

THE Carmelite Review.

Approved by the Archbishop of Toronto, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop of Buffalo and others.

VOL. 1.

FALLS VIEW, ONT., APRIL, 1893.

NO. 4.

THE SCAPULAR.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

For the Carmelite Review.

This earth where Spring her fairest tints is showing,
Where sun and sea and sky are mellow glowing,
Where soft and tender airs are gently blowing,
It still a battle-field.

Not pleasant paths with roses running over,
Not meadows scented sweet with dewy clover,
Can hide the direst trace of conflict over.
It is a battle-field.

Not notes of birds in twilights the serenest,
Not wavelets lapping upon shores the greenest,
Can dull our ears to sounds of strife the keenest.
It is a battle-field.

And when with battle's rage and toil o'erheated,
We stand at close of day, so near defeated,
Waiting, with upraised face, for judgment meted,
After the battle-field.

Well that we wear that livery of sweetness,
That Mercy's eyes beholding it may greet us,
And with forgiving look and smile may greet us,
Safe from the battle-field.

Visit to Mount Carmel.

For the Carmelite Review.



WHEN we came on deck on the morning of the last day of April, 1890, we were greatly surprised to see before us the grand Mount Carmel. The pilgrims saluted the holy mount with song and prayer, the echo of which returned to our ship. We were surrounded by the Arabs who were anxious to bring us on shore. We were soon on land, and were welcomed to

the Holyland by the Catholics of Kaiffa, who invited us to visit their churches and convents, and we gladly accepted the kind invitation. We first visited the Arabian Church. The Christian Brothers have a good school here. The children were all well trained. The church is not very large, but was kept in very good condition. Many priests of our party celebrated Mass in this church. From here we went to see the church of the Maronites, which is also a very nice Catholic Church. We also visited the convent and went through the extensive gardens of the same. Kaiffa has a population of about 5,000, most of whom are German protestants.

About 9 o'clock we started for Mount Carmel. It took us about an hour to reach the convent. Many of the Catholics of Kaiffa escorted us up the mountain. The banner of the Sacred Heart was carried at the head of the procession. On the way we sang hymns and recited the Rosary, and it was a great joy to hear the voices of the Arabs mingled with our own. About half way up the mountain stands a small pyramid on the spot where the Blessed Virgin rested awhile with her divine Son on her return from Egypt. We all devoutly kissed the ground surrounding the pyramid. After an hour's walk we reached the gates of the convent, where we were met by the Carmelite Fathers, who received us with the greatest joy and gave us a hearty welcome.

The convent of the Carmelites is an immense square building located at the extreme north-west of Cape Carmel. There is likewise a church here, the door of which

faces the Mediterranean Sea. Beneath the high altar which is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, is the Grotto of Elias. This grotto was once the dwelling place of the great prophets Elias and Eliseus. We entered it down a flight of five steps. The grotto is about fifteen feet long by ten feet wide. It was here where the prophet lived, and it presents the same appearance now as when St. Elias resided there. It is yet black from the smoke of the fire used by the prophet in preparing his meals. There are three altars within the grotto, and two other priests and myself celebrated Mass there at 12 a. m. on the first day of May. Although it was so early, some Arabian boys were in the church ready to serve our Masses, and it was very edifying to hear them answer the prayers. When a priest has the happiness to offer up the Sacrifice of the New Law in the place where the prophet Elias lived, the soul is moved to thoughts of great devotion. The high altar of the church is above the grotto. The sanctuary is fourteen feet higher than the floor of the church. The altar is crowned with a grand statue of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. On her right arm reposes the Holy Infant, and in the left hand she holds the holy Scapular.

Having come from the church we noticed before us the small pyramids which mark the burial place of the French soldiers, who were massacred by the Saracens at St. John d'Acre in 1799. Every year the French pilgrims offer up Mass for the repose of the souls of these soldiers. At the northern extremity of the enclosure of the convent grounds is the summer palace of Abdallah Pascha. It is built from the remains of the old monastery. The building is now used to lodge the native pilgrims, and for the last twenty years has had a tower which serves as a light-house.

I would like to give a few historical details about Mount Carmel. At the time of the chananeans, Carmel was a kingdom,

Their king was killed by Josue. It is believed that Lamech killed Cain the fratricide on Mount Carmel. It was on Mount Carmel that God, through His prophet Elias, confounded the ministers of Baal. This famous mountain was the home of Elias and Eliseus who had their school there. It was on Carmel where the Sunamite came to tell Eliseus of the death of her son, who was restored to life by the prophet.

