprepossessing. Immediately round the house, however, the beauty of the lawns and tastefully arranged flower beds was such that one would never weary of the view. Wide porches with inviting seats called upon the weary to rest, and a tempting hammock swung gently to the breeze. It was here that Mrs. Stuart brought the little girl whose grief at her father's death had been so excessive that for some time she refused all attempts at consolation and her friends thought it best to leave her to herself for awhile.

They laid her father to rest in a lonely little graveyard, where the purple wisteria vine twined about the dark firs and forest trees, and daisies lovingly covered the silent ones who slept beneath,—where the passion flower clung round the foot of the large cross in the center, and weeping willows shaded the graves. Here, too, in accordance with Ernest's desire, were brought the remains of his young wife. United at last in faith as well as in love, they rested in holy ground, which was to the little orphan girl, henceforth, the dearest spot in

the world. Father Francis then left them to remain in one of the houses of his order until recalled by his own prior, whilst the valet, with a substantial mark of appreciation for his faithful services sailed, half sorrowfully, half in gladness, over the ocean to his native land.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OBITUARY.

*"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least
quit, my friends, because the hand of the Lord
hath touched me."—Job 21, 22.*

The prayers of our readers are requested for the repose of the souls of: Caspar Straub, who died at New Baltimore, Penn., on Jan. 8th, 1894; Miss Kate Reynolds, who died at Carthage, N. Y., Dec. 14th, 1893; Mrs. James Bergin, who died at Colgan, Ont., on our Lady's day—Saturday, Dec. 30th, 1893; Richard Hartigan, who died suddenly at Suspension Bridge, N. Y.; Miss Julia Marren, one of our subscribers, who died Jan. 14th at Clifton, Ont. May their souls and all the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace. Amen.

WITH the exception of God, nothing is solid.—CERE D'ARS.

HE who patiently bears trials for God's sake will soon arrive at great perfection.

To secure the love of God it is enough to have a sincere desire to acquire it.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

BEWARE of the snares of the enemy. The best weapons against him are self-denial, humility and patience.—ST. PHILIP.

HE who fears God must also fear the world, and he who fears the world need never fear that he has lost the fear of God.—FATHER FABER.

THE true servants of Mary must combine the seemingly opposite virtues of perfect meekness and undaunted courage.—ST. BONIFILIUS.

No virtue surpasses love, not even faith, nor yet hope. Jesus Christ Himself brought it with Himself from heaven, and there is nothing which the Evil Spirit dreads so much amongst Christians as mutual charity.—ST. PHILIP.

THIRD ORDER OF Mount Carmel.

By the Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C.

Rules and Statutes for the Tertiaries of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

CHAPTER I.

Of the Persons Who Have the Power to Receive Others into the Third Order, and of the Necessary Qualifications of the Postulant's.

IN accordance with the ancient and primitive use of our holy Order, the Most Rev. General, the Provincials in their provinces, the Priors in their respective convents and everyone in his district can, by themselves or through others whom they have commissioned, receive into the Third Order of Mount Carmel persons of both sexes—ecclesiastics and laymen, virgins and widows, and also married persons. It should be said, however, that the Priors and their delegates should not use this faculty without having previously given notice of it to their Provincial or General.

Before any superior or delegate receives an applicant into the Third Order he should inform himself diligently if the persons asking to be admitted have the requisite qualities, to wit: (1) if they are of good and honest manners and are moved only by a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, since by taking the habit they consecrate themselves to her as her special children; (2) if they have not been received before and professed in some other Third Order; (3) if they be of sufficiently mature age and so regular in their deportment as to give prudent hope of perseverance in their good resolution; (4) if they profess the true Catholic faith and obedience to the holy Church; (5) if they have sufficient means for a respectable living. Lastly, married women must be told that they will not be admitted without the consent of

their husbands and the approval of their confessors.

Hence, (as the statutes which are an explanation of the rule enjoin), according to the advice of St. Paul, those whose office it is to receive persons into the Third Order should only keep in sight the good character of the persons and everything that is holy, modest, honorable, amiable, praiseworthy and virtuous. They should therefore inform themselves principally about their manners, deportment and way of living; whether they are humble and meek, whether they preserve peace with all men or form and keep up enmities; whether they are fickle, curious, of a rash and violent temper; whether they are overburdened with debts; whether they are involved in lawsuits; for these quarrels do not only disturb the internal peace, but also give occasion to complaints, murmurs and slanders. Finally, whether they are of a respectable family and not tainted by any evil reputation.

The Tertians should well keep in mind that the profession of the Catholic faith being an essential quality of their state, they ought not to be satisfied to profess it with their mouths only, but show it also by their works and good behavior. They should not be ashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ, or to be followers of Mary, the ever Blessed Virgin. They should for the love of truth humbly bear with the raileries, slights and jests which they may encounter; for as the martyrs would rather suffer the greatest torments than renounce the christian name, so likewise the Tertians must rather suffer joyfully jest and contempt than to blush or dissemble to be followers of the Cross of Christ, and they should always highly esteem humility, modesty and christian simplicity as men not wishing to please man, but God alone and the most Blessed Virgin.

They may comfort themselves by the consoling words of our Lord: "If the world hate you, know ye that it hated me before you. If you had been of the world the world would love its own, but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. The servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted me they will also persecute you."—John xv, 18.

And indeed the world, or rather worldly persons, cannot bear virtuous men, they being a reproach to their evil lives. If the above words of Jesus Christ, and so many others which might be quoted, could make saints triumph over all the obstacles opposing themselves to their pious designs, they should likewise encourage the Tertians to endure patiently all the insults which the worldly shall offer to them, and not on that account grow remiss in the observance of the rules and statutes of the Order.

1. As said above, the superiors of the Carmelite Order have the power to delegate others not of their number to clothe candidates with the habit of the Third Order. This provision is made in order to bring the Third Order within reach of everyone desiring to join it. But as in this case it is a matter not only of investment, like with the Scapular, but also of direction, such a delegation will be granted on the part of the Order only, if too great a distance prevents the postulant from personally appearing in the monastery, and some guarantee is given that the priest commissioned to receive such persons into the Third Order is willing to instruct them in their respective duties and watch over the observance of the rule, for it is better not to promise than not to keep the promise made. Such delegation should be asked of the Provincial of the Order.

2. None can belong to two Third Orders at the same time, since "no one can serve two masters." This prohibition refers, however, only to those professed, as novices are at liberty to leave the Third Order to which they belonged and enter another one.

3. Strictly speaking, the age of 15, in which a novice may be received into any religious community, would be considered sufficiently mature. But considering the circumstances under which most of the Tertians have to live in the world without the uninterrupted vigilance of a master of novices in a monastery, and exposed as they are to so many temptations and allurements, the age of 48 or 20 is to be taken as the limit, below which no one ought to go, unless the circumstances are quite exceptional, viz., if a whole family wishes to join the Third Order at once.

Steadiness of character and a true, deep, unobtrusive piety recommend the appli-

cant. Converts to holy faith should only be received a few years after their conversion.

4. The sufficient means for a respectable living, which the rule does not suppose to mean wealth or even any kind of property, but a source of honest revenue, enabling the person to live respectably according to his social position. Wages earned by honest work are all that is necessary. The idea of respectability as defined by the Catholic church is altogether different from what we Americans understand by it. As long as a man or woman is able by work, commerce, property, etc., to gain all that is necessary to house, feed and clothe themselves without running into debt or becoming a burden to their neighbors they are respectable, and as the church does not acknowledge differences of race, nation, color or wealth, all such persons can be received.

