

Carmelite



Review.

VOL. 1.

FALLS VIEW, ONT., OCTOBER, 1893.

NO. 10.



**The Late Father Albert Heimann, O. C. C.**

BORN JULY 26, 1815; DIED SEPT. 16, 1893.

### The Late Father Albert Heimann, O. C. C.

AFTER forty-seven long years as a priest of holy Church and twenty-seven years spent as a professed religious of the Order of Mount Carmel, on September 16—a Saturday—the day consecrated to our holy Mother and on which she promised to free her children from the purging flames, there peacefully passed to his reward, a pious priest and model monk, our beloved brother, the revered Father Albert Heimann. For over a year prior to his death his gentle soul had been purified by a prolonged illness which he bore with edifying patience.

Father Albert was born on July 26, 1815, the Feast of a great Saint to whom he was always ardently devoted—St. Anne the mother of the Blessed Virgin. His birthplace was Delbrueck, in the diocese of Paderborn, Prussia. In 1837, when Queen Victoria was about to commence her lengthy reign, Heimann the young and zealous student came to America. On the day after Christmas, 1846, he was ordained by Bishop Chabrat, of Bardstown, Kentucky. He was, if we mistake not, the first secular priest ordained for the whole State of Kansas. Father Albert's early missionary work was in the diocese of Bardstown (afterwards Louisville), St. Louis and Leavenworth. He labored chiefly in Kansas. His life on the wild western plains would furnish material for an interesting volume. In company with Bishop Miede, who has since died, as he willed, a humble and retired Jesuit at Detroit, Albert witnessed the havoc done by the Kansas civil war in 1854 and had many a hazardous escape during the raids of the famous John Brown. In those pioneer days on the prairies the life of a missionary was not an easy one. For long hours he was in the saddle, often through the dreary night, and frequently exposed to the fiercest storms. More than once was he forced to snatch a few hours of

repose at night in the open prairies. But it was all for God and his neighbor's soul and everything became easy. In all his trials and labors Father Albert had unbounded confidence in Mary. He was never lonesome in his long journeys, provided he had with him his Rosary.

A great part of Father Albert's labor was spent among the Indians, especially those of the Osage mission by whom he was much beloved. He was quite familiar with several Indian dialects. The deceased was a familiar friend of General Sherman and his family, with whom he became acquainted whilst administering to the spiritual wants of the troops at Fort Leavenworth. Many handsome churches and flourishing parishes in the west owe their origin to Father Albert.

As a Carmelite, Father Albert's life dates to 1854 when he received the holy habit. He was the first novice received into the Order in this country. He was an exemplary friar and carried out to the letter our holy Rule. He was appointed superior over many of our convents, among them Scipio, Kansas, New Baltimore, Pa., and Falls View, Canada. As a superior he was ever a kind father to those under his direction. One fact worthy of emphasis is that *to Father Albert we owe the foundation of the only Canadian Carmelite Monastery*, namely that of Falls View, founded in 1875. From 1884 to 1889 Father Albert was stationed at Pittsburgh, Pa., and among the the good-hearted and pious parishoners of Holy Trinity he won a host of friends. Afterwards he went to our seminary in New Baltimore, Pa., where he passed his remaining days in retirement. On Sept. 16 he finally succumbed to the effects of a third paralytic stroke. The funeral obsequies were held on the 18th. As is the custom his remains were laid out in the habit of the Order. A solemn mass of Requiem for the repose of his soul was celebrated in all our monasteries. On the 21st inst the Very Rev.

Prior of our convent at Falls View celebrated mass for Father Albert's soul, at the Shrine of our Blessed Lady of Peace, at the same altar where Father Albert often offered up the Holy Victim. In concluding this short tribute to the memory of our departed and venerated brother we pray that his example may stimulate us to greater zeal for good, and beg our readers to join in praying that our dear Lady of Carmel will soon bring the soul of the departed to the holy mountain of perpetual peace.

---

### GROTTO OF ELIAS.

---

THIS afternoon we visited the Fountain of Elias. Having left the enclosure of the convent by the gate looking towards Kaifa, we took a narrow path which soon brings you to the chapel dedicated to St. Simon Stock. Having left the chapel we proceeded on our way and in a few minutes arrived at a small Musselman cemetery, at the end of which we passed through a gate when we soon found ourselves at the door of the Prophet's school which is guarded by a Mahometan who demanded five cents from each person as an entrance fee. The school of the prophet is a natural grotto somewhat enlarged by the hand of man. It forms a room about fifty feet long and thirty wide, with a height of about eighteen feet. It was in this grotto where the holy prophets Elias and Eliseus instructed the people. There is likewise shown an excavation which tradition says is the spot on which rested the Holy Family. A sort of seat is cut in the sides of the grotto. The people sat there during the instructions. The walls are covered with inscriptions in all languages, the work of pilgrims. Near the school is the place where St. James of Carmel died in the 6th century. Leaving the grotto we went towards the sea in order to mount our horses. We rode southwards, and soon came to a small hill called Bis-Allasso. St. Louis, King of France,

being apprised of the death of his mother, wished to return to his native land but a great tempest arose. His ship was wrecked and he landed here. We next reached the "Valley of Martyrs," which was filled with pomegranate and lemon trees. A short distance from here is the Fountain of Elias. The water which rushes forth is very wholesome. As it issues from the rock it falls into a hollow basin, whence it flows into a large reservoir cut in the rocks. From here it flows over the valley which is in consequence one of the most fertile in Palestine. In 1238 the reservoir was filled with the bones of the martyred Carmelite Fathers. At about 300 feet above the valley can still be seen the ruins of the ancient convent of St. Brocard. The level of the mountain to the south is called "The Field—or garden of melons," on account of the following legend: One day the prophet Elias in passing noticed the owner of the garden, and asked him for a melon. The man replied that he had none, and that what the prophet saw and believed to be melons and pears were only stones. "Well then," said the prophet, "let them be stones." At that moment all the fruit in the garden was turned into stones. From that time until to-day you can find these stones shaped like apples, pears and melons. I saw them. We returned to the Carmelite Monastery by a shorter way through a woods in which we were shown some curious spots where, tradition says, St. Elias came to prepare his meals. [From letters of Rev. J. B. Brown, Akron, Ohio.]

