



TO THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY

For The Carmelite Review.

I fain would sing a sweet new song

Thy loving Heart to greet,

I fain would cull the flow'rets fair,

And lay them at thy feet,

And of the precious virgin-gold

And shining jewels rare,

Would form a royal diadem,

To grace thy forehead fair.

But ah ! the heart-strings seem unstrung

And faint the music now,

I cannot place a golden crown

Upon thy queenly brow.

The first flowers fade too soon—

What shall the offerings be

From this poor exiled child of earth

O purest Heart, to thee ?

I'll offer all the burning love

Of Jesus' Heart for thine,

And in that golden censer place

The little spark of mine.

And these, O Heart Immaculate,

Shall be my gifts to thee ;

Oh ! pray thy sweetest Son to grant

His love and thine to me.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

Dublin.

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

For the Carmelite Review.

"By one man sin entered into this world, and by sin death."—Rom. v. 12.

THE correlation between sin and death is perfect. Death is but the evolution of sin. It is the unnatural fruit of an unnatural germ. Death was not of the world as God created it in the beginning ; neither did sin, the genesis

of death, belong of right to the world's moral order and economy. Sin, and death its offspring, "entered into" the world as something foreign enters into a system to which it does not naturally belong, as a thief enters into a household, as a poison enters into the blood. And however long the presence of the intruder may last, however great may be the ruin it effects, it always is and remains an alien and a usurper of properties and faculties to which it has no original right. It is in this sense that we hold death to be an unnatural termination of life. When people say that a deceased man "has paid the debt of nature," they use language that is true only of the nature that is, not of the nature that has been and ought to be. For, says St. Augustine, "*aliud est natura, aliud est naturae vitium.*" "Nature is one thing, the vice or defect of nature is quite another thing." "*Propter illud creandum (Deus) factor est hominis ; propter hoc sanandum factus est homo.*" To create the one, viz : human nature as it was in the Divine idea and the creative act — God became man's maker, — to heal the other, viz : the defect which nature contracted through sin "God became man." Death therefore being the principal and most direct fruit and penalty of sin is not natural in the proper sense of the word. It is natural to fallen man but not to man. It is no part of man's original moral or physical constitution but a result of disorder introduced therein by the voluntary abuse of the faculties bestowed on man in his creation. Death is violent, and whatever is violent is not natural. Death is destruction and separation, and these are not

nature's work. Nature conserves, ratifies, heals and restores.

From all this it is evident that where sin is not, death as a penalty, or malediction, ought not and cannot be, and hence the necessity of according to Mary the right of virtual immortality and of absolute incorruption. Being "full of grace" there was no room for sin of any kind within the precincts of her pure soul. Death, therefore, would have been in her case an injustice had it been marked by its dread accompaniments of anguish, horror and foulness. She could not have been exempted from the momentary separation of soul and body which constitutes the act of dying because God Himself had consecrated that act in His own ending of earthly life. While removing death's sting and overcoming death's victory, He had not abrogated, even in Himself and in Mary, its actual rule. Death existed for Him and for His Divine Mother though sin was absent. But the marks and tokens that assimilated death to its parent sin, that brand it as a curse and a degradation, were not permitted to appear in the separated bodies of the sinless Jesus and Mary. God did not give His holy ones to see corruption.

Mary being sinless in life, and incorrupt in and after death, no judgment awaited her, no lengthened separation of soul and body intervened before her re-union with God. The humanity of Christ already sat in glory at the right hand of the Father. Its complement, so to speak, and completion, in glory as in physical life and being was the humanity of Mary whence it derived. Hence it was meet and right and becoming to the designs and the very order of Christ's resurrection that Mary, His Mother, should join Him at once in His heavenly home. Not only that kindly motherly spirit which the Son knew and loved so well, but the pure body also to which that spirit gave life and which was an integral portion of the sweet being whom

He called Mother. No mother were then with Jesus in heaven if only the pure soul of Mary had flown to Him when released. Not to embrace a spiritual essence did He outstretch His Divine arms; not to welcome a detached soul did He open His divine lips and utter the blessed word "Mother" as the gates of Heaven flew open to receive her. No, it was His own real visible, palpable, beloved and loveable Mother in the pure flesh that the Son and all the heavenly host rejoiced to usher inside the blessed portals and seat upon the glowing throne, and crown with the queenly diadem.

"Assumpta est *Maria* (nontantum *Mariae anima*) in coelum gaudent angeli, laudantes benedicunt Dominum."

RICHARD HOWLEY, D.D.

Hymn to Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

BY AN IRISH NUN.

Hail, Glorious Queen of Carmel, Hail!
Behold a suppliant at thy feet;
Whose trust in thee shall never fail,
Whose lips shall oft thy name repeat.

Thou seest the sacred badge I wear,
To mark me as thy special child;
By double right I claim thy care;
Oh! keep me ever undefiled.

Thy holy scapular hath been
Thy gift to us, from heaven above,
And in this solemn pledge is seen
A proof of thy maternal love.

How many in that happy land,
Who now in bliss resplendent shine,
How many of that chosen band
Had worn this precious badge of thine.

Their safeguard through life's devious way,
Their shield when unseen foes lurked nigh,
Oh! may it likewise be my stay,
Through life, until my latest sigh.

Blest advocate of sinners all,
Who, in the darkest hour of need,
Shall on thy pitying mercy call,
A refuge sweet art thou to plead.

And yet, thy mother-heart, we know,
With more than wonted tenderness
Regards each client here below
Whose breast this symbol sweet doth bless.

Great queen of Carmel; look with love
On one who fondly claims thy care,
And from thy glorious throne above,
Oh! hear and grant my humble prayer.

CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER

For the Carmelite Review.

(CONTINUED.)



HANK you, said Carmelita with a quiet flush of comprehension, "then I shall go with you, unless grandmamma forbids me to do so. But I had forgotten Father Brady is away, perhaps there will be no Mass."