5. Concerning married women it is advisable that they acquaint their husbands *in detail* with all the different duties of a Tertian before they join, so as to preclude future quarrels and unpleasantness on the score of ignorance.

CHAPTER II.

On the Reception of Members.

According to the power granted by Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV. the superiors and directors can receive duly qualified persons without the consent of the respective Brotherhood or Sisterhood; yet, generally speaking, it will be praiseworthy and advantageous to propose the postulants to the respective councils and to leave the choice to be made by secret suffrage, so that no persons under a canonical impediment can be admitted. The superior or director should not, however, propose any person if on reasonable grounds he supposes that the majority of the Brotherhood is against him.

The statutes regarding this chapter declare that the person to be received should dispose himself for reception by prayers, fasting and other convenient exercises of piety, but principally by a general confession, yielding, however, in all this to the judgment of the confessor. On the day of the reception of the habit the postulant should, if possible, receive the Blessed Sacrament.

After the reception into the Third Order the novices partake of all the indulgences

which have been and shall be granted in future to our Order, as it is stated in the Bull of Sixtus IV. Moreover they partake of all the spiritual privileges, fruits and good works which are performed night and day by the religious of the First and Second Order and the Tertians all over the world, so that they may be assured of the powerful assistance of so many virtuous persons, to whom they are united by profession and intention.

Each one of the novices should, during the year of his novitiate, present himself once a month to the Father Director to exercise the virtue of obedience, and to be instructed in his duties. In like manner, everyone of the sisters should present herself to the mother directress or prioress.

The superior or director, according to the dictates of prudence, can extend the novitiate to two or three years, or even more for persons too young to be of sufficiently mature judgment, and also in regard to other persons of ripe age if they are not sufficiently advanced in virtue.

1. "Where there is a number of Tertians a preliminary vote should always be taken, as even general suspicion or antipathy, no matter how little founded, will mar the harmony and prevent others from joining the Third Order.

2. "The participation in so many spiritual favors from the very day of the reception ought to be an inducement for many to join the Third Order.

3. "The rule repeatedly speaks of the 'Superior or Director.' The Superior is a Carmelite appointed by the Provincial to take charge of the Third Order in a given place. The Director is a priest not of the Order who was delegated according to the first chapter of the rule. He takes the place of the Superior in places where there is no Superior, but not where there is one. Hence the duty of presenting himself once a month in the latter case cannot be discharged by approaching the confessor, who has only to do with the soul, but everything belonging to the Third Order is in the hands of the Superior, and he alone can grant permissions, dispensations, etc.

4. "If the novitiate be extended beyond the year, the duty of appearing monthly before the Superior in order to render an account of one-self and to receive instruction is also extended to the day of profession."

Pius R. MAYER, O.C.C.

St. Elias and the Carmelites.

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



THE Order of Mount Carmel—so runs the venerable tradition of Carmel—was founded by Elias the Prophet. This wonderful man, one of the greatest heroes the world has ever seen, was born in some part of Galaad, called at that time Thesbite;

whether from this place he was called Elias the Thesbite, or not, is a controverted question of Biblical interpretation.

Beyond this slight indication, nothing more is known of his life before the commencement of his great mission as a Prophet of God. We can picture a Moses floating on the Nile, a Samuel sleeping near the aged Heli, "in the temple of the Lord, where the ark was," or a David, "ruddy and beautiful to behold," watching the flock of his father Jesse in the pastures of Bethlehem; but we have no trace of the Thesbite from a lesser point to a greater; about his parentage the Scriptures are silent.

Elias comes before us surrounded with the glory of an extraordinary mission, fulfilled with great fidelity under peculiar difficulties and dangers. At this time Achab, the son of Amri, was king of the ten tribes which went collectively by the name of Israel. Achab's character is summed up with great conciseness in the following words: "Achab did more to provoke the Lord the God of Israel, than all the kings of Israel that were before him." Elias suddenly appears before the king. Behold the gaunt form of that solitary man, fresh from the stern gorges of Galaad; his dark locks hanging in massive clusters over his shoulders, a leathern girdle encircling his spare loins, and his only armour a cape of rough sheep-skin for a defence against the elements, and perhaps a simple mountain staff in his hands. How weak to military eye, and yet how strong he really is with an invisible might. Quickly he crosses the path of Achab, quickly he begins his mission. He pronounces these startling words: "As the Lord liveth, the God of Israel, in whose sight I stand, there shall not be dew or rain three years, but according to the words of my mouth."

This interview with Achab, King of

Israel, commences the important detail of his public life. The enormous crimes of that wicked monarch and his people had so provoked the wrath of heaven, that God determined to afflict them with great calamity. But as the mercy of the Almighty, while he thus punishes, is to amend and reclaim the sinner, He chose to make the mode of its infliction an occasion of instruction to them that they might see their folly, and forsake their sins. To show the king that all his idols were but vanity, and to convince him that no power on earth or in heaven could stand before the Creator of all things; or with success resist even His chosen messenger, this judgment was left in the hands of Elias, who, in the name of the eternal God, declared that neither dew nor rain should fall upon the land for the three following years, but at his word. Having pronounced this solemn denunciation for the aggravated crimes of the king and his wicked people, the Prophet Elias suddenly retired, and left Achab, discomposed and angry, to think over the miseries into which the nation, through his own folly, was soon to be plunged.

The king, whose dark and gloomy mind was tortured by the signs of a bad conscience, and agitated by the phantoms which a sanguinary superstition placed continually before it, exhibits an affecting picture of the restlessness and misery attendant upon guilt. Constrained to listen to the Prophet's threatening, and by the force of truth compelled to believe it, forlorn misgivings seized upon his soul, when he ventured to look for relief to the gods whom he had dared to worship in the days of his pride and prosperity. Conscious that his false gods could not avert the evil, he sullenly retired to murmur curses on Elias, and to devise such plans of vengeance, as might repress in future his obtrusive zeal.

In the meantime the holy Prophet, far from being left to the resentment of this wicked king, became the special charge of that protecting Providence which kindly watches over those who are engaged in the performance of the will of heaven. But, as to rush into danger without necessity is presumption, he was admonished by the Spirit of the Lord to fly from the impending storm of the king's anger, and to seek concealment for a time in a solitary place. The solitude to which he was directed was in a

valley, near a brook called Carith, a short distance from the river Jordan, where he was miraculously sustained by the wonderful appointment of that wise and gracious Being whose peculiar messenger and servant he was. That human treachery might not betray him to the malice of his enemies, the Lord commissioned other creatures to supply his wants. The ravens, guided in their flight by *Him* who can avail Himself of any instrument for the accomplishment of His holy designs, brought every night and morning, bread and meat for the support of the secluded Prophet of the Lord, by which, with water from the brook, he was sustained for a considerable time. Dependent upon what, to human foresight, could not but be deemed precarious sustenance, Elias did not venture to remove from the seclusion to which God had sent him, till he received renewed directions from the same divine authority. But the effects of his denunciation soon began to operate upon the guilty land. The ground was parched with drought; the springs, no longer fed by the descending rains, flowed not in their accustomed courses from the mountains; and the brooks of water failed. Carith, which had administered to the refreshment of the Prophet, became dry. He, therefore, was commanded to arise and travel to Sarephtha, a place upon the sea coast, between Tyre and Sidon, where the same Divine Providence that sustained him hitherto would still continue to supply his wants. Ever obedient to the earliest intimations of the will of heaven, he soon arrived at the appointed place; and at the entrance of the city, observed a poor dejected widow, busy employed in gathering sticks to kindle a fire. Oppressed with heat and weariness, he spoke to her, and asked the slenderest boon to hospitality, a little water to allay his thirst. But, she no sooner turned to gratify this small request than her humanity was put to a severe trial: for the Prophet, faint and hungry, entreated her to bring him, at the same time, a little bread. This drew from the afflicted widow a disclosure of her trying situation. The famine, which the drought had caused, pressed so hard upon her poverty that she was now reduced to extreme want; death, the last refuge of the miserable, must quickly put an end to her sorrows; and now anticipating that event, she was about to

dress her last supply of food. A little meal and a small remnant of a cruse of oil were her sole resource for the support of life; and to prepare this slender pittance she had been employed, as he had found her, in collecting a few sticks of fuel, that herself and her son might eat of it, and then submissively await the will of heaven.

