



The Queen and Saints of Carmel.

"Behold I and my children, whom the Lord hath given me for a sign, and for a wonder in Israel."—Isaiah VIII.



Jesu, Save Us, We Pray.

O Thou who while we sleep, as while we vigil keep,
 Dost shield us from all harm and hold us nigh
 To Thine own bosom — to Thy Sacred Heart. O Love
 Unutterable ! haste unto us from above
 In sorrow's hour, lest fiends our feeble strength defy.
 Jesu, Shepherd, Friend, aye, Brother, save us, Thy sheep !

Created for Thyself, in Thee alone we rest,
 Our love is Thine, our hopes repose in Thee ;
 Yet Earth doth draw us down. Made as we are of clay,
 Our hearts seek idols here, our thoughts are far away
 From Thee, our God, our End for all eternity.
 Raise us, save us, merciful Redeemer, Jesu Blest !

Avert our eyes from vanity and tempters' wiles,
 Let creatures ne'er Thy claim to us dispute,
 Nor us exchange the purest gold for basest dross,
 Or barter away our crown, purchased by Thy Cross.
 Enriched with grace, may we "bring forth good fruit,"
 And shun with all our strength whate'er the soul defiles.

And when the hour is come to leave this world of sin,
 Be Thou, Jesu — our Spouse — at our right hand
 To aid us, to defend us 'gainst the enemy
 Who seek to weaken us, to wrest our souls from Thee.
 The struggle o'er, O Master, guide us to that land
 Where none but Thy beloved ones may enter in !

— (Very Rev.) Aloysius M. Blakely, C.P., V.G.

St. Paul, Minnesota, Sept. 28th, 1901.

Universality in Miniature.

By Rev. Stephen McDonald, O.C.

NOT to everyone is it given to travel abroad and witness in a thousand different lands, among a thousand different peoples, that divine characteristic of the Church, its Catholicity. Countless, indeed, are those to whom the world and its allurements has no further meaning than is represented by their country village with its church or two and general store; at most a town some twenty odd miles distant might be numbered among the allurements. They live, die, and go to heaven, without once attempting to form an estimate of the broad world that lies beyond their own limited sphere. True, the daily paper comes regularly from the city, and its elaborate accounts of "coups d'état," yachting flukes, and campaign planks, are duly read and wondered at, but they excite, not ideas, but crude fanciful guesses as to what might be the realities. The column of local intelligence in the town weekly filled with interesting accounts of "sojourns," measles and other pastimes indulged in by country people are of inestimably greater importance to them.

If one of these toured about this earth of ours and saw what it had to present in the manner of apparently irreconcilable differences, his astonishment would be beyond measure. Different climes, different notions, different governments, and different men would one after another present themselves to his view. He would recollect at once what he has heard of a universal empire, and would behold at once the utter emptiness of such a project.

And yet, such an empire exists; one whose laws are regarded in every portion of the earth, by every class of people. It is of course the

Church to which I refer. By this does she exhibit her divine origin, reconciling what seems hopelessly estranged. It alone of all institutions on this earth can induce harmony where all was discord. It gives its laws and its dogmas to all classes without distinction, and demands equal recognition from all. The ten commandments are never modified by her to suit the vicious proclivities of any race, nor is any dogma smoothed over in deference to sentiment. This universal unity is not a name merely, but it is a reality.

We have other human societies which are, or have been, wonderful in their extensiveness, often embracing several lands; but even a superficial investigation will at once reveal that there is absent a unity of motive, a unity of belief; their members unite only in a name.

To see and appreciate the Church's Catholicity in its full extent, one should know all the peoples of the world, and be acquainted with their ideas, their customs, and their language. But we can obtain at least a very good idea of this universality by a look at our own country, America. Here we have representatives of every land under the sun, and as they come to their adopted country, they bring with them the faith that came down to them through a hundred generations from the days when the Church's missionaries first brought them the happy message of redemption.

Even in a single one of our great cosmopolitan cities we can find this great characteristic of divine origin. Truly these great cities might be termed miniature pictures of universality. On account of the numberless nationalities represented in their population, they present the

very fittest soil for the fostering of revolution and anarchy. No human organization can reconcile their differences and hold them in unity. But the Church can and does. Concerning New York City, for instance, it has often been asserted, and with truth, that if it were not for the influence of Catholicity exercised through the clergy, not even martial law would hold the conflicting elements in check.

And the same can be safely said of the whole country. It is a great country—indeed, one of the greatest that the sun has ever shone on. Yet its own weight would draw it asunder were it not for the beneficent

and unifying influence of the fifteen millions of Catholic subjects.

We might adduce numberless facts in support of this; but let the reader consult his own memory. Let him recollect how often in his own time the Church's authority, as exercised through her prelate, has intervened and stamped out the fire of lawlessness ignited by bitter race hatred and hatred of capital. Adding fact to fact he will gradually realize that there is a universal empire and that it is one of the greatest factors in the preservation of the peace and integrity of his country.

The Rosary.

By V. Rev. A. M. Blakely, C.P., V.G.

O Sinless One! God's hands a garland twine
Of rarest flowers that our planet knows;
A wreath, composed of mysteries divine,
A crown, which with resplendent jewels glows:
For there we see the lowly violet—
The emblem of humility, which thou
Didst practice when unknown at Nazareth,
Thou didst thyself His handmaiden avow
Who placed the royal diadem on thy brow.
There, too, is found the lily—purity—
Renewed in thee, more lustrous than in Eve;
And angels gaze on thee in silent ecstasy,
As they thy answer to their King receive:
"Divine Motherhood I waive full readily
Should it take from me my virginity."
Again, we see the "Queen of Flowers"—the rose—
Reigning supreme among its sisters fair;
Its presence in thy matchless garland shows
Thy peerless love for God—for man—and there
The passion flower woven in we find,
To hold each lovely sister-flow'ret fast,
Its tendrils 'round them one and all are twined:
Fit emblem of thy woes and sorrows vast.
Ah, Maiden, Mother, Martyr, Virgin queen!
Share with thy loving children here below
The chalice of thy cruel suffering
That they with thee to Calvary may go.
And as bead after bead we slowly move
O! thy most sweet and holy rosary,
Grant that our souls, inflamed with God's own love,
May meditate with fruit each mystery!

—St. Paul, Minnesota, October 1st, 1901.

Establishment of The Carmelites and Their Labors among the Indians in Tucker, Mississippi.

By REV. AUGUSTINE BRECK.

ONE year and a half have passed away since we left our dear relations and friends in Holland,—one year and a half full of cares and hard labors. It was a hard time indeed, but not without happiness, and, I hasten to add, not without blessings from the good Lord, who evidently showed us His divine Providence. Our undertaking was the civilization and Christianizing of the Indians, a difficult task which Rev. B. J. Bekkers, after laboring fifteen years on the same field, left to us.

A complete history of our Indian Mission in Tucker from the very beginning up to the present time, however interesting perhaps to the readers of the Review, would be a work which I dare not undertake. This would begin with presenting a picture of Tucker with no Catholic Church and but one Catholic family, with some hundreds of uncivilized Indians who had no other worship than their tedious dances by night and their wild ball-plays by day.

The late Bishop of Natchez, Right Rev. F. Jansens, when travelling once through some counties of his wide-spread diocese, took an interest in the many Indians he saw living in the woods, forgotten by their white brethren, without any knowledge of their Creator and about their destination as human beings. The good bishop got so much interested in this poor and uncivilized people that he at once made the purpose of founding a Catholic Indian Mission. Money, as well as a zealous, self-sacrificing priest, were needed for the purpose. The bishop was looking for both in his native country, Holland, where he found charity furnishing money to start, and a priest of zeal and self-denial

in the person of Father Bekkers, who was willing to offer himself for the bishop's undertaking. The beginning was discouraging, indeed, as the Indians had but little confidence in that strange, black-clothed white man who made so many promises to them. Everybody in the diocese thought Father Bekkers' courage admirable; nobody, however, expected him to succeed, his Bishop only sympathizing with him. But Father Bekkers as the right man at the right place was not discouraged by the many disappointments he had to experience and to overcome. By his unshaken confidence in the assistance of the Almighty, and by his indefatigable zeal he overcame all obstacles, surprising his admirers by unexpected success. Let me only say that he built an Indian church in Tucker, Neshoba County, and one in Scott County; that he baptized about 800 Indians; that he by his love for the Indians—not neglecting the white people—saw his little white congregation, consisting of one family, increased to one hundred members; that he erected schools for Indian and for white children, both under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy. Such was his success that the zealous priest felt a heavy load on his shoulders. This and his age moved him to look for a successor in his undertaking, but a durable successor, one giving stability to his mission, viz., a religious order. Many years passed away before he succeeded in his endeavors to get what he was looking for, till he came in 1898 in Holland, where he found the Carmelite Fathers willing to take his place and his mission. Here begins our history. In October it was given out in our order that

an Indian mission in Mississippi State was accepted, and that three fathers and two brothers soon would be selected as the first missionaries. The news was unanimously received with the utmost pleasure. Anxiously was further news expected. Of course, each would know the names of the five selected. This came next month, when our Superior gave the following publication: "Will have to leave for Tucker, in the United States of America, in the State of Mississippi, in the County of Neshoba, to take charge of our newly-adopted mission among the Indians, the Rev. Fathers Augustine Breck as Superior, Herman Joseph Hamers, Leopold Wysbeck, and the Rev. Fathers Alexander Donkers and Lebuin Klunder, etc., etc."

What was it that made us so happy in hearing our names? We lived so peacefully with our brethren in the quiet monastery and its attractive surroundings, and now we had to go to an unknown wilderness. We lived in a pleasant sphere of activity, and now we had to change the labor that we understood and loved for the work among uncivilized people. We had to quit the customs whereby we were educated, and grown up. We had to leave the country where our dear parents are still living. We had to cross the sea, and to meet with many trials and privations. It was God who strengthened us, filling us with happiness in spite of all those trials that were awaiting us. We knew we could in the wilderness pray to the same good God who heard our prayers in our little cell. But short time was left for preparations, the 12th of January being fixed as the date of our departure. So we were in a hurry to say goodbye to our dear relations, which I think should always be done in a hurry to make easy such an uneasy work, to pack our trunks, etc., whilst for the first time I got a little experience of that heavy weight that is loaded upon the shoulders of

a poor superior. Afterwards we learned that we had been making haste for nothing. When we had everything in shape, and were ready our steamer had nothing in shape, and was far from being ready. We then concluded to postpone the day of departure to the 24th of the next month, and used our time to pick up a little of our new language. At last the long-wished-for day arrived. Early in the morning I celebrated a solemn High Mass with the assistance of the other missionaries, after which our vows were renewed. One hour later we bade adieu to our brethren, a moment that shall never be forgotten. Accompanied by our Superior we came by railway to Rotterdam, where the steamer was waiting for us. A loud scream of the steam-whistle, a warm hand-shaking with our Superior and some friends, a long waving with the handkerchiefs, a last view of our dear country, and we were for fourteen days abandoned to the dashing waves of the mighty ocean. There was joy in our hearts, there were said prayers of thanksgiving to our Lord when we had safely landed at New York, for our voyage had been a terrible one on account of heavy storms. Soon the misfortunes we suffered on the sea, and the dangers we happily had escaped on the broken steamer, were forgotten, and we enjoyed the fresh air of our new country. Many are the enjoyments of that great world city, of course, if you have plenty of time and plenty of money, but our time was limited, while our money was running short. We came not like tourists for curiosity, but as poor missionaries with very few English words in memory and a few dollars in the pocket. Thus we left New York as soon as we could for Meridian, Miss. Here we had the happiness of enjoying the most friendly hospitality from good Father Bekkers, who now has charge of a parish in this city. The meeting was as cordial and fraternal as it could be, whilst it was a

great relief to us to meet the first man on American soil speaking our language. We spent three days in the hospitable house of Father Bekkers whose kindness was a real temptation to make here our mansion. Then we knew the end of our voyage was the woods of Neshoba County, the uncivilized Indians in their miserable cabins, the poor church and still poorer priest-house in Tucker, forty miles from Meridian.