"A strange priest is to officiate on Sunday," said Mr. Rutherford, quickly.

"Ah, you know; have you inquired?" said Carmelita, in surprise.

"Oh, people say I am half a Catholic," said Mr. Rutherford, with an embarrassed laugh.

The truth was he had had the idea in his mind of escorting Carmelita to church ever since he had overheard her conversation with the priest, partly because he was sincerely glad to do her this service, and partly because of the pleasure he anticipated for himself in accompanying her.

"On Sunday morning at a quarter past nine I shall be here," said he, rising to take his leave.

"I shall be ready, unless grandmamma objects," said Carmelita.

"I shall come on the chance," he said, quietly.

Carmelita returned his good-bye with a quaint little courtesy, far more fascinating to his fastidious taste than the somewhat boisterous good-fellowship of the girls amongst whom he had grown up, and he went away. Meanwhile Hepzibah was making the following reflections:

"It seems like as if he might be comin' courtin' here, though 'taint no ways likely that Squire Rutherford's son would look at a papist, unless she'd turn with him."

This last idea kept turning itself over and

over in her mind, with ever new developments.

"Jest to think of her havin' me set up there, and he comin' to see her. That girl's a simpleton. I guess I'll set things straight one of those days. I'll tell her he's the richest young man in this town, and all the girls are ready to jump right down his throat."

Carmelita had to go through a little scene with grandmamma, but Mr. Rutherford was right and Mammon was victorious.

"Your mother took up with papists and wandered into evil paths," said the old woman, when the subject of church-going was first broached to her, "and she went away from here with her father's anger and mine upon her. We closed the door upon her and she went away."

Here her voice trembled a little.

"It was May-time, too, and she never came back," (Carmelita's tears began to fall at the pathos of the tone) "and we prayed right here together, the elder and myself," went on the old woman, more sternly, "to keep far from us all the children of the 'Scarlet Woman,' even though they might be our own flesh and blood. And seems as if the prayer was answered for Araminta never came back."

"I have come in her stead," said the clear voice of Carmelita. "I have come as my mother, when dying, said I should do, to be a staff to your hand and a light to your eyes."

"She said that," said the old woman, in an awed voice, while her thin, nerveless hands twisted themselves uneasily upon the coverlet. "From snares and pitfalls deliver us, good Lord."

"Grandmamma," said Carmelita, speaking with a deep earnestness which impressed the old woman in her own despite, "you will not forbid me to go to church on Sunday."

"I would rather see you dead than worshipping in a mass-house," said Mrs. Johnson, with sudden vehemence.

"I should be grieved, indeed, to disobey you," said Carmelita, but now that an opportunity has come for me to go to church I must avail myself of it."

"What opportunity?" asked the old woman quickly.

Mr. Rutherford has offered to show me the way.

"Squire Rutherford's son?"

"I suppose so, but perhaps you will object to my walking so far with a gentleman, if so you might tell Hepzibah."

Carmelita did not at all understand the sudden brightness in the dull face, the gleam in the faded eyes, the note of exultation in the quavering voice

"I haven't no manner of objection to Squire Rutherford's son walking with you. He's a God fearing, upright young man, as folks say."

"He is very kind in offering to show me the way," said Carmelita.

"It seems like as if you'll have to go for this time," said the old woman, "as Squire Rutherford's son is coming to get you."

"I must go if I possibly can," said Carmelita, "because the church commands me to do so."

"Well, don't you mention the subject to me no more," said Mrs. Johnson, thus compromising with her Puritan conscience. The truth was, the glory of having Squire Rutherford's son walking through the town with her grand-daughter in the full light of the Sabbath morning was a triumph so splendid that she almost feared now that Carmelita might hesitate to go, and she quieted certain uneasy scruples that still lurked in her mind with the reflection:

"Perhaps he'll bring her round, if he's set his mind to it. He'll show her better than any of us the abominations of Rome. It would be settin' up against Providence to stop her goin' with him."

Carmelita, pleased with her victory, though unaware of its cause, went down to find Hepzibah, who, although indulging in

various horrified exclamations at the thought of Carmelita going to the Papist meeting house, and that with her grandmamma's consent, was nevertheless filled with delight, as her mistress had been at the prospect of Carmelita's triumph.

"I don't believe he ever walked to meetin' with any girl before. He was always looked upon as so high and set up in his ways. And them foreigners has queer notions about religion and ain't like us no how, and so I'll tell the folks, if they say anything."

Here she was interrupted by a burst of laughter from Carmelita, for the latter part of her soliloquy had been unconsciously uttered aloud.

On the Saturday afternoon preceding the memorable Sunday morning Hepzibah pursued Carmelita everywhere. A restless spirit seemed to have taken possession of her. Carmelita, busying herself about the house, threw open now a long disused shutter in some room which she had visited for the first time, or tucked back dull colored curtains, or opened unexpected doors. Hepzibah watched her in wonder and dismay. In the best parlor her despair took the form of words.

"I declare, Carmelita, if you ain't goin' to fade every square inch of carpet that's on these floors, and them rep curtains, why you're crushing them as if they was paper. And you're lettin' in a glare of sun on the best brocade chairs. It seems like as if you hadn't no care for anything."

"I want to warm the house, it's so cold," said Carmelita, as she had already said innumerable times since her arrival.

"Cold, indeed," repeated Hepzibah in disgust, "but you don't care nothin' about the dust from the highway blowin' right in here."

"But the smell of the flowers and the songs of the birds and the lovely May air come in too," said Carmelita, "and all the

mould and rust of those long years go out. Those years when only the dead were here. Was it not so, Hepzibah?

"Good Lord, no," said Hepzibah, "I defy anyone to say that ever spook or sperrit of any sort was seen round here.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND JAPAN.

BELOW is an extract from a long letter sent to THE CARMELITE REVIEW:

"In 1847, when Japan was seemingly as unapproachable as ever, Pope Pius IX, by an inspiration from heaven, declared the Holy Virgin principal patroness of the whole Japanese Empire, under the title of Her Most Holy Heart.

