



CHRISTMAS.

For the Carmelite Review.

Christmas !

Theme of the poet's song,
Joy of the band 'round the household hearth,
What countless memories rushing thron'
Thro' the busy brain while the voice of mirth
Rings o'er the world from zone to zone,
Waking its echoes blithe to-day,
And as its influence blest we own,
Waft our greetings to dear ones far away.

Christmas !

Season of peace supreme,
Peace sung by the angel choirs that night
When Bethlehem's mountains shone in the gleam
Of the opened heaven's silver white,
And the startled shepherds gazing saw
The shining hosts that its splendor trod,
And listening followed in rapturous awe
To the humble crib of the Son of God.

Christmas !

Feast of the dear Christ-Child,
Sing to our Spirits thy song sublime,
Lead us up from the desert wild
And thrill us again with the silvery chime
(As the great white hosts go winging by,
Of the harps that are heard in thy midnight still
Blending with : "Glory to God on high
And peace on earth to men of good will."

Christmas !

Crown of the closing year,
Feast of feasts when the human heart
Feels the open heavens bending near,
And the cares and sorrows of earth depart,
As love divine with His Infant hand
Blesses and brightens each passing hour,
And far and wide over sea and land
His gifts are strewn in a golden shower.

Christmas !

Christmas blest feast of home
When links long sundered are clasped once more,
And whenever the cherished wanderers roam
They haste love-winged to their native shore,
And the Christmas feast is gaily spread,
While age and youth in joy unite
The sweet rose petals of pleasure to shed
O'er the moments that yield such rare delight.

Christmas !

Feast of the generous hand,
O ! let thy benisons softly rest
On the loyal hearts of thy subject band,
On those we love and who love us best,
May the fullest measure of Christmas peace
As the dew of heaven upon them fall,
And the love of our Infant King increase,
And His kingdom come unto us one and all.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Help Each Other.

We all need assistance from others.
From the cradle to the grave, we are dependent creatures. He who stands up and boldly declares, "I am sufficient of myself—I ask not the health and sympathy of others"—is a being we care not to be acquainted with. We are certain he stands more in need of the assistance of his neighbors than hundreds who have less pretensions to their own strength. As we all need help from others, so can we all—the poorest and humblest—assist our fellow-creatures. A word or a tear is more effectual at times than the bestowment of money. Ask him who has had a sad heart, or him who is confined to a bed of languishment. Feel your dependance upon others and be ever ready, by deed or word, to render that assistance which you may need at some future day.

Mary Immaculate.

For the Carmelite Review.

"Thou art all fair my beloved and the original stain is not in thee."

Amid the depressing evils which surround us at the present day, we often find it very hard to raise our hearts and our minds in unison with the *Sursum Corda* of the Church to a higher plane, a broader field of vision, where, far removed from the jarring sounds of the world and "the weary ways of self and men," we may refresh our souls with the thought of the infinite Purity of God, and rejoice that in His presence at least, Sin, hydra-headed monster as it is, lies crushed and conquered writhing 'neath the heel of the Archangel whose war-cry was "Who is like God."

And now as another 8th of December comes around, those of the dear family of Carmel rejoice as none other may at the thought so rich in comfort, that, long, long before the Church through the voice of Pio Nono of happy memory had set her seal on the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the religious of Carmel, with an instinct born of love, had *anticipated* the day of the glorious definition which crowned Mary with her diadem of twelve stars, by celebrating this feast as a double of the first class. Well may her children of Carmel wish her joy then on this day of lilies and of love. Perfect love, born of perfect purity finds its highest model in Mary conceived without sin, whose incomparable prerogative is one of the strongest pillars of the Incarnation to-day.

The world, and sin, and self all depress us. Evil seems at times to be looseing the very bulwarks of the strongholds of Zion. O! let us raise our eyes to Mary, who, in the strength and beauty of her holiness, is "terrible as an army in battle array." "He maketh those who rebel to dwell in sepulchres," but she, who has been ever loyal, in whom sin, the arch-rebel

never found an ally, is near to Him who dwells in light inaccessible. To her on "the hills whence cometh our strength" may we look, when the poisoned air of the world below has made us faint, and well-nigh fallen in the dire struggle 'twixt nature and grace. Blessed be God for this peerless grace of His Mother's Immaculate Conception, and blessed be His mercy which fills us with the glad hope that the day *will* come, when we who have fed our souls on her unseen beauty, will see her face to face. Not till then shall we fully know to the abounding joy and exaltation with which all heaven and its angels are overflowing, because the Queen of Paradise, the dear Empress of angels and men, your Mother and mine was, through the omnipotence of unutterable love, conceived without sin.

MATHILDA CUMMINGS.

COURTESY.

COURTESY is the unostentatious giving of due deference and due attention to others. He who would seem truly courteous—and no one can be truly courteous without seeming to be so must show by his words and acts, in all his intercourse with others, that he is thinking of the one whom he addresses rather than of himself; that he has more pleasure in hearing what that person says to him; or in expressing his recognition of that person's worth, than in telling what he has done, or in speaking of what concerns himself alone. Courtesy may be instinctive; but again it may be the result of honest effort. In either case it is an honor to him who exhibits it, and a gain to him who is the recipient.

NOTHING is more opposed to charity, or more fatal to salvation than the evil reports we make of one another.

WE ought not to be wise and cunning, after the fashion of the world, but simple, humble and chaste.—ST. FRANCIS.

CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

(CONCLUSION.)



GRANDMAMMA'S mind was a little dulled, it is true, but she had not not forgotten everything. The answer did not discourage her.

"Well, if he should be a Catholic and should say anything about marryin', I want you to promise that you'll try and take him."

"Oh, grandmamma, think," cried Carmelita, "he has never spoken of such a thing."

"Hepzibah, she's no fool," cried the old woman, with some of her former querulousness, "and she says he's just crazy about you, only you won't give him any chance to say so. Oh, Carmelita, if this is so, do try to care some for him. I should hate to think of this old place being shut up or sold to strangers."

Somehow Carmelita herself hated to think of the old place being closed or in hands of strangers, and she herself far away from all her new interests and occupations. And yet this other idea was so new, so strange. Her grandmother's voice sounded dreamily in her ears.

"Just think it over and if you can care any for him, you'll be doin' a wise thing."

After that they sat in silence, the old woman contented now that she had unburdened her mind. But Carmelita's thoughts were strangely confused and disordered. Her grandmother's words had been suggestive of so many reflections. The perfume of newly opened flowers came floating through the open windows, but even the birds were silent, their twitterings all hushed in their nests amongst the new-budding leaves. Carmelita often recalled that evening afterwards. In almost every

life there is some such hour, making an epoch in one's history.