It is our intention to give from time to time in the Review a relation of our labor in the Mission. These pages will be an introduction to a description of what we found in Tucker, and what we did. May we meet some among the readers who are interested in our poor mission.

Tucker, Neshoba Co., Miss., Oct. 4, 1901.

A Little Crown for *The* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

By *Enfant de Marie, St. Clare's.*

ST. GERTRUDE.—First Friday, November, 1901.

STAR differeth from star in glory"; and in this dark wintry month, a beautiful star gleams in the kingdom of Jesus' Sacred Heart with unique brilliancy. She was, as it were, the morning-star that preceded its revelations in Paray le Monial, for to her it was revealed that this devotion would be more fully extended in latter ages of the church. It is difficult in this brief space to give even a slight idea of St. Gertrude's love for the Divine Heart. Jesus again and again manifested himself to her, exchanged His Heart for her own and at the last moment of life she was seen to spring (in spirit) towards this abyss of love, to be borne upwards to Heaven.

She saw the Sacred Heart under many forms of exquisite beauty, for instance as an Altar upon which sacrifices were offered, a thurible of fragrant incense, a harp whose tunes ravished the heavenly court, a lamp, a chalice, and many other mystic appearances. Her revelations and prayers are indeed treasures of holy thoughts and seraphic aspirations, and Fr. Faber calls her "the saint of praise and desire." How shall we imitate so sublime an

example? Which amongst all the wonderful virtues of St. Gertrude shall we select this month?

It seems to us that union with the intentions, prayers, desires, of the most sweet Heart, is very appropriate. Thus in prayer, Holy Mass especially, we might unite ourselves to its voice of loving intercession, thanksgiving, etc. In work, we might do all for Him "Omnia pro te Cor Jesu"—"All for thee, O Heart of Jesus!" In suffering we might unite ourselves to His Passion. We must not forget our dear dead this first Friday, for our glorious patroness had a most tender devotion to the poor souls, and so while emulating from afar her star-like example we will attract the Sacred Heart to our own souls, and open its treasures for the dear souls we intercede for "at rest" in the sleep of peace.

The Most Holy Sacrament is called "The Bread of Angels," not that they feed on its sweetness as we do, but they contemplate, love, and adore incessantly, this "hidden God" thus abased for love of men. We cannot come into the presence of Jesus without also coming near His Holy Angels; and St. John Chry-

Boston saw these Blessed Spirits attending at the Holy Sacrifice and making intercession. Many saints indeed have been favored with beautiful visions and revelations of them in connection with the Divine Heart so that we may confidently ask their aid when seeking its celestial treasures. We ought especially ask them to obtain that "the bread of Angels" may render us angelic in purity of heart, and also in the words of Holy Church, we may "unite our humble voices" with their glad canticles of adoration, praise and thanksgiving. How beautiful it is to anticipate the prayer of Heaven! No reparation there, no petition, no sighs from a "vale of tears" to our sweet Mother Mary, but the voice of praise shall resound eternally before "the crystal sea," and the virgins will sing as they "follow the Lamb," and the Immaculate Heart will magnify Him. Was it not perhaps his angelic purity, emulating these celestial intelligences that attuned the glorious soul of St. Thomas to such wondrous melodies as the "Lauda Sion," "Panga Lingua," etc.? O, how much glory we deprive the Sacred Heart of if we are wanting in the spirit of praise and thanksgiving. Was not Jesus pained when only one out of ten returned and gave glory to God for his cure? Let us glorify Him by "psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles," and this especially at Holy Mass and Communion, and may the blessed Angels praise Him with and for us, and intone new "Glorias" as they did of old in the star-lit skies of Bethlehem.

According to the Detroit Free Press in that journal's elaborate pen picture of the great celebration at the City of the Straits, the founder of that city, Cadillac, was educated by the Carmelites of France.

ALL SOULS.

The souls of our dear ones departed are speaking to us loudly in these days of November. We hear their plaintive, saintly voices calling on us to be merciful to them and assist them by our good works. All Souls' Day, and all of the month of November, tell us of those who have gone from us and have slept in the Lord. The truths of our Holy Religion are so consoling and we believe only a slight veil hides our departed ones from us and we can think of the souls in Purgatory and love them in our hearts and do what our hearts dictate to us, offering to them the refreshing draughts of our hearty prayers, our penances, applying to the poor souls many indulgences which we can so easily gain, and above all having offered the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the release of these souls from the purifying flames. The souls in Purgatory are blessed, beloved children of God, but God's justice holds them in bondage until they pay the last farthing. In eternity there is no longer room for merit but only for justice, and the poor souls cannot merit and help themselves in any way but only suffer. We can earn merit all the live day long on this earth and can offer up our merits for the dear souls. We lose nothing but rather gain a hundred-fold reward for our mercy and charity. The most devoted persons and the most Catholic show forth their true faith and love by their sincere devotion to the departed souls. We should remember that it is a privilege to ourselves to help the suffering souls and that God looked upon our favors done to them as "favor shown to Himself — because what you have done to the least of my brethren you have done to me."

May all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Summary and General Declaration

—OF THE—

RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER

—OF THE—

MOST BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, V. M. OF MOUNT CARMEL;

**WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES GRANTED TO SAID ORDER,
TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER THINGS CONCERNING THE SAME.**

Issued by order of Most Reverend Prior Luigi Maria Galli, General of the Carmelite Order.

PRAYER TO THE MOST BLESSED VIRGIN OF CARMEL.

To be Recited on the Day of Her Feast.

O glorious seed of the mighty Saints, Joachim and Anna, Mother of God, Flower of Carmel, our only glory and fairest ornament, prostrate at thy feet I offer thee infinite thanks. O noble Virgin, for having received me into thine Order and made me worthy of Thy holy Habit! For, being enrolled in the number of thy fortunate and chosen children, thou hast spread thy graces over me, to the advantage and salvation of my soul. I acknowledge that I have often insulted Thy Divine Son with my frequent sins, and thee also, most amiable Mother; that I have been ungrateful for the favor thou hast shown in numbering me among the wearers of thy holy scapular; and that I have not lived a truly devout life towards thee. I ask pardon, therefore, in all humility! I repent of my unfaithfulness and past neglects! I promise true amendment, forsaking all my sins, and especially such as displease thee! I will strive, in future, for more fervor in thy sweet service, more constancy in doing thee honor — holding aloof, especially, from the great danger of sullyng that holy purity so dear to thee—the love of which thou hast instilled into us not merely by promises, but by thine own example. Pardon me, therefore, again I pray, O Mother of Mercy! Obtain for me from thy Divine Son, my dear Redeemer, the perfect remission of my sins! Grant, moreover, that thy holy Habit may serve as a true pledge of thy love to me; that it may

become my defence in danger, an invincible shield against the Evil One, a safe guide to eternal salvation. May the result of this, thy loving protection, be such faithful service to thee, here below, that at last, in company with all those who have devoutly worn thy holy scapular, I may praise thee and bless thee, in Heaven above, for evermore. Amen.

Three Paters, Aves and Glorias.

ANOTHER PRAYER.

To be said after the Joyful Mysteries of
the Blessed Virgin, to be found
on Page 93.

O Mary, Virgin of Mount Carmel, sweetest Mother of God,—Queen of Angels, Advocate of sinners, Refuge of the Sorrowful—lend a pitying ear, O Virgin most glorious, to these our prayers, offered by Thy most humble servants! Oh grant, of thy grace, that we may be in the number of those whom thou dost love, whose names are written on thy virginal heart! Purify our souls, O Virgin Immaculate, from every sin! Drive out and keep away from us all that offends thy chaste eyes! Purge our minds from all affection for the vanities of earth and raise them to a love of things celestial and eternal. Make all this, O Blessed Virgin, the bent of our minds and our chief desire. Pray for us, Most Holy Virgin, now and ever, to thy dear Son:—both in the hour of death and at the Day of Judgment, when we must render account of our deeds — that through thy intercession we may be spared the pains of eternal fire. Forsake us not, O Blessed Virgin, since with strong affection we would now commend

to thy pity our souls and our bodies. Govern us and defend us from all the ills of this lower world, and from all its dangers. Deign to intercede for us with thy Divine Son that,—thanks to thy intercession,—He would pardon all those sins for which we beat our breasts, in penitential grief at having wronged such infinite goodness. Give us true faith, firm hope and ardent charity, with the grace of the Holy Spirit, which enables us to do God's holy will; and may he deign in mercy to guard this city from pestilence, famine and war, to save all our relatives and friends from mortal sin and to keep faithful Christians from all evil. We would also recommend to thee, O Virgin of Pity, the Holy Souls in Purgatory. Offer thine affectionate prayers for them, O Mary, to thy beloved Jesus, that, rising from expiatory flames and soaring to the skies, they may rejoice to all eternity in the glory of the Blessed, and ever pray for us on earth, poor, miserable sinners!

Amen.

SEPTENARY.

Of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mt. Carmel.

I.

O Mary, Mother Most Loving, Mother Most Blessed, who didst delight to honour us with thy holy Habit, appearing in wondrous guise and giving it to thy beloved son, Simon Stock — and through him to us all—we pray thee so to assist us, that we may wear it with that fruit of good living, which thou dost expect of us and which we ought to render unto thee.

Pater, Ave, etc.

II.

Thou hast given us thy holy Habit, O Sovereign Princess, as a livery whereby thy servants should be known; grant, we beseech thee, that we may never stain it by indulgence in evil passions, but ever honor it by our purity of living.

Pater, Ave, etc.

III.

O great Queen of Heaven, in giving us this noble livery, thou wert not content with owning us as thy servants, but, instead, hast deigned to call us sons: we implore thee, therefore, to entreat such

grace from Jesus in our behalf, that we may never disgrace thee, but certainly become to thee a joy and a crown.

Pater, Ave, etc.

IV.

O Mother of fair Love, as if it seemed to thee but a little thing to call us sons, thou hast not hesitated to distinguish us with the honorable title of well-beloved sons. We pray thee, of thy condescension, to exert all thine influence on high that we may be led to love thee, —and this in a way corresponding, as far as possible, to the singular requirements of thine own maternal love.

Pater, Ave, etc.

V.

With loving foresight, Most Admirable Mother, thou hast desired that thy holy Habit should cover the heart, to be its shield and defence; we beseech thee so to assist us, that our hearts may ever be closed to the Evil One, opening only to Jesus and to thee, His Mother.

Pater, Ave, etc.

VII

Thou hast assured us, O most potent Advocate, that thy holy Habit, if we wear it worthily, will give us safety in dangers; we therefore pray that, through thy most effectual protection, we may be preserved from all bodily peril and from all spiritual dangers, — that we may never fall into any guilt which would make us odious in the sight of God.

Pater, Ave, etc.

VII.

Finally, thou hast given us the hope, O Mother of Mercy, that in case of our death in the devotion of thy holy Scapular and after our descent into Purgatory, thou wilt take upon thyself the task of aiding our souls and freeing them quickly from their sufferings. We beseech thee never to let us forsake this sweet and useful devotion—no, not for the shortest time! — but grant that, even unto death, we may persevere therein.

Pater, Ave, etc.

Antiphon. Sub tuum praesidium confugimus, Sancta Dei Genetrix; nostrae deprecationes ne despicias in necessitatibus nostris, sed a periculis cunctis libera nos semper, Virgo gloriosa et benedicta.

