



A New Year's Poem.

BY JOHN A. LANGRAN, M. D.

For the Carmelite Review.

I saw an old man when the day was done
 Lay down his spade beside the chapel door,
 Then kneel and bless himself, and one by one,
 Repeat his thumb-worn Rosary o'er and o'er.

It was the eve before the glad new year,
 The sun had set his last ray on the old;
 And as he prayed in silence, lo! a tear
 Drop'd from his eye-lid on the pavement cold.


I thought so like each head came year by year,
 The course of time, tho' changing still the same,
 Decade on decade, lo! the years appear,
 Beginning and ending in the Saviour's name.

On Saint Teresa's Footsteps.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIE.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER I.—AVILA.



MORE than three centuries ago, a life was brought to a close on earth, to be continued in a brighter sphere, a life more wonderful than which there have been few, the life of that remarkable woman who stands forth in bold relief with the world's greatest heroines, St. Teresa of Jesus. It is now more than a year since I had the inestimable privilege of visiting Old Castile, renowned in history, as well as in the romantic tales of chivalry, but possessing a greater title to glory, in having given to the world the greatest daughter of Carmel's venerable family, and the fairest offshoot of its ancient trunk. From Burgos, travelling through Valladolid, Salamanca, Alba de Tormes, until I reached Avila, I found everywhere traces of the footsteps of that saintly woman which she has left imprinted upon the sands of time.

Accompany me in spirit, reader, and we shall cast a rapid glance at the places hallowed by St. Teresa's memory. Avila de los Caballeros, perched upon an eminence 3,496 ft. above the sea level, is one of the most picturesque towns in Spain. From the fine walks around its walls, the eye stretches over a beautiful expanse of country, undulating plains, mountains which in winter are snow-capped, and the silvery stream of the Adaja that flows beneath the walls. It was delightful to think that little more than three hundred years ago, the eyes of St. Teresa beheld the self-same landscape, the identical walls, in many instances the same houses I was beholding, and that the same ground was trodden by her venerable feet. But let us begin our journey in chronological sequence, following the life of the Saint. Enter the city by the Puerta del Puente, or the Gate of the Bridge. Notice that antique cross, it tells you of the antiquity of Avila and of its earliest Christian inhabitants. The origin of Avila or Abula is lost in the dim shadows of the morn of history. It is said to have been founded by Hercules in 1690, B.C. Several Roman remains are still to be found in the vicinity. The present city was rebuilt by Don Ramon, son-in-law of Alfonso VI., in the year 1088. Its granite walls, forty feet high and twelve feet thick, with eighty-six towers and ten gateways were begun in 1090, and to-day, after the lapse of so many centuries, they are nearly perfect. Pass through the ancient gate, turn slightly to the right, follow that narrow street, winding up the hill, beneath the southern wall, and you enter the street of Saint Teresa. The Church of the discalced Carmelite Friars stands before you. Ring at the door of the monastery and the friar will be pleased to send some one to accompany you. Enter the church. It stands upon the spot where the family of Teresa de Ahumada dwelt. To the right of the altar

you observe a door, pass through it. You stand within the very room where Teresa first beheld the light. Adjoining it is the apartment used by her father as an office and study. This is all, I regret to say, that is left of the original house. A little door in the room where the saint was born will admit you to a flight of stairs, descending which, you will find yourself in the small yard where, in childhood's days, the saint of Avila amused herself constructing hermitages with her brother Rodrigo.

Retracing your steps, descend again the narrow street, and reflect as you go that once that ground was trodden by Teresa and her little brother, as flying from their paternal home, they left the city to seek martyrdom in Africa, though they knew not where Africa lay, for instead of traveling towards the south, they took the road off Salamanca, leading to the north. Pass through the Puerta del Puente. St. Teresa and Rodrigo, no doubt, passed through it on that day of childhood's illusion. You are now facing the river Adaja, across it lies the bridge over which the two children passed, and, beyond it, the road to Salamanca winds its way over the plains. At a short distance from where you stand the would-be martyrs were intercepted by their uncle. St. Teresa was destined for a longer and a more painful martyrdom.

Turn now to the right and walk along outside of the southern walls, and you will reach the *Puerta de Santa Teresa*, which stands opposite the monastery of the Carmelite Friars. Continue your walk along the spacious promenade, called *El Rostreo*. The large edifice to the left is the Bishop's palace. It was in St. Teresa's time the college of the Jesuits. There lived Father Balthasar Alvarez, the confessor of the saint, there too sojourned St. Francis de Borja, or Borgia. But there is another building still more worthy of your attention, it is the convent of the Augustinian nuns on your right. A year and a half of St. Teresa's girlhood were spent within its walls, and her memory is still green in its venerable cloisters. To-day these nuns no longer teach, as in St. Teresa's time, but they form a cloistered community, according to the decrees of the Council of Trent. The world owes much to the education which St. Teresa received in this asylum of virtue. Her heart had been gradually

weaned from the love of heavenly things and the love of vanity was beginning to enter within it and monopolize her affections, but the religious atmosphere of the Augustinian convent stifled the first germs of worldliness, and a heroic soul was gained for God.

In her life, written by herself, she speaks thus of her sojourn in this house: "All the religious were glad to be in my company; for in this respect our Lord gave me the particular favor of always pleasing persons wherever I might be, and thus I was much beloved, and though at that time I was quite opposed to my becoming a nun, yet I was glad to see in that house so many good religious, of great purity, and devotion and recollection."

How many, many years have passed since these words were written! The soul of Teresa has long since winged its flight to a better world, but the venerable walls of the Augustinian convent stand there still to remind us in this nineteenth century of the existence upon earth of one of those souls of whom, alas! the earth possesses too few.

(To be Continued.)

"Nearer to God."

Ursuline Academy, }
Pittsburgh, Pa., }
Dec. 10, 1893. }

DEAR FATHER:—Please insert the following in the Review for January:

"The Annual retreat at the Ursuline Academy, Pittsburgh, conducted by Rev. Anastasius J. Kreidt, O. C. C., was a great success. It opened on the 4th of December, and ended on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. It was well attended by past and present pupils who all enjoyed the instructions so earnestly delivered, and had the happiness at the end of the exercises of feeling that they had been drawn "Nearer to God," which the Rev. Father had said was the aim of the Retreat."

SR. ST. G.

BE charitable and humble in your thoughts as well as in your words.—BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

HE who walks in the holy presence of God will never commit sin, but will preserve his innocence and become a great saint.

The Catechism OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Under this heading each month I shall cheerfully answer all questions sent to me. FR. ANASTASIUS J. KREIDT, O. C. C. I.

INTRODUCTION.



We find the sweet name of Mary on the first page of the Gospel. We find it also on the first page of the history of the Christian Church. The mystery of the Incarnation begins with the veneration of the Blessed Virgin by an Archangel. The birth of the Church, according to the sublime teaching of the Fathers, takes place on Mount Calvary, when the heart of the Son of Man is pierced and sheds its last drop of blood in the presence of her, who with the dying words of her Son, as His most precious legacy to the Church, was constituted the Mother of His disciples.

We find her image in the Catacombs, we read her praises in the writings of the earliest Fathers of the Church, we pray to her in the most ancient liturgies, we sing her Magnificat with the martyrs of the Coliseum, and we listen with rapture to the eloquence of the holy bishops, who preach her panegyrics in the languages which we now call dead. Then, finally, in those ages, which are called so truly "Ages of Faith" the veneration of the Blessed Virgin culminates in two most Catholic devotions, the Scapular and the Rosary.

Both, as we know, were inspired by the Immaculate Queen of Heaven herself. To St. Dominic, the great founder of the Dominican order, she gave the Rosary, as the most powerful weapon to be used in his valiant warfare against heresy and sin—to St. Simon Stock, the sixth Latin General of the Carmelite Order, she gave the Scapular, as the livery of her special servants, and as a pledge of her powerful help and intercession in life and death.

And just as devotion to the Blessed Virgin was regarded by the first Christians as the sign of an orthodox member of the

Church, so to-day the Scapular and the Rosary are the marks of the Catholic who is a true child of the Church in name and deed.

It is therefore a difficult matter to find anywhere a devout Catholic who does not practice these devotions so pleasing to the Son of Mary, and so profitable to the soul.

Beginning with the Holy Father down through all the ranks of the hierarchy from the Cardinal to the village curate, every ecclesiastic of the Church says his Rosary and wears his Scapular.

The whole Catholic Church recites the Rosary in union with the Sovereign Pontiff, at his warm invitation.

Millions of the Catholic laity, from the child that makes its first Communion to the old man on his death bed, receive the Scapular from the hands of zealous priests. There is not a missionary who has not this powerful weapon against sin and relapse in his equipment—there is not a community of religious men or women, which does not distribute this gift of Mary's love.

And yet, how many thousands there are who do not receive it, or having received it no longer wear it? How many more wear it, but know so little about it?

How many wearers of the Scapular could answer questions such as these: What does the Scapular mean? Why is it called the Scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel? What are the conditions for wearing it? What are its privileges?

A brave and apostolic writer, Don Sarday Salvany has just published a work called "The Social Evil—its causes and its remedies." In this remarkable book he recognizes ignorance in religious questions and practices as the greatest evil in so-called Catholic countries. He attributes it to this want of religious knowledge, that scepticism and materialism are making such frightful inroads among people who were once the most fervent children of the Church.

If this be true with regard to Catholic countries, in which the traditions of the Saints are still strong; in which the full ceremonial of the Church passes before the eyes of her children; in which all Catholic devotions have become almost flesh and blood of the faithful, it cannot be less true of countries, in which Catholics are surrounded by a hostile atmosphere, where

Catholic education can be obtained only at the cost of great sacrifices, where pious practices and devotions can only be secondary in the fierce struggle to maintain the great gift of Faith itself.

That there should be a certain amount of ignorance concerning Catholic devotions, under such adverse circumstances, can hardly be wondered at. It seems almost a wonder that there is not more of it.

God, as St. Paul assures us, makes "all things work together unto good to them that love Him." It is His Spirit that forms religious orders and gives them their mission. Does it not seem providential, that now, when the Church of God has gained a strong foothold in this country, when her material prosperity seems to be more or less assured, when pastors and people can devote more time and attention to the interior development of Catholicism, that now the ancient Order of Mt. Carmel, whose members are honored by the title of Brothers of Our Lady by the Church, and to whose safe keeping the glorious Mother of God herself intrusted her precious gift of the Scapular, should find it in its power to aid in propagating its special devotion to Mary? Would we, and all those who are interested in our work, not be sadly lacking in our duty were we not to recognize this mission, and make use of all means at our limited command, in order to accomplish it?

The publication of the CARMELITE REVIEW, humble as it is, has afforded us the best means so far to make the Scapular known and appreciated by all children of Mary.

In the numbers of the past year learned and comprehensive articles have appeared on the subject. We intend, God willing, without interfering with these articles, without learned discussions on mooted points, without annotations and references, but in simple catechetical form, to place before our readers the sum and substance of all that the Order of Mount Carmel, which has been constituted guardian of this precious gift of Our Lady, knows and believes of the Scapular.

Since we adopt this form of questions and answers as being the most popular and knowing that it has proved most successful elsewhere, it will not be out of place for our

readers to send us whatever questions may arise in their minds and have them embodied in the "Catechism."

FR. ANASTASIUS, O. C. C.

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"Mary, Help Me!"

St. Peter and Paul's Monastery, }
Cumberland, Maryland, }
Dec. 1, 1893.

Editor Carmelite Review:

DEAR FATHER:—Some time ago a man named Strong jumped from a coal train which was crashing through a trestle about 60 feet high. As he leaped he cried: "Mary! help me!" and he escaped without a hurt. He said he believed the Scapular saved him. This happened near Cumberland, and is true beyond the shadow of a doubt, and worthy of insertion in the REVIEW.

