



### Father Hennepin at the Falls of Niagara.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.



ALL down the woodland the evening sun was sinking  
 And the joyous waves kept blinking as if dazzled by his  
 light  
 Till, at last, as if forever, he kissed the golden river  
 And resigned his holy mansion to the mistress of the  
 night.

Whilst with waves of great commotion, greater than the ocean,  
 Thundered down the roaring water to the dread abyss below  
 And with weary step and slowly like pilgrim pure though lowly  
 Came an old man to the river and his hair was white as snow.

The night grew fast around him, o'er the plain its garb descended  
 Till its mystic stillness blended with the waters flowing on,  
 And alone above the thunder of that great immortal wonder  
 Like a star within the heavens stood God's anointed one.

Down on the green sward kneeling this aged priest uplifted  
 His voice, as gently drifted his grey locks to the breeze;  
 And there as shades grew denser, like perfume from a censer  
 Arose the grand "Te Deum" among the startled trees.

Above the thunder of waters he sang that ancient anthem  
 And down along the river its echo seemed to glide;  
 As if some unseen spirits in passing by had listened  
 And caught the sweet strains falling and bore them in the tide.

And he said: "O, mighty waters! In your course unto the ocean,  
 Let a hymn of true devotion ever o'er your waves resound,  
 To the great God dwelling yonder, in whose eyes ye are no wonder,  
 But whose mighty presence ever can in your breast be found."

'Tis two hundred years and over since beside this roaring water  
 Stood that hoary old Religious with cross and book in hand:  
 Now 'tis filled with strangers sad and joyous-hearted,  
 But the name of him departed seems forgotten in the land.

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

**JAMES A. McMASTER,***Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and  
Catholic Register.*

Edited by REV. MARK S. GROSS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

## CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH OF JAMES A. McMASTER.—HIS CHILDHOOD AND EARLY MANHOOD.—HIS SCHOLARLY ATTAINMENTS, HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND SEMINARY.—HIS VENERATION FOR THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—HIS CONVERSION TO CATHOLICITY, 1845.—HE IS DISCARDED BY HIS FAMILY AND WORLDLY FRIENDS.

CONTINUED.

**S**T. THOMAS AQUINAS SAYS: "The final beatitude of man consists in the beatific vision of God. As this end of man is far above the strength of human nature, it was necessary that God should teach him how to obtain everlasting beatitude. So God has revealed certain supernatural truths, which are above the human understanding, to lead him to the beatitude of heaven. To acquire the knowledge of these truths, he must learn them from God, through those to whom God has communicated them, and whom he has commissioned to teach them infallibly, in his name. Then it is necessary that he who learns these truths from God through his infallible teacher, should give his firm assent to them. The cause which induces man to give his assent to these supernatural truths may be twofold: it may be exterior, such as a miracle which a person sees, or some one who tries by his words to persuade a person to believe. Neither of these two causes is sufficient to create faith: for of those who see one and the same miracle, and of those who hear the same sermon on faith, there are some who believe and others do not believe. Hence it is necessary to assign another interior cause which induces a person to assent to the truths of faith. The Pelagians (heretics) taught that the free-will of man is this interior cause which induces him to believe, and that on this account the beginning of faith is of man himself, in as much as he is ready to believe divine truths, but that the perfection of faith is from God, who proposes the truths which must be believed. But this is false, for by giving his assent to the truths of faith man is raised above his natural con-

dition, and therefore the cause that raises man above his natural state must be supernatural, moving man interiorly to believe, and this interior supernatural cause is God. Hence the assent to the truths of faith, which is the principal act of faith, must be attributed to God who, by his grace, interiorly moves man to believe the truths of faith. Although the act of believing consists in the will, yet it is necessary that the will of man should be prepared by the grace of God, in order to be raised to those things which are above human nature." (22. q. ii., art. 3., and q. vi., art. 1.) "It is, therefore, necessary that God should enlighten the intellect and move the will of man to believe the true religion when it is preached to him."

No man, therefore, has the natural ability to come into the Church, any more than he has the natural ability to save himself after he has come in. All before and all after is the work of God. We can do nothing of ourselves alone—make not even the first motion without His grace inciting and assisting us. Of no use would have been his Church—it would have been a mere mockery, or a splendid failure—if he had not provided for our entrance as well as for our salvation afterwards.

But God has provided for our entrance. He gives sufficient grace to all men. The grace of prayer is given freely, gratuitously, unto every one. All receive the ability to ask; all, then, can ask; and if they do ask, as sure as God cannot lie, they shall receive the grace to seek; and if they seek, the same divine veracity is pledged that they shall find; and if they find, they may knock; and if they knock, it shall be opened to them. God has said it, Christ is in the Church; he is out of it. In it and out of it he is one and the same, and operates *ad unitatem* (towards unity). He is out of the Church to draw all men into the Church; all have, then, if they will, the assistance of the Infinite God to come in, and if they do not come in, it is their own fault. God withholds nothing necessary. He gives to all, by his grace, everything requisite, and in superabundance. Indeed, God will never refuse to bestow this gift of faith upon those who seek the truth with a sincere heart, use their best endeavors to find it, and sincerely pray for it with confidence and perseverance. Witness Clovis, the heathen king of the Franks. When he, together with his whole army, was in the greatest danger of being defeated by the Alemanni, he prayed as follows:

"Jesus Christ, thou of whom Clotilde (the king's Christian wife) has often told me that thou art the Son of the living God, and that thou givest aid to the hard-pressed, and victory to those who trust in thee; I humbly crave thy powerful assistance. If thou grantest me the victory over my enemies I will believe in thee, and be baptized in thy name; for I have called upon my gods in vain. They must be im-

potent, as they cannot help those who serve them. Now I invoke thee, desiring to believe in thee; do, then, deliver me from the hands of my adversaries!"

No sooner had he uttered this prayer than the Alemanni were panic-stricken, took to flight, and soon after, seeing their king slain, sued for peace. Thereupon Clovis blended both nations, the Franks and the Alemanni, together, returned home, and became a Christian.

Witness F. Thayer, an Anglican minister. When as yet in great doubt and uncertainty about the truth of his religion, he began to pray as follows:

"God of all goodness, almighty and eternal Father of mercies, and Saviour of mankind! I implore thee, by thy sovereign goodness, to enlighten my mind, and to touch my heart, that, by means of true faith, hope, and charity, I may live and die in the true religion of Jesus Christ. I confidently believe that, as there is but one God, there can be but one faith, one religion, one only path to salvation; and that every other path opposed thereto can lead but to perdition. This path, O my God! I anxiously seek after, that I may follow it, and be saved. Therefore I protest, before thy divine majesty, and I swear by all thy divine attributes, that I will follow the religion which thou shalt reveal to me as the true one, and will abandon, at whatever cost, that wherein I shall have discovered errors and falsehood. I confess that I do not deserve this favor for the greatness of my sins, for which I am truly penitent, seeing they offend a God who is so good, so holy, and so worthy of love; but what I deserve not, I hope to obtain from thine infinite mercy; and I beseech thee to grant it unto me through the merits of that precious blood which was shed for us sinners by thine only Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth, etc. Amen."

God was not slow to hear so sincere and fervent a prayer, and Thayer became a Catholic.

Witness also James A. McMaster, Although leading, apparently, a gay life in the fashionable society of New York at that period, he practiced great austerities and corporal penances, in hopes of subduing by this means the pride of his heart. About this time the movement towards Catholicity in England was making itself felt even in this country. McMaster urged by his own yearning for the true Faith, wrote to Cardinal, then Dr. Newman, on the subject of his own doubts and fears, etc. He received a very kind letter in return, and desiring to confer with him still further on this question so dear to him, yet shrinking from imposing on the time of so busy and celebrated a man, who, besides, was his

senior by many years, asked if there were not some younger hand that could convey his thoughts. In this way a most interesting correspondence was started between Dalguarnes and McMaster. Some of the former's letters are still preserved. He urged McMaster not to delay to "go over to Rome," as he called it, saying, that if he viewed matters as he did, he could no longer hesitate.

Although McMaster was fully convinced of the truth, yet his proud heart still rebelled. He had long before said to himself: "Either the Messiah is yet to come and the Jews are right; or He has come and the Catholic Church is right."

How often in after years he bitterly bewailed, that it was his "miserable pride that had kept him without, so long." "I used to say," he would add, "that if God Almighty had not cared enough about me to put me in His Church, why should I go through all it would cost me to get there?" Confession was no stumbling block, as he was accustomed to go since his entrance into Episcopalianism. The most difficult mountain he had to climb was that beautiful and fertile mount that had held within her, Him, whom the Heaven of heavens cannot contain. He could not *go to the Virgin*. And yet his longing to do so increased as the days went by and he became more and more familiar with the praises that had been written in her honor. The following is his own account of the moment when grace touched his heart and Mary became to him his Queen and Mother forever. He was reading a Treatise of the great St. Ephrem, so devoted a servant of our Blessed Lady. His whole soul was stirred by its wonderful beauty as he read, growing each moment more intense, until he cried out to her: "Oh, if I could only pray to you!" A cold sweat covered him from head to foot, his whole frame shook with emotion. He said, "I will." He knelt and prayed to her. From that moment he never had a doubt. He had found his Mother, and ever afterwards he styled himself "Blessed Lady's bad boy."

He placed himself immediately under the care of the Rev. Gabriel Rumpier, C. S. S. R., (then Rector of the Convent in 3rd street, New York, attached to the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer,) for instructions in the Catholic faith. He was en-

chaunted with the simplicity and abruptness with which this good Father received him. "If you are sure you are in earnest I will instruct you, but if you are not, you had better stay as you are, for you would be worse damned as a bad Catholic."

Now that McMaster had, at length, overcome all obstacles, (that is, all that had swayed him; but if you are not, you had better stay as you are, for you would be worse damned as a bad Catholic.)

Now that McMaster had, at length, overcome all obstacles, (that is, all that had swayed him; but if you are not, you had better stay as you are, for you would be worse damned as a bad Catholic.)

Fr. Rumpler gave him at first the small catechism. He returned with it the next morning, assuring him that he knew it from cover to cover. But the good Father perhaps to try him only shook his head and said: "What you learn so fast, you forget just so fast," and insisted on his studying it longer.

McMaster was received into the church on the eve of Corpus Christi, which fell that year, 1845, on the 8th of June. He could not have the happiness of being even conditionally baptised, but judging from his own expressions with regard to himself at that time, his soul must have been well cleansed by his hearty sorrow for the sins of his whole life, of which he of course made a general confession.

