



## MAY BLOSSOMS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

The valleys are chanting thy praises, O Mary,  
The woodlands are ringing with voices of flowers ;  
The birds and the blossoms were never so chary  
As now, for thee filling the groves and the bowers.

But nature though beauteous, gives place to the holy,  
Does honor to flowerets of lovelier hue ;  
The valley has naught in its depths half so lovely  
As blossoms of Carmel that bloomed far from view.

St. Simon salutes thee, O Queen of the May love !  
His oak tree is rich in humility's flower ;  
Fair virgin of Pazzi, contemplation's wrapt dove,  
Brings lilies, meet offering for virginal bower.

St. Angelus, kindred with thee, Jewish maiden,  
Comes too, with his hands full of passion flowers  
rare ;  
Like him are they dear to thee, nail and spear laden  
Like him do they Calv'ry's insignia wear.

Yes, dearer to Mary the saints of her Order—  
The flowers of Carmel, the blossoms of grace ;  
Than rarest exotics adorning earth's border—  
The saints are the flowers that gaze on her face.

New York.

M. C.

## THE MIRACULOUS PICTURE.

The following explains itself :

ALLSTON, Mass., April 14, 1893.

DEAR REV. FATHER,—

I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin through THE CARMELITE REVIEW for saving me from a great accident. One day, as I was returning from a visit to my mother in Lowell, in a steam car, I was reading my office. It grew too dark to see. Having the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel with me, I placed it in the book as a mark. As I stooped over to look at the book I heard a shot, and turning around saw a large hole in the window on the side on which I was sitting. I was not in the least frightened, but the other occupants of the car were amazed to see me neither hurt or startled.

K. G. R.

## CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

*For the Carmelite Review.*



T stood dark and solemn, that old house. Few remembered to have seen its shutters unfastened, or its great gloomy door swung ajar. The little patch of ground around it had been planted once in careful rows, with many an old-fashioned flower. Four o'clocks and peonies, tulips and dahlias, staring scarlet poppies, sweet Williams and carnations enough to make the air for half a mile around smell spicy. Now, in the summer-time they were all in inextricable confusion, all striving, as it were, for a place, and getting entangled with the ribbon-grass, and straying into the lawn at one side, on the brick court-yard on the other. Ah! even the gloom that had fallen on the mansion could not penetrate to that one favored spot. It was on the sunny side, this court-yard, and its red bricks, no doubt, lured the genial sunshine to rest upon them, whilst nests of birds had been built in the gnarled tree that grew there. It had been straight and young once, and even now in the spring-time it was still gladdened by its hosts of budding leaves and feathered lodgers.

Upon the work of man, the house, time had set its seal and claimed it with that harsh irrevocable claim against which there is no appeal. It was undeniably old, its boards dim for want of paint, the tiles upon the roof broken, the windows loose-jointed, the blinds awry.

An enquirer would have been told that the house was tenanted by an old woman, who occupied one of the large grim rooms upstairs, from which she was never able to descend, and who was attended by another woman, more aged, but not so infirm as herself. The imagination of the young was forever invading this somewhat ghostly dwelling-place. Some even invested it with the additional interest of supernatural terrors. But their conjectures fell short of the reality. The papers upon the walls had been hung there at some long-forgotten period, the window-curtains, where there were any, playing idly in the summer breezes, or drearly shutting out wintry-skies, were of a pattern of chintz, long since vanished from shelf or counter. The passages were long and bare, and they ran into out-of-the-way corners and suddenly found themselves confronted by needless stairs, and were bordered by futile cupboards, the doors of which were never so much as opened. Strange windows looked out of walls like staring eyes.

There was a perpetual hush in the place, as though the walls were listening for feet that never came. An impressionable person could scarce have escaped the idea that viewless feet must pass by night up those unused stairs, and that voices whispered to each other in sounds that never definitely reached human ears.

Into this waste, came, one clear May evening, a girl, nineteen years of age, warm with the life of a lovely Spanish American town, glowing with health, youth, beauty and animation. Into this emptiness came, in short, Carmelita.

She was more than beautiful in her travelling dress of sombre gray, with a bunch of red roses fastened near her throat. Her large, soft eyes beamed with a light that seemed to warm and brighten all that they came in contact with; her lips were smiling, as a happy child smiles, when it finds itself suddenly among flowers.

Is it the sudden entrance from the warm sunlight that chills her, as she passes through the great door, which swings reluctantly open, the first time for more than twenty-five years, to admit her. It had closed upon her young mother, closed in wrath and bitterness, a quarter of a century ago. Since then, no human foot had crossed that threshold. Even the minister, who had come thither to read the burial-service over Elder Johnson, had been admitted by the side-door. The Elder himself had been carried thence by that same side-door, to the grave that was waiting for him on the green hill-side.

Why had the door been unclosed to-day? Was it because the old woman above was urged by the same divine mystery of forgiveness, which had moved her to send for this girl, to throw open heart and door and take in the long banished past? Up the stairs, which creaked at every step, even under the light pressure that now for the first time touched them went Carmelita, up, and into the presence of her grandmother. The old woman from below led her there and would have lingered. A stern wave of the hand bade her go. Grand-parent and grand-child were left alone. The strange old figure upon the bed, shaded by its dingy curtains, looked out upon the lovely young presence that might have been Spring personified. To her it was a spectre, back from the twenty-five years.

"You have come," she said, "you have come at last." "Yes," said Carmelita, "I have come, grandmamma." "Grandmamma!" repeated the old woman, suddenly covering her face with both hands, while the tears began to trickle through them, "grandmamma!"

To her mind, somewhat dulled by the silence of these long years, the word was a cruel shock. It was her own daughter, who had gone away from her and would never, never come back. Carmelita paused a moment, out of respect for this grief,

then passing hastily round to the side of the bed, she kissed the yellow cheek and reverently touched the wrinkled hand.

Presently, the old woman recovered herself.