At length, in 1854 the year in which the same Sovereign Pontiff proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, Japan, after having been so long secluded, was opened again to foreigners and preachers of the gospel.

But all was not yet done. The Protestant ministers installed themselves first. The offspring of the ancient Christians came to see them hiddenly—for they were still under the ban of persecution—hoping to meet in them the successors of those who converted and taught their ancestors. Alas! they did not find *Santa Maria*, and returned disconsolate.

Soon after a Catholic church was also raised. It was finished in Feb., 1865, and dedicated to the twenty-six Japanese martyrs canonized in 1862. In that church an altar was built to Our Lady, and above that altar was put the statue of that august Mother holding her child in her arms.

As soon as the church was opened to the public, there was every day a great flow of visitors. The descendants of the martyrs were in the presence of *Santa Maria*. They had found again the priests of the olden days. On the 17th of March they revealed themselves to one of them—

Father Petitjean—who, the next year, was appointed by the Holy See to rule them, with the title of Bishop of Myriophyta and Apostolic Vicar for all Japan.

Some time afterwards Pius IX, in order to perpetuate the memory of the benefactions of Mary towards this country, established in her honor a special holiday, which he fixed on the 17th of March of each year. We call it the feast of the discovery of the Christians or simply the feast of Our Lady of Japan. The same Sovereign Pontiff attached indulgences to the invocation 'Our Lady of Japan, Mary conceived without sin, pray for us.'"

An Incident of the Scapular.

A SHORT time since a young man was preparing to go on a fishing excursion. While dressing, he thought he would leave off his scapulars, as the cord was considerably frayed. He mentioned the fact to his sister. She expostulated with him, and after a good deal of persuasion, induced him to wear the scapulars. During the day the boat in which were the young man and his companion capsized. The companion could swim, but the other could not. The first named said he would bring him safe to shore. He took a cramp, however, and went down to rise no more. Our young man was rescued after going down once or twice. When he was brought to shore and his clothing removed, it was found that although his apparel was soaked through and through, the scapulars were perfectly dry. This was noted, not by Catholics, but by Protestant rescuers. It is safe to say our young man will never think of leaving off the scapular again.

Woe to him who neglects prayer! His life shall be worthless as a tree destitute of sap, and his actions shall fall to the ground as withered, discolored leaves.—ST CHARLES.

Irish Correspondence.

Editor Carmelite Review:

OUR colleges and schools are about closing for the summer vacation. Terenure college closed on June 21st and the Carmelite Academy will soon follow suit. This latter school deserves more than a passing notice. It has been in existence for over forty years and has done a great deal for the cause of education. Hundreds of its pupils have entered ecclesiastical and commercial professions. In all their callings they have distinguished themselves and been a credit to their *Alma Mater*. Let me mention one, viz., Dr. Dillon, who, perhaps, is one of the greatest linguists in Europe. He was born in Dublin, in 1854, where he commenced and continued his studies in the Carmelite Academy until he went abroad. He first entered the University of Paris, where he attended the lectures of St. Rene, Tailliander, Miller and others. He likewise assisted at the lectures of Renan in Hebrew and Carthaginian Inscriptions and matters purely scientific. After this he went to Innsbruck, where he studied philosophy and Oriental languages. His professors at that university were the Jesuit Fathers Hurter, Grisar and Wenig. The latter taught him Arabic and Samaritan, Brickell Greek and Gulg Sanscrit. Dr. Dillon afterwards went to Leipzig to study philology under the famous Curtius, Roman Antiquities under Prof. Lange, Zend under Huebschmann, Sanscrit under Brockhaus, Modern Persian under Fleischer, under Wundt for Anthropology and under Leskien for the ancient Slavic and Servian languages. Before leaving Innsbruck, Dr. Dillon passed the *Staats-Examen* in Hebrew, and received a government certificate which certified that he had passed with the highest honors.

After leaving Leipzig he went to Tuebingen, where he studied the Vedas in Sanscrit under Professor Roth, the Scan-

danavian Eddas under Von Keller, Firdousi, in modern Persian, under Socin and the Koran. In the University of Louvain he studied the same subjects, also the Zende Avesta, and the doctrines and practices of the Zoroastrian religion under Monsignor de Harlez, the famous Oriental scholar of that seat of learning.

After having studied there for some time he passed a public examination, both oral and written, in Sanscrit, Zend, ancient and modern Persian, Pepleri and Oriental history, and having defended a dissertation in the Zend or ancient Bactrian language, or as it is now called ancient Median, the degree of doctor of philosophy was conferred on him by the faculty of Louvain.

In 1878 he went to the University of St. Petersburg to study Russian, and after a time he stood an examination in Oriental languages for the degree of magister and obtained it. Not satisfied with this, he went to the University of Khorkoff, and entered the philosophical faculty, passed an examination in Russian and received the degree of Magister of Philosophy. He was then appointed a professor in Oriental languages and comparative philology in the University of Khorkoff. He next stood for the degree of doctor of Oriental languages and defended a dissertation in Russian, on the nature and place occupied by ancient Armenian language in the family of Aryan languages. He received the degree and the golden badge, which carried with it the rank of a Russian noble.

In 1887 he was unanimously elected a member of the Armenian academy of sciences, which has its headquarters at Venice, an honor of which no other non-Armenian had attained. He is now professor of Oriental languages in the University of Khorkoff, having refused a chair in several universities.

His writings in most European languages are very numerous and upon almost all literary subjects. Though far away from dear old Dublin, his native place, he is passionately fond of the old land. He is a devout and fervent Catholic and a strict member of the Carmelite Confraternity, and is deeply attached to his former teachers of the Carmelite Academy, to which he is a credit.