Afterwards may be recited the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, page 95.

P. Ora pro nobis, Mater et decor Carmeli.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

OREMUS.

Deus qui Beatissimæ semper Virginis et Genetricis tuæ Mariæ singulari titulo Carmeli Ordinem decorasti : concede propitius, ut cujus commemorationem celebramus, ejus muniti præsidibus ad gaudia sempiterna pervenire mereamur.

FIVE MEDITATIONS

For the Clients of Saint Mary Magdalene de Pazzis.

To be recited every Friday, in honor of the Saint aforesaid.

In nomine Patris et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

I.

Consider, Christian soul, how Mary Magdalene, enamored of the Passion of Jesus, our Lord, and desiring to suffer with her heavenly Bridegroom, was made on every Friday a worthy participant in His bitterest torments, which she endured with great gladness of heart. Congratulate this great Saint, therefore, and beg her to entreat the Lord, in thy behalf, for deeper devotion to His most holy Passion.

Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II.

Consider, also, how this new Seraph of Love, beholding in an ecstasy the multitudinous transgressions whereby sinners offend God, was so grieved that she wept for three hours immoderately and incessantly ; yet, afterward, Jesus consoled her, espousing her as His beloved One, with a most precious ruby, taken from his side. Rejoice, then, with this happy Bride of Christ and ask her aid to obtain tears of penitence for thine own transgressions.

Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III.

Consider how Jesus, wishing to proclaim His beloved Spouse a Queen, appeared in His glory and encircled her head with His own crown of thorns. Rejoice, then, with this Saint, thus rendered Queen of Sorrows, and invoke her assistance in all thy troubles, that thou

mayest bear them with resignation and joyfulness.

Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV.

Consider how this wondrous Queen, meditating upon the greatness of God and, in counterpoise, upon the ingratitude of sinners, and suffering most painful affliction in so doing—her Allied, Jesus, grew so enamored of her that with His own hand He gave her His heart. Rejoice, then, with this Saint already transformed into Jesus, and ask her prayers in thy behalf, for thine own conformity to the Divine Will and for a total detachment from worldly affections.

Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V.

Consider how this Mary Magdalene, being assailed by most fiery temptations to impurity, in the lake of the infernal lions, after severest penitences, fled for succor to Mary, the great Mother of God ; and how she was consoled by the Blessed Virgin in person, who, covering her with a veil of purest white, assured her that she should never again have similar temptation. Rejoice with the Saint, therefore, in her angelic purity,—praying her to assist thee in like fashion and bring thee off victorious over all temptations.

Pater, Ave and Gloria.

Hymn, Antiphon and prayer, as on page 98.

MODE OF RECITING THE HOLY ROSARY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

JOYFUL MYSTERIES.

To be recited Mondays and Thursdays.

I.

In this First Mystery let us contemplate how the Angel Gabriel announced to the Blessed Virgin that she was to conceive and bring forth a Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.

II.

In the Second Mystery let us contemplate how the Blessed Virgin, understanding that her cousin, Saint Elizabeth, had conceived, rose with haste and went to visit her, remaining three months with her in her house.

III.

In the Third Mystery let us contemplate how the Blessed Virgin Mary, when the time of her delivery was come, brought forth our Redeemer, Christ Jesus, at midnight in the city of Bethlehem and laid Him, between two animals, in a manger.

IV.

In the Fourth Mystery let us contemplate how the Blessed Virgin Mary, on the day of her Purification, presented Christ our Lord in the Temple, where the aged Simeon received Him into his arms.

V.

In the Fifth Mystery let us contemplate how the Blessed Virgin Mary, having lost her beloved Son in Jerusalem, sought Him for the space of three days; and at length found Him, on the fourth day, in the Temple in the midst of the Doctors, disputing with them, He being then but twelve years old.

SORROWFUL MYSTERIES,

To be Recited Tuesdays and Fridays.

I.

In the First Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ, at prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane, sweat great drops of blood.

II.

In the Second Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ was most cruelly scourged in Pilate's house and how innumerable stripes were given Him.

III.

In the Third Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ was crowned with sharpest thorns.

IV.

In the Fourth Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ, being sentenced to die, Himself bore the wood of His Cross; this being laid on His shoulders for His greater torment and ignominy.

V.

In the Fifth Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ being come to Mount Calvary, was stripped of His clothes, and nailed to His Cross most harshly and cruelly, in the presence of His afflicted Mother.

GLORIOUS MYSTERIES,

To be Recited Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

I.

In the First Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ, on the third day after His Passion and Death, rose again in glory and triumph, never more to die.

II.

In the Second Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ, forty days after His Resurrection, ascended to Heaven with wondrous joy and triumph, in sight of His most holy Mother and all His disciples.

III.

In the Third Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ, being seated at the right hand of the Father, sent the Holy Ghost upon His Apostles, who were all gathered together in Jerusalem, with the Blessed Virgin Mary.

IV.

In the Fourth Mystery let us contemplate how the glorious Virgin, twelve years after the Resurrection of our Lord, passed out of this life and was assumed into Heaven by Him, accompanied by His holy Angels.

V.

In the Fifth and last Mystery let us contemplate how the Blessed Virgin was crowned by her Most Holy Son, as Queen of Heaven and Earth; and, beyond this, let us likewise contemplate the glory of All the Saints.

OREMUS.

Deus cujus Unigenitus per Vitam, Mortem et Resurrectionem suam, nobis salutis aeternae praemia comparavit; concede, quaesumus, ut haec mysteria sanctissimo beatae Mariae Virginis Rosario recolentes, et imitemur quod continent et quod promittunt, assequamur. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

PRAYER FOR THE SISTERS.

To be Recited Whenever Occasion Serves.
Respice, Domine, gregem istum, qui contempto mundo et concupiscentia carnis, sub ala tuae protectionis effugiens humiliter commoratur; atque devotas animas et tibi sponte servire volentes, tuae beatitudinis regno, velut apes argu-

mentosae, unquam accumulare recusant : et tam signo tuae invictissimae crucis protegas, quam interiori sancto habitu nostrae sanctae Religionis informes : ita ut fide ornatae, spe securae et caritate sint accensae. Fac eas, Domine, mundum et ea quae sunt in mundo despiciere : et quia Satanæ militiae resignarunt, te solum sponsum suum et patrem veracissimum quaerentes, super eas rorem tuae bene * dictionis infundo : easque ab omnibus peccatis absolve, cor suum in tentationibus roborata, pariterque mentem a pravis desideriis aliena, ut ab illicitis concupiscentiis nudatae, nudam crucem sequantur, et velut altera Magdalena mundum fugientes et hic coelestis vitae participatione fruantur, et in fine, quam nec oculus vidit, nec auris audivit, nec in cor hominis ascendit, una cum Sanctis tuis accipiant vitam sempiternam. Amen.

MODE OF SERVING MASS ACCORDING TO THE RITE OF CARMEL.

The servitor, having come to the Altar, shall make the genuflections or prostrations together with the Priest, and then, having placed the Missal upon the reading-desk, shall immediately take the ampollae, present them to the Priest, and, giving him the one containing water shall say : *Benedicite*. Afterwards, he shall replace the ampollae on the credence table and go to kneel down on the Gospel side of the Altar. He shall make the sign of the cross together with the Priest when the latter thus begins :

P. In Nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen. *Confitemini Domino quoniam bonus.*

R. *Quoniam in saeculum misericordia ejus.*

P. *Confiteor Deo, etc.*

R. *Misereatur tui omnipotens Deus et dimittat tibi omnia peccata tua, liberet te ab omni malo, conservet et confirmet in omni opere bono et perducatur ad vitam aeternam.*

P. Amen.

R. *Confiteor Deo omnipotenti Beatæ Mariæ semper Virgini, Beato Patri nostro Eliae, omnibus Sanctis et tibi Pater (bowing his head to the Priest,) quia peccavi nimis cogitatione, locutione, opere, et omissione, mea culpa, (without*

striking the breast). *Ideo precor Beatam Mariam semper Virginem, Beatum Patrem nostrum Eliam, omnes sanctos et te Pater (bowing his head as before), orare pro me ad Dominum Jesum Christum.*

P. *Miseratur, etc.*

R. Amen.

P. *Indulgentiam, absolutionem, etc.*

R. Amen.

P. *Adjutorium nostrum in Nomine Domini.*

R. *Qui fecit coelum et terram. (He shall lift the hem of the alb for the Priest, as he ascends the steps of the Altar.)*

At the Kyrrie.

The servitor, in alternation with the Priest, shall respond :

Kyrrie eleison, Christe eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrrie eleison.

At the *Dominus vobiscum*, he shall always make response, *Et cum spiritu tuo*, and at the close of every *Oremus* shall say, Amen. After the Epistle the response shall be, *Deo gratias* ; and the servitor shall then promptly betake himself to the Epistle side where the book is and be ready to remove it, after the Priest is done reading, to the other or Gospel side.

At the Gospel.

P. *Dominus vobiscum.*

R. *Et cum spiritu tuo.*

P. *Sequentia, or, Initium S. Evangelii, etc.*

R. *Gloria tibi Domine.*

At the close of the Gospel the Servitor responds, *Laus tibi Christe*. After the Gospel, if the Creed be said, he kneels ; if not, he goes quickly to the other side and responds to the *Dominus vobiscum*. After the Priest has said the *Oremus*, he proceeds to the credence table, and taking the ampolla holding water, together with the dish and towel, pours water on the Priest's fingers, presents him with the towel, takes the small bell and returns to his place again, kneeling down.

P. *Orate Fratres.*

R. *Memor sit Dominus omnium sacrificii tui et holocaustum tuum pingue fiat. Tribuat tibi secundum cor tuum, et omne consilium tuum confirmet.*

At the Preface.

P. Per omnia saecula saeculorum.

R. Amen.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

P. Sursum corda.

R. Habemus ad Dominum.

P. Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro.

R. Dignum et justum est.

At the Sanctus he shall ring the little bell three times, and likewise, at the elevation of the Host and of the Chalice, at the same time lifting the hem of the chasuble.

At the Pater Noster.

P. Per omnia saecula, etc.

R. Amen.

At the close of the Pater noster, he shall respond :

R. Sed libera nos a malo.

After a little while the Priest says :

P. Per omnia saecula, etc.

R. Amen.

P. Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

At the proper time the servitor rises, takes the ampollae and puts the wine into the chalice, afterwards pouring wine and water on the fingers of the Priest.

Having done this, he restores the ampollae to their places and carries the Missal to the Epistle side of the Altar, making response to the prayers as given above ; after which the Priest shall say :

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

P. Ite Missa est, or, Benedicamus Domino.

R. Deo gratias.

If the Priest has left the Missal open, remove it to the other side for the last Gospel.

At the Benediction.

P. Benedictio Dei omnipotentis, Patris, etc.

R. Amen.

Afterwards, the Priest says the Salve Regina ; while the servitor, imitating the Priest, either stands or kneels ; after which the servitor makes response, Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Genitrix. The Priest responds, then says the final Oremus, to which the response is Amen.

At the season of Easter, instead of the Salve Regina, the Priest shall say the Regina coeli, after which the servitor shall say, Gaude et lactare Virgo Maria. Later, at the close of the last Gospel, he responds, Laus tibi Christe.

The Scapular a Safeguard.

By J. A. Post, S. J.