"You'd better go," she said, "let Nepzibah get your fixen's and take them to the brown room and give you something to eat."

Carmelita would have lingered.

"What are you waitin' for? you'd better go."

"Grandmamma, is there not something you would like?"

Oh, the odd sound of that sweet foreign voice in that dingy room. It was like a breath from the South, coming after the cold nasal twang of the older woman.

"No, Nepzibah'll see to that. Don't you fret."

Carmelita, going down the broad staircase met Nepzibah.

"Grandmamma wishes you to take me to the brown room," she said in her foreign sounding English. Nepzibah looked keenly at her.

"Your things are in there now. I guess you'd better eat something."

"I am not hungry," said Carmelita, tremulously.

The thought of the last meal she had taken at home, that home that was so far off and was to be hers no longer, came upon her with a sudden rush of pain.

"Guess you'd better try," said Nepzibah, observing the signs of emotion, but disregarding them. "There is some cold mutton, a bit of pumpkin-pie and a dish of stewed huckleberries down there."

She jerked her thumb towards the kitchen.

"Oh, thank you," said Carmelita.

"If you want to tidy up any, just you go along that hall, first door to the right, and then come back here and go down to the kitchen. If I ain't there, you'll find them things on the table."

Carmelita passed along the passage not

without a secret dread, for the light was waning, and it was full of shadows. "Oh, I am sure," she said to herself, "that a great many people must have lived here once, and that they are all dead now. God give rest to the dead."

And she opened the door of the brown room and went in. It was brown, indeed. The paint was dark brown, the strips of scarlet aggressively dark brown, so were the bed-curtains and the window-curtains. For a moment Carmelita's heart stood still. The very aspect of that great bed was terrifying, formidable in its solid mahogany, of which there was enough almost to build a modern house. And the looking-glass. Ah, it was as well, perhaps. It was like the convent. It was so high, that Carmelita had to rise on tip-toe to peep into it, and it was small and oval, and oh, such a reflection as it gave forth.

"To-morrow, the windows will be open and the sun will come in," said Carmelita, trying to cheer herself with the thought. She washed her hands, smoothed her hair and went down.

Oh, yes, this was a cheerful place, at least comparatively, this kitchen, not like the one at home, indeed, great and broad, with an open fire-place, an ornamental dress, big windows and a savory smell of cooking. But still it was large, though bare and prim in its arrangement, and broad windows let in the fading light, and there was a fire in the big black stove, its red warmth coming cheerily to the poor little Southerner's heart. At least this kitchen was not suggestive of ghosts.

On a corner of the table stood the scrag of mutton, the hunk of pumpkin-pie and the huckleberries with a loaf of home-made bread. All her life Carmelita had been accustomed to certain little delicacies in the matter of the serving of food, but on the other hand she had been taught to eat, uncomplainingly, of whatever was set before

her. And, at least there was spotless cleanliness here.

Carmelita, therefore blessed herself and began to eat. Presently, she became aware that Nepzibah was staring at her, with a genuine ill-concealed astonishment.

"See here," said Nepzibah, at last, her curiosity, which all these years had been smouldering for want of material, leaping into life. "Whatever made you do *that* just now?"

"What?" asked Carmelita half-alarmed.

"Why *that*, what you done, when you began to eat."

As Carmelita still seemed unconscious, the old woman attempted an imitation of the Sign of the Cross. Carmelita's sense of the ridiculous overcoming all else, she burst into a merry peal of laughter, which was taken up and re-echoed through every nook and cranny of the old place. For just that moment she forgot home-sickness, weariness, the dreariness, almost fear, produced by her first impressions of the old house and its inmates. Her native light-heartedness had surmounted them all. Meanwhile the old woman looked on in stony silence, much amazed and no little offended by this untimely mirth.

"I forgot you was a papist," she said at last, snappishly. "They does them sort of idolatrous things down to their meetin' house. Elder Robinson, he says so, and I guess he knows."

Poor Carmelita. Much of this harangue was wasted upon her, but it came to her with a sudden feeling of desolation, worse than the dark rooms above, worse than the dreary house, than the uncongenial companionship, the sense that she was in a land where the Sign of the Cross was unknown. She had left a country where warmer than the warm sunshine was the Catholic spirit that vivified the air, where the evening fell and the morning rose with the Angelus bell, where churches arose at every square and corner, where the laboring-man

lifted his hat as he passed the church, and the working-woman paused from her toil to kneel at the way side shrine. Here—— oh, the cold of it, the bitter, biting cold. She rose and went near the fire, while Nepzibah observed that she had barely tasted of the viands.

"I should not have laughed," said Carmelita presently. "You must forgive me, I did not mean to be rude. But ——"

"Tain't no matter," said Nepzibah, shortly, "only I'd advise you to be more careful with some folks around here."

"I will, indeed," said Carmelita, "and as for what I was doing, why, I always make the Sign of the Cross before eating."

"Why, do tell," cried Nepzibah, regarding her, and holding the dish of huckleberries, which she was removing from the table, at a perilous angle, and overcome by curiosity, "perhaps you might as well let me see what it is anyhow."

Carmelita repeated the action, saying the words clearly and distinctly.

"I always did think Papists was queer folk," commented Nepzibah, "though I never did know but one, and he was demented. Now, what on airth do you do sech a thing as that for?"

"We make the form of the Cross to remind us that Christ died on the Cross, and we say the words to bring the Blessed Trinity to our remembrance.

"Downright mummery," muttered Nepzibah, "but I guess I must go now. I've got to give Mrs. Johnson a dish of gruel for her supper."

"Oh, is that grandmamma? Can I do anything for her?"