"Carmelita, child," said the old woman, after a long silence, "forgive me all them things I said against Catholics. I knew no better till you came. The Lord he knows I'd be one if I could. But I can't. It's too late, and now you may go, I'll sleep."

As Carmelita bent to kiss her in the growing darkness, the old woman muttered:

"Verily, have you been a staff to my hand and a light to my eyes."

VI.

When Mr. Rutherford came next he observed a change in Carmelita. She was out in the courtyard, busy among the robins, welcoming back the rooks, scattering crumbs and bits of wool or wadding broadcast, the latter to be used in the lining of nests. Her manner struck him forcibly, at first he thought it augured sadly for his hopes. But, presently he could scarcely tell why, he believed it to be rather hopeful than discouraging. She was perhaps more distant, less frankly glad to see him, less impulsive, and yet—she was no longer unconscious.

"Some one has enlightened her," he thought with true instinct, "and now if I cannot win her, at least, I shall soon know the worst."

On the occasion of that first visit, however, he took no apparent notice of her altered manner, and contented himself with telling her of his formal intention to become a Catholic. This so pleased and interested her that for a time she forgot her new shyness.

"The idea has been a long time in my mind," he said, "but I must frankly own that your influence has had much to do with my present, definite resolve."

"It is God who has done it," said Carmelita, blushing as she could not have done a week before.

"God sometimes chooses instruments,"

said Andrew Rutherford "and you have been largely instrumental in leading me towards the light."

How lovely she looked he thought, as she leaned thoughtfully forward, looking upwards, as if towards the light of which he spoke. But of this he said no word.

"May I come again, on Wednesday?" he asked, as he rose to go, "I have so much to say to you."

"I—I am always glad to see you," she said, curtsying in her quaint way, but with an embarrassment that sat strangely upon her.

But he came many more days before he made any formal declaration. He was afraid to lose the advantage he had gained Thenceforth, however, he could intimate so much and feel that she understood. When, at last, the Rubicon had been passed, so quietly that he could scarce realize that she knew all, she said to him simply:

"Do you know that only for grand-mamma I should never have dreamed of such a thing. It seems that Hepzibah had told her."

"I knew that Hepzibah had long ago read my secret," said Andrew Rutherford, laughing his most genial laugh, "though, indeed, I believe that every man, woman and child in the place, except yourself, knew it."

The next day Mrs. Rutherford, the mother, came over to pay a stately visit. She took Carmelita in her arms and kissed her kindly, if a trifle coldly. In some respects the match was not particularly pleasing to her. But she never opposed her son in anything and in fact deferred greatly to his opinion on all subjects. She had a few minutes' conversation with Mrs. Johnson, after which the engagement was looked upon as a settled thing and was duly announced to the neighborhood. All things considered the news was well received. Even the children in the streets said:

"Now Carmelita will never go away from here."

It had been arranged that the wedding should take place in two months. But death waits for no man and scoffs at earthly plans. One warm, bright morning, Carmelita and Hepzibah were at work together in the kitchen, the former peeling fruit and the latter bustling about the stove. Hepzibah, for whom, just then, there was but one topic, dilated on Squire Rutherford's son's perfections, and Carmelita sat listening with a pretty, dreamy look on her face, half pleased, half amused at the old woman's raptures. All at once Hepzibah remembered that "Miss Johnson hadn't taken any broth."

"You stay where you are, Carmelita," she said as the young girl made a movement to rise, "you got your hands in the fruit and 'taint no use taking them out. I'll carry it up."

Carmelita heard her go up, as usual, open the door and cross the room. Then there was a sudden, sharp cry.

In a moment Carmelita was at the head of the stairs, where stood Hepzibah, with face white and drawn, and pinched lips.

"Don't you go in there," she said, sharply.

"Oh, Hepzibah I must."

Together they passed through the open door—strangely still that always quiet room. Carmelita had known what she was to see, from the moment she had heard the wailing cry above her. She fell upon her knees beside the stiffening figure. Hepzibah stood rigid, gazing in intense grief on the form in which for so many years her whole life had been centred. The one, old woman left behind was a more pathetic figure than the other upon the bed, peaceful in its rigidity, with a stream of the morning sunshine falling over it.

"Mrs. Johnson, she's dead," said Hepzibah to some neighbor who called to inquire for the sick woman. In the tone there was

an intense pathos, though she said never a word more. To her those simple words meant the rending of a whole life's ties.

Three months after, the wedding of Carmelita and Andrew Rutherford took place. The bridegroom made his first Communion upon the wedding morning. The young couple left K— immediately for a few months' trip to Europe.

So another May had slipped around, when Hepzibah stood waiting with uncontrollable impatience for the coming of Carmelita, this time with her husband. The front door was thrown wide as upon that other May eve. But the old house had taken on a new lease of life. Skilled workmen had been at work; paint had worked wonders.

Hepzibah, tired of waiting, had run into the kitchen to see if the kettle was boiling. She did not hear steps approaching. All at once she felt a pair of arms clasping her tightly round the neck. Then she knew that Carmelita had come back, to continue her mission of warming and brightening the old house. Henceforth it was to become a centre of Catholic life, spreading its influence for good afar. Of this Hepzibah knew nothing. She only knew that Carmelita had come back and that they were sitting by the kitchen fire as on that first evening.

"You do so remind me to-night of Araminta," said Hepzibah. Was it because her sight was failing, or because her memory, growing duller, blended past and present. "You're powerful like her, only not so good lookin', not but what you've got your own share of good looks, too, or Squire Rutherford's son he'd never have married you."

"Are you glad to have me home, Hepzibah?"

"Well, I guess so. It wasn't very cheerful livin' here alone."

"I've come back never to go away again," said Carmelita, laying her head on the old woman's shoulder. For father and mother being dead in the South, and sisters

and brothers married, she had no strong tie there.

"Well, I guess you're here for good, if Squire Rutherford's son's got anything to say about it. Seems most as if Araminta had come back and the Elder and his wife gone on a pleasure trip."

"God grant they have," said Carmelita, seriously, "and I have come to take Araminta's place forever."

Such was Carmelita's second home-coming to the old house.

[THE END.]

THE CRIB.

WHO lies there? How? and why? are questions that appeal to the meditative soul at Christmastide. The good saint of Assisi has given us the crib as it appears in our churches to-day. The only begotten Son of God,—the eternal One who said "Before Abraham was I am,"—true God and true man,—the long expected Saviour is He who lies in the crib. And how does He appear? Poor, weak and suffering because "He came among His own and His own received Him not." The answer to the third question. What caused Him to become a helpless child? is told in one word—Love.—P. A. B.

THE THREE MASSES.