ALBERT and Duncan had been for a long time good Christian friends. Unfortunately Duncan fell into the hands of wicked companions, and it was not long before he changed his good ways. He cared no longer for a Christian life. He mocked, yes, even laughed at everything that had any appearance of religion or of Christian piety. After the lapse of many years when both Albert and Duncan had become fathers of a family, it happened, one morning in summer, that dark clouds gathered together in the sky, and soon a most severe thunderstorm arose. Duncan, at home as

he was with his wife, approached the window to view the danger. The next moment he saw his former friend Albert running in all haste towards the lake, where, as much as could be distinguished from afar, two persons were in danger of being drowned. "Look here," said Duncan, calling to his wife, "look, there is the pious Albert braving the danger." "He is all right," replied the wife in a sneering way ; "there is no danger for such a God-fearing man, a man who wears the scapular." Thus she spoke and then burst out into a kind of hellish laughter. "But I wonder," began

Duncan again, "I wonder who might be those children in danger of being drowned? Say, where are our two boys?" "A while ago," said the wife, growing pale, "they asked me to go to play near the lake." "Why, then, they might be our children," and like a madman Duncan ran out of the house. In a few minutes he was standing at the lake, and to his great distress he saw the imminent danger of his own children. Albert, who had been one of the first to witness the boys' misfortune, had by that time already started in a small boat to rescue, if possible, the little ones who were now most piteously crying for help on that very log on which they had been playing before. Duncan, a good swimmer as he was, and thinking that Albert could not possibly save both his children, tore off at once his clothes, threw himself in the water and made for the place of danger. Though it did not take him long to reach the spot, still at his arrival he found the two boys safe in the boat of Albert, whilst the latter had disappeared himself. "How glad I am, my children," cried Duncan, "to see you safe; let us hurry on, the storm is not over yet. I suppose that other man who came to save you is as good as lost. Even if I would swim after him, I don't think I could save him." By this time crowds of people had gathered around the lake, and wished good cheer to those on the water. Duncan, indeed, worked the oars as hard as he could, and he had almost reached the shore, when on a sudden a flash of lightning fell in the very midst of the little crew. Imagine the anxiety and care of the people on the shore. Whilst many hurried at once to offer, if necessary, a helping hand, others were called upon by a voice from the opposite side of the lake. It was the voice of Albert who had saved himself by means of the very log from which he had rescued Duncan's boys. What a joy then filled the hearts of the people,

when they saw that courageous man in safety on the shore. Hundreds of questions at once were put to him, how he succeeded in reaching the shore. But instead of any answer, Albert knelt down, looked up to heaven and said, "Thousands of thanks to thee, my dearest Mother in heaven, for thou hast shown me today that whosoever wears faithfully your scapular shall not die unprovided—" Here he stopped, his strength gave way, he felt altogether exhausted. He was brought home, and there, as soon as he was able to talk, he went on saying: "At the moment when I was putting the second boy of Duncan's in my little boat, I myself fell overboard and down into the very deep. Not knowing how to swim, I considered myself lost, but the next moment a ray of hope shone brightly through my heart. I remembered the words, the promise of the Virgin Mother of God, and I prayed thus: 'O Holy Mother, don't let me pass out of this world without receiving the last sacraments! Remember, dearest Mother, the promise you made your children who wear the scapular.' I had scarcely finished my prayer, when I felt within myself new strength and courage, and the next moment, I don't know how, I was again on the surface of the water and just near the log where I saved the two boys. Of course I took hold of it and in a short time I was driven to the shore. Once more, thousand thanks to our heavenly Queen. But say, tell me, how is Duncan and his boys? Are they safe?" "Albert," replied one of the bystanders, "be not disturbed if we tell you what happened. Duncan had come near the shore when lightning struck in the boat. One of the boys and the father are lost; the other boy is at home." "Great and just God in heaven," cried Albert, "what a terrible death. Duncan, may you have found in Jesus a merciful Judge!"

—J. A. Post, S.J.

NOVEMBER.

(Quatrain.)

J. William Fischer.

IN widow-weeds, she kneels at Earth's lone tomb—
Love's Queen—while night is weeping in despair,
And now Christ's stars peer through the heaven's gloom—
O wealth of souls sweet ransomed by her prayer!

Blessings of the Holy Scapular.

DURING the fall of the year 1873 a free-mason, who lived in the neighborhood of a Carmelite convent, was very sick. The sisters, knowing the deplorable state of the soul of this man, sent fervent prayers to heaven. The face of the sufferer was almost eaten up by a hideous cancer. He was brought to a hospital, where sisters nursed him. But even in the hospital he did not wish to hear anything about conversion. The Carmelite nuns sent him a Holy Scapular, which the sisters of the Hospital—unknown to the man—put under his pillow. A few days later, he being worse and very weak, the sisters put the Scapular on him. The following night he asked for a priest and made a good confession. Then he received communion. At the moment of his death he exclaimed, "Blessed be the merciful, for they will obtain mercy. Blessed be the good nuns, who, notwithstanding my hardness, did not cease to invoke divine mercy for me. They certainly will obtain mercy and I trust that for their sake the Lord will also have pity on me." After these words he died peacefully.

What a precious treasure is the Holy Scapular which the Mother of God brought us from heaven! Let us thank God with St. Theresa who at the moment of her death exclaimed, "I thank Thee, O Lord, that you made me a daughter of the Holy Church."

At the beginning of the war between Prussia and Austria, in the year 1866, a great number of Cath-

olic soldiers took care to be invested with the Scapular. Once one of these soldiers, who stood between a Protestant and a Jew, was struck on the breast by three bullets, which, not even piercing his coat—far less entering his body—fell to his feet. After the battle the two comrades asked the man to what cause he ascribed his wonderful preservation. Without saying a word the Catholic soldier unbuttoned his coat and showed them the Scapular, telling them that those who are invested with it are under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin. The Jew, understanding nothing, thought that the Scapular was a kind of a magical talisman and offered for it all the money he had at his disposal. The Protestant was shaken in his religious convictions—was touched by grace, and became a Catholic, though his family renounced him.

Some years ago the south of France was visited by great inundations. In a house twenty persons had sought shelter against the furious waves. The proprietor of the house distributed among all the Scapular, which was accepted by all excepting one woman, who considered this precaution as useless. Now the flood had reached the house, which soon—with a terrible crash—was swept away. All the people who had been in that house at the moment of the catastrophe were saved with the exception of one, and this was the very person who had refused to accept the Scapular.

Notes on a Trip to the Holy Land,

PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR THE CARMELITE REVIEW

By VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

MOUNT CALVARY.

THE charm of the Basilica of the Resurrection lies in the fact that it encloses two incomparably sacred shrines which make it the center of Christian love and devotion throughout the world—namely Mount Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre. It is of these most signal monuments of our Divine Saviour's Passion and Death that I promised to treat in my present letter; and I shall observe, by way of preamble, that, considering the many times Jerusalem itself has been destroyed since our Redeemer's coming (even of its once magnificent temple—as was predicted by Him—there is no longer as much as one stone upon another), and the implacable hatred of both Jew and Saracen for everything Christian, it cannot be otherwise than miraculous that they have come down to our time in so perfect a state of preservation as is that which characterizes them among the several sites rendered glorious and sacred by the tragedy of Golgotha.

Originally Mount Calvary, which is interpreted the place of skulls, was the locality where only the most notorious criminals were executed,—those to whom lesser offences were imputed being put to death elsewhere as was St. Stephen. In the adorable designs of Almighty God it was on this horrible mound that His Divine Son—who, as St. Peter says (I. Ep., II. 24), "bore our sins in His body upon the tree" (that is the Cross)—was destined to die in the guise of a malefactor, surrounded by all that was infamous and laden with opprobrium. The pagan rulers of Rome, who, in

unconscious fulfilment of our Saviour's prophecy, subjugated Palestine to their sway forty years after this awful deed, sought, by every artifice that diabolical astuteness could devise, to obliterate all traces of the great sacrifice which He offered upon this spot for the redemption of the world, vainly hoping meanwhile that His memory might perish therewith and His divine work be destroyed. But the very efforts they made to this end only served to defeat their purpose and to proclaim irrefutably for all time the identity of the "holy places," and, in particular, of Mount Calvary and His Sepulchre.

About two hundred and ninety-four years after the Crucifixion, St. Helen caused the Temple of Jupiter, erected by the Emperor Hadrian on the summit of the former, to be thrown down, and she replaced it by a beautiful chapel. When, however, there was question later on of enclosing Mount Calvary and the tomb of our Lord in one grand structure, namely, the Basilica of Constantine, the holy empress had both these sacred localities so altered as to quite change their original appearance. Hence, all that is seen of Calvary today is an elevation fifteen feet square by twelve in height. This is overlaid with precious marbles and is reached by a double stairway of eighteen steps each. Moreover, it is roofed in, thus forming, as it were, a separate edifice in the basilica, and contains three altars, commemorative respectively of the Crucifixion, the planting of the Cross and the taking down of our Saviour's body therefrom. The

Franciscan Fathers have charge of the first and third mentioned altars. The second, which is on the site where Jesus expired, fell into the possession of the schismatic Greek clergy about the year 1512 through the favor of the then reigning sultan, which, it is well known, was not obtained without a substantial *quid pro quo*. Needless to say, they do not allow Catholic priests to officiate at it, though even these may share (as I had the happiness of doing) the privilege accorded all visitors at stated times namely, of venerating the spot on which the sacrifice of Calvary was consummated. To my dying day I cannot forget the emotions that stirred my soul as I prostrated myself on that ground in which was planted the "Tree of Life," whose precious fruit was man's redemption, or my joy at being permitted to offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass upon that mount whereon the High Priest of the New Law, Christ Jesus, inaugurated it in a bloody manner, by immolating Himself upon the altar of the Cross.

Calvary, I may remark, was not a mountain originally, as some have erroneously supposed, but rather a knoll or mound formed by a great rock sparsely covered with soil. This rock was rent asunder by the awful earthquake which shook the globe on the first Good Friday; and the fissure which then cleft it in twain—and which, as if by a miracle, runs against instead of with the grain—is still visible through an open space in the marble covering already mentioned. A silver frame surrounds this aperture, into which the hand can be introduced with ease. Finally, on one side of the mount the continuation of the great cleft may be seen running the entire width of the rock and disappearing in the ground below.

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The receptacle in which the dead body of Jesus was laid is scarcely more than a minute's walk from

Mount Calvary, which accounts for its being under the roof of one and the same temple which covers the sacred eminence. In fact, the Gospel according to St. John says: "And there was in the place, where He was crucified, a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein no man had yet been laid. There, therefore, by reason of the Parasceve of the Jews, they laid Jesus, because the sepulchre was nigh at hand." And now I shall tell you of this august shrine somewhat more in detail than I had occasion to do in a former letter, reminding you beforehand that our Divine Redeemer, who said "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," (St. Matthew, VIII., 20), died as He had lived, that is to say, in poverty and want, without so much as a grave that He could call His own; for He was buried in the tomb of another, namely, in that of His faithful disciple, Joseph of Arimathea. This, as has already been said, was situated in a garden near the scene of our Lord's death, and consisted originally of two apartments hewn out of a rock and opening into one another—the first serving as a sort of ante-chamber to the second, which was the sepulchre that the disciple just mentioned had prepared for himself, but which, as we have seen, was occupied by the Author of life, dead for love of ungrateful man.