"While he was kneeling at the altar, candle in hand, piously reading his profession of faith to Father Rumpler, he accidentally set fire to Father Tschenhens' hair, one of the fathers who assisted at the ceremony. Walking together afterwards in the little garden of the convent, Father Rumpler said to him: 'Mr. McMaster, you begin well, setting fire to a priest.' 'Oh,' answered he, 'if I don't set fire to something more than that, it will be a pity.'—*Catholic World, Feb., 1891.*

He received his first communion the next day. The certificate of his reception into the church and of his first communion were found among his private papers.

McMaster took in Confirmation the name Alphonsus, and dropped the "a" in "Mac," thinking McMaster more Catholic. Hence he was known as Jas. A. McMaster.

In the midst of his great spiritual joy, his poor heart had much to suffer. A most touching interview—of which unfortunately there appears no written record—occurred at this time between himself and his father. On becoming an Episcopalian, McMaster

had been cut off by his family. They regarded him with much sorrow as an outcast, who had deserted the faith which they firmly believed to be the only true one. But now that he had become a papist, the poor father's heart smote him, lest his harsh treatment of his son, had led him into what he held to be the worst of all creeds. He feared at the same time that his son was somewhat demented in taking such a step. Accordingly, in spite of his age and infirmities, he undertook the then tedious journey to New York City, seeking for this son who was lost to him. The night before meeting him he spent at the house of a friend, and McMaster learned afterwards, that they had overheard him through the long silent hours, groaning and murmuring to himself, "Oh, my son! My son!" On approaching his son the next day the father was much moved, and said to him: "*My poor boy, come home with me!*" "Father," replied young McMaster, "you believe I am crazy." Then followed a long interview, during the course of which, young McMaster declared in loving words, that he owed his present happiness to him, his father, who had taught him from his earliest years to seek after truth and justice and holiness. This was their last meeting on earth. Letters passed between them. His father's were written in a dignified and elevated style, penetrated with a deep religious spirit. He sighed over his poor "erring boy"—bitterly reproached him that he was the sorrow of his old age—that all he had ever desired for him was that he might be holy.

Of the difficulties which McMaster had to overcome in becoming a Catholic, he says in his editorial of March 1, 1879:

"Thirty-four years ago, from the 8th of June coming, by the free grace of God, I became a Catholic. I had, two months before, the regard and companionship of many that were of the most cultivated and charming of the quiet old New Yorkers of that time. The promises of those, too honorable to break them, and too well established not to have been able fully to complete them, were offered me, if I would give up my purpose of becoming a Catholic, and pursue the profession of the law, for which I had made my studies. Partly by an inherited disregard of wealth as a condition of happiness, but, mostly, by the grace of our Lord, procured, I think, by prayers of some that knew of me, though I knew not them, I became a Catholic, in

1847, and was outlawed by every one of these old friends once so pleasant to me."

Mr. P. F. Harper, of New York, an intimate friend of McMaster, writes in a letter: "Mr. McMaster never told me the story of his conversion, but occasionally referred to the hardships it brought upon him, mentioning among other things that he had been compelled to pass the night in an empty truck in the streets."

No doubt, such trials are hard, but not so hard as those of the martyrs of the first three centuries. To become a Catholic in those days was to lose the affections of friends, comfortable homes, all temporal goods, all prospect in business, and life itself at last under the greatest torments. But, by the grace of God, the martyrs underwent all these trials and felt consoled by the words of our Lord: "He that shall lose his life for my sake, shall find it." (Matt. xvi. 25.) In like manner, all true converts, like McMaster, will set aside earthly considerations, too human, when question of gaining life everlasting. To all the objections of his Protestant friends, Mr. McMaster answered like General Thomas F. Carpenter when he became a Catholic.

"The general, when about to become a Catholic, made known his intention to a friend. The friend, of course, was surprised. He instanced the fearful results consequent upon a proceeding so unpopular, the loss of professional practice, the alienation of friends, the scoffs of the crowd, etc. 'All such blessings,' replied General Carpenter, 'I can dispense with, all such insults I can despise, but I cannot afford to lose my immortal soul.' The General spoke thus, because he knew and firmly believed what Jesus Christ has solemnly declared, to wit: 'He who loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me' (Matt. x. 37); and as to the loss of temporal gain, he has answered: 'What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?' (Mark. viii. 36.)—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal, Sept. 2, 1854.*

"In joining the Catholic Church, McMaster and many other converts have rendered invalid the plea of ignorance or inability. Those who have not come can as well come as those who have come; and their guilt in not coming is aggravated by their knowledge of the fact that some of their own number have come; for they are no longer in ignorance. (St. Aug., lib. 1, de Bapt. contr. Donat. cap. v.; St. John Chrys. in Epist. ad Rom. xxvi.) The fault is their own. They stay away because they do not will to come. 'Ye will not come to me that

you may have life, because your deeds are evil.'

"All may have the church for their mother, if they choose, Christ is in the church, but he is also out of the church. In the church he is operating by His grace to save those who enter; out of her He operates also by His grace, or is ready to operate, in the hearts of all men, to supply the will and the ability to come in. If they come not at His call, on their own heads lies the blame. They have no excuse, not the least shadow of an excuse. The reason why they come not can be only that they do not choose to come, that they resist His grace, and scorn His invitations, and will not yield to His inspirations. No nice theological distinctions, no scholastic subtlety, no latitudinarian ingenuity, can relieve them of the blame, or make it not true that they could have come, had they been so disposed. If, then, they stay away, and are lost, it is they who have destroyed themselves.

"No; let us love our countrymen too much to be ingenious in inventing excuses for them, to strain the faith in their behalf till it is nearly ready to snap. Let us, from a deep and tender charity, which, when need is, have the nerve to be terribly severe, thunder, or, if we are no Bonapartes, breathe in soft but thrilling accents, in their ears, in their souls, in their consciences, those awful truths which they will know too late at the day of judgment. We must labor to convict them of sin, to show them their folly and madness, to convince them that they are dead in trespasses and sins, and condemned already, and that they can be restored to life, and freed from condemnation by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, which is dispensed through the church, and the church only."—*O. A. Brownson.*

END OF CHAPTER I.

### FLOS CARMEL.

For the Carmelite Review.

I fain would sing a quaint new song

Thy loving heart to greet.

I fain would call all flowers 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 musing

And faint the music now,

I cannot place a golden crown

Upon thy queenly brow.

The earliest 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 sense 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.

DUBLIN, IRELAND,

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

## A VALIANT PRIEST.

BY THE REY. FR. DEAN HARRIS.

For the Carmelite Review.

..... He went forth  
Strengthened to suffer, clothed to subdue  
The might of human passion, to pass on  
Quietly to the sacrifice of all  
The lofty hopes of manhood, and to turn  
The high ambition written on his brow  
From the first dream of power and human fame.  
—W. Walter.



On the 19th of June, 1625, Fathers Charles Lallemand, Enemond Masse, and John Brebeuf, members of the great Jesuit Order, arrived at Quebec ready to devote themselves to the conversion and elevation of the roving hordes that filled the forests of New France, now the Dominion of Canada. Just one year before, members of this extraordinary society had reached the confines of Thibet and the sources of the Ganges. The three priests were now about to establish a mission which was destined to carry the cross from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi and the Hudson Bay. With them came Father de la Roche Dallion, a distinguished priest, a member of the Franciscan Order, whose missionaries for ten years labored among the Hurons of the Northern region, and followed the shiftless and roving Montagnais to the headwaters of the Saguenay and along the Northern banks of the St. Lawrence. It was a member of this venerable order who, in 1615, greeted Champlain on the shores of Lake Huron.

When the Jesuit priests arrived at Quebec, they were hospitably received by the Franciscan priests, who tendered them the freedom of their monastery and sheltered them for the two years they remained at Quebec awaiting a dwelling-place of their own. "At this epoch," writes Charlesvoix, "there was in all Canada but a solitary fort at Quebec, surrounded with a few wretched buildings and bark cabins, two or three huts on the Island of Montreal, a like number at Tadoussac, and a few trading posts along the lower St. Lawrence. At Three Rivers they were beginning to form a settlement."

In the spring of 1626, Father Dallion, ac-

companied by the Jesuits, Brebeuf and de la Noue, left Quebec with a Huron flotilla, whose canoes were headed for the Huron hunting grounds in Northern forests. The trees on either side of the St. Lawrence were budding into verdant foliage, cakes of ice were still floating on the waters, and the startled deer gazed upon the voyageurs in awe and wonderment. On the afternoon of the 14th of April, they entered the dark waters of the Ottawa. The eternal silence of the wilds around them, the rank and luxuriant growth of vine and timber, the giant trees that lined the river on either side amazed the priests, while the desolation of forests that lay in endless stretches around them excited their wonder and admiration. As the canoes moved into the upper waters of the Ottawa, the river opened at times into spacious lakes fringed with the primeval forests, and sown with picturesque islands that floated on their placid surface. They portaged the Rideau Rapids, and reaching Le Chaudiere, lingered for a time to allow their swarthy companions to offer to the tutelary Manitou of the cataract the propitiatory gifts of tobacco and tobacco smoke. The priests witnessed this idolatrous act with horror but, powerless to intervene, they observed a discreet silence, "praying to the only and true God," as Father Brebeuf wrote, "to enlighten the minds of these poor savages." At length they reached the waters of the Matawan, crossed the last of the thirty-five portages and relaunched their canoes on the calm bosom of Lake Nipissing. Coasting its Southern shores they entered French River, whose pleasant current bore them to the great Lake of the Hurons, or *Karegouchi*, as it was called by their Indian companions. Skirting its Western shore line they sailed on, and after a weary voyage of seven hundred miles, the Huron flotilla paddled into Matchedash Bay, where, after a few hours, the canoes were beached and the journey was ended.