Yours in Christ,

FR. A. O. M. CAP.

♦ ♦ ♦
Enrolled in the Scapular.

NAMES for registration have been received at our Pittsburgh Monastery during the past month from St. John's Church, Pittsburgh; Retreat of St. Paul of the Cross, Pittsburgh, (South Side); St. Mary's Church, Cleveland, Ohio; St. Paul's Church, Northington, Iowa; All Hallows College, Salt Lake City, Utah, and Beech Grove, Ky.

Names have been received for registration at Monastery, Falls View, Ont., during the past month from Maindieu, Cape Breton, N. S., St. Francis Church, Tillbury Centre, Ont., Cayuga, Ont., Ingersoll, Ont., St. Francis College, Antigonish, N. S., Binghamton, N. Y., Dixie, Ont., Maple Park, Illinois.

Names have been received at Englewood, New Jersey, for registration from New York City, South Orange, N. J., and Philadelphia, Pa.

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GOODNESS will overcome evil, and kindness will break the hardest hearts. If the confidence of the worthless and dangerous could be won, it would be like the warmth of the sun breaking up a frost. Human sympathy, kind care, personal service, patient goodwill are powers which never fail.—CARDINAL MANNING.

THE "LAZY" MONKS.

IT is hardly possible to open a modern book or a newspaper of the day in which any reference is made to the Middle Ages, or to monastic institutions without finding a sneer at the "lazy monks," the "ignorant monks," or "monkish superstition," remarks an English writer in the *New York Catholic News*. These lies like the other great lies upon which the Protestant tradition rests, are woven into our every day life. We see them in the illustrations of our books, in the prints in shop windows, in the poetry of the best writers, and in the songs of the common people. The wells are poisoned. The atmosphere is so charged with falsehood in this matter that Catholics are often imperceptibly tinged with the prevalent view.

Truth is at the bottom of a well, is the oft-quoted expression of an ancient philosopher; but in regard to the monks and many other Catholic matters, truth has been purposely sunk fathom below the surface, stones and rubbish have been deliberately piled upon it, in the hope that it would never rise again. The Protestant Lie on this matter has lived tenaciously, helped on its way by Law, by Literature, by Art, by the historian, by the poet and the ballad-singer. Yet, just as "murder will out," so too will Truth prevail in the long run. Truth in regard to the monks is slowly but surely gaining ground.

That the monks chose pleasant places for their monasteries is one of the charges brought against them. But, as Newman says, "they were not dreary sentimentilists to fall in love with purling brooks and nodding groves. Their poetry was the poetry of hard work and hard fare. They could plough and reap, they could hedge and ditch, they could drain; they could lop, they could carpenter, they could thatch, they could make hurdles for their huts; they could make a road, they could divert or secure the streamlet's bed, they could bridge a torrent. They found a swamp, a moor, a thicket, a rock; and they made an Eden in the wilderness; they destroyed snakes; they extirpated wild cats, wolves, boars, bears; they put to flight, or they converted rovers, outlaws, robbers."

All this is agreed to even by non-Catholic writers. "We owe the agricultural restoration of the great part of Europe to the monks," says the Protestant Hallam. To the "Lazy Monks!" be it remembered! "The monks were much the best husbandmen, and the only gardeners," says Forsyth. "None ever improved their lands and possessions more than the monks by building, cultivating, and other methods," so says Wharton. "Wherever they came," says Mr. Soame, "they converted the wilderness into a cultivated country, they pursued the breeding of cattle and agriculture, labored with their own hands, drained morasses, and cleared away forests." M. Guizot says: "They were the agriculturists of Europe; they cleared it on a large scale, associating agriculture with preaching."

All these testimonies could be strengthened indefinitely. There was no limit to the blessings conferred on the people by "these lazy, immoral monks." They copied the Bible and the best ancient literature. Their beautiful manuscripts remain even until now the treasures of Protestant museums, speaking witnesses for the monks, and eloquent accusers of the Protestant historians, glorious refutations of the Protestant Lie. Art and science were cradled and nurtured by these "ignorant monks." Music, painting, astronomy, every one of these owes a debt to the monks. Architecture—but why go on? Look at noble cathedrals now in the hands of the false teachers, of wolves in sheep's clothing, who defame the men that raised these poems in stone, wherein a mutilated gospel is preached, and from which the Altar and the Sacrifice have been banished. The spoilers have come in, and have lied in the face of heaven and before men in order to justify their infamy.

Writing the other day of the Matabele war, a London daily paper said that "modern civilization when dealing with savages could not wait for the slow methods of the Jesuits," referring of course to the great work of that glorious order among native races in Paraguay and elsewhere. No, the English civilize now-a-days with machine guns and whiskey. The "Christian" seeks out the native, not to bring him to a knowledge of God, but to steal a concession and float a company on the

strength of the theft. The slow, but humane and successful "monkish method" is not in vogue in this Protestant age. The difference between the methods of "modern civilization" and the methods of the monks is just the difference between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity.

I often wonder what could have been the result if our forefathers had been "civilized" by a chartered company, instead of being taught by Augustine and the monks of Iona and Lindisfarne. The exquests of the monks endure to-day despite the revolt of a great part of modern Europe against the rule of Christ's Church. Protestantism has done its worst to bring us back again to the days when force only ruled, and but for the spirit of Catholicity—which still exists, even where hardly discernible amidst much that is evil and barbarous—but for Catholicity Europe would be to-day as revolting to the true Christian as it was in the time of Nero.

But this is a digression. We hear much about the lands owned by monks and monasteries. Who are the owners of the land to-day? And are they kindly lords of the soil? Do the descendants of the men who despoiled the monks use their tenantry as well as the monks did? It was needful that the plunder should be justified, hence the ruffians who robbed the monks, or rather, who robbed the poor, for the monks were but the guardians of the poor—hence these robbers and receivers of stolen goods, who have been our law-makers and the rulers of the land, have fostered the traditional lie, that the monks were lazy, and idle, and superstitious.

Just as a hireling preacher, in a deserted abbey raised by monks to the honor and glory of God, will go up into his pulpit, and taking his text from the Bible handed down to him by the monks, will thunder forth against the "ignorance and superstition" of these men, who perhaps, founded the college in which he was educated, so, too, will the defenders of the spoliation of the monks contribute out of their ill-gotten wealth the means wherewith to circulate lies against the Catholic Church, and poison the minds of the poor, whose heritage they now enjoy, against the monks, who were the guardians of the poor

and the constant advocates and champions of their claim. And so the world goes on!

Can anyone deny that the monks were good landlords? Protestant writers are all agreed on the matter. Some of the abbots were in debt and could not pay the levies of the secular power, because they had "remitted the rents of many of their tenants." A pitiful tale, a bad season, always appealed to the kindly monk. There were no evictions, no rack rents, no demands for grants of public money, no squandering of income on the race course, or worse; no evasion of public duties. The land was for the support of the poor, and the monasteries fed the poor. Large sums were constantly handed to the king in time of war or stress. The monks did not lend to the State at five per cent. They did not throw the burdens properly their own upon the people at large, as the modern landlords have done. And yet the poor who have been despoiled join in denouncing the monks with the false teachers in the State Church, and the men who hold the plunder, and the State which bound the monk and hanged him for preaching the Gospel to the lowly and standing up for freedom of conscience and human liberty.

When we have tried our modern civilization for all it is worth, and when the State, and the State Church, and the municipality and the world of paid officialdom have all been found wanting, as they will be found wanting, then, perhaps, the monk and the nun, the Sister of Mercy and the Catholic priest—the men and women who freely give up all, riches and friends, home and ambition, to devote themselves to the service of mankind for the love of God—then the turn of these will come once more, and ruined abbey will be rebuilt and will again teem with its ministering monks, and matin bell and the vesper hymn will again be heard in many a quiet country place, and better still, in the crowded centres of busy life, where fester and rot, the savages and outcasts, the products of a civilization without religion, a civilization that despises "the lazy monks" and cannot wait for the "slow methods of the Jesuits," in its hurry to get ahead.

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 Would we keep peace with our neighbor we must never remind him of his natural defects.—St. PHILIP.

Dr. Farrington's Letter.



I THINK we have reason to congratulate ourselves not only on account of the increase of devotion to Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel in lands where the holy Catholic Religion has taken deep roots, but, indeed, in every portion of the globe. What a consolation to our ever new but ancient Order and to all who love our glorious Queen of Carmel! In this "Isle of Saints" this devotion is closely identified with the Irish people. No one wishes to die without the blessed Brown Scapular. Even the poorest keep a blessed habit of Mount Carmel in which to be invested at death.

Not long ago a famous general in the British army, a good Catholic nobleman, (I need hardly say an Irishman) when dying said that none of his military uniform should be placed on him when dead. A cross in his hands and the habit of Mount Carmel on him, were all he wanted. "I have loved Jesus and Mary since I was a child; I always brought with me a crucifix and wore the Brown Scapular. I have been in many wars and battles, doing my duty like a true soldier, but never forgot my duty to Jesus and Mary. I am sure they brought me safe through many dangers." His wishes were attended to and the great soldier, Irishman and Catholic, was laid to rest in the habit of Mary of Carmel.

Not long since I was reading a letter of a Jesuit, Father Paul Camboue, from Madagascar, to the Central Council of the Propagation of the Faith at Lyons. Among the many things he mentions there is one on "The Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and the assaults of the Devil." It is a very interesting incident and worthy of note in your excellent Review:

The devil, finding that he is losing ground and the dying escape him, revenges himself in endless ways. The most usual and the meanest consists in suggesting the abandonment of the Scapular of Our Lady. I will give two examples, one consoling, the other terrible:

"Mary, mother of our principal Catechists, John, was on her death bed. Suddenly she put her hand on her shoulder, and finding

her Scapular of Carmel, cried out with difficulty: 'Take it off; take it off; it burns me; it is that which is making me sick and is killing me.' 'No, mother,' said her son John, 'it is the devil who is deceiving you; to drive him away I will say the Rosary for you.' The devotion being over, she persisted in her desire to remove the Scapular, which she said burned her painfully. Again they said the Rosary, and continued to say it for eight times before the demon was conquered. Suddenly her cries, sufferings and struggles ceased, she fell into a sort of ecstasy and cried 'Here is the Blessed Virgin coming for me, and seeing her Scapular she recognizes me as her child. Oh thanks, my children, for forcing me to keep it!' And the child of Our Lady of Mount Carmel expired.

"Alas! one of my christian children, Paul, did not meet such a soul in his family. This poor child fell ill. I visited him every day and was able to give him the last sacraments, which he received with great piety. On leaving him to attend others, I told his parents not to take away his Crucifix or Scapular. The last agony drew near. Suddenly Paul, almost exhausted, makes a last effort, and with feverish hand tries to seize and tear off the Crucifix and Scapular. But he fails. His lips move to ask the objects to be removed. His mother, a Pagan, hastens to take off the Crucifix and Scapular, and at the moment Paul expires. The rumor of his death spread through the country and filled the Christians with fear. At a meeting they asked me to procure for them strongly made Scapulars, and not to allow them to die among Pagans, but Christians, who would keep the Scapular on them."

These incidents show the wonderful power and greatness of the Scapular.

We are all pleased with the new design to appear on the cover of your REVIEW for 1894.

On behalf of all your Irish subscribers I send a New Year's greeting to yourself and all your American readers.

I remain, dear Father,

Yours in Carmel,

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

Dublin, New Years, 1894.

THE first degree of humility is cheerful and ready obedience.—ST. BENEDICT.

Star of the Sea.

For the Carmelite Review.

The warrior sails the stormy main,
From the north to the torrid zone,
And smiles as he steers his bark again
For lands to man unknown.
But there's a hope within the sailor's breast,
Hush'd 'er unsmooth he be,
The ocean itself is a haven of rest
When watched by the Star of the Sea.
Her light has shown thro' every age,
To guide poor sailors on,
Tho' seas may roar and tempests rage,
She pleads for every one.
While faith within our hearts shall dwell,
And our souls from sin are free,
Our prayers will rise with every swell
To Mary, the Star of the sea.