"You'd better set right still and not worry. If she wants you, she'll let you know it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN you say, "Hail, Mary," the heavens smile, the angels are filled with new joy, earth exults, hell trembles, and the devils are put to flight.—*St. Francis*,

## A REVERIE.

BY A CARMELITE NUN.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

I followed Him in His beauty,  
 Jesus the meek and the true;  
 I kept close upon His footsteps,  
 As my love the stronger grew.  
 He led the way in the darkness,  
 He led the way in the light;  
 All through the long day-time,  
 Adown the dim aisles of night.  
 The sound of His voice was music,  
 His footfall soft and low;  
 I scarce could hear the echo,  
 Of the accents sweet and slow.  
 He led me through earth's valleys,  
 Where the flowers were sweet and fair;  
 He led me on the mountain side,  
 Where the air was pure and rare.  
 He led me o'er the desert ways,  
 Through the hot and burning sands;  
 The beacon marks to guide the path,  
 The blood from His wounded hands.

At last our journey ended,  
 'Neath Carmel's verdant shade;  
 Where the flowers in rosetate beauty,  
 Bloom on and never fade,  
 His Holy Mother's garden,  
 Sweet cloister of the King;  
 An echo of my heart-thanks,  
 Lips fain would ever sing.

## A True Story of a Child's Faith.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

"In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb,  
 O! when is prayer unheard or vain?"

ONE lovely summer morning a few years ago three boys set off into the country to fish. With usual school-boy carelessness, they had forgotten until the moment of starting that though going a-fishing, they had no fish hooks. "What shall we do?" they exclaimed. Silence for awhile, then one, Will by name, said: "Never mind, we'll try with pins, as the stores are closed on holidays and we can't buy any, but even if we have no sport it is too fine to stay at home, so we'll just go to Mud Brook and

have the fun of trying anyway." "Agreed," the others replied, and laughing, off they started with their rods and lunch baskets. They were young, twelve and fourteen, and yet, though full of frolic and fun, could and often did talk seriously. Two were brothers, Will and Jim, and Catholics, the third, Charlie, a Protestant, and Will's chum. After walking some distance the conversation turned on religion. Charlie said: "I don't believe in God, Bill, nor in prayer." "Why, Charlie?" "Well, I don't think He hears us, and I never had any of my prayers answered." "But you don't expect God to answer your prayers directly." "No —— but I would like to see anyone who ever did get his prayers answered." "Well, Charlie," Will replied, "I have often received what I asked." "Have you?" in a very incredulous tone. "Would you believe in prayer if you saw it answered, Charlie?" "I would, of course," he said. "Well," said Will, "we have no fish hooks?" "That's true." "We can't buy any, first because the stores are not open, and if they were I have no money; have you?" "No." "Well now, I am going to say a prayer to the Blessed Virgin, and you'll see we'll get fish hooks." Will said his innocent "Hail Mary" and they walked on. Presently they met a farmer. "Oh, here's Dick Weir," said Charlie. "Hello boys, going a-fishing? But what have you got on your rods, fish hooks?" "No, we have none." "That's strange, but," hunting in his pockets, "I find I have some with me, and you can have them." "Thanks, Dick, thanks," from three grateful voices, and the boys rushed on. Suddenly Charlie turned to Will and said: "Bill, I never again will say I do not believe in God, nor in prayer; your prayer was certainly answered."

M. E. B.

NEVER shall one perish who remains sedulously devoted to the Virgin Mother of God.—*St. Ignatius.*

## MAY DEVOTION ON MOUNT CARMEL.

For the Carmelite Review.

"It is the convent bell; it rings for vespers."

—Longfellow.



AFTER supper we all went to the beautiful church of the good Carmelite Fathers, in order to be present at the opening of the May Devotion. The singing was very fine. The four hundred pilgrims with heart and soul joined in chanting the praises of our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

One of the Carmelite Fathers preached an eloquent sermon. He referred especially to our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, and remarked that *millions are in heaven who are there on account of graces which they received through the intercession of our Lady of Mount Carmel*. The father at the same time praised the zeal of the many pilgrims, who for a time had left home and friends, and had come a great distance in order to visit the holy places in Palestine.

On the high altar of the church is a beautiful statue of our Lady of Mount Carmel. She is represented in a sitting position. On her right arm she holds the Infant Jesus and in her left hand she has the Scapular. The high altar stands about twelve feet above the floor, since, as I have said before, it is built over the Grotto of Elias. The altar is a very costly one. One feels at home here, since the kindness of the good Carmelite Fathers makes the stranger forget all the hardships he had to undergo in order to reach Mount Carmel. The pilgrims felt that they were in a holy place. They showed it by their devotion whilst in the Grotto of Elias and in the chapel.

After the May Devotions were concluded we retired to our resting place, but our first night in the Holyland was very tiresome, since we had left our tents and beds at Nazareth. The Carmelites had not enough beds for the four hundred pilgrims, so they

prepared about three hundred and thirty straw mattresses on the floors of the corridors for the men. The good fathers could provide only enough beds for the ladies in our party. We were thinking before we lay down that our pilgrimage was truly a penitential one. And yet I heard no complaints. Before leaving we thanked the Carmelite Fathers for their great kindness to us during our stay. They answered us: "Come again."

The horses were in readiness for those who could ride, and at the foot of the mountain were wagons for those who could not go on horse-back. No wagon can be brought to the top of the hill. Everything is carried up by camels and donkeys. I did not see a comfortable seat in any vehicle in the whole of Palestine. In each of the wagons is a kind of a box arranged so that the pilgrims had to sit down flat on the bottom of it. The wagons were used by the ladies. During the night before, the latter had had comfortable beds, and we had stretched our weary limbs on the straw sacks on the floor. But now I was comfortable in my saddle, and said to the ladies: "Now it is your turn to do penance."

On our return we had to pass through the town of Kaiffa on our way to Nazareth. We took about seven minutes in passing through Kaiffa. In the middle of the town is the market-place. The Arabs had their different kinds of vegetables, fruits and grain scattered about the pavements. What mostly attracted my attention was that one merchant had hundreds of bushels of wheat piled up in the centre of the market. An Arab sat there guarding it day and night. We passed along the foot of Mount Carmel on our way to Nazareth. We met several shepherds leading large flocks of sheep. They often bring their herds far away from their homes. When they find a good pasture, there they pitch their tents. They often stay from home several months.