The beauty of Carmel often serves as a comparison in Holy Writ. According to tradition, St. Anne kept her flocks here, and had a house for the shepherds which was often visited by St. Anne and the Blessed Virgin. It is also believed that the immaculate Mary on her return from Egypt remained there for some time with the divine Child and St. Joseph. During the stay, Mary with her divine Babe occupied the Grotto of Elias.

In the early ages of christianity, the hermits who inhabited Mount Carmel embraced the Gospel and united with the Apostles in preaching Jesus Christ. Towards the year 83, the hermits built a church, which, according to Joseph of Antioch, was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. 130 pious hermits left their convent in order to preach the gospel in Samaria and Galilee.

In the fourth century St. Helena built a church on Mount Carmel. In the year 412, John, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, gave a Rule to the Hermits of Mount Carmel.

Mount Carmel has been the home of many saints, amongst others being St. Narcissus who lived in the first century, and became Patriarch of Jerusalem. In the third century St. Spiridon, Bishop of Cyprus, resided there. St. Eutemus dwelt there. He founded a branch house at Jericho. In the sixth century St. Cyriacus and St. James adorned the holy mount by their saintly lives.

Towards the middle of the 12th century the venerable Berthold united the Carmel-

ites into a community. The priest Phocas, who visited Carmel in 1183, said he found a small church and a convent, which was erected by a priest from Calabria, who, moved by a revelation from St. Elias, came to reside there, and had gathered about him ten other brothers.

In the year 1209 St. Brocard, then the superior, applied to St. Albert the Patriarch of Jerusalem, for a Rule, which they received. It is the same which is observed till this day. The convent inhabited by St. Brocard and his community was situated in the Valley of the Martyrs. It was afterwards assailed by the Saracens and was finally completely destroyed by a troop of Mahomedans.

In 1245 St. Simon Stock of Kent, England, came to Mount Carmel and lived there for some time. This was the saint to whom the Blessed Virgin afterwards appeared and handed the Scapular, the heavenly habit which is now worn by all zealous Christians.

In 1291 one hundred of the religious were massacred on Mount Carmel whilst they were singing the *Salve Regina*. The infidels continued at times to harass the Carmelites who were all massacred in 1635. After this, the school of the prophets was converted into a mosque. Some years later the venerable sons of the prophet again assembled in their convent on Mount Carmel. In 1821 Abdallah Pascha of St. John d'Acre, under pretence of fortifying the place, destroyed the church and convent, from the material of which he erected a summer palace which now serves as a light-house.

During the siege of St. John d'Acre by Napoleon Bonaparte, the Carmelite convent was used as a hospital for the sick and wounded. After the retreat of the French army, the Musselmen slaughtered all the inmates of the hospital and left them unburied. When the Carmelites returned to their monastery they found the bones of the

victims scattered over the mountain. They gathered them together, and interred them in one common grave which faces the door of the church. A small pyramid marks the spot, and here it is that the French pilgrims every year sing a Requiem for the souls of the soldiers who are buried there.

Mount Carmel extends from south east to north-west. It is fifteen miles long and four in width. The mountain terminates in a most pronounced promontory towards the sea. Its height is over 1,800 feet. The mountain is well wooded and most fertile, producing many plants most valuable for medicinal purposes. I walked over the whole length of Mount Carmel, and discovered but two small villages. The ground is entirely abandoned to wild animals. There are many hyenas, bears, and panthers. There is plenty of game, especially a large number of partridges.

The good Carmelite Fathers were always willing to answer all the questions which I put to them, so that I had to admire their kindness towards me.

J. B. BROUN.

Akron, Ohio.

INDULGENCES.

During April a Plenary Indulgence can be gained on

- (1) Easter Sunday.
- (2) The Patronage of St. Joseph (April 23), and during the Octave.

The usual conditions are Confession and Communion.

By a rescript of the Sacred Congregation dated March 26th, 1729, Pope Benedict XIII conceded to the Prior of every Carmelite Monastery, or his delegate, the power of imparting the Papal Benediction four times a year. All our readers living near Carmelite churches should avail themselves of this Blessing, which will be given in all our churches on next Easter Tuesday.

MARCIA'S MADONNA.

BY K. MADELEINE BARRY.

For the Carmelite Review.

(Conclusion.)



DO hope I am not an intruder," he said to her on the way, "but if I am, I am a very happy one, Miss Marcia."

"There can be no intrusion where there is real friendship," was her guarded reply, after which she smiled very sweetly and reiterated her good-night.