A. E. FARRINGTON, O. C. C.,
Dublin, July 4, 1893.

OUR ORDER IN TURKEY

An interesting letter by a non-Catholic, written from the U. S. Consulate in Bagdad, has been lately sent to this country. Since it contains something of interest to lovers of Carmel we give a few extracts :—

"The faithful carriers of the cross into Mesopotamia and adjacent regions have severe trials to undergo and dangers to brave. Untold discomforts they have had, and still have, to endure, in order to escape massacre at the hands of fanatical mobs; they have repeatedly been obliged to flee the country in disguise, and not a few of them have fallen victims to the plague, cholera, and other pestilential diseases; yet they have, struggled on incessantly, overcoming one obstacle after another, until their labors have borne fruit, for the church is now firmly established: Catholic schools are flourishing. More than two hundred indigent sick (Mohammedans, Jews and Christians) are being treated daily, free, at the dispensary of the Carmelite Fathers; the old and infirm, as well as orphans, are being cared for in special institutions, and monks and nuns may now walk the streets of Bagdad with perfect security at all hours."

"The pioneer missionaries to enter these regions were the Carmelites, who established themselves at Ispah in 1604; and in 1623 they came to Bassorah, where the mission was afterwards kept up uninterruptedly, notwithstanding persecutions, pestilence and other perils, until 1840, when the last missionary residing there, Father Alfonse, left for Bagdad. In 1881, however, the church at Bassorah was rebuilt by the Rev. Father Marie Joseph, Prefect of the Carmelite Mission at Bagdad."

"The Carmelites settled here permanently in 1721. The first bishop residing here was Emmanuel Baillet, a physician, who, having treated the Wali Achme Pasha, obtained permission from him to build a little chapel in 1731."

"Before the advent of the Franciscan and the Carmelites, the only Christian churches in Bagdad were the Orthodox Armenian and the Nestorian; the latter exists no longer here. During the present century, however, the Eastern churches have multiplied, and besides the old Armenian, which remains schismatic, we have the New

Armenian, Chaldean and Syrian Churches, all avowing allegiance to the Holy Father in Rome. There are at present between four and five thousand Catholics here, of whom only some two or three hundred belong to the Latin Church, which, however, is gaining great influence through her schools, where a thousand youths are receiving an excellent, both intellectual and moral, education."

"In the school, of which Father Polycarp is director, there are at present about three hundred boys. These are taught the ordinary school branches, besides Arabic and French, Turkish and English being optional. One of the former pupils in this school, Father Augustin, is now a Dominican priest and secretary to his Grace, Monseigneur Henry Altmayer, Archbishop of Bagdad, and Delegate Apostolic to Mesopotamia, Armenia and Khurdistan. Other ex-pupils are preparing for the priesthood in France, one of them having finished his studies and received orders as a Carmelite monk. Father Anastasius is now on his way to Bagdad to rejoin his former teachers. He is to be a teacher of Arabic in the schools."

THOUGH the divinely ordained means of bringing truth to the minds of men is the ministry of oral teaching, yet the press is another way, vouchsafed in these latter centuries by Providence, not less universal and scarcely less potent. It has perhaps this advantage over the pulpit, that the journalist addresses a wider audience than the priest, and through the printed word reaches thousands who seldom or never come within sound of the spoken word. Moreover the press speaks a language always accommodated to the mind of the day; subject matter and place do not impose on it the restraints that hedge in the pulpit; yet the preacher, too, with all respect for the divine truth he handles, may speak to the living century so as to be understood.—*Mgr. Satolli.*

IN the blessed Virgin Mary the slave finds his ransom, the infirm his health, the afflicted his consolation, and the sinner his pardon—ST. GERMANUS.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
 DEVOTED TO
 OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.
 PUBLISHED BY
 THE CARMELITE FATHERS
 FOR THE BENEFIT OF
 THE HOSPICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

*Blessed by the Holy Father and approved by many
 Bishops.*

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

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, AUGUST, 1893. NO. 8.

PRAY for the Holy Father on the 20th.
 It is his Names-Day—Feast of St. Joachim.

IN the next number of THE REVIEW Rev.
 Father Kreidt will again address the bene-
 factors of the Hospice.

Do not forget your prayers during vaca-
 tion. The recitation of the beads never
 tires. On the contrary, it refreshes the de-
 vout soul.

ANOTHER cure through the intercession
 of our Blessed Lady is reported at Roxbury,
 Mass. Thus is Mary in all places and at
 all times ever ready to help all who trust in
 her.

AN interesting feature of THE REVIEW
 this month will be found in the department
 devoted to the Brown Scapular. Any of
 our readers desirous of information on the
 subject are free to send in their queries.

A TRUE idea of future happiness is brought
 home to our minds in contemplating
 the glorious mystery of the Transfiguration.
 With this thought before us we will

place no value on difficulties or labors we
 can meet with here below. Thabor is our
 encouragement although Calvary is the road
 that leads to it.

ONE of our exchanges proposed St. Simon
 Stock to children as their patron last month.
 The life of the saint will show the little
 ones that it profits much when we remem-
 ber our Mother in the days of our youth.

CARDINAL GIBBONS celebrates the 25th
 anniversary of his consecration as bishop
 on the 16th of this month. We join in con-
 gratulating the beloved prelate, and hope
 that His Eminence may yet adorn the
 American hierarchy for many a year.

THE Feast of the Dedication of all Car-
 melite churches occurs on the last day of
 this month. These churches are scattered
 to the different points of the compass. You
 will find them in far off Norway, in
 tropical Brazil, in distant India and on the
 prairies beyond the Mississippi.

THERE is many a hard-worked son of toil
 who knows not the meaning of a vacation,
 —many a bread-winner who earns his pit-
 tance in the sweat of his brow without in-
 termission. For these too there is encour-
 agement which is seen in the light radiating
 from the Mount of Transfiguration and
 from the opening made in the clouds on
 high when Mary went to receive her crown
 on the day of her Assumption.