St. Helen, it may be said with regret, in her zeal to embellish this priceless treasure of the Christian world, caused the first and largest of these apartments to be removed, A.D. 326, and built over the thus isolated tomb a sumptuous chapel. This was demolished a long time after by the Persians and rebuilt by their queen, a Christian, wife of Chosroes the II., in the year 629. Twice again during the eleven hundred and seventy years that followed, were new chapels (or *edicula*, as they have since been called) erected to replace those that perish-

ed within that period. The last of these constructions was effected in 1808, subsequent to a conflagration which greatly damaged the basilica itself. This time, however, the schismatic Greeks, by means of a large money-offering and the powerful influence of Russia, obtained from the Sublime Porte the privilege of enclosing the Holy Sepulchre thus dispossessing in a measure the Franciscans, notwithstanding the fact that their brethren had been in charge of it since 1230, having been appointed to that office by Pope Gregory IX. and confirmed in the same a little more than a century later by Clement VI. In this connection, it will not be out of place to mention that the Sultan Melek-el-Aschraf, who sanctioned the act of Gregory by a firman issued in 1215, quotes in that document no less than twelve of his predecessors who had shown exceptional favor to the sons of St. Francis and afforded them the royal protection. All of which goes to show that the present intruders at the tomb of Jesus have wrested it in a manner wholly unjustifiable from the Latin clergy, represented by these devoted religious, and in spite of the oft-renewed covenant between the Holy See and the Saracen rulers. The last adicule—erected, be it said, under the Franciscan guardianship in 1555 and destroyed by the fire of which I made mention a little farther back—is reported to have been a masterpiece of art and refined taste, which is more than can be said of the tawdry and ungainly creation that now offends the eyes of visitors to the Redemer's tomb. This is a structure of yellow marble whose walls, on the outside, are intersected by pilasters of red limestone—the effect of this combination being quite the opposite of pleasing. Its length is 26 1-2 feet; width and height, 16 1-2 feet each. The roof, which is flat, is surrounded by a heavy-looking balustrade of variegated marble, and is surrounded by a spheroid or balloon-shaped

cupola upheld by massive square pillars. The façade is adorned with four winding columns of white marble, as also by a bass relief of the same material and an oil painting—both representing the Resurrection.

As may be inferred from the external measurements I have given you, this adicule is not of insignificant dimensions; nevertheless, standing as it does in the vast rotunda of the basilica, it is like a pigmy beside a giant. As regards its interior, it has but one chamber proper—the "Chapel of the Angel," which serves as a vestibule to the tomb. Its inner walls, to which are attached alternately twelve semi-circular columns and as many half columns of similar form, are of white marble. From its ceiling hang fifteen large lamps of precious metal and exquisite workmanship, whose myriads of waxen tapers, fed by the purest olive oil, cast a delicate light upon the surroundings by night and by day. Five of these lamps are cared for by the Franciscans; the remainder by the divers schismatic bodies which inhabit the basilica.

I said that there is but one chamber proper in the adicule. In other words, the rear portion of the edifice is but a false compartment, which is unseen from within, serving merely as a covering to the sepulchral vault. This though hollowed out of what was once a huge rock is in itself but a small cell, being only five feet nine inches long, by five feet five inches wide. Its walls, too, are overlaid with white marble, but are quite plain. Several paintings, richly framed, and a bass relief in silver temper this severity, however, and a marble pillar adorns each corner, though supporting nothing; for by an act of vandalism without parallel, the Greeks, when rebuilding the adicule in 1808, removed the natural rock roof of the sepulchral chamber in order, they said, to afford an inlet for air, and a passage-way for the smoke constantly ascending from the forty-

three massive lamps of gold and silver which burn incessantly in the presence of our Saviour's grave. This ineffably holy receptacle is on the right as one enters the little cave-like cell just described. To give you an idea of it, I shall ask you to picture to yourself a couch formed out of the solid rock, situate on the north side of the sepulchral chamber and looking east and west; its length being five feet three inches, its breadth two feet five, and its height one foot ten. The bed of the couch is not flat, but excavated, forming a species of trough. The entire sarcophagus is now covered with marble slabs, and mass is celebrated upon it daily -- a portable wooden "mensa" being fitted over it at the required height for the celebration of the holy sacrifice. The Franciscan sacristan puts this in place only when priests of the Latin rite or of other rites in communion with Rome are about to celebrate, -- which it fell to my lot to do on Friday, September 15th, octave of our Blessed Lady's Nativity -- and removes as soon as they have finished; for the schismatic Greek, Armenian, Syrian and Coptic clergy who profess a claim equal, if not superior, to that of the Latins, arrange the sepulchre according to their respective rituals when preparing for their functions. It is indeed sad to think that these most precious monuments of our Saviour's Passion and Death -- these inexpressibly holy shrines of Christendom -- are in the hands of the infidel Turk; but to see them made the theatre of strife and contention by men invested with the priesthood, even though they represent sectaries who have long since left the one sheepfold of Jesus Christ, is painful and humiliating in the extreme. While our party was visiting the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, for instance, a case of this kind occurred under our very eyes -- a troop of Turkish soldiers having been called into that sacred edifice by the guard on duty there to quell

an emente that had broken out between the members of the Greek clergy and a number of Armenian monks, neither side, I was almost glad to learn, being in communion with the Holy See. But to the credit of the Latin clergy, be it said, the Turks themselves are not slow to praise their reverent and pacific attitude under the most trying circumstances. Days would not suffice to tell all that the heroic and long-suffering children of St. Francis have had to encounter at the hands of their schismatic adversaries in this connection. A member of their little community housed in the hospice adjoining the basilica of the Holy Sepulchre said to me: "Father, matters are growing worse as time goes on; encroachments on our rights are constantly multiplying, and it is not difficult to see what the end will be if Providence does not soon intervene." I may add that the ever-increasing intrigues of schismatic Russia (more inimical, if possible, to Catholicity than the Mohammedans themselves); the apathy of Catholic France, her ally, under the present irreligious rulers by whom she is governed; the growing propagandism of Protestant Germany, coupled with the unstinted use of vast pecuniary resources placed at the disposal of sectarian associations for proselytism in the Holy Land, and, last but not least, the tendency of the Sublime Porte to seek an avenue of escape from the pressure brought to bear upon it from all these quarters by abandoning its protection of the Church and her institutions within its dominions, or at least by conniving at the infringements upon her secular prerogatives by her numerous adversaries -- all this, I say, makes the future look dark for the triumph of truth and justice in that country which was evangelized by the Divine Founder of Christianity in person. Let us not doubt the issue of the impending struggle, however, but rather send up fervent petitions to God that it may come

speedily, consoling ourselves meanwhile with the assurance of Isaias: "Behold the hand of the Lord is not shortened that he cannot save, neither is his ear heavy that it cannot hear." (LIX. 1.)

I have purposely dwelt in this and in some of my former letters on what may have seemed to you my first visit to the Basilica of the Resurrection and its shrines, for I wished to give you an uninterrupted account of all that I found specially interesting under its roof. Let me observe, however, that it was in reality during six subsequent visits I paid this great church that I acquainted myself with the greater part of what I have laid before you in connection with it. To conclude this portion of my "letters," I will sum up with the following reflection: Human hands and the vicissitudes of time have indeed changed the appearance of the spots consecrated by Christ's death and burial. Still, this very circumstance has served to render their memory imperishable, by repeatedly fixing the attention of the Faithful of all ages upon them, hereby establishing beyond the possibility of reasonable doubt their identity and their exact position. Moreover, an unbroken chain of tradition, recognized and conformed to by the principal religious bodies in the Christian world and even by Islam itself, has come down to our day from the time of the Apostles in regard to these sacred places, and neither the powers of darkness nor the efforts of infidelity—though great and unrelenting beyond expression—have been able to disprove its teachings. On the contrary, all such vain endeavors, like those of the emperor of pagan Rome, have brought confusion upon their authors and have proved once again the truth uttered by the Wise Man in the Book of Proverbs: "There is no wisdom, there is no prudence, there is no counsel against the Lord." (XXI. 30.) Finally, the prediction of Isaias in regard to the God-man

and the grave in which His blessed body was laid, namely, "Him the Gentiles shall beseech, and His sepulchre shall be glorious." (XI. 10.) has found its verification in none other than the tomb which from the time of His death until the present moment has been universally acknowledged as His; for, this tomb has never had a rival! What proof of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre, as we know it, could be more unanswerable and convincing than this? Aye, truly, "Him the Gentiles shall beseech, and His sepulchre shall be glorious." Won over by the sublimity of the faith of Christ, the "Gentiles," of whose race we are, have besought Him as their God for ages past, and have flocked to His grave in countless thousands from all parts of the world. Here they have adored their risen Lord and have glorified the tomb which afforded His body—ever united with the Divinity—an asylum in death, by surrounding it with all the magnificence that talent can devise or wealth bestow. From the days of Constantine the Great, his pious mother St. Helen and the victorious crusaders down to our time, no shrine in the world has been dearer to the followers of the Crucified. Gold, silver and precious stones have been lavished upon it. The rarest fabrics and most costly textures hang round about it, a mighty temple shelters it. But more priceless than all these "gifts of hands" are the tears of the innocent and the penitent which mingle there, as though they would wash out the marks of blood with which the sins of man have indelibly stained this holiest of tombs. May I not say to you, my dear cousin, and to all who read these my letters: Let us weep with them, as, in our turn, we plead for pardon, resolving meanwhile to glorify by a Christian life the merciful Redeemer whose death has robbed ours of its sting, and whose resurrection from the grave is to us the pledge of a blessed immortality.

(To be continued.)

True Education.

TO ask what the state of true education is, may seem an idle question, one that can be answered by pointing triumphantly to the large educational institutions that dot this fair land of ours. But no; such an answer is too superficial; it proves no more in respect of real education than did the gorgeous palaces of the Roman emperors prove in respect of morality, justice, and law. 'Tis not the fair face or comely form that bespeaks genius, 'tis the words that the tongue speaks that tell us of wisdom; words, deeds, results, are the cogent arguments for hidden knowledge. It is not the mere existence of seats of learning that gives unanswerable proof of the advancement of learning, it is what these seats teach, what they do, what they produce, that commands our attention and recognition. Unfortunately, the shadow too often has been taken for the substance; form and figure too often have been confounded with mind; the veriest means time and again has been vaunted as the desired end. As this has been the case in various other matters, so has it been the case in this question of education. Therefore, lest we flounder in the same slough in which so many others have been sinking, let us see wherein education precisely consists.

Education is the systematic and proportional development of the powers of man along their respective lines. It develops not only the mind but also the heart; man must be taught not only to know, but also to love. Separate these two things, and you separate man—an inseparable unity. It would be of little benefit to man to teach him what is good, and what is bad; what is beautiful, and what is unseemly, if he would not love the good and the beautiful, and shun the bad and the unseemly. To know

without appreciating what one knows, were to philosophize without loving the truth. We are led by education from the region of darkness and insensibility, to those of light and sensibility. As truth is one, so also is man. To educate him, one must take him as one finds him, and one finds him with a mind and a heart. When the child learns its catechism, it is taught to know and to love God; to know Him without loving Him were loss, not gain.

Education does not mean a development of man that is, in any way, prejudicial to sound morality. Detriment to morals, produced by any so-called education, would be a debasement of man, not an advancement. No one considers the deleterious use of anodynes as a cause of health, how much sooner it may allay, for the moment, most exquisite pains. Brilliant intellectual studies without sound training of the will may have an alluring momentary glamour; but, when the enchantment palls, the hidden desolation is exposed to view. No trainer would think of developing an athlete in one point only; a proportional development of all the muscles is required, else an abnormal condition would ensue, a condition entirely at variance with all views on physical development. Similarly, there must be a proportional development of the powers of man's soul, otherwise the issue shall be widely removed from the one desired.

That such is true education, the great Ruskin teaches. "Education" says he, "does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know, it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave." Again, "Education is leading human souls to what is best, and making what is best of them." But as no man behaves differently from that which he has been accustomed

to; as no man is led to what is best unless by a change of heart; so, of necessity, the true development of man concerns these two inseparable things—mind and will. Great statesmen and generals have oft voiced this sentiment. "Educate men without religion," says Wellington, "and you make them but clever devils." Gladstone has said that a school where no religion was taught was no school.