"It is the greatest possible blessing to a nation that in its cities and villages, in its valleys, on its mountain-sides, in its plains and forests, there should rise religious houses filled with the *élite* of the race, of either sex, who are devoted day and night to works of charity and expiation for sins, to prayers and intercessions for the conversion of the unbelieving and misbelieving, and reformation of the ungodly and an increase of favor to the tepid."—BROWNSON.

## CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

(CONTINUED)

**A**BOUT noon Carmelita returned radiant, thanking Mr. Rutherford with a pretty courtesy, a trifle old-fashioned in northern eyes. It was with the utmost sincerity that the young man replied that the kindness was all upon her side and the pleasure upon his. Nor could he refrain from looking back at her as she stood a moment in the doorway, a picture, despite the perfect simplicity of her costume. This very simplicity he had admired and appreciated, together with the delicacy of its motive, which he perfectly understood. She smiled as he raised his hat to her. He had been very kind.

Carmelita could not help bemoaning to Hepzibah the poverty of the little church and its appointments, nor dwelling a little upon the gorgeous cathedrals, monuments of ancestral piety, with which she had been familiar. But though Hepzibah lost not a word, she sat in studied silence, in her rocking-chair, her hands clasped in her lap, the very droop of her nose and upward angle of her chin expressive of sound resolution to hear nothing of the idolatrous worship of the Papists. At last she seized upon her Bible and began obtrusively reading a portion of the Psalms.

When Hepzibah went up that evening to bring her tea to the old woman above, the latter stopped her as she was passing out with the tray.

"Hepzibah!"

"Well, Mrs. Johnson."

She turned round with the tray in her hand and they looked into each other's faces, faces which each remembered fair, un wrinkled, young.

"Did she go?"

"She did."

"With Squire Rutherford's son?"

"Yes."

Something like a gleam of light came into the dim, bleared eyes of the face upon the bed, which the other eyes saw and understood.

"The folks were lookin' out of windows and doors all down the road," said Hepzibah, "but Parson Jenkins, he was right down angry."

"He hadn't oughter. No one could help it. Did he come here?"

"He come to the gate and took on awful when he heard she was gone with Squire Rutherford's son."

There was a pause. This was unpleasant news, but the old woman, long denied any gleam of gratification, was determined to look only at the bright side of the matter.

"Did Squire Rutherford's son come in after meetin'?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Carmelita, she bade him good-bye at the gate."

"She did?"

"Yes, and he stood still and he looked at her till she got to the doorway, jest as if he couldn't take his eyes off her."

"He did? When's he comin' again?"

"I don't know, I asked Carmelita and she laughed outright and said, 'what a funny question, how should I know?'"

"Does she like him any, do you suppose?"

"She talks to him as if he was the hired boy over to Simms'."

"She does? Don't seem to like him any?" said she with a touch of anxiety.

"Don't suppose so. She oughter. He's as handsome as a picture and powerful rich, and I guess he cares some for her."

There was a silence, during which the two old women regarded each other. This was a case outside of their philosophy.

"Guess the weather's going to change,"

said the figure upon the bed. "I've got a touch of rheumatics."

"Should you like some boneset?" suggested Hepzibah.

"Guess not."

Meanwhile Carmelita, alone in the twilight, having finished her beads, sat thinking over her morning's expedition. Altogether it had left a pleasant impression upon her mind. The weather had been exquisite. The winding road by which they had passed, now thickly lined with houses, now leading by the smoke and grimness of factories, and again running parallel with a little stream and reaching into the freshness and peace of the country, had been delightful. She had been unconscious of the varied groups of gossip-mongers whose whisperings and gigglings had been noted with concealed but bitter annoyance by her companion. But she had been fully alive to every blossom-covered tree and every meadow, bursting into green, even under this austere sky. And in the blue of that same sky she had intensely rejoiced.

Mr. Rutherford was naturally associated with all this in her remembrance of the pleasantest hours which had fallen to her lot since her arrival at K——. Various little incidents of the walk came to her, not disagreeable. Obstacles in the way of branches, stones or brambles which her companion had so deftly removed from her path, pleasant greetings which he had bestowed upon certain poor people whom they had passed, all of whom had evidently known and respected him before, little snatches of conversation which she could recall as one remembers the phrases of a song. At the church he had been so attentive, reverent even, during the service, and on the way home he had told her how much travelling abroad had removed his country-bred prejudices against the faith, and how he had made warm friends amongst the Catholic clergy. And he had appealed

to her not to judge too hardly of the rigid antagonism to her faith which she would meet with around her.

"Think the best you can of us with that warm, charitable spirit of the South."

The two anxious old women upstairs might have been comforted had they known how near in sympathy to Carmelita, Andrew Rutherford had contrived to bring himself. It is true that the thought of him as a possible suitor had never entered her head. But he had crept into her mind as the only one who could understand her Catholic longings and aspirations, and perhaps also as one who in some distant future might himself come into the household of faith. A missionary spirit is latent in most women. Nothing more attracts them to a man than the hope of doing something for his spiritual welfare. If sometimes this proves an *ignis fatuus* it is at least a not ignoble one.