IN the Carmelite Breviary we read that St. Telesphorus, Pope and martyr of the Order of Mount Carmel, was the Pontiff who ordained that three masses be celebrated by each priest on the Feast of the Nativity. The first mass is celebrated at midnight to commemorate our Lord's birth at Bethlehem in the dark hours of night. The second mass is said before daybreak the time when the holy Babe was adored by the shepherds, and the third time is the Holy Sacrifice offered to signify the birth of a Redeemer for us. St. Telesphorus likewise commanded that "*Gloria in Excelsis*," the hymn of the angels, be sung at the masses.—P. A. B.



MONSIGNOR SATOLLI.



NIAGARA Falls was honored on Nov. 9th with a visit from the Most Reverend Monsignor Archbishop Satolli, who was accompanied by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, and several other church dignitaries.

The most reverend Delegate, and the others above mentioned, paid a flying visit to the educational and religious institutions on both sides of the Niagara river. This was the first visit paid to Canada by the representative of our Holy Father Monsignor Satolli was charmed with the great natural beauty of the locality and enjoyed his visit very much. An address was made to His Excellency by the pupils of Loretto Academy and an entertainment was given in honor of the distinguished visitors. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons made a very appropriate reply on behalf of the Delegate. Monsignor Satolli

expressed much pleasure at meeting Rev. Father Kreidt, O.C.C., prior of the Carmelite Monastery, Rev. Father Dominic O'Malley, O.C.C., Rev. Philip Best, O.C.C., Dr. and Mrs. Lanigan, Hon. T. V. Welch and others who had the honor of meeting the most reverend Delegate, the Cardinal, Archbishops and Bishops.

Mgr. Satolli was happy to converse in his native Italian tongue with our reverend Prior and promised to pay a friendly visit to our monastery of Mount Carmel early next spring.

A brief sketch of the Papal Delegate may be timely.

Monsignor Francis Satolli, Papal Ablegate, was born in Marciano, arch-diocese of Perugia, July 21, 1831. The house of Satolli is one of the most illustrious and wealthy in Italy. When Francis Satolli was a boy Joachim Pecci, now Pope Leo XIII, was head professor in the arch-diocesan seminary of Perugia, and young Satolli was his ablest and favorite pupil. Even as a child it is said that Satolli displayed great gifts of oratory both in his native tongue and in classic Latin. Upon his ordination as a priest he went to the Benedictine monastery at Monte Casino, and there spent in study three years. At the end of this time Pecci was made archbishop and through his efforts Pope Pius IX called Satolli to the vacant chair at the Perugian Seminary. When Pecci succeeded to the Papacy on the death of Pius IX, one of his first acts was to call Satolli to Rome, where he made him professor of dogmatic theology in the Propaganda. He was further honored by the rectorships of the Greek College and Noble Ecclesiastica Roman College. Thus through his ability and the friendship of the Pope, Mgr. Satolli became the most prominent ecclesiastical instructor in Rome.

Monsignor Satolli's first appearance in the United States was at the ecclesiastical assemblage in Baltimore in 1889, as the special representative of the Pope. After that visit he did not return to this country until he came clothed with extraordinary powers from the Vatican.

He arrived in New York October 12, 1892, and has remained in America ever since, laboring in the interest of the church. He came as the permanent Apostolic Delegate to the United States, the Pope's representative in America. The object of his errand was to settle the disputes between priests and their bishops and the vexing school question.

Until his new house was ready for occupancy Mgr. Satolli's home was in the Catholic University building at Washington. There he lived as modestly as a monk. The Ablegate's salary has been stated to be \$6,000 a year, but his living expenses are far less than that sum. When the Ablegate travels extensively, as, for instance, on his late trip to the West, he occupies a private car with his suite and pays for it out of his own pocket. On other occasions he travels like any ordinary passenger.

He cuts no figure in the social world, although

once in a while a reception in his honor is held at the house of a Washington magnate. He appears on such occasions in the formal dignity of silk and cassock, distinguished looking and smiling, and leaves early in the evening.

In appearance Mgr. Satolli is the typical cultivated, intellectual Italian. He is described of medium height and of rather slender build, with raven black hair, to which his years of hard study and energetic work have not yet imparted a sreak of gray; with lustrous, expressive dark eyes, a massive forehead and thin lips capable of giving to his face the utmost variety of expressions. Power is stamped on every feature—power and self-control, and, if need be, unfathomable reticence. He is an early riser, a frugal liver and an indefatigable worker. His high office imposes on him for the most part a dignified retirement, but on proper occasions he can unbend and become one of the most delightful of companions, though he usually confines his conversation to the Latin and Italian tongues.

Like all truly great men, although holding an exalted position, he unites a becoming dignity with a humble and simple demeanor which makes him beloved. P. A. B.

Thomas a Becket.

BY REV. P. J. HAROLD.

For the Carmelite Review.

WHO has not heard of this valiant son of the church? All who read English history have been strongly moved to love or hate by the story of his life and tragic death; but whether sympathy with his faith moves the reader to venerate the saint, or anti-Catholic prejudice of the myop dims his vision of the halo about the saintly brow, he must, if at all chivalrous, admire the courage, intrepid and unconquerable, of the veteran statesman and christian prelate.

Born in the year 1119 A.D. in London, his education was carefully looked after by Archbishop Theobald, and his studies on the continent bore such fruits of scholarship and experience that his success in a worldly sense was already assured when yet a young man.

He was appointed by Henry II of England chancellor of the realm, an office which he filled without reproach and to the satisfaction of his king, and in 1162 was elected Archbishop of Canterbury.

At this period there were two classes of importance in England, the king and the

nobles, and an unimportant class—as the world takes it—the people. Between the outrageous enactments of the king and the tyrannical bearing of the nobles the unimportant class was ground as between millstones. The church came in for a share of noble profligacy too; and, as the occasion offered, the king here, and the baron there, seized on or alienated from its proper use ecclesiastical property and revenues.

The "Constitution of Clarendon" proposed to legalize this royal robbery of the church. Promptly Thomas a Becket protested against the sacrilegious attempt. This was in 1164, from which time till 1170, when the archbishop's blood crimsoned the sanctuary of his cathedral, the royal monster waged incessant war on the great man who alone dared to beard the tyrant despoiler of his See.

Becket fled to France, thence to Rome where he laid his case at the feet of the Pope and returned victorious to his beloved home. Afraid of an interdict on his realm, Henry pretended to be reconciled to the archbishop. He had hoped for a compromise; but the joyous acclamations with which the people received their pastor extinguished his hopes and re-kindled his ire. Sitting at supper with his boon companions he railed at them because none of them would free him from "the turbulent priest." Four of them took up the challenge and a martyrdom was the issue.