The priests, after a short rest, began their heroic labors. From the eighteen towns having a population of 30,000 or 40,000 souls, they selected two in which to open their missions. At *Ihouanaticia*, Fathers Brebeuf and de La Noue began the Mission of St. Joseph, while Father Dallion went to *Caregoucha*, on the Western coast of the Huron peninsula, where he opened the Mission of St. Gabriel. Here he built a

bark chapel, in which, every morning, clothed in simple vestments, he offered up the Holy Sacrifice on an altar decorated with vines and wild flowers. Joseph de la Roche Dallion was a man of extraordinary force of character "as distinguished," wrote Champlain, "for his noble birth and talents as he was remarkable for his humility and piety, who abandoned the honors and glory of the world for the humiliation and poverty of a religious life." Of the aristocratic family of the Du Ludez, society tendered him a courteous welcome; the army and the professions were open to him, wealth, with its corresponding advantages, too, were his when he startled his friends, shocked society, and grieved his family by declaring his intention of becoming a member of the Order of St. Francis, a religious association of bare-footed beggars. The ranks of the secular clergy offered him the probabilities of a mitre, and the hope of a Cardinal's hat. His family's wealth and position in the state, his father's influence at court, his own talents, and the prestige of an aristocratic name, all bespoke for him promotion in the church. His friends in vain pleaded with him to associate himself with the secular priesthood, and when they learned that he was not only inflexible in his resolution to join the Franciscans, but had asked to be sent into the frozen wilds of Canada, they thought him beside himself. He left France in the full flush of his ripening manhood, and, for the love of perishing souls, entered upon the thorny path that in all probability would lead him to a martyr's grave. He remained at *Caraogocha* for some months, when he received a letter from Father Le Caron, the Superior of the Recollects at Quebec, to set out for the great Neutral Tribe or Attiwandaron, whose tribal lands lay between the Hurons and the Iroquois. In obedience to this request, he left Huronia Oct. 18th, 1626, accompanied by two companions, and for six days followed the trail that led to the Neutral villages. In a letter which he wrote to a friend in France, he gives a history of his experience and valuable information touching the Neutral Nation. "Though far away," he writes: "It is still permitted to visit our friends by missives which render the absent present. Our Indians were amazed at it, seeing us often write to our Fathers at a distance, and that by our let-

ters they learn our ideas, and what the Indians had done at our residence. After having made some stay in our Canada convent, and communicated with our Fathers and the Jesuit Fathers, I was compelled by a religious affection to visit the sedentary nations, whom we call Hurons, and with me the Rev. Fathers Brebeuf and de Noye, Jesuits. Having arrived there with all the hardships that any one may imagine, by reason of the wretched way, "sometime afterwards I received a letter from our Reverend Father, Joseph le Caron, by which he encouraged me to pass on to a nation we call Neutral, of which the interpreter told wonders. Encouraged, then, by so good a Father, and the grand account given me of these people, I started for their country, setting out from the Hurons with this design October 18th, 1626, with men called Grenole and Laxalee, Frenchmen by birth. Passing the Petun Nation, I made acquaintance and friendship with an Indian chief, who is in great credit, who promised to guide me to the Neutral Nations, and supply Indians to carry our baggage and what little provisions we had; for to think to live in these countries as mendicants is self-deceit; these people giving only as far as you oblige them, so that you must often make long stages, and often spend many nights with no shelter but the stars. He fulfilled what he had promised to our satisfaction, and we slept only five nights in the woods, and on the sixth day arrived at the first village, where we were well received, thanks to our Lord, and then at four other villages, which envied each other in bringing us food, - some venison, others squashes, meinthaony, and the best they had.

"All were astonished to see me dressed as I was, and to see that I desired nothing of theirs, except that I invited them (by signs) to lift their eyes to heaven, make the sign of the cross, and receive the faith of Jesus Christ. What filled them with wonder was to see me retire at certain hours in the day to pray to God and attend to my spiritual affairs, for they had never seen religious, except towards the Petunex and Hurons, their neighbors. At last we arrived at the sixth village,\* where I had been ad-

\*Gilmory Shea, in an article which he wrote for the "Narrative and critical History of Canada," Vol. II, is of the opinion that he took up his residence in one of the villages on the Eastern bank of the Niagara River.

vised to remain, I called a council. Remark by the way, if you please, they call every assembly a council. They hold them as often as it pleases the chiefs. They sit on the ground, in a cabin, or the open field, in profound (very strict) silence, while the chief harangues, and they are inviolable observers of what has once been concluded and resolved.

"There I told them, as well as I could, that I came on behalf of the French to contract alliance and friendship with them, and to invite them to come to trade. I also begged them to allow me to remain in their country to instruct them in the law of our God, which is the only means of going to Heaven. They accepted all my offers, and showed me that they were very agreeable. Being much consoled at this, I made them a present of what little I had, as little knives and other trifles, and which they esteemed highly. For in this country nothing is done with the Indians without making them some kind of a present. In return they adopted me, as they say—that is to say, they declared me a citizen and child of the country, and gave me in trust—mark of great affection—to Souharissen, who was my father and host: for according to age, they are accustomed to call us cousin, brother, son, uncle, or nephew. This man is the chief of the greatest credit and authority that has ever been in all these nations; for he is not only chief of this village, but of all those of his nation, composed of twenty-eight towns, cities and villages, made like those in the Huron country, and also of several little hamlets of seven or eight cabins, built in various parts convenient for fishing, hunting or agriculture. It is unexampled in the other nations to have so absolute a chief. He acquired this honor and power by his courage, and by having been repeatedly at war with seventeen nations, which are their enemies, and taken heads or brought in prisoners from them all. Those who are so valiant are much esteemed among them, and although they have only the club, bow and arrow, yet they are, nevertheless, very adroit and warlike with these arms.

"After all this cordial welcome our Frenchmen returned, and I remained, the happiest man in the world, hoping to do something there to advance God's glory, or at least to discover the means which would

be no small thing, and to discover the mouth of the river of the Iroquois (Niagara, in order to bring them to trade). I did my best to learn their manners and way of living. During my stay I visited them in their cabins to know and instruct them. I found them tractable enough, and I often made the little children, who are very bright, naked and dishevelled, make the sign of the cross. I remarked that in all the country I met no humpback, one-eyed, or deformed person.

"During three months I had every reason in the world to be satisfied with my people; but the Hurons, having discovered that I talked of leading them to trade, spread in all the villages where we passed very bad reports about me: that I was a great magician; that I had tainted the air of their country and poisoned many; that if they did not kill me soon, that I would set fire to their villages and kill all their children. In fine, I was, as they said, a great atatanite—that is their word to mean him who performs sorceries, whom they hold in great horror. And now, by the way, that there are a great many sorcerers, who pretend to heal diseases by mummeries and other fancies. In a word, the Hurons told them so much evil of us, to prevent their going to trade; that the French were unapproachably rude, sad, melancholy people, who live only on snakes and poison; that we eat thunder, which they imagine to be an unparalleled chimera, relating a thousand strange stories about it; that we all had a tail like animals; that the women had only one nipple in the centre of the breast; that they bare five or six children at a time; adding a thousand other absurdities to make us hated by them, and prevent their trading with us, so that they might have the trade with these nations themselves exclusively, which is very profitable to them. In fact, these good people, who are very easily to persuade, grew very suspicious of me. As soon as any one fell sick, they came to ask me whether it was not true that I had poisoned him, and that they would surely kill me if I did not cure him. I had great difficulty in excusing and defending myself. At last ten men of the last village, called Ouaroronon, one day's journey from the Iroquois, their relatives, and friends, coming to trade at our village, came to visit me, and invited me to come and see them



In their village. I promised to do so without fail, when the snow ceased, melted, and to give them all some little presents, with which they seemed satisfied. Thereupon they left the cabin where I was living, always concealing their evil designs against me. Seeing that it was growing late, they came back after me, and abruptly began a quarrel without provocation. One knocked me down with a blow of his fist; another took an axe and tried to split my head, God averted his hand; the blow fell on a bar near me. I also received much other ill-treatment; but that is what we came to seek in this country. Becoming somewhat appeased, they vented their wrath on what little goods were left us: they took our writing-desk, blanket, breviary, and bag, which contained some knives, needles, awls, and other small objects of the kind. And having thus stripped me, they went off all that night, full of joy at their exploit. On arriving at the village and examining the spoil, touched, perhaps, by repentance coming from the Most High, they sent me back our breviary, compass, desk, blanket and bag—empty, however. When they arrived in my village, called Ounontisaston, there were only women there. The men had gone to hunt stags. On their return they declared they were much grieved at the misfortune that had befallen me, after which no more was said about it.

"The report at once spread to the Hurons that I had been killed. On this the good Fathers Brebeuf and de Nove, who remained there, sent Grenole to me at once to learn the truth, with orders to bring me back if I was still alive. The letter they wrote me also invited me to do so, I did not wish to gainsay them, as this was their advice, and that of all the Frenchmen, who feared more misfortune than profit by my death. I accordingly returned to the Huron country, where I now am, all admiring the divine effects of Heaven. The country of this Neutral Nation is incomparably larger, more beautiful, and better than any other of all these countries. There is an incredible number of stags, great abundance of moose or elk, beaver, wild cats, and black squirrels larger than the French; a great quantity of wild geese, turkeys, cranes, and other animals, which are there all winter, which is not long and rigorous as in Canada. No snow had fallen by the 22nd of Novem-

ber, and it never was over two feet deep, and began to melt on the 26th of January. On the 8th of March there was none at all in the open places, though there was a little indeed still left in the woods. A stay there is quite recreating and convenient; the rivers furnish much excellent fish; the earth gives good grain, more than is needed. They have squashes, beans, and other vegetables in abundance, and very good oil, which they call Atoumton, so that I have no hesitation in saying that we should settle there rather than elsewhere. Undoubtedly with a longer stay there would be hope of advancing God's glory, which should be more sought after than anything else, and their conversion to the faith is more to be hoped for than that of the Hurons. Their real business is hunting and war. Out of that they are very lazy, and you see them, like beggars in France, when they have their fill, lying on their belly in the sun. Their life, like that of the Hurons, is very impure, and their manners and customs are quite the same. Their language is different, however, yet they understand each other, as the Algonquins and Montagnais do. I am,

"The most humble servant in our Lord,

"JOSEPH DE LA ROCHE DALLON."

"Dated at Tonachin (Tonachin)."

Huron Village, this 18th July, 1627."

If he saw the Falls, he would have been the first white man that ever gazed upon the great cataract. Father Dallon\* remained but a short time among the Hurons after his return. Being summoned to Quebec, he left Ossossatine in the fall of 1627, and never again returned to the country.