Taken altogether, that Sabbath day in grim New England had its own share of sweetness and light for the young Spaniard, and its twilight closing darkly in the shadows of the old house had a touch of peace and rest, a foreshadowing of happiness to come.

It would be difficult to put into words the precise means by which Carmelita, as the months went on, carried out her mission of warming, not only the old house at K——, but the village itself. She became, as it were, a rich and glowing exotic in its grayness and austerity. The angularities of her neighbors served to throw out the graceful curves of her own personality. Their reticence or their garrulity, equally unsympathetic and undemonstrative, gave a strange charm to her quick sympathy, her swift impulsiveness. The rustic freedom of the girl, usually in its own way self-respecting it is true, added beauty to her little reserves. Her dignity was a counterpoise to their somewhat free and easy good comradeship. Her beauty itself was of a kind new in that part of the world.

The children one and all knew her. Many a curly head had leaned sleepily upon her shoulder. Many a diminutive figure had climbed into her lap. They came to her with presents of flowers or berries, and they likewise came with their troubles, real or imaginary, with broken toys and cut fingers. They came when scolded at home, or punished at school. The brick courtyard often contained a score of them, so that the tame crow had to take refuge on the topmost branches of the tree to grumble and scold, being disturbed from his perch close to Carmelita. The robins twittered uneasily above, not venturing close to the ground. Hepzibah was powerless, venting her wrath from the kitchen window, or pouring out ejaculations from the front door.

"Sakes alive, if she don't beat all. She's the most provokingest girl. Why Carmelita, jest you look at them crumbs on the front stoop and leaves and branches strewed about everywhere. And as for Miss Johnson upstairs, you're going to give her a right down splittin' headache."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### WELCOME GUESTS.

Rev. Father Henry Lube, Dublin, Ireland; Rev. P. J. Harold, Niagara, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. Burke, Boston, Mass; Mr. Charles Kiefer, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. Frank V. Topper, New Baltimore, Pa; Dr. J. A. Lanigan, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss Kate Dunne, Joliet, Ill; Mr. Frank Kemper, Dayton, Ohio, Rev. J. Trayling, Dixie, Ont.; Mon. and Mde. de Cannart, of Brussels, Belgium and Mr. James McDermott, of Danbury, Conn., were among the many visitors at Falls View Monastery during the past month.

HEREIN a man may know whether he really loves God: Is he satisfied with anything less than God?—St. John of the Cross.

#### OBITUARY.

THE death of Mrs. Maria J. Pfohl, wife of Louis Pfohl, the well-known grain merchant, was a sad blow to her many friends, says the *Buffalo Evening News*. She was noted for her charitable and loving disposition. Three sons, Louis L., Dr. Edward N. and George W. Pfohl, survive her; also one sister, Mrs. Carrie Stevens, of Weedsport. The funeral took place Tuesday morning, the 12th of Sept., from St. Joseph's Cathedral. The deceased was one of our subscribers and to us a generous benefactor. We beg from our readers a fervent prayer for the repose of her soul.

R. I. P.

#### OCTOBER FEASTS.

OCTOBER is a favored month in possessing so many festivals devoted to the love of our Blessed Lady. While the sweet song of the Rosary, is being sung by millions of lips, while chaplets of roses are wreathed by loving hands, while heartfelt prayers are recorded on the beads of devotion, while the mysteries of a Redeemer's love are pondered by tender souls, heaven is besieged by countless requests that ever ascend to Mary's throne, and true to the promises of Dominic of old, graces, blessings and favors, innumerable and rich, ever descend generously upon her devoted children. October boasts also of Mary's Maternity, and of the feast of her holy Purity, lovely festivals, the motherhood of Mary! transcendent of dignity! The honor of being chosen to clothe the Eternal God with her own flesh, to infuse into his being her own blood, to give Him drink, who first created her. And Mary's purity! the thought baffles the attempt to faintly realize the loveliness of this virtue, which is God's mother, purer than the dewdrop sparkling on the sunbeam, glistening with a brilliancy that places the brightest orbs of the sky.

**"Domine, Aut Pati Aut Mori."**

"O LORD, either let me suffer or let me die." Such was the incessant prayer of a great and brave woman, the Seraphic Virgin St. Teresa, whose feast is celebrated on Oct. 15. Four centuries have well nigh rolled by since the blessed saint joined the choirs of virgins before the Lamb of God, but the Teresian spirit lives yet in this world; lives in the holiness of her many children of Carmel, astounding the civilized world with its lofty heroism, and Catholics have imbibed that spirit by feeding upon the heavenly doctrine contained in the writings of our saint.

Saint Teresa was born of pious and noble parents in the quaint and pretty city of Avila, in Spain, on Wednesday in Passion Week, March 28, 1515. She was brought up by her pious parents in the fear of the Lord. Her education was confided to the Nuns of St. Augustine. While with them she first felt herself drawn to the religious state. Led by the grace of God, she entered the Carmelite Convent at Avila on Nov. 2, 1533. After a year of probation she made her Profession on Nov. 3, 1534. For two and twenty years our saint was afflicted with many and severe ailments, harrassed by terrible temptations, and desolate, refreshed with no heavenly consolation. She suffered all, so that the trial of her faith was more precious than gold tried by fire to the glory and honor of God.

The saint's large and loving soul was filled with divine love. As she tells us in her life, written by herself, a cherubim of God repeatedly pierced her heart through and through with a fiery javelin. These wounds were really physical, which we may see in her incorrupted heart.

This noble virgin was filled with all virtue, obedient as a child, poor, yet enriching many, a virgin pure without the least tarnish in her life, always suffering yet ever calm, even, as we see in her many letters extant, often sportive, full of inno-

cent fun and gladness, contemned by the world, and loving that contempt.