THE Feast of some great founders of re-
 ligious Orders occur this month. What
 thoughts are not awakened by the name of
 the Augustines, the Dominics the Bernards
 and Ligouris, all great servants of Mary!
 They have left the earth but the
 work they inaugurated still goes on. Their
 lives teach us that one individual has within
 him the power of influencing the lives of
 more than those of his own immediate
 circle.

THE holidays are here and many a brain-worker is enjoying a well-earned rest. But these days soon pass away and work must be again renewed. Just so with all earthly things. They are too short. Thoughtful Mother Church places on the mid-summer calendar our Lady's Feast of the Assumption and thus reminds us of Heaven where we hope to spend the long vacation. Well for us if, when called to rest, we can say with the dying English Cardinal: "I feel like a boy going home for his holidays."

THE Carmelite Saint Albert, whose feast is celebrated on August 7th, during his life was considered the Thaumaturgus (miracle-worker) of Sicily. It is a custom among our Fathers to bless water with the relics of this saint. The number of cures wrought by the application, or drinking, of this water are many. Relics from the body of the saint are still in the possession of most of our convents in this country, including Falls View. We shall be happy to bless this water for all who apply for it at our Monasteries.

ABOUT ten years ago all our houses in this country were placed under the patronage of the most Pure Heart of Mary, and not without fruitful results. Under the tender care of our Mother the order in America has made great material progress. We have now six flourishing convents, including a large seminary and novitiate. A fraternal bond unites all our members into a solid whole. A bright future is in store for the Carmelite Province of the Most Pure Heart of Mary in the United States and Canada.—Floreat!

THE privilege attached to our churches on July 16th is an extraordinary one. A N. Y. daily paper, however, extended the favor by remarking that a Plenary Indulgence could be gained at every visit during the nine days preceding and on the Feast itself.

ADVERTISEMENTS are about to appear inviting tenders for the erection of our Hospice.

To every religious community sending us *five* new subscribers we will send a free copy of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

THE next number of THE CARMELITE REVIEW may be issued somewhat later than usual. We trust our readers will pardon the delay.

Carmelite Chronicle.

REV. FATHER KREIDT, superior at Falls View monastery, is again at his old post. He is now enjoying the best of health.

REV. FATHER DION BEST, of Falls View Priory, was engaged in missionary work at Troy, N. Y., in the latter part of July.

A SOLEMN ceremony of Profession and Reception into the Third Order of Mount Carmel was held at Falls View on July 16th.

ALL the Carmelite churches were crowded on the Scapular Feast by the faithful who were desirous to share in the Plenary Indulgence.

THE sermon on July 16th in the church of the Scapular, New York City, was preached by Rev. Father Bartley of our Dublin convent.

THE Feast of the Scapular was celebrated with due ceremony at Falls View. Rev. Dr. Howley, Missionary Apostolic, delivered the panegyric at Clifton.

REVEREND FATHERS Smits and Kehoe, of Englewood Priory, were in Hamilton, Ont., last month giving retreats for the clergy and divers religious communities.

ONE of our visitors lost a rosary in the Niagara Falls Park on July 16th. The same can be had if the proper party sends us the address.

OUR seminary at New Baltimore was beautifully illuminated on the Scapular-Feast. There was likewise a grand display of fireworks.

IMMENSE crowds flocked to the chapel of the Carmelite convent in Baltimore on July 16th. Rev. Edmund Didier, the chaplain, celebrated High Mass on the occasion.

At the Carmelite Monastery in Boston, Miss Sara Medary, grand-daughter of the famous Governor Medary, of Ohio, took the white veil a few days ago. She is the last of three daughters, all of whom have taken the vows of religion. Her parents are converts.

Petitions, etc.

PRAYERS are requested for the conversion of four persons. For a special intention. For a priest who is ill.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers the souls of Rev. Patrick Kelly, late of St. John's church, New York City, and Elizabeth Frances Donnelly who died July 3 at Brooklyn, N. Y.

FROM BOETHIUS.

For The Carmelite Review.

O Thou! who guidest each great and mighty sphere,
To whom the universe and man adhere;
Who with one single word made all things be:—
Earth, ocean, caves, wind, wood and stormy sea!
On gloomy man, O Heavenly Father! deign
To shed thy ray and clear his cloudy brain.
To tranquilize the pious heart 'tis Thine
And cause it with effulgence pure to shine.
To thee we fly, O God! thou art our source,
Beginning, end, life, succour, hope and course.

—JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.

Throughout the Day.

For the Carmelite Review:

THE echoes of the busy street die at the threshold. Within is the all-pervading sense of peace that the poorest Catholic church invariably possesses. This is neither the poorest nor the finest but a large edifice decorated in the most modern fashion, with many incongruities and atrocities of color and proportion.

Here there is neither price less marble nor canvas nor the soul-satisfying harmony of the old world Gothic temple. Scrupulous cleanliness reigns here however, for there is never a morning that the old sacristan is not busy with his perpetual sweeping and dusting. Not a cobweb is permitted to lend the softness of its grey veil to the glaring colors of the brand-new frescoes. The salt that the good old sacristan spreads upon the matting that covers the aisles as he begins his vigorous sweeping, would lend savor to much that is tasteless and vapid in the lives and hearts of the outside world, the world that passes and repasses, hastily or listlessly, along the busy street, giving no thought to the world that draws its vigor from within the walls of the dingy brick edifice given up to that less or greater evil, according as the mind of the non-Catholic American citizen deciding the question, be tolerant or otherwise, the Catholic church.

When the dawn sends its grey light into the church and the grim mass of the darkness fades away into distant shadows and the tall pillars grow more distinctly visible while the lamp of the sanctuary throbs out its starry radiance, the Mass is sung. Few are the worshippers at this early service in the cold and dark winter mornings. Sometimes a later Mass is celebrated and the pews are dotted with kneeling figures, particularly if the solemn chant of the Mass for the dead rises from the sanctuary.