—STANLEY.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

FLOS CARMELI.

BY SUE X. BLAKELY.

For the Carmelite Review.



“SEE Naples and die,” is a world-wide proverb, which, however, but too often for many a loving, sorrowful heart, possesses a very different meaning from the one attached to it when it emanated from the brain of the author. True, the beauty of the loveliest spot in sunny Italy, one might well say, leaves little to be desired on this side of the grave, yet how many go thither without finding what they set out, with such bright hopes, to regain—health, strength, and a long life with those they love most dearly on earth. There is always a feeling of sympathy, strong indeed, and touching between those who have sought this land of promise hoping to strengthen the frail barrier between them and death. Even though they meet as strangers it soon becomes evident,—and in the month of March—the year being 1890—one of the greatest objects of this interest was a patient, a victim of consumption, whose days were surely numbered. Oh! how he clung to life for the sake of his only child. What a happy year they had spent together in the beautiful city of Naples, whilst yet the father was able to go about with his motherless girl! He was all in all to little Grace who had but a shadowy recollection of the mother whom God had called to Himself when she was but three

years old, and, as yet, she was all unconscious of the great sorrow which before many weeks would darken her young life. Often they would come in their wanderings to some quaint old Gothic church, whose cool, dark interior would be a welcome contrast to the glare without, where Grace would never weary of rendering the meaning of the pictured legends on the stained glass windows to suit her childish fancy. There, too, she would look with loving glance at the picture or statue of the divine mother, and gaze with uncomprehending awe at the grand high altar before which, like a golden star, gleamed the light which paid silent adoration to our Lord. Sometimes the two would sit in the evening and take in the beauty of the scene spread out to view from the broad piazza of their villa—too happy to care for overmuch speech. The waters of the bay, dotted here and there by miniature sail boats, seemed full of radiant tints reflected from the silvery moon above, and the mountains in the distance had a grandeur and majesty all their own. But now “all was over,” was the thought which would not be banished from Ernest Fenwick’s mind, as he lay on his couch reflecting on the verdict which that day had taken all the brightness from his life.

“A beautiful day and a beautiful country,” he had said, that very morning, as he awoke, and so much better did he feel that he thought he might soon return with Grace to a land which was as fair in his eyes and far more dear. But a sudden faintness overpowered him when he attempted to rise, and a violent hemorrhage threatened to cut the frail thread of his life at once. His faithful attendant hastily sent for the physician, and after some hours the invalid began to come slowly back to life. The doctor at first evaded his inquiries, but Mr. Fenwick insisted, with pitiful eagerness, upon knowing what prospects he now had of recovery, whereupon he was gently told that the early June roses would probably scatter their fragrance over his grave.

Requesting to be left to himself for awhile, he had faced the dread truth and fought out the battle alone,—and now that he recognized the inevitable—now that the first passionate agony was over, he longed, O! how greatly, for the presence of his

little Grace. Amongst the inmates of the villa where Fenwick had lodged since his arrival in Naples, was a Catholic lady, who had always taken the deepest interest in the child, and who, during this long sad day, had kept her with her, sometimes striving to inspire her with the hope that her darling father might soon be better, and again seeking to prepare her for what must come. Mrs. Stuart was a devout and faithful child of our holy church, and her prayers had been constantly poured forth at the shrine of our Blessed Lady that she would obtain the conversion of the poor invalid and watch over his child. Grace indeed had already learned to love the dear Mother whose statue she had so often seen in the church, and in the little oratory of her kind friend, where she often went. It was there that Mrs. Stuart spent the happiest hours of her life. The tiny apartment was formed by a large recess between two windows in her room, and shut off from view by a curtain of exquisite texture which fell in graceful folds to the polished floor. Within, on a marble bracket, was a beautiful statue of Mary, the Queen of Heaven, with her divine Babe in her arms, before which a lamp constantly burned. Small flower stands stood on each side of the bracket laden with lilies, and half open roses, and many other fair flowers which it was her delight to renew after they had offered their fresh beauty to Mary and parted with their fragrance in her honor. It was here that Mrs. Stuart was kneeling, after having at last beheld Grace fall into the deep sleep of utter exhaustion, when she was told that Mr. Fenwick had asked if she would come to his room. "I think he wishes to see you about the little signora—my poor master!" said the valet, as Mrs. Stuart hastened to comply with the wish.

When she reached his bedside she was startled to see the ravages which one brief day had made, and intuitively felt that she must not delay in introducing the subject which lay so very near her heart. With few but earnest words of sympathy she assured the sufferer that she would be glad to serve him in any way, and that any wish of his would be treated as a sacred bequest.

"Is it Grace whose future is disturbing you?" she asked. "The child is very dear to me, and I know she returns my affec-

tion." "You have divined it, my kind friend," he replied. "We are singularly alone in the world. A devotion, which I now see was somewhat selfish, has led me to keep her constantly with me, and you are almost the first who has broken down the barrier. But you always have reminded me of my mother, and the child was attracted to you from the very first."

"Then give her to me," she said. "My own dear son died a few years ago, and left a motherless little girl under my care, and Grace shall be equal with her in my heart."

"How can I ever tell you how much—how very much you have relieved me! To-day I have gone through a struggle than which even death could not be more sharp or more bitter, but it is over now, and perhaps I can die content."

"O! not content, Ernest," she exclaimed, taking his hand in both of hers. "God forbid that I should constitute myself a judge as to your fitness for standing alone—at the tribunal of Him before whose purity even the angels veil their eyes with their shining wings. But I cannot see you go unaided by the consolation which none but the Catholic Church can give at this supreme moment." And then, when a solemn hush seemed to pervade the house, and the outside world was still enthralled by the charm of a beautiful twilight, Mrs. Stuart gently dwelt upon the sweet story, "ever ancient but always new," of the love which had sent a God from His throne in heaven to a life of trials and sufferings for the sake of His children on earth of whom he was one. Much more was said until she, fearing to exhaust the invalid, and knowing that there was no immediate danger, inwardly placed the matter in the hands of "Our Lady of Mount Carmel," and remained silent for awhile. A life of strict integrity, generosity, and a kindly spirit which, ever loaded with alms the poor and the wretched, would surely win for this precious soul the priceless gift of faith! After some time Ernest said: "You do not, of course, know that my wife belonged to the Catholic Church." "Is it possible," she answered, "and the child?" "Grace was baptized, and still remembers fragments of the little prayers she learned to lip at her mother's knee—but of that mother's faith she knows literally nothing." "And could you reconcile that ignorance with your

duty to the dead?" said Mrs. Stuart, with such a tone of reproof, and even indignation, that the invalid turned his eyes upon her as if to see whether this were indeed his gentle friend. "I cannot," he replied, "nor do I attempt to justify myself further than to say that I have always intended to send my child to a convent school, but the dread of parting with her has ever held me back. You cannot realize what her presence has been to me—do not think that any narrow-minded bigotry has influenced my course." "I know you too well for that," she replied, "but now our Lord in His munificent generosity holds forth to you the means of reparation. Perhaps the prayers of your wife in heaven have obtained for you this favor. Do not reject it lightly. But you have, perhaps, talked too much. Rest for a little while, and then I will bring Grace, who is most probably awake by this time, to bid her darling papa "good-night."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

For the Carmelite Review.

It is, perhaps, because the halo surrounding St. Francis de Sales was the illumination of human frailties purified, that the heart of erring humanity clings so lovingly to his memory. No fault was too petty, no sin too heinous for his gentle consideration. A skillful spiritual chemist, he carefully analyzed every act, trivial or serious, with reference to its influence upon the human soul. With great tenderness, he made the sinner conscious of the exact condition of his soul, and then like a loving brother, he firmly grasped that sinner's hand, and with sweet words of encouragement and loving persuasion, he led the poor weary soul to the feet of God, and taught it how to stay there.

St. Vincent de Paul called him the most perfect imitation of our Saviour living among men, and Leigh Hunt, in one of his charming essays, says that like Fenelon, St. Francis de Sales was a sort of angel and gentleman.

Of him it may truthfully be said that he preached and practiced the gospel of love. He exhorted the people to be gentle in manner, gentle in speech, and gentle in prayer. "Be gentle—

be affectionate" were the watch-words he gave to his penitents. St. Francis de Sales was no lover of the religious emotionist, neither could he tolerate the melancholy, over-scrupulous Christian, nor those who cultivated a bitterness of spirit, and romantically sighed for a happier land.

"I love independent, vigorous and sensible souls," he cries, "what are half dead souls good for?" He taught that God expects nothing extraordinary from His children that He asks nothing from us but that we serve Him with a strong and fervent gentleness.

He shows us that we need do no violence to our dispositions for which after all we are not accountable, in order to merit the name of saint. We, nineteenth century people, are apt to consider a saint a most uncomfortable individual, who stands apart from us, and rolls his eyes whenever we show symptoms of our humanity. Human frailties are not such insignificant factors in our make-up, after all. Properly directed, these propensities to do wrong, can accomplish much good. St. Francis de Sales made them his life study, and illustrated successfully how they could be used as a powerful means to our salvation. He was not like those stoics who professed such a profound indifference to the joyful and tender qualities of the heart. "Cultivate not only a solid love, but a gentle, meek love for those about you," he says, and again, "Live joyfully, how can you be sad, who possess the love of an indulgent and eternal Father?"

How honestly he says "I love these three little virtues: gentleness of heart, firmness of mind, and simplicity of life." And the more we meditate upon these three virtues, the more we too love them and grow to realize that they represent the germ of sanctification in every child of earth. In cultivating them we are simply living a pure, upright life, whose end will be eternal happiness, for, "how can a child perish who remains in the arms of a Father who is Almighty?"

MARTHA MURRAY.

NEVER preserve any feeling of coldness towards your neighbor, or the Heart of Jesus will feel the same towards you.—
BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

Shrines OF OUR Lady

Compiled for the CARMELITE REVIEW by the Rev.
Ambrose F. Bruder, O. C. C.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN the following and succeeding articles we shall make it our purpose to acquaint the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW with the places of pilgrimage that have sprung up, particularly in so many parts of Europe, in honor of Our Blessed Lady, and which are only so many proofs of the high esteem which the Mother of our Saviour has enjoyed in all the ages of the Church.

Now, since these sacred shrines have to the devotion to our Blessed Lady the relation of effect to cause, it does not seem entirely out of place to first have something to say on devotion to Mary in general.

It goes without contradiction, that even in our own days, and in our own century, devotion to Mary has been steadily on the increase. To prove this, we need only refer to the numerous churches dedicated to Mary, to the fervor manifested by people of every condition in life in attending her devotions in the months of May and October, to the loving solicitude manifested in decorating and enriching her shrines and altars. Who can count the immense multitudes who wear, with childlike simplicity and faith, her medals? How many thousands consider themselves highly favored in being permitted to wear her livery, the Scapular, and thus to be enrolled among her devoted clients?

But, say our non-Catholic brethren, this is going too far—this is transgressing the proper bounds, in fact, is it not bestowing divine honors on Mary?

Is this really the case? With the single exception of the honor due to God, and which, indeed, no Catholic ever dreams of bestowing even upon Mary, must we not admit that every honor is deserved by her who is, as a matter of fact, God's own Mother?

Holy Mother Church has in this matter of devotion to Mary erected a barrier be-

yond which no Catholic would or could go. This barrier is that article of our holy faith which tells us that Mary is a creature, and not God, hence that she could not receive divine honors. Mary, then, is a creature, but an extraordinary and exceptional work of God.