In two years a Becket was a canonized saint and Henry III was among those who most revered his memory. Henry VIII, of unsavory report, dug up the saint's bones burned them and scattered the ashes to the winds, but he could not tear the memory of God's saint and bishop from the Catholic heart.

What an example does this saint's life give us of perseverance in the performance of our duty under any trial and against every obstacle.

By a little compromise a Becket might have had an easy time, as it is called by worldlings, but he would have forfeited the respect of posterity and the possession of a martyr's crown.

MONK AND MARTYR.

For The Carmelite Review.

BY REV. DR. FARRINGTON O.C.C.



In my last letter I promised to finish my sketch of the life of Father Aquinas. Let me continue: — "Early on the morning of the 6th of July, while the father was offering the Sacrifice of the Mass, a messenger from the governor announced to him that he was to be hang:d within an hour. He received the news cheerfully, thanked God, and prepared for death. When the hour had elapsed he took leave of his fellow captives, asked their prayers and resigned himself into the hands of his Puritan satellites. They allowed him to retain his habit, bad as they were, to the last. With crucifix in one hand and rosary in the other, he went forth to execution joyously singing the Litany of the blessed Virgin.

On his way, the heretics tried to convert him to their views. "Rather return," he said, "to the old faith taught by the apostles and professed by your own nation." He was promised a post in the army, provided he would "repent and not perish." He replied "his office should be in dying for the faith." On his way he met a woman who was condemned to die for her crimes (?) and offered her pardon should she deny the faith. He exhorted her to keep the faith, which she did and joyfully met her doom.

Having come to the place of execution, and being told to ascend the scaffold he did so, exhorting the people to keep the faith till death. The executioner was told to proceed quickly, but the rope, though a strong one, snapped and Father Thomas fell to the ground, not dead but unconscious. Hardly had he revived when the commander

ordered him up again. He obeyed, and when up again he asked the Puritan leader to tell him the cause for which he had been condemned to die, protesting that he did wrong to no man, nor committed any crime deserving of death. "You ask me the cause," the Puritan angrily replied, "are you not a papist, a monk and a priest?" "It is so," the Father replied, "but I am guilty of no crime. Let it appear to all men that it is for the Catholic faith and the religious profession, for which I die gladly." The Puritan told him the offers of pardon still remained good, if he changed, but seeing he was offering suggestions to deaf ears he ordered the executioner to do his duty and put him to death. Catholics and Protestants were profoundly grieved at his death. The latter, bad as they were, regretted it, because by putting any one to death on account of religion was to destroy liberty.

His body was taken by the Catholics and buried in the Augustine Monastery that had been lately destroyed by the Puritans. God, to show that He has ever at heart the care of His servants, caused on the following night a brilliant light to shine over the Carmelite's grave. The light was visible to the soldiers on duty and the inhabitants about. The soldiers thought the light was caused by the Catholics when burying the dead. They proceeded there forty strong. When they arrived they saw no light, all was darkness, they were much terrified and fled. They saw it again when they returned to their post at the gate. The captain himself next proceeded to the place with fifty men, but only to discover the same utter darkness. He immediately fled, abandoning his terrified warriors. Having thus failed as a brave soldier, he again assumed the role of a Puritan and declared that the light was brought from the infernal regions by the devil who came in order to carry away the papist body and soul. This assertion was little heeded by his hearers. He then swore that the body of the Car-

melite had not been buried there at all. In this he was also mistaken for the next morning when he visited the grave he found the body of the holy friar calmly reposing. He took the cloak and Scapular with him and went abroad telling of the wonders he had witnessed on the previous night. Another person took the crucifix from the body and refused to give it to the Catholics at any price, declaring that he would cherish it all his life as a most precious souvenir of one who had been put to death unjustly. It is to be hoped that the martyred Carmelite will be some day added to the long catalogue of Irish saints.

Dublin, Nov. 1st, 1893.

A Parish Priest's Experience.

"ST. SIMON STOCK was not in vain assured by the Blessed Virgin that her children, who were clothed with the Scapular, should be delivered from an unhappy death and saved from the pains of hell," writes the Rev. Martin Herics in the *Volk's Kalender* just to hand for 1894. The reverend father continues:—"May I be permitted to narrate an event in my own experience.

"The commandant of the military division stationed at K.—Major Eugene K.—had married a baroness who was a member of the non-united Greek church. The bride had already been divorced from a former husband, her religion having allowed it. The major, therefore, on wedding the baroness fell away from the Catholic church which disallows such marriages. After some years the major became very ill and his cure seemed hopeless. His wife, whose first husband had died in the meantime, did all in her power to save the life of her present husband. The efforts of the most skillful physicians were in vain.

"In his helpless condition the sick man turned towards God and his holy Mother. The writer visited him on several occasions and to his great joy beheld on the walls of

the sick-chamber a picture of our Lady of Lourdes, and over the bed a vessel with holy-water. Around the neck of the patient was a brown Scapular and a small medal, which he had received from his pious mother as he was about to enter the army.

"I asked the wife, who was a pious woman, although a non-united Greek, whether her husband was anxious to return to the bosom of the church from which he had gone astray. She replied that the major was very desirous to re-enter the church, and the sooner he did so the better it was for him.

"As the time was pressing I took steps at once to visit the sick man. After he made a profession of faith I gave him the last sacraments. I cannot describe the edifying manner in which he received the holy sacraments. With looks of childlike joy and gratitude he repeatedly showed me the holy Scapular which he frequently presented to his parched lips. 'This has brought me happiness, this has obtained God's grace,' he exclaimed.

"All fear of death left him—In fact he yearned to go and be enrolled in the celestial army. After ten days he died a most peaceful and edifying death.

"The bereaved widow asked to be received in the Catholic church, saying that she could not keep from joining a religion which made death so sweet and peaceful.

"From this example, dear christian, you can see how useful it is to wear the Scapular. Those are numberless who through it have obtained the grace of conversion and a happy death."—P. A. B.

A PRAYER HEARD.

HALIFAX, N.S., Nov. 13, 1893.

Editor Carmelite Review:

DEAR REV. FATHER,—Last Saturday my father was in urgent need of money to meet a bill. I promised Our Lady that if she would grant it to him I would have it published in THE CARMELITE REVIEW. Last Saturday night we received money from a most unexpected person. So I hasten to fulfill my promise.

A READER.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

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

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

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

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, DECEMBER, 1893. No. 12.

WE thank the Most Reverend Mgr. Satolli for his kind words to us, which appear in a letter in the present number.

On the nineteenth of this month His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, celebrates the fortieth anniversary of his cardinalate. May God long preserve the life of the great Pontiff.

