



St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi.

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A Song of Dreamland.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

IN the silent, mystic dreamland,
Through deep shadows of the night,
Shone a soft and silvery radiance
From the far-off land of light,
O'er a spacious marble stairway
Where the dreamer stood below
Gazing upward at a lady
Robed in garb like Alpine snow.
O! how beautiful and radiant
Was that sweet maternal face!
Queenly in its noble aspect,
Pure and virginal its grace!
Still more wonderous was the beauty
Of the lady's fair young Child;
Son and Mother on the dreamer
Gently glanced, and sweetly smiled.
Yielding to their blest attraction
Fain would she ascend on high,
But the lady breathed in accents
Softer than the zephyr's sigh
When it steals o'er sleeping harp-strings
And awakes their melody;
Then she whispered: "Be converted!
Else you cannot come to me."
And that night-time visitation,
And that low celestial strain,
Was repeated thrice e'er morning
Dawned o'er hill and dale again.
Anxious, troubled by that warning
That still echoed through the day,
Yet, as time flowed on, it's impress
From the dreamer passed away.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

O! Most Sacred Heart of Jesus,
 Source of life, and love, and grace!
 Thou didst shed their precious balsam
 O'er her in Thy holy place,
 Fragrant with the mystic incense
 And the scent of flow'rets fair;
 Hark! she hears the dreamland "Salve"
 Stealing through soft music there!

"Hail! O holy Queen and Mother!"
 "Clement, loving, sweet thou art,"
 Purer than the wintry snow-drifts,
 Lily of the Sacred Heart!
 Thou, with gentle guidance, led her
 To that blessed peace and calm,
 Where all anxious fears are resting
 In the presence of the Lamb.
 Yes! for holy Church-God's city,
 Needs no wavering earthly light,
 Ever are its aisles illumined
 With faith's star serenely bright,
 May this favored soul be faithful
 To her precious gift each day!
 'Till she sees the Son and Mother
 In their kingdom far away!

 Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

OUR Lady of Mount Carmel! Lo! to thee
 Thy clients lift a ceaseless song of praise,
 For them too short the still recurrent days,
 The nights of workfulness, so they may be
 Employed in serving thee continuously.
 Yet long the journey over life's rough ways,
 The endless time succession, that delays
 The hour when thy blessed face may see.
 Our Lady of Mount Carmel! Let the cry
 Of captive souls not rise to thee in vain;
 Look pityingly on all their bitter pain
 For whom thy Son was well content to die.
 Through thy blest intercession may they gain
 A speedy entrance to their home on high.

—FRANCIS W. GREY.

The Scapular Festival.

PANEGYRIC PREACHED ON JULY 16TH, TO THE PILGRIMS GATHERED AT THE
HOSPICE, BY VERY REV. P. S. McHALE, C. M., PRESIDENT
OF NIAGARA UNIVERSITY.

"And I brought you into the land of Carmel, to eat the fruit thereof, and the best things thereof."—Jer. II, 7.

THE name Carmel links the present with the far-distant past. This Carmelite Hospice on the verge of the rushing river, looking down upon the mighty cataract of the New World; can trace its origin back in direct line to a grotto on the lovely hill-side of Mt. Carmel, whose head is crowned with luxuriant verdure, mirrored by the blue Mediterranean at its foot.

The greatest of the ancient prophets, Elias, who stood alone for the Lord on Carmel about 3000 years ago, has transmitted his spirit to faithful disciples, who follow in his footsteps and revere his name. And, the cause for which Elias stood is essentially the same as that which these brown-robed friars represent in the world of to-day. For, they stand forth as champions of God's truth in an age encrusted with a new form of paganism. The weapons of their warfare are more silent even, and therefore more powerful, than those with which their fathers smote the prophets of Baal long centuries ago. The warning of the Prophet to the apostate Israelites: "If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, follow him," resounds to-day from their lips with as great point and efficacy, as it did at first on Carmel in the dim historic past.

The Sons of Elias go forth to combat, armed with the penury of volun-

tary poverty, with the crucifixion of the flesh, and with the glad sacrifice of that which is most precious to man, his own will. But, thus destitute, they are best equipped; for, having nothing, they possess all things. They are thus clad in the panoply of Christian warfare; for the weak things of this world God chooses to confound the strong.

In that divine organism, the Church of God, there is a marvellous diversity of operation, but the same Spirit inspiring and breathing over all. The Spirit of God is ever active, a divine artist moulding and chiselling men into the likeness of Christ. From time to time He raises up men divinely endowed to combat some shape of error, to propagate some pregnant truth. All preach Christ crucified; all bear Him in their hearts; but their expression of Him varies according to their gifts and graces.

Of the mysteries which the Incarnation reveals, none perhaps more strongly appeals to men, than the place in it of the Virgin Mother of God. Through her the chasm between God and man was bridged over. She, absolutely stainless, gave to the Incarnate Word His Humanity. He in His Infancy nestled close to His human Mother, and took the law from her lips. The Virgin Mother is therefore an instrument of man's redemption, a factor in his sanctification. We cannot eliminate this factor without destroying the entire scheme. And, no more subtle device could be planned for alienating man from God, than the minimizing

and vilifying of Our Lady's part in the Incarnation; for thus the Divine economy is marred.

Divine Wisdom would attract to Him man's rebellious nature. How? "By the cords of Adam," by becoming man of a Virgin Mother, whom He had made a fit dwelling-place for His infinite purity and sanctity. And, forever must that Mother remain His, and ours, for He is the second Adam, and He has made us His brethren. To preach Mary then, is to proclaim the wonders of God in her. She is the most perfect mirror of Him, the brightest created ray from the Sun of Justice. To gaze upon her, to sit at her feet, to hear her words is to draw nearer to God, to be led to Him by the subtle, yet powerful threads of divinely--human love.

When we reflect upon the intimate relations set up between man and God by the Incarnation, even now, that the divine drama has been enacted, we somehow expect that a corner of the veil will now and then be lifted, to reveal to our mortal vision, a glimpse of the Mother who was given us on Calvary, at the foot of the Cross.

So indeed it is. Our Mother steps down to speak to her children still in exile, telling them of the Kingdom of Light, and stimulating them to renewed efforts against sin and worldliness, against passing enchantments, and cunning wiles, beckoning them upward along the thorny, stony path to Carmel on whose good things they may at length feast. She is still an instrument of Redemption to men, and through her hands graces flow.

A true supernatural instinct turns the heart of the Catholic towards his Mother, through whom Christ came, through whom we know Christ according to the flesh; through whom the

unchangeable God became subject to the vicissitudes of time and space, through whom He began to have a history among men. Does her sweet relation of Mother continue? It continues in the Kingdom which her Son won by a bloody sacrifice; by His victory over Satan and sin; and, it continues here on earth where also her Son lives and reigns. What wonder if at sundry times this heavenly Mother should appear among her children, and leave traces of her gracious presence?

To the Friars of the Order of Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel, the Mother of God has shown very special favor.

Throughout all the centuries of the Christian era, the solitaries of Carmel in their caves on the hill-sides, and their successors scattered over the world, have borne our Lady's banner, and preached her to all generations. The first oratory dedicated to her was erected on Mt. Carmel, and since that day, but, more emphatically from the middle of the thirteenth century, the distinctive glory of the Carmelite Order has been the propagation of devotion to the Mother of God. It was theirs to ever hold up before the gaze of men the most spotless mirror of God's perfection; a mirror which reveals the Infinite with more truth and splendor than does even the assembly of blessed spirits in their glorious vesture of light. It is a truth oft told, but one which bears repetition, that God's ways are not man's ways; that the means which God employs to reach His ends are, humanly speaking, contemptible and inadequate. This fact is strikingly verified in the Scapular which our Lady chose to be the special badge of her Carmelite children, and of all those who would be associated with them.

The Scapular is a symbol and an in-

centive ; a symbol of Our Lady's protection ; an incentive to a Christian life ; for it is a reminder of her of whom we cannot even think without becoming better for the thought. This fact alone would give the Scapular especial value. And, we know, for we have abundant proof, that those who wear the Scapular, Our Lady deems herself in a measure bound to guard. She has promised, under conditions indeed, that those who wear her livery shall never see darkness. But who will dare say that she will not also at length bring back the poor wandering child, who amid his sorrows has still sacredly clung to his little brown Scapular? But, the greatest compliment we of the Confraternity of Mt. Carmel can pay our Mother, is the imitation of her virtues ; her modesty, humility, purity, charity ; her love of her Divine Son, her spirit of sacrifice. And, in an age when greed and selfishness, and irreligion taint the atmosphere, the children of Carmel should prove by their lives, that unselfishness and the loftiest spiritual ideals are still to be found on

earth. If the earth was a waste, beauty and fertility should still exist on Carmel. We are privileged to-day, my dear friends, to take part in the commemoration of the favors shown by our Lady to the holy Order of the Carmelites, and of the giving of the Scapular to St. Simon Stock, General of that Order. The occasion has brought us nearer to our Lord, through his ever Blessed Mother. The memory of this Feast will not soon fade. It will be a sweet remembrance amid the bitter experiences of our exile, for we feel that our souls have been in sacred thoughts, have touched that which is best and holiest. We shall cherish all the more our little brown Scapular, as a badge of our filial affection for our Mother, and a pledge of her favor. We shall wear it, not mechanically, not as a charm, but as a humble garment suggestive of that garden of delights, that heavenly Carmel, the good things of which we hope to taste in that Kingdom where our Lady reigns as Queen.

Assumption.

The light of life has faded
From the Virgin's lovely eyes—
For the soul that gave them luster
Is with God in Paradise.

The hands are lightly folded
On the still and pulseless breast,
Ended are her years of waiting,
She has found eternal rest

Weeping—sad—her faithful children
Kneel and pray beside a bier,
Ah! their hearts are filled with anguish,
Ne'er was mother half so dear.

Loving, reverent hands have fashioned
Robe from finest Tyrian loom,
Rarest flowers massed about her—
Gladly yield their sweet perfume.

Golden censers lightly swinging
Waft sweet incense o'er her tomb
Precious lamps of rarest fashion
Lend their aid to banish gloom.

Those who watched around the Virgin
Felt but one intense desire—

One desire—to honor Mary—
Love like theirs can never tire.

List, O! list how angels' voices
Fill the place with music sweet,
Throngs of bright celestial spirits
Enter in and haste to greet

The Virgin's beauteous form—the casket
Where once her precious soul had dwelt
Entranced the watchers filled with rapture
Gave silent homage as they knelt.

Sing—rejoice—ye heavenly choirs,
Radiant, beautiful and bright,
To meet her soul they bear to heaven,
This lovely maid—O! glorious sight.

The choirs of heaven are lost in wonder
Their Queen is fair as when in youth,
St. Gabriel bore the mighty message
That came from the Eternal truth.

As Queen of heaven, the Lord of heaven,
Salutes her now—and see the crown!