She looked in at the guest-room on her way to her own apartments; it was aired and ready, with a good maple knot burning brightly in the fireplace. "It was very curious," she was saying to herself. "Winter—Christmas—and Mr. Walton in the house!" She strayed to the window. The storm was over, and beams of broken moonlight were scattered about the grounds. Gradually her head drooped until it leaned against the casement, and then by turns her eyes grew bright and dim, her lips quivered and smiled, her brow contracted and relaxed. A strange, wild Christmas reverie it must have been—yet not more strange nor wild, perhaps, than a thousand others within the narrow radius of that dull town. Whoever we are, and wherever we are, we see things in the Christmas moonlight that only God and ourselves know anything about—things that might have been, and to our sorrow, were not and shall never be; things that may yet be—if not here and now on this trite planet and during this transient life, then farther on, and later on, in a better place and time in God's safe keeping. Such things Miss Marcia's wistful, dreamy eyes were made to conjure in the Christmas moonlight.

She turned from the window suddenly and drew the curtains together. A Sixtine

Madonna looked tenderly down at her through the fitful firelight. It was a picture she had loved from childhood. She got up on the chair beneath it, and with half-blurred eyes she kissed the Mother's cheek, and laid her own against it while she muttered her nightly prayer: "To thee, and to thy blessed charge and special keeping I commend myself body and soul. My every hope and every joy, my every trouble and every sorrow, my life and my life's end I commit to thee—that by thy intercession all that I have may be ordered, all that I do disposed according to thy will and that of thy divine Son," after which she crept softly away to her own apartment and was soon sleeping a dreamless, heavy sleep.

Mr. Walton and his host smoked by the fire below for hours after Marcia's departure; they talked about many things and argued from their different standpoints in friendly controversy until the small hours startled them. Then Marcia's father escorted his guest upstairs and left him to his own reflections.

It was not likely, late as it was, and tired and worried as the travelling and the unpleasant news had left him, that he was going to tumble into bed as usual and forget his cares in oblivious sleep. Indeed when he had closed his door upon his host he felt as if he had only just then wakened up to a full and proper realization of the strange experience that had befallen him. He drew a chair up to the fire and fell into it anyhow, and let his thoughts so long restrained flow as they listed. Now and again the firelight leaped—just as his heart did—and startled him into some new groove. Once he lifted his eyes and saw the sweet Madonna looking at him. In the warm glow of the maple knots she seemed to live and breathe. He let his gaze rest on her until heart-aching memories of the mother who had taught him to love and reverence this type of truest womanhood flooded his mind and soul. He

reached to the table beside the fireplace and took a book that was lying there. He had to get the film from his eyes and the sob out of his throat before he could think of going to rest. He opened it at random ; it was a popular volume of a favorite English historian's. He had read it before and recalled its familiar passages with grateful pleasure. Suddenly he came upon one so pertinent to the very situation he was in that he read it with eyes dilated and pulses throbbing. Was it by chance this curious coincidence occurred? These were the lines he read :

"It is remarkable that the Jews, who of the three great nations of antiquity certainly produced in history and poetry the smallest number of illustrious women, should have furnished the world with its supreme female ideal ; and it is also a striking illustration of the qualities which prove most attractive in woman, that one of whom we know nothing, except her gentleness and her sorrow, should have exercised a magnetic power upon the world incomparably greater than was exercised by the most majestic female patriots of Paganism." *

Mr. Walton sat petrified, and stared over the open book into the fire before him. Clearly, some supernatural influence had directed him to this. A moment ago he was torturing himself with the, to him, vital problem : Which of the two types so strikingly represented by Miss Evelyn and Miss Marcia should best supply what was wanting in his life? And when all was said he was inclined to think the bright, vivacious, careless girl was the surer choice to make. A moment ago he had all but resolved to end all doubt and hesitation by writing to Miss Evelyn on the morrow and staking his future on her answer. But now how changed it all was! Now that the supreme female ideal was lifted up before him, and by no partisan hand either, as one of whom no other thing was known, except that she

was gentle and had had great sorrow—and yet as such had outreached and outlived all other and more dazzling types. Now that he had it put to him what the qualities are which *prove most attractive in woman*, he saw his way "as birds their trackless way." He closed the book, knelt humbly down before the sweet sixtine Madonna and her lovely Babe and prayed as he had not done for years. And after that, he felt that he could rest and sleep and dream and be at peace under one roof with Marcia! "If I can win her," was his last thought in the waning fire light; "If I can win her," was his waking greeting to the morning sun.