Having listened to her tale of sorrow, the Prophet told her to dismiss her fears, and to put her trust and confidence in Almighty God, and to suffer her own wants to yield for a short interval, to the more pressing claims of one exhausted by a long and tiresome journey, by making first a little cake for him, and then preparing for herself and orphan child. This she might do with cheerfulness and safety, for in the name of that Almighty Being, whose judgment rested on the nation, he assured her, that the quantity of meal should not be lessened, nor the oil diminished, until the day that He would send rain upon the earth. Believing in God, and receiving in His name the holy Prophet whom His providence had guided to her humble dwelling, she readily complied with his request. The holy and venerable man became an inmate of her family, and brought with him the blessing and the peace of God. They daily witnessed the miraculous fulfilment of the word which he had spoken: for though the slender stock was constantly resorted to, it neither failed nor lessened while the scarcity continued to prevail.

Thus living on the bounty of the Father of the poor, and favored with the friendship and society of His holy Prophet, the poor widow perhaps cherished a hope that the bitterness of all her sorrow was past. But frequently recurring seasons of adversity will ever, in this state of trial, furnish new occasions for the exercise of faith and resignation, even to the faithful servants of God. Such in the present instance was the case. This poor woman was again plunged into deep affliction by the sickness of her only son, which terminated speedily in death. With a heart oppressed with anguish for the loss she had sustained, and sorrow rendered still more poignant by the fear that this bereavement was the consequence of some forgotten, some unpardoned sin, she came, with her dead child, into the presence of St. Elias, and expostulated with him as the instrument employed to bring upon her this calamity.

TO BE CONTINUED.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

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

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

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

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, FEBRUARY, 1894. No. 2.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHAT has become of all the good resolutions made on the first of January?

WAX candles alone are blessed on Candlemas. So-called "patent wax candles," now sold, receive no blessing. The faithful should remember this, and moreover ought to be generous in donating candles to their churches. Two wax candles at least should be in every Catholic house.

A FEATURE of this number of the REVIEW appears under the caption of "An Ideal Friendship." The intensely interesting correspondence which passed between the two artist friends is worth perusing, and we feel very grateful to the friend who sent it to this magazine.

THE engraving on the cover of this magazine seems self-explanatory. However, for the benefit of one who asks, and all future inquirers, we beg to say that the figure to the left represents St. Simon Stock receiving the Scapular from the Blessed Virgin, and the figure kneeling to the right represents St. Teresa.

THE Ritual of Holy Church contains many admirable formulas for blessings which bring benediction to those who receive them with faith and reverence.

Among the particular blessings there is one which all pious Catholics should avail themselves of on February 3rd, namely, the blessing of throats on the Feast of Saint Blase.

"I CAN'T fast," will be a familiar expression as soon as Lent appears. It is a poor excuse in too many cases. Granted that you cannot fast, remember there is another way of covering over a multitude of sins, namely, by alms-giving. Many a poor family depends on the charity of others during these hard times, when figures place the total number of the unemployed in the country at three-quarters of a million!

ONE of our exchanges commenting on the fact that nine hundred converts were confirmed by the Bishop of Cleveland during the recent tour of his diocese, justly remarked that it "tells the story of that silent procession Romeward which is gradually, but with certainty, changing the religious face of the country. The ultimate conversion of America can only be delayed by the failure of Catholics to fully comprehend the nature of their terrible responsibility."

ON the anniversary of the Coronation of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, February 19th, it is ordered, according to the Roman correspondents, that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass be offered up by all priests throughout the world in thanksgiving to God at the close of the jubilee of the Holy Father. It seems but just, too, that all the faithful unite their prayers and offer up Holy Communion on the same day in thanksgiving to God in giving to His Church so glorious a Pontiff as Leo XIII.

SOME of the comic papers and writers have been lately taken to task for their unbecoming treatment of the Church. But what shall we say of Catholic publishers who admit into their columns the sayings of humorists who irreverently treat sacred things? Bill Nye's letters may be very funny and entertaining, but no one can admire the blasphemous remarks he made in one of his last letters concerning the holy Cross and the Sacred hill of Calvary. It is not very edifying to see such a letter in a prominent.

Catholic weekly. But such was the case. It is true the "boiler-plate" men had read and corrected the proofs, but the editor himself should also look through such articles before inserting them.

"THE habit does not make the monk," is an old saying. It is no less true that the mere assuming of the name of a Religious by an impostor does not make him a monk. Catholic instinct usually protects the faithful from being so easily deceived. One instance, however, just brought to our notice, shows that in an unsuspected moment people are imposed on. We, therefore, warn all our friends to receive no one as the representative of the CARMELITE REVIEW, or of the Monastery of Mt. Carmel, unless that person is known to them, or can show a properly signed recommendation from one of the Carmelite Fathers.

AN organized movement to prevent the sale of sensational papers and harmful books on railroad trains and news stands is none too timely. Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland are to take an active part in it and doubtless much good will be done. We think that heads of Catholic families should likewise start a movement among themselves to rid Catholic homes of books and papers dangerous to their children. Parents have been often enough urged to subscribe to a Catholic paper. We know of one Catholic who at length subscribed, but did not dare to leave it exposed for fear of his anti-Catholic customers seeing it in his possession.

A PROTESTANT clergyman, Dr. Boynton, writing in the *Congregationalist*, pays this tribute to the Rosary of Our Blessed Lady:

The Rosary is one of those aids to devotion which for nearly or quite one thousand years have been relied on by them as helps to their devotion. The beads strung by tens, and counted to mark so many repetitions of the Ave, could hardly fail among the truly devout to lift the thoughts up to at least the "blessed among women" and to the cause of her peculiar honor in relation to the Son of God.

These remarks of Dr. Boynton ought to bring a blush to the face of the luke-warm Catholic who does not count the beads among his devotions, if he has any.

THAT we make a right use of God's gifts is the intention for which the members of the Sacred Heart League are asked to pray during the month. One of God's choicest gifts in the spiritual order is surely His mother's care over us. We Catholics can never be too grateful for this grace, and still what little use we make of it. One of many ways in which Mary helps us is undoubtedly by means of the holy Scapular. We love the Scapular, we wear it and would not part with it. But do we thank God for it? We shall never appreciate this precious gift of Mary's until we see our Queen in heaven. Finally, what is more important, do we make proper use of this gift? Do we make ourselves worthy of our mother's protection?

EXCHANGES.

We welcome the *Catholic Universe*, of Cleveland, to our sanctum. It is a splendid specimen of a Catholic weekly.

AMONG the Catholic weeklies which deserve a wide circulation is that excellent journal, the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati.

THE *Catholic Reading Circle Review* is a welcome visitor. The magazine is a worthy representative of the Catholic Summer School and, moreover, a journal of which every Catholic may well feel proud.

Enrolled in the Scapular.

NAMES have been received for registration in the Scapular Confraternity at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., from Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Mainadieu, C. B. N. S., St. Basil's Church, Toronto, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, Toronto, Ont.