O! fairest creature—mother—maiden!
Accept us too—thy very own!

—S. X. BLAKELY.

Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,
Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

VI.

AT the foot of Mount Carmel nine carriages and covered spring wagons were in waiting, the latter, as the German conductor informed me, having been built at Buffalo, New York. Our way lay through Caiffa—a town which, according to the Franciscan writer Frère Liévin, was probably the ancient Helva of the tribe of Aser, and which in 1099 was given to Tancred together with the principality of Galilee by Godfrey of Bouillon. The road, thanks to Kaiser Wilhelm's recent visit to Palestine, was excellent, as indeed are all those over which he was expected to pass, they having been repaired, or newly made, expressly for him; but his imperial majesty, Herr Blaich averred, did not use it, he and the Empress having been so fatigued by their journey overland from Jaffa to Caiffa that they abandoned their projected trip to Nazareth, Tabor and Tiberiade. Leaving Caiffa behind us, we passed through a most varied tract of country, very thinly peopled throughout, in some parts fertile enough naturally, but showing signs of cultivation only at rare intervals, and in others wild, barren, and seemingly a mass of rock, without a sign either of vegetable or animal life. Occasionally, in less unfavored spots, clumps of stunted green oaks, which afforded partial protection from the rays of a burning sun, induced us to halt for a

brief promenade beneath their branches. It was in one of these oases that we overtook the Assumptionist pilgrimage, which had stopped there to lunch. Their encampment resembled a vast picnic. Tents had been pitched, fires lighted, and culinary utensils brought into play, whilst their party—nearly four hundred strong—scattered through the road, was seated in groups on an apology for grass, discussing their repast and chatting merrily. From that point on, for the balance of the way to Nazareth, our respective convoys coalesced—a fact which enabled me to witness the disagreeable pranks of the Bedouin horse-boys, who followed on foot the sorry beasts bestridden by some sixty gentlemen among our new *compagnons de voyage*, including several of the Assumptionist Fathers. Some of these half naked, savage-looking nomads vigorously resisted any attempt on the part of the cavaliers to urge their rosinantés beyond a ridiculously moderate gait; and when some daring horseman succeeded in eluding their vigilance, the Bedouin more nearly concerned would scamper after him, and seizing his charger (!) by the bridle, bring it to a halt with such suddenness as in some instances to unhorse the rider. If the expedient was not feasible because of the start gained by the fugitive, in an instant the knotted and heavily-topped

club which every Bedouin carries, went flying ahead of the luckless victim, and, like the Australian boomerang, came back, causing the beast which carried him to rear and plunge in such a manner as to hasten his dismounting after any but the regulation fashion. In one case several of the Bedouins joined in the chase after a youth of some eighteen years whom an evil genius had prompted to exhibit his equestrianism, and overtaking his horse, so frightened it by their wild gestures, hideous yells and repeated blows, that it threw the hapless boy and nearly trampled him. He certainly was hurt, but he strove to conceal the fact; and mounting his steed once more, discreetly let it choose its own pace for that on.

With such uncouth hostellers as these there was no such thing as *reasoning*; but a *baksheesh* would purchase the right to trot or gallop to one's heart's content. Some of the party discovered this, and then there was no end to racing, caracoling and the like, the Bedouins, themselves, lately so solicitous lest their beasts be overdriven, enjoying the sport as much as ourselves, and endeavoring to induce others to join in it on similar terms. The horseflesh was, however, by no means Arabian, wherefore the pastime was modest in the extreme, and all the more amusing for that. (This may not sound very much like one of the exercises of a devout pilgrimage. *Mais, que voulez-vous?* as the French would say. The bow that is always bent soon loses its elasticity; and even *piety* is improved by a dash of humor in its proper time and place.)

Some seven hours after our departure from Mount Carmel we reached the hill dominating and facing Nazareth, the place in which the Holy Family passed the greater part of their lives.

The carriages of the Assumptionist party and those we occupied, numbering forty-four in all, with our cavalcade in the lead, formed quite an imposing procession; whilst the banners of both pilgrimages, borne aloft by mounted ensigns, gave an indication of its character. The entire population of the city seemed to have turned out to meet us. The boys of the Salesian college, the orphans under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and the children of the various schools conducted by the Christian Brothers, the Sisters of St. Joseph and other communities were drawn up in line on either side of the road as a guard of honor, whilst the band of the first named institution, greeted us with a blare of trumpets and struck up a march of welcome. Cheer upon cheer welled up from hundreds of throats, and the familiar cry of *baksheesh*, *baksheesh* in every imaginable cadence of voice, from the deep basso of the sturdy Moslem to the plaintive soprano of his numerous progeny, rent the air as crowds of Mohammedans rushed after us and beside us with outstretched hands and pleading eyes. A little within the outskirts of the city the Assumptionists halted and gave us the right of way, they remaining to adjust their camp in an open field, (for a great number of their party slept under canvas during the pilgrimage, heavy lumber wagons—an addition to our convoy not mentioned until now—having been laden from the commissary department of their ship "La Nef de Notre Dame de Salut," with tents and all necessary stores), whilst we passed on to "Casa Nova," or the "Hospice of our Lady of America," so called because it was erected by means of alms collected in the United States, as the following Latin inscription on a marble

tablet in the grand salon of the same declares :

HOC PEREGRINORUM HOSPITIUM
NAZARETH
ELEMOSYNIS AMERICAE SEPTENT :
EXSTRUCTUM EST.

It will interest you, doubtless, to learn some details of this edifice and its management, seeing that it owes its existence to the piety and generosity of our co-religionists at home. It is of dressed stone, simple in style and without exterior adornment; but its proportions, and particularly its great height, give it a gigantic appearance even when compared with several more pretentious structures around it. It is built into the hill, and consists of a basement and three stories; the former having an elevation of thirty feet in front, and the latter of fifteen feet each. Besides several large reception-rooms or parlors, dining-halls, smoking and reading-rooms, etc., there are seventy-three sleeping apartments, each fifteen feet in length by twelve in width, and fifteen in height. A corridor twenty feet wide runs through the middle of each story the entire length of the building, which is a hundred and twenty-one feet. The personnel of the house is entirely secular, gave the "Guardian" and his assistant, who are respectively a priest and a lay-brother of the Franciscan Order. It is conducted on hotel principles, and the table, service, etc., are excellent.

On reaching the Hospice, each pilgrim was shown to his room, and after having performed our ablutions—a function which the heat and our long jaunt over dusty roads rendered at once pleasurable and necessary—we heard the bugle-call of our guide, Brother Benedict, summoning us to Devotions. *

Meeting in the spacious corridor on the first floor, we formed in double file, and, headed by our banner representing St. Louis, King of France, in his crusader's attire, proceeded to the Church of the Annunciation, singing the Magnificat as we went. In the sacred edifice we venerated, momentarily, the shrines for which it is famous, (I will describe them further on), and having assisted at Benediction, returned to the Hospice where, in company with a number of the Assumptionist pilgrims, who preferred a cosy bed to the perhaps more meritorious but certainly less comfortable shake-down of their bivouac, we seated ourselves at a well laden table, where we regaled the inner man in a two-fold sense—the sprightly conversation refreshing the mind at the same time that the appetizing viands regaled the body. I must not forget to mention, before going any further, that shortly after we had vacated the church, the hundreds composing the Assumptionist contingent passed in procession under our windows chanting hymns in honor of the Immaculate Virgin, who on its site was visited by the Archangel Gabriel, and, receiving from this celestial ambassador of the Most High the sublime salutation: "Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women," (St. Luke I. 28.) learned through him of the incom-

*NOTE.—It is the custom of the "Peres de Terre-Sainte," as the Franciscan Fathers in Palestine are called, to furnish a member of the Order, lay or clerical, according to circumstances, as guide for pilgrimages. The Brother just referred to, a man of herculean build and a host in himself, knowing perfectly the antics of the Bedouin jehus, and able to keep them in order, joined us in the above capacity at Beyrouth and accompanied us throughout. Thoroughly acquainted with the country through which we passed, and having at his fingers' ends the history, sacred and profane, of the localities we visited, as also being conversant with commercial affairs, colonization schemes and the like, he rendered invaluable services to our party. His accomplishments are numerous. Besides having a command of Flemish (he is a Belgian by birth), English, French, German, Italian and Arabic, he is quite an architect, having designed the "Hospice of our Lady of America," and superintended its erection.

parable dignity conferred on her as Mother of the Son of God, and there, by the power of the Holy Ghost, conceived the "Word made flesh." After a most enjoyable night's rest, I rose at an early hour and said Mass in the "Grotto of the Annunciation,"—the place in which, according to tradition, the great mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished. You can imagine with what feelings I uttered the words of the *Credo* during the Holy Sacrifice: "*Qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem, descendit de caelis. Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto, ex Maria Virgine. Et homo factus est.*" (Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man.—*Nicene Creed.*) And later when the bells rang out the "Angelus,"—that beautiful prayer consisting of the Archangel's greeting, (Luke, I. 28.), Our Lady's reply (ibid. v. 38) and the words of St. John's Gospel (I. 14.), the consciousness that I was on the spot where God gave the grandest proof of His love for man, moved me so deeply that I could scarcely keep back the tears that welled up to my eyes. It was in such moments as this, I verily believe, that one enjoys a foretaste of the delights of Paradise.

The feeling of which I speak was general. As the clergy of our party, together with those of the Assumptionist pilgrimage, numbered one hundred and ninety, notwithstanding the fact that the latter had set up several portable altars in the Church, the length of time which many had to wait in order to celebrate Mass was very considerable. Yet dozens of priests knelt in succession, and without any support on the stone floor of the sacred grotto, awaiting their turn,

seemingly oblivious of the uncomfatableness of their position. Many of the laity, too, men as well as women, heard several Masses and approached the Holy Table, all absorbed in devout recollection, and not a few of them gave vent to their emotion in tears.

Towards ten o'clock our faithful guide called us together for the purpose of visiting anew the shrines and more noteworthy portions of Nazareth—now no longer in quality of pilgrims precisely, but as sight-seers. First we went to the church, where we inspected one by one the several grottoes which open into one another at the rear of the same, all hollowed out of the solid rock. Brother Benedict gave us the history of these—principally of that of the Annunciation; then showed us a portion of the foundations of the "Holy House of Nazareth," (piously believed to have been carried by angels to Loretto, Italy, where I visited it some five years ago in the company of our right reverend bishop,)* and finally directed our attention to whatever was of special interest in the Church itself. This is quite simple, and has three naves, which are separated by square pillars. Besides the crypt, there are two stories; the second of which, embracing the sanctuary and monastic choir, commences just above the entrance of the grotto of the Annunciation, and runs back to the rear wall. A flight of stairs on either side of the sanctuary leads up to it from the main floor, whilst from the latter to the grotto just named, there is a broad marble staircase of seventeen steps. There are five altars in the Church and four in the crypt. Immediately beneath the principal one in the latter, in letters of brass, are the words, *Hic Verbum caro factum est* (Here the Word was made flesh.)