THOSE with an eye to business or pleasure eagerly anticipate the holidays, but the true and lasting advantage worth striving after is to prepare a pure heart for a worthy reception of the holy Sacraments.

IN order to become happy make others happy. A change in your conduct for the better at Christmas may have far more effect towards rejoicing the hearts of others than the bestowing of many gifts.

AN appropriate holiday gift to your friends would be to send them THE CARMELITE REVIEW for 1894. We shall be all the more happy, too, if our readers are prompt in renewing their own subscriptions.

To all the friends of Carmel, to our kind benefactors, to all our readers and to our

older brethren of the press, we extend a most cordial Christmas greeting and wish them an abundance of joy and happiness at the holy season.

FROM year to year, ever since she was refused lodging on that cold winter night nineteen hundred years ago, our Blessed Mother seeks a resting place for her divine Babe. Let us pray for the careless ones who usually have no room for their God at Christmas.

THE evening of the present year is approaching. The past twelve months have been somewhat memorable. Among many things to be thankful for is that holy Church has scored another triumph by her religious and educational display at the Western metropolis. A gigantic step has been taken forward and friends and foes are passing along the watchword of "Know" Popery!

SAD chapters there have been, too, in the history of the dying year. Modern scientists and great inventors have failed to stay the vast destruction of life and property. With the sad events during 1893 on land and sea we are all familiar. Prayer and penance can arrest the arm of an angry Providence, and what more appropriate season to satisfy God's justice than during Advent?

THE intention of the Sacred Heart League for this month is the Church in Spain and Portugal. There is always great hope for St. Teresa's land which is so devoted to Mary. The Carmelite Fathers who had been exiled report that they are gradually regaining their monasteries. That they might make greater and more rapid progress let us unite in supplicating the Sacred Heart of Mary's Son.

"CARMEL'S SECRETARY," as she loves to call herself, bids adieu to the children this month. We thank her for the wholesome

advice given each month to young and old, and for the interest taken in this little journal. Notwithstanding many other pressing duties she has found time to send to THE REVIEW some beautiful contributions in prose and verse at times signed "M. C." or "Dolores." In this number the same writer contributes a pretty article on "Mary Immaculate." May she long be spared to our readers.

WITH the sanction of the Apostolic Delegate a new and beautiful "Invocation to St. Rose, Patroness of the New World" is at present being put in circulation. This should inspire us with renewed devotion to our lovely American saint. Being dedicated to Mary Immaculate and under St. Rose's patronage, the country is safe, and we have every reason to ask the saint to give thanks to God, in the words of the new prayer, "because He deigned to illumine America with the light of His gospel."

"FEAST of the generous hand" sings the sweet songster of the "golden" State in the beautiful Christmas poem on the first page of this month's REVIEW. If at all seasons we ought to be generous to our suffering neighbor, there are many reasons for being unusually so during these days. In the south our fever-stricken brethren call out to us for aid, and throughout the land poverty stalks abroad. On considering the present financial depression, and the great number of the unemployed it is too clear that a hard winter is in store for the bread-winner. There are plenty of avenues for benevolent deeds. This is the time to practice the "golden rule" and to remember that "charity covers a multitude of sin."

AS Carmelites it is but natural that we dislike to see the "Catholic Dictionary" spared by the book-reviewers. It seemed to us that our esteemed contemporary the "*Ave Maria*" was too lenient in its criti-

cism of the dictionary. Being unable to conjecture any other motive we insinuated editorially in our last number that the editorial expressions of that excellent journal were influenced by the consideration of advertising. We are now glad to say that our remarks were unjust. We are indeed grateful that so able a magazine as the *Ave Maria* says of late that it feels "obliged to decry the Catholic Dictionary's article on the Scapular of Mount Carmel until it is erased from the pages of that important work, or re-written by a competent and reverent pen."

The Apostolic Delegate Blesses Our
"Review."

WASHINGTON, D.C., }
Nov. 15, '93. }

Rev. Philip A. Best, O.C.C.:

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,— I have received some numbers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW, devoted to Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, in the interest of the Hospice of Niagara Falls. Both its noble purposes recommend themselves to Catholic people, and I gladly bless this work and the persons interested in its publication.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

FRANCIS ARCHB. SATOLLI,
Deleg-Apost.

FROM THE BISHOP OF IDAHO.

BOISE CITY, IDAHO, }
Oct. 31, '93. }

REV. DEAR FATHER,— I take great pleasure in approving and recommending your journal, THE CARMELITE REVIEW, and I hope it will have the success it deserves.

A. J. GLORIEUX.

We need not care what people say of us, whether good or evil; what matters it, since it has not any marked effect upon the world and its judgments? — ST. JOSEPH OF CUPERTINO.

The Carmelite Review--Past and Future.

It is now, thanks to our friends, our privilege to speak of the past of this small magazine. On completing Vol. I we beg to express our hearty gratitude to all who have made this little journalistic venture of ours a possibility. We have received nothing but kind words of encouragement. THE REVIEW may not have come up to the high literary standard desired by some, but at all events we have tried to please the devout clients of Our Dear Lady of Mount Carmel, and think we have partly succeeded.

It is a pleasure to say a just word of praise for our printers, Messrs. W. T. Sawle & Co., of Welland, Ontario. They, with their gentlemanly employees, have done their work most creditably and next year will show that they can do much better.

The future? Without increasing the subscription price THE REVIEW will appear next month in a new and enlarged form. This should be an inducement to our old readers to renew their subscriptions now, and to also send us in some new subscriptions in order to help us meet the expense incurred.

Among the many features for 1894 a glance at our port-folio reveals among other original articles:

1. "On St. Teresa's Footsteps," written for THE REVIEW by the well-known author Rev. Charles Warren Carrier, of Baltimore.
2. "Flos Carmeli," a very interesting story, contributed to THE REVIEW by a clever writer in Pennsylvania
3. "Confuter of Wickliff." History of a great Carmelite, by Rev. P. Dillon, D.D.
4. "An Ideal Friendship," which embraces the Linder letters which have never as yet appeared in English. The same came into our hands through the kindness of Miss Eliza Allen Starr.
5. "The Third Order of Mount Carmel," fully explained by Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, Provincial of the Carmelite Order in America.

6. "A defense of the Friars," sent to THE REVIEW by our friend Chevalier Sevilla of Lima, Peru.

7. "The Devout Carmelite," a charming little work translated from the original Spanish, by Rev. A. J. Kreidt, O.C.C.

8. "The Brown Scapular and the Catholic Dictionary," ably and fully treated by the well-known Jesuit writer, Father Clarke, of London.