From all eternity, God had determined that Mary should co-operate in the salvation of the fallen human race. To make possible this co-operation, did God create Mary, preserve her from even the smallest stain of sin, and replenish her with grace. The climax was reached when upon the announcement of the Divine Motherhood by the Archangel Gabriel, Mary gave utterance to that highly significant and effective word: "Fiat!" At that moment the Son of God became man, and Mary became His Mother.

Mary is the Mother of God? The heavenly messenger himself bestowed upon her this appellation, when he said: "The Holy, which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God."—(Luke 1:35.)

The same was announced by the Holy Ghost Himself by the mouth of Elizabeth: "Whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?"—(Luke 1:43.)

Mary herself called Jesus her "Son,"—(Luke 11:48.), and the Apostles delight in calling her "Mother of Jesus,"—(John 11, 1:3; Acts 1:14.)

The Church has at all times styled her *Mother of God*; and when in the fifth century the impious Nestorius with his adherents would have denied her this title, the fathers assembled in the council of Ephesus, A. D. 431, condemned their doctrine, and pronounced an anathema over the enemies of Mary.

This dignity of Mother of God is the highest to which a mere creature could be raised. And who was it that thus elevated Mary? Who was it that bestowed upon her this unspeakable honor? Who else but God himself? If, as St. Paul tells us in his second Epistle to the Corinthians, "Not he who commendeth himself is approved, but whom God commendeth," (x:18) what esteem must not God have had for Mary, when He selected her from amongst all the daughters of Eve to become the Mother of His only begotten Son? This, I repeat, is the highest dignity to which any creature

ever was raised or ever will be raised. To elevate her thus highly, it required the arm of God. To endow her for this dignity it needed the power of the Most High God. Since the Blessed Trinity chose her to be the Mother of the Saviour, the Father endowed her with the perfections becoming her high dignity, the Son, the eternal Wisdom of God, was obliged to endow her with wisdom and sanctity, so as to establish a preparation between Mother and Son, and the Holy Ghost who overshadowed Mary must give her such treasures of grace as to make her worthy to bear the "Holy of Holies."

Indeed, the Archangel styled her "full of grace" at the moment of the Annunciation. Mary lived many years after that, and since she co-operated faithfully with the grace bestowed upon her, the perfection to which she attained must necessarily have been such as could never be comprehended, but only be admired, by us.

After this we can understand the expressions used by a St. Bonaventure, Epiphanius, Anselm, Thomas Aquinas, and so many other saints, in speaking of Mary.

And now, if Mary possesses such a dignity, if her perfection is so much above our comprehension, and if for this very reason Mary has been honored at all times by the Church, can we go too far in honoring Mary? What else could God have intended by raising her to this dignity, by endowing her with so many privileges and perfections?

TO BE CONTINUED.

OBITUARY.

REV. THOMAS J. FEEHAN, one of the priests connected with the Church of Our Lady of the Scapular, of Mount Carmel, died on Tuesday, December 12, 1893, at the Carmel priory in East Twenty-ninth street, New York City. He was born in county Kilkenny, Ireland, forty-eight years ago. He entered the Carmelite Order in Rome in 1869, and was ordained a priest in the chief house of the Order, Sancta Maria in Transpontina. Thereafter he labored with the Carmelite brethren among the mining population in Wales until he was appointed assistant chaplain to the South Union workhouse in Dublin. Here he distin-

guished himself by the kindness and zeal with which he performed his trying duties among the poorest of the city.

When Archbishop Corrigan invited the Carmelite Fathers of Dublin to take charge of Bellevue Hospital and the surrounding parish, Father Feehan was one of those chosen to undertake the mission. His record for the last five years in the hospital and church has been one of untiring labor. At 3 o'clock Thursday morning, Nov. 30, he attended a sick call in Bellevue Hospital and caught cold. From the effects of this he died. The remains were taken into the church at 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, and the office for the dead was chanted by the Fathers at 8 o'clock.

The funeral was held on Dec. 14 from the Church of Our Lady of the Scapular of Mount Carmel, on East Twenty-eighth street. The solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Edward R. Stone, O.C.C., assisted by Rev. Michael B. Daly, O.C.C., as deacon, and Rev. Joseph P. Crowley, O.C.C., as sub-deacon. Among the other clergy present were Revs. Edward P. Southwell, O. C. C., Albert M. Murphy, O. C. C., Henry Young, John P. Chidwick, Andrew S. Brennan and A. J. Smits, O. C. C. The church was well filled with the members of the parish, by whom Father Feehan was highly respected. The interment was at Calvary Cemetery. The deceased was a cousin of Rev. Father Cyril Feehan, O. C. C., of Englewood, N. J., formerly of Niagara Falls.

THE temptation to which you do not yield is the occasion of practicing virtue.—ST. FRANCIS.

WHEN you are tempted have recourse to God immediately without reasoning with the temptation.

OUR Lord, before giving great treasures and graces to his servants, sends them great trials and temptations, in order by these means to prove whether they can drink His chalice and help Him to carry His cross.—ST. TERESA.

CONSCIENCE may be a very troublesome companion, it may seem to stand in the way of our interests, of our money-making, of our pleasure; but, be sure of this, every step taken in violation of it will have to be retraced, if you are to have peace and the blessing of heaven.

OUR ROMAN LETTER.

In company of Our Most Reverend Father General, I had the great pleasure to assist at the solemn opening of our new monastery at Nocera Umbra. It took place on the 5th of last November. The entire population took part in the ceremonies, which were conducted by the Bishop of the Diocese and a neighboring Bishop. The Ordinary celebrated the early mass, and gave Holy Communion to the large numbers of the faithful who had, at the invitation of our fathers, made this a day of general communion. The solemn High Mass, at which the Ordinary assisted, was rendered most impressive by the stately music accompanying it.

In the afternoon, after the solemn chanting of the Complies, the venerable Bishop of Piedimonte d'Alife, preached a most eloquent sermon, in which he congratulated the people of Nocera on the great proof of love which Mary had given them, in sending her own favorite sons to guide them to salvation. In the midst of the corruption of this century she had not forgotten the dangers surrounding a population so devoted to her. Their spiritual welfare was so near to her maternal heart, that she would place it in the hands of those who were most specially pledged to her service. The advent of the Carmelites among them was therefore a most convincing proof of God's kind providence, and therefore they should always look upon these fathers given to them by God and His Blessed Mother, with eyes of love and gratitude, as upon the only true and trustworthy benefactors of the people.

At the close, surrounded by the Reverend Canons of the Seminary, and by our religious community, he intoned the *Te Deum* and gave the solemn benediction.

The reception which our religious have met with on the part of the good citizens of Nocera augurs well for their future success among them.

Thus, our religious may rejoice, not only in the exquisite beauty of the locality and its health-giving climate, but also, and chiefly in the sympathy and affection of the population.

It required such a day of joy and jubilee to forget, for a while, the malignant and cruel persecution which all religious bodies

are suffering at the hands of a sect, now in power, and unrelenting in its hatred against the Church of Christ and its ministers.

On our return to Rome we received another proof of the utter want of good faith on the part of our persecutors. In spite of the fact, that all the apartments occupied by our General were exempted by law from the general confiscation of monasteries, our Rev. General was notified that on the 2nd of January next all apartments occupied by him and his assistants at the monastery of Transpontina would have to be vacated—as they were needed for barracks. Thus, the front wing of our monastery, which was the only portion left to us of our large and spacious motherhouse, will also be occupied by the soldiers of our new government. A few rooms are to be left for the use of the parish priest and curates, as *Sta Maria in Transpontina* is one of the largest parishes in Rome, and the government can hardly close the parish churches as yet.

This is a sad blow for our community and our dear General. Thanks be to God, our new monastery will soon be in condition to accommodate us—and we hope to be able soon to open our International College.

The college will not be installed in the new monastery. We have fortunately been able to lease the second and third floors of the *Palazzo dei Convertendi*, situated in *Piazza Scossa-Cavalli*, not very far from our church. Our students will thus be enabled to continue the beautiful functions and ceremonies proper to our Carmelite Rite in our dear Mother-church at Transpontina.

You have read in the papers, no doubt, of the touching ceremony which took place at *St. Peters* on the 16th of November.

The Holy Father himself celebrated Mass in the *Basilica of St. Peters* for the pilgrims of Lombardy and Venice, who had come nearly 4,000 in number. Thousands of Romans and strangers assisted at the august spectacle. It is a sublime sight to witness the affection of so many thousands of faithful children for the Father of Christendom. In a thousand ways they tried to manifest it on that occasion. And yet, how many other thousands of so-called Christians refuse to acknowledge the gentle authority of Christ's Vicar.

When will the prophecy of Malachy come true: "Behold, I will send you Elias the prophet. He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers: lest I come, and strike the earth with anathema."—(Mal. iv-5.)

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

Dec. 24, 1893.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

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

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

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

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, JANUARY, 1894. NO. I.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our hearty thanks to our friends for the many kind greetings sent us during the holidays.

Those contemplating becoming members of the Tertians of our Order should read the "Rules of the Third Order" in our next number.

If you want information about anything pertaining to the Scapular, write to us and your question will be answered in the "Catechism of Mt. Carmel."

JOURNALISTIC COURTESY demands that credit be given to copied articles. Some have overlooked this fact when clipping from the CARMELITE REVIEW.

CIRCUMSTANCES which could not be prevented caused the late appearance of the present number of the CARMELITE REVIEW. We beg our readers to pardon the delay.

The pleasing information has reached us that the English firm who first brought to light the "Catholic Dictionary" has been requested by the American publishers to revise certain objectionable parts of the book. The article therein on the Brown Scapular will, we understand, undergo the much-needed corrections.

THE attention of the reverend clergy is again called to the necessity of registering the names of all those invested in the Brown Scapular. An important circular on the subject appears elsewhere.

A FEW select advertisements appear in this issue. Our policy is to insert and recommend only what is reliable. We know all our advertisers, and can confidently recommend them to our readers.

SEND to us for sample copies of our January number. You can do good work by circulating them among your friends. A few complete sets of Vol. I. still remain, and will be sent to those who apply now.

THE new design on the cover of the CARMELITE REVIEW is a copy of a famous Spanish painting. We trust that improvements in the general get-up of this little journal will meet with the approval of our readers.

UPON entering its second year the CARMELITE REVIEW extends to all its readers, old and new, the sincerest wish that the new year may bring them God's best gifts, and the continued protection of Carmel's Queen.

WE shall not stop sending the REVIEW to those who cannot at present afford to renew their subscription, unless we are expressly told to do so. We hope to be remembered though, when better times appear.

WITHOUT increasing the present subscription price of this magazine we are nevertheless trying to improve it, and expenses increase accordingly. This should induce you to help us add to the number of our subscribers.

THE letter of the venerable Bishop of Buffalo on behalf of the suffering poor has the true ring of charity about it, and has borne fruit. The letter is a great contrast to that written lately by the one in the same "Queen City" who vainly strives to usurp episcopal honors.

The editor of the *Oak Leaf*, of Rochester, N. Y., lately remarked that the Paulist Fathers were "the lawful heirs of the honors and obligations of the monks." When did the monks die? may we ask. There are yet plenty of real live monks in the world, and the chances are that they are here to stay. They cannot be yet spared, reverend Father, since they are always needed.

A BIOGRAPHY of the former editor of *Freeman's Journal*, Mr. McMaster, makes interesting reading. We hope soon to treat our readers to an extensive sketch of this well-known Catholic journalist. McMaster was a great devotee of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and showed his love for her and her Order by ably defending the privileges of the devotion of pious Catholics—the Brown Scapular. Mr. McMaster's daughter is a Carmelite nun. The article written for us is from the pen of one well able to treat the subject.

THE most conspicuous building on the Canadian side of the river at Niagara Falls is described by a writer in the *Scholastic* as a brewery "run by water power." No breweries mar the beauty of the surroundings here, and the chances are none ever will, since the people of Ontario have spoken at the polls. But there are other buildings in view of the Cataract worthy of a visit, among them the monastery of Mt. Carmel, where every guest is always cordially welcomed.