\* Very little is known of Father Joseph de la Roche Dallon. He is mentioned in the Relation of 1641, p. 74. In Pierre Marzay, vol. I, p. 4, I find the following extract: "One of our Fathers was the first to visit the Neutral Nation, a tribe occupying a large extent of country, and hitherto comparatively unknown. One of the Jesuit Fathers, Brebeuf, who was dwelling among the Hurons, having heard that his life was in danger, sent two Frenchmen to bring him back." In "Les Voyages de Champlain," Canadian Ed. Book 2nd chap. 3, 1625, he is first mentioned as having come over from France in the same ship with Sieur de Caen, that he was an exemplary priest, connected with the family of the Count Du Lude, and that he abandoned all worldly honors and temporal benefits for things spiritual. He arrived at Quebec, June 19th, 1625. He is again mentioned in "Les Voyages de Champlain" as having accompanied the Jesuit Fathers, De Nove and Brebeuf, to the Huron country. He is referred to again, and for the last time, by Champlain in 1629. Champlain was at Quebec and short of provisions, in fact the colony was threatened with famine. He says: "I called on Father Joseph de la Roche, a very good Religious, to know if I could obtain provisions from the Fathers, if they had any to spare." He replied: "So far as he was concerned, he was ready to give every assistance, that he would at once see Father Joseph Le Caron and speak to him about it." He left Quebec with two other Recollects to return to France, Sept. 9th, 1629. In Noisieux "Liste Chronologique," the date of his death is given, July 16th, 1686.

THIRD ORDER OF  
**Mount Carmel.**

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

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

CHAPTER XVI.

*Of the Charity Towards Sisters and the De-  
 parted.*



WHEN any one of the Tertians shall fall seriously sick, the director, the prioress and the other members shall at once be notified that they may prove their charity by relieving her by visits, prayers and in case of necessity also material support.

When the viaticum is given to a sick member the Tertians shall assist as far as possible, and then by turn remain with the sick, comforting her by prayers and pious conversation. After death the sister shall be dressed in a long dark habit, cotton belt, Scapular and white veil, as was said in Chapter VI., and the Tertians shall be either present at the funeral or at least continuously offer up suffrages for the soul of the departed.

On the day of burial or the weeks' mind all shall receive holy communion in favor of the departed. Those that can read shall moreover recite the entire office for the dead, those unable to read reciting instead the same number of "Our Fathers and Hail Marys," as on feast days, adding instead of the "Glory be to the Father" the "Eternal rest, etc."

The same obligation is to be discharged when they are notified of the death of a Tertian sister in another place within the same province. The sisters in this shall remember that what they do for others shall also be done for themselves.

The same charity shall be shown and the same duties rendered to each other by the

Tertian brothers. Of the Ternary suffrages mention was made in Chapter IX.

*What you have done to the least of my brethren, you have done to me, says our Lord. The most far reaching and important charity is towards the dying and dead. As members of the one mystical body of Christ, and still more closely allied by the bonds of consecrately within the Third Order, the obligation of assisting suffering members in any way possible is certainly a sacred one, and the Tertians who should show themselves negligent or unwilling to discharge these duties ought to be severely disciplined by the director. Social distinctions are often used as an excuse, as if any Catholic could possibly demean himself by associating with the sick poor. Our Lord associated with them by preference, and His example should be the standard of the conduct of those who perfectly wish to make their lives similar to His. Hence no allowance should be made for foolish pride and class distinctions in this case.*

CHAPTER XVII.

*On the Obligation and Dispensation of This Rule and of the Works of Supererogation.*

This rule does not bind its professors under any sin, not even venial, except in those things which are enjoined by divine or ecclesiastical law. Nevertheless all shall endeavor to faithfully observe it for the pure love of God, and thus gain great merit for their souls and a well founded hope of a future plentiful retribution.

When the Tertians fail against the rule through negligence or forgetfulness they shall humbly submit to the reprimand and penance enjoined on them by the director or confessor.

If parts of the rule should prove to be too hard and difficult for some individual member, and a just and reasonable cause exists for dispensation, the director, and in matters of less importance also the confessor, can dispense or commute the duty into other works of piety, and the persons thus dispensed need not grieve over their inability to observe the rule punctually and entirely, since the rule allows these dispensations, and unwillingness to accept them in case of necessity would prove that they prefer their selfwill to obedience.

If finally the Tertians, inspired by the Lord, would like to add some work of piety or mortification, having, however, pre-

viously obtained the permission of the director or confessor, God will reward them. But let them always use discretion, which is the moderator of all virtue.

*Though the rule does not bind under sin, it yet binds under punishment, because God has a right to demand extraordinary services from those, who offered themselves voluntarily to a life of perfection. We ought to remember the fate of the servant, who hid the talent entrusted to him, and was condemned, because he had no gain to show. Every punishment has to be undergone either in life or in purgatory, and hence it would be foolish to hide the faults from the director, to escape punishment. It would be only delayed, not escaped, and therefore Tertians having their duty and their spiritual progress at heart, will be perfectly candid and even glad to be punished in this life so as to escape the severe punishment inflicted by divine justice.*

*Works of supererogation should but rarely be allowed and with great circumspection, and never to new comers.*

#### Epilogue.

It must be clear to every observant reader of the rules of the Third Order, that whilst the rules do not contain any obligations nor demand mortification beyond the compass of any person living in the world, they yet are an admirable imitation of religious convent life. Thus they are, we are sure, a welcome substitute for the many whom the grace of God attracts extraordinarily, and who through sickness, poverty or similar impediments are prevented from joining a religious community. Half a loaf is better than no bread, says a proverb, that applies also in this case. Let no one hastily enroll himself in the Third Order, but when after mature reflection he thinks himself called, he should not consult flesh and blood, but determinedly don the garb of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel, and under her cloak boldly fight his battles. A child of Mary will not perish. How much less a volunteer soldier of Mary. May God and his Blessed Mother call many, many to the rank and file of the Third Order.

To satisfy the curiosity of the reader, we append the formula of the vows taken in the Third Order. It is this:

"I, N. N. make my profession and promise obedience and chastity to Almighty

God, the ever Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, and to the Right Reverend Prior General of the whole order of the same Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, and to his successors, according to the rule of the Third Order, until death."

THE END.

### SONNET OF ST. ELIAS.

I.

#### CARMEL.

Over the land three years hath long a pall  
 Though glazes the sunshine on the wearied eyes  
 For God hath closed the fountains of the skies  
 "Nor dew nor rain upon the earth shall fall."  
 On Baal for help in vain his prophets call  
 There by Jehovah's three-dreined sacrifice  
 A roused, skingier, man with fervour cries  
 To God, who snatched life ease from Egypt's thrall  
 Answering his prayer, bright flaming tongues descend  
 Lapping the altar, proving Jehovah's power;  
 Then looms a little cloud, then falls a shower;  
 And then wild torrents the blue barriers rent,  
 And all the people, prostrate on the sward,  
 Exclaim "it is Jehovah—Jehovah's Lord."

II.

#### HOREB.

Far in the desert, 'neath the white-flecked broom,  
 A pilgrim, fleeing from the guilty queen,  
 Inspiring cries: "Lord, but on Thee I lean,  
 Speak Thou, to my soul, my vanished father's doom."  
 He sleeps, and he! an angel's touch his gloom  
 Dispel, and nurtures him. With changed mien,  
 He journeys to the mount where God was seen  
 Of Moses. Silent above, the grey peaks loom;  
 When hark! a mighty storm rolls madly by:  
 And then by fearful shock, the mount is rent;  
 And then a lurid flame illumines the sky;  
 Yet not in wind, or shock, or flame's portent,  
 Is God, but hark with still, small, whispering  
 voice,  
 God calls His prophet; now doth his soul rejoice.

III.

#### GILEAD.

They stand beside the sterile Jordan's flow,  
 Elias and he, who, called from the village fold,  
 The vision of his Master will not glow  
 Till on his countenance the mystic glow  
 Doth shine. The Prophet's cloak, with gentle blow,  
 Falls, suiting the waters current, when, as if  
 congealed,  
 It stands. They pass. Then suddenly revealed,  
 While speak they of the coming parting, he!  
 Engulf by flame, a chariot heavenward flies,  
 Jehovah's seat is capt up in his home,  
 "O father, Israel's chorist," Eliha cries  
 As, gazing on the wind-rent azure dome,  
 He grasps the fallen cloak, and stands apart  
 The Master's spirit pulsing in his heart.

—P. J. DULON, D. D., Ph. D., in *New World*

THE way to do a thing is just to do it.

—THE—  
**Carmelite Review.**

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

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

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, Aug., 1894. No. 8.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE is one thing in which we cannot sin by excess. We cannot love God too much. St. Teresa died of love. Our Saviour died for love of us. "The only measure in loving God," says St. Bernard, "is to love Him without measure."

We celebrate the feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary on the 26th of this month. We hope all our friends will remember that the American Province of the Carmelite Order is dedicated to the Most Pure Heart of Mary. We wish to be as near and dear as possible to that Motherly heart, which alone of all human hearts has the right to love even her God with the natural affection of a mother.

We are indebted to the kindness of our no less gifted than amiable neighbor, Dean Harris, for the deeply interesting article appearing in this number under the heading "A Valiant Priest." It is the history of the first priest that ever visited this section of our country, and preached the first mission to the Neutral Indians, who inhabited the territory now occupied by our Monastery and Hospice.

The house of our Irish Carmelite Fathers in New York has sustained another loss in the death of Father J. Whitley, who died on the vigil of the feast of Mount Carmel. This is the second case of death among these self-sacrificing men since their foundation, only a few years ago. It is a consoling coincidence that the departed should have been called to his reward on the very

eve of the great feast of Our Mother. We ask all our friends for a kind remembrance of our deceased brother.

THE *Av. Maria* in its last number contained a very interesting account of the famous English singer, Mr. Santley. He is a convert, having been received into the church some fourteen years ago by the Passionist Fathers at Highgate, London. Although he no longer appears upon the stage, he makes use of his wonderful talent for the honor and glory of God and our Blessed Mother by singing *grottois* in the Catholic churches in London. The writer in the *Av. Maria* says further: "Mr. Santley is a good friend to the Passionist Fathers, and also to Our Lady's special servants, the Carmelite Fathers. On great festivals of the Blessed Virgin he is frequently present in the choir of their church; and while the procession of monks in their white cloaks, carrying the statue, passes down the aisle, his voice rises to heaven singing the praises of Heaven's Queen—*glos et decore Carmeli*."

THE feast of the Assumption! The triumph of Our Lady, the crowning work of the creation, the redemption and the sanctification of mankind. To-day is crowned in heaven the masterpiece of God's creation, the most perfect being that ever proceeded from the hands of the Creator, the most fully redeemed of our sinful race, the Immaculate Mother of the Redeemer, the most fully sanctified, the spouse of the Holy Ghost, full of grace. And the crowning of all the virtues of the Sacred Heart in her who was the humble handmaid of the Lord. Humility, the virtue of the Incarnate Son of God, the God of Bethlehem, of Gethsemane, of Calvary, of the Tabernacle, is the most beautiful diadem in Mary's crown. And to-day, in the midst of her triumph, she, the Queen of heaven and earth, is still the humblest of all the saints around the "White Throne." How can we miss the lesson? Is the Assumption not the clearest revelation of God's tastes, of His character? If we will captivate the heart of the Son of Mary we must be lowly and resigned to our own unworthiness, and we cannot afford to be anything but mild and gentle with others.