The morning passes. During its course not one hour or half hour there is when the

church is entirely empty. Men and women on their way to their work come in for a moment's prayer. Old men and women, whose ebbing strength can bear the weight of toil no longer, totter feebly up the aisle to the altar where they kneel in the lengthy, unimpassioned prayer of age, or they slowly make the round of the stations.

The sacristan rings the bell for the noon-day Angelus and immediately there is the tramp of little feet and the sound of childish voices subdued into reverence as the door swings open and the children run in from school and after a few moments prayer, clatter noislessly out again. Sometimes two or three tiny little girls make the round of the stations hand in hand. Their innocent eyes, of sin and suffering alike unaware, gaze wonderingly at the gaudy pictures which tell the story of the passion. Wondering, they pause before the great mission crucifix. Their minds do not realize the story it tells, often though they have heard it, but their hearts do and a tender love and pity shines on their unconscious faces. Well-content they wander here and there about the church. Every day it is new to them. They are as perfectly at home here as are the tiny Roman children who wander in and out, all day long, of St. Peter's, toddling through the vast interior and lingering fascinated before the great bronze statue of St. Peter, whose foot, burnished by generations of ardent salutation, they can scarcely reach. A keen fascination for these little Italians has the gleaming Holy Ghost window over the high altar of the basilica, and around the tomb of the Apostle there is always a group of them to be seen spell-bound by the glory of the innumerable ever-burning lamps.

Many times as the afternoon passes the door swings on its hinges, and every variety of human being is represented in the people who enter for a brief renewal of the oxygen of the soul. Old and young and middle-aged; the joyful and the sorrowing; the

strong and the weak come to feel for a brief space the sweet calm, the healing peace of this consecrated place.

As the hours advance the western windows are flooded with the sunshine. They have become for the nonce brilliant as any of the splendid windows that shine like gems in the grey walls of the famous old cathedrals. It seems as if all the joy and happiness that enter into the lives of all who have knelt within these walls were concentrated within the slanting sunlight. Or is the sunshine more truly a symbol of the perfection of unalloyed happiness that the saddest of those lives may know in the ineffable hereafter?

Very soon the brilliant light burns out its heart in the glory of the sunset and the day begins to wane. Even while the twilight gathers its shadows from statue to pillar, from window to door, there is the continual sound of hushed footsteps, as fresh worshippers come and go. At last the darkness has fallen completely and only the red and distant glow of the altar lamp is visible. The air seems heavy with sighs, animate with the combined sorrows of all who have come here for consolation. The throbbing flame of the lamp burns clearly and intensely—forever as the light of faith, the steadfastness of hope, the everlasting intensity of charity.

MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK.

MARY is the glory of virgins, the joy of mothers, the support of the faithful, the crown of the Church, the true model of faith, the seal of piety, the rule of truth, the ornament of virtue, the sanctuary of the Holy Trinity.

NOAH'S Ark was a type of Mary, for as by its means men were preserved from the deluge, so are we all saved by Mary from the shipwreck of sin—with the difference that few were saved in the ark, but by Mary the whole human race was rescued from death.

The BROWN SCAPULAR

All questions referring to the Scapular, the Third Order, Confraternities, etc., will be answered under this department. Address all communications to VERY REV. PIUS R. MAYER, O.C.C., PROVINCIAL, CARMELITE SEMINARY, NEW BALTIMORE, PENN.

Names for enrollment in the Scapular Confraternity may be sent to Carmelite Fathers, Englewood, N. J.; Pittsburgh, Pa., (cor. Fulton and Centre Avenue); Scipio, Kansas; New Baltimore, Pa., and Falls View, Ont.

The Scapular.



IN the last number we took occasion to speak of the promises made by the Blessed Virgin to those who would wear the Carmelite Scapular. We intend now in a series of articles to speak in detail of the history, the prerogatives, the duties, etc., of the Scapular, convinced that it requires but a candid explanation to spread the Scapular among those who hitherto for one reason or the other neglected to wear it, and to increase the esteem for it and fervor in those who wear it.

In order to bring into relief the importance of the grant of the Blessed Virgin it is necessary to go back into the history of the Carmelite Order. As there is a figure and type in the synagogue for every important branch of Catholic belief and worship, so likewise for the religious life, embodying the evangelical counsels. This we find in the sons of the prophets, founded by the holy prophet Elias, and governed after his rapture into paradise by the prophet Eliseus. This school of the prophets not only contained the germs of the essentials of regular life, but its distinctive feature was that anticipated veneration of the Blessed Virgin, whom Elias had seen in vision, had recognized as the woman promised to our first parents, and had taught

his pupils to long and pray for. In the course of centuries this school of the prophets from independent hermits developed into eremitical communities, these again formed a kind of provincial union, and when at the time of the crusades the Europeans, under the leadership of the Calabrian Knight Berthold, embraced the eremitical life, the transformation from hermits to Cœnobites took place, retaining, however, the strictly contemplative character of their life. Their headquarters from the beginning were on Mount Carmel beside the fountain of Elias. Their habit up to the Saracen conquest of the Holyland was white—the garment of the sons of the prophets. The Saracens, looking upon white as a privileged royal dress, forbade the hermits its use, whereupon they adopted a striped habit of white and brown, and thus they enjoyed the toleration, sometimes even the esteem and friendship of their Mahommedan rulers. But matters were changed when the fierce and fanatical Seldjukian Turks overthrew the Saracen empire. Hundreds fell as martyrs, the remainder found life unbearable and hence accepted the invitations of France, England and Sicily, to abandon the Holyland and settle in Europe. Here, however, they encountered a new kind of persecution. The decrees of the 4th Lateran Council, forbidding the establishment of new orders, were invoked against them, their chronicles were ridiculed as idle fancies or willful deceptions, a powerful influence worked in Rome against their approbation, their very existence was threatened. Contumely, calumny and denunciation were resorted to, to make their settlement and increase impossible.