We soon reached the stream of Gison, which was dry. These streams depend on the rainy season for their supply. We finally reached the spot where St. Elias met the priests of Baal. In some future number of THE CARMELITE REVIEW I shall have something to say of other places of interest to the clients of our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

Akron, Ohio.

J. B. BROWN.

## Sighs Wafted From Carmel.

For the Carmelite Review.

"NOT TO DIE, BUT TO SUFFER."—*St. M. Magdalen de Pazzi.*

"Oh! not to die and be at rest,  
But still to suffer more.

This grace my Lord, my Love, my Spouse!  
I earnestly implore."

"TO SUFFER AND TO BE DESPISED."—*St. John of the Cross.*

"Give me to suffer, O my God!  
And be despised on earth."

His love for Jesus crucified,  
To this sweet sigh gave birth.

"EITHER TO SUFFER OR TO DIE."—*St. Teresa.*

"Either to suffer, dearest Lord!  
Or else for Thee to die!"

This was her burning heart's desire,  
This her seraphic sigh.

Sweet sighs that linger, zephyr-like,  
O'er Carmel's Mount of prayer,  
For noble souls like those of old,  
E'en now are dwelling there.

And we, far in the vale below,  
May still a lesson take  
From these, sweet sighings of its saints,  
Which holy thoughts awake.

We all must drink the cup of pain,  
Then let us day by day  
Say, "Lord! Thy will, not mine, be done!  
If this pass not away."

Oh! soon shall earthly sorrows cease,  
And anxious cares and fears,  
Our Lord will sooth our weary hearts,  
And wipe away all tears.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

Dublin, Ireland.

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**OBITUARY.**


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

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the souls of:

**Margaret Bresland**, who died in New York City, on March 22.

**Mrs. John Walsh**, who died lately at Jackson, Mich.

R. I. P.

## Our Lady of Good Counsel

[With pleasure we make room in THE REVIEW for the following "Circular to the Catholic Press" just received in our Irish mail.]

AN IRISH Catholic layman, having obtained through God's mercy a signal answer to prayers made through the intercession of Mary the ever Blessed Virgin Mother of Good Counsel, wishes as a thanksgiving to spread still more widely devotion to the Mother of God under that beautiful title. With this intention he has sent out an appeal with copies of the miraculous picture at Genazzano to be multiplied and placed in churches for veneration of the faithful. Also that the indulgenced prayer be printed in large readable type. The indulgenced prayer reads thus: MOST GLORIOUS VIRGIN! CHOSEN BY THE ETERNAL COUNCIL TO BE THE MOTHER OF THE ETERNAL WORD MADE FLESH, TREASURE OF DIVINE GRACE AND ADVOCATE OF SINNERS, I, THE MOST UNWORTHY OF THY SERVANTS, SUPPLICATE THEE TO BE MY GUIDE AND COUNSELLOR IN THIS VALLEY OF TEARS. OBTAIN FOR ME BY THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD OF THY SON, PARDON FOR MY SINS, THE SALVATION OF MY SOUL, AND THE MEANS NECESSARY TO SECURE IT. GRANT THAT THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH MAY TRIUMPH OVER HER ENEMIES, AND THAT THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST MAY BE PROPAGATED ON EARTH, AMEN. (100 days' Indulgence whenever said.) Reverently kneeling before a picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel, and using the above prayer, we hope to get any lawful request. DO NOT FORGET BELOVED IRELAND IN HER DIFFICULTIES. We all want God's grace and Mary's "Good Counsel." After the Rosary every night, say devoutly this prayer, read it aloud for the family, especially during May. The month of May, just opening after the feast, would appropriately continue the devotion to Mary Mother of Good Counsel, and no doubt bring down upon us innumerable graces from God through the hands of His Mother. To Ireland this year A. D. 1893 promises to be momentous beyond others—and to England no less so, for similar reasons. The greater reason is there, then, to make a most special and earnest remembrance of our beloved country, in this the CRISIS, as it may prove to be, of her fate.

—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, MAY, 1893. No. 5.

HAIL, holy Queen!

WHO can count the many salutations which will ascend to our Lady's throne during this lovely month?

THOSE who are prevented from going to church can gain many Indulgences if they hold May devotions at home.

TAKE all the flowers you can spare to your parish church during this month. They are needed on the Blessed Virgin's altar.

THE calendar on the inside of the front cover of THE REVIEW will keep you posted each month as to the days on which special Indulgences can be gained.

TO MARY the mystical Rose, Queen of the holy Rosary and fair Flower of Carmel, do we, her children, dedicate each day and hour of this, her own dear month.

A SPIRITUAL pilgrimage to some shrine of the Blessed Virgin is one of the devotions recommended during this month.

Those who carry out the practice should not overlook the shrine of our Lady of Peace at Niagara Falls.

OUR thoughts are drawn heavenwards on Ascension Thursday. One of the easiest and surest ways of reaching our celestial home is in the company of Mary.

THIS year is the 700th centenary of Blessed Joanna through whom our Lord made known His desire that the Feast of *Corpus Christi* should be instituted.

"HONOR our Lady Queen of May" is the first practice recommended during the month to the members of the League of the Sacred Heart. May the advice bear much fruit.

MAKE a little shrine at home in honor of the Queen of May. A few flowers and some candles placed around her statue, or picture, will complete this little labor of love.

AT the commencing of this feast of thirty-one days, we remind the clients of our holy Mother that an Indulgence of three hundred days can be gained each time they attend the May devotions.

YOU will have gained very little at the end of the devotions practised during this month in honor of the Blessed Virgin unless you try to please her by looking after your own progress in virtue.