SOME of our esteemed exchanges have lately justly criticised some flimsy translations of prayers put into English for Catholics. The reverend and esteemed editor of the *Antiquish Casket* thinks that "who was crucified, dead and buried" in the Apostles' Creed is an incorrect rendering of the Latin words into the vernacular. We think he is right. Butler's Catechism sins on this point, and it is used exclusively in the Canadian provinces.

OVER in Dayton, Ohio, last month, an address and presentation was made to Mr. Philip A. Kemper by the Catholic societies there, which owe so much to his zeal. Mr. Kemper may not be so well

known, except by those who need a helping hand, but the pious work done unostentatiously by him is not restricted to time or place. He has been all along an ardent friend and generous benefactor of our Order. Those who admire him should show it in a substantial way. He deserves it.

THE panacea for poor times is farm life. There is plenty of work in the agricultural districts. All things considered, the farmer is usually the happiest and most contented person. He is well fed, independent, and has time to look after his religious duties. The temptations of the city do not bother him. Pope Leo XIII., and all great statesmen who see the evils of the times and their remedies, think this way. The Catholic Congress at Chicago thought so too. An exodus to the country would be a great help to the overworked relief committees.

EXCHANGES.

Stimmen Von Bergs Karmel starts the new year much improved.

The *Young Eagle* reflects credit on its able editors and contributors.

The *Acorn* is small but will grow big. Success to the young and clever editor.

THE *Christmas Booklet*, issued by the Carmelites of Boston, is very unique and pretty.

Chroniques du Carmel commences its sixth year with assurances of good reading for 1894.

WRITE to the *Annals of our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, Watertown, N. Y., for the Xmas number. It is a beautiful edition. The proceeds go to a most worthy object.

CATHOLIC journalists who are hard up for copy would confer a great boon on their readers by inserting a corner with selections from the *Sacred Heart Review*. That journal is an ideal one, and is a weekly library of things fresh and good.

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

HEAVEN and earth shall sooner perish than Mary cease to succor him who has recourse to and confides in her.—VEN. L. DE BLOIS.

PETITIONS, ETC.

61 spiritual favors,
 27 temporal favors,
 Devotion to Our Lady,
 For three insane persons,
 Prayers are asked for a family,
 Devotion to the Sacred Heart,
 A sister in affliction asks prayers,
 For the relief of the suffering souls,
 Prayers asked for a particular intention,
 Health of mind and body in seven cases,
 Prayers requested for two persons dangerously ill.

Prayers are asked to obtain position for a nephew.

Prayers are asked for the conversion of two persons.

That three young persons may obtain good situations.

We ask prayers for George Gardill, who died at West End, Pa.

M. McN. asks prayers against a threatened loss of his sight.

M. T., Boston, begs prayers for a niece stricken with paralysis.

That four persons may have the grace to decide their vocations.

Our readers' prayers are asked for a person who suffers from a continual headache.

We recommend the soul of Mrs. Henry Mulligan, who died piously at Ottawa, Ont.

We recommend the soul of Mrs. L. J. O'Brien who died lately at Birmingham, Ala.

Prayers to St. Joseph for a special intention are asked by a Buffalo subscriber.
 —M. E. L.

We ask prayers for one of our benefactors, Peter Frayne, who died lately at St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Urgent favors are asked that a person may recover her right mind, or have the grace of a happy death.

We recommend the soul of one of our subscribers, Mrs. Mary T. Pursell, who died lately in Philadelphia.

Prayers are requested for the happy repose of the soul of Mrs. Wm. McMahon, who died at Welland, Ont., Christmas Eve, Dec. 24, 1893.

Prayers are asked for late Mrs. Veronica Kehres, our benefactor, who died at Findlay, Ohio. Also for Mrs. P. J. Fahey, who died at Pittsburgh.

An answer to prayers for health—better eyesight—strength—better memory

—to be relieved from a constant pain in the head—a special intention.

J. S. Everton, Ont., wishes to recommend to the prayers of REVIEW readers the health of his soul, mind and body, he having been ailing for many years.

Miss Agnes Coleman, London Ont., died shortly after giving in her subscription to the Hospice Fund. She is recommended to the prayers of REVIEW readers.

M. W. wants the prayers of the pious readers for the repose of the soul of her brother-in-law, who died from injuries received from a fall whilst working in the church.

M. A. F., St. Mary's, Pa., requests prayers for the restoration of her sight, which is failing fast; likewise for her adopted daughter, the cessation of epileptic fits, to which she has been subject.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

AMONG our exchanges none are more welcome than the *Carmelite Review*, published by the Carmelite Fathers in the interest of the Hospice at Niagara Falls. The December number contains a "List of Contents" of Vol. I, with the names of its contributors, among which are many familiar ones that serve to commend the little journal to its readers. We notice, and congratulate the managers upon a letter in this number from Monsignor Satolli conferring a special blessing "upon this work and the persons interested in its publication."—*L.C.B. A. Journal*.

The *Carmelite Review*, published in the interest of the Hospice to be erected at Niagara Falls, completes its first year with the current number. It is a bright little monthly as becomes the messenger of Our Lady of Carmel. There are regular contributions in its pages from first-class Catholic writers, and the editor's work is intelligently and carefully done. The announcement made in the present issue that the *Carmelite Review* will appear next month in a new and enlarged form without increase in the subscription price, speaks well for the past and augurs well for the future. The rate of subscription is \$1.00 a year.—*Anti-gonish Casket*.

HE is pleasing to God who strives to please God.—ST. BERNARD.

CARMELITE CHRONICLE.

As soon as the weather admits, work will be resumed on the New Hospice at Falls View.

A retreat was given to the people of Stratford, Ont., by Rev. Father Kreidt during the holidays.

January 22nd, Feast of St. Anastasius, is the Names-Day of the Carmelite Priors at Niagara Falls and Englewood, N. J.

A ceremony of Reception and Profession was held at the Carmelite Seminary, New Baltimore, Pa., on Dec. 26th of last year.

One of the notable events during the present year will be the visit to this country of Very Rev. Aloysius Galli, Superior-General of all the Carmelites.

Mother Gabriel, of the Carmelite Convent, St. Louis, Mo., died on Sunday, Nov. 26th. She was known in the world as Miss Eleanor Boland.

The Shrine of Our Lady of Peace, at Falls View, has been visited by many devout worshippers who came to see the beautiful crib. Offerings to have lights burn in Our Lady's sanctuary still pour in.

Rev. Fr. Charles W. Currier, who has recently made a journey to Spain, will give a lecture, describing his travels, in aid of the Carmelite Convent in Roxbury, on Sunday evening, January 28, at Boston College Hall. The stereopticon will show many pictures of foreign lands, and remarkable people seen by Father Currier on his travels. Fr. Currier is a member of our Third Order.

"Stanly," the author of many poetic gems for the CARMELITE REVIEW and other journals, called at our monastery at Falls View on January 7th. The genial and clever poet was accompanied by Professor Rieger, the able and popular musical director at the Niagara University. A concert is to be given at Niagara Falls, N. Y., on the 30th of this month, when one of "Stanly's" best new songs will be one of the leading features.

Madame de Brignac has taken the veil in the Carmelite Monastery of Avignon. This lady is the last descendant of William de Nogaret, the Chancellor of Philip the beautiful, who, in obedience to a royal mandate, arrested Pope Boniface VIII., and

dared to strike the venerable Pontiff on the face with his steel glove. The crime of her remote ancestor had always weighed upon Madame de Brignac, and when, after many sorrows, she found herself free to dispose of her life and her great wealth, she distributed the latter to the poor, and she has now devoted her life to the austerities of Carmel, so that the last of the Nogarets may end her days in expiation and penance.

An organ recital was given at St. Joseph's church, Stratford, Ont., on Jan. 2nd. During an intermission a lecture on "Church Music" was delivered by Rev. Father Anastasius J. Kreidt, Superior of Falls View Monastery. By way of comment a Canadian secular journal, the *Stratford Beacon*, remarks:

"Organ builders provide us with good instruments, and good organists are by no means rare; but a lecture, such as that delivered by Rev. Father Kreidt at the close of the first part of the programme, is an intellectual treat seldom enjoyed. Had we more such lecturers, Bach and his peers would be better understood. Although a foreigner, his (Fr. Kreidt's) English denoted the scholar, the gentleman and the musician. Although we cannot go so far with Father Kreidt as to allow the ownership of all the most glorious music which has been composed on earth to the Roman Catholic church, we do most heartily agree with him in his strong commendations of the use to which Protestant churches put such compositions." * * * * "A large congregation attended to hear the music and see and listen to the well beloved Father Kreidt."

BE careful that you say nothing to call forth praise for yourself or blame for your neighbor.—VEN. L. DE BLOIS.

THE nearer a religious confidence raises us to God, the closer His beneficent mercy brings Him to us.—ST. BERNARD.

YOU must love your neighbor as yourself. If you have not courage to love him as yourself, you must at least not injure him, but rather do him good.

THE best perfection is to do ordinary things in a perfect manner. Constant fidelity in little things is a great and heroic virtue.—ST. BONAVENTURE.

KEEP a constant watch over your tongue, and when you are with others, speak of important things only when you are asked.—ST. BONAVENTURE.

The Catholicity of the Church



For the Carmelite Review.

ONE of the evidences of the Church's divinity, which the untravelled Catholic can hardly appreciate, is its catholicity. A religion that is everywhere, and that is the same everywhere, in whose profession and practice the most widely differing nations and races of the earth converge into one spiritual type, needs no apologist. This came home to me with fresh assurance some days ago. I was asked to attend the ceremony of unveiling a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which the Sisters of Mercy had had erected in the grounds surrounding their pretty convent here. It was the 8th of December, a most propitious day for such a ceremony. The weather, however, was not promising. In Ireland it is cause for congratulation if it is, and hardly a disappointment when it is not. At this season rain is recognized by the meteorological law, and nobody resents it.

At eleven o'clock the school-room of the convent was a scene of pious bustle and excitement. Some thirty little girls who had made their First Communion that morning were conspicuous in their typical white veils and garlands—rosy, roguish, blue-eyed little colleens, as careless and happy in their Catholic privileges as if there were no such scourge as Cromwell in their country's history, and generations of brave sires and grandsires had not toiled and sorrowed and died to secure them. While the children sang the complaisant shower ceased, and the sun burst out with redeeming radiance. Then the procession formed and filed into the gravel walks of the convent garden. It was a strange medley. The little white-veiled innocents went first, beautiful beyond all telling in their rural finery. Ribbons wrought into clumsy bows, old-fashioned frocks and strong shoes which distinguished the sweet-eyed country children, gave an unspeakable charm to their simplicity. Following them were the pupils of the convent, the little tots with pious envy in their faces, the older girls with the gravity of pious remembrance on theirs. Then came the boys and girls of the parish school, bareheaded, barefooted, some out at

the elbows, but sturdy and hopeful branches of the Vine, everyone of them, and the harvest of centuries of persecution and resistance. The Litany was sung by the children, and the chorus of young, fresh voices out in the sunlight, in whose bright rays the rain-drops glittered like jewels on every branch and blade, was as sweet a tribute as was ever paid to the dear Mater Purissima. Arrived at the foot of the statue, the long line broke into groups. The little bareheaded children holding each other by the hand looked with reverent wonder at the priest standing in surplice and stole, with the sun-rays dancing on the gold fringes of his sacred livery. Beside him the singers stood, and behind them a line of nuns in the striking and pretty costume of the Mercy Order—the white cloaks and snowy gampes contrasting effectually with the flowing habits of black. When the veil had been removed from the statue and the Patroness of the convent stood revealed before her votaries the *Te Deum* burst from their smiling lips and filled the air with its jubilant melody. Its echoes fell upon the moss grown ruins of Buttevant Abbey, where six centuries ago Franciscan Friars sang in the self-same tongue the praises of the self-same Lord and of His Mother. Men die and temples moulder; war and pillage and the tyrants' laws break hearts and decimate nations, but the Word lives in its promised perpetuity, and all generations as they go and come call its sweet vessel "blessed."