* NOTE.—Your late Archbishop, Most Rev. P. R. Kenrick, wrote and published a most interesting as well as learned dissertation of one hundred and ninety-two pages, called "The Holy House of Loretto, or, An Examination of the Historical Evidence of its Miraculous Translation."

From the church we proceeded to what is known as the "Workshop of St. Joseph." According to a most ancient local tradition, it is supposed to be the site on which the head of the Holy Family pursued his trade as carpenter, assisted by his divine foster-son, Jesus. The early Christians erected a large church upon it, which was afterwards destroyed by the Persians. Rebuilt by the crusaders and again destroyed, it was left in the ruined condition in which it is now seen. The small chapel which stands upon the spot at present, was raised in 1859. Over its high altar is one of the paintings of the Holy Family, entered at the salon of sacred art in the late Exposition of Turin (where I saw it and its companion pictures last summer) for the prize offered by His Holiness Leo XIII. to the artist who should

produce the best work on this subject. It is singularly beautiful and full of pathos. The Child Jesus, clad in the self-same costume worn in Nazareth to-day, and represented as a boy of some twelve years, His countenance radiant with a divine light, stands at the carpenter's bench where St. Joseph is explaining to Him the nature and the uses of the various tools, etc., upon it. Our Blessed Lady, her distaff forgotten for the moment, sits near by, gazing in a rapture of unutterable love mingled with sorrow upon the face of her darling Son. Few can look at this masterpiece without being deeply moved by its vivid portrayal of the humility, poverty and simplicity of the three persons dearest to God among men—the *earthly trinity*—faithful reflex of the Trinity on high.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Favor of Our Queen.

TO all who have a special devotion for the "Salve Regina," the following instance of recent occurrence will be of interest. In it we listen, as it were, to the sweet and plaintive exile-sighs, so often wafted from a "vale of tears" to "the far-off land," and its glorious Queen.

A Protestant lady dreamt, three times in one night, that she was at the foot of a magnificent white marble staircase, on the top of which a beautiful lady stood, holding by the hand a child still more beautiful, and this fair visitant sang in tones of celestial sweetness, a melody the dreamer could not understand.

Attracted by the gracious aspect of the Mother and Child, she tried to ascend, but was held back by an invisible force, and the white-robed lady said, "You must change your religion!" Next morning, troubled at what had occurred, the Protestant mentioned it to her husband, who advised her to pay no attention whatever to dreams. Time passed on, and the impressions were, to a great extent, effaced. One day, being on a visit to a Catholic friend, she accompanied her to Benediction, and the real Presence,

as well as the "Salve Regina," completed her conversion. It recalled the dreamland music, and, in fact, she at once recognized it as the strain her lovely, gracious lady sang that memorable night.

Deeply affected, she went at once to a priest, and recounted all that occurred, was instructed, and, with the consent of her husband, received into the Church. Our Lady's favors ceased not here, for all the members of her family followed this example, and are now fervent Catholics. Jesus is the "Light of Life," and His Eucharistic Heart often sheds soft rays on those who, though over-shadowed by heresy, come into His holy place, and assist at the touching Benediction. It seems casual, but is not so, rather is it the result of His divine attraction, of His ardent thirst for souls. This beautiful occurrence has touched our heart-strings, and drawn forth a soft strain which may, we trust, gladden the "Dweller in the Tabernacle," and His ever Blessed Mother, our life, our sweetness, and our hope.

O that it might lead even one restless heart to Jesus and Mary, for it is only in their light and love we can find peace.—E. DE M.

His Better Self.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

SOMEONE, who knew him well, had once called Philip Oram "a spoiled child of Providence." The phrase had a certain sting of truth in it which was distinctly unpalatable to Philip's vanity; that is, it was accurate enough to contribute a "malicious libel." Though, indeed, there was no malice in it, only a dry humor, which was, perhaps, not without a tinge of sadness.

A spoiled child he certainly was, of others, as well as of Providence. His father, the Rector of Gauntsford, had brought up his numerous family of sons and daughters in much the same strict, evangelical discipline in which his father, General Oram, had brought him up, and in which his wife's father, Sir Peter Macgregor, had trained his offspring. But the Rev. John Oram's discipline, strict at first, and strictest, as is apt to be the case, with the older members of his family, had been gradually modified by time, and by his wife's gentle nature, with the result that, in Philip's case—he being the Benjamin of this Israel—there was, possibly, less discipline and more indulgence than was good for him.

Not that either father or mother consciously failed in the discharge of parental duty, according to their conception of it. The father, engrossed with the labors of a large manufacturing parish, in keeping his curates out of Ritualism and his parishioners, women as well as men, out of the public houses, had, naturally, no time to devote to the bringing up of his family, a task for which, as a matter of fact, his wife was better fitted than himself.

She, a saint of the simple, pious Puritan type, knowing her Bible literally by heart, strove, by prayer and by daily, hourly example, to instil into her children the faith, devotion and love to Christ which filled her heart and pervaded her life. It was no fault of hers, to use a homely phrase, that her eldest son should have taken to drink, and to evil courses, yet she, in all humility, and knowing not only what some of her forbears had been, but also her own shortcomings in God's sight, accepted as a judgment on herself no less than as a proof that the sins of the father are, in very truth, visited on the children. That her first born, her boy of boys—Philip not even excepted—strayed sheep though he was, would one day be found by the Good Shepherd and brought back to the fold, she never once doubted. Nay, more, that he, in spite of all his sins, might be one of the elect, and she herself, one of the reprobate, did not affect her faith in God, nor lessen her love to Him.

It was under such influence as this that Philip Oram grew up. He learned, as his brothers and sisters had learned before him, to know his Bible by note, if not by heart, and in many a dark hour of doubt and temptation such as he was to know, the memory of sacred words, the sound of his mother's voice, was to him the same as music heard in childhood, as an angel talisman to guard him from graver evil, graver sin, than those into which he fell. He was made familiar, too, with all the subtleties of evangelical theology; with justification by faith, with the doctrine of imputed righteousness, of

predestination and reprobation; in short, trained in a Calvinism to which modern evangelicals are bidding, or have bidden, a more or less regretful farewell, in favor of "National Catholicism," the "consent of universal Christendom," and the conclusions of the "higher criticism," what the change portends no man may presume to prophesy; it depends, methinks, on whether "Catholicism" or "criticism" shall preponderate. The one means an advance, slow and erratic it may be, but none the less sure, towards God's centre of Christian unity, the other, a descent easy, rapid, but in no sense graceful, into an abyss of "forethought."

This by the way; in fact, I must apologize for the digression, except in so far as it may be found to have reference to Philip Oram's spiritual experiences. His father, when he was old enough to be taught, undertook his education, a favor, if favor it was, which he had not shown to any other of his sons. But his other sons had, through school influences, more than any other cause, drifted away from the safe spiritual anchorage of that "pure faith" which father and mother had labored to instil into them, and the Rev. John Oram, urged thereto by his wife, determined to shield their Benjamin, the child of their declining years, from such contamination as long as possible.

There is an old saying to the effect that "homekeeping youths have ever homely 'wits,' which 'wise saw' has just as much—or just as little—truth, as many another catchword." Homekeeping youths, doubtless, lack some of that smartness that comes from early contact with the microcosm of a big fool, but there is, proportionately, less risk of loss of purity and inno-

cence. They are, or should be, simple concerning evil, a knowledge of which, experimental or theoretical, has, from Adam's day to our own, been considered "a necessary part of every gentleman's education."

Philip was, certainly, kept from this contamination as far as parental care could avail to shield him from it. But "in ourselves," as blessed Thomas à Kempis says, "is the root of all evil," who adds that "he that would be truly spiritual—ought to beware of no man more than of himself." For which, also, there is a homely phrase, whereby we should say that Philip Oram, like many another better man, was his own worst enemy.

But, if his parents, in their anxiety to keep him pure and innocent, spoiled him by letting him stay at home, Providence, if I may say so, certainly contributed to make the spoiling only too easy. He was a lovely child, a pretty boy, and bade fair to be a handsome man. So much for his exterior. He was delicate during the first ten or twelve years of his life, which made keeping him at home more excusable than it would otherwise have been. But he learned without difficulty, and remembered with remarkable accuracy, whatever tasks were set him; played beautifully, and sang like a cherub. All which accomplishments were, I fear, incentives to his chief failing, vanity; as also to a certain tendency to "take life easy," and shirk, if possible, all disagreeable tasks.

"Parson Oram," as his parishioners were wont to term him, had enough "worldliness" in his composition to be proud of his old family name and descent, a weakness from which his wife, saint as she was, but descended from Highland chieftains—robbers, warriors and jacobites—was by no

means wholly free. The Rector of Gauntsford—who should have been Bishop of Middlehampton, but for the “truckling of the government with Romanizing traitors—married to the daughter of Sir Peter Macgregor, late Governor of St. Kitts, gravitated, by a sort of social necessity, towards county society, rather than to that of the middle-class tradesmen who constituted the aristocracy of his parish. Not but that the Rector was kindly and courteous towards all men, and Mrs. Oram not less so, but they naturally felt more at home with people of their own class.

To which tendency it came as somewhat of an unpleasant shock to find Philip, by this time nearly eighteen, gravitating towards the society of “low class companions, grooms, shop-boys, and, I am afraid, shop-girls as well. Philip had, in fact, what must, I fear, be called a fatal facility for making friends, and of each new friend, in turn, he would make a bosom confidant. His “engagement” to the daughter of a prosperous pork butcher came to Mr. Oram’s horrified ears through the treachery of a cognocious barber, in whom Philip had confided under strict promise of secrecy. The barber, however, to use his own expression, thought it “better business to stand in with the old man than with the youngster,” and, with many obsequious professions of his respect for this family, and his interest in the young gentleman’s welfare, he imparted to his reverence the secret which was, in fact, already public property, but of which Philip’s parents were, of course, the very last people to be made aware.

It was Philip’s first lesson in “human possibilities,” which are of more interest, not to say of greater value, than any of our other studies. That his

fair lady, Lina Smith, should have been true to him, says more than a little for her strength of character, since her parents, who had sense enough to see the impossibility of a match between their daughter and a gentleman, urged her, in no very choice or gentle terms, to be “done wi’ sich foolishness.” But Lina, who was as good as she was pretty, and as firm of purpose as she was either, made up her mind that she would be true to Philip as long as Philip should be true to her. Longer, as it proved, and I have set out to tell you.