On May 22nd last, Sister Veronica, of the Holy Face, a member of the Carmelite Convent, of New Orleans, passed away. On July 5th, Sister Veronica, of the Five Wounds, died at the Carmelite Convent, St. Louis, after a short illness. We recommend their souls to all our readers. We hear that a third sister of this name is very ill at the Carmelite Convent at Baltimore. These dear souls will not forget their friends on earth, when they shall see that Holy Face in Heaven, whose image was left in the hands of their holy patroness as a sign of our Lord's love.

St. ALBERT, whose feast we celebrate on the 7th of August, is daily gaining new clients among our readers. We have received so many applications for the water, blessed with his holy relics, and so many letters of thanksgiving in return, that we feel confident that his great gift of miracles is still in operation, and that God intends him to be honored more and more every day by all the friends of Carmel. The Carmelite Nuns of New Orleans, Boston, Baltimore and St. Louis can provide all persons residing in these cities with St. Albert's water. We are ready to attend to all applications for the same, and are anxious to have our great saint honored as he deserves.

From the sermon on the Mount to His last words on the Cross, our dear Lord spoke with such divine wisdom that even His enemies said: "Never did man speak like this man." But the most loving, most pathetic of all His discourses is the last one to His disciples after His last supper. It is the revelation of His heart. It concludes with a most sublime prayer for unity and love among His disciples. Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, has spoken many a word of wisdom to our proud and ignorant age, many a warm word of christian love to our cold, egotistic century. But he reveals his heart fully in the tender, pathetic message which he has lately given to the world as his testament. He pleads and prays in unison with the Sacred Heart for unity and love among all those who have heard of Christ, and for whom His Precious Blood was shed. There is hope for the future of our race, when this wise and aged Pontiff, of whom even his enemies declare:

"Never did Pope speak like this Pope," does not hesitate to lay bare his great heart to an indifferent and sceptical age.

The first general battle between the A. P. A. and all right-minded citizens has been fought and won in Ontario. The elections for the Provincial House took place on Tuesday, June 26. The Conservative party, under the leadership of W. R. Meredith, took open sides with the P. P. A. as they are called in Canada; against the Liberal Government, which, under the leadership of the Hon. Mr. Moxat, vigorously repudiated the P. P. A. Some time ago a P. P. A. representative, Mr. McCallum, introduced a bill aimed at the separate school system, which would have been the ruin of our Catholic schools, had it been passed. It amounted to a virtual abolition of all that makes the Catholic schools Catholic. It would have expelled the nuns from our schools and it would have excluded all Catholic school books, imposing a fine on the use of Catholic books in the school. The bill did not pass, but the programme was upheld by W. R. Meredith and his party. But the days of bigotry and narrow-minded prejudice are over in Canada. The religious cry has lost its strength. The election gave a good majority for the Liberal party, and of the P. P. A. candidates only two were elected. It is to be hoped that the Catholics and honest Protestants of the United States, when occasion offers, will give the A. P. A. the same severe lesson which has been administered to the bigoted parent society in Canada.

An intrepid champion of the faith who has but lately joined the army of Catholic confessors, and who is still somewhat of a free lance—we mean the editor of the *Globe Review*—said something in a late article on Parochial Schools which deserves the attention of all Catholic parents. He attributes the superiority of the parochial schools, among other things, to the supernatural influence which the daily attendance at mass must exercise upon the Catholic child. We regret that this is not the case in every parochial school, for we know of many in which daily attendance at the august sacrifice is not considered necessary in the training of the child. And we regret

still more that during these happy days of vacation so few Catholic children, who could easily continue this holy exercise, care to do so or are urged to do so by their parents. Parents are not free of their obligations towards their children when they send them to a Catholic school, much less are they dispensed from their sacred obligations when the teachers and sisters of our schools cease taking part of their burden from their hands. In vacation time parents must be more than ordinarily watchful over their children. They are obliged under sin not only to give them the good example of attending mass at least on Sundays and holidays of obligation, but they must know that their children are there too. If they insist on sending their children to mass every day, where it is possible, they would continue the good done in the school. Then they are obliged to insist upon daily prayers. Blessed the family in which father and mother unite with their children in family prayer. And then, finally, they must guard their children against substituting for the good company they had at their Catholic schools the bad companions of the streets and by-ways. There is no vacation in vigilance for a good christian parent.

#### The Corner Stone of the Hospice.

The feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel on Monday, the 16th of July, was celebrated at the Carmelite Monastery of Niagara Falls with unusual solemnity. His Grace, the Most Rev. John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, on that day blessed and laid the corner-stone of the "Hospice." Early in the morning visitors and pilgrims began to arrive from Buffalo, Rochester, Lockport, Niagara Falls, St. Catharines, Hamilton, and all surrounding places. Hundreds came fasting, and received the Sacraments in the pilgrimage church. At 10 a. m. the Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, Provincial of the order in America, sang the Solemn High Mass, with two other Carmelite Fathers as deacon and sub-deacon. His Grace, the Archbishop, assisted at Mass in his pontifical garments, attended by the Very Rev. Vicar-General J. J. McCann, and the Very Rev. President of Niagara University, P. V. Kavanagh. The choir of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, of Rochester, N. Y., had volunteered its services, and

had sent eight of its best singers to sing the Mass and other liturgical songs. They sang a Mass composed by Prof. Seibold, under his own personal direction. After Mass, His Grace addressed the large congregation, which had filled the Church to overflowing, in warm and fervent words. After congratulating the large gathering of the faithful from all parts of the country upon their devotion to the Blessed Virgin and interest in the works of the "Hospice," he feelingly spoke of his predecessor, the late Archbishop J. J. Lynch. He said that this work of the Hospice was but a realization of a sublime idea of his predecessor. As the Church loves to seek the most beautiful spots of nature to worship God—so Archbishop Lynch, a man no less governed by intentions of science than by inspirations of faith, was prompted by this spirit of the Church to establish great religious institutions on both sides of the grand river. Thus he had founded on the American side a great seat of learning, of which Niagara University was the embodiment in stone—then here, on the spot where the voice of the Lord is upon the waters, he had established the beautiful Convent of Loretto, and now, this great assembly of clergy and laity had gathered from far and near to witness the beginning of the realization of his last idea—the erection of a house of retreat, a haven of peace and rest for the pilgrim to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace. He had entrusted the care of this institution to the keeping of a religious community of men, who belonged to the most ancient order of the church, and were men of prayer and devoted to the veneration of the Mother of God. In conclusion, His Grace exhorted his hearers to continue to manifest their interest in the work of the Fathers in the same generous and liberal Catholic spirit which they had shown so faithfully since the beginning of the work, even in the midst of distressing times. He then imparted the Papal Blessing to the people, according to the privilege granted the Order of Mount Carmel. Then the clergy and people in procession accompanied His Grace to the site of the new building. Many of our friends who had not yet seen the work thus far accomplished were surprised at the massive masonry and size of the foundations, and the beauty of the stone and ma-

terial used in their construction. The corner stone, most artistically sculptured, a gift from a Protestant friend, was then blessed by His Grace and placed in position. The ceremonies concluded with a beautiful sermon by Father Raphael Fuhr, a Franciscan Father, who had come from his college at Quincy, Ill., to preach at this occasion. We shall give the sermon in full in the September number of the REVIEW, as we could not find space in the present number.

#### AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

It does a Catholic heart good to see the manly and courageous stand that many of our leading periodicals are taking in face of the evils of our present day.

*Doubtless Magazine* for July opens with an article on the blessings of the A. P. A. The writer deserves the highest commendation for the courageous report he administers to some of our so-called Catholic politicians. He says they are a curse instead of a blessing to us. If, as Brownson continually asserted in his writings, the American Republic can only save its very existence by a liberal infusion of Catholic Christianity into its politics, it is surely not by such Catholic politicians as we see at work now that the country will be saved. The writer hopes for great blessings from the A. P. A. movement in the States. His hopes are fully warranted, for they have already been realized to a great extent in Canada. The loyalty which Catholics everywhere manifested to each other was so pronounced that the defeated party now accuses the *crystallized rob* of the Catholic church as the cause of its political downfall.

German Americans fully realize the fact that the classic language of the "fatherland" will sooner or later have to be sacrificed to the need of a uniform language in America. And this language must of necessity be the English. At the same time, however, many acquisitions of their glorious past may be saved and treasured as a valuable inheritance for their American-born children. To accomplish this in some measure a very promising venture has been made lately in Chicago to publish a German paper in English dress. *The Review* is a sixteen page monthly. Catholic and fearless in its tone, and full of good things. Germans are proverbial for their thoroughness in literary pursuits. We hope that *The Review* will stick to its colors and give us all that is best in German thought and solidity. The citizen of the coming great American nation must be the composite product of all past civilizations, and cannot afford to leave out of his composition a goodly share of German culture.

## The Catechism

### OF MOUNT CARMEL.

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

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### *Obligations.*

**Ques.** What must a person do to become a member of the Confraternity of the Scapular?

**Ans.** In order to become a member of the confraternity of Mount Carmel, and to be entitled to all the indulgences and privileges attached to the Scapular it is necessary:

1. To be invested with the Scapular by a priest who has the necessary faculties.

2. To wear the Scapular constantly, day and night, especially at the hour of death.

3. To have one's name registered in a book kept for that purpose in a Carmelite convent or monastery, or in churches, where the confraternity is canonically established.

To gain the various indulgences all the conditions prescribed in each case must be fulfilled.

The three obligations mentioned above give the wearer of the Scapular a right:

1. To share in all the good works of the Carmelite Order.

2. To gain all Indulgences granted to the Order and the Confraternity.

3. To the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, to obtain the grace to lead a good life and especially the grace of a happy death. As we have proved in foregoing chapters, she promises that all those who die wearing the Scapular shall be preserved from the eternal fires of hell.

These privileges are attached to a mere wearing of the Scapular, after having been invested and inscribed in the register.

**Q.** What is required to gain the Sabbatine privilege?

**A.** Besides the three conditions mentioned above, it is also necessary:

1. To lead a chaste life, according to one's state.

2. For those who can read, to say the small office of the Blessed Virgin every day.

3. For those who cannot read, to abstain from meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

excepting Christmas day whenever it happens to fall on one of these days of the week.