Under this stress the Carmelites, and especially their general at the time, St. Simon Stock, turned with aching hearts, yet full of confidence, to Mary. It was her order that was assailed, her own creation, as it were, that was in jeopardy, no other help was ac-

cessible or to be hoped for. And their prayer was not in vain; Mary came to the rescue, and she did it in such a way that the proof thereof should last as long as her order existed.

It was on the 16th of July, 1251, that the Queen of Mount Carmel appeared to St. Simon in the oratory at Cambridge, England, holding in her hand a Brown Scapular, which she handed over to him with the words quoted in the July number of THE REVIEW. It was to be and proved itself a token of present and a pledge of future salvation, a badge of alliance between her and the children of her choice. The learned and holy Pope Benedict XIV in his treatise on the feasts of the Blessed Virgin declares: "*Ac visionem quidem veram credimus, veramque habendam ab omnibus arbitramur.*"—"We believe this vision to be true, and believe that it is to be so considered by all." In consequence of this vision the order was recognized and spread rapidly in the Occident. The Scapular was a new lease of life and the germ of fecundity, both to the order as such, and to the single members. And as in the thirteenth century, so it is still at the close of the nineteenth, a sign of election.

Now the Carmelite habit is brown, the cloak white, and thus the Carmelites became known as the "White Friars," just like the Dominicans from the color of their cloak were called the "Black Friars."

It is but natural that a great many persons, though unable to enter the order and live as regulars, were anxious to share in the valuable privileges of the order attached to the Scapular. And it was the expressed wish of the Queen of Carmel to enroll all the faithful desirous to share. Hence we see different classes of wearers of the Scapular, viz: The first, second and third order, the affiliated confraternities, and those who are invested without belonging to a confraternity. We are not now concerned with the first and second order, composed of the

male and female branch of the Order of Carmel, but we intend to say what is necessary regarding the Third Order, the Confraternity and the wearers of the Scapular.

In one thing they all agree in the Scapular. The word Scapular means "shoulder cloth," and as such it has been worn centuries before the christian era. In fact, in the Orient it took the place of any other garment for covering the upper body. It was sleeveless, open at the sides, covering the breast and shoulders. Such a garment, especially when worn under other clothes, would, however, be inconvenient, and consequently, whilst retaining its shape, it was diminished in size, so that at present it consists of two square pieces of cloth joined by strings or braid.

Shape, material and color are essential. The pieces must be square (the dimensions are left to the choice of the wearer). They must be of *woven wool* of a *dark brown color*. Material other than wool, or a color not brown, would render the Scapular unfit, and hence deprive the wearer of all benefits. This rule does not apply to the strings or braid by which the two pieces are joined, since they take only the place of the thread used for sewing together the big Scapular. They may therefore be of any material or color.

The Scapulars, in their modern form, are generally covered on one side by a picture, many are also embroidered. Both things are allowed, but are not necessary. They may even endanger the validity of the Scapular, as in all such cases it is indispensably necessary that the brown color predominates. The five-fold Scapulars which were heretofore made, and are yet worn by a great number of people, were often invalid, because two tablets of different colors were sewn together and hence formed but one and counted but for one. As we will see in some future number, this question applies now only to the past, as the Brown Scapular cannot be given with the other

four, but I would advise those who were invested with the five Scapulars to get themselves specially invested in the Brown Scapular, as the privileges are too important to be overlooked.

In the following numbers of THE REVIEW I shall treat on the manner of blessing, investing, the obligations and privileges, etc., of the Scapular. Some of the reverend clergy may find that my statements seem to contradict divisions of the S. Congregation of Indulgences. To avoid all unnecessary questioning and doubt, I wish to say right here that I speak of the obligations and rights, as they at present exist in the United States, which, as a missionary country, has received privileges not accorded to Catholic countries.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

P. S.—Names have been received for registration during past month from

1. Walkerton, Ont.

Nothing is equal to Mary; nothing, if it be not God, is greater than Mary."—*St. Anselm.*

Consider He who is immensity itself clinging to the maternal neck of Mary—*St. Anselm.*

Mary, Mother of God, temple of the living God, Sanctuary of the Holy Ghost.—*St. Isidore.*

Mary was so holy that the Holy Ghost deigned to descend into her womb.—*St. Augustine.*

Through Mary, the beneficent hand of the Almighty has renewed all creation.—*St. Bernard.*

Was not the passion of thy Son sufficient, unless the Mother also was crucified?—*St. Bonaventure.*

OUR Lady's dress has been thus described: A robe of hyacinthine blue, a white tunic confined by a plain girdle with the ends hanging free, a long veil, so formed as quickly and completely to cover the face, and shoes to match the robe.

PEN PICTURE OF A PRIEST.

THERE is in every parish a man who has no family, but who belongs to every family, a man who is called upon to act in the capacity of witness, counsel or agent in all the most important acts of civil life; a man without whom none can enter the world or go out of it; who takes the child from the bosom of its mother and leaves it only at the tomb; who blesses or consecrates the crib, the bed of death and the bier; a man that little children love and fear and venerate, whom even unknown persons address as "Father;" at the feet of whom and in whose keeping all classes of people come to deposit their most secret thoughts, their most hidden sins; a man who is by profession the consoler and healer of all the miseries of soul and body, through whom the rich and poor are united; at whose door they knock by turns, the one to deposit his secret alms, the other to receive it without being made to blush because of his need; the man who, being himself of no social rank, belongs to all indiscriminately—to the inferior ranks of society by the unostentatious life he leads, and often by humble birth and parentage; to the upper classes by education, often by superior talents and by the sublime sentiments his religion inspires and commands; a man, in fine, who knows everything, who has the right to everything, from whose hallowed lips words of divine wisdom are received by all with the authority of an oracle and with entire submission of faith and judgment—this man is the priest.—*Ex.*

ST. PHILIP NERI allured men to the service of God so dexterously and with such a holy winning art that those who saw it cried out astonished: "Father Philip draws souls as the magnet draws iron." He so accommodated himself to each, as, in the words of the apostle, to become "all things to all men." His love of them individually was so tender and so ardent, that even in extreme old age, he was anxious to suffer for their sins.—*Newman.*

SAVED BY THE SCAPULAR.