REQUESTS are daily received by us asking prayers for different intentions. It is not possible, nor is it necessary, to enumerate them all. All our readers can help those recommended to their prayers by uniting them with ours when we daily present all these petitions at our Lady's altar.



"HELP OF CHRISTIANS" is the title under which our Blessed Lady is honored on May the 30th. To whom has she ever refused assistance? Go to her in all your needs. She was never invoked in vain.

ONE of the many means at your disposal, if you are desirous of spreading devotion to Mary, and are anxious that our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel be better known and loved, is to send us a new subscriber. It is a practical way of honoring our Lady of the Scapular. Try it.

WE read that of old whenever the pursued criminal chanced to come near the person of the Queen of Bohemia he was safe, and no one dared lay hands on him. Let us poor sinners keep near Mary, the Queen of Heaven. It will be a safe asylum when hard pressed by our spiritual enemies.

THE correspondents of the secular press, who are so well instructed as to ecclesiastical matters, were wrong in making the Holy Father, in reply to the jubilee addresses, refer to the Benedictine monks as foremost among the mendicant friars. The four great mendicant orders in the church are the Augustinians, Franciscans, Dominicans and Carmelites.

THE custom of dedicating this month to the Blessed Virgin had its origin towards the end of the last century. Father Lalomia, a missionary, was the first to recommend 'lay devotions. He wrote a little treatise on the subject in Italian. This latter book was first translated into French under the auspices of Madame Louise, Prioress of the Carmelite convent of Saint Denis.

IN an horticultural garden of one of our large cities there is one spot much sought after during the season of flowers. It contains a large variety of sweet-smel-

ling roses, and hence is known as the "rosary." This fact brings home a lesson to the child of Mary. What an attraction to her servants is the beautiful Rosary of the Queen of May! What more beautiful nose-gay could we offer to Mary? Be zealous in often devoutly saying your beads this month.

THE author of *Carmel in America*, the Rev. Father Currier, after he visited our monastery here last year, proceeded to Spain. He has been giving a charming account of his tour through the Iberian peninsula for the benefit of the readers of the *Orphans' Bouquet*. The places rendered historic by St. Teresa are all described. During his graphic description the reverend author exclaims: "Salamanca! Who has not heard of this renowned university? Alas, it has lost much of its former splendor." Yes, its glory has perhaps faded from the high heavens, but the volumes of priceless theological lore left by our fathers has given them a name which can never die.

#### KIND WORDS.

"THE new CARMELITE REVIEW is a neatly gotten up magazine of sixteen pages devoted to the lovely duty of honoring 'Mary the Flower of Carmel.' The proceeds of this magazine are to be devoted to the erection, on the banks of the Niagara, of a great Hospice of Mount Carmel, similar to the one in the Holy Land. MAY THE CARMELITE REVIEW, associated as it is with most fragrant memories of our Blessed Lady, win a wide circulation."—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, Philadelphia.

ANSONIO FRANCHI, once one of the leading promoters of irreligion and atheism in Italy, and the editor of a paper, the *Difesa*, which was notorious for its fierce hostility to everything Christian, is now a lay-brother novice in the Carmelite house at Genoa.



THE HOSPICE  
— OF —  
MOUNT CARMEL  
— AT —  
NIAGARA FALLS.

*All letters and communications with regard to this department should be addressed to REV. A. J. KREIDT, O.C.C., FALLS VIEW, ONTARIO.*

All legacies, bequests or testamentary dispositions of any kind in favor of the Hospice, should be made to "THE MONASTERY OF MOUNT CARMEL, AT NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO." This is the legal title of our Institute, under which we are incorporated in the Province of Ontario.

NOTES.

**T**HE Falls of Niagara are sublimely beautiful at all seasons of the year. In winter as well as in summer, the Creator clothes all the surrounding scenery in a garb of transcendent loveliness. The great influx of visitors, however, comes with the approach of summer. Already have we been apprised by many of our friends of their intention to visit the Falls during the coming season, not only to see this wonderful manifestation of God's power and beauty, but, also to pay a visit to the still humble shrine of our Lady of Peace and our little monastery. They wish to offer up their prayers at this spot made holy by its consecration to our Lady the Queen of Peace through the late pious Archbishop Lynch during the civil war in the States to obtain her powerful intercession, in order that the deadly feud between

brother and brother might soon end; made still holier by the solemn and definite ratification of this sacred purpose through its erection into a favored place of pilgrimage by His Holiness Pope Pius IX of sacred memory.

They wish to gain the Plenary Indulgence attached to such a visit, and the many particular favors which undoubtedly will be granted to devout pilgrims.

The first question which they all ask is invariably, "How can we most conveniently reach your place?"

In answer to this question, we shall describe as far as possible the exact location of the church and monastery. They are on the Canadian side of the Falls, a few hundred yards above the Horse-shoe Falls. The monastery overhangs the cliff just above the little island, called Cedar Island. In our immediate neighborhood is a large stone building crowned with the cross, the highest and most conspicuous structure on the Canadian side. This is the famous Loretto convent and academy. South of the convent, touching its grounds, is the church of our Lady. Just opposite the church is our small monastery.

The simplest way to reach us, is by the Michigan Central Railway, which passes our house. From Buffalo the trains of this road run on both sides of the river, and all the trains stop five minutes at Falls View, Ontario, to give the passengers an opportunity to see the Falls from the best point. Falls View station is only a few hundred steps from our house.

We shall most gladly welcome all these visitors.

Our only and greatest regret is, our present inability to offer proper accommodation. During this summer the building will be in course of erection, and it will be many a day before the Hospice will be in a fit condition to receive our many guests. However, this should not deter any of our friends from visiting us, for they can always be assured of a *Cead mille failthe*, even if our means of entertaining them are limited.

On account of the many trains stopping near our monastery every day, it will be easy for any of our guests to determine the length of their visit here.