There was a parting of the nature that romances call “such sweet sorrow,” and Philip to “out of harm’s way” was sent to Oxford, where his brother, Parson Tom, was tutor at Lollard Hall, and curate in charge of a slum parish. Parson Tom, the flower of the flock, who had never caused father or mother a moment’s anxiety, resembled the former rather than the latter, of his parents, that is, there seemed to be lacking in his composition that gentleness and sweetness of disposition which others of the family, and Philip most of all, had inherited from Mrs. Oram. But if there was less gentleness, there was more strength of character in him than in any one of his brothers and sisters, far more than in Philip, and, if less sweetness, a greater share of upright, unswerving honesty of purpose. If hard on others—as he seemed, at times—he was harder on himself. An “evangelical” of a type of no less distinct—if “antequated”—than his father, he was one of the few younger men of any weight or ability, and, as such, had, with much reluctance on his own part, been chosen senior tutor of Lollard Hall, a hall that is, with affiliation to the university, intended for the training of

future evangelical persons; a theological forcing-bed, in fact. But results, as is wont to happen, are not always of the kind intended.

It was to Parson Tom, with whom, it is to be feared, he had little enough—if at all, in common, that Philip was sent to be “kept out of harm’s way,” a continuation, that is, of the shielding process to which he had been hitherto subjected, not quite so successfully, as to its effects, as could have been hoped for. Personally—if I may be allowed to say so—I have grave doubts to the wisdom—to say nothing of the kindness or fairness—of delegating *quasi*-parental authority to an older brother over a younger one. Philip, I know, resented it, and Parson Tom, who, by many years of absence from home, was more out of touch with his brother than nature had made him, was, literally, the last man to whom authority over the lad should have been entrusted. Philip thought his senior hard, and was tempted to think him unjust, which he certainly was not, while Tom mistook Philip’s gentleness for culpable weakness, and had scant patience with his romantic notions.

It was a hard school to which to send one of a disposition and temperament such as his, yet, had the discipline been tempered with a little of that sympathy which was the chief wont in Parson Tom’s character, its effects would doubtless have been more beneficial. As it was, Philip, finding that he had no choice in the matter, submitted, not over-graciously, and studied hard much on the same principle that a convict endeavors to shorten his time by good conduct marks. There was just about as much good will in the one case as in the other.

Study, however, and the companionship of men, older in knowledge of

life—that is, of evil—if not in years, served in shorter space than might have been expected, to cure Philip of his romantic notions. Whereby, he was hardly to be deemed a gainer, could he, or those in charge of him, have been brought to see it in its true light. He grew familiar with sin, with evil thoughts, and with words and phrases still more evil, since thoughts concern ourselves, and words our neighbors as well, and as he advanced in his sinister knowledge, two influences faded out of his life, his mother’s, and that of Lina Smith.

Of each, there was an indication suited to itself. As he cast loose his mother’s apron strings, the Bible which, hitherto, perfunctorily, no doubt, yet faithfully enough, all things considered, he had studied daily, remained unopened from week’s end to week’s end. There were too many favorite passages which spoke to him like the tearful remonstrances of his saintly mother, of these, not least the one that she had written on the fly-leaf, under her name and his: “Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? Even by taking heed thereto according to thy Word.” To which the unswerving text brought to his mind that word “way” was: “There is a way which seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death.” And on that “broad way that leadeth to destruction,” he was, as he knew, only too surely walking.

In the case of Lina Smith, the sign of her waning influence was different, yet none the less sure. His boyish love-letters grew first shorter, then fewer, then ceased, except for a hurried, indifferent scribble, at long intervals. Lina, who knew him, better, possibly, than anyone except his mother, had too much nobility of

character to complain to him of his evident neglect, still less to let others guess it. Finally, after a long interval of silence on his part, she wrote to tell him that finding her life at home not over happy—of what tears he had caused her, she gave no hint—she was going abroad as a travelling governess. Letters, she concluded, as if taking it for granted that he would be sure to write, would always be forwarded.

To Philip, her going abroad seemed like a second emancipation, the first of course, being that "cutting loose from his mother's apron strings," to which I have just alluded. So far, his acquirement of that knowledge of good and evil—evil largely preponderating—which is so necessary to our mental and moral development, had sufficed to change him, nor had his consequent godlikeness as yet grown terrible rather than attractive. That comes later, but none the less surely.

At the end of his three years at Oxford, Philip took his degree, with a fair, but by no means brilliant amount of honor. Then, being emancipated, and wholly above such petty superstitions as creeds of any kind, he took Holy Orders as his father's junior curate. Wherein, his facility for adapting himself to the persons and circumstances of the moment, served him only too well. It was a monotonous drudgery, of course, but no worse than any that he might have had to undergo; his consent saved him the trouble, and his parents the pain, of a scene; evangelical theology was neither more nor less ridiculous than that of any other "ism"; in fact its catchwords furnished matter enough for flowery discourses which he delivered with just sufficient semblance of conviction and earnestness to pass muster as a "pious minister of the Word."

The first shock to his complacency was his mother's sudden death, of heart disease. She passed away, peacefully, in her sleep, but her well-read, well-loved Bible was open on the little table at her bedside, and Philip saw the passage, lined, as one much pondered on: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

The death of the righteous: of those who walk in the law of the Lord. So had his mother walked, and her last end was like this! And he? He put the thought from him, deliberately, because he did not follow it out.

John Oram did not long survive his wife, and dying, whispered words which she and he had often read together: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil"—adding still more faintly, "Thou art with me."

Philip, his brother not wishing to leave his work at Oxford, succeeded to his father's duties, his father's responsibilities. Then, feeling the need of rest and change needing, though as yet he knew it not, to fight it out with his worst enemy, himself, he went abroad on three months leave of absence.

Towards the end of that period, he found himself in Oberammergau, and, almost without conscious volition on his part, present at the Passion Play. Curious at first, and inclined to captious criticism, he gradually became affected by the atmosphere of the place and time, to a degree which he could not thitherto have believed possible. The "Gospel Story," familiar from childhood, had been merely a "story" and had grown—or so he persuaded himself—to be nothing more than a "myth." But here was the fact, in representation so vivid, so

realistic, so appalling, that all his mother's teachings, all her prayers, all those only too familiar passages of Holy Writ which speak of sin and its atonement came back, not simply on his memory, but seemed to surge into his heart, like pulses of passionate, throbbing life-blood, to pervade his whole being as by a power Divine and irresistible.

On leaving the theatre he felt that he could not go to his room, and, as it was raining, he could not stay out of doors. The door of the Church stood invitingly open, he entered and sat down. Over the altar he saw the Crucifix, the symbol of that stupendous Fact which, as it seemed to him, he had seen consummated that day—on his behalf. Yet, for all that his old creed, a habit, rather than a belief, had failed him, as he clearly recognized. The higher critics had made his evangelical acceptance of an infallible Bible a moral impossibility; how could a Book be its own sole witness.

Yet, since the Fact of Calvary was true, for him, beyond all doubt or question, since every power of mind and heart and soul was swayed by it, changed by it, persuaded by it, as he knew, with a certainty till now beyond his comprehension, the revelation of which that Fact was the centre, must be true also. If true, Divine, and if Divine, infallible.

Where should he seek a witness? One, not of to-day, or yesterday, but of all time. Rome, he had often heard, claimed the right to answer: "Here am I." Rome? Yet why not? He could but ask the question—of a priest? Again, why not? He turned to go, and turning, came face to face with his lost love.

Why tell the rest in detail? Only this: "You have always been my better self," he said, humbly, when he had told her all, "will you be so still." "Yes," she answered, gently, "yet not I, but He who has grown to be my better self." "He?" Startled for a moment, Philip did not quite catch Lina's meaning. "I mean the dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament," she returned, reverently, bending her head in reverence, towards the altar.

"Teach me!" was all he said, and she his better self, has brought him, with herself, nearer to Him of whom St. Paul has written, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

He, let us hope and pray, will live in each of us, and be to each a better self than the old one which He will nail to His Cross, that it may die, and never come to life again. And if, in Philip Oram's case, the love of a pure woman led to love of God, who shall say God nay? That way, at all events, led Philip Oram to his better self, as no other way could have led him.

There is a deeper, holier peace
 Than the lulling of our pain,
 And a sweeter calm than that which sleep
 Sheds over heart and brain.
 It is the soul's surrendered choice,
 The settling of the will,
 Lying down calmly on the cross,
 God's purpose to fulfil.

Monthly Patrons.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

ST. DOMINIC.—August 24th.

AUGUST has been called "the month of founder-Saints," and amongst these illustrious servants of God, now glorified eternally, we select, for this month, as patron, the Saint of Our Lady's holy Rosary. Our thoughts and affections are much occupied in August with her glorious Assumption and Coronation, as Queen of Angels and of men, so that there seems a beautiful coincidence in the fact that he who taught us to twine mystical chaplets of her joys, sorrows and glories, was himself, in this harvest-time, "crowned with honor and glory." In it, too, like a mystical star, he first shone in Calaroga, famous in all succeeding ages as the natal place of one whose radiance illumined the Church of God with a new Order. A childhood of angelic innocence, an early flight from the world, an apostolic zeal in preaching especially against heresy, all these prepared him for the grand work of forming to religious life, disciples whose watch-word "Veritas," was to be a distinctive one amongst the combatants of Holy Church.

Their Order by its purity, heroism, and the zeal for which it is so eminent, became, as it were, a beacon to souls in the shadows of error and doubt, and false reasonings. We know the traditions of our Lady appearing to St. Dominic in the Church of La Pronille, with the Rosary as a celestial weapon in the cause of truth, against spirits of falsehood. We know how the desert blossomed like the rose when watered by this mystical dew of prayer, and

souls that had been obdurate, were touched by Mary's joys, sorrows and glories, twining round those of Jesus as no other means could reach them. *

Beautiful, indeed, are the favors recorded of Mary's tenderness for the new Order—how she visited the sleeping friars, and said to their holy father: "I am she whom you invoke every evening," (in the "Salve Regina.") Again, how he saw them in a vision, sheltered beneath her mantle, and how Blessed Reginald, one of his first disciples, received from our Blessed Mother's hands, the white scapular, and heard these consoling words: "Behold the habit of thy Order."

A holy and learned writer says: "All succeeded with Dominic, when he spoke of the Most Holy Virgin; this was the means to which God had attached graces to him."

With reason may all lovers of Mary, while invoking each glorious saint of August, (especially those clustering as it were round the Assumption), dwell with special love on this Saint of the Rosary, and beseech him to intercede with her in our behalf "now, and at the hour of our death." How blissfully did *he* not die, surrounded by his spiritual children, commending them to the Eternal Father, breathing forth his pure soul in aspirations of prayer to her whose mild light shone serenely over "the valley of death." Blessed Guala saw his glorious father received

* Wonder not that until now you have obtained so little fruit by your labors: you have spent them on a barren soil, not yet watered by the dew of Divine Grace. (Words of our Blessed Lady to St. Dominic.)

into Heaven, where his dying promise to be more helpful than on earth in regard to the Order is ever fulfilled.