SUFFICE it to say, that after the grace of God flowing to us through the channel of prayer and the Sacraments, I know no greater solace to the soul than the soothing words of a good book. Indeed, is not the good book a visible grace?—*Brother Azorius*.

HUMILITY is the most formidable weapon we can employ against the devil, since, never having practiced it, he neither knows how to wield it, nor how to parry its blows.—ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

Shrines OF OUR Lady

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by the Rev.
Ambrose F. Bradley, O. C. C.



CONTINUED.

MARY is not only Mother of God, she is also *our* Mother. We Catholics speak so constantly of Mary as *our* Mother, that it almost seems as if it were impossible for

us to bestow upon her any other appellation. And we are justified in doing so. For, as Mother of Our Saviour, Mary is likewise Mother of all the children of this Saviour. If, as Holy Scripture says, Sarah, the wife of Abraham, bore all the children of Israel, because she was the mother of Isaac, from whom all the Israelites were descended, then with equal right can we say that Mary bore with Jesus all Christians.

Mary is the Mother of all the living, and with more justice is this name applied to her than it is to Eve. Mary conceived the life of our soul, which is Jesus, and in Him and through Him has communicated the same to all His spiritual descendants. Hence St. Ambrose applies to her the words of the Canticle of Canticles vii, 2; for though she bore in her most pure womb but one grain of wheat, *i. e.*, Jesus, yet He is called a "heap of wheat," since in this one grain all the elect, whose mother Mary was to become, is contained.

Mary is *our* Mother, for by her love she contributed effectually to our spiritual regeneration, indeed, in the most awful anguish did she help to restore to us the lost life of grace. It was on Calvary, at the foot of the cross, that we, in fact, became the children of Mary. Let us briefly, with the eyes of our soul, view the scene of Calvary. On the cross we behold Jesus, with arms outstretched, in the throes of death. Beneath the cross we see Mary with the disciple St. John. "Woman, behold thy Son." "Son, behold thy Mother." John xix, 25, 26, 27.

The deed was accomplished. We had a particular claim on Mary.

We cannot object to the term "woman," used by our Lord in addressing His Mother. It conceals a great mystery. We must bear in mind that Jesus spoke here as God, as Saviour of the world; He spoke not only to His Mother, but to the entire human race. All the world was to know that the hour had come when the sentence was to go into effect which God had pronounced in Paradise against the originator of all our misery. "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." Gen. iii, 15.

All the world should know that this woman stood by His side at the cross to crush the serpent's head in union with Him, to deliver us from eternal death, and communicate to us life everlasting. All the world should know that this woman was to be the mother of all the living, the Eve of the New Covenant.

Evidently our Lord did not, by these words, mean to establish relations between Mary and John only. He, Himself after His resurrection, could have taken care of His Mother. He needed not to place a guardian over her in the person of St. John. For this reason His words must have a higher signification. Now, the only signification they could have is the one given by all commentators, a meaning approved by reason, *i. e.*, John represented the Church, founded by Christ, purified and strengthened by the Precious Blood. With the words: "Behold, thy Son," the Saviour handed over to Mary all the children of His Church. Mary became our Mother, we became her children.

And should we not honor and love this, our Mother, beyond expression? Can we go too far in our gratitude, veneration and love towards this Mother, who gave us life in unspeakable anguish, through whom God would become Brother and Father?

What holy Tobias spoke to his son, God says with far more reason to each of us:

"Thou shalt honor thy Mother all the days of her life, for thou must be mindful what and how great perils she suffered for thee." Job iv, 3.

Of course I need not dwell on the love that Mary bears towards us, nor on the benefits resulting to us as a consequence of her maternal love. It was only my intention to lay down a few of the most urgent

reasons, and that as briefly as possible, why we Catholics bestow such great honor upon Mary. And it is not so much for Catholics either, as rather for others, that we must give reasons for this faith that is in us. The good Catholic need not inquire into the reasons why he honors and loves Mary, and why he frequently has recourse to her. This love for Mary is an innate one, he drank it with his mother's milk, with his love for Jesus, his Saviour, love for Mary is inseparably linked. The names of Jesus and Mary are the first that he learns from his mother; the first prayers are the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary;" we learn of a Father in heaven, and so we cannot possibly imagine that heaven could be without a mother. How often as little children did we not listen to our mother telling us of our heavenly mother. Thus the love and veneration for Mary increases with our growth; her picture we find beside the cross; in our churches we have our altars erected by the Blessed Virgin. In this way our veneration for Mary becomes a second nature; we feel that the Mother of Our Saviour is our Mother also, that she belongs to us and we to her. Indeed, this innate love for Mary has its foundation in the true faith; it is one of those fruits which true faith produces; and since Our Lord has willed that only true believers, true disciples be children of His Mother, it follows that it is impossible for those separated from the true church to have love for, or show honor to Mary. As long as they remain in this condition they cannot have a true affection for Mary, this belongs to the members of the Body of Christ. See the language such people use when speaking of Mary. I may say, *never* do they call her *Mother*; Virgin is the most honorable title they know of. For most of them, Mary is nothing but an ordinary woman. It is true, many of our erring brethren have a high regard for Mary, but no love. For this reason non-Catholics cannot understand our words and actions when referring to Mary, they cannot comprehend that the honor which we pay Mary is peculiar and infinitely below that which we render to God, but, I may almost say, infinitely above that which we give to other saints.

They endeavor to excuse this want of affection for Mary by referring to the Gospels in which so little is related of her,

But they forget that in these few words lie hidden a world of mysteries. Not being enlightened by the light from above they cannot fathom the deep meaning of the Gospel words that concern Mary. As a rule, pride goes with error. Pride, however, will never comprehend humility, hence the quiet, humble, unostentatious life of Mary is not understood. In her life Mary only imitated Jesus. He led a retired, hidden life; He practiced humility; it was from Him that Mary learned the great lesson, "He humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross," Philip ii, 8.

Mary calls herself the handmaid of God. "He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid," Luke i, 48. The likeness might be continued to infinity. Enough, however, has been said to show why we love Mary as our Mother. Enough has been said to show why we give to the Blessed Virgin such a high position in the Church of God, for she is Mother of God and also our Mother.

HE who is master of himself is master of the world.

GOOD example in words is an efficacious and living exhortation.—ST. BERNARD.

IT is of little importance which road you travel provided it leads to charity.—VEN. L. DE BLOIS.

ABOVE all, see that your soul is not left to famish while your body is abundantly nourished.—VEN. L. DE BLOIS.

HE who cheerfully endures contempt and is happy under crosses and afflictions, partakes of the humility and sufferings of our Lord.—ST. MECHTILDE.

OUR great aim should be to obtain some conquest over ourselves each day, and thus increase in spiritual strength and perfection.—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

IF man knew the value of crosses and afflictions, he would regard them as gifts of God, and of such an importance as to be greatly desired.—ST. GREGORY.

NEVER yield to discouragement. When you fall, as will often happen, cry to God as a child who has fallen cries to his mother.—MGR. D'ORLEANS DE LAMOTE.

BROTHER ANGELUS



"Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay."—*Byron.*

THE life of another hero of Carmel during the penal days may interest the readers of the *CARME-LITE REVIEW*. I refer to the venerable Brother Angelus of St. Joseph (George Halley) of our Order. He was born in England of good Catholic parents and received his education from a Carmelite priest. He joined the Order in 1640, being in his eighteenth year. He received the Carmelite habit on May 15—Feast of St. Angelus,—in the same year, and made his Profession in 1642. He was sent to one of our monasteries in Drogheda in order to pursue his studies.