* * * * *

Through all of the next day, Christmas eve, his mind had but one tenant. He made pretense of looking after his affairs, but it was plain to everyone that a keen sense of his loss, or something else was responsible for the perfunctory way in which he attended to them. Many should have been amused, no doubt, if they had known that a man in his unpleasant situation was made callous to it all as if he were a Hindoo hermit absorbed in the contemplation of all that was suggested to him by the three simple words: "Marcia, her gentleness and her sorrow." He went about deploring and despising the wasted months in which he had forgotten her, and the demented days in which she had seemed less lovely than the shallow, showy, perishable type he had preferred with forethought and deliberation. His prospect began to grow warrantably gloomy. He did not feel justified in making her a tardy offering of a love that was an aftermath, and what guarantee had he that she would let him care for her at all? He was not worthy of her in himself, and he certainly had not tried to make himself so. He grew despondent and discouraged as the twilight fell, and he wended his way towards her home. If chance favored him, he thought, he would put his whole case simply to her, unmask his past and confess

* Lecky—History of European Morals.

his folly. He would tell her that he loved her now, and would love her for evermore, that the thought of her and what she was would be the guide and solace of his future life, that whether they walked together or apart, whether she held him by the hand or withdrew herself from any contact with him, whether he basked in the wholesome mountain air of her presence or never laid mortal eyes on her again, he was regenerated by the simple knowledge of her goodness and would strive to give a better proof than words of its saving power over his coming life. He would tell her all this, humbly and sincerely, but he would not ask her to be his wife—and of course he could never put the question to any other woman afterwards.

Strung up to this point of rarest altruism, Mr. Walton presented himself at dinner in that sadly affable mood peculiar to the converted sufferer. He was dressed with his accustomed taste and care and looked, in spite of the havoc his self-disparagements ought to have made of his better qualities, quite nice enough, as men go now-a-days, to suit the fancy of a more fastidious young woman than Miss Marcia, if any such were conceivable. A deplorable inconsistency about the men and women angels, of the mortal state, is their lack of affinity for each other. Put the sweetest little maiden saint on earth between the typical "good young man" of meek apogetic aspect and the typical "man of the world" of graceful but positive mien at your dinner table, and test the maxim for yourself. The good young man invariably stands well with the little saint's mamma, but the little saint herself will never put her prettiest things on just for him, nor perk up under his glance and compliments as the woman in her is sure to do when the "nice" man is available.

Miss Marcia, for all that her eyes were so dreamy, could appraise a man at a glance, and whatever else was against Mr. Walton his personal appearance was not. "Good

stuff, and plenty of it," was the epitome her father had given of him in her hearing once, and somehow she always thought of it when he came into her presence. Of course it was nothing to her individually, but for the honor of the race, and for the sake of the women who might love them, she always had gloried in the well-proportioned men of muscle and sinew and latent strength, men warm at heart, like their mother earth, but as cool as it pleased them in the arctic regions of the brain, men reckless in chivalry, tenderly sensitive about woman's inalienable rights, and more sensitive still to her inevitable wrongs. She gloried in these as anybody does, and if she knew one when she saw him, and if she liked him when she knew him, there was nothing extraordinary in that.

When dinner was nearly ended Marcia's father asked her if she would go to the midnight Mass and Mr. Walton pulled himself together suddenly as if the question had been put to him. Go out with Marcia into that wanton Christmas moonlight? Wouldn't he? Marcia answered that she meant to go, and her father then asked Mr. Walton if he would care to accompany them.

"I don't remember ever missing it myself," he said. "It has been my only Christmas celebration for years." Mr. Walton agreed, not too ardently of course, to make one of the party, casting about instinctively, however, for someone to complete the double elective affinity and take Marcia's father out of the way.

It was close upon eight o'clock when they rose from table. At a little after nine they separated to rest a bit before their midnight walk, Marcia's father admitting very frankly that he could never keep awake during the mass otherwise, and didn't believe anybody else could either. Mr. Walton pleaded that he was not in the least afraid of such a contingency and begged leave to sit and read before the drawing room fire, for another hour at least,

and Marcia, though she too protested that she had not the slightest inclination to sleep, abetted his wish by walking off with her father and yielding up the apartment to him. The old man made no compromise of expediency, but went straight to bed. He didn't commend the practice of lolling about in chairs or on sofas when you wanted rest. Marcia, however, was not so stringent in her views, and when she had escorted him safely to his door she crept down stairs again and cuddled herself up among the down cushions of the library settee.