Q. Does a change of one's state of life effect this privilege?

A. No, the obligation to lead a chaste life is the same obligation which is laid upon all Christians by God's commandments. Whatever is no breach of a commandment, in other words, a sin against chastity will not interfere with the Sabbatine privilege.

Q. Are priests and members of religious orders, who say the office of the church, obliged to recite the small office also in order to gain this privilege?

A. No, the recital of the breviary is sufficient to gain the Sabbatine privilege. It is, however, advisable that this intention be made. (S. Cong. Indulg. 18 Aug., 1868.)

Q. Is it allowed to say the small office in any language?

A. If possible, the Latin language should be used. (S. Cong. Indulg. 18 Aug., 1868.)

Q. But what is to be done when either the saying of the little office or the abstinence on Wednesdays and Saturdays is impossible?

A. In that case any priest who is authorized to do so may commute the obligation. As a rule this commutation consists in substituting some other prayers—commonly called "Scapular prayers."

Q. Many persons recite seven Our Fathers and seven Hail Marys every day for the Scapular. Are these prayers essential?

A. No, there are no prayers required for the Scapular beyond what has already been mentioned. The seven Our Fathers and the seven Hail Marys are an indulgenced prayer (40 days each time) in honor of the seven joys of the Blessed Virgin, and a priest having faculties may substitute them in commutation for the small office or the abstinence required for the Sabbatine privilege. But he may choose any other prayer as well.

Q. Is it a sin to miss your Scapular prayers?

A. Of course not. There is no obligation whatever binding upon the conscience to say them. They are simply a necessary condition to obtain a privilege which will not be gained otherwise.

Q. What reasons are sufficient to ask for

a commutation of the little office or the abstinence?

A. Any reasonable cause, such as sickness, dependence on others, serious inconvenience, etc. The Congregation of Indulgences (18 Sept., 1862) declares that children and sick people may be members of the confraternity and gain all the privileges by making use of this right of obtaining a commutation of the obligations mentioned.

Q. Thus to gain the first privilege, the grace of a happy death and preservation from hell, no special prayers are required?

A. No prayers are prescribed, except for the second privilege, to be delivered from purgatory the first Saturday after death, but it is clear that in any case the Scapular must be worn as an act of devotion to Our Lady.

To summarize:—If you wish to be preserved from an unhappy death get the Scapular from an authorized priest, who will see to it that your name is registered, and then wear it always, and if you die wearing it the Blessed Virgin will keep her promise. If you wish to be delivered from purgatory on the first Saturday after death you must furthermore have led a chaste life and either say the little office of the Blessed Virgin every day, or abstain from flesh meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays; or have this obligation changed to some other prayers by an authorized priest.

## It's Our Only Chance Now.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY MRS. J. SAULIER.



T was late in the fall and navigation was near its close in our Northern waters. A storm was gathering dark and heavy over one of the many bays extending into the noble coast-line of the great St. Lawrence, far down towards the gulf of the same name. Few sails were to be seen on the angry waste of waters, and those were all close-reefed and lying-to in anxious preparation for the coming tempest. The sea birds flew hither and thither in wild excitement, their shrill, discordant cries mingling in strange chorus with the mournful howling of the storm that was already bursting on the desolate shore.



A crowd of men were gathered together on the sandy beach, as near to the foaming line of breakers as safety would permit, watching with eager eyes the motions of a small boat which was struggling in the teeth of the hurricane, trying hard to keep clear of the breakers and the treacherous shoals that lay under their seething foam. Nearer and nearer came the frail craft, apparently regardless of the warning cries of the men on the beach, but in reality hearing them not at all in the roaring of the sea and the shrieking of the wind. Many of the anxious spectators were fishermen, and all were life-long dwellers by that storm-swept bay, so often the scene of shipwreck and disaster.

All the other ships within sight were succeeding in keeping off shore; this one alone seemed unable to make headway against the fierce gale or avoid the terrible breakers.

"My God, mates," cried one of the men on shore, "don't you see it's the Lucy Ann, Steve Brown's pilot boat! Can nothing be done to save her?" "What could be done?" was the sorrowful answer; "you know well there's ne'er a boat about here could put out in a sea like that. There's only one can help her now."

Meanwhile the doomed little vessel went swifter and swifter on her awful course, driven by the mighty force of the wind. Soon she dashed right into the outer line of the breakers and struck with a loud crash on the sandy shoal. A cry of mortal terror went up from her despairing crew, echoed no less fearfully from the helpless watchers on the shore, who began at once, nevertheless, to prepare long coils of rope to cast into the sea in the hope of saving some, at least, of the crew, when the vessel went to pieces, which must be the affair of only a few minutes under the awful presence of wind and sea.

\*\*\*\*\*  
On board the Lucy Ann all was terror and confusion. Blank despair had taken the place of the desperate efforts of a little while before. Of the five men who formed the crew only one, the youngest of them all, turned his thoughts to the Supreme Helper; and he prayed with all his heart, for the fear of death was on every soul, stout and brave as they were in ordinary vicissitudes. For some time they had hoped that the crowd of men they saw on

the beach—alas, how far off it seemed—might be able to help them. All too soon they perceived that nothing was to be expected from that quarter. The boat was fast aground; sea and sky were alike pitiless.

"And oh! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gathered o'er her!"

where she lay helpless among the cruel breakers.

Then outspoke John Heffernan, the young seaman before referred to, and his voice rang clear through the storm: "Kneel down all of you and pray, if you never prayed before: it's our only chance now! Kneel down, I say! Don't you see the boat is going to pieces?"

And taking out his Scapular, which had a badge of the Sacred Heart attached to it, the young man called aloud on Mary, Star of the Sea, and her divine Son to save him—to save all. "Oh! why don't you pray, captain?" he cried with wild energy; "all of you; there's still time; soon it will be too late."

"It is too late now, my boy," said Steve Brown, the captain, in a voice hoarse with agony and despair. "It's too late to begin now." So thought all the others if they did not say it, and in dogged determination they waited for the end, some scoffing to the last at the brave fellow, who, holding his Scapular and badge aloft continued in fervent supplication to the Merciful Heart of Jesus and His Compassionate Mother, others were sunk in the deadly stupor of despair.

The Lucy Ann pilot boat soon went to pieces and her crew disappeared one by one from the straining eyes on shore. A few hours later, when the storm had subsided sufficiently to venture near the wreck, a cry of joy went up from the fishermen who had put out in a boat to see if any of the sailors might have escaped. Clinging to a floating spar they found young Heffernan alive and well though much exhausted, his Scapular and badge still on the breast of his blue jacket where he had fastened them when washed into the sea. When asked for his companions he told them that all were lost. "They wouldn't pray," he said, "and they are all gone—gone! And if I'm saved," he added, "it's because of my Scapular and badge and the prayers I kept saying to the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel! Thanks and praises to them for ever more!" A fervent "Amen" rose in chorus from the lad's rescuers, all fervent Catholics.

\* The words the man actually made use of were too blasphemous and ruffianly to be repeated here. They were told me in an awe-struck voice by a native of that place.

## The Late Father Patrick Laurence O'Toole, O. C. C.

For the Carmelite Review.

Take him all in all,

We shall not look upon his like again.

*Shakespeare.*



HERE have been some men in the world's history--and they are necessarily few--who, by their deaths have deprived mankind of the power to do justice to their merits, in those particular spheres of excellence in which they had been pre-eminent. When the "immortal" Raphael for the last time laid down his palette, still moist with the brilliant colors which he had spread upon his unfinished masterpiece, destined to be exposed to admiration above his bier, he left none behind him who could worthily depict and transmit to us his beautiful lineaments; so that posterity has had to seek in his own paintings, among the guards at the sepulchre, or the youthful disciples in an ancient school, some figure which may be considered as representing himself.

When his mighty rival, Michel Angelo, cast down that massive chisel which no one after him was worthy or able to wield, none survived him who could venture to repeat in marble the rugged grandeur of his countenance; but we imagine that we can trace in the head of some unfinished satyr, or in the sublime countenance of his Moses, the natural or the idealized type from which he drew his stern and noble inspirations.

No less can it be said that when the pen dropped from the hand of the author of that "*Magnum Opus*," the "Clan O'Toole and other Leinster Septs," when the last mortal illness mastered the strength of even his genius, we were left powerless to describe in writing his noble and unrivalled characteristics. In this great work can only be traced the true record of his genius, his mind, his religion and his patriotism.

But in fact, considering that the character of a man is like that which he describes as "compounded of many simples extracted from many objects," we naturally seek for those qualities which enter into his composition; we look for them in his own pages; we endeavor to cull from

every part of his works such attributions of great and noble qualities to his characters, and unite them so as to form what we believe is his truest portrait. In truth, we may say, that few authors have so completely reflected themselves in their works as did the late Father O'Toole. For, as artists will tell us that every great master more or less reproduced in his works characteristics to be found in himself, this is far more true of the author of the "Clan O'Toole," whose genius, whose mind, whose heart, and whose entire soul live and breathe in every page and in every line of this wonderful historical masterpiece, the work of over twenty years of his life.

With loving hand he traced out the deeds of heroes, kings, princes and saints of his noble and royal lineage. Though an humble friar, he could trace back in an unbroken series, his descent from warriors, who defied the power of England, to kings that sat on the throne of Tara, to princes who fought at Clontarf, and to Con of the hundred battles, St. Laurence O'Toole was his great favorite, and justly so, for not only was he a great saint, but he was a noble character and great patriot.

Those that would know this great priest, should read his immortal work, this will show what he was. He died full of years and grace, and is now, I am sure, with his patron in heaven. He is a loss to his order, and country. R. I. P.

A. E. FARRINGTON.

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

Translated for the Review

BY S. X. B.

CONTINUED.



#### FIRE AT ST. AULAYE.

ON 1656 a mission was given at St. Aulaye, a city of Saintonge. Towards 10 o'clock one evening a house was discovered to be in flames, and each moment added new fuel to their fury. One of the missionaries remembering that twenty years before a similar fire had raged at Perigueux, and could not be subdued until a Scapular was cast into the flames, resolved to invoke the aid of our Lady of Mount

Carmel. He called to him a youth whose faith and piety could not fail to be pleasing to the Queen of Heaven. "Jalage," said the priest, "take your Scapular, cast it into the fire, and we will see that it will be extinguished through our Lady's power as evidenced in her badge." The young man obeyed, and such was his faith in the efficacy of the holy Scapular that, as he rushed through the crowd which parted hastily to give space to the flying figure, he kept crying aloud with all his strength: "Pray to the Blessed Virgin, I am going to extinguish the fire," and he threw his Scapular into the blazing pile. At that very instant the astonished spectators beheld a whirlwind of fire rise up in the immense brazier to the height of fifteen feet, then slowly, slowly fall, and finally die away. Next day the Scapular was found amid the debris, perfectly intact and uninjured, though the pungent odor of smoke remained upon it.