The purity, zeal, love of Mary and of her Divine Son, which shine undimmed in the Dominican cloisters, and the mystic rose-fragrance ever lingering in these blessed abodes of St. Dominic's white-robed children, are some of the most beautiful adorn-

ments we admire in "the bride of the Lamb," as St. John styles holy Church. A learned writer exclaims: "God is nowhere as He is in the Church. She is the enunciation of His truth, the declaration of His Wisdom, the gift of His love. The Church is the repose of God," and His Spirit rests in the followers of our dear "Saint of the Rosary."

Vinea Carmeli.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

"As the vine I have brought forth a pleasant odor."—Ecl. XXIV.

IT is the golden harvest time, and as we have admired beautiful emblems of Mary in the fair flowers of Spring, and the glowing luxuriance of Summer, we now contemplate them in the richness of Autumnal fruitfulness, and the varied tints of woodland foliage.

Carmel, in Hebrew "Kierm-el," signifies "a vineyard of the Lord." How beautifully expressive then, are these words of Holy Scripture: "As the vine I have brought forth a pleasant odor!" Truly it is a fruitful vineyard in which Mary sends forth the fragrance of her virtues to embalm the hearts of its children. St. Paul, speaking to the early Christians, exclaims: "You are the good odor of Christ," and to Carmelites we may address these words: "You are the good odor of Mary." But because of that intimate union which exists between the Son and the Mother, her odor is not different from His. At the last supper He calls Himself "the true vine," and tells us that if we abide in

Him, we will bring forth much fruit, for "the branch cannot bear fruit unless it abide in the vine."

All in the state of grace participate in that life-giving Blood which was shed in the wine-press of His Passion, and circulates mystically through our souls especially in Holy Communion, but some there are in whom it circulates more freely, and embalms with a more "pleasant odor," sweet to God, most edifying to Holy Church. We find them not only in holy solitudes, but in all the paths of life, still we *now* seek for them like a holy prelate—Monsignor Dupanloup—and say, with him: "I was looking for great souls, upon the earth, and all at once I met them on Carmel." No rich tints of autumnal beauty, no graceful figures of poetic imagery, can depict the spiritual loveliness of Mary's "vineyard." How many doctors, martyrs, confessors, virgins, has it given to God! What sweet fruits of prayer, solitude, silence, reparation, zeal for souls, shall be revealed to us in Eternity! We may well call it an "enclosed garden," where God resides with His loved ones, and they listen

for His voice in the soft whisper of "gentle air," *Audiam quid loquatur in me Dominus Deus, quoniam loquatur pacem in plebem meam.* The Jesuit, Father Tyrrell, musing on these words, "*Levavi oculos meos in montes, etc.*," tells us of various mountains to which we may lift up our eyes. To the Mount of Beatitudes for light and guidance; His word is a "lamp to our feet." To that of Tabor for hope of future glory; to Mount Olivet for strength, comfort, and resignation in temptation, trial, suffering; to Calvary for mercy and pardon. Finally, to the mystic Zion, where He is "ever living to make intercession for us," to obtain every grace we need. Following these beautiful thoughts, we will also "lift up our eyes" to Mount Carmel, at all times, in all vicissitudes of life, for it is ever illumined by the "Morning Star" of guidance, the "Consolatrix Afflictorum," the "Mater Dolorosa," "our life, our sweetness, our hope." Daily we pray to her, "*illos tuos miseri-*

cordes oculos ad nos converte, and we may assure ourselves of her tender regard in life and death.

The learned and devout writer above quoted says: "But Mary's eyes are everlastingly riveted on the blessed face of God. It is in Him that she sees us, for we are in Him—in the centre of His unbroken thought, in the care of His undying love—the eyes she fixes upon us are eyes of mercy, the Mother's eyes that washed the bleeding Body of the crucified with a flood of tears." And after this, our exile, she will, in answer to the sweet melody of prayer ever echoing through the cloisters of Carmel: (*Et Jesum benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis post hoc exilium ostende,*) lead us to that restful "Patria," which needs not sun or moon," for "the Lamb is the lamp thereof."—Apoc. XXI. 23. How happy are those called to watch on "the mountain of myrrh, and the hill of frankincense," for the dawn of that glorious day!

The Star of Assisi.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

FEAR not, thou shalt bring forth a light which shall illumine the whole world."

These prophetic words of old, were gloriously fulfilled by that great saint whose advent was thus announced to her pious and noble mother. We have styled her "The Star of Assisi," and she humbly styles herself a "little plant of our holy father, St. Francis." A few simple thoughts, like soft rays of this spiritual star, may be acceptable to lovers of Carmel, for it was on the Feast of their Order, July 16th,

St. Clare was born, and she resembles them in her spirit of prayer and "zeal for the Lord of Hosts."

A spiritual writer remarks: "Without the practice of the monastic vows, the Church of God would still exist, and would bear her sorrows and win her triumphs—yet would she be shorn of much of her strength and much of her beauty, and the life we now merely glance at was of singular loveliness."

A childhood of angelic innocence, an early flight from the world while it

still offered every attraction, a devoted renunciation of earthly things when God revealed to her the "pearl of great price," enclosed in holy poverty—all these are familiar to those who are to any extent versed in the records of God's elect. How shall the light shine forth, now that "her life was hidden with Christ in God?"

His words cannot fail; and from the obscure convent, where she seemed like a sanctuary lamp in His Eucharistic presence, a celestial radiance was diffused far and wide, attracting many virgins to "follow the Lamb" in her path.

We know how indebted Assissi was to her prayers. We have seen the representation of this dear saint on the battlements with the Most Holy Sacrament in her hands, and the enemies of her country dispersed. We read of how often she left the presence of Jesus, to comfort, enlighten, and encourage those who visited her in their needs. All these details are beautiful, and still more so are the accounts of intimate union with God, heroic patience, humility, and every other virtue and most sweet maternal tenderness for her sisters in Religion.

There is another feature in which she is Carmelite in spirit—namely, devotion to the Holy Infancy of Jesus. He sometimes in Holy Communion appeared under the form of a little Infant, and even when coming to her for the last time, this was the case. As the morning of life was beaming with beauty, so was its close in a calm evening of August, for the Immaculate Virgin Mother and a procession of white-robed saints entered the poor cell, where she awaited the longed for announcement: "Behold the bridegroom cometh."

The earthly shining of this star

faded, but only to rise more brilliantly above, and illumined to all time the Holy Church of God. How many glorious names we read in the Annals of St. Clare! St. Agnes, St. Catherine of Bologna, B. Baptista to whom Jesus unveiled the secrets of His Sacred Heart, and countless others. How many "enclosed gardens" of monastic beauty are watered by the dew of her prayers, and fragrant with the mystic odor of her spirit? The Green Isle is not an exception when we look for her Order. In its metropolis, in picturesque Kenmare, in busy Newry, and other places, her children have diffused the light of prayer, example teaching, for many years, and still emulate, not only that love which characterized their glorious Mother for Jesus on the altar, but also that zeal for the Lord of Hosts which burned so brightly in her life. Obedient to Holy Church, and adapting themselves to the needs of this age, they leave their sweet communication with Jesus, in order to lead souls to His eternal kingdom.

Humbly, and with little ostentation their noble work is carried out, and abundantly is it blessed by God, for, as a rule, those souls trained by St. Clare's children, are examples of piety in the world, and some have been called to Religion, and even to missionary labors in the New World, and thus, like their early teachers, merit the reward promised to those who "instruct others unto justice."

In one of the churches in Rome there is an elaborately painted ceiling which seems without beauty or harmony of design unless viewed from one particular point; so the perplexing mosaic of life can not be interpreted aright save from the standpoint of faith—faith in God and the hereafter.—C. P. Nettleton.

"Salve Regina"---In Memoriam.

VERY REVEREND ALOYSIUS MARIA GALLI, O. C. C.,
FATHER GENERAL.

DIED MAY 1st, 1900. R. I. P.

HAIL! O holy Queen of Carmel!
"Clement, loving, sweet thou art!"
And how soft, like silvery star-light,
Shines the love of thy pure heart!

Ah! there steals a plaintive cadence
Through this prayerful melody
Now, we sigh in mournful accents
Gentle "Advocate" to thee.

In the dawn of lovely May-time
With its scented blossoms white,
Calmly passed away our Father,
To the restful land of light.

Shadows gathered o'er the mountain,
And, from fair Italia's shore,
Wafted sadly to his children
Tidings that he is no more.

Gone! the patient, zealous watchman!
Gone! the Father tender, mild!
Gone! the holy, ardent lover
Of thy beauty undefiled!

Resting from his glorious labors
In that land where sorrows cease.
Blessed Queen of Carmel! hear us
Pleading now for light and peace.

O how oft he whispered "Salve!"
In this exile-time of grace.
Now, in radiant "light of glory,"
Shew to him the Saviour's Face.

Thou his dear and youthful patron,*
Angel-like in purity!
Chant thy virgin-song more gladly
Now—before the "crystal-sea."

Thus to greet his joyful entrance
Through the precious, pearly gate.
Pray that Carmel's favored children
May his virtues emulate.

He was here, a bright example,
He has gone to plead above,
With solicitude paternal
Now made perfect in God's love.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

* St. Aloysius.

"Miles Christi."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

CARMELITE TERTIARY.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

"I HEARD afterwards that some of our wounded had been taken by them to a barn in the village of Loigny.

"Soon a deep silence fell around us, only broken now and then by the cries of the dying, imploring help. Never shall I forget those heart-breaking entreaties for 'Doctor!' 'Water!' 'Ambulance!' Alas! none came. The night added to our agony, and very soon we were surrounded by a circle of fire. The Prussians burned all the villages in the neighborhood; and Loigny, which was only about two hundred mètres from me, seemed one vast furnace. By the light of these incendiary fires, I could see the German soldiers warming themselves; while the sound of their conversation and their laughter came painfully to our ears. Towards nine o'clock I heard to the right a cry such as is heard at sea when you want to hail a ship. I hoped that some one was charitably coming to our aid. I was not mistaken; so I cried out with all my remaining strength, 'Help!' But the voice died away in the distance. Then I tried to drag myself along the ground in the direction of the voice which I had heard; but it was in vain. I was incapable of any movement. After that I gave up all human hope, and resigned myself to my fate.

"When MM. de Bruyère and de Har-

court had left me, I had charged them with my last good-bye to my family. The thought of the sorrow which my death would cause them filled my soul with sadness; but the image of Notre-Dame de Lourdes came vividly before me, and never again left me.

"Just before the war I had made a pilgrimage to her miraculous grotto, and I had brought back the most salutary impression from my visit. I can say that her presence was continually with me during that terrible night, and, thanks to our Lady of Lourdes, those hours, during which I expected death every moment, were not without consolation. She softened my sufferings to me so much that I may be said scarcely to have felt them.*

Nevertheless, I lost a great deal of blood. My leg, as was afterwards discovered, was broken in no less than twenty-five bits!