The prayers said and the thanksgiving ended, the procession formed again and moved towards the chapel to the strains of the festal hymn, "Immaculate." Not meant for public worship, the choir and its worshippers. But they were mostly the little ones that are privileged by gospel precedent to crowd about the Saviour; and so they did on this occasion, some of them so near that the taper-lights upon the altar danced on their solemn rosy faces. It was like a living transcript of the familiar picture—the children of the rich and the poor, the comely and the plain, clustered round the all-levelling knee of the Common Father. Before such sights the highest controversy stands mocked. What argument can come up in force to this, that today, as two thousand years ago, here, as in

distant continents as many and more miles asunder, this unique and uniform faith lives, grows and brings forth the identical same fruit? Kneeling before the chaste altar of this pretty chapel, and listening to the nuns' sweet singing, and looking now upon the children's faces and now through the clouds of familiar incense at the ubiquitous appointments of the Catholic sanctuary, I could fancy myself at home again, and was constrained to admit that by virtue of the unity and Catholicity of his faith the Catholic is never a stranger in any land where the sanctuary lamp is lighted, or the statue of Mary honored.

K. MADELEINE BARRY.

BUTTEVANT, Co. Cork, Ireland.

CARMELITE COLLEGES.

THE readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW may wish to learn something of the educational work of the Carmelite Order in Ireland. For the past fifty years the Order has held a prominent place in the education of youth. In the year 1852 the Carmelite College of the Immaculate Conception was established in connection with the Convent in Knocktopher County, Kilkenny, which became celebrated, and was honored by an autograph letter of Pius IX. warmly approving of the undertaking, and benignly blessing the president and the pupils. Hundreds of priests at home and on foreign missions studied in this college. In 1853 the Carmelite Seminary was established in Jarvis street, Dublin, which was, after a few years, transferred to its present location, Dominick street, where it still flourishes. During some years this seminary had in daily attendance 200 pupils. The Carmelites established schools also in connection with their convents in Kildare, Moate and Kinsale. The most important of their educational establishments now is the Carmelite College, Terenure, County Dublin, which is the novitiate and house of studies for the Irish provinces of the Order as well. It was founded in 1860, and is situated in the southern suburbs of Dublin, three miles from the general post office. The college grounds cover 75 acres, well planted with choice trees and shrubs, and beautifully laid out. There is also a picturesque, shallow, artificial lake of fresh, flowing water, very favorable for skating in the

winter. The original college was enlarged in 1876, and at present there is a much larger addition being built at a cost of £8,000, which will increase the accommodation for students, and give more facilities for teaching and studying. Pupils are prepared for all professions and mercantile pursuits, receiving a high course of English, mathematics, classics and modern language. In the intermediate examinations they have had a high average of passes, prizes, honors and exhibitions. Many of the students in past years have matriculated and passed through the Catholic and Royal Universities with distinction, and now fill honorable and prominent positions in the civil service, and in the literary, medical and other professions, as also in the clerical state at home and abroad. This college, since its establishment, has had pupils from most parts of the world—England, Scotland, the Continent of Europe, United States, Canada, Brazil and Africa. The principal professors are members of the Order who have taken honors and degrees in the Royal University. A few lay professors are engaged to teach vocal and instrumental music, and calisthenics. The extensive recreation grounds afford ample opportunity for athletic and healthy exercise. The dietary is exceptionally good. Religious training and instructions are specially attended to. The annual pension, paid in advance, is £30. There are few extras. The new wing, which will soon be completed, will afford accommodation for about 100 pupils. The President is the Very Reverend M. O'Rielly, O.C.C.

L.—O. C. C.

THE sacrifice of our will is the best and most acceptable offering we can make to God.—ST. JOSEPH OF Cupertino.

OFTEN those whom severity has failed to subjugate are led back to the path of virtue by an affectionate advice.—ST. GREGORY.

THEY are truly peaceful, who in all they suffer in this world for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, preserve peace of mind and heart.—ST. FRANCIS.

DO WE give sufficient thanks for the most common and frequent favors of God—the rising of the sun, the recurrence of the seasons, the continuance of life, the enjoyment of health, protection from danger?

Spirit of the Cure D'Ars.

HIS CHARITY.

Translated for the Carmelite Review.

TO form an idea of what this divine virtue meant with the saintly Fr. Vianney, we must depict to ourselves a heart filled with a love for God the most ardent, the most active, the most unselfish, the strongest and, withal, the sweetest that, aided and intensified by grace, could take possession of any human heart. All the faculties of his soul; all the powers of his understanding; all the resources of his will bowed down before this all supreme and dominating sentiment. * * * The union spoken of by the golden mouthed Chrysostom was commenced for him, on earth. Jesus Christ alone was in his thoughts, in his affections, in his desires. Without his Saviour, even the society of the blessed spirits could not have rendered him happy. Jesus Christ constituted his life, his heaven, his present, his future, and the Holy Eucharist the only possible means of assuaging the sacred thirst which consumed him. * * * He could not refrain from thinking of Jesus—speaking to Jesus—longing to be near Jesus. It even seemed that, when expatiating upon this love of his soul, it was not words, but glowing sparks which issued from his lips. There was in his very utterance of the adorable name of Jesus—in his very manner of saying “Our Lord”—a something which could not fail to touch and impress his hearers most deeply. It was as though the casket of his ardent heart sent forth bright gems of its superabundance of love to his lips.

In his spiritual reading, the passages which dwelt longest in his memory, and which he most frequently quoted in his exhortations, were those in which the love of the saints for their divine Master was most forcibly expressed. He loved to linger on those words of our Lord to Saint Teresa: “I wait for the day of judgment to make manifest to all mankind the extent of thy love for Me.” And again: “When men have lost all desire for Me, I will come and take refuge in Thy heart.” * * * Never could Fr. Vianney utter those words without being affected almost to tears. * * *

Another favorite passage of his was that one where Saint Catharine of Sienna thus illustrates her sentiments towards her divine spouse: “O! dearest Saviour, had I been the stony ground, the arid soil whereon Your holy cross was placed, how joyfully I would have received the blood which flowed from Your precious wounds.” * * * “O! Jesus!” would he frequently exclaim, “to know You is to love You.” If we but knew how our Lord loves us we would die from very happiness. I cannot believe that there are hearts so hard as not to respond when they are the objects of such mighty love.” * * * And again, “How beautiful is charity! It constantly flows from the heart of Jesus, as drops from that inexhaustible ocean of love. The sole happiness of our mortal pilgrimage. The only consolation in this valley of tears is to love God and to know that the dear God reciprocates that love a thousand fold.” Fr. Vianney would frequently terminate an hour of social converse by the following or similar words: “To be loved by God, to be united to God, to live in the presence of God, to live for God: O! beautiful life * * * and beautiful death!”

S. X. R.

St. Mary's, Pa.

TWO FAMOUS SCHOOLS.

THERE are two spots in the country as much famous in history as in the beauty of location. We mean Fort Lee, N. J., and Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh, Pa.). Both places are inseparably connected with the life of the great George Washington. At Fort Lee, on the beautiful Hudson, stands the famous institute of learning in charge of the School Sisters of Notre Dame. The method of educating and training, and the universal fame of the Sisters as teachers, alone recommends this academy to all parents who desire to give their daughters a thorough religious, physical and intellectual training. Mt. Ste. Ursule Academy at Pittsburgh (P. Pitt) recommends itself. The history of the Ursulines goes far back into the centuries, but to-day the order is well able to meet all modern requirements. It unites a long experience with everything new and good adopted by present educators. Facts are better than words. Thousands at Chicago saw and admired the educational display from Ursuline schools.

Read the advertisements of these two schools elsewhere. We are well acquainted with both, and can heartily recommend them to parents.

Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus.

"OLEUM EFFUSUM EST NOMEN TUUM, JESU."

For the Carmelite Review.

The city of the living God
Needs not our orbs of light,
No eye-shades fall, that gentle moon
May tinge with silvery white,

It is illumined by the Lamb,
The "lamp" whose radiant flame
Is kindled by the mystic oil
Of His most holy name,

That loving Saviour came on earth
To live for us and die,
And for this God exalted Him,
And raised His throne on high,

And gave Him that triumphant Name
"Above all names," that now,
In heaven, on earth, and e'en in hell
All at its sound must bow,

Thy name indeed is "oil poured out,"
It heals the wounds of sin,
And sheds its balmy sweetness where
Dark shades had entered in.

It is as "honey to the taste,
As music to the ear;" *
No sight, no sound, no joy of sense
Should be to us so dear.

Oh! shed its living light and love
Upon our heart's desire,
That to the vision of Thy face
We ever may aspire.

Yes; be to us, sweet Jesus, Lord!
In our last hour nigh,
And may Thy sweet and holy name
Be our last longing sigh.

And when the shades of death are round,
Oh! may the "lamp's" bright rays
Illumine the trembling souls that loved
Thy holy name to praise.

And ever in the golden light
Of Thine eternal day,
May Jesus be our theme of love,
And praise and thanks for aye.

ENFANT DE MARIE,
Saint Clare's Convent,

Dublin, Ireland.

* Saint Bernard.

It is better to serve God than to govern
the world.

In dangers, in perplexities, in doubt,
think of Mary, call on Mary, let her name
not leave thy lips, nor her image thy heart.

There are many who when they commit
sin or receive injuries, revenge themselves
on their enemies and even on their friends;
they are wrong, because each one has his
real enemy in his power, namely, his own
self.—ST. FRANCIS.

The Christian Countenance.



O the meekness of saintly men in
ages of faith, beloved an out-
ward expression of gentleness
and benignity, which one can-
not pass over in silence. "The
saints," says the blessed Car-
melite, John of the Cross, "have
a certain air of dignity, majesty and sweet-
ness which draws the veneration of the
whole world to them." This is what struck
me when I came first to Camaldoli, on the
eve of the Exaltation of the holy Cross; for
there I unwillingly was humbly waited upon
by men who had in their looks and air the
majesty of princes. To portray them on
canvass would have required the pencil of
another Andrew Sæctu. It is recorded of
St. Bernard, that he had an admirably sweet
and gracious look, which pre-eded rather
from his spirit than his flesh. The
portrait of William of Wyckham, in the
college which he founded at Oxford, is sin-
gularly expressive of meekness, intelligence
and sanctity. Indeed, on the monuments
of these ages, we can seldom trace those
countenances which now betray themselves
in every direction, bearing looks "alien from
heaven, with passions foul obscured."

The ancients seem to have had no models
of this beauty of sanctity, notwithstanding
their deep and lovely conception of
grace, as in fact there was nothing in their
philosophy to correspond with it. Cicero
says, that in the countenance of the public
orator there should be a modest expression
mixed with acrimony.

There is not a passage in all the most ad-
mired writings of their philosophers, which
was capable of inspiring the sense which
was expressed in these mild looks of Chris-
tian holiness. These looks are: all derived
from the Christian mysteries. No one who
had not beheld the initiated, could ever
have conceived the countenance of that
deacon in Domenichino's painting of the
Communion of St. Jerome; that expression
of deep, subdued, unaffected, unimpassioned
piety, is exclusively to be found within
the Catholic Church. At the first sight of
that young priest who advances to the
altar with joined palms and down-cast eyes,
to sing Mass, there are many present who

cannot prevent their tears from bursting forth; it is a look of such profound humility and sweetness; such resignation and readiness to die for Christ; it is the countenance and air of a holy martyr; and remark here, that the least skillful artist in a Catholic country, can give an idea of this expression, and that the noblest genius among the moderns, in no instance, has ever succeeded.