ANASTASIUS J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

## Letter From Ireland.

CARMELITE CONVENT, DUBLIN. }  
April 3, 1893. }



SAINTE Joseph, our great Patron, so dear to every Carmelite, was duly honored throughout Catholic Ireland during the month of March. The 17th of March, a day very dear to all Irishmen, the Feast of our glorious Apostle, St. Patrick, to whom we owe our conversion to the faith, was fittingly celebrated.

This dear saint's feast, it is needless to say, was kept with great pomp and devotion in Ireland and, indeed, wherever the sea-divided Gael is to be found. Rome, the centre of Catholic unity, solemnized the event, and the great Leo XIII wore on that day a shamrock plucked from the green hills of Erin.

In St. Patrick's church, Rome, the feast was celebrated with becoming *edat*. Pontifical Mass was celebrated by one of your visiting Bishops, the Right Reverend P. L. Chapelle, of Santa Fe, New Mexico. The panegyric of Ireland's great apostle was delivered by Reverend Father Moore, O.C.C., the assistant of our Very Reverend Father General.

Last month was a very busy one for the Carmelites here. We have been conducting missions and retreats in different parts of the country. One mission was given in Wicklow in close proximity to the most lovely and enchanting region of the county. Another mission was given in Dublin and a third one in the Carmelite convent at Kinsale, in the county of Cork.

The convent and church at Kinsale are not so well known as they should be. There is no convent that approaches so much in appearance to our convent on Mount Carmel, in Palestine, as this one at Kinsale. It is situated on a high hill overlooking the town. The Atlantic ocean is visible in the distance, and the great American liners

can be seen as they plough the mighty billows on their way to and from the western continent.

Many decisive battles were fought around Kinsale, in which Ireland was deeply interested. The view of the town and harbor on a summer's evening, just before sunset, is really magnificent. As the sun sheds its rays on the land and lights up the green promontory, the ferny glen, the blooming gorse and purple-heathered hills, the scene is most entrancing and not easily forgotten. At such a glorious view the emigrant's heart is touched and melts within him.

The Carmelite church and convent are the last buildings of importance to be seen from the deck of steamers leaving the coast, just as Mt. Carmel is the last of Palestine that can be seen by vessels bound for Europe, as they sail through the blue waters of the Levant.

Our convent at Kinsale was founded in 1350, and re-established in 1735. About fifty years ago a new church was built here, but not completely finished until twenty years later. It is a very fine building.

The Rev. Father E. Southwell, O.C.C., at present the Superior of Carmel Priory and Rector of the Church of the Holy Scapular in New York city, at a great expense furnished, enlarged and beautifully decorated the church at Kinsale. Owing to the indefatigable zeal and energy of Prior Southwell, a magnificent convent has been erected and the grounds enlarged and tastefully laid out. It is the finest group of buildings to be seen in the south of Ireland.

Of late some very fine stained glass windows have been erected in the church at Kinsale by the inhabitants, as memorials of their departed friends and relatives. Three beautiful marble altars have been added, which are of costly material and of most artistic finish and design. The church is an architectural gem. It has a most devotional air about it, and is much frequented by the good people of Kinsale, who have the deepest devotion to the holy Scapular and to our Blessed Lady, the Queen of Carmel.

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

## SCAPULAR AND SHAMROCK.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

I love that sprig of shamrock I got on Patrick's  
Day,  
For it grew on that holy soil, three thousand miles  
away ;  
I wear it next my Irish heart from morn till late at  
night,  
And I think of sainted Ireland till tears bedim my  
sight.  
The years have rolled since last I stood upon my  
native sod,  
Where I was taught my daily prayers, my inter-  
course with God ;  
And when I received thy Scapular, 'great Lady of  
the Mount,  
My soul was filled with ecstasy of joys I could not  
count.  
I'll wear that sacred emblem of a faith which ne'er  
shall die,  
Thro' this world's dreary wild-wood all dangers I'll  
defy ;  
And when my glass of life has run, and I am laid  
at rest,  
The Scapular and the Shamrock will be found upon  
my breast.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

STANONYMOUS.

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 ROMAN NOTES.
 

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CARMELITE CONVENT, ROME, Italy, }  
Easter Monday, 1893. }

I SEND by this mail the balance of my sketch of the life of the Blessed Joanna of Toulouse for THE CARMELITE REVIEW. This biography will, I hope, be read with interest in some future number of your magazine.

The renovation of our church of Transpontina is proceeding rapidly. The interior of the cupola has been beautifully frescoed. The pillars and capitals which are encased in the richest marble have just left the hands of the sculptor. The decorating of the vaults of the choir has just been commenced, under the direction of the best artists.

I am sorry to have to announce to you the death of Fr. Albert Rossi, O. C. C.,

the Prior of our Convent of San Martino in Monte, who died at the ripe old age of 75 years.

Your Irish correspondent has doubtless already told you of the solemn manner in which St. Patrick's Feast was celebrated here. Rev. Father Moore, O. C. C., the co-adjutor and English secretary of our Prior-general, was the orator of the day.

The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences has of late solved some interesting doubts. The decisions are, in brief, that any of the faithful who recite the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin in order to gain the Sabbatine Indulgence cannot at option change from the recitation of the office to the abstinence of Wednesdays and Saturdays. The dispensation must be asked from one of our fathers, or from a secular priest who has been invested with the authority to change the obligation, otherwise, those dispensing themselves at will, do not gain the Indulgence.

Our Reverend Father General has doubtless already informed you of his intention of visiting our monasteries in the new world next year, and that your Provincial Chapter which was to convene at New Baltimore after Easter, will in consequence be postponed until the arrival of Father General, who will preside over the Chapter.

A. M. RONCI, O.C.C.

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CARDINAL GIBBONS, in his introduction to *Carmel in America*, says: "If there is a country in which the contemplative life is needed it is surely in our young and active Republic, where the spirit of action prevades all classes. That action, not to be exclusive and absorbing, must be counter-balanced by reflection and contemplation, and it is from the contemplative Orders we must learn this. Thank God, the contemplative life is not unknown amongst us and shows us the days of heroism are not past. May it live, increase and flourish!"