This miracle was so public and so evident that the Protestants who had witnessed it whispered amongst themselves, "It is wonderful! Incredible! The young man must be a sorcerer." What deplorable blindness! Like the pharisees of old they preferred to attribute to the devil the work of our Lord rather than recognize the power of Mary. They dared to blaspheme, whilst the Catholics could not sufficiently admire the efficacy of the Scapular or exalt the goodness of the Queen of Carmel.

So far the missionaries who witnessed the miracle. They narrated it to Fr. Lejeune, and it is to be found in the *Speculum Carmelitarum* of Fr. Daniel, as well as in the writings of Fr. Lejeune.

#### AT AGEN.

In the year 1727 a great fire threatened to bring ruin and desolation to the city. All human aid proving powerless, the board of aldermen had recourse to the Carmelite fathers. The latter yielded to the entreaties of the frightened people, and willingly went to the rescue. The solemn tolling of the great bell called upon all to join the procession. Then from out the portals of the church came the disciples of St. Elias, two by two, with the Crucifix borne at their head; round the sacred emblem was twined the Scapular, and from their

lips ascended to Mary the solemn chant of her beautiful litany. Arrived at the scene of destruction they cast the Scapular into the torrid mass. The violence of the flames abated at once, and before long the fire was over.

The Scapular was found next day in the very spot where it had been thrown, without the least sign of the conflagration upon it. The procession which takes place annually at Agen, in thanksgiving for this signal favor is ample proof of the great miracle.

And let it be reiterated again and again: the above are not the only instances of Mary's protecting care over those who seek refuge in the holy Scapular. They are not the only examples of its perfect preservation in the midst of devouring flames. One of the most remarkable cases is the following: It occurred in 1719. A terrible fire broke out in the little hamlet of Ballon, a part of the diocese of Metz, near Arnaville. In the consternation consequent upon the calamity, when earthly aid seemed vain, some one, full of confidence in Mary's power to help, suddenly thought of throwing the Scapular in the flames. What could more readily arrest their fury? And scarcely had it been done than the desired object was gained. The fire sank lower, thus affording all to see the Scapular suspended from a beam in the burning house selected for the trial. It remained for half an hour in the fire, wholly uninjured, and after the miraculous extinguishing of the entire conflagration, the brown badge was still visible upon the same beam, untouched and unharmed to show what the Blessed Virgin will do for her faithful clients.

The Bishop of Metz, Mgr. Henri Charles de Cambout, after having thoroughly tested the validity of this miracle, had the whole account officially drawn up and published over his own signature. He ordered that a copy be sent to all the religious houses in the kingdom, and that an annual procession followed by the solemn chanting of the Te Deum, in gratitude for the favor, should henceforth be most scrupulously observed.

The above is taken from a little work by the Abbe de Sambucy, "Devotion to the Holy Scapular," highly recommended by Mgr. de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by  
Miss Matilda Cummings.



THE happy harvest time is upon us. The days of the garnered grain and the vintage song, when nature is as it were in an abandon of delight, the outcome of the fulness of the earth, teeming as it is with the wealth of the summer's promise.

The crimson twilight of these August days holds in itself a beauty like none other. The day lingers so long, and its sunset throws the rosy robe of parting with a winsome grace over the shadowy hour, whose beauty brings the thought of Eden and its "happy walks and shades."

Midway, now comes the gracious feast of the fast fleeing summer, Lady Day in harvest, when our hearts know but one thought and that a *Suscum Corda*, which carries us beyond time and space, even to the very feet of the crowned Queen of Angels and of men. What a multitude of sweet comforting thoughts for the twilight hour may we not find in those fifteen long years of waiting—those many waxing, waning moons from the ascension to the assumption. Surely, if final test of fidelity were needed, 'twas found in that exile of love, which constrained her to dwell so long in the valley, when her eyes were strained to the heights whence He, her well-beloved one, had ascended to the Father. Can we not picture her, again a childless mother, yearning as only she could for the sight of His face, in all its glorified beauty, hearing sweet resemblance to her own virginal features, and yet the very face of God? But the day dawned at last when the weary years of waiting merged into the eternal years; when the glad song of heaven's triumph broke upon her ears and the Magnificat saw its fulfillment. "He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid." Ah! here is the secret of the assumption. The lowliness of many was the irresistible charm which drew the Son of God to become man of her, and that same humility was the

stepping stone to the mountain of Carmel, nigh to the city of God, where she, "coming up from the desert flowing with delights," leans now forever upon her beloved.

Oh! with fresh hope and lighter hearts let us raise our eyes to her, gracious advocate as she is. We too are exiles; are we not kindred with her? Let us remind her of the days of desire and of longing which she spent upon earth before the assumption. Let us unite with them as so many acts of love and yearning for union with our Blessed Lord, who comes to us in Holy Communion as the strength of our exile. Times there are when we could not bear it, in all its weary monotony, were it not for Him who makes us renew our youth like the eagles, because of His indwelling with us in the sweet sacrament of His love.

Courage, then, let us say to our souls, as we meditate on this glorious mystery of Our Lady's assumption. Let us picture her to our eyes standing on the crescent of the silver moon which comes up with such a bewitching beauty in the twilight of our August days. Let us seek for her in the evening star. Sweet reminder of her to the eyes and the heart which whispers:

"Mare, Star of the Sea,  
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me."

Queen of the Stars is she to us this month, so let the twilight be full of the thought of her and its petition be for a lowly spirit like unto hers. Yes, let us love the lowly places of God's Providence. "The gentleness of His shadow," says the beloved St. Francis de Sales, "is more salutary than the brightness of the sun." "Very low and very little," he goes on to say, in that winsome way of his which has caused the whole world to fall in love with him. On the 21st of this month we honor his dear daughter, St. Jane de Chantal, the founder of the Visitation Nuns, of whom Fr. Faber wrote: "Of all the manifestations of the spirit of holiness none seem so fitted to ourselves as the sweet and gentle spirit of the Visitation." Of the Holy Mother de Chantal her venerated father, St. Francis, wrote: "Pressed by her desire of God she has left all with a strength and prudence not common in her frail sex." So will she teach us the lowly spirit of her daughters, who "walk simply the true way, which is very safe and very pleasing to God." Happy the cities and blessed the towns that have in their midst the uplifted hands and the repairing hearts of the daughters of the Visitation. Because of them and their silent pleadings will the Lord be very patient with the world.

## CARMEL AND LOURDES.

TRANSLATED FOR THE REVIEW BY S. K. BLAKELY.



CONTENTS.

## II.

MARY Immaculate appeared to the prophet upon the lofty heights of Carmel, raising herself from the midst of the waves under the image of a light cloud. But at Lourdes the cloud assumes color, it is transfigured. Mary is arrayed in light and splendor, she speaks, she reveals her name, she designates herself, she says, "I am the Immaculate Conception." O! sacred mountain of the Orient! great though thy glory, thou hast beheld but the shadow of what here to-day we possess in reality.

Thou hast foretold the mystery, and here the mystery is revealed in its certainty, in its grandeur. What Elias beheld "through a glass darkly" Bernadette saw and beheld: "I am the Immaculate Conception." It is no longer Elias armed with fire and sword, exterminating sinners and making all Israel tremble. It is Bernadette Soubirous, a child of the Pyrenees, a poor peasant, obscure, and treated as a foolish visionary. In her we behold the perfect personification of weakness and insignificance: "The weak things of the world."

No! I cannot sufficiently sing the praises of *this poor & the weak*. After choosing a persecuted monk as the recipient of her wonderful gift - the Scapular. After selecting an exiled pontiff for her recital of the graces attached to its wearing, behold Mary's choice falls upon an instrument more feeble still. Bernadette here opens the miraculous fountain, and transforms these rocks, unknown before, into a Carmel as celebrated as the holy mount of old.

Their renown will be sung from shore to shore, and the story of their marvels told in every language of the world, while the world exists. For the last twenty-five years pilgrims from every quarter of the globe have flocked hither, and will continue to do so forevermore. I will not dilate upon the seventeen apparitions which succeeded each other from February 11 to April 7, 1858, nor recall the violent wind which heralded the marvel. I need not remind you of the lady, all resplendent in glory,

who appeared to Bernadette, and enchained her motionless and fascinated in an ecstasy, oblivious to all that was passing around. You all know the story of the clear crystal waters, unknown until then, which, at Mary's word, gushed forth, and of our dear Mother's order to impart it to priests and to have a church built on the spot for the many who would come from near and far.

What a chain of prodigies! We are amazed—we listen, we admire. Ecclesiastical authority looks on and waits. They must do so. But at each apparition of the Virgin their confidence increases, and Mary takes witness as if to prove that she communicates with her servant. Alone, it is true, Bernadette is ravished in ecstasy. Alone, Bernadette sees and hears Mary, but the people see the child, and it is enough.

They look upon the pale, radiant face, they see that she is insensible to pain, for the flame of a taper held in her hand touches, without burning the tender flesh. The mysterious grotto becomes a shrine, Bernadette solicits and obtains graces and favors for many. Miracle! Mercy! The whole country has but one voice, and that rises up in enthusiastic praise of our dear Lady of Lourdes. And yet I am wrong. Against her were arrayed all the powers of this world. They came, they were indignant—they essayed to prevent the apparitions, and to put an end to the miracles. They closed the grotto and forlode entrance to the mysterious fountain. The police watched, the process began. They arraigned those who published the wonders of Lourdes as guilty of disseminating false statements, God was prohibited from consoling man, and Bernadette prevented from seeing his Divine Mother. O fools! They barred out all ingress to the grotto, nailing strong planks before it, with the vain dream that they could bar out the light from on high. As well might they have placed sentinels on the mountain's summit to prevent the sun in its splendor from rising to illumine the world. As foolish, nay, even more so, are those men of our day who strike out the name of God from the text books, never seeing that they cannot banish it from the Book of the Heavens, never thinking that the stars proclaim it, and that, too, far better than the language of mankind.