Presently a great stillness fell upon the whole house. Mr. Walton, who, of course, did not read at all, unless whatever he could see transcribed upon the burning coals out of his own heart, sat listening alone to the plaint of the December winds, high up in the old elm tops, and the sonorous tale of the quaint armorial clock upon the wall in the passage without. He was growing impatient with his fancy, which would persist in catching sounds strangely like "M-a-r-c-i-a"—in the moaning of the wind—and—"gentle—sorrowful"—in the ticking of the clock. His longing to go to her and lay the burden of his new discovery before her was growing absolutely unbearable. Every moment of time brought him nearer to the desperate step, but left him less courage and hope with which to dare it. If he could have recalled one look or word of hers which might have meant the possibility even of being able to love him, he need not have been so diffident, but she had always been guarded and merely kind with him; that was the worst of it. He did not weaken in his fixed resolve withal. He felt compelled by some mysterious force (why not a law akin to that which overtly attracts and sustains matter in the physical order? he asked himself) to give himself up to the power she wielded over him. He could not see the sense of carrying a great strong passion still and stagnant in his breast forever more, a dead sea of

voiceless love with neither inlet nor outlet; and he would not believe that an economy which ruled and ordered with such foresight and precision the attractions and repulsions of inert creations would give the sensitive hearts of men and women to be the playthings of chance or accident. If such words as gravitation and cohesion and affinity hold up the universe of matter, why may not such forces as human friendship and love sustain the higher world of conscious joy and sorrow? If they have meaning, I have a better meaning, if they operate for good and worthy ends, why not I? Of course, it goes without saying that a man whose love could ramify into reflections and conclusions of this sort was not the average Romeo, but one of those Neo-Platonists that come in cycles to rescue the escutcheon of the noblest passion from ruin and dishonor.

The wind was still crooning and the fire was very low when the old clock tolled eleven. Mr. Walton stood up and moved towards the window; the glorious moon was looking straight at him, but he was not going to be lured into another Christmas reverie. He thrust his hands into his pockets and turned his back upon the scene. He made a step forward and then stood stock-still. In the open doorway, with her soft dark hair dishevelled and half hanging about her shoulders, stood Marcia, pale and eerie as he had never seen her before. He almost cried aloud, as if he were a woman, but she forstalled so mad a blunder by creeping softly in and coming towards him with her hands extended and a gliding gait as if she did not touch the floor. What could he do but stand, spell-bound as he was, and wait for the sequence whatever it might be? Whatever it might be! The girl went straight up to him, laid her pretty palms upon his breast, and looking at him—but with eyes which saw him not—said in a tense strange voice monotonous and passionless.

(Concluded on page 61.)

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
 DEVOTED TO
 OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.
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 THE CARMELITE FATHERS
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REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. 1. FALLS VIEW, APRIL, 1893. No. 4.

EASTER greeting to all our readers.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, has just conferred another favor on our Order by appointing our Father General, the Very Reverend Aloysius Galli to the important office of Consultor of the Congregation of Rites.

THE Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph* in remarking that our REVIEW was one of the last to enter the journalistic field, gave the Religious Orders their due by saying that many of the Catholic magazines of this country are published by Religious.

"WRITE up the Third Order that many of us may join it," suggests a priest in Minnesota. In course of time we shall follow the advice. We hope to soon see the *men* join our Third Order, since it was not established for the devout sex exclusively.

THE "boiler-plate" men have of late been making the columns of their patrons unusually spicy with a sensational, but ridiculous rehash of an article about the "Carmelite Nuns," from the Paris *Figaro*. The account is undeserving of mention. It is about as silly as the list of Catholic Feast-

days which lately appeared in a prominent Boston Sunday paper, in which the archangel Gabriel is referred to as "St. Gabriel, Archbishop."

THE canonization of Columbus has been of late strongly urged by many. Although respectfully foregoing a premature anticipation of the decision of the Holy See, would it be out of place during this memorable Columbian year, that Columbus be declared the patron of the Catholic seaman?

THE glorious Spouse of our Holy Mother has been from time immemorial the Protector of the Order of our Lady, and it is a joy to know that the saintly Pio Nono declared St. Joseph a protector of the universal church. When the faith of his clients is sincere, his protection in spirituals and temporals is infallibly certain.

OUR Roman correspondent has just sent us an interesting sketch of the life of Jean de Toulouse. This holy nun of our Order died in the odor of sanctity. The process of her beatification will, we hope, soon be commenced. Her short biography, lately sent to us by Father Ronci, will appear in one of our future numbers.