She was a true Carmelite in her childlike love of our Blessed Lady. She was the great apostle of the Devotion to St. Joseph, a devotion brought from the east by the Carmelites, and we have learned to love St. Joseph through St. Teresa.

This brave woman, without means, with the world against her, reformed her order, founded and built many monasteries and convents for men and women. All this she did for her spiritual children by the grace of God, "who maketh a barren woman to dwell in a house, the joyful mother of children."—Ps. 112 9.

The Life of St. Teresa, written by herself, and the other books and letters written by her, show us the Saint of Prayer. Her great knowledge and wisdom, her great love and perfection are the fruit of prayer. The life of a true Carmelite is a life of prayer. St. Teresa was the echo of Carmel. She leads the soul in her classic works of mystic theology by step and step from simple prayer, which means to speak to God, to the top of Mount Carmel, to the union of the soul with God. The saint was no religious enthusiast, but a woman of practical common sense. She teaches practical piety, but, unless we pray as we ought, we shall never see God.

The death of our saint was precious in the eyes of God. Having received all the last holy sacraments, she exclaims: "How happy am I that I am to the last a daughter of Holy Church." She was rapt up in an ecstasy of divine love, grasping in her hand a crucifix, which could not be removed from her. At last, after a life of 47 years in religion, on Oct. 15, 1582, she surrendered her pure soul into the hands of her Creator. The saint was 67 years old when she died. Wonderful visions were seen at her death; the whole house was filled with a heavenly perfume. She was buried at Avila. Her body being disinterred was found perfectly incorrupt and fragrant—and even after 300 years her body is yet incorrupt, as may be seen at Avila. God is wonderful, indeed, in His saints.

DIONYSIUS BEST, O. C. C.



—THE—  
**Carmelite Review.**

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

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

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

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, OCTOBER, 1893. No. 10.

The great Catholic Columbian Congress will bring forth much fruit. It will hasten the progress of Catholicity in the land, and God grant that it be the means of bringing many of our separated brethren nearer to the true fold.

WE are pleased to note the fact that the name of the venerable Sister Teresa of St. Augustine—Madame Louise of France, the daughter of King Louis XV—a nun of our Order is soon, we hope, to be added to the long list of Carmelite saints. A late Roman letter says that the process of her Beatification is soon to be introduced.

THE latest comment among the exchanges concerning "A Catholic Dictionary" says that one of the former editors is "no longer available." And for good reason, for we are reliably informed that the same gentleman is no longer a Catholic. He might be able now to give us "A Protestant Dictionary." We long for the day when "A Catholic Dictionary" will be succeeded by "The Catholic Dictionary."

ON the Ides of October, 1582, nearly one hundred years after the immortal Isabella had sent Columbus to plant the cross

on our soil—our great Spanish Saint, Teresa of Jesus, breathed forth her pure soul to God. She was only a woman, but volumes tell all she did for holy religion. Her work ended not with her life. After three centuries her influence is still felt. Let us take to heart the short but wise sayings of the saint which appear in these pages from time to time. Our lives will be better if we heed such holy maxims.

St. FRANCIS of Assisium! What thoughts his name awakens as his feast comes around again. This poor, humble friar stands in bold relief as an object lesson, to the rich. "Blessed are the poor in spirit" is the key to problems over which legislators harangue. It is altogether a great year for the sons of St. Francis. La Rabida tells us why. It was there where Columbus was enabled to take the first step towards making his voyage, and it was in a Franciscan Monastery as a member of the Third Order the great discoverer died.

NIAGARA Falls is the favorite haunt of freaks and notoriety-hunters. To the species must be added the pest of every decent community the so-called "ex-priest" and "escaped nun." The genuine article lately made its appearance in this vicinity. It is an outrage that the custom officials, who with paternal anxiety guard public morals in confiscating indecent literature, should have allowed this recent adventurer to escape their vigilance. We do not wish to insult the christian modesty of our readers by quoting any remarks of this lecturer. His subjects were "The Convent Unveiled" and "Secrets of Romanism." We understand that this ex-priest (?) regardless of the command "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," made remarks reflecting on our monastery and the convent in the neighborhood. We are glad that such libellous talk, as might be expected, has had the effect of making



our community more esteemed by intelligent and un-prejudiced Protestants. The whereabouts of the lodge-rooms of the P. P. A. (or A. P. A.) may be unknown to those outside of the disreputable brood of scoundrels who bring this class of lecturers among respectable citizens, but there is no freemasonry in the Catholic Church. Monasteries and convents are open for inspection, and their whereabouts are known. The important item on the posters announcing the lecture referred to was of course "a silver collection at the close." In case this ex-priest received enough cash it would be to his benefit to go to Chicago. There he will see an open monastery — that of La Rabida — which will tell what the country owes to the monks, and the Catholic educational exhibit will show "The Convent Unveiled" to an admiring world.

A FANATICAL preacher named Bosworth, who has probably found his exchequer at a low ebb after the return of his family from their summer vacation, has been endeavoring to re-fill his purse by showing audiences in the maritime provinces how he can make Rome howl. After he had stirred up the usual cesspool of misrepresentation against our holy religion and its devout practices he brought down the house by producing a Scapular. The papers quote the speaker as saying that "to it (the Scapular) was attached two small cards. A picture on one represented Mary and the infant Christ, but with the crown on the head of the former Mr. Bosworth then read out of a pamphlet written by the most Rev. John Hughes, D. D., late archbishop of New York, statements to the effect that those who died without this Scapular would surely go into everlasting torment. It was a power unto salvation." He said moreover that "a Scapular such as he showed, cost ten cents, and it cost twenty cents more to get the priest's blessing on it."