In 1642 nearly every Catholic was driven from Drogheda by the Puritans. Brother Angelus and a few residents remained concealed in the town for some time. The intrepid friar was found and thrown into prison. He was tempted to deny the true Faith, but firmly resisted his tempters. He was consequently persecuted. Insult and injury were heaped upon him. Bread and water formed his diet. The ministers of Satan persevered in their efforts to shake his constancy. Fra Angelus then determined to remain silent. The continued and only expression which escaped his lips was :—"The law of the Lord is immaculate, but the ways of unbelievers are vile." He observed the Rule of his Order as well as he could, and daily begged God to give him the grace to persevere. He offered to God the sacrifice of his life and exhorted his fellow prisoners to constancy. The dauntless friar was tempted in vain and was released from prison. He started out to join his brethren and en route to his monastery stopped at Slane. Whilst there the place was attacked by the Puritans under the leadership of Lord Moore. Angelus was made a captive. After he had piously received Holy Communion he made an offering of his life to God, and also exhorted the nuns of the place to persevere in their vows and if necessary to defend them by martyrdom. He prudently awaited the manifestation of the Divine will, avoided rashly exposing himself, and en-

deavored to escape his enemies. Moore was a bitter and relentless enemy of the Catholics, a tyrant as cruel as Nero. This wretch told Angelus that no mercy would be shown him, especially as he was an Englishman, a papist and a monk, and although he had escaped prison he would not escape his hands. One way was left open for him to escape, and that was to abandon the faith and embrace Protestantism. To this Angelus replied that he had not left his country to abandon the faith which he had imbibed with his mother's milk, and that he would not barter his soul for life or liberty. Wretched Moore renewed his promises but to no purpose, then after consulting with his officers he pronounced sentence of death against the Carmelite. Angelus asked as a favor that his execution would not be prolonged beyond that day, the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the patron of his Order. The Puritan told him that his execution would take place there and then and gave orders to three of his soldiers to shoot him. Bro. Angelus commenced singing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. A minister of the heretics interrupted him and asked him to adopt their belief, but Angelus said to him, "get behind me Satan," and falling on his knees and raising his heart to God he awaited death. The soldiers fired thrice upon him, but he remained unhurt by the bullets; whereupon the ruffian Moore commanded a soldier to dispatch him with a sword. The nuns, who were with him witnessed his death, and related all the circumstances to the Carmelites. The body was buried privately and after a short time was transferred to the church and was interred with the sacred rites of Christian burial.

The late respected Father Callahan, O. D. C., was most indefatigable in bringing to light the particulars of the death of some of the Martyrs of Carmel in Ireland during the penal days. He is my authority for the above sketch of this servant of God.

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

HAVE no affection for another greater than that which belongs to God.—*VEN. L. DE BLOIS.*

THE enemies of the truth should be overcome by the practice of humility, patience, and all other virtues.—*ST. DOMINIC.*

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.



WO years ago the Order of Mount Carmel throughout the world celebrated the Tercentenary of St. John of the Cross.

This great Carmelite Saint in his intimate intercourse with our dear Lord had often expressed his desire to remain unknown during his life and after his death. But God thought fit to reward the confidence of the faithful in the intercession of our Saint by innumerable graces and favors, not only during the time, when they were induced by the unusual festivities in his honor, to pray to him, but ever since. The following fact is related in the January number of the *Chroniques du Carmel*, a monthly published by the Dilecti Carmelite Fathers of Belgium. It happened at Bruges, where there is a Carmelite church and monastery.

About a year ago, Marie V., an inhabitant of Bruges, on a Sunday afternoon, took a walk out into the country. Returning, at the gates of the city she was attacked by two drunken ruffians, and it was only by a desperate struggle she escaped their hands.

In a state of fright, amounting to a panic, she ran towards her home, which she reached in a most pitiable state. The fright brought on a disease, which baffled the skill of the physician. The prescribed remedies had no effect. Her physical prostration occasioned a corresponding mental depression. Unable to attend to her ordinary occupations, she gave way to fits of melancholy and sadness. To make matters worse, a new and more dreaded affliction made its appearance in the shape of a cancerous tumor, which began to grow near the region of the heart. Hardly noticeable in the beginning, the swelling grew so rapidly that at the end of a week it had attained the size of an egg. We may imagine the sufferings of the unfortunate patient. Even by keeping the tumor in place by bandages, she scarcely could stand on her feet. An operation, which had been judged necessary by the attending physicians, had no further result, than at the cost of intense sufferings, to relieve her for a few days. At the

end of a week the tumor reappeared more painful than at first, and the physicians declared that a new operation was so indispensable that, if she would not submit to it, she would have but a week, or at most, two weeks to live. The gangrene would by that time, inevitably reach the heart. The poor sufferer, however, would not listen to this medical advice: "I have suffered so much the first time," she said, "that I cannot summon up courage enough for another operation. I would rather die."

It was then that the nurse attending her had a pious inspiration. "Very well," she said, "since you obstinately refuse all earthly help, let us place our hopes on heaven. To-morrow it was the Wednesday before the feast of St. John of the Cross, we will begin a novena together." The Carmelite Fathers were just celebrating the Octave of the Saint in their Church, and on the preceding Sunday the preacher had from the pulpit exhorted his hearers to have recourse to St. John with the utmost confidence. Our patient fervently placed a medal of St. John of the Cross around her neck, and began the novena. It began on Wednesday, the 2nd of November, and was to close on the Thursday of the following week, the 30th of the month. But she was not to wait so long for the favor, for—on the third day of the novena, during the night after the feast of St. John, the cancerous tumor disappeared *radically and completely, without leaving a trace*. More than that, the skin over the flesh which had been cut into, and which was forcibly kept open, had closed up entirely, leaving only a slight scar. At the same time the disease, which had been brought on by fright in the first instance, also disappeared without leaving any evil effects after it. This was proved by evident and unequivocal signs.

On awakening, therefore, on Saturday, the 25th of November, and rising from her bed, Marie V., so highly favored by heaven, could hardly believe her eyes, but finally, realizing her wonderful recovery, in an outburst of joyful gratitude she threw herself upon her knees, and thanked her heavenly benefactor with all the ardor of which her heart was capable.

The doctor, who attended her, and who is a man of faith as well as a man of age and science, examined her most minutely at three successive times, and each time he

acknowledged that he stood before an inexplicable, supernatural fact. "It is a wonder," he repeated. "It is miraculous. I cannot call it anything else. The evil has disappeared, root and all!"

May this authentic fact, related simply but faithfully, excite in all hearts a greater affection for our glorious saint, and a boundless confidence in the merits of this great friend of God.

How to be Polite to the Blessed Virgin.

"It is nine years ago," a priest relates in the last number of the *Chroniques du Carmel*, "when I was called to a sick child, a pious little girl, who was dying."

"My child," I said, "you are suffering very much."

"No, not so much, but," she added, beginning to sob, "I am so afraid of death."

"Of death? Why, don't you know what death is?"

"No."

"Death is the quickest way to heaven; it is the little gate through which you must pass to enter heaven, and once you have passed that gate, the Blessed Virgin herself comes to meet her children."

"Oh, then, I want to die. But tell me what must I do to salute her, to talk with her and to be polite with her?"

To meet this angelic simplicity I drew upon my imagination and pictured to her a little scene—her entrance into heaven and a little dialogue between my little sick one and the Blessed Virgin. Absolute confidence in Mary was, of course, the leading feature of the dialogue, as I wished to reassure the dear child.

"That's it; I understood," she answered. "Entering heaven, I'll say first of all that I want to speak to the Blessed Virgin. If they tell me that she is too busy just then I'll say that I have time to wait, and as soon as she comes I'll throw my arms around her neck and embrace her, and I'll tell her I am her daughter."