IN his reply to the address of the Christian Brothers during the Jubilee celebration, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, referred to the education of children. Among other things he said: "Inspire them especially with a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin; teach them to allow themselves to be led, as by the hand, by this good mother, until they arrive safe and sound at the threshold of eternity." Let parents consider well these words of the Holy Father.

WE would like to add a few words to the account given in the last issue of the *Homeless Child*, about the saintly Bishop

Newmann. The name of the holy Bishop appears in the baptismal registers of some of the German parishes around Niagara Falls, which are attended by our fathers. It is an extraordinary fact that this saintly man, who was so near the great cataract, on account of his great spirit of self-denial, never allowed his eyes to behold this great natural wonder.

THE great fact of the Resurrection, which is again brought home to our minds at Easter-tide, ought to raise our Christian hopes to a conspicuous buoyancy. Alas, hope in many cases diminishes into an almost unknown quantity. As a rule too much time is spent in viewing things through the wrong end of the spiritual field-glass. Let us during this Paschal month pray with the holy League of the Sacred Heart for the "Steadfastness of Hope." If our hope increases not, let us not forget that we have still the "Hope of the Hopeless,"—Mary.

THE Provincial Chapter of the Carmelites of the United States and Canada, meets soon after Easter. We most respectfully call the attention of those who attend it to the remarks of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, in his reply to the address of the superiors representing the thirty-two Religious Orders, who presented their Jubilee congratulations last month. The Pope said he expected much for the good of the faithful and salvation of souls from the Religious Orders. They ought to shine as a brilliant firmament in the church by their virtue and learning. "Let the Superiors of the Religious Orders," said the Holy Father, "not fear the difficulties and trials which have been raised against them on account of various conditions of time and place. If the life of the Religious Orders is conformable to that of their saintly founders, God will protect them."

POSTSCRIPTS.

BELLEVUE Hospital, New York City, has at last a new chapel. The same is attended by the Carmelite Fathers of the Church of the Holy Scapular.

IN the May number of the REVIEW will appear the first instalment of a story, written expressly for us by a well-known Catholic author.

THE beautiful life of St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, lately mailed to some of our subscribers, was given as a premium to all who sent us ten subscribers.

WE beg the prayers of all the clients of Mary for the Rev. Fr J. C. Feehan, O. C. C., who lies in a precarious condition in our convent, in Dublin, Ireland.

WE are in daily receipt of many encouraging letters from our friends throughout the continent. We again renew our thanks, and regret that time does not allow us to answer all by letter.

IF you receive no acknowledgement of money you have sent us, look for the date stamped on the wrapper of the next copy of the REVIEW. The date will indicate the time when your subscription expires.

ANY of our French subscribers wishing a Carmelite publication in their own language can have the same sent to their address by writing to the Carmelite Monastery, 134 Barrack Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

SOME of our friends seem surprised at our not immediately inserting their contributions. We do not intend to give the first place to the best articles, but to those which in our judgment come in the nick of time.

IN a few cases it is clear that money sent to our office has not reached us. We caution our subscribers and advise them to always, if possible, remit the amount by a money-order on the post office at NIAGARA FALLS, Ont.



THE HOSPICE
— OF —
MOUNT CARMEL
— AT —
NIAGARA FALLS.

All letters and communications with regard to this department should be addressed to REV. A. J. KREIDT, O.C.C., FALLS VIEW, ONTARIO.

All legacies, bequests or testamentary dispositions of any kind in favor of the Hospice, should be made to "THE MONASTERY OF MOUNT CARMEL, AT NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO." This is the legal title of our Institute, under which we are incorporated in the Province of Ontario.

Notes and Queries.

HUNDREDS of questions about the Hospice have been asked by our correspondents, and until now we were obliged to answer them one by one by letter. Only those who have had a similar experience can understand the amount of labor involved in answering the same questions over and over again, not to speak of the monotony of the thing. It is therefore a great relief to have these pages at our disposal to answer questions publicly and once for all. Correspondents should not hesitate, however, to ask questions as they have done hitherto, and if they find that some of their questions remain unanswered in our reply, let them look for the answer in these pages.

QU.—"When will you begin to build?"

ANS.—This question deserves the first

place, because it is so pertinent, and because it is so frequent of late. Fortunately we are not obliged to answer any longer, as we did for the last two years, "as soon as our means allow it," for, owing to the generous aid we have received, we can begin shortly.

A few days ago the last instructions were given to our architect, and the plans and specifications will be ready by the end of this month.

Building operations are to commence in May, the month of our Blessed Mother.