Besides the foregoing and many other features it shall be our aim to publish as often as possible authenticated cases of protection through the Scapular, together with many other things which will delight the eye and warm the heart of every lover of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.—THE EDITOR.

CHRISTMAS BEAUTIES.

For the Carmelite Review.

Beautiful Christmas bells!
Chiming so clear in the midnight air,
Holy and joyful tidings you bear,
Echoing voices of angels fair.
Beautiful Christmas bells!

Beautiful Christmas snow!
Robing the earth in a garment white,
Tinged with the silvery moonbeams light,
As erst they illumined that glorious night.
Beautiful Christmas snow!

Beautiful Christmas star!
In the blue ether so far away,
Leading the sages with silvery ray,
To the place where "the King in His beauty" lay.
Beautiful Christmas star!

Beautiful Christmas peace!
Sweeter thy tones than notes of mirth,
Calming the restless and troubled earth,
Fruit of the Infant Saviour's birth.
Beautiful Christmas peace!

Beautiful Saviour child!
*Gem from the ocean of God thou art,
Holiness shines in thy Sacred Heart,
Gifts of the Christmas-tide impart.
Beautiful Saviour child!

E. DE MARIE.

* "Jesus—orient pearl born in the ocean of the Godhead of the Father."—St. Gertrude.

FASTINGS and vigils are pleasing to God, but still more acceptable in His sight is a heart pure, humble and full of love.—VEN. L. DE BLOIS.



"Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire: behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, the covenant of peace, and everlasting alliance."

THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

5.—Indulgences.

AS an Indulgence is a remission of at least a part of the temporal punishment due for sin, sin itself as to its guilt must be forgiven before an indulgence can be gained. Mortal sins are to be submitted to the tribunal of penance, venial sins may find forgiveness through Holy Communion, acts of contrition, fasting, alms-deeds, or some penitential work. Under all circumstances the state of grace is indispensable for gaining an indulgence.

2. The works or prayers prescribed for a certain indulgence are of strict interpretation, that is to say, no substitution of another work or alteration is allowed. The conditions are to be complied with to the letter, else the indulgence is not gained.

Hence close attention is required in order to avoid mistakes.

3. Every plenary indulgence requires, besides the specially prescribed works, the reception of the Holy Sacraments of Penance and Eucharist. Those, however, who are weekly penitents can gain any plenary indulgence by one confession, but are bound (with the permission of their confessor) to go to holy Communion on the day the indulgence is to be gained. There is no obligation to confess to a priest of the Order or to receive holy Communion in the church of the Order to gain the indulgence, unless it is specially prescribed.

4. All the indulgences granted to the Scapular can be gained by the members of the Confraternity, no matter whether they received the Scapular from a calced or discalced Carmelite, or from a priest empowered to receive the faithful by either branch of the Order, and no matter whether the indulgence was originally granted to the one or the other branch.

5. In places where there is no church of the Carmelite Order, or Confraternity, the faithful obtain the indulgences connected with the visits of the Carmelite churches by visiting their own parish church. Where there is a church of the Order this must be visited. Where there is no church of the Order, but one of the Confraternity, the indulgences can only be gained by visiting it. Hence if there are 5 or 6 churches in a town, one of which has the Confraternity canonically established, the members of the other congregations gain the indulgences in question only by visiting the Confraternity church, and it is therefore to be recommended that such churches be made known to the people, in order not to deprive them of these indulgences.

6. When there are several plenary indulgences granted for the same day they are applicable to the poor souls, according to the intention of the person who obtains them.

7. The following two indulgences do not pre-suppose the wearing of the Scapular, so that anyone can gain them, to wit: Persons who receive the sacraments and visit a Carmelite church, praying there according to the intention of the Holy Father, may gain a plenary indulgence, (1) once a month on a Wednesday of their own choice, and (2) once a year on any day they choose. Of the other indulgences, as it appears to me, those who wear the Scapular without being members of the Confraternity gain only a plenary indulgence, (1) on the day of their reception, (2) on the 16th of July (totes-quoties—see explanation in the July number of THE REVIEW) and (3) in the hour of death. All the other indulgences suppose membership of the Confraternity.

8. The one condition for gaining all the plenary indulgences, as well as those granted for visits to the Carmelite churches, is prayer according to the intention of the Pope. No special prayers are prescribed, consequently it is left to the choice of every one what prayers he wishes to say. Five Paters and Aves are considered sufficient.

9. The following is a list of the plenary and partial indulgences:

A. Plenary.—(1) on the day of reception; (2) on the Feast of the Scapular, July 16th, (totes quoties); (3) on any Sunday of the month when one visits at the monthly devotions, (with procession) of the Confraternity. Those who cannot assist at these devotions gain the same indulgence by a visit to the church of the confraternity. If they cannot do this the indulgence may be gained by reciting the "Little Office of the B. V. M.," or fifty Our Fathers and Hail Marys; (4) at the hour of death, by invoking the holy name of Jesus, at least in their heart; (5) by visiting the church of the order on the feasts of the Immaculate Conception, Christmas, the Purification, the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity of the B. V. M., and the Assumption; (6) also on the following days: January 1st, February 4th, March 19th,

Holy Thursday, Easter, the Patronage of St. Joseph (3rd Sunday after Easter) and the Ascension, May 5th, 16th and 25th, June 14th, July 20th and 26th, August 7th and 27th, Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption, October 15th, November 24th, December 25th and at Forty Hours devotion.

B. Partial.—5 years and 5 quarantines as often as one, with a light, accompanies the most blessed Sacrament to the sick and prays for the sick. 3 years and 3 quarantines, as often as one, after receiving Holy Communion on the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, visits a church of the Confraternity which does not belong to the order. 300 days for abstaining from flesh and meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays. 100 days for reciting the Little Office of the B. V. M. 100 days for those who assist at masses, devotions and sermons of the Confraternity. 100 days for every corporal or spiritual work of mercy. 40 days for those who say 7 Our Fathers and Hail Marys, in honor of the 7 joys of the B.V.M.