"Yes, that will do perfectly. So you see you need not have any fear, and you will see what a dear mother Mary is."

I then left, happy in having been able to quiet her fears.

The 13th of April, in the evening, she had me called again.

"Father," she said, "you have forgotten to give me the Scapular. If I should go without it the Blessed Virgin would not be satisfied, I am sure."

I gave her the Scapular. I still see before me the serenity, the admirable calm pictured on her countenance as she said: "Oh, I am so happy! Now I have nothing to do but to die. By-the-by, when shall I leave? To-morrow?"

"No," I answered, smiling, "not to-morrow: wait till the 16th."

I said 16th without any particular reason, simply to gratify her.

On Saturday, the 16th of April, at seven o'clock in the morning, I again went to see her, but my little saint had left for heaven that morning at four o'clock. Judge of my feelings!

DESIRE and good will are two invisible cords which God has attached to the soul.—ST. MERTILDE.

THE Lord will crown you with an eternal reward if you imitate the most Blessed Virgin in her purity and humility.—ST. ALEXIUS.

Do not shrink, my son, from obeying the call of grace, be faithful and persevere generously in your holy resolutions.—ST. BOSEFILIUS.

HE who would share with Me in the glory of the victory, must model his life to resemble Mine.—SAYING OF OUR LORD TO ST. GERTRUDE.

THE best of all prayers is that in which we ask that God's holy will may be accomplished both in ourselves and in others.—VEN. L. DE BLOS.

IF we fulfil the greatest of commandments, that of charity, we follow Jesus Christ, put on the new man and obtain life everlasting.—ST. PHILIP.

RELIGIOUS life is a school in which we must learn two things: to govern one's passions and to imitate the virtuous examples of others.—ST. AMADEUS.

ALL that man does, whether for good or evil, he does because it pleases him. You ought not to take offence, therefore, if your neighbor injures you, but rather pity his fault.—BLESSED EGIPTUS OF ASSISI.

THE JUSTICE OF GOD.

WITH the intention of building a new exchange great alterations were recently made in the Convent of St. Francis, in the city of Oporto, in Portugal. These alterations were under the direction of an official who enjoyed a very high reputation in the city.

It was deemed necessary to open a door of communication between the new edifice and the adjoining church, which had been previously profaned by making it a storehouse for the reception of various kinds of merchandise. To do this it was necessary to destroy the altar which still remained and on which was a remarkable and valuable picture of the Blessed Virgin.

The workmen who were influenced by family traditions and had been, from childhood, accustomed to venerate this picture of the Virgin; who had many a time seen their mothers, wives and sisters kneel before it in their afflictions and sufferings and pour forth the sorrows of their souls and ask of God, through the intercession of His Virgin Mother, to relieve their distress, resisted any injury to the picture which they so much venerated. The magistrate reproached them with what he called their superstition, took an axe in his own hands from one of the workmen and, with the first blow he struck the picture in the breast, but at the same instant he let the axe fall and fell back uttering a piercing cry and covering his eyes with his hands, found that he was perfectly blind and remained so until the hour of his death. The altar was not destroyed; public worship is now held in the church which was originally a magnificent structure, and the injury done the picture of the Virgin is still plainly visible.

This occurrence has wonderfully increased the devotion of the people of Oporto, and in the family circles, the event is spoken of in the usual conversations that arise, so that gradually, but imperceptibly, it has exerted a powerful influence in educating the minds of the children and in teaching them to reflect on the mysterious ways of Divine Providence.—*Le Monde*.

LEAD such a life and seek such peace as to make thyself worthy of peace everlasting.

BENEVOLENCE.

"LET us do all we can in our day and generation in the cause of humanity. Every man has a mission from God to help his fellow being. Though we may differ in faith, thank God there is one platform on which we stand united and that is the platform of charity and benevolence. We cannot, indeed, like our Divine Master, give sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf and speech to the dumb and strength to the paralyzed limb, but we can work miracles of grace and mercy by relieving the distress of our suffering brethren. And never do we approach nearer to our Heavenly Father than when we alleviate the sorrows of others. Never do we perform an act more God-like than when we bring sunshine to hearts that are dark and desolate. Never are we more like to God than when we cause the flowers of joy and gladness to bloom in souls that were dry and barren. 'Religion,' says the Apostle, 'pure and undefiled before God and the Father is this - to visit the fatherless and the widow in their tribulation, and to keep one-self unspotted from this world.' Or to borrow the words of the Pagan Cicero: 'Homines ad deos nulla re propius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando.' 'There is no way by which man can approach nearer to the Gods than by contributing to the welfare of their fellow creatures.'"—**CARDINAL GIBBONS.**

Books, journals, tracts, sermons, are all good in their place; but, for the conversion of unbelievers and sinners, prayer and example are better.—**DR. BROWNSON.**

PERFORM all your actions in union with the pure intention and perfect love with which our Lord did things for the glory of God and the salvation of the world.—**ST. BERNARD.**

How many courtiers there are who go into the presence of a king a hundred times, not to speak to him or listen to him, but merely to be seen by him, and to show by this assiduity that they are his servants. When, then, you come into the presence of our Lord speak to Him if you can; if you cannot, remain and show yourself to Him, and do not be anxious to do any more.—**ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.**

THE CHURCH LOVES THE LIGHT.

ONE would suppose, judging by the remarks made in anti-Catholic literature, says the *Catholic Telegraph*, that the Church was some dark, mysterious secret, underground society, as little known as hypnotism, as little understood as electricity, as dangerous as nitro-glycerine, and as black and weird as the caves of the ocean; and that it wanted to keep in the shade, to hide its doctrines, to conceal its presence, to muffle its voice and to be taken for what it is not. Whereas the truth is that the Church longs with a great desire to be known, to be known intimately, to be known by all persons, to have its dogmas, its history, its claims, its operations, its spiritual life fully understood by all men, to have its record proclaimed from the housetops. Its churches are open daily, its worship is made publicly, its tenets are preached to whoever will listen to them, its priests welcome visitors inquiring about its tenets and willingly instruct them, its doctrinal books are printed by the hundred, and it loses no opportunity to be seen and heard by all men. It has nothing to cover up, nothing to keep back from any investigator. It is persuaded that it is the truth that makes men free, the truth that illumines the intellect, the truth that leads to salvation. The Catholic Church loves the light. It asks to be investigated. The more that persons make a complete study of it, the more converts will it make, the more souls will it save!

A REMARKABLE CASE.

The following is taken from that usually reliable journal, the *Buffalo Courier*, of January 28th, last:

"A remarkable case of conversion is reported from Wilmington, N. C. Pasco Hodges, of that place, having been a lifelong scoffer at sacred things, sickened, became unconscious, and dissolution seemed imminent. While his kinsfolk and friends were assembled at his bedside, he suddenly sat up in bed, and taking his wife's hand, said that he had passed the portals of death, and that her concern for his eternal welfare had brought him back again to life. Then to the startled group of atheistical friends about him, he said, solemnly: 'There's a

heaven; there is a hell. I have seen both.' He described the glories of the one and the torments of the other, and having ordered his atheistical books burned, and confessed his recantation, he called for a priest, who baptized him, and administered the sacraments, whereupon he speedily lapsed into unconsciousness and died."

CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

"A LOVE of distinctively Catholic literature should be taught in our schools. Here is a matter which is too much neglected. You will observe when in the company of our bright young people of either sex, who are home from college and academy, how they delight to converse on the books they are reading or have read. Dickens, Thackeray, and unfortunately Bulwer, they are familiar with or busily reading their pages. They love to talk of them and their literary excellencies. Sterling Catholic books, of which there are very many, they seem ignorant of. Catholic papers and magazines do not interest them so much as the secular papers and popular monthlies. Their education has been neglected here in this respect. They have not been made familiar with Catholic literature, hence their lack of interest in it."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

LET us use every endeavor that the Blessed Virgin may reign in all hearts, that she may be honored and loved as our admirable Protectress.

SINCERITY is the best vindication. Nothing is more easy than to speak the truth, for the soul becomes wearied with sustaining falsehood.—*ST. GREGORY*.

HAPPY is that faithful and prudent man, who in his every fault does not hesitate to chastise himself interiorly by hearty contrition, and exteriorly by a good confession and works of satisfaction.—*ST. FRANCIS*.

REGARD NOT the appearance of the things you are to do, but Him who commands them, and who, when He pleases, can accomplish His glory and our perfection through the most imperfect and trifling things.—*ST. FRANCIS DE SALES*.

AN IDEAL FRIENDSHIP.



For the Carmelite Review.

ARTISTS have from time immemorial been aided and much encouraged by the sympathy of their friends. Unconsciously the faces and expressions of those they have loved, gleamed through the colors on the canvas, while the support of those in harmony with art, has done more than the world realizes toward the production of the master-pieces. The following letters cast a side-light upon the character of Frederick Overbeck, the man who has done so much for modern Catholic art. They came into the hands of the writer in their English form through the kindness of Miss Eliza Allen Starr, who placed them at the disposal of an Alumnae association, and now are published for the benefit of your readers. The letters passed between Emilie Linder and Overbeck, and reveal a beauty of soul that fills us with admiration. Emilie Linder was the daughter of a rich merchant of Basle, who had devoted herself to the study of art under Schlotthauer, at Munich. In the fall of 1829 she went to Rome for two years, there becoming filled with sincere admiration for Overbeck and his work. Miss Linder was a woman of wealth, possessing rare taste and culture, and she used a part of her fortune for objects of art and works of charity. Miss Linder desired to give Overbeck an order for a picture, but fearing that he would overwork himself, she sought the advice of his artist friend, Cornelius. With his aid she succeeded in purchasing several of the artist's drawings, which gave the money necessary to take Overbeck to Germany. The ten drawings were designated:

- 1.- Lot protected by two angels.
- 2.- Daughter of Jairus.
- 3.- Death of Leonardo.
- 4.- The Manna.
- 5.- Christ in the Temple.
- 6.- Finding of Moses.
- 7.- Elias on Mount Horeb.
- 8.- The Ave Maria.
- 9.- Miracle of Christ feeding the Multitude.
- 10.- Madonna and Child.

Miss Linder, whose generosity was ever on the alert, wished to have lithographs made from Overbeck's drawings, that the

public might become better acquainted with his work. When writing to Overbeck she asked his consent, expressing her desire also of purchasing one of his oil paintings. With her characteristic modesty she left the choice of the picture to the artist. From Rome Overbeck responded with much pleasure to her generous design. In reference to the oil paintings he wrote: "Years may pass before I may be able to begin something new," for he was already overburdened with orders. But he was pleased to place before her decision a picture begun some time previously, from pure love of the subject. The design would represent the death of St. Joseph, and the artist suggested that Miss Linder should see the drawing then in the possession of Schlotthauer. Overbeck speaks of the proposed canvas, which he designates as three feet in height by two feet four inches in width, promising that it would be ready in a short time, and placing the price at one hundred Louis d'or. Miss Linder was at first disappointed. She feared that St. Joseph would not appeal to her, with her Protestant tendencies, as would some other Biblical scene. But the sight of the little drawing won her completely, for her fancy proved different from the fact. In her letter to the artist Miss Linder says of the drawing: "I kept it a long time in my hand, to look at again and again, so I can say with pleasure that I accept your proposal." In Rome she had seen the lovely little drawing with which Overbeck had enriched the album of Franklin von Haxthausen, representing the boy Jesus in his father's workshop. With commendable good taste, our art lover desired a similar drawing for her album, and revealed her wish in a letter. Overbeck answered: "I could not spend my first hour of leisure more agreeably than by granting your wish, and sending you a little drawing for your album; but a promise is a debt, and how much debts oppress I know only too well, therefore, do not let me promise, but assure you, that with you I wish to fulfill your modest request."

In February, 1833, Fraulein Linder sent to Overbeck thirty-eight Louis d'or, as a first payment for the painting of the death of St. Joseph. Later she sent by Cornelius a second payment of twenty Louis d'or.

OVERBECK TO FRAULEIN LINDER.
ROME, JUNE 1st, 1833.

I was indeed surprised at the message you sent me by Cornelius. At first I thought there must be a misunderstanding, and feared that my last letter had been lost. But Cornelius insisted that the money you sent me by him was a second payment, and I accept the friendly gift. May it be some gratification to you, that without knowing it, you were a tool of God's Providence. I was nearly left without money, as a payment I had counted upon did not arrive. Your money arrived in the right hour, not only to meet my wants, but also to save my weak faith from a great trial. O praise Him with us, my dear friend, the great Giver who remembers our little needs, who at the same time gives temporal and eternal gifts. O when will we learn to understand such love! When shall this heavenly fire which He kindled Himself when He appeared on earth among us, rise to a flame in my heart, instead of glimmering in sparks! I must close these lines and tell you that I was not as considerate of you as you have been of me, for I have hardly worked at your picture, but hope you will have patience with me.

In a letter of the 8th of December, 1834, in which he gives his reasons why the oil painting, although considerably advanced, is not yet finished, he refers to the subject for her album:

"For a long time I carried it in my soul: It represents the Christ-child, who waters the flowers in the little garden of his paternal house. He who came down upon earth to water the great garden of His heavenly Father with His blood. To remind the Christian of the flowers in his own heart, and never to forget that their growth is a gift of His grace from above. To awaken desire after the source of grace the great love of God opens to us in the Holy Sacrament. This is the picture I have in my soul, and if God gives me success in bringing it to paper as it stands in my mind, I hope it may become a little spark for the soul that seeks God. How much more would I like to tell you, not many things, but all in reference to the one and only thing that is necessary, but where shall I begin and where stop? I would be thankful with all my heart could I make you acquainted with the life of some of the saints. What a

world would it open before you, surely you would see what great treasures those lose that persist in a separation from the Catholic Church."

Although Miss Linder had a great desire to possess the painting, she never mentioned it to Overbeck. She had words only of encouragement for him, and sent the rest of his payment before the picture was finished. In the same letter, dated Munich, March 3rd, 1833, she acknowledges her religious opinions. She writes:

"In your last letter, my dear friend, you touch a very important point. Your expressions touched me, for I am fully convinced that they come from a heart that loves its Saviour above all; therefore I feel it my duty to be frank with you; even where, according to your convictions, you have to disapprove my views. For years I liked to hear about our Saviour and His teachings, and I am not afraid to confess that I have thanked the Lord for leading me among Catholic friends, for through them a new and richer life was opened to me. I have thanked the Lord that I was saved from many a prejudice that so many Protestants have against Catholics, and that Catholicity appears to me in a grand and beautiful light, and I refresh myself on all the good I meet with truly hearty joy. Although I confess openly that should I become a Catholic, I would not be one with a sincere soul, for many things in Catholicism repulse me. According to my innermost conviction it would be a denial of the spirit of God, should I not recognize that also in our religion we have part in rich graces. And if this be so, as I feel it, I can think that it was his intention and guidance that I should be born and educated in this faith. O God! how far am I yet from all I could do in my own faith; and how much is there left to be done. I believe, as far as I know myself that I do not close my heart to divine inspirations; if our dear Saviour should want me to serve Him in another faith, He would make me feel it in my soul, and I should not resist. In reference to Clemens Bretano, I must add, that I do not misapprehend that I owe him many thanks, for he has been a severe judge to me, and told me openly what people don't generally tell aloud; I grew fond of him, for under all his wit is hidden a rich and warm heart; but if I knew Catholicism

only through him and from no other side, it would never have attracted me, but I might have thought of a Reformation, if there had not been one already. I hope you won't misunderstand me, and that you feel I don't want to belittle our friend. I only mean that where our salvation is at stake, we can't accept beautiful poetical wreaths instead of the bread of life."