"There have been many in this holy Order," says Father Elzeare l'Archer, "who have converted great sinners merely by means of their manner and outward appearance." Armed with a crucifix and the looks of an angel, Saint Francis Regis stopped a troop of heretical soldiers who were about to burst into a church.

The writers of the middle ages generally ascribe beauty to an internal excellence of the mind; thus Holinshed says of Henry VI: "His face was beautiful, in which was continually resident the bounty of mind, with which he was inwardly endowed." "Where is now that beauty of countenance?" asks St. Jerome, attending to a young friend lately dead, "where that dignity of person, which like a beautiful garment, clothed the beauty of the soul?"

A life at enmity with God seems of necessity to produce in the human countenance an expression of deformity, which is not found in any of His innocent creatures. The eye naturally turns aside in disgust from the face of the heartless libertine, the avaricious slave of wealth, the epicure, the unfeeling minister of laws, the haughty proud man, or the energumen of any of those political theories connected with impiety.

The countenance of the moderns is characteristic of their philosophy and of their manners.—cold, stiff, affected; it wears a tone of cunning and malice, of duplicity, curiosity and disdain. There is nothing in it playful, natural and benign; it is subject, like that of Julian, to immediate changes of gloom and laughter; and betrays the inward and almost ceaseless storm of passion.

The countenance of the middle ages is now chiefly to be found among the peasantry in Catholic countries,—the look of manly dignity, with innocent abandonment, the joyous and yet modest expression—the free and benign look which is never disconcerted by the presence of grandeur, and

never clouded by the artifice of pride. All travellers remark the graceful dignity of the Tuscan peasant, the respectful sweetness of expression which belongs to the youth of Ireland. It was, no doubt, their consideration, which made the holy men of the ages of faith so indulgent and favorable to beauty. They would have reproached no one for being beautiful. In proof of which it might be sufficient to appeal to that passage of St. Ambrose, who evinces such a delicate sense of beauty and grace in describing the human body, a subject which draws similar remarks from holy writers. The ancient fathers predicted evil of Julian from observing the deformity of his countenance.—*From writings of Keatlin Digby.*

Favors Received by the Hospice.

FATHER KREIDT acknowledges favors received from Miss K. R. D., New York City; Ven. Srs. St. J., Rutland, Vt.; Miss J. L., Portland, N. B.; Miss A. D., Hammett, Pa.; Ven. Sisters of St. D., Sinsinawa, Wis.; Ven. Br. J., Boston, Mass.; C. de la P. de M. Aeton Vale, P. Q.; Dame G., Des R., Miscouche, P. E. I.; Ven. Sr. M. A., San Francisco, Cal.; Rev. Soeurs de la Cong. de N. D., Miscouche, P. E. I.; J. A. C., Thorold, Ont.; Mrs. S. W., Jr., St. Mary's, Pa.; Ven. Srs. of St. J. C., St. Louis, Mo.; Miss M. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss M. McG., N. Y. City; Miss S. M., Smithville, Ont.; Miss M. C., Niagara Falls, Ont.; Miss H. E. B., Independence, Kas.; Miss A. F., Kentucky, N. S.; T. C., Waterloo, Ills.; Ven. Srs. of Ch., Toronto, Ont.; A. J. B., Manayunk, Pa.; Ven. Srs. G. L., Columbus, O.; Miss A. E., Deseronto, Ont.; R. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. M. C., River Vale, N. J.; Miss M. C., Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. H. G. D., Latrobe, Pa., and Miss H. E. M., Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEN the tempest beats on your soul, and the wind of temptation agitates your heart; when the waves of pride, ambition, jealousy, anger, or sensual pleasure strive to engulf you in their treacherous depths, fly to the Blessed Virgin Mary, confidently invoke her, and then will come a calm, for the winds and the sea obey her.—ST. BERNARD.

What We Owe the Catholic Church.

WE may all own and be grateful for the many benefits we enjoy through the religion and the religionists of the Middle Ages, says a well known English Protestant writer, Mr. John Sanders. To them we owe the most consummate of all architectural works, even in their present state—our cathedrals; and to them we may owe the knowledge how to restore these buildings to their pristine splendor, when not architecture only, but sculpture and painting also, lavished their wondrous skill upon the houses of God; we may also owe to them, if we will, the devoted hosts of worshippers, who ought to be constantly seen in them, rich and poor, nobles and laborers, indiscriminately mingled together, all touchingly acknowledging a common origin and end.

To them we owe the cultivation of the love of music among the people by familiarizing them with it through all the services, processions and festivals of the Church; and to them we owe a better state of feeling than that which has often allowed the musical performance of our cathedral choir to be mutilated on the patrist ground.

We owe to them our drama, which sprang out of the early Church mysteries and it would not be amiss if we were to owe to them a somewhat loftier notion than at present prevails of the objects that theatrical representations should aim at.

To them do we owe the revival of learning, and in a great degree our grammar schools, and to them we may owe the multitudes of students that ought to be able to flock them, as of old, when Oxford University alone is said to have had its 30,000 scholars.

We owe to them many a noble work of charity that still here and there stud the country over, the relics merely of a scheme of benevolence, unrivaled for magnificence and completeness, and to them, again, we may owe the right principles of dealing with the poor—principles which can make a bad system to some extent good, but the absence of which must leave the best system worthless; in a word, we owe, or may owe to them, a sympathy with the poor

that must exhibit itself in practical efforts for them.

Lastly, we owe to them an unending debt of gratitude for their services in the cause of literature and science. For ages ago but the monks and friars were the literary and scientific laborers of England?—its poets, its historians, its botanists, its physicians, its educators? Where, but in the libraries of the monasteries, were the collections of the accumulated wisdom of ages to be found, each day beholding additions to the store, through the labors of the scribes of the Scriptorium. And when at last printing came to revolutionize the entire world of knowledge, who but the monks themselves of Westminster and St. Alban's was it that welcomed the new and glorious thing in the most cordial spirit providing at once for the art and its disciples a home.

—*Sacred Heart Review.*

PREPARATIONS are already begun in Rome for celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Philip Neri, which falls on May 25, 1865.

A STATUE of the Blessed Virgin, fifty feet high, is to be placed on top of a high mountain in the department of Aveyron, France, in a most commanding and picturesque situation.

THE White Fathers, in charge of the sanctuary of St. Anne, at Jerusalem, have recently made a search and have found what is thought to be certainly the tomb of the mother of the Blessed Virgin. The vault is empty, as the relics were removed by the Benedictine Fathers when they were driven out by the Mohammedan emperor, Saladin. The exact location of the tomb has been lost sight of since the year 1666.

THE love we conceive towards God we must bring forth in acts of charity towards our neighbor.—*ST. CATHERINE OF SIENNA*

ASSOCIATE with the humble, the devout and the virtuous; and treat of those things which may be to your edification.—*THOMAS A' KEMPIS.*

TRUE penance consists in regretting the faults of the past, and in firmly resolving to never again commit that which is so deplorable.—*ST. BERNARD.*

WOMAN'S WORK IN ART.

ONE of the most suggestive papers read at the Catholic Congress of Chicago was Eliza Allen's Starr's on Woman's Work in Art. It, as we read it, appears to us without fault, so beautiful is the language and thought. She proves conclusively that Christianity has produced the highest form of art, for art is the expression of the beautiful, and nowhere may the artists gain a clearer view of beauty than in the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth. With a loving hand she traces the careers of women who have left honored names, and she describes the influence of the Virgin Mother on the creation of the imperishable works of Cimabue, Giotto, Raphael, etc. Here, indeed, we obtain a glimpse into the soul of true Catholic women. Strong and tender is her love for the Blessed Virgin, for she remembers that to Mary is woman indebted for the sacred dignity with which she is honored. Degraded once but now revered, a puppet once in the hands of man, but now one of the most powerful factors of all that conduces to the welfare of humanity. With brow illumined with the holy light of purity she goes forth to her mission, not to sink to the level of a clamor for rights, but in the home or convent to uplift and ennoble and to sanctify those around her. And that is done every day by the gentle, Catholic women, of kind words and voice, whose best reward is the consciousness of duty performed. They strive to imitate the grandest woman that ever lived; and from the striving come all the qualities that give strength and beauty to the wife and mother.

Miss Starr says that there was not one artist during the middle ages, whether monk or nun or courtier, who did not invoke the patronage of Mary; nor is there a school or academy that furnishes ideals like those that Mary gives to the hearts of her faithful sons. She cannot do less for her faithful daughters.

In conclusion she advised women to put not their trust in academies or schools of technique but in the Mother of God.

Earnest words, and truthful, for such confidence has never been misplaced. She has quickened the imagination of artist and sculptor and opened out before them vistas of wondrous beauty and gave them power

to portray them on canvas or marble. More than all she inspires her children to depict the painting which mankind admires, that of a pure, unselfish life. The others adorn the walls of *salon* or chapel, but this placed in the celestial mansions.—*Catholic Record*.

MARRIAGE.

A young woman had a thousand times better never marry at all than marry a man who differs from her in religion. One or two isolated years of contentment in mixed marriages ought not to be held to disprove this rule. Further, a woman had better resolve to grow gracefully into old maidenhood than to carry a man whose chief recommendation is that he belongs to the superior sex.

Life is long, and the amount of rain that falls into it is generally out of proportion to the sunshine, and any human creature who wants to serve God cheerfully ought to secure the best means of getting all the sunshine he or she can. No theologian teaches—unless he be a Jansenist—that the best means of attaining Heaven is by making earth as wretched as possible. And sunshine in married life is not attained merely by the reception of the sacrament of Matrimony. We see that every day: the drunkard is not miraculously transformed after the marriage ceremony into a sane Christian. Marriage is a sacrament of the most holy vitality and strength, but no theologian has ever claimed that prudence—human prudence—is not necessary before receiving it.

It sounds like heresy to say this. It often sounds like heresy to put things in cold print which every man admits in private conversation; and, if he did not admit them, he would be justly known as a fool. A woman who marries a non-Catholic or a drunkard, who promises to reform, puts herself in danger of earthly hell-fire. She will probably convert or reform her husband, if she prays as long and earnestly as St. Augustine's mother prayed for him and his father:—but who can tell what St. Monica suffered during all those years?—M. F. EGAN.

TO MORTIFY a passion, no matter how small, is a greater help in the spiritual life than many abstinences, fasts and disciplines.—ST. PHILIP.

THIRD ORDER OF
Mount Carmel.

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

I.—PREFATORY REMARKS.

THERE are duties common to mankind which are incumbent upon every individual living in this world. Such duties are the necessary outcome of human nature itself. Other duties of a higher nature are placed upon the Christian, and still higher ones are imposed upon certain classes only. All these duties owe their existence to the will of God, who as Creator, Redeemer or Paraclete has disposed of all His creatures according to the plans of His infinite wisdom. People called by Him to be men simply have the duties of men, as they enjoy the correlative rights of men. People called by God to His Church naturally partake of the rights and duties resulting from church membership.

But even from among these latter God chooses some to express in their life the ideal of christian perfection by an unconditional offering of their persons to the exclusive service of Him who calls them. This body of chosen ones we call Religious or Regulars.

The essence of religious life consists in the entire abandonment of a person to God. But we must look at it in two ways. Whatever God created He created for His own glory, and the glory given to Him must be in keeping with the more or less perfect nature of the creature. The more elevated its nature, the more sublime and extended is the glory which it owes to God and is enabled to give Him. Hence, the religious state being the most perfect state on earth, the highest glory of God which man can give must be expected and found in this state. That this claim was not only recognized in theory, but fully satisfied in practice, we may easily convince ourselves of by even a cursory glance at the almost unlimited number of saints, doctors, martyrs, confessors, etc., which the religious orders

in the course of time have produced. This is one way of looking at it.