"Towards eleven o'clock, the snow began to fall in heavy flakes, and the cries of the wounded ceased; death had done its work, while the cold froze everything, the snow carpeting the bodies as with a shroud. All of a sudden two human forms dragged them-

* The Carmelite, Father Augustine of Jesus Crucified, who knew all the secrets of M. de Sonis's hidden life, says: "During that night the Blessed Virgin showed him extraordinary favors and filled him with ineffable consolations. His crushed limb, the freezing of the other part, all the horrors of that fearful night, and his terrible sufferings, disappeared before that presence. 'I only began to suffer again,' he said, 'when men tried to help me.'"

elves close to me. They were two young Pontifical Zouaves, one being attached to the service of the Curé of St. Brieu, and the other a Parisian shoemaker. The first was called Auger, the second Delaporte. These two brave young fellows, both wounded, whom a common faith had thrown among the first nobility of France, were fervent Christians, and came to implore me to speak to them of God. I talked to them of death with that frankness which the belief in immortality alone gives.

"We were on the threshold of those eternal hopes which form the prize of that great battle which we call life, and on this threshold the Church has placed Mary, to lead us to her Divine Son, and inspire confidence in those who are about to take the dreaded plunge. Our Blessed Mother was, then, one of the topics of our conversation that night.

"At the end of a short time, they found that their wounds would not prevent their walking. One had received a ball in his forehead which had taken off all the skin. He was covered with blood. Helping one another as best they could, they took leave of me and made their way to the village, but were seized as prisoners before they could reach it. Another young Zouave, who had seen me, dragged himself along the snow, and came and laid himself down by my side, leaning his head on my left shoulder. But he died soon after."

This young Zouave, who was recognized afterwards from the medal he wore round his neck, was Fernand de Ferron. M. de Sonis, writing to his father, says :

"He was not near me at the beginning of the night, but came about midnight, and at daybreak I was as-

tonished to see him by my side. Yet I had never lost consciousness; only my eyes were shut, and I was praying as well as I could, so that my soul was away from my body. I thought at first he was one of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and I only found out he was a Pontifical Zouave, when some Prussian officer came near me, and, finding he was dead, carried off his sword, belt, and grey cap.

"The snow went on falling," continued de Sonis, "and my blood went on flowing, but without suffering. I was filled with peace and interior consolation. About five o'clock in the morning two Prussians, wrapped in great cloaks, came and looked at me; but, seeing my eyes open, they did not touch me. Only they stripped the young Zouave who had died at my side, not only taking his sword and his belt, but all the money he had in his pockets.

"At seven o'clock I heard some voices which sounded French, and called again for help; but they went away, and once more I abandoned myself to the will of God. It was ten o'clock in the morning when I heard other voices more distinctly and close to me. I lifted my right arm and called with all my might several times. At last, Abbé Batard, the almoner of the Mobiles of La Mayence, saw my movement, and hastened to my side. 'Monsieur l'Abbé,' I exclaimed, 'you have come just in time, for I am going to die.' 'Oh no General, let us hope that your wound is not mortal!' he replied. 'I have my leg shattered,' I answered, 'and have been lying here, ever since yesterday evening, without being able to move. What a terribly cold night it has been! I have done nothing but offer up my sufferings for the salvation of my poor country.' "

The chaplain, calling Major Babeau to help him, instantly set to work to try and move the wounded general. They caught a stray horse on the battlefield, and tried to get a cart from the farm at Villours; but the Prussians refused them leave to take the harness. De Sonis, who was losing all his blood, asked for something to drink. They gave him something out of a saucepan, which they borrowed from two Bavarians, but which was only enough to moisten his lips. Not being able to get a carriage, they went to the village to see if they could find a litter, a mattress, a ladder, or anything. At last the Prussian ambulance consented to lend a stretcher, but only for a quarter of an hour, watch in hand, and under escort. All these preliminaries had taken two hours, and it was now twelve o'clock in the day. "They placed me on this bed of agony," wrote de Sonis, "and what I suffered when they attempted to move me is not to be described." At every shake which added to his tortures one heard him murmuring: "Oh my Divine Master! my good Master! Thou hast suffered more for me!" In this way they arrive at the presbytery of Loigny.

On that very night of heroic suffering and heavenly consolations, this is what passed in the Carmelite convent of Coutances, where his sister, Marie Thérèse de Jesus, was mistress of novices. She wrote to him as follows: "My beloved Gaston.

"The first word I must trace is one of thanksgiving to Jesus and Mary. My heart is so full that tears veil my sight. What can we render to the Lord for His goodness. And yet what terrible suffering! Such a strange thing happened. That cruel night which you passed on the battle-field,

but which we ought to call also a blessed night, for it entitles you to the martyr's palm, I was suddenly roused by a hand which seemed to force me to rise. Very much surprised, I sat up and asked 'Who is there?' thinking that one of the novices was perhaps ill, and wanted something. Receiving no answer and seeing no one in my cell, I began to pray and think of you all, having a vivid impression that you were in some great danger. My idea was that it concerned one of your children, for I thought you, my dearest Gaston, were invulnerable. I trusted that the Sacred Heart of Jesus would cover you as with a buckler, against which balls and shells would fall harmless, and I hoped against hope that you would be successful in this campaign as you had been in so many others. The next morning I told Mother Prioress what had happened, adding, 'I am convinced that some great misfortune has happened to some one dear to me.' 'In these sad times she said,' 'one must expect everything. All we can do is to pray!' and we did pray, I assure you!

"Then came the fatal news, and then total silence for a whole long month. Ah! my dearest Gaston, what I have suffered I cannot express. At last I heard that you were at Loigny, wounded, mutilated, but tenderly cared for at last. I had wept for you for so long as one dead that this news was comparatively good, and brought me back to life. But then, hearing nothing more, and not having a line from any one, I fell into a fresh agony of anxiety and suspense. I went on repeating to Our Lord, 'My Jesus! may Thy holy will be done in spite of my resistance. Thou art all wisdom, all love, all mercy. Thou lovest this dear brother infinitely more

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than I can do. Thou knowest how precious his life is to his family. All his children are Thine, and consecrated to thy holy Mother. My Jesus, thou knowest all. Thou canst save him. Thou lovest him. Remove this chalice from us, if it be possible, but not our will, but thine be done!"

CHAPTER XII.

M. de Sonis, describing his suffering after the operation, said :

"While they were cutting and sawing at me, I felt nothing; but afterwards for forty-five days I suffered enough to drive a man wild. I could not sleep for one moment during that time. Even the ticking of the clock had become an agony to me, so weak was my head. I must still bless God, who draws good even out of evil, for the bleeding consequent on the amputation cured me of an inflammation of the lungs which I had got in the snow, and which the doctor thought would have finished me off. He came to see me the next day, and then I told him that I could not feel my right foot at all. He examined it, then gave it a blow of bistoury (without chloroform this time), saying that it was frozen, and that gangrene had begun. He scraped away all that was necessary, which was a new and terrible torture, but it saved the foot, though I still suffer from it."

M. de Sonis had the consolation of finding several of his friends at Loigny; the young du Bourg, M. de Cazenove, M. de Verthamon, whose blood had stained the banner of the Sacred Heart, and many others. From them he learned the last events of that fatal day. After he had fallen, the enemy covered the whole plain with their projectiles. The heroic Zouaves and Volunteers advanced all the same, carry-

ing the farm of Villours, and arriving at a little wood of lilac and acacias, which was called Bois-Bourgeon. The Zouaves made a dash for it, bayonet in hand, and drove the Prussians out of it. They were mowed down by grapeshot, which visibly thinned their ranks every moment. But nothing stopped them; their cry was always "Forward!" At last they reached Loigny, taking the first house by assault, and the standard of the Sacred Heart floated above the town. They hoped to become masters of the position, and to be able to rejoin the 37th, who were still defending themselves at the other end of the town, when the enemy, finding out how small were their numbers, redoubled their rage against the village and its heroic garrison. Their shells fell in every direction; the houses took fire; the brave Zouaves, who had not recoiled before the balls of the Germans, were forced to fly from the flames, and their last remaining troops had to retreat to Villepion, bearing their colors covered with blood. The 37th, who alone remained at Loigny, were determined to die like heroes and Christians. They gathered round the church, and their last battle-field was the cemetery. It was night; in the midst of the village in ruins, at the foot of the little steeple, sadly lit up by the surrounding flames, in the humble cemetery with its crosses and tombs, the valiant regiment fought on and on, exhausting even the ammunition of the wounded. The head of the 3rd battalion, M. Varlet, was killed; M. de Fauchier was badly wounded in the thigh. "Cease your fire!" exclaimed the Prussian General, Von Isowitz. "Sir, it is not my business to stop the firing of my men," replied the French officer, "but yours!" The firing went on, and at

seven o'clock in the evening the few survivors fired their last cartridges, and gave France the last drop of their blood.

Thus ended that terrible day. The soldiers were worthy of their chiefs. "All those who bore the banner of the Sacred Heart," wrote M. de Sonis, "fell; it was truly the banner of martyrs. At the end of this unequal struggle of 300 men against 2,000 Prussians, a Zouave seized the colors from the dying hands of him who bore them, and, hiding them in his breast, was able to save himself and carry them back to the regiment of the Volunteers of the West."

De Sonis's great anxiety now was to be able to return to active service. On the 6th of May he wrote that "his wounds at last were healed, and that he began to walk; that he could have used his wooden leg if the other foot had not been frozen." He added, "I have tried with some success to mount on horseback once more, so that I do not despair of re-appearing one day on the field of battle!" He wrote to the Abbé Batard as follows: "I want, now that I am so much better, to renew the thanks I addressed to you at the time of our separation in the presbytery of Loigny. By raising me from that battle-field, where, stretched for so many hours on the snow, I had lost the greater part of my blood, you saved my life; and it is in the name of my wife and children that I beg of you to accept once more this expression of our heartfelt gratitude."

Colonel de Charette, foreseeing that when peace was declared the Zouaves would be disbanded, thought that the hour was come to consecrate the whole regiment to the Sacred Heart. This solemnity was fixed for the 28th of May, Whit-Sunday, in the chapel of

the Great Seminary of Rennes. It was a grave moment, being only four days after the martyrdom of the hostages and the re-taking of Paris from the assassins of the Commune; so that this consecration was to be likewise an act of reparation. Above all, every one wished for the presence of General de Sonis; but, as his mutilation rendered this impossible, he was implored to draw up the act of consecration himself, which, after some hesitation, he consented to do. Before Holy Communion at the foot of the altar, Mgr. Daniel, the chaplain of the regiment, spoke as follows:

"General de Sonis—he who led you on the battle-field, who chose a Zouave to carry the standard of the Sacred Heart, who exclaimed, 'Let them see what Christian soldiers can do!'—wished to-day to present you himself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. But, being prevented by his glorious wounds, he determined to associate himself with your consecration by writing the following words. We will not change one of them, for they are to us a sacred formula, in which we all heartily join."