We have about one-fourth of the sum required to complete and furnish that portion of the building intended for the Hospice. We rely upon Providence and the generosity of the friends of Mount Carmel for the other three-fourths. So far we have had no reason to regret our trust in the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel and her devoted children, and it is not likely that we shall be deserted by either, now that we are more than ever in need of their help. We shall have to go into debt, but we have no misgivings about it. The institution is so much in demand, and we are urged with so much holy impatience by so many who intend to make use of it, that we can no longer doubt the expediency of beginning at once.

We ask our friends to redouble their efforts to help us, and their prayers for our success.

QU.—"Some of my friends have been wondering what kind of favors those are which you acknowledge every month at the end of your list of contributions. I hope you will not think us too curious, since it is only the desire to do you similar favors, if possible, that prompts us to ask?"

ANS.—Your curiosity is quite pardonable. There is no secret about it. On the contrary the kindness of so many religious communities deserves a more pronounced acknowledgment than we have given it so far.

More than a year ago we addressed a circular to all the sisterhoods of Canada and the United States, asking them for scapulars and other religious articles, and in case their poverty would allow them to do nothing more, to send us cancelled postage stamps.

The scapulars are sent to our collectors as a little return for their work, and the stamps are sold to swell the Building-Fund of the Hospice.

The answer to our appeal was beyond our expectations. We have been supplied with scapulars, Agnus Deis, gospels and medals in sufficient number to be able to send something to every collector. Let our numerous friends, who have thanked us so effusively for these little souvenirs, give the credit to whom it is due and say a warm prayer for the sister who made the beautiful scapular or Agnus Dei and sent them to us.

But we, too, are glad of this opportunity to thank the good sisters throughout the country, who for the love of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, have been so ready to help. Many communities, knowing that our needs are continuous, have repeatedly sent us little boxes of religious articles—or big boxes of stamps. We hope they will not grow tired of this good work, but keep on, convinced as they surely are that Our Lady will know how to accept and reward any sacrifice made for her sake.

One of the reasons why we did not mention these facts before, is that lay people could hardly be expected to prepare such articles for us, and the religious communities, as a rule, do not wish to be made prominent.

But now, since the question has been put, we gratefully publish the answer, though it may be distasteful to these humble religious, who wish to do good with as little show as possible.

At the same time lay people can help in the second way indicated above, namely, in the collecting of old and used stamps.

We have received millions of them so far. One community alone of Philadelphia sent over a million. Dealers in stamps all through the country are becoming acquainted with us, and we can sell to advantage.

Articles have appeared in nearly all our Catholic papers about the use made of defaced stamps. We can assure our friends that we deal only with firms of acknowledged honesty and are entirely convinced that these stamps are sold only to collectors and for decorative purposes.

It was by accident that we came into possession of a collection of stamps about two years ago, and inquiring into their value we were surprised to find that although there were no "millions in it," still a good sum of money could be made by selling common stamps in large quantities, or rare stamps to the highest bidder. And thus we began. It may surprise some of our friends to hear that in less than a year we have gathered about a thousand dollars worth of stamps. So far only religious communities have helped us in this way. A few friends among the laity, who had visited us last summer, or heard of our collection, have also sent us some stamps.

We now invite all our readers to make use of this inexpensive means to help us. Let them gather all the old stamps they can find in their own or in their friends' houses, and when they have a sufficient quantity notify us, or send them on at once by mail or express.

Anything that looks like a stamp may be used. Old medicine stamps, watch stamps, playing-card stamps, revenue stamps and old envelopes.

Old stamps (before 1870) should be left on the envelope. Later ones should be washed off the paper. Stamped envelopes should not be cut out round, but square, leaving a margin all around the envelope-stamp.

Further information will be given to all who are interested.

QU.—“Are those who contribute to the Building-Fund of the Hospice entitled to their share in the spiritual benefits accorded to your benefactors from the moment they make their donation to the collector, or only from the time their names are filed at the monastery?”

ANS.—Anyone who gives a donation for our benefit is our benefactor from the moment he gives it. This would even hold good if by some accident the contribution never reached us. Collectors are included in the monthly mass offered up especially for them from the moment that they solicit the first contribution.

QU.—“Do the subscribers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW get the special blessing of the Pope, accorded to all those who help you in your undertaking?”

ANS.—Yes. THE CARMELITE REVIEW is published in the interest of the Hospice. The document, which we have received from the Vatican, containing the Pope's special blessing, dated 23rd of August, 1892, expressly states that His Holiness most lovingly grants His special blessing:—“*Operis promotoribus, cooperatoribus et omnibus operentibus.*” In English:—“To all promoters of the work, to all co-operators and all helpers”

Every subscriber to THE REVIEW helps along the good work, and is therefore included among those mentioned in the Papal document
A. J. KREIDT.