Every sane Catholic and every enlightened non-Catholic knows that the Sacramentals of the church, including the Scapular, are not necessary as a means to save our souls. But the Scapular is a great

"power unto salvation" to use Mr. Bosworth's words, as experience has proved. Of course the Blessed Virgin is represented wearing a crown. She above all queens has the greatest right to wear such, but although the holy Infant is the King of kings it would not be very artistic to represent the divine Babe wearing a crown. The remark put into the mouth of the late saintly archbishop of New York is too broad-faced a falsehood to need much comment. Such a pamphlet would be immediately condemned by the Holy See, but none of Archbishop Hughes' works are on the Index. True, a pecuniary offering is accepted for a Scapular, and sometimes more than ten cents. It might interest those of Mr. Bosworth's caliber to know that the Holy Father at his jubilee received from our fathers in Spain a richly embroidered Scapular, the expense for the material and making of which cost several dollars. Any Catholic not having the means can get a Scapular for the asking. We send them out free daily. But any small boy commencing to learn his catechism will tell you that *there is no charge for a blessing.*

A SCURRILOUS sheet with the high-sounding name of the "*British Canadian*" has made its appearance. The major portion of the paper is made up of boiler-plate material and copious clippings. The balance, in tone with the publication, is a tirade against Catholicism. It observes the usual anti-Romanist tactics. It says that the Catholic church is the foe of education. The following may be an interesting clipping for the editor of the paper referred to. Thus writes a Protestant in Chicago in speaking of the education exhibit at the World's Fair:

"Despite the danger of being condemned, sentenced, and, to say the least, burned in effigy, by the 'little red school-house' fanatics, we declare, and every right-minded, non-partisan and unprejudiced person must acknowledge, that we are right, and will confirm our views. Compared with the exposition of the Catholic training and educational institutions the exhibit of our national public schools scarcely deserve to be noticed. The Catholic school teachers have laid open to our view a picture demonstrating the magnitude of the Catholic school system, its workings, its effect and the achieved results of the various institutions, so far-reaching, so instructive, and so ably illustrating its high educational character as to discourage and disappoint the partisans of the public schools when they view their miserable, monotonous and flimsy exhibit."

## The Guardian Angel.

"O the exceeding grace  
Of highest God! that loves His creatures so,  
And all His works with mercy doth embrace.  
That blessed angels He sends to and fro  
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe."  
—Edmund Spenser.

It was a happy thought of the Sovereign Pontiff, now gloriously reigning, to add to the already existing devotion of the month of October—(The Guardian Angels)—the crowning glory of honoring the Queen of the Holy Rosary; but while our thoughts are intent on the oft uttered *Aves* in which as Lacordaire days "love never thinks that it repeats" let us not forget the old time devotion which should come home to us in an especial manner, and which, like the air around us we so take for granted, that we rarely, except in peculiar cases, dwell upon this very important factor of our spiritual life, the fact that each of us has a guardian angel. Christian mothers from time immemorial have sung the old lullaby "Hush my baby, lie still and slumber, holy angels guard thy bed;" and the sweet sleep of happy childhood has ever been soothed and hastened by tales of the "dear angel ever at our side," until the little one almost grew to look for the presence of the bright spirit which it was told waited to carry its first thought on awakening even to the throne of God. Well it were for us, did we cling more tenaciously to those sweet and tender memories of childhood, when faith was a living thing, when heaven was synonymous with home. But alas! the world with its icy breath has frozen up the founts of holy feeling, and given us to drink instead the bitter waters of Lethe, making us forget the world of spirit, while wearing us out with the world of sense. Let us refresh ourselves with a few thoughts on this devotion to the guardian angel, which may it awaken in us the old and perhaps forgotten love for this heavenly guide whose life and ours are nearly one. The *lares* and *benates*

were dear to the hearts of the ancient Roman. Why should we of christian times be insensible to the presence of those ministering spirits who leave their silver bowers to come to succor us that succor want? We can scarcely picture to ourselves save by the eyes of faith, the real existence of a pure spirit at our side whose only care is to guard and guide us, and whose sole mission is so to protect us that we dash not our foot against a stone. The providence of God circles us round till there is no escape from the bonds of His love and mercy; and in nothing do we see this more clearly portrayed than in thus committing us from the first moment of actual existence to the care of an angel. "A most pure and noble spirit is thus deputed to assist continually a creature so vile an object as man." Surely God has all but exhausted the devices of His goodness in His efforts to raise this fallen nature of ours from its natural baseness in associating us at every turn with all that is high and holy and ennobling in the order of grace, and like many other benefits this wonderful favor conferred upon us passes by like a dream. How few of us have anything like a practical devotion to our guardian angel, and yet he is in a certain sense a very part of us. Closer to us than our nearest of kith and kin, and more tenderly attached to us than the very mother whose unselfish devotion has been the joy of our whole lives. How keenly we feel anything like a reflection on our gratitude for favors received at the hands of friends. What of the scant return we make to this "prince, more than brother," who so lavishly bestows on us the attentions of a very slave. What do we not owe him? From how many unknown dangers has he sheltered us? How much of joy and peace are of his making? Many a time and oft has he pleaded for us before the justice of God and stayed the hand which because of the angelic counsel fell to heal and not to

strike. We all have our particular devotions to the saints, to the holy Mother of God, and other drawing cults of the faithful, a solid practical devotion to the guardian angel is all but rare among us. Now the return of the month of October is a reminder to awaken anew our gratitude for the countless benefits which we owe to this faithful friend who serves us with no thought of self. Beautiful type as he is of the divine goodness which created and daily preserves us. Our good, our ultimate happiness being the only motive of his life-long devotion. "Our hearts are full of angels when they are full of sorrows." How many times has this silent comforter at our side been a very well-spring of consolation to us when the "world's unkindness grew with life." Ah! let us not be unmindful of him, but returning to the simple faith of our childhood, hold familiar converse with this angel guide of ours "who doth accompany us, and doth order all things well that are done about us."