In the midst of a touching silence, he then read the following beautiful prayer:

"O Jesus, Son of God, our King and our Brother, gathered together this day at the foot of Thy altar, we come to give ourselves entirely to Thee, and to consecrate ourselves to Thy Divine Heart. Thou knowest, O Lord, how we armed ourselves, at first, in defence of the most holy cause, even Thine, O Lord, for we are soldiers of Thy Vicar. Thou has permitted us to be associated with the sorrows of Pius IX., and having shared in his humiliations, we found ourselves violently separated from our Father. But, Lord, having been driven from that Roman soil, where we kept watch round the tomb of the holy Apostles, Thou didst prepare other duties for us, and didst permit that the soldiers of the Pope should become the soldiers of France.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

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Editorial Notes.

Carmel's Feast.

For the last time in this century has the multitude of worshippers paid public homage to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel on her great and solemn Commemoration—the sixteenth day of July.

Our annual pilgrimage of 1900 will be enshrined in grateful memory as an event of joy, hope and high inspiration. Heaven was propitious, and Nature beamed in bright effulgence. An edifying sight it was indeed, to behold such a mighty throng of Mary's devout clients uniting in holy rivalry to honor our Blessed Queen enthroned in her hallowed Shrine hard by the great Cataract. A thousand thanks and acts of love to Mary went forth from as many pious lips, and heaven will record many a precious and soul-saving grace dispensed on that happy day. And what joy reigned in purgatory where flowed so many favors wrung from heaven and granted to some poor soul by the supplication of a pious father or mother, brother or sister, or devout friend, who came to lay their petitions at our Lady's feet? Edifying and soul-lifting was it to see first and foremost amongst Mary's clients His Grace—the beloved Archbishop of Toronto—whose presence and example was an inspiration and incentive to piety. The Scapular Festival in this Holy Year was a feast to the eye, a joy to the heart, and to the souls of Mary's children a fount of grace and benediction. The day now lives but in memory, but its fruits shall remain in eternity.

The Shrine.

Everything at Niagara is interesting. But on July 16th two places attracted especial attention.

First of these was the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace, established as a beacon of rest to souls and to nations. There is an indescribable attraction hovering over this shrine. Devout souls feel drawn to it and are filled with consolation and spiritual sweetness when they enter it. And all this in spite of the fact that, materially speaking, this little house of prayer has nothing but the appearance of antiquity to attract the eye. It seems to invite one to handle carefully and deliver it over as a precious relic to the members of some historical society. Precious indeed it is—because in this sacred sanctuary petitions procure a propitious hearing, and again because two holy Pontiffs, Pius the IX and Leo XIII, have poured out holy Church's treasures on this chapel. By degrees this is becoming common knowledge, and the Western Hemisphere is sending its pilgrims hither to discover in peaceful nook this hidden treasure unseen by myriads of pleasure hunters.

Hence, no wonder that on the Scapular-feast all paths leading to our Lady's throne were black with the unbroken and well nigh endless files of worshippers.

Mass at the Shrine.

There was a Low Mass celebrated here. This may not appear significant. The same happens every day in the

year. But on July 16 it was worthy of special note. For the hands, today raised in supplication before Mary's throne, are those of a venerable prelate dear to us all, viz., His Grace, Archbishop O'Connor, most worthy successor of those great men of God, whose See was in the beautiful City of Toronto, but whose hearts were never for a moment, disattached from our Lady's abode at Niagara. It was a touching scene—silent, but to the soul solacing. All nations were there to call Mary Blessed. What thoughts filled the minds of the exile who now remembered the happy days of yore and the dear old *Wallfahrt's Kirche* in the Fatherland. But to-day they were again united. The Scapular cords bound us all—we felt as members of one family gathered in *patria*—in our Mother's house. And many will treasure the fact that in their Mother's house they were fed with the Bread of Angels—and received Holy Communion from the Archbishop's hands.

The Pilgrims.

From North and South, and East and West, came the thousands of pilgrims early on the morning of the lovely feast. It was an international gathering. The largest outpouring of devout pilgrims came from the Queen City of the Lakes. These Buffalonians came on the pilgrimage train over the Michigan Central road, and we are sure that the officials of that popular highway of swift and safe transportation never brought a more orderly class of patrons to this great Mecca of tourist and pilgrim. When the new century dawns, and with its advent is ushered in the great Pan-American Exposition, every friend of ours in Buffalo will feel it an obligation to inaugurate a Mt. Carmel day, and insist

on their guests supplementing their itinerary by coming to pay homage to Our Lady's Shrine.

The immense gathering around our Lady's altar was a variegated one. There were persons of different tongues and different stations in life; some were blessed with goods of this world, others labored day and night to husband up the bread-money. Shoulder to shoulder knelt men of divers views. Master and servant sought their same favorite Shrine. Priest, physician, lawyer, and business man, stood on common but sacred ground. There were many people of many minds, but one idea dominated all and made them brothers—the desire to honor the common Mother, the Queen of us all—Mary of Carmel.

At the Hospice.

Passing from the Shrine to the Hospice one sees an immense contrast. The little church is a landmark in the march of time, and reminds us of the hard times, pioneer days and the labors of our forefathers. Turning one's eyes from the weather-worn plaster we gaze on the stately Hospice—a lasting monument to the charity, piety and zeal of the Catholics of this continent. This year the beautiful edifice more than ever showed to advantage. Its fine appearance is much enhanced by the substantial concrete pavements approaching the entrances. Many of the pilgrims made a tour of inspection and saw much to admire in the building. If past generosity is any criterion, we hope soon to see the day when the pilgrims can assist at the Holy Sacrifice offered in the new chapel, on which will be bestowed all the privileges of the present Shrine.

The Solemn High Mass.

On the Scapular Feast Holy Mass was celebrated on the porch of the Hospice, facing which ample canvas covering protected the devout worshippers from the rays of a hot July sun. The scene before the Hospice on July 16 was a pretty and striking one. Over the temporary altar was the beautiful Spanish representation of our Lady of Carmel inclining towards the priest as he raised the sacred chalice heavenwards. The occasion was honored by the presence of the representative of Christ's Vicar—our beloved Archbishop—at whose side stood two venerable ministers of God and ardent servants of Mary, both of whom have given to their sacred calling much piety and zeal. In the first of these the pious pilgrim will recognize Very Rev. Theodore J. MacDonald, Prior of our Canadian Carmel, a client of our Lady who has worked in and out of season to spread the cause of religion and the glory of Carmel. And of the second esteemed clergyman who stood near His Grace, can we say the same. For the beautiful church of Our Lady of the Rosary erected by him at Thorold, Ont., bears testimony to Father Sullivan's labor and love for Mary Immaculate. The service of Solemn High Mass was celebrated with all possible pomp and splendor. The celebrant was the Reverend Avertanus Denis Brennan, O.C.C., Rector of St. Vincent's Church, Niagara-on-the-Lake Ont., who was assisted by the Rev. Philip Alban Best, O.C.C., and the Rev. George Williams of Thorold, as deacon and subdeacon respectively. The Reverend James Trayling, of Port Colborne, Ont., acted as a most efficient master of ceremonies. The singing of the Mass by the choir of Our Lady of Peace was beautiful and impressive.

To quote a writer in the daily press who was present, "the singing of the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* and the *Credo* could be heard for a long distance mingling with the glorious cadence of Niagara's waters. The panegyric at the Solemn High Mass was most ably delivered by the scholarly President of Niagara University, Father McHale, whose most eloquent discourse was listened to with closest attention. A report of this sermon will be found elsewhere in these pages. With regret we are unable to print anything of the charming German discourse of our Father Provincial Very Rev. Anastasius J. Kreidt, but we are sure all his sparkling sayings will not be soon forgotten by the large and appreciative audience which eagerly drank in his words of unction.

Field for the Friars.

Archbishop Chapelle has been long enough amongst the Filipino people to make his own conclusions about things out there in general, and of the friars in particular. His Grace is lately quoted by a correspondent at Manila as saying in substance that "the Filipinos owe to the monastic brotherhoods all the education and civilization they possess; that it would be a great injustice to the friars to expel them from the fields wherein they have worked for centuries, or to deprive them of the estates which they have acquired honestly and have administered to the public good; that it would be impossible to replace them with other priests, because there is no other clerical force acquainted with the country and the languages of the people, and the Filipino priests are not competent to hold any but the subordinate positions in the Church; that the opposition to the friars is an artificial propaganda fostered by the insurgents."

More Martyrs.

China has already given many martyrs to the Church. During the present terrible uprising thousands of Catholics will doubtless obtain the martyr's crown. Some touching letters have been received from the missionaries. A Franciscan Father writing from Shangtung says: "Three hundred and fifty stations have been destroyed. The death of the Catechist Nan Kuen Sie, of the village of Mantchouan, subprefecture of Bou Pin, was edifying. Seized at Ma Kia Cha Wol, he was stripped of his clothes, beaten and bound. He was then questioned, 'Are you a Christian?' 'Yes, I am.' At this reply one ear was cut off. 'Are you still a Christian?' 'Yes, I am a follower of Christ.' The other ear was then severed. The victim's third declaration of his Christianity was his death sentence. A stroke of the sword severing his head from his body placed him among the rank of martyrs."

President Eliot, of Harvard, paid a high tribute to Cuban sobriety in a note to a temperance society whose members were anxious to invite the visiting Cuban teachers to a meeting. Prof. Eliot said he did not "think that the Cuban teachers would take any interest in regard to total abstinence. They have no tendency to drink to excess, and can not understand it in others. The vice against which you contend is not practised among them. Our people have much to learn from them on that subject; but they can get nothing but warning from us."

Half-hearted Catholics who so little esteem or support their own schools would do well to ponder these words warm from the pen of the editor of a

secular paper—the Outlook, of McDonald, Pa.: "Recently," he says, "we have had an opportunity to see that some of the public schools of the great city are nests of crime. All classes go there. Poor little children that hear nothing but the most awful blasphemy and obscenity about where they live, (for they have no homes) crowd into those schools, and they pour into the ears of other children, better raised, language and tales that were never heard out of hell."

The St. Joseph's-Blatt learns from several private sources that in many cases, during the war in South Africa, it has been made manifest that our Blessed Mother protects her clients when exposed to danger. More than one instance is related, particularly in Mafeking, of soldiers who positively assert that they would not live to relate their experiences had they not worn Our Lady's Scapular.

St. Columbia's new church in Youngstown, Ohio, the corner stone of which was laid with grand and impressive ceremonial, will be a lasting monument to the good and zealous priest, Father Edward Mears, who has done so much in Western Ohio for religion and education that is solid and Christian.

God will not allow His chosen ones to see corruption. This month we celebrate and emphasize the fact that our glorious Mother, Mary Immaculate, was assumed body and soul into heaven. There are instances where the bodies of God's servants have remained intact and incorrupt long after death. Carmel glories in the fact that some of her children have not seen corruption. Especially can we point to that lovely Carmelite virgin, St. Mary

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Magdalene de Pazzi, whose picture appears this month as our frontispiece—thanks to one of her great devotees, the good Father Isoleri, of Philadelphia.