In his answer, March 15th, 1855, Overbeck again refers to her religious convictions.

"I would like to write not only letters but books for my friends and brethren who are separated from the Mother-Church. I praised God that you took my words so harmlessly and openly and answered them in a spirit of love and humility. I feel deeply that I have reason to learn from you, instead of trying to teach you. But one thing I cannot refrain from calling out to you and all others: Behold, dear brethren, the treasure I have found. O come and drink with me from the rich well of salvation. I would like to urge you in your present position, to which God led you, and not without a cause, to get thoroughly acquainted with that, against which you protest. The name Protestant expresses the duty of making one's self sure, if one protests with or without cause, and, to use the words of your last letter can you call it a denial (abnegation) of the holy spirit of God, to come back to the old original Church from which your forefathers separated? No one denies that the Protestants have kept many essential teachings of the Church; and where these find good soil, why should they not under the sunshine and rain of Divine grace, produce good fruits, the better the soil, the better the fruit. And so we hope that many a Protestant, who uses well the ground intrusted to him, will gain his salvation, while many a lazy Catholic, who in the abundance of means for his salvation, works not, and loses his salvation. Oh that all could see in the Church on earth the true spiritual mother! The true Church is the paternal home where all eat the Lamb, and, outside of which, it is not allowed to kill and eat the Lamb. It is the one temple in which God wants to be adored in one union, one creed, one love and one hope. It is the one altar where we can offer our sacrifices, and it is not permitted to erect another, and, lastly, the Church is the

bride who in unison with the Holy Ghost says: Come Lord Jesus Christ."

E. LINDER TO OVERBECK.

MUNICH, August 27, 1855.

Again I have to thank you with all my heart for your kind letter. Could I not recognize that he is a true friend who takes such an interest in the salvation of my soul? I would like to answer you more thoroughly than I can do to-day. This week I am going to take a trip to the Rhine and Holland, and my thoughts are occupied with the preparations. During the summer I had many visitors and could not think thoroughly enough about this important point. Your advice "to get thoroughly acquainted with that against which one protests" is very excellent, and I will follow it. Often it is the case and especially so in this instance, that one does not study enough one's own opinion of faith in opposition to another, and therefore knows not the foundation of the building. Until now the belief in the redemption through Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was to me the one and only thing, the Alpha and Omega, the necessary, unshaken foundation of faith. This is sufficient you will also tell me. But I mean that if one is thoroughly penetrated by this faith, so that it has become a necessity of life, one does not need anything else. You, however, will tell me that in order to obtain this strong faith, one must look around for the necessary means; and therein we differ; that is, I believe with my brethren in the faith that Christ has given all, and all that is essential was left to us by Christ and His apostles; on the other hand, what belongs to the later development of the Church may be human and temporal; to make a distinction is difficult, and can lead to errors, therefore, we should stand by the pure and simple foundation of faith. All these things I cannot put before you in the right way as I have so often heard done by very excellent men. But you yourself understand, for there surely was a time with you when things appeared in a different light, and you will understand me. I don't mean to say that we should remain inactive, certainly not, every one shall do his share according to his strength, because God will recognize the good will. It has always been my desire to look about, as far

as my feeble strength would permit, but I am sorry to say that I have always been too superficial. If God gives me His grace and strength, I will do better in the future. It seems to me that I feel in my soul the strong desire to belong to God and to serve Him, but I am afraid of delusion of the senses. Where the holiest is at stake we must use great caution, for the devil interweaves phantoms of exterior beauty and sanctity in order to lead us away from the truth, when we just think it in our reach.

OVERBECK TO FRAULEIN LINDER.

ROME, December 21, 1835.

Strange enough, you are afraid of deception where you can be truly undecieved! Only the Church comes down to us from the Apostles and has the promise that the spirit of truth will remain with her until the end of time. Therefore, the Apostle himself calls her the foundation of truth; according to that, deception is found everywhere away from this Church, and your great fear of deception is in itself the greatest deception. The real centre of difference is that, relying upon the rock of this Church, we are sure of unerring teaching. But take away this rock foundation of the Church, and the whole divine revelation will fall. Perhaps you will say: according to that, one must agree to everything that happens in the Church, every disorder, every abuse? That is far from the truth! Who would not desire to see the Church represented in the greatest purity, and what could please God better than to prevent disorder and abuse? But do not let us confound that, which is only too much exposed to degeneration and may well need reform, namely, the administration of the Divine teachings by sinful men, with that, which can never degenerate, the Divine teaching itself. For the Church has the promise from God himself to be proof against all degeneracy. The Confessors of this teaching can only work out their salvation when they become living members of the great Divine body, whose head is Jesus Christ. If the shepherds and teachers, the bishops and popes have given offence, woe to them, for the higher they were placed in order to give a good example, and guide the others, the greater was their responsibility. We have to remember the words of our Lord: "On the seat of Moses are seated

learned men and Pharisees, what they tell you to do, do it, but be not guided by their works." Let us look then to the sound members of this great body and leave the dead and failures to the just judgment of God. In the fourth century, St. Augustine tells this to the Donatists and, had Luther followed this truly evangelical principle, I need not write this letter to you to-day, for we should be one undivided family. I cannot send this letter without adding a request. If it is your real intention to see clearly in this important matter, please take this letter to a Catholic theologian and have him answer all your questions and doubts. May God give such strength to these lines that you cannot resist my request.

TO BE CONTINUED.

An Apostrophe to Niagara.

This is Jehovah's fullest organ strain!
I hear the liquid music rolling, breaking
From the gigantic pipes—the great refrain
Bursts on my ravished ear, high thoughts awaking.

The low sub-bass, uprising from the deep,
Swells the great organ as it rolls eternal—
Amen, I hear, at one majestic sweep
The diapason of the keys eternal!

Standing beneath Niagara's angry flood—
The thundering cataract above me bounding—
I hear the echo, "Man, there is a God!"
From the great arches of the gorge resounding!

Behold, O man! nor shrink aghast in fear!
Survey the vortex boiling deep before thee!
The hand that opened the liquid gateway here
Hath set the beautiful flow of promise over thee!

Here, in the hollow of that Mighty Hand,
Which holds the basin of the tidal ocean,
Let not the jarring of the spray-washed strand
Disturb the crises of pure devotion.

Roll on, Niagara! great River King!
Beneath thy sceptre all earth's rulers, mortal,
Bow reverently; and birds shall ever sing
The matchless grandeur of thy peerless portal!

I hear, Niagara, in this grand strain,
His voice, who speaks in flood, in flame and thunder—
Forever mayst thou, singing, roll and reign—
Earth's grand sublime, supreme, eternal wonder.

E. PALMER.

To conquer our own will is the greatest sacrifice we can make to God.—ST. AMADEUS.

There is nothing in life which exercises a more blessed influence on death than the prominence of a holy, loving fear in our intercourse with God. Past fear is the smoothest pillow on which the head of the dying can repose.—FATHER FABER.