DOLORES,

N. Y.

October 2, 1893.

---

**Petitions, etc.**


---

THE L. family of Utica, N. Y., are asking three requests of our Lady of Mount Carmel, and Mrs. L. B. of Pittsburgh, Pa., one petition and they beg our readers to unite their prayers in order to obtain the favors asked.

A SUBSCRIBER in Corry, Pa., writes saying that she is "more than thankful" for her recovery from an illness. She ascribes her cure to St. Albert, the Carmelite, having used the water blessed with the relics of the saint.

ATTENTIVELY consider how fickle people are, and how little room there is for trusting them: and so repose all your confidence in God, who changes not.—ST. TERESA.

**HYMN TO MY ANGEL. \***

(For the Carmelite Review)

Dearest Angel, wilt thou hasten  
 With these whispered words of love,  
 To my soul's Betrothed who waiteth  
 In His holy court, above?  
 Say my heart with longing wearies  
 Only to behold His face,  
 Say my fainting spirit thirsteth  
 For the fountains of His grace,  
 Oh! my angel, my good angel,  
 Thou wilt bear to my Beloved,  
 Bear these whispered words from me.

Tell Him how the thorny tendrils  
 He hath planted in my breast  
 Laden are with fragrant roses  
 Where His wounded feet may rest;  
 Pray Him then to bring more flowers—  
 In my heart so cold and small,  
 Lest they perish, make it warmer,  
 Larger, till it hold them all:  
 Bear this rose of love, a token  
 To my Lord awaiting thee,  
 That I sigh but for His coming,  
 Only long His face to see.

Ah! behold, amid Love's flowers  
 Spring unchecked, entangling weeds;  
 Yet entreat of Him forgiveness,  
 'Tis His little one who pleads:  
 Thanks and blessings speed my angel  
 Swiftly on His upward flight,  
 Till He bendeth crowned with glory  
 In our loving Master's sight.  
 Say, I would renew my troth-plight,  
 Say His will my will shall be;  
 While before Him cast I labor,  
 Love, and lite, and liberty.

SR. W.

\* [This poem was written and composed by a Carmelite Nun in St. Louis, Mo., who is totally blind and has been so from infancy. She writes on the type-writer without any assistance.—E.D. C. R.]

OMY Rosary, my most intimate confidant, my dear *Vade Mecum*, thou art the most pleasing friend of my life; the path is so beautiful, strewn as it is with the prettiest flowers of the *Ave Maria!* How well dost thou console us when we weep! how readily thou dost gladden the soul when it is sad! how clearly thou makest understand the nothingness of all things here below.—*Cardinal Dechamps.*

## The BROWN SCAPULAR

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

Names for enrollment in the Scapular Confraternity may be sent to Carmelite Fathers, Englewood, N. J.; Pittsburgh, Pa., (cor. Fulton and Centre Avenue); Scipio, Kansas; New Baltimore, Pa., Falls View, Ont., and Carmel Priory, 334 East 29th St., N. Y. City.

### 3.—Obligations.

**W**E spoke of the reception of the Scapular. Before we explain the spiritual advantages accruing from it, it will be necessary to speak of the obligations of the wearer, since the advantages are not common to all, but depend on the fulfillment of the various obligations of those who are affiliated to the Order in one of the four possible ways. For a person may (1) simply receive and wear the Scapular, or (2) belong to the Confraternity, (3) to the Third Order or (4) to the First or Second Order. The first, second and third degrees do not interest us now, as the Third Order will be treated separately, and the regular communities of the friars and nuns of Mount Carmel do not come within the scope of the present articles, therefore we shall only speak of the obligations incumbent upon the wearers of the Scapular and the members of the Confraternity.

1. The obligation common to all is to wear the Scapular during life and when dying. It must be worn on the breast and shoulders. To remove it for a time does not necessitate a new investing, unless it was laid aside through contempt, that is with an intention of wearing it no longer. If the Scapular should become torn or lost whilst, for instance, the person was bathing,

and another could not be procured at once, but the intention of procuring one existed, the delay, even it considerable, would not interfere with the rights of the person invested. Persons who lay aside the Scapular through contempt do not participate in the privileges by merely resuming the Scapular. They must be again invested.

2. Since the 27th of April, 1887, it is obligatory and essential, in order to gain the spiritual advantages attached to the wearing of the Scapular, that the names of those invested be entered in a register kept for the purpose. Every priest empowered to invest should have such a register, and whenever convenient send the names to a community of Carmelites, or where the Confraternity is canonically established.

Where the Confraternity is canonically established and thereby the affiliation to the Order completed, the register kept is sufficient and a transmission to a monastery not necessary.

3. Persons to be invested should receive on the same day the holy Sacraments of Penance and Eucharist, as they otherwise cannot gain the plenary indulgence granted for the day of reception.

4. There is no special obligation of reciting definite prayers attached to the wearing of the Scapular. Prayer imposed in commutation of the obligations for the Sabbath Privilege, of which we shall speak immediately, are obligatory only if imposed by those having the power to do so.

5. As the *Sabbatine Privilege* has sometimes been called in question and more frequently misunderstood, we insert here some historical notes and an excerpt of the Bull of John XXII, "*Sacratissimo uti culmine*," dated Avignon, March 3rd, 1822, an authentic copy of which is preserved in the archives of the Order.