Day by day the branches of Carmel's vine spread more and more, and its fruit is everlasting. The sacerdotal ranks of our Order are ever receiving recruits, and it is a matter of rejoicing when we can announce another ordination ceremony. The latest additions to the number of our priests are the Reverend Fathers Chrysostom Anderson and Adelbert Suwalski, who were ordained at St. Vincent's Abbey, Pa., on July 7, by the Right Reverend Bishop of Pittsburg. *Ad multos annos!*

The reverend clergy of the archdiocese of Toronto, Canada, have lately been in Retreat at the Hospice of Mount Carmel. The reverend retreatants were edified and encouraged by the example of their beloved Archbishop, the Most Reverend Denis O'Connor. All the visiting fathers expressed admiration and gratitude for the treatment received here, and went away with renewed spiritual helps to fight the battles of God. The exercises were ably conducted by the venerable Prior of the Monastery of Mt. Carmel, Very Rev. Theodore J. MacDonald, O.C.C.

On the fourth of September the Fathers of the Order of Mount Carmel in the United States and Canada will meet in triennial chapter at the Hospice at Niagara Falls. Elections will be held thereat for the office of Father Prior-Provincial, for Priorships and other positions of responsibility in our fast growing Province.

The beatification of two Carmelite priests took place lately. One, a Frenchman, Peter Berthelot, well known as the navigator of the China and Indian seas, was born at Monfleur; the other, a Portuguese soldier, named Rodriguez de Gogna. Both, being called from their worldly avocations to the service of the altar, joined the Carmelite Order and shed their blood for their faith at Sumatra in the year 1638.

The July issues of some of our Catholic contemporaries contained some beautiful tributes to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The Editor of the Rosary Magazine reminded his readers that "on the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel we honor our Blessed Mother in the capacity which claims closest kinship to that of the 'Queen of the Rosary.' We dare say that no devout client of the Rosary will fail to wear the Scapular, and wearing such, the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel will surely not pass without some special and strong manifestation of love and gratitude to her from whom so many blessings flow."

Every devout pilgrim to the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace will we are sure fervently pray this month with the associates of the League of the Sacred Heart for "Peace among nations." At present nearly all the great Powers of the earth are in something like a state of war in China. In truth—to quote the current Messenger: "There is but one ground of hope for peace among nations, and that is the Church." Let us pray that all the world, pagan and Christian, near the voice of Pope Leo XIII., the Vicar of the Prince of Peace.

On Thursday, August 9th, the first annual excursion under the auspices of the Carmelite Fathers, will leave Pittsburg, Pa., for Niagara Falls. The excursionists will be the guests of the Hospice, and will make a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace.

On the festival of the Most Pure Heart of Mary we celebrate the titular feast of the North American Province of the Carmelites.

One million three hundred and sixty thousand dollars was the amount contributed to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, according to the last report. Of this amount the Catholics of the United States magnanimously contributed *three and a half cents* per family in 1899. Canada's munificent share was *three-eighths of one cent* per family in the same year. This charity should cover a multitude of sins.

THE REVEREND CLERGY

Who Visited and Officiated at the Ceremonies at the Hospice of Mount Carmel
July 16, 1900.

Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto; Very Rev. Anastasius J. Kreidt, O. C. C., Provincial of the Carmelites of North America; Very Rev. Theodore J. MacDonald, O. C. C., Prior of the Monastery of Mount Carmel at Falls View; Very Rev. Patrick S. McHale, C. M., President of Niagara University, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Rev. M. J. Rosa, C. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Cyril J. Feehan, O. C. C.; Rev. Fidelis Oberholzer, Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. Avertanus D. Brennan, O. C. C., Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.; Rev. Padre Morino, C. M., Turin, Italy; Rev. Dionysius F. Best,

O. C. C.; Rev. Fr. Reichenberg, Kansas; Rev. M. Riordan, Winona, Minn.; Rev. Francis Krebs, O. C. C.; Rev. T. J. Sullivan and Rev. George Williams, Thorold, Ont.; Rev. C. Bulger, Shenandoah, Iowa; Rev. A. Adolph, Williamsville, N. Y.; Rev. James C. Bubenheim, Rev. F. Wieser, Rev. Thos. O'Donnell, Toronto; Rev. James Traying, Port Colborne, Ont.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Benziger Bros. have just published the Autobiography of St. Ignatius, edited by Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J. The life is the one dictated by the great Saint himself to Father Louis Gonzalez, S. J., and translated into Latin by Father Hannibal Codretto, S. J. Intimate and interesting accounts are given of the Saint's trials and travels, his visions, fasts, and spiritual sufferings and the great work which he begun. The work is excellently gotten up, is well bound in blue cloth, and printed on superfine paper. The illustrations are all good. Altogether the book is a very charming addition to the Catholic library and will be found of interest to all lovers of the great founder of the Jesuit Order. Price \$1.25.

"Studies in Poetry," critical, analytical, interpretative by Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D., has been issued by Messrs. Marlier, Callanan & Co., 172 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. A good book to put in your valise when going on vacation. Price fifty cents.

One of America's most gifted writers—Christian Reid—has given us a beautiful and captivating story in her "Weighed in the Balance." This authoress has won her way into the hearts and minds of every reader of good literature who loves the beautiful and true in her earlier books, "Armine," "Carmeda," "A Woman of Fortune" and "The Land of the Sun." This latest volume is from the press of Marlier, Callanan & Co., 172 Tremont street, Boston. The letter press is

in the highest form of the publisher's art. The price is \$1.50. "Weighed in the Balance" is now on the counters of our reputable Catholic book stores. We bespeak for this publication a very large sale.

The Sunday Companion holds up to the view of boys a worthy model, one whose life is an inspiration and incentive to make the obstructions in life's pathway stepping stones to higher things. We are told that the subject under consideration—Henry Coyle, the poet, the editor of THE WEEKLY BOURQUET, one of the best known writers among the younger men of our country, left school when he was about eleven years old. He was born in Boston, June 7, 1870. After his school days, when he was only twelve years old, he began working for the Oriental Tea Company, but in a few months he was an office boy in the law office of Long & Allen. Here he remained for some time, using all his spare moments for study and even writing for publication at this early age. When he was only thirteen years old he sent a poem to THE CONTINENT, then edited by Judge Tourgee, and we can easily imagine the joy of the young boy when his youthful production was accepted. Today he stands among the foremost writers of the country. Although his writings are accepted and sought after by many periodicals, he prefers to write for the Catholic press. His book of poems, "The Promise of Morning," is a book full of holy thought and inspiring sentiments. One of his admirers writing of him says: "He has passed through the school of adversity and suffered much from ill-health, but nothing like a complaint has ever been heard from him. He knows what struggle means and is ever ready to lend a helping hand to fellow toilers."

The last number of the Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart contains a very edifying article on the Scapular. The writer adopts the word Scapularian. It is not new and appears very expressive. On some occasions we used the word to indicate a person enrolled in the Scapular, who, conforming to all the conditions of the confraternity, is devoted to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The word

"Rosarian" is now familiar to many, and we see no reason why all lovers of Carmel should not be known as Scapularians.

That live and readable paper the Pittsburg Observer is making its influence felt. Its wide-awake editor is fostering everything that is good and fighting all that is bad. He is at present leaving nothing undone to bring about the union of Catholic societies. Many of the Bishops have praised and seconded these laudable efforts. Bishop McQuaid of Rochester wrote to the editor:

The proposed federation of Catholics, either as members of organized societies, or as individuals, is a step in the right direction. It may be a premature movement because Catholics are not yet educated up to the right point, and because they are so wedded to political parties that they can scarcely call their souls their own. Politicians know them thoroughly, and are satisfied that they prefer party to religion. It is a sad condition for Catholics to be in, but we are in it and through our own fault. We have not got out of our blood the fear and subserviency of the old days of bondage and persecution. Anything to be left alone. While I can take no part in your convention which, to have any power, should be a convention of laymen, you have my best wishes and prayers.

In a late number of the SACRED HEART REVIEW the eloquent Augustinian Father James T. O'Reilly makes a very strong plea for Catholic unity. His able paper ought to be put in pamphlet form and widely circulated. Father O'Reilly believes that every Catholic citizen, priest or layman, who fills a position of influence, has a responsibility towards his Church in general, and to the Catholics around him in particular, that is commensurate only with the extent of his influence, to say nothing of his obligation to keep the lamp of divine truth burning, as far as his life is concerned, before the non-Christian public.

A pious author says: "Satan has never seen one single Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in hell!"

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

Mary Josephine Nokely a devout client of Mary who departed from this world at Quebec on the Feast of the Precious Blood, July 1st.

Sister Mary Vincent Carney, who died at Mt. St. Marys, Leavenworth, Kansas.

Catherine Raver who died June 1st at Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. Anna M. McIsaac who died May 27.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace! Amen.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

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

Names received at Carmelite Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from Villa Angela, Ohio; Arcadia, Iowa; Fulda, Indiana; St. Mary's College, St. Nazianz, Wis.; St. John's Church, Scottsdale, Pa.; St. Joseph's, Freeport, Ill.; Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Joseph's, Devils Lake N. Dakota; St. Mary's, Altoona, Pa.; St. Joseph's, Cleveland, Ohio; St. John's, Laycock, Pa.; All Saints, Bridesburg, Pa.; St. Augustines, Amherst; S. Heart Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Boniface Church, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Joseph's Church, Somerset, Ohio; St. Vincent's Church, Mt. Vernon, Ohio; St. Mary's Church, Hermann, Pa.; Sts. Peter and Paul, Kiel, Wis.

Names of enrolled persons since our last number have been received at Carmelite Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Kansas City, Kan.; Orphan Asylum, Philadelphia, Pa.; Kewackum, Wis.; Napoleon, Ind.; and Boston Mass.

Scipio, Kansas, Monastery, acknowledges names received from St. Joseph's Church, St. Louis, Mo.; and St. Marks, Kansas; Tipon, Kan., and St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another!"—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

An English reader prays for employment, for help and relief in a sore temporal difficulty; for health; most of all for needed graces.

Success in examinations: sisters 2; special 9; temporal 3; happy death 2; spiritual 1; absent brother 1; intemperate 2; sick 6; husband 1; employment 1; conversions 10; particular 4; health 7; a son; all our readers; for all petitions sent in since last issue.

THANKSGIVING.

A reader in Independence, Kansas, thanks Our Lady of Mt. Carmel for a special favor.

We earnestly recommend to our readers a little manual worth its weight in gold, namely, "Through Mary to Jesus," according to the method of Bl. Grignon de Montfort—by Rev. F. H. Lavallee, (Bishop's Palace,) Sherbrooke, P. Que. Price in cloth, only twenty-five cents per copy. Of this incomparable treatise we shall speak later on.

A needful companion when travelling is "Eau des Carmes." See our advertising pages.

Falls View.

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