C. Stations.—Those who pray in a Carmelite church on the days given below gain the indulgence of the Stations (churches) of Rome:

Christmas at the Third Mass, Plenary Indulgence. Maunday Thursday, Plenary Indulgence. Easter Sunday, Plenary Indulgence. Ascension Thursday, Plenary Indulgence. New Year's Day, 30 years and 30 quarantines. Epiphany, 30 years and 30 quarantines. Septuagesima, 30 years and 30 quarantines. Sexagesima, 30 years and 30 quarantines. Quinquagesima, 30 years and 30 quarantines. Ash Wednesday, 15 years and 15 quarantines. Everyday from Ash Wednesday till Low Sunday, 10 years and 10 quarantines. Palm Sunday, 25 years and 25 quarantines. Good Friday, 30 years and 30 quarantines. Holy Saturday, Easter Sunday, feast of St. Mark, each, 30 years and 30 quarantines. On each of the Rogation-days, 30 years and

30 quarantines. Vigil of Pentecost, 10 years and 10 quarantines. Each day of Pentecost week, 30 years and 30 quarantines. Quarter tenses of September, and December, 10 years and 10 quarantines. Every Sunday in Advent, 10 years and 10 quarantines. Vigil of Christmas, 15 years and 15 quarantines. First and Second Mass of Christmas, 15 years and 15 quarantines. Feasts of St. Stephen, St. John and the Holy Innocents, each, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

This list, so rich and valuable, speaks for itself. The wearers of the Scapular ought to do everything in their power to obtain access to these perennial fountains of vicarious satisfaction by having themselves inscribed in the album of the Confraternity, and then using these many advantages to the best of their ability.

10. The reader should not forget that besides these indulgences the members of the Confraternity enjoy the communion of merits with the first and second Order and partake in the suffrages for the dead, which means not only a share in the daily prayers for the departed, but also in 18 offices for the dead and 10 Requiems each year.

With this we close our articles on the Brown Scapular, everything necessary having been said. Next year, God willing, I shall say something on the Third Order of Mount Carmel.

PIUS R. MAYER, O.C.C.

In the September number where we gave the new formula for investing with the Scapular, the important word "Recipio" is missing in line 10, page 145. It has to be inserted between the words "concessa" and "te."

P. R. M.

P. S.—Names have been received at our Monastery. Falls View, Ont. for registration from Orangeville, Ont.; St. Mary's church, Toronto, Ont.; St. Elizabeth's Rectory, New York city; Port Lambton, Alliston, Ont.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Ont.; St. John's, N.Y'd.

A Case of Protecting Love.

"PARTICULAR favors from our Lady of Mount Carmel are daily visible about us, but by all save a chosen few they pass by unheeded," writes one of our esteemed Buffalo subscribers. "We hear from time to time of especial acts of protection, of answers to prayers, and various un-recorded blessings. These incidents deepen our devotion, and add to the honor of our most dear Queen.

"A case of protecting love came under my notice a few weeks ago, in which a young man had an experience which will be a life long remembrance to him. When leaving home last spring to enter into business in Buffalo the mother of the young man placed about his neck a Scapular. Not having much faith in the little brown shields, still he wore them constantly. Last August he stood one day near a large pile of lumber, taking down the names and the time of work from one of the men, who had bent down to tie his own shoe. Suddenly a shout from a man on the lumber pile caused both to look up, the boards were leaning forward about to lose their balance. The poor workman ran from the toppling lumber, but ere he could reach a point of safety he was engulfed by the boards. The young man who wore the Scapular, by some instinct he could not explain, ran to one side and thus found himself outside the field of danger. He can claim no cause of escape other than the protecting love of Our Lady whose badge he will henceforth always wear. Let us love and honor her whose care over us is unceasing."

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.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers the souls of

MARGARET J. BRESNAHAN, MARGARET KILMARTIN, BRIDGET SLATTERY and ALICE FALLON who died lately in Fitchburg, Mass.

The Beaten Road to Heaven.

ST. FRANCUS SHOWS THE WAY.

DID the thought never strike you when reading about some sublime saint, that such exalted sanctity was unattainable for common mortals and the attempt a useless one? There is another class of saints who did not have rays of the Sun of Justice and Holiness hovering o'er them from the cradle to the moment of their triumphal entry into glory. The former class we can gaze at, as it were, only through the obscured glass of a sin bedimmed conscience; the brilliancy is too intense for the naked eye of our soul, we cannot endure it, we tire of it. Not so with those of the second class, which is made up of men and women, who, like very many of us, have wandered astray from the Good Shepherd in the course of their lives, and have been enfolded in the shrouds of sinful darkness but, unlike most of us, have heroically overcome all impediments. One thing there is common to us all, the same human nature, inclined to evil from our youth; the same temptations, the same obstacles to surmount and the same heroic effort to make.

An illustrious example of one who did attain the goal in this strife is placed before us in the saint whose office the Carmelite Order recites on December 17th—Blessed Francus. He was born in a small village of Sinigaglia, in the province of Ancona, Italy, of pious parents. Before his birth his mother dreamed that she was about to give birth to an uncanny monster which was gradually changed into a man. The event proved the truth of the vision. After the death of his parents Francus forgot all the pious examples and admonitions which they had given him, and his delight now was to revel in crime and gratification of passions. But such are the inscrutable ways of a loving Providence — whilst Francus closed his eyes to the divine light, God struck him with corporeal blindness, in order to bring him back to the true light that "enlighteneth every man coming into the world." This punishment of God brought him to his senses, and he hastened on a most troublesome pilgrimage to the church of St. James at Compostella, more frequently called Santiago. He there recovered his vision. Thence he journeyed to many other illustrious churches, chiefly

to the church of Rome. Whilst there he obtained a plenary remission of his sins from Pope Gregory. After he had completed his pilgrimage, in the course of which he fasted on bread and water during Lent, and ate nothing on Fridays, he returned home where he led a most austere life of the strictest penance in solitude, and thus moved numbers of sinners, by his example, to do likewise. But the arch-enemy of man could not endure to see a soul snatched from his clutches and therefore tried every possible enticement to win back the servant of God. In this sore trial Bl. Francus was comforted by the Blessed Virgin, who, showing him the Carmelite habit, bade him to be clothed therewith. Francus gladly obeyed, and when at his reception in the Carmelite Chapel, the Prior was about to put the habit on him, it is said that an angel appeared before the whole assembly and brought the habit Francus was to wear. Henceforth the life of Bl. Francus was one continuous chain of mortifications and penance. His body he subdued by cruel chains of iron; prayer (especially mental prayer) was his nourishment. Once in the course of his meditation our Divine Saviour appeared to him hanging on the Cross, the crown of thorns encircling His sacred brow, and an abundance of precious blood oozing from his adorable wounds. He thus addressed Francus: "Behold, Francus, what I have endured for the man who has been so ungrateful for such suffering." Francus burst into a flood of tears and scourged his flesh till the blood flowed and from that time he was wont to carry the image of the crucified in his hand. He was favored by apparitions of the glorious Queen of Carmel, but this made him only the more humble. He sought the vilest menial offices to perform, and cold, hunger, thirst and sufferings were the means he used to keep himself in subjection. He was endowed with the gift of prophecy, and when, finally, the hour of his happy dissolution arrived, he breathed forth his heroic soul gladly and cheerfully. Miracles proved the sanctity of this servant of God before, during and after his death, which took place on the 11th of December, 1291. His last words were: "Peace to you, my brothers, and thou, O, Lord Jesus Christ, receive my spirit. Immediately the singing of angels was heard, who carried off his soul heavenwards, whereupon the heavenly light which had illuminated the

room at the moment of death vanished. Pope Clement V. placed him among the beautified. Dear reader! what this man has done we also can do. But why do we generally fail? Because we are filled with too much self love and love of comfort. The way of sinners is a way of relentless penance. Bl. Francus goes before us in this way and we have only to use his stepping stones—the crosses and mortifications that encounter us on our path through life.