After the death of Pope Clement V. the sacred college of Cardinals met at Lyons in France in order to elect a successor. Owing to dissensions among the Cardinals and

wars in Germany, England, France and Italy no election took place for more than two years, the vacancy being fraught with the greatest evils for church and state. Hence Cardinal James Arnould (James of Ossa) had recourse to the Blessed Virgin, beseeching that by her intercession she would obtain from her Son a worthy pastor of the church, who would remedy these disorders. "As I was kneeling in prayer," he says:—

"I saw the Virgin in the Carmelite habit, who addressed me thus: 'O John, O John, vicar of my beloved Son, as I free thee from thy adversary and make thee pope, asking for thee as Vicar by solemn oblation and supplication from my sweetest Son, which grace I obtained, thou shalt confirm the following ample grace to my holy and devoted Carmelite Order, commenced by Elias and Eliseus on Mount Carmel, to wit: That the Vicar of my Son shall confirm on earth what my Son determined and ordained in heaven, that whosoever will make profession, observing the rule given by my servant the patriarch Albert, and confirmed by my beloved Innocent, and perseveres in holy obedience, poverty and chastity will be saved. And if others through devotion enter this holy Order, wear my habit and call themselves brothers and sisters of my aforesaid Order, they shall be freed and absolved from the third part of their sins on the day they enter the Order, promising chastity in case of a widow, virginity in case of a virgin, conjugal chastity in case of married people according to the law of holy mother Church. The professed brothers shall be freed from guilt and eternal punishment on the day of their death, and shall be speedily delivered from purgatory.

*"I, their glorious mother, will descend on the Saturday after their death. I will deliver those whom I shall find in purgatory and take them up to the holy mountain of eternal life. However, these brothers and sisters shall say the canonical hours*

as it is required by the rule given by Albert. Those who cannot do so shall observe the fasts commanded by the church and abstain from fleshmeat on Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Christmas day. Thus speaking, the holy Virgin disappeared."

The Pope then continues:

"I therefore accept this holy indulgence, I corroborate and confirm it on earth, as Jesus Christ by reason of the merits of His glorious virgin Mother has conceded it in heaven. No one, therefore, shall dare impugn or rashly counteract this page of our indulgence or ordination of the statute. If one dare to do so let him know that he incurs the indignation of Almighty God and the holy Apostles Peter and Paul."

These are the words of the Sabbatine Bull published by Pope John XXII six years after his election to the apostolic chair. The obligations mentioned in it are these:

1. To wear the Scapular constantly as a brother or sister of the Confraternity.
2. To observe the virtue of chastity according to one's state of life.
3. To recite the Canonical Hours (in case of members of the First and Second Order, and all those who are otherwise bound to say the canonical office). For laymen the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin is substituted, which is to be said in Latin.
4. Those who for good reasons cannot recite this office must fast on all fast days of the church and abstain from flesh meat on all Wednesdays and Saturdays.
5. If this be also impossible some other penitential work may be substituted by way of commutation. This can be done only by those who have a special power to do so. The faculty of giving the Scapular does not include the power of commutation, nor do the faculties delegated by the Ordinaries to their priests contain it. It can be obtained only from the Superior of the Order. Every director of a canonically

established Confraternity possesses it for himself and his successor. If he assumes another mission where the Confraternity is not established, he loses it again, because the privilege is local and not personal.

A commutation is an exchange of one work into another equally or nearly equally good. It must not become a dispensation by lightening the obligations in a way that is altogether out of proportion to the original obligation, else it will be invalid, unless the priest has received a special power of dispensation.

6. These obligations can be commuted outside of the confessional, and by any priest having the faculty. Where there is a Confraternity established people belonging to other parishes must go to the Director of this Confraternity to obtain a lawful commutation.

In the next number we shall speak of the Confraternity more in detail.

PIUS R. MAYER. O. C. C.

Scapular names have been received at the Carmelite Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for registration from S. S. Peter and Paul's Church, Rochester, N. Y.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Ont., (2 lists); Riviere Bourgeois, Cape Breton, N. S.

F. O.—The question was asked whether the Scapulars as now given were not made contrary to the rule that brown be the predominant color, since one side of them was covered by the white print. In reply I say that the brown side is the obverse side of the Scapular and the picture is on the reverse side serving as a lining. Hence brown not only predominates, but is exclusive on one side, and there is no reason for anxiety.

P. R. M.

BEAR it in mind that you have but one soul; that you can die but once; that your lifetime can be but short; and that there is but one glory which is eternal; and this thought will detach you from a multitude of things.—ST. TERESA

### MY BEADS.

Sweet, blessed beads! I would not part  
With one of you for richest gem  
That gleams in kingly diadem;  
Ye know the history of my heart,

For I have told you ever grief  
In all the days of twenty years,  
And I have moistened you with tears,  
And in your decades found relief

Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed,  
And joys have died, but in my needs  
Ye were my friends, my blessed beads!  
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

How many and many a time in grief,  
My weary fingers wandered round  
The circle chain and always found  
In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell  
Of inner life to all unknown;  
I trusted you and you alone,  
But ah! ye kept my secrets well.

Ye are the only chain I wear—  
A sign that I am but a slave,  
In life, in death, beyond the grave,  
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

—Father Ryan.

### From the Emerald Isle.

"Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one  
The live long night: nor these alone whose notes  
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,  
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime  
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,  
The jay, the pie, and e'en the bodling owl  
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me."  
—Cowper.

THE great feast of our Lady's Assumption was, as usual, kept with great solemnity. It is an important festival among the Carmelites here, especially among those in our country convents. The beautiful summer brought with it an abundant harvest of grain and fruit which cheered the hearts of the people. Birds of many kind are numerous and beautiful this season. In the hard winters gone by, the feathered songsters suffered much, so much indeed that many of the species became extinct.