Well! Bernadette exited from the grotto will still behold Mary, and this eighteenth, this final apparition of Our Lady, will be the protestation of heaven against the vain powers of earth and—of hell. It was the feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, the evening of July 16. The child yields to the mysterious attraction which calls her. She goes, followed by three companions. She descends the shore opposite the cave, kneels before the grotto, and the ecstasy begins. The grotto, the torrent, the shores, all have vanished. Bernadette sees Mary, nothing but Mary—Mary with her white robe, her veil, her blue girdle, the halo, her benign look, and her smiles, whose sweetness whispered of heaven. Her companions saw that she was in an ecstasy, and rejoiced. Her pale face was illumined with celestial light, whilst the bliss with which her soul was replenished shone forth in her eyes, and her half opened lips. Never had the Blessed Virgin appeared in such splendor, never before had the witnesses so clearly perceived the reflection of her glory. She, who for five months had manifested herself to Bernadette with the assurance: "*I am the Immaculate Conception,*" now desired to appear for the last time in all the glory of Carmel, all the more beautiful, the more radiant, the more consoling that the powers of this world had forbidden her to appear, and prohibited Bernadette from seeing her again. Raise up barriers against heaven, children of men, your vain efforts fall to the ground. You can do nothing against the sun which gives you light, nor the atmosphere which surrounds you. All is over. You are conquered.

Yes, they must needs resign themselves. The grotto is again opened, the miracles continue. The "water of Lourdes" taken to two worlds restores health to the sick, opens the eyes of the incredulous, converts sinners, and causes all to bless the name of our "Lady of Lourdes." For twenty-five years has this prodigy lasted, and the prodigy is ever the same. What do I say? It has matured and developed, and has produced an utter transformation in the place. The little hamlet has merged itself into a populous town. Shrines are counted by thousands, and pilgrims by millions. Each pilgrimage has its history, and that history is almost always that of a miracle. Count those who bear witness to our Lady of

Lourdes—the blind who see, the lame who walk, the deaf who hear, the dying who are called back, even from death's opening portals, the sinners who are drawn back from the very gates of hell. Health, life, joy, families blessed, souls saved, behold the cortege of the Divine Mother. All the flowers, all the fruits of which to-day's epistle sings, you may gather at Lourdes.

1. "My flowers are the fruit of honor and riches." Eccl. xxiv, 23. Noble fear, fair love, divine science, holy hope—all elevated sentiments. They are conceived here, and may they become acclimated in the soul.

2. "I am the Mother of fair love, and of fear, of knowledge and of holy hope." Those have come here who have wandered away—they have retraced their steps. The despairing have sought this sanctuary, their fainting hearts have been consoled. And to those who believed neither in virtue, nor in truth, nor in a supernatural life, our Lady in her own favored shrine has obtained for them all those graces again. "*In me is all grace of the way and of the truth, in me is all hope of life and of vision.*"

3. O! ye incredulous! O! ye sinners, O! ye just! Come pass by the way, and you will taste here of grace sweeter far than honey. "*For my spirit is sweet above honey.*"

4. To listen to our Lady of Lourdes is to place one's self in a sure refuge, to secure a haven where confusion cannot enter, to repose where noisy tumult dare not come. To hope in her! *There* is the best assurance that you will be preserved from falling into sin. "*He who trusts me shall not be confounded, and they who walk with me shall not sin.*"

All those who have tasted of this fountain return to the blessed waters, so great is their thirst for the hope and consolation they impart. "*Those who drink of me shall still thirst.*" Doctors and learned men, preachers of the divine word, directors of souls! penetrate, explore, taste, explain the mystery of these waters. After twenty-five years when all has been said, everything still remains to be told. Speak, preach, add hour by hour to the praises of Mary, and sermon to sermon on her glory! Awaken the censure of the impious, and the admiration of the good. You are in the place where nature and grace, amazed at their proximity, discover something mysterious that unites them.

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

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



### CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

ORDER, fear, devotion held the witnesses in silence till the physician spoke to the Saint, asking what had happened. Philip sank down to his bed, and said: "Did you not then see the Mother of God come to visit me, and to take away all my pains?" Coming more to himself, he saw how many persons were around, and in holy confusion hid his face and burst into a flood of tears. After a while the doctor checked him, fearing he would do himself an injury: "No more, father, no more." Philip then with a bright and joyous countenance spoke openly: "I do not need you any longer now; the Madonna Santissima came to me and has cured me." They found that he was completely restored to perfect health.

In vain did the Saint implore them to keep his secret; they felt compelled to publish the glad news, and from the Sovereign Pontiff downwards all rejoiced, and yet were not surprised, for all knew his sanctity and his devotion to our Lady. We may thus claim the Blessed Virgin herself as a witness to the devotion of her servant.

In concluding these remarks on the Life of Saint Philip, it may be well to add that the many other canonized saints of the same period, and even Philip's own personal friends amongst them, have not been unmentioned through forgetfulness or lack of reverence. The aspect of St. Philip, to which we venture to draw attention, is the joy and solace that he was to the Church of God, living as he lived, in Rome, the Centre of Christianity, the very Heart of the Church. There, he revived the piety of clergy and laity, brought about a reform without mentioning the word. Earnest and zealous as Savonarola—whose likeness he kept by him, as he would a saint's—he had a gentler, meeker, more obedient, Christ-like spirit, which proved irresistible, which was caught by a S. Francis de Sales, a S. Alphonsus Liguori, which even in our own

day has guided the pen of a Faber. The Apostle of Rome inaugurated that system of bright, sensible sunshiny piety, which has won the hearts of the laity, and has ranged those who live in the world beside the religious orders in the spiritual combat for perfection. This will appear, we dare to hope, in the lessons gathered from his Life.

### CHAPTER II.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT S. PHILIP'S SPIRIT.

##### *S. Philip's View of the World.*

The first striking fact about S. Philip is this—he had no personal quarrel with the world. It never harmed him, it never worsted him in fight, nor forced him to flee from it for security as so many saints have done. He always spoke of himself as of one who had not left the world—for want of courage, he would playfully pretend—but we know that in reality he was instructed miraculously what was the will of God about his state of life. He was not to quit the world. As a child, he was in it innocently and joyously, a chosen vessel of gravity and sweetness. He could enjoy a game, as well as any boy. "He had a quick intelligence, a pleasing, gentle disposition, he was well made, and of attractive manners." He had his nick-names, "Good Pippo," when little, "Good Philip" after that, till the time came when people only knew him as "Father Philip." Neither from circumstances, nor from character was he compelled to hate and avoid the world; and yet, for all that, no saint ever more thoroughly despised it. That is to say, he despised its riches, honors, pleasures—all its vain trickeries and delusions, utterly, supremely, but with good-humored, fearless contempt, which was better than sermons to open peoples' eyes. Not out of harshness or sternness did he feel thus, but simply because he had better, and brighter, and more beautiful things to care about. What was the world to one who could say with meaning such as his: "Paradise! Paradise!"

He despised riches. His uncle offers the youth a large fortune, with the prospect of a splendid start in life and a prosperous career; but he scarcely endures to talk about it, while instantly declining the proposal. His wealth is in the Cross; and instead of book-keeping and money-making, he is out on the lofty mountains which overlook the Tyrrhenian Sea, not gazing on its blue

expanse of waters, but lost in prayer at the foot of a Crucifix planted on the craggy cliff—there he kneels and prays, heedless and unconscious of the salutes of the white-sailed vessels underneath, which fail not to greet that Crucifix as they glide past the coast of Gaeta's bay.

He despised learning that was mere literature and served only the purpose of ostentation. Of study and sciences, though endowed with rare mental powers and gifts, he took only so much as would serve his needs in working for souls, preferring to lecture room and university the silent corridors of the catacombs.

He despised honors, for, he chose a lowly occupation, and earned his bread as a poor young tutor, taking charge of two little boys. And in after-life, when dignities, even the highest in the church, came dangerously near, terribly close, he could defend himself with a laugh and a jest. Instead of the tears and alarms of so many saints.

He despised pleasures. He hardly ever condescended to notice such a thing, unless perhaps the pleasure afforded by music and by scenery. As a matter of course, he fared badly and treated himself with constant disregard of comfort and convenience—not so much out of the spirit of penance and mortification, as out of imitation of Christ and forgetfulness of self. In fact, his innocence, his dearness to God, his heavenly favors, the burning fires of the Holy Ghost glowing perpetually in his palpitating heart, his visions of Mary, his raptures in prayer, his ecstasies, his tastings so constantly the sweetness of the Body and Blood of Jesus—all made him so lofty, so noble, so heavenly-minded, that sin could not take hold of him: the devil, who, of course, hated him, rather persecuted than seriously tempted Philip. What chance had the evil one with him who used to say: "I find nothing in this world that pleases me, and this pleases me most of all?"

There was no disheartening austerity, there were no stern, repelling ways about the Saint who emerged from the dark catacombs with a message from heaven to the world. It was a bright, glad message, and we have been grateful for it ever since; and we cherish the memory of the smiles and playfulness with which he gave it. Many, doubtless, were the secrets between

God and His trusted servant; but some truths God told him, not to keep secret, but to proclaim aloud, and chiefest truth of all was this—this great, consoling truth, which came from the lips of the Apostle of Rome like a very Revelation. He declared, that God did not require men and women, in order to become good, pious and saintly, to leave the world. He said: "Let persons in the world sanctify themselves in their own houses; for neither the court, nor professions, nor labor are any hindrance to the service of God." A new revelation! for, saints had been almost teaching that no one could be saved in the world, that no one could gain perfection in the secular state; while Philip came forward, a man speaking with the simplicity of the Gospel, and told men and women among whom he lived in the spirit of the Gospel, not to fear to remain in their state of life, to stop where they were, and try to be perfect and aspire to love God as much as St. Peter and St. Paul loved Him, Philip's dislike of change was notorious; he considered it a thing to be avoided, and he kept in the world many people who wanted to become monks and nuns.

In accordance with what has been said, St. Philip formed his congregation of the Oratory. I do not use the word *founded*, because he tells us that our Lady is our Foundress—he formed the Institute, so far as he had any view about it, to help those who have to live in the world. He intended his sons to have their churches and houses in great cities. He was large-hearted, tolerant, without military precision, without a regimental standard to which all must alike conform. He encouraged and developed in each that drawing, that devotion which God had "divided to each as He chose."

TO BE CONTINUED.

RENEW every day your resolution of aiming at perfection.

THERE are many things which seem to us misfortunes, and which we call such, which we would consider graces if we understood the designs of God.

PRAYER teaches us the science of Jesus Christ, which is the love of the cross, poverty, patience, mortification, and the love of being despised.