FR. JAMES, O. C. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADVENT commences Dec. 3rd.

PAPAL Benediction will be given in all Carmelite churches on Dec. 25th.

MISS K. F., Cleveland, O., asks prayers for happy death for her aged father.

The Signal is well gotten up and is a credit to its managers and contributors.

A BENEFACTOR of OURS asks prayers for recovery from an ailment under which she is suffering.

WE ask prayers for Mr Francis Wise who was fatally struck by the cars near Falls View on November 15th.

A SUBSCRIBER in San Francisco asks prayers for a special intention. Mr. R. L. Island asks prayers for grace of a vocation.

THE first Mass was celebrated in the church of Our Lady of Peace, Niagara Falls, on Oct. 13th, 1839, by Rev. E. Gordon.

REV. FATHERS KREIDT and Dominic of Falls View Monastery, spent a few enjoyable day, at the World's Fair last month.

The Santa Maria is a new and welcome visitor to our sanctum, and could well be a model to those contemplating an ideal college paper.

A SPIRITUAL retreat will be conducted at the Ursuline Academy, Pittsburgh, Pa., commencing December 4th, by Rev. Fr. A. J. Kredit, O. C. C.

A FAIR was held at Englewood, N. J., last month during which Rev. Father Feehan, O. C. C., delivered some interesting lectures illustrated by the stereopticon.

To the prayers of our readers are recommended the souls of the late Rev. M. Brennan, James Brennan, John Mahoney and John Larkin, all of Long Island.

THE *Niagara Index* can be well proud of the number issued in honor of Bishop Ryan's Jubilee, especially when we consider the short notice the editors received beforehand.

The Little Pilgrim for December has an interesting letter from the Superiress of the Carmelite Monastery of New Orleans, La., concerning the missions of our fathers in India.

OUR very reverent Father General Aloysius M. Galli was born at Poggio, in Umbria, Italy, on March 28, 1842. He received the habit on June 12, 1859, and was elected General of the Order of Mount Carmel on October 17, 1889.



Letter From His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons.

Cardinal's Residence, }
Baltimore, Md. }

Rev. P. A. Best:

Rev. Dear Father,—“I am sure that THE REVIEW will be conducted with piety, zeal and ability, and will contribute to augment devotion to the Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. I wish it all the success it will deserve, and at the hands of the pious faithful the encouragement and substantial appreciation your labors will merit.”

JAMES CARD. GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

We acknowledge favors received from Rev. C. O. S. B., Erie, Pa.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Ven. Br. J., Boston, Mass.; Mrs. H. G. D., Latrobe, Pa.; Miss L. M. C., River Vale, N. J.; Miss M. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss K. C., Saxonville, Mass.; Ven. Mother I. R. G. S., Troy, N. Y.; G. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; G. V. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss I. C., Snyder, Ont.; Miss M. A. H., Brooklyn, Mass.; Mrs. E. U., Toronto, Ont.; Miss A. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ven. Srs. of Mary, San Francisco, Cal.

You propose to give up everything for God. Be sure, then, to include yourself among the things to be given up. — ST. BERNARD.

Children's Corner

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

Our Lady's Letter Box.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

The last month of the year 1893 has come to us, and, although it is going to bring us much joy at the glad Christmas time, it is also full of very serious thoughts. For one year the secretary has been trying to make you think even a *little* oftener of God and the easy ways to reach Him, which, when you are older, you will be taught most charmingly, if you read Father Faber's "All for Jesus." Now, your friend of a year is going to say good-bye to you, and before leaving the secretaries' desk she would most earnestly teach you one lesson. 'Tis this: What is not done for *God* is *LOST*. Remember that. Make your morning offering if it is only to say "All for the Sacred Heart to-day." Renew it at noon and so secure the merit of all you do. Don't be foolish—don't lose your time trying to please the world. Why, dear children, the world is a big humbug. There's nothing true but Heaven, and every step you take for God—who could count them—He remembers. Oh! bear this sweet thought in mind always. God knows and remembers. Then go on your way gayly and gladly. All will be well with you when life is over. I heard a beautiful sermon by a Jesuit lately, and he said that when we get to Heaven we will say to our blessed Lord, as they said at the wedding of Cana in Galilee,— "Thou hast kept the best wine to the last." Now one word to you of Christmas and its happy thoughts. Adelaide Proctor says in one of her beautiful poems: "Oh! to have dwelt at Bethlehem, when the star of the Lord shone bright; to have sheltered the holy wanderers on

that blessed Christmas night." Yes, that would have been a joy—but our Lord also says "the poor ye have always with you." Choose then your Babe of Bethlehem. Oh! if you would learn early to *love* the poor, in these days when *money* only is held in esteem by so many, and the worthy poor, like their Master, who was also a poor man, are set aside. Help the poor at Christmas time and so rejoice the heart of the Infant Jesus. Don't be satisfied with your church offering. Give, be it ever so little, to some poor little child. Take your mite yourself and learn early the joy that comes to those who loves the poor, not only in word but in deed.

And now I must say good-bye. It has been a great pleasure and a privilege for the secretary to talk to the little ones each month, but since they don't talk back at her she fears that Our dear Lady's Letter-box must be locked up. Never mind, the dear Mother herself holds the key, and doubt not that in Heaven we shall all be nearer and dearer to her because of the Children's Corner of 1893. Adieu.

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

Dec., 1893.

Answers to Puzzles.

XLV.—Murmur.

XLVI.—Because he is crusty.

XLVII.—Because it contains ciphers.

XLVIII.—{Lemon
{Melon.

"SEC."

Enigma—{Secundinus,
{Auxilius,
{Isserinus.

Puzzles—Closed. Thanks to M. C.

THE wearers of the Brown Scapular will be glad to know that they have a champion in THE CARMELITE REVIEW, a monthly Catholic journal, published by the Carmelite Fathers, Falls View, Ontario. It is an admirable little pamphlet, and we wish it success!—*Fordham Monthly*.

THE more virtue a man possesses the more he will be tempted, and the greater hatred he must have for vice.

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