## POSTSCRIPTS.

THE Novena to St. Simon Stock commences on the 9th of May.

REV. CYRIL KEHOE, O. C. C., of Englewood Priory, has been lately conducting a mission at Paris, Ont.

SOME candidates for the Third Order will receive the habit at the Chapel of our Lady of Peace, Falls View, on the 1st of May.

THE Carmelite communities in the East Indies have of late lost many of their members, who fell victims to the ravages of typhus.

ON Sunday, the 14th inst., Feast of St. Pius, we celebrate the Names-Day of our very Reverend Father Provincial, Pius R. Mayer.

TELL the children to read the instructive letter of "Carmel's Secretary" in this month's REVIEW. It is sure to please the little ones.

THE reverend Superiors of all convents in our Province of the Immaculate Heart of Mary met for consultation at New Baltimore, Pa., on April 27th.

THE 18th day of May is the day on which we commemorate the many monks of our order who were massacred on Mount Carmel by the Saracens, whilst they were singing the *Salve Regina*.

ACCORDING to letters received of late, the Carmelites are making great progress in Australia. We hope soon to receive an interesting budget of news from our brethren beneath the Southern Cross.

ALL wishing to preserve the opening chapters of the beautiful story commenced in this number of THE REVIEW should subscribe now, since later on it may be impossible to supply all the back numbers.

WE take the liberty of recommending ourselves to the venerable religious communities and beg them to help us to in-

crease our subscription list. We intend to make many improvements in this little magazine, but do not wish to increase its already low price, and therefore in order to do this we earnestly beg the co-operation of the religious communities in procuring for us a few new subscribers.

## SCAPULAR NOTES.

WE beg to inform an enquirer that it does not suffice to carry the Scapular in the pocket. It must be worn on the shoulders in order to enjoy its privileges.

DURING April names have been received at Falls View for registration from Rev. A. E. Moubourquette, Port Felix, Nova Scotia, and from St. Dominic's Monastery, San Francisco, Cal.

NAMES of persons enrolled in the Scapular can be registered at the Carmelite monasteries in Englewood, New Jersey; Pittsburgh, Pa. (corner of Fulton street and Centre Avenue); Scipio, Kansas; New Baltimore, Penn., or at Falls View, Ont.

THE present limited space of THE REVIEW does not permit us to open a special department for matters pertaining to the Brown Scapular. When the magazine is enlarged we intend to treat the subject in a more lengthy and exhaustive manner. However, if in the meantime any of our readers are very desirous of information on any particular point concerning the Scapular, we shall endeavor to satisfy them either by mail or through the columns of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

DAILY return thanks to the blessed Virgin for all the benefits you have obtained from her.—*St. Anthony of Padua*.

"WE have not yet praised, exalted, loved and served Mary as we ought to do. She has deserved still more respect, still more love and far more service."—*Bl. De Montfort*.

## FLOWERS OF CARMEL.

"Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies"  
—Pope.

**S**OME of the choicest flowers which have appeared on the luxuriant vine of Carmel are those holy men and women of our Lady's Order who have left behind them on the holy mount a never dying odor of sanctity. At this season, so propitious to flowers, the calendar for the month of May calls our attention in the first place to

ST. SIMON STOCK.

This great saint and favored son of Mary has been already made familiar to our readers, since he was the privileged one through whom our Blessed Mother bequeathed to us the holy Scapular. His early life was that of a hermit. His biographers tell us that he passed his youthful days in the trunk of an oak tree. In the natural order that giant of the forest gives us the diminutive acorn; in St. Simon the order is reversed, and we behold a giant in holiness. The historic English oak in which was hidden the *Magna charta*, the famous document which gave temporal rights to a nation, bears somewhat of a similarity to this other venerable oak tree "rich in humility's flower" which lodged the saintly Englishman who was to be the heavenly appointed means of giving to his Order and the universal Church the great privileges of the Brown Scapular.

The details of his life we shall leave for a more lengthy sketch in some future number of THE REVIEW, suffice it to say that he was appointed Superior-General of the Order of Carmel. It was his lot to witness stormy days in his native land. He saw his Order threatened with destruction, but his courage failed not. He knew too well that his Blessed Mother would protect her brethren. Then it was that he composed, and often fervently repeated, that beautiful prayer *Flos Carmeli*, Flower of Carmel.

On that memorable day, the 16th of July, 1251, the Queen of heaven came to him with the holy Scapular, and addressed him in those consoling words,—

"Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites."

St. Simon had seen the vine of Carmel transplanted from the hallowed soil of Palestine, and now saw it firmly rooted in the land which was "Mary's Dowry." Before his happy death the saint beheld the vine of his order spreading its branches throughout the European continent. At his death he left 7,000 flourishing monasteries with a total membership of 180,000. His spiritual children modeled their lives after that of their father. They were, so to speak, new blossoms on the old but fruitful tree on the mount. It rejoiced the heart of St. Simon to behold his disciples like so many

"May flowers blooming around him  
Fragrant, filling the air with a  
Strange and wonderful sweetness."

The saint died at Bordeaux and was buried there. His last words were "Ave Maria!" About twenty-two years ago a large portion of the relics of the saint were transferred to the Carmelite church in London. It was an occasion of great festivity. The ceremonies were presided over by the late Cardinal Manning.

The practical advice for the Feast of St. Simon, which occurs on May 16th is designated on the calendar of the League of the Sacred Heart, viz:—"Wear the Scapular."

ST. M. MAGDALENE DE PAZZI

is another conspicuous flower on the holy vine. She was born of an illustrious family in Florence in 1566. On entering religion she took as her motto "To Suffer and not to Die," and her life henceforth was one of penance for sins, not her own, for the love of God. She was raised by God to the highest state of prayer. She died after a life more

angelic than human in 1607. Her body remains still incorrupt in a magnificent shrine in our convent at Florence, and appears but very little changed after a period of 286 years.