Though this is thus potent, that education concerns the whole man, numbers of teachers and institutions are losing sight of this very fact. What do many of these seek? The true and lasting good of their pupils, or a specious show which brings them the greatest emoluments and the vainest of honors? Tawdry, tinsel and pomp, so often the veriest substance of gorgeous pageants, are also not infrequently the one reality in educational matters. What do many instructors care for the moral life of their pupils so only they are tolerably subservient whilst under instruction? No deep guiding principles of life are inculcated. As a result of this superficiality, learning of the flimsiest and tawdriest kind is the mental food of the pupil. What a good sterling teacher can do in this regard is proportional to the deleterious effects that can be produced by an unworthy one. The atmosphere of the schoolroom is pregnant with influences on the lives of the scholars. The seeds of a manly, upright, sincere conduct; of a self-respecting pride and of an instinctive feeling of right and wrong, are sown within its precincts. If the teacher has not these qualities himself, he can never be expected to engender them in the minds of his pupils. Hence a conscientious teacher feels how heavy and serious his duty is; a thoughtless, shallow teacher never dreams of the far-reaching influence of his daily acts in the schoolroom, because such thoughts are too deep for him.

One virtue which, above all oth-

ers, should be instilled into the hearts of the young, is a sincere love for truth. To engender this virtue in the pupil, the teacher himself must have a life-long love for justice and truth. This is a necessity; without it, 'twere dumb show, mockery, to profess to teach a love for that truth which should permeate the soul of every true scholar. Yet facts—hard, dry facts—are constantly coming before us, and telling us of the lack of this ingenious love for truth.

But last summer a professor (how sadly is this name abused!) in the University of Chicago openly said that lying was in some cases allowable! How Truth must have hid her face in sorrow at such an attack upon her immaculate and virginal integrity! Had some second-rate teacher propounded such a doctrine, she might have scorned him with proud disdain, but when a leading institution of the land—an institution which professes to lead men to higher and nobler ideals—places upon its rostrum such a teacher for the human race, there is evidently a detestable and baneful principle at work.

Anyone should think that, in this enlightened twentieth century, there should be some deep-rooted love for truth. But most painful examples of the contrary are, ever and anon, coming under notice. Now, if anyone should be a devotee of truth, it should be an historian. Such a one can never hope to disentangle the intricate maze of truth and falsehood which history is unless his guiding star is truth. Yet howsoever evident this is, there are, in this twentieth century, professors holding chairs to Clio who are wandering in a Cimmerian darkness, a thousand times more dense than that which enveloped the Egyptians of old. In the University of Chicago during the second week of October of this year, Professor —, noted for his bias against Catholicity, was treating of the period of the Reformation. Here his bigotry,

disseminated by the grossest ignorance or the most villainous falsehood, broke forth in a false and scurvy tirade against the Catholic Church. The popes of that time were knaves, tricksters, hypocrites, who professed in their outward lives the direct opposite of their inner lives, who believed not the tenets of the Church of which they were the head; indulgences, pardons for sins, (!) were bought and sold. Such, in effect, is the substance of this jaundiced professor's harangue. The scholars drank in this baneful potion, and thus were swallowed the germs of the grossest and most detestable bigotry and falsehood, in the very halls of a great American university!

But such a monstrous and diabolical attack on Catholic principles was not allowed to pass unchallenged. In the class was a sterling Catholic girl, who grew more indignant and Catholic as the lesson progressed. When the professor had almost exhausted his supply of lies and falsehood, she rose, in open class, in the full confidence of the strength of her position. "What is the Catholic doctrine on indulgences?" was the simple but telling question she asked the professor. The class was thunderstruck; the professor, dumfounded. He could not answer the question, because he did not know the answer. She then proceeded to tell him that he had recommended to the class seven works, not one of which was Catholic.

The professor afterwards apologized, saying it was a slip of the tongue. "No, sir, it was not, and for the future be careful of what you say," was the girl's firm response. A few such fearless scholars in the halls of prejudiced universities and schools would work untold good in the advancement of justice and truth. All honor to such courageous souls that dare to stand up for the right.

What a shame it is that such men as this bigoted sciolistic professor

are placed upon the chairs of American universities to be a light in the darkness to American youth! Is that loving truth? Is it consoling to think that America has such schools? The fewer such schools the better. It is high time that men would seek truth first of all. What will such training profit the character of youth? This land of ours must indeed groan under the weight of such debasement, as long as teachers worship not truth. O, ye Dark Ages! would that ye might shed some light on these Ages of Light!

A school from which the moral virtues are banished cannot be but a cesspool of evil. Better it were to remain in the densest of ignorance than to corrupt one's soul with falsehood and bigotry. A great burden is placed upon the shoulders of all concerned in the education of youth. Presidents, teachers, parents, pupils — all shall have to answer for their obligations in this regard.

Above all, parents must be careful in this regard if they value the souls of their little ones. It is the bounden duty of parents to choose schools where mental and moral discipline is in vogue. Yet they often send their children to a school where they think they can make their studies with the greatest eclat; brilliancy, not depth or morality, is the one desideratum; that gained, all gained; that lost, all lost. So, at least, is thought. Fond parents! How often are they undecieved in succeeding years, when the learning they so much coveted bears its bitter and noisome fruit! A one-sided training shall ever remain so, and from it can never be expected true and lasting results. Warped and distorted intellectually, in their early years, children can never be what they might have been — and this, simply because their parents were so thoughtless and vain.

"Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearing of little

children tends towards the formation of character." Though begun at home and continued outside the parental influence, training must ever be under the supervision of parents. They must learn what the standard of a school is before they entrust their little ones to its care. Therefore they must be nice in their choice, else their hopes shall be dashed anon to the ground.

Youth is a time of hope. Prospects are bright; rebuffs, easily pardoned; disappointments, light; the horizon, clear. But the really serious, though youthful, student must not allow himself to be dazzled by appearances. Young man, young woman, you have a precious treasure in a frail vessel. Let nothing that can sully its brightness ever enchant your mind. Knowledge is a grand and noble goal, so only it be, not false, but true. Bow down before no vain display; respect the nobility of your soul. Seek a learning that will raise you above the mire in which so many wallow. Choose those teachers and schools which will feed your soul with grand Christian principles, and which have a moral condiment in all mental instruction. You may say, "I know my religion sufficiently well," but you are wrong — wrong in principle and in heart. In principle, because no man can know his duty to God too well, any more than he can love Him too much; in heart, because you have not that meek and humble spirit which loves to sit at our Saviour's feet even as Magdalen.

To teachers, parents and pupils we would say, in conclusion: Seek a true moral and mental development, not a warped and one-sided education; then, lovers of truth alone can find scholars, and the biassed and bigoted sciolist shall be no more. The Dark Ages may have been dark, but they had no longer or more noisome shadows than those which today cast a pall over our land. When the grand principles of the Catholic religion are under-

stood and received, we may hope for the removal of all this darkness and gloom.

May that Seat of Wisdom, who knew so well even whilst on earth what truth and virtue are, use her powerful intercession to hasten the dawning of that day when truth, justice and all virtues will reign in the hearts of teacher, parent, and scholar.

"C."

Chicago.

PROFANITY.

A repulsive feature of contemporary life is our reckless profanity. The vice is not confined to the "tough" element, but is indulged in by "respectable" people. The name of God is outraged by oaths and imprecations quite as a matter of course and without the excuse of anger or excitement. The sacred name of Jesus Christ is a byword, and the air is vocal with expletives which are not according to the second Commandment. Profanity is a sin, and profanity is ungentlemanly. One can understand why boys, who imagine that it is manly, indulge in it. One can understand how a man, under the influence of deep feeling, might now and then find ordinary language inadequate to the situation, though this rather palliates than excuses. But that a man in the regular intercourse of life should season discourse with oaths and curses is a strange and foul thing. The growth of Holy Name Societies throughout the country is an encouraging sign. It is a matter which ought to appeal to every sincerely Catholic man, this crusade against blasphemy. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that shall take the name of the Lord his God in vain."—The New World.

Rosary Gems.

We have already enumerated the indulgences attached to the devotion of "Fifteen Saturdays," and that all are applicable to the Holy Souls in Purgatory. Indeed, the wonderful indulgences with which our Lady's Rosary beads are enriched, especially when blessed by a "Dominican and used by a "Rosarian," (that is, one enrolled in the Confraternity) render it one of the most efficacious means for helping those captives of the King. From the fifteen mysteries of our Redemption, celestial dew ("ros") of grace falls softly to refresh and even extinguish their torturing pains, and when we say the chaplet for this end, "Eternal rest grant them, O God, and let perpetual light shine upon them," may be substituted for the "Glory be to the Father," etc.

It is a pious thought and may be pleasing for some souls when contemplating the virtues of Jesus and Mary in the mysteries, to offer them in atonement for those in Purgatory who have failed in humility, charity, etc., and are now satisfying Divine Justice.

We read of a holy nun, Rev. Mother Francisca, of the Holy Sacrament, who had a most tender devotion to, and compassion for, the poor souls, and recited daily the fifteen mysteries of the Holy Rosary, calling it "the distributor of alms." She was frequently visited by them, and her biographer tells us they would take her beads and kiss them respectfully as the instrument of their deliverance. Their various states of suffering filled this compassionate nun's heart with anguish but then she was inundated with joy at their deliverance and assisted in many ways by their gratitude.

Let us take example from this, and while some desire to lay beautiful wreaths on the lifeless forms of their dear departed, or twine

them round their tombs, we will offer unflaming chaplets, and lay them in Mary's gentle hands, for she is Queen of those wide realms of suffering, "clement, loving, sweet," to soothe their pain, to plead for their release, and at last to show them Jesus, the Blessed Fruit of her womb.

"O turn to Jesus, Mother, turn
And call Him by His tenderest
names.

Pray for the Holy Souls that burn
This hour amidst the cleansing
flames." —Fr. Faber.

—Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.

WHO MERITS TO BE CALLED A MODEL CHRISTIAN.

The recognized hall-mark of the exemplary Catholic is his frequent reception of the sacraments. Unfailing regularity in attending Holy Mass on Sundays and festivals of obligation, with at least habitual presence at Vespers, Benediction and other public religious services, may suffice to secure for one the reputation of a practical, as distinguished from a nominal, indifferent or lax Catholic; but the esteem entertained for the model Christian, for the man whose conduct is consistent with his beliefs, is never won save by those who, every few weeks, are seen approaching the tribunal of penance and the Holy Table. It matters not that less fervent neighbors may occasionally speak slightly of such a practice, that they flippantly disclaim any intention of "setting themselves up for saints," or that they sometimes essay a sarcastic fling at "devotees" and "old women" — at heart they pay the tribute of their homage to a habit whose excellence they recognize, although they lack the piety or the courage to adopt it.

—Ave Maria.

Progress of the Catholic Church in Canada.

Is the Church making much progress in the Dominion? Let us look round about and see what are the signs thereof.

We will take the Province of Ontario as a fair test for our question, as it gives a good indication of all the others, with the exception of Quebec, which of course is almost entirely Catholic.

In Ontario only a few decades ago to be a Catholic meant belonging to a religion which was looked upon with contempt and dislike by the great majority of the population, for at that time they numbered but a very small section of the country, and bigotry was rampant everywhere.

Today that is happily all changed. Thanks to the mighty efforts of learned and saintly men like Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, Bishops Power, Horan, Guigues, Farrel, Cleary, Charbonnel and Archbishops Lynch, Walsh, and the present venerated Archbishop O'Connor and many others who form a portion of that noble galaxy of men who have guided the destinies of the Church in Ontario, bigotry and prejudice are fast being swept away under the light of truth, and everywhere the Church is receiving the honor and praise which her virtues entitle her to. All over the land there are spread beautiful church edifices, colleges, seminaries, institutions for the sick and afflicted of every sort. Many of those institutions are famous throughout the whole continent. We have in St. Michael's College, Ottawa College, and Sand-

wich, halls of learning, both religious and scientific, which are a credit to Canada.