The birds remind me of an incident

which occurred some time ago. I was walking in Phoenix Park, one of the most beautiful of its kind in all Europe. The park has an extent of three square miles. It is beautifully laid out in a way to please the eye of all. Groves, gardens, lakes, trees and plants of the rarest kind are found within its inclosure. It also contains a zoological garden with collections of animals from every clime. The residences of the Viceroy, of the Chief and Under-secretary situated here are palatial buildings. All the national sports and military reviews are held here. I met an old and venerable man one day in the park. He stopped to address me. After discussing the usual topics on the fine weather, the beautiful surroundings etc., I asked him his name and place of his birth. "I am ninety," he said. "I was born in Dublin and never left it. Eighty years ago I hunted the wren on Saint Stephens' Day in this park. I remember Waterloo, and how we used to pray that "Bony," as Napoleon was called, might beat the English. "Why did they hunt the wren on St. Stephens' Day?" I asked. "That is more than any man can tell," he replied. "The usual account is this:—Once upon a time when the Irish were at war with the English, the enemy had quietly gone to sleep in camp. The Irish took advantage of this and planned an attack. The Irish were approaching the Saxon quarters when a number of wrens flew from a bush into the tents of the English and awoke the troops. An old chronicler of two hundred years ago, described the field where this occurred, and said that the birds aroused the English by picking at the drums. But this could be hardly true since the Welsh and the Manx likewise hunt the wren, therefore it must be of Celtic origin. The custom probably symbolizes the shortest day of the year and the change of season, which was likewise a pagan custom."

"The red-breast," he continued, is differently treated. The old people respect it, and the young would consider it a sin to rob its nest. The legend runs that of old when the Jews were pursuing our Lord in order to kill Him, the robin covered Him with moss, and would have concealed our Saviour had not the water-wagtail (called the devil's bird) plucked away the covering. Another saying is that at the Crucifixion a robin, out of compassion, rested on the crown of thorns and thus received his scarlet breast. Other stories say that the feet of the blessed Virgin, when fleeing through the woods with the Holy infant, were so lacerated that she left a bloody track behind her. The robin tried to cover the bloody stains with leaves and whilst pressing them down received its crimson breast."

These and other interesting stories of the bird family were related to me by my new and venerable acquaintance. Is it not strange that a non-Catholic invariably blesses himself with the Sign of the Cross when he sees a magpie? The great Isaac Butt always did it.

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

Dublin, Sept. 15th, 1893.

A WRITER in the *Humanitarian* in speaking of the duty of women to become attractive says, that one of the great drawbacks is, that the sex has been "too steeped in ecclesiasticism." Quite the contrary. The more the fair sex is steeped in religion the more attractive they are. The use of the many artificial beautifiers do not bring out the best in any woman. What attracts most is modesty, gentleness and other christian virtues conspicuous in those who strive to model themselves after the most beautiful and attractive of women, at whose sight, even a saint, (Denis the Areopagite) felt inclined to fall down in adoration—namely the humble Virgin of Nazareth.

HE who fears God avoids all occasions of offending Him.—ST. TERESA.



## Children's Corner

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

### Our Lady's Letter Box.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

It seems but a very little while since we gave our Our Blessed Lady a bouquet of Masses as an offering for her own dear month of May and now we must get ready to give her another. Did the first one fade? Ah! no dear children: The roses of that bouquet are imperishable. They were of purest gold, and are safe in the royal treasury of the King. Why, He has been giving us gold dust daily from that bouquet, sprinkling it over us in blessings and yet keeping the roses to place in our hands, when crowned and conquered we walk in the happy train of the children of Mary who will be her maids of honor for all eternity. How wise our holy mother, the Church, is, and what admirable judgment she displays in all her ways. May, in all the freshness and beauty of the spring, she gives to Mary the queen of the flowers and now in these latter days of ours, October, the queen-month of the year, in its wealth of golden foliage and its ever changing beauty of brilliant forest hues, is consecrated to the Queen of the holy Rosary, the gracious advocate whose eyes of mercy we beg her to turn towards us. They tell us that the saints look at us only when we pray to them; but that Mary, our mother, looks always,—and rightly so. What eyes are like those of a mother? Stars as they are; love lights ever shining on the paths of her children. And what earthly mother, dear and sweet though she be, can equal in love and tenderness this heavenly Mother whose eyes like myriads of stars are watching constantly over us, her children in exile, her wanderers maybe, all the dearer because of their staying in a strange land. Let us crown her

this month, dear children, with roses of prayer. Let our beads twine them for her as they pass lovingly through our fingers and our eyes are fixed wistfully on her sweet face, while we cry to her in the touching words of the *Salve Regina*. "Hail Mother of mercy! our life our sweetness and our hope." Beautiful prayer. One would almost think that Adam and Eve first spoke its words when the fair paradise of delights were shut against them. But no—they knew nought of Mary, who was to crush the head of the serpent which made them and us poor banished children. To know her and to love her is our joy. Let us then in union with the whole church—the great army of God upon earth, join our hearts and our voices in this consoling of devotions—the Holy Rosary. God wishes to give us all things through Mary, says St. Bernard. Go to her then, dear children, and trust her for all things. In the words of one of her servants say to her, "I leave all things to thee direct Mother in thine own name, as God left all to thee in Jesus."

Very safe are those who are sheltered under the mantle of Mary.

Devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

### PUZZLES.

- XL  
What tree bears the most fruit to market?
- XLII  
Why is a selfish friend like the letter "p"?
- XLIII  
At what time was Adam married?
- XLIV  
Which is the coldest river?
- XLV  
When is a tea-pot like a kitten?

### Answers to Puzzles.

- XXXVI—Because it is seldom seen after Lent.
- XXXVII—"You are too pointed."
- XXXVIII—The wheelwright.
- XXXIX—The elephant, who had his trunk, and the fox and the rooster who had a brush and comb between them
- "SEC."