Our divine Lord placed the law of the love of God and of fraternal charity upon the same level. He declared that the two laws formed but one and commanded His disciples to consider them as one, so that wherever we find the one we have a right to expect the other. This connection is not an arbitrary one, it is a necessary influx from the nature of love. We cannot love the Giver without loving what He loves, and by likewise loving it in the same way and to the same extent in which He loves. The command: "Love thy neighbor as thyself," therefore may be paraphrased thus: You shall love God and in Him and on His account whatever He loves. But He loves man, He loves each one as much as He loves you, and consequently you must love others as yourself. But as love manifests itself in the service rendered, so must your love of the neighbor prove itself by what you do in his behalf.

This service may be directed towards the soul or body, or both. To serve the soul is the second end of contemplative orders. To serve the body is the end of the active Orders, to serve both is the duty of that community which makes the practice of the spiritual and temporal works of mercy its object. As the soul is superior to the body, so works for the soul are of greater intrinsic value than works for the body. But there are grades, too, in work for souls. The noblest work for souls is intercession and vicarious penance, because by these we serve both God and man in the highest way possible. "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men," is the keynote of contemplative Orders, among which the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel stands pre-eminent.

Thus religious Orders are placed, as it were, between heaven and earth, between God and man. They give glory to God by the personal sanctity of their members. They imitate, as far as it is possible on earth, the life of the Blessed in heaven, who, free from all temporal trammels and occupations, never cease to offer the incense of their adoration, praise and thanksgiving before the throne of the Lamb, and whose life is one continued act of the love of God. At the same time that they become a spectacle to men and angels they are placed

between divine justice and guilty mankind. They take up the cross and with Christ are fastened to the cross. Their prayers, penances, austerities and good works are offered on behalf of their neighbor. They pray for those who do not pray for themselves. They do penance for those who neglect caring for their souls. Their works pay the debt for others, and disarming the anger of God, they draw down mercy, even at the cost of their own life.

It is therefore not surprising to see that times of religious enthusiasm and great moral elevation are the times in which contemplative Orders obtain the largest number of members and saints, whilst periods of religious indifference bring to them stagnation and decline. At such times the Religious fill the breaches in the walls with their own person and thousands fall victims to the fury of the enemies of God, only to bring hereby salvation to their persecutors and renewed grace and prosperity to the Catholic body. Such was the case in the Holy Land, where the old Carmelites were amongst the first victims. Such was the case in the wars between the Tiara and the Imperial Crown. The so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century saw thousands of Carmelites falling under the axe of the executioner in England, Ireland, France, Holland and Germany, and the atheistic ebullition of the French Revolution witnessed the beautiful spectacle when all the inmates of a Carmelite convent in Paris mounted the scaffold erected in the name of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality singing the *Salve Regina*, whilst one after the other of the singers was guillotined, the song only ending when the last head fell.

It is not surprising to find at all times laymen fired with the love of God and man who wish to join in the work of the Religions, although circumstances forbid their wearing a religious habit and living within monastery walls. Indeed, we see numbers aggregating themselves in this way to the different religious Orders, forming thus what is known as Third Orders in distinction from the friars of the First and the nuns of the Second Order.

It cannot be our intention to speak of the Third Order in general. We have here to do with the Third Order of Mount Carmel only.

The history and annals of our Order

afford ample proof that the practice of laymen and women to imitate as far as possible the life of our religious is very old. Already in the Old Law the Essenians were but an offshoot of the sons of the prophets, always in close communion with them, and serving the same purpose, namely, by prayer and penance begging God to hasten the coming of the Immaculate Virgin whose footsteps the prophet Elias saw in his vision. The Essenians formed two bodies, one of which lived within the bosom of the family, the other, for a longer or shorter time, living as communities. The Essenians were among the first disciples of our Lord, and were amongst the first who braved the storm of persecution raised by the Synagogue against the Christians. Like the other Jews they were dispersed throughout the world, carrying with them their old traditions, which were elevated and perfected by the Christian Faith.

When the Carmelites spread, the number of persons attaching themselves by an imitation of their life in the world increased likewise, though the Third Order then existed by the authority of the Order only.

Pope Nicholas V., in the year 1452, and Sixtus IV., in 1471, by their Apostolic authority approved of the Third Order, granting to the members all the privileges and indulgences granted before (or to be granted hereafter) to the religious of both sexes of the chief Order. Sixtus IV., defending the Third Order against the attacks of its enemies, says: "We hereby forbid that anyone contradict it, and let no one be so audacious as to oppose himself to these, our presents, or rashly violate them. If anyone dare to do so let him know that he will incur the indignation of the omnipotent God, and of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul."

Our Third Order is composed of persons of either sex, who, being prevented by one or the other reasons from joining the chief Order, attach themselves to the Order of Mount Carmel by the simple vows of chastity (according to their state of life) and of obedience to the Prior General of the Chief Order, or to those taking his place, in regard to matters pertaining to the rule. Thus the Tertians form with the Chief Order one family under one head, partaking of the same spiritual favors and merits and serving the same ends, viz.: (1) to glorify

God by individual sanctity, (2) to specially honor the Blessed Virgin, and (3) to aid their neighbor by good example, intercessory prayer and vicarious penance.

In regard to the management of their temporal affairs the Brothers and Sisters of the Third Order are perfectly independent, and no superior has a right to interfere in it. They are also free in the choice of their state of life. A single person may get married, notwithstanding the vow of chastity, which is limited. A Tertian may become a secular priest or join any religious order. To belong to another Third Order at the same time, however, is forbidden.

The Superiors have the right to propose to the Tertians the Rule of the First Order, modified in such a way as different circumstances render it necessary, and as may be judged conducive to the spiritual welfare of the members.

Likewise, Superiors using their ordinary faculties, founded upon apostolic concessions, can delegate the power of receiving and professing members to other priests, both regular and secular, whenever they deem it expedient to do so. Such delegations do not ordinarily take place, however, except on account of great distance.

The rules of the Third Order, as we shall give them in the future numbers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW, are a translation of the rules as published in 1869 by the then Vicar General of the Order, Father Savini. It is a re-publication of more ancient works, modified or altered as the change of time rendered necessary. Wherever a necessity exists we shall attach explanatory notes to the text, giving them in italics, so as to make it plain to anyone what belongs to the text and what is only comment.

PIUS R. MAYER, O.C.C.

How CAN we be proud in presence of the examples of lowliness and humiliations which our Lord gave us.—CURE D'ARS.

LET three things be constantly before your mind: What you were, what you are, and what you shall be.—ST. BERNARD.

WE must not yield to discouragement in warring against our faults, even though we have to begin anew each morning; these faults bravely combated become occasions of merit for us.—MGR. DE SEGUR.

HELPED ALONG.

For the Carmelite Review:

WHEN Albert Alden had served the last day of his term in the Reformatory, he realized how much the place had been to him. It had screened him from unkind glances and cutting remarks. The officers were kind, and the warden had often found time for a quiet talk with the boy who always seemed so reserved and sad.

The boy's parents were in medium circumstances, and lived in a pretty little village on the Ohio. At sixteen years of age, Albert suggested that he ought to bear his share of the family expenses; and, after many efforts he succeeded in obtaining a clerkship in a large flour and feed store.

Affairs went on smoothly, until one day the proprietor put three hundred dollars into the safe, intending to bank the amount on his way to lunch.

Albert saw the money, counted it, and, in an evil moment, slipped it into his pocket. The theft was detected, and the boy sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

The reformatory was but a short distance from one of the largest cities in Western Pennsylvania, and as Albert wandered through its busy streets, his heart filled with bitter feeling. His nature was affectionate. He loved his father, and worshiped his mother. Thoughts of the home he had so suddenly disgraced brought tears to his eyes. He brushed them away, hastily. Touching cries for mother rose from his heart, but he closed his lips tightly, and, the sobs, he would not utter, formed in great lumps in his throat, almost suffocating him. "I must show mother that I can be trusted," he kept repeating over and over.

All that day, he tried to get work, but each attempt was a failure. He had no friends to speak for him, and could give no satisfactory account of himself.

Almost disheartened, he applied about five o'clock to the proprietor of a wholesale fruit store. After five minute's talk, he was almost certain the owner would engage him, and so, indeed, had the man intended. But, just as his mind was in the critical condition of coming to a decision, a familiar hand was laid upon Albert's shoulder.

"Hello! Served your term?"

Walter crimsoned.

"Served his term where?" asked the proprietor.

The boy's humiliation was a silent answer to the old merchant, and without waiting for a reply he asked:

"What was your offence?"

Albert hesitated. Then a red spot burning on each cheek, he bravely looked the man in the face, and said:

"I stole three hundred dollars from my employer."

"Well, we don't employ jail-birds here. Look some place else for your game."

Albert had fainted when the iron cuffs were snapped upon his wrists, and when these cruel words rang in his ears, he felt that same chilling feeling creep over him. He left the store, and after walking about an hour, heedless of everything, he found himself on the pleasant highway leading to the farther end of Squirrel Hill.

Just then a lady drove down a narrow lane, and coming face to face with her,

Albert, on the spur of the moment, said:

"Have you any work for me?"

"Where did you come from?"

"From prison," he said, almost defiantly, as he turned to walk away. Was his sin to pursue him forever?

"You don't intend to go back again, do you?"

Miss Barton's voice was clear and sweet; inspiring, her friends said. Albert must have felt the magnetic tone, for he turned back, and a pitiful little smile crept from the corners of his mouth, as he answered:

"Not if I can help it."

Besides having an inspiring voice, Miss Barton possessed a deal of tact. She asked no questions. She appeared not to notice that some tears were being stealthily brushed away. Her quick womanly instinct told her that a heart so easily affected by a kind tone, needed sympathy. And so she reached out her hand, laid it on the boy's shoulder and said cordially:

"You're just the boy we need—jump in, and drive home with me."

Every day, Albert expected Miss Barton to ask why he had been in prison, and if he had no home to go to. But Miss Barton knew that some time Albert would tell her unasked, and so he did. It happened one day when Albert was training a refractory

grape-vine, and Miss Barton, strolling by, stopped to talk with him. When they returned to the house together, about an hour later, Albert thought of angels in disguise every time he looked at his friend. Her strong sympathy had already aroused all his manliness, and the determination to rise above the position his sin had forced him to occupy, grew deeper and firmer.

Meanwhile Miss Barton studied the boy carefully. She sent him to the bank, gave him money to pay her bills, talked over her business affairs with him, and in many ways helped him to test his moral strength. She corresponded regularly with Mrs. Alden, and they both agreed that Albert should be allowed to "bide his time" in going home.

About six months after his arrival at Squirrel Hill, Miss Barton sent Albert to transact some business with her lawyer, who lived at a day's journey from her home.

"I'd like to stop on my way back to see mother, Miss Barton," said Albert, when leaving, and that lady answered pleasantly:

"Do so, Albert."

When Albert did enter the familiar little home parlor with his mother, who had gone to the door to meet him, he found Miss Barton talking with the children. She had gone down to prepare Mrs. Alden for the joyful return. When she started soon after to take her train, Albert said:

"Mother wants me to stay."

"And Albert wants you to stay, too," laughed Miss Barton; "so I think you ought."

And so it was settled. Mrs. Alden was not an emotional woman, but in saying good-bye to her guest, she threw her arms around Miss Barton's neck and sobbed:

"God bless you! You have saved my boy!"

"No," said Miss Barton, as she gently stroked Mrs. Alden's hair, and then pressed a warm, loving kiss upon the trembling lips, "His mother did that. I only helped him along."

MARTHA MURRAY.

GUARD against discouragement as the greatest sin you could commit. Nothing is a greater injury to the soul or a greater insult to God than distrust of the Divine goodness.—MR. D'ORLEANS DE LAMOTE.