#### ST. ANGELUS THE MARTYR

was a holy Carmelite whose life was synonymous with his name—angelic. He shed his blood in defense of the truth. When living in Rome the saint was the frequent companion of the humble St. Francis and St. Dominic, the founders of two other great mendicant orders of the Franciscans and Dominicans. St. Angelus was ever desirous to spread the devotion of the Rosary of St. Dominic, and the latter saint was no less zealous in propagating devotion to our Lady of Mount Carmel. The beads and the scapular are inseparable companions.

#### BLESSED ALOYSIUS RABATA

was a Sicilian. He was renowned for his great humility. He only accepted the office of Prior through obedience. His death was hastened by a wound inflicted by a public sinner whom he charitably reproved. The office of this saint was approved by Gregory XVI, the predecessor of Pius IX. The feast of B. Aloysius is not observed this year, since the greater feast of Ascension occurs on May 11th.

There are many other men and women of the Order of the Blessed Virgin whose names will adorn the vine of Carmel in this month of flowers when the voice of Rome is heard, but in the meantime we must treat them as if they had been but "born to blush unseen." Among these many venerable Carmelites the Third Order is largely represented.

Let us offer this sweet smelling nose gay to the Queen of the saints of Carmel, and may we too take to heart the lesson which they teach. Let us remember that "each blossom, on its leaves a mystic language bears." May we learn from St. Simon's oak tree holy humility and confidence in

our Lady's protection; from St. M. Magdalene De Pazzi let us learn to suffer, even if we deserve not chastisement; from St. Angelus let us learn to give up all, even our lives, for our faith. May Blessed Aloysius teach us how to forgive our enemies, finally, may all the saints and flowers of Carmel, whose feasts we celebrate in the month of May, teach us how to become true children of Mary, and let us not forget that these "flowers preach to us if we hear."

P. A. B.

#### FLOS CARMELI.

*The Miraculous prayer to our Lady of Mt. Carmel.  
Composed by St. Simon Stock.*

Most holy Virgin! Beauty of Carmel, Virgin-flower forever in bloom. Bright ornament of Heaven! Thou Virgin Mother of a Man God! Mother of holy love, Mother of mercy and meekness. Mother honored above all mothers, be thou propitious to thy dear children of Carmel, and to all who have the happiness of wearing thy holy Scapular. Amen.

Go without fear to the blessed Virgin, pray lovingly to her, you will always find her ready to grant all you ask.—*St. Bernard.*

WHENEVER our Holy Father, Leo XIII, is presented with any flowers, he always places them before the statue of the Madonna in his private chapel.

JESUS desires that thou should'st love His Mother, my child, and that thou should'st love her as much as possible; so that in this as in everything else thou may'st resemble Himself.—*Mgr. Segur.*

"MARY is the true garden of pleasure, abounding in the sweetest flowers and the celestial odor of all the virtues.—*Sophronius.*

A BEAUTIFUL article on St. Athanasius written for THE REVIEW will appear in our next number. Want of space prevents it appearing this month.

## 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,—

A VERY wise man, who lived long, long ago, said "There is nothing new under the sun," and yet I think you will agree with me in saying that May,—laughing, happy May, our own dear Mother's month is new every year. King David, the sweet singer of Israel, whose psalms are so full of beautiful thoughts, tells us, "Thy mercies are every morning new." What does this mean? Ask those who go to daily Mass, and they will tell you that they never tire of it. That each morning is as fresh as the air of spring and as sweet as the flowers of May. Oh! the joy that comes to those who seek the Lord early, and find Him. Now, I am sure that the children of Mary, big and little, have been thinking what they can do for their dear Mother in her own especial month. Well, here's a May offering that will *last*. The flowers of earth, beautiful though they be, fade so soon. But a bouquet of Masses! How she would prize them. "Mass is the gold of your soul, go and enrich yourself." Try it, dear children. See how many of our dear Lady's little ones can prove that they love her full well, by going every day this month to say to her, "Good Morning, sweet Mother." Come now. Let it be a pillow war this month. Which of us would be willing to try we love our pillow, soft feathery friend as it is, better than our Blessed Lady? 'Tis nice, indeed, I grant you. I know some one who often kisses her pillow at night, so glad is she to rest her head upon it; and it does for a "Good night sweet Mother," too. Let us bargain then with our Blessed Lady that she is to awaken

us every morning, and be there, her own dear self. Our Lady of the *Pillow* let us name her, and may she soften and sweeten its rest every night for you dear children, and help you to leave it bright and early each morning, for a nice walk to holy Mass. Just think how glad you'll be on the last day of May, when you can count thirty-one victories over the nice soft pillow. Now, I have been thinking that perhaps if the little ones have some work to do for their "Corner," they might like it better—a little finger in the pie. So the Secretary is going to give you some questions to answer each month, and then we'll get better acquainted than by riddling and puzzling only. So, No. 1, *What* do you like best to do? No. 2, *Where* would you like to go? and No. 3, *What* would you like best to be? Now who is going to write such a pretty letter about his or her *best* likes? The editor will certainly make room for your letter since he is seeking the best things you know. And who is going to have a May-pole party? Tell all about it to your devoted friend,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

May 1893.

### PUZZLES.

XX

What is higher when the head is off?

XXI

He who makes it doesn't want it,  
He who buys it doesn't need it,  
He who needs it doesn't know it.  
What is it?

XXII

What is the difference between a girls' school and a post-office.

### Answers to Puzzles.

XIV—Three wretched comforters, and they were all worsted.

XV—Noah.

XVI—SIX  $\begin{array}{r} \text{SIX IX XL} \\ \text{IX X L} \\ \hline \text{S I X} \end{array}$

XVII—Father Hennepin.

XVIII—A postman.

XIX—"Star of the Sea."