FOR the promotion of the truth and Catholic faith, was the Third Order of St. Dominic founded seven hundred years ago. In its mission, its organisation and its rule, it is as well adapted to the nineteenth century as to the thirteenth, which saw its birth. A series of papers on the subject giving many interesting details is being published in *The Rosary*, an excellent magazine published at 87 1/2 Lexington Avenue, New York.

IRISH CORRESPONDENCE.

{ CARMELITE CONVENT,
{ Dublin, March 17th, 1893.

THE great ecclesiastical event of last month was the Golden Jubilee of our Holy Father, Leo XIII. Catholic Ireland, as usual, on this happy occasion has nobly done her part. The Archbishops and Bishops wrote pastorals and instructions on the subject to their flocks. The Religious Orders of men and women poured forth their souls to God in thanksgiving for the blessing of having so good a common father, and the laity crowded the churches and likewise sent worthy gifts to their Captive King. Throughout the length and breadth of Ireland the jubilee was celebrated with pomp, solemnity and devotion.

Hundreds of Irish pilgrims in the early part of the month had set out for the City of the Popes and paid to the Sovereign Pontiff the respect of love and homage. From the beginning to the end of their journey the pilgrims were respectfully and enthusiastically greeted by the inhabitants of the countries through which they passed. In Rome they were met by hundreds of their fellow-countrymen who had already reached the Eternal city by different routes, and by the Irish residents of Rome. The day appointed by the Holy Father for the reception of the Irish pilgrims was one of great joy. To use the words of a correspondent, “it was a great day for Ireland.” Cardinal Logue, archbishops, bishops, superiors of religious houses, the clergy and over eight hundred pilgrims assembled in the Consistorial Hall at the hour appointed. The Pope, attended by his court, on entering, was greeted with loud cheers by the Irish pilgrims. After the usual introductions and presentation of addresses, the Holy Father made a few most appropriate remarks in which he extolled the devotion of the Irish race to the See of Peter, and praised their unwavering loyalty to the Vicar of Christ. The pilgrims were all allowed to kiss the hand of the Holy Father, and each one received from him a silver medal as a memento. Thus ended the reception. Soon after the pilgrims left Rome *en route* for the Emerald Isle.

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

MARCIA'S MADONNA.

(Continued from Page 55.)

"'Twould be enough to know you loved me, Alfred Walton. Did you never think of it in all the days—the days—I—I want I think I want—you—?" She passed one hand confusedly across her brow, and by some dexterous movement he did not believe himself capable of, he slipped behind her and out of the room, in a perfect transport of preternatural joy. He screened himself under the old rep hangings of the doorway and waited with breathless anxiety for what might follow. He could not see her now, but he heard her move about and presently draw a long breath and say to herself in a half whisper: "Dear me, what am I doing here? I went to sleep in the library, could I have come this far without waking up?" The eavesdropper could hear his own heart beat, but to his relief she seemed suddenly to realize the situation, and that she had no time to lose if she was going to midnight mass.

She came to the door within an inch of where he stood and peered anxiously around. But the coast was safe and clear, so she sped along towards the library, and Alfred Walton breathed again. He had crossed the Rubicon of his doubt in a few brief moments, and he was the happiest man in all the world that Christmas Eve.

The missing element for the double elective affinity was not long forthcoming. Scarcely had the trio emerged from the old stone gateway than a neighbor fell in with Marcia's father and gave Mr. Walton his coveted opportunity.

Marcia walked beside him silent and pale and strange in the hallowed moonlight. The bells were pealing out their tidings of great joy; the air was crisp and stimulating; the sweet spell of reverent association touched the white roofs and the naked branches. It might have been a street in Bethlehem in the days of king Herod, so

vivid to the fancy of the midnight worshippers was the storied coming of the Infant Saviour.

"The way is not smooth, Miss Marcia, will you lean upon my arm?" Mr. Walton said when they had turned into the open road. She was going to demur, as he half expected she would, but after a moment's hesitation she changed her mind.

"I am feeling only pretty well," she said a little gaily, "so I will take your help."

Then they walked on in silence for a while, Mr. Walton wondering, probably, if the earth thrilled all the way to the centre when the apple it had attracted touched its surface, and if the heart of the apple thumped in responsive perturbation. All at once he began to think about his projected speech, but the road was shortening and he could not quite remember how he was to attack it. Then it occurred to him that the