THE Reverend Father Milleriot, S. J., has of late been giving in the columns of the *Chroniques du Carmel* some personal experiences whereby he shows that the Scapular is, as always, a "safeguard in danger."

"The Apostle of the poor and the laborers" as Father Milleriot was known, was conducting a mission in a prison in Paris. Having heard the confession of a female prisoner, he enrolled her in the brown Scapular, and exacted from her the promise never to part with it. Some days after he met this person in the courtyard of the prison. "How are you?" he asked. "Oh Father" said she, "since I saw you last everything has gone wrong with me.—I had hanged myself." "Hanged yourself! Poor child!" said the priest. "Yes, hanged myself. My associates here had accused me of an infamous deed. They all cried 'you are abominable.' I was furious thereat and excited to the utmost. In order not to cutlive this disgrace, I hastened to the cistern in order to jump in, but felt forcibly kept back. Then I went to the attic to hang myself and suspended myself from a large hook. I was well-nigh choked and noticed mythroat contracting. At this moment I raised my heart to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and the rope snapped asunder."

Another instance related is that of a man who failing in honesty and fearing arrest decided to commit suicide. He communicated his intentions to Father Milleriot. How did he act? He said to the despairing man: "At least do me one favor, take the Scapular and promise me not to take it off." "Father," said the man, "I promise it because you have been so kindly disposed towards me." Then he left.

"My friend," said the priest to himself, "you may attempt to kill yourself, but you will not die." Some days after this the unfortunate man was overcome by a temp-

tation of despair. In order to carry out his awful design he leaped into the Seine. He couldn't swim. He tried twice to keep under, but in vain, the Scapular had saved him. He became ill and was converted.

P. A. B.

Month of the Heart of Mary.

THE month of August is dedicated to the Pure and Immaculate Heart of our holy Mother. It is remarkable that the first church dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was also at the same time consecrated to the Heart of Mary. Pope Pius VII furthered this devotion by granting a Feast with an appropriate Mass and Office. In 1836 the famous Arch-confraternity was established in Paris. When in 1832, Abbe Desgenettes was appointed cure of Notre Dame des Victoires he found the parish in a state of hopeless ignorance and indifference as to religion. Out of a population of 25,000 souls only about 800 were communicants. The Abbe was heart-broken. Long years of work on the part of the zealous priest did little good. But there was a mother's heart watching over these stray sheep. One day whilst celebrating Mass at Our Lady's altar Father Desgenettes felt inspired to consecrate his parish to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. And what was the result? Not only was the parish reformed, but hundreds of miraculous cures and conversions followed. When the devotion was established during a whole year there were but 720 Communions; two years later they numbered 9,950. Associations are now established throughout the world. Unspeakable good has resulted from this devotion. What confidence, then, should we not have in the most pure Heart of Mary! Who can fathom its tenderness?

P. A. B.

O Mary, it is from thee that Jesus has received the blood He has shed for us.—*St. Hilary of Arles.*

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C.,
1588 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Our Lady's Letter Box.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

I WONDER how many of you know what is the hardest work in the world? Let me tell you what I think it is. Doing nothing. Yes, like many, indeed all of God's punishments, labor is in truth a blessing. Even the little ones will say, that when they have something to do, be it only a game of "tag" or "hide and seek" they are happy; but this wishing the time away, and saying how dull and stupid everything is, that is indeed the hard work which comes to many in the long vacation. What is time dear children? "It is the purchase money of eternity." Think of that. People often say they cannot meditate. Now there's a little question which, with its answer, would give many a young and old head enough to think of for the rest of their lives. "How good is God! let us say it a thousand times," wrote a friend to M. Dupont, the Holy Man of Tours; and immediately, (we read in his life) he knelt down and repeated it a thousand times. Dear children so may you and I say of Him, who so wants us to have this pearl of great value, this eternity of happiness that He bought for us at a great price, that of His Precious Blood, and then when we lose it or sell it for a straw. He puts within our reach the golden hours, with which to buy again our birthright, our inheritance, our claim to the "house not made with hands," our home in Heaven. Did you ever hear your parents talk about "Lady Day in harvest"? Isn't that a pretty name for the Assumption of our Blessed Lady which we will celebrate on August 15th? The day for which she waited, oh! so longingly and yearningly, fifteen years after the Ascension of our dear

Lord. Think how many thousand times she sighed for the sight of His face. Let us offer each one of those longing desires of her's from the Ascension to the Assumption, through her most pure hands as a preparation for Holy Communion. And the little ones to whom our Lord has not yet come; the happy children who are getting ready to welcome Him for the first time; let them too tell Him that they long for Him to come even as His dear Mother Mary longed for Him all those fifteen years. Come, Lord Jesus, come! Come quickly. Beautiful prayer of the Beloved Disciple! Of him who leaned his fair young head on the Sacred Heart. No wonder that he should say "Come! come quickly!" Yes dear children, Our Blessed Lady and St. John loved our Lord. That is why they longed for Him. So let it be with us. Let us love Him who hath first loved us; then we will long for Him, first in time through the Divine Eucharist, and at last in Eternity. And be sure of it He will give us what we long for. "Like all good Fathers," says Father Faber, "He wants His children home." Let this be our prayer then on Assumption Day; that we may so use time as to win eternity; that we may keep our eyes and our hearts turned heavenward, longing for it. As the Germans say, we have the *Heimweh*—homesickness—for Heaven.

Devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

August, 1893.

PUZZLES.

XXXII

Why is a shallow person like a pane of glass?

XXXIII

Why is a gardener like a time-piece?

XXXIV

What precious stone is like a gate?

XXXV

What kind of a portrait can you spell with three letters?

Answers to Puzzles.

XXIX—Silence.

XXX—She is full of airs.

XXXI—Because they are regular, irregular and defective.

"SEC."