All over the province are priests and Christian brothers and sisters, devoting their whole efforts to the cause of religion and education. Nor have all these influences been at work in vain. There are growing up in Ontario a hardy, successful, and increasingly prosperous Catholic body of people, and while they do not include in their ranks a large number of the wealthiest class, yet it is true that every decade finds an increased number of them in good circumstances of life, and it cannot be denied that the number of very poor among them is rapidly decreasing.

Thus it will be seen that the Catholic people of the province comprise a large portion of that part of the community which is the most useful and contented part of every country. In numbers our people now form about one-half of the entire Dominion.

Of the other provinces much the same is true as of Ontario. Quebec, however, occupies a unique position being almost wholly Catholic, and therefore the history of the Church there is the history of the province itself.

As to the future of the Church in Canada, who can say that the prospects are not of the brightest? With their own system of schools and their own teachers they have every opportunity for advancement. Their representatives have some of the best positions in the highest councils of the land. Their hierarchy is composed of the most learned and zealous men. We have indeed every reason to look for even greater results in the future than have been effected in the past.

W. W.

Notes on Books and Other Things.

"CONVENTIONS OF TODAY."

The Episcopal Church in convention lately found that it could not form a canon against divorce and the remarriage of the divorced. Evidently wealthy members of that body have formed a trust of Episcopal Protestantism and its canons. Even had they formed any Episcopal laws, who could enforce them in regard to marriage? The feeling of the convention was in favor of affiliating other sects under a so-called spiritual oversight of the Episcopal bishops. Those who wished to break the law of God, like Herod did, would certainly be satisfied, for that purpose, with this oversight of the bishops. The English Church in America has no kingly head and no government to legislate for it and establish its tithes and stipends, and as such it forsooth would call itself American to please the plutocrat and Catholic to please the High Church members, and it yet remains English. Marriage is a Holy Sacrament instituted by Christ and the votes of the Episcopal convention may break down the reverence of its votaries for God's laws but cannot veto and render null the word of God, Who says: what God has joined together let no man put asunder.

Strange enough the Reformed Episcopal Church repudiates all the decisions of the Episcopal convention. This Reformed Church would punish and drive from its midst those who started the rumors that any compromise and any Episcopal oversight might be considered.

The latest Episcopal move of one of the clergymen of the High Church in Brooklyn, is to dress himself as a poor monk and in the streets preach the truth of the authority of the Church of Rome and the supreme power in the Church of Our Holy Father Leo XII. Let us hope that our separated brethren may join the

true fold and obey the one true Shepherd.

The Presbyterians are undermining their so-called fundamental dogmas. It is evident that they find their severe and stern beliefs do not satisfy the palate of moderns. Their conventions tell us how their ranks are broken into by doubt and infidelity.

Mormonism is rampant. We read daily of its progress throughout the land. Under lying deceit and ranting pretences, these wretches seek to bring the world back to paganism.

Many remedies are sought for the evils of the day. The public school system is robbing the land of all virtue. Even if the moral virtues were expounded and taught in these schools, this yet would only be a mental education. Surely the history of the world has shown that man left only to reason always goes astray. Politics and all systems and notions in pedagogics will never make children better and more moral and preserve their innocence. Only a living faith in the revealed word of God and an obedience to His commands as taught and proposed to us by Holy Church can educate our children.

If the individual is not properly trained in virtue what will become of the family? If the sanctity of the family is profaned what will become of the State? Legislation will never be a remedy, because if the people should become corrupt the legislature being of the people will also become corrupt. There are hundreds of thousands of divorced people and broken-up families in the country, and hundreds of thousands know little about the all-saving religion and even, if so, prefer to pan-

der to their passions. Where is there peace and calm in this ocean of striving passion? Only in Him Who calls out, "Come to me, all ye who are burdened and heavily laden and find refreshment for your souls." His Church, built upon the rock of Peter, the city of the mountain top, will alone give safe refuge and consolation to all and offer wine and oil for the wounds of society and the ills and wrecks of souls. Conventions are the rage of the day; and the City of the Church built upon the rock of Peter weathers all the storms. She sees the rising and the falling of nations and individuals; her infallible voice teaches all peoples and she alone explains to men the truth and shows her strength in drawing men to follow the truth. Her strength is in Christ, Who, as He promised, remains with the true Church to the end of ages.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO NIAGARA FALLS.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York with their suite on Oct. 13 visited Niagara Falls and paid a visit to Loretto Convent and spent some hours there being entertained by His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, Vicar Gen. McCann and the Carmelite Fathers. The royal party was charmed with the Falls and pleased with the reception given them. The Duke and Duchess were in themselves a lesson against bigotry. They listened standing, while at their request the "Ave Maria" was sung for the third time by the students of Loretto. No one, however democratic in his views, could help admiring the simplicity of manner and bearing of the Duke and the womanly, winning, queenly ways of the Duchess. The royal party profusely thanked all concerned for the home-like way in which they were treated. The Duke expressed his admiration for the Hospice, at which he and his party had really intended to lodge during

their stay at the Falls, but other arrangements had been concluded before our Hospice was in consideration. October 13, the Feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin, was also the Feast of St. Edward the Confessor, an English king, and as the Duke walked by our Church, the Shrine of Our Blessed Lady, which was formerly called of St. Edward, one prayed that the son of Edward VII. might some day rule in the spirit of the good Edward the Confessor, when merry England was so happy in the Faith and so devoted to Our Lady as to be called "The Dowry of Mary."

CARMEL'S SAINTS.

On Nov. 14 we celebrate the feast of all the Carmelite Saints. As a great writer has said, "Count the stars and you will not yet be able to number the saints of Carmel." Millions for centuries have been affiliated with Carmel by wearing the Scapular and as lovers of the Scapular of Our Lady we should also show our love for the saints of Our Lady of Mount Carmel on Nov. 15, Feast of All Souls of the Carmelite Order, Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

November 15 is the Feast of All Souls of the Carmelite Order. Our Lady of Mount Carmel is also the Queen of Purgatory and her promises to those who wear the Scapular are the great consolation of her children. By the Sabbatine Indulgence Our Lady promises to deliver those who wear her scapular and fulfill the other conditions from the fire of Purgatory on the first Saturday after their death. Remember your departed who died wearing Mary's livery and love Our Blessed Lady and be grateful for her benefits and hopeful for her assuaging hand when you bid farewell to this world.

The General Intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for November is Christian Mercy—the

mercy which Our Divine Saviour taught us. "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." Are we not well rewarded by doing our little acts of mercy by the assurance from the mouth of God Himself that if we are merciful we shall also obtain mercy? A kind, forgiving heart that pities and forgives the faults of others, wins the Loving Heart of Jesus. We can perform many acts of mercy every day both for the good of the body and soul of our neighbor. We can be merciful to our dear departed ones and remember them daily in our prayers, penances and good works. By showing mercy to our neighbor we shall prove ourselves most merciful to ourselves.

On Nov. 21 Our Lady's Presentation in the Temple recalls to us very forcibly our promises and vows to God. Ever should we be renewing our good purposes, offering ourselves with resolute spirit daily to God and to the pursuit of good work. We should renew our purpose as good children to be sincerely devout to Our Blessed Lady and imitate her life. Our resolutions are strengthened and beautified in execution by our true devotion to Mary, our Mother, who ever increased in beauty and merit before God. We should consecrate ourselves to Our Blessed Lady on her Feast Day.

THE PATRONESS OF MUSIC.

Nov. 22.—St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr, was a saint young in years but old in the grace and wisdom of God. Our saint loved music and sang as the prophet king her hymns and canticles to God. Hers was a musical soul, filled with much beauty. We have the spirit of St. Cecilia's harmony in the Church of God, The Church, in her song of joy, of adoration and praise, in her hopeful requiems, in her hymns of exulting victory, speaks to us of the choirs above. Only the devout can

appreciate the charms of Our Mother the Church's song; their spirit alone can take in the depth of meaning and the height of sublimity of ecclesiastical prayer and song. May the spirit of the Virgin-Martyr Cecilia awake in the hearts of many cold, slumbering Christians a love for religious, orthodox music. As the Church alone can teach us how to pray properly so she alone can teach true religious harmony and melody.

THE MYSTIC DOCTOR.

Nov. 24.—St. John of the Cross, the great mystic Doctor, in his works has laid down the rules for souls aspiring to sanctification. Many souls have ascended so bravely up the heights of Carmel, led on by the grace of God. There is no fear of false mysticism and delusion to those souls who under their directors are led by the spirit of St. John of the Cross. His spirit of prayer, meditation and abnegation of self is so needful in these material days; it would be as a balm to unrestful souls, and it would bring down many blessings upon individuals and on societies. Perhaps we are astounded when we hear our Saint tell our Lord Who asked him once what He should give him, "O Lord, give me to be despised and contemned for Thee." However, it strengthens us poor, little spiritual fledglings to try to rise in spirit with the Saint whose ascent in the interior life was gigantic and sublime before God.

On November 2nd, All Souls' Day, we will start our Novena of Masses for the poor souls. Our friends will kindly send the names of their departed ones on time so they may participate in this Novena.

On Nov. 24th, the Feast of St. John of the Cross, the Very Rev. A. J. Kreidt, our Father Provincial, will celebrate at St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N.J., his silver jubilee as priest. His venerable

mother, who had not the pleasure of assisting at her son's First Mass, looks forward with motherly devotion to see our Provincial celebrate his silver jubilee. This good mother wishes as a joy of her old days to assist at her son's jubilee mass, and, poor in health as she is, she wishes this as an occasion to praise God for His goodness in granting her heart's desire by calling her son to Carmel and to the priesthood. Now she will be satisfied and will pass her days in peace, having seen the great things the Lord hath done for her.

Father Kreidt was born in Newark, N.J., in May, 1854. He received his elementary schooling in St. Mary's Parochial School, Newark. The pastor of this church, Fr. Oswald Moosmueller, O.S.B., gave him his first Latin lessons. In 1855 our Father went to St. Vincent's College and remained there until 1869. In February, 1870, he entered the Carmelite novitiate in Cumberland, Md., and after his simple profession in 1871, he was sent to Paducah, Ky., and in the following year, 1872, to Rome. In November, 1873, at the time of the suppression of our monastery in Rome, he was sent to Holland to finish his theological course. He had received minor orders in Rome from Cardinal Patrizi, was ordained sub-deacon at Hertogenbosch in Holland, Deacon at Breda and on Nov. 19, 1876, he was ordained priest at Roemond, Holland, by the venerable old Bishop Paredis. After his First Mass, he was sent to France to assist in the foundation of a house of our Order in Montpellier, was appointed procurator of the new foundation and remained there until 1879, when the French Government suppressed the house and compelled us to disband. After a short stay in Rome, where he was employed as extraordinary Confessor during the Jubilee, Father Kreidt returned to America and preached his first English sermon in the cathedral of his native city on Trinity Sunday,

1879. Then he returned to Paducah, Ky., and remained there until the union of our houses took place the following year, when he was sent out on the missions by Very Rev. A. J. Smits, the first Commissary of our united province. For several years Fr. Kreidt was Superior and Professor of Philosophy and Theology at our seminary in New Baltimore, Pa., and then for a number of years Prior at Niagara Falls, and as such built the Hospice and started the Carmelite Review. In September, 1896, he was called to Rome as a titular Provincial to assist at the General Chapter. In September, 1900, he was elected Provincial for a second term and as Provincial besides attending to the Province, he has been active as the head of missionary bands, giving missions throughout the country.

As a token of her love, his mother will present Father Kreidt with a golden chalice on his jubilee day. His host of friends will remember him on his festal day, and we all shall pray that Our Lady of Mount Carmel will obtain for him that he may yet, full of merit and strong in body and soul, celebrate his Golden Jubilee. He has worked well with God's grace; may he increase in strength, virtue, and in everything good till the wreath of his Silver Jubilee may ripen into the golden fruit of his fiftieth anniversary in the Lord's Vineyard.

THE CARMELITE SCAPULAR.

According to a rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated July 3, 1901, the Holy Father has been graciously pleased to condone forgotten or neglected registration of members of the Confraternity up to the date mentioned. Enrolments which have taken place after that date must again be notified to a Carmelite monastery or convent, or a church where the confraternity is canonically erected.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SAINTS.

High above the thought of earthly things is the thought of the Saints of God. The Blessed rejoice and are glad in seeing God face to face. Even the best of us are more or less concerned about many things and the one thing necessary is often not apparently so necessary to our minds as it ought to be.

Looking at the sublimity of nature, especially around Niagara Falls, we are astounded at the works of God; we see His Power; we listen, and the thundering, rolling cataract speaks to us of Him Who is, and every rustling leaflet whispers to us His Love. The many hued rainbow, the playful colorings of the waters, the giant sweep of rapids, the wreathing of the snow-white spray heavenward, the golden, crimson, and kaleidoscopic coloring of the trees, the vivid evergreen and the lingering emerald of low shrub and clinging vine; all nature sings to us of the glory beyond the rosy horizon and the star-spangled blue vaults of the heavens; everything tells us of the glory which we see now only through a darkened glass, by Faith, tells us of the supernatural world.

It is sad that comparatively so few think of the great Hereafter. The Saints are enjoying their eternity of peace and joy. No trouble or sorrow can come nigh to them, for they have fought the good fight and now rest in God.

In Heaven millions and millions of Saints rejoice. They were like ourselves—men, women, youths and children; they were of all stations and positions in this life; they had infirmities, crosses and trials as we have, but now the night of sorrow is past and now this great multitude of blessed souls stands before the Throne of God "clothed with white robes and palms in their hands and they cry with a loud voice, saying, "Salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb."

Their spirit yet lingers on this earth. The Church has the spirit of the Saints, for she is the mother of the Saints, and she wishes us to imbibe that spirit which is also her spirit. The Saints were like us; they had their troubles and crosses; many of them even committed great sins, but repented for them all their lives. They were the heroes of Christ and His Holy Church; they were never done with fighting. As is said, "Keeping ever at it, brings success." They were ever working courageously at the work of their salvation. They understood the risks at stake; the priceless value of their immortal souls; the eternal joys and eternal shame in store for them in future according to their work. The Saints were not dreamers, always intending to do much and spending their time only in false pretences of piety in a moping, morose dreamland. No, they were up and doing. They understood the all importance of saving their immortal soul and as good business men in their all-important work they laid up treasure for themselves in Heaven, where the moth eateth not and rust doth not consume. They were the wise men who built not their house on the sand but on the solid rock. They made no risk on their souls. They insured their future life with abundance of good work and labor for God and awaited bravely and perseveringly for the coming of the Lord, who coming as a thief unexpectedly in the night would reward them for the good use to which they put the talents committed to their care.

The Saints of God practised all the virtues. They avoided evil and did good. They allowed no loophole in the observances of the Commandments of God and His Church. All sin was avoided and the least venial sin was repented for as a great evil before God. The blessed were blessed because their virtue made them blessed. They were poor in spirit, they possessed things as if they did not possess them, because

they knew God gave and would take away as he lists. They were detached from the world, knowing that all things, riches, honors and glories of this earth pass away. They were pure in heart, therefore did they see God. Only to the pure of heart is it given to appreciate and to understand God and His ways. Purity of heart is the crystal through which only we can see the beauty of our Holy Religion and see the loveliness of virtue and the grandeur of the Saints, and we are thus drawn to God and to Holy Things. In one word, God lives in the pure heart and the heart that possesses God possesses all things. The Saints were humble and lowly in mind, knowing that all they had in body and soul belonged to God. In other words, they were truthful and gave to God His due. They were blessed in suffering persecution. Sufferings are the inheritance of the Saints. As St. Teresa often said, "To suffer or to die." She knew the true spirit.

All Christians, at times at least, look heavenward; they look in mind past through the twinkling stars to the restful peace beyond; they look in spirit beyond the fiery sun, back to the supernal light ineffable in Heaven. We boast that this is a practical age, an age of progress and enlightenment. Yet how dull and tardy to believe and slow to act when it is a question of eternity. The child at the use of reason is trained and taught by his surroundings, his spirit feeds on the spirit of the world, as if he were born only for this earth, as the cattle who browse in the meadow. The youth who should bend their necks to the sweet yoke of the Lord give their time to frivolities, worldliness, bending their energies only to worldly pursuits. Their warm hearts' blood does not incite them to rush along the narrow path that leads to Heaven; their ideals and aspirations are of the earth. How often are men and women so intent on this world that their hearts ap-

pear to become more hardened and rocky as they grow older, as far as their future happiness is concerned. And what is the reason for all this? No one will doubt the greatness of the eternal prize; everyone admits that eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor the heart of man conceived what God hath in store for those who love and serve Him. The fact is, man is prone to evil from his youth; his mind is darkened, his will weakened. It is only supernatural grace that will give man vitality and energy and force in appreciating and working out the purpose of His Creation and enable him to attain his end, the possession of God. The ocean cannot be emptied with a spoon nor can man leet to himself quaff the water of life or do anything for Heaven. Grace made the Saints, but they cooperated with grace and thus merited their reward. If men would spend in the right way one hour of the twenty-four in the fervent practise of prayer and works of penance—seven hours a week, seven hours out of 168 hours—in downright serious consideration of heavenly things, what a change would take place in this world. But the misfortune is that many men do not spend seven minutes or seven seconds out of 777 hours, as they ought to, in serious consideration. With desolation is the whole earth desolate, because no one thinketh in his heart. We often think of the cities of the plains,—the salty Black Sea shows where once were these rich, populous cities, the stench of whose sins ascended heavenward, and brought down the fire and brimstone. We read about the destruction of Jerusalem; not a stone remained upon a stone. We have seen wrecks and conflagrations. The soul of a man who thinks not in his prayers is a black sea of sadness, a wreck of virtue, a conflagration of passion, and no wonder he works not for Heaven as the Saints did.

On "All Saints' Day" we think of

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our Divine Redeemer, His Blessed Mother, all the Angels and the Saints, and we would wish to be some day there in Heaven with the Blessed. Do we remember that some dwelling is being prepared in Heaven for each one of us, if we are faithful? The heir of a king knows if he lives he will yet be king. Why do we not know we are sons of our Heavenly King and heirs of Heaven and as such will most certainly be crowned if we live in His grace. When shall we be called? Why, at any time. Shall we be like the wise or the foolish virgins? This depends on ourselves. God is so good; He puts up with so much of our littleness and our waywardness. He surely loves us dearly. Our dear Saviour is all heart towards us and we can hear His complaint. O, ye of little faith, Heaven is yours for the asking—eternal joys will be the reward for a good life. The pure of heart, the meek and humble hearted, gain everything. There is no Heaven and do penance. Only those that use violence will carry away the Kingdom of Heaven. Those strong-en for those that will not persevere hearted, courageous souls that stop dreaming and theorizing and set to work with stout hearts and determined purpose and persevere in prayer, in purity of heart and the practise of virtue shall gain the end. Only he who perseveres to the end shall be crowned.

OBITUARY.

We humbly ask the prayers of our readers for the happy repose of the souls of

Mr. Patrick Ryan, who died on the 27th of August, at Cincinnati, Ohio, in the 82nd year of his age.

James J. Callanan, who died at St. Johns, Nfld.

Sister M. Ursula Dougherty, who died at the Convent of St. Joseph, Toronto, Ont., in the 43rd year of her age, and the 22nd of her religious life, fortified by the Holy Sacraments of the Church.

Catherine L. Robinson, who departed this life on September 5th, 1901, at Buffalo, N.Y.

Thomas McGuane, who died at Niagara Falls, N.Y., on Oct 16th, 1901.

The following beautiful letter tells us of the death of a brave and noble young man, the son of Mrs. Francis H. Sheppard. He was brave and fearless and yet was a most devout Catholic and at all times wore his Scapular and the last thing he asked his young wife to do for him on leaving her was to make covers for his Scapular. We offer sincere sympathy to his mother and poor wife and pray that God through Our Blessed Lady's intercession may grant him eternal rest. The letter is addressed to his bereaved wife as follows:

Charity Hospital, State of
Louisiana.

New Orleans, June 15, 1901.

My Dear Mrs. Gonzalez:

I have delayed answering your dear letter much longer than I would wish, yet I know you do not blame me for it. Yes, we sympathize most sincerely with you in your great sorrow, and only wish it had been in your power to save the life of your dear one. Yet even in his death there has been comfort to us, and we are sure to you also, for it was one of those cases of visibly miraculous protection we sometimes witness as a reward of a good life, or of some other praiseworthy deed. The accident, as it happened, left no possibility of an after-breath, but to the astonishment of all who saw him, he was alive and perfectly conscious, thanking the young doctors who waited on him and assuring them that he could not live. The ambulance arrived here just as Father was coming to say his morning mass. He came to meet the poor, dear sufferer who recognized him with perfect consciousness but could not express it. Father gave him conditional absolution, and almost immediately

he breathed his last, apparently without struggle or agony. All present wondered, but on discovering his scapular around his neck we understood all, and so will you, my dear Mrs. Gonzalez. You certainly have much to be grateful for. Have some masses said for the repose of his poor soul and beg Our Blessed Mother, who was so mindful of him in that dread hour of trial, to be his intercessor now with Her divine Son.

With kindest wishes and sympathy, I remain,

Very respectfully,

SISTER AGNES.

LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING.

Reverend Sir,—

Kindly accept the small offering herein contained, that I promised Our Blessed Lady to make to your institution if she would restore to me my health. I am happy to confess that she has been pleased to grant me my request. I wish you would please insert this in your magazine, out of honor to Our Blessed Lady, and thereby confer a favor on me.

M. C.

New York.

I was greatly troubled with a pain in my side. I had recourse to St. Anthony and promised a mass in his honor and publication in the Carmelite Review, if I would be cured. I feel now that I have been cured, as I have not felt any pain for quite a long time. I also had recourse to him for success in a law-suit and promised a mass and publication in the Carmelite Review. The law-suit was a great success, so now in thanksgiving I would like to have the two favors published in next month's Review.

M. W.

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Dear Fathers,—

Enclosed please find four dollars in payment for the Carmelite Review for the two past years and for the two coming ones. I am very grateful to you for sending me your magazine so regularly every month, as I would not be without it if possible. I wish it success, and may its years be many.

M. M. C.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Reverend Sirs,—

Enclosed you will find money order for one dollar in payment for my subscription to the Review. Always continue sending it to me, even if I am not prompt in paying for it, for I would feel lonesome without it.

MRS. H. B.

Names have been received at Falls View for registration from Slatersville, R.I.; St. Catharines Church, Columbia City, Ind.; St. Leo's Military College, St. Leo, Fla.; O. S. Mission, Ont.; St. James Ch., Rockford, Ill.; Great Barrington, Mass.; St. Agnes Ch., Halifax, N. S.; St. Malachy's Ch., St. Louis, Mo.; Morgan, Minn.; Sarnia, Ont.; St. Joseph's Ch., Johnstown, O.; North Sydney, C. B.; Williamstown, Ont.; Feehanville, Ill.; Johnville, N.B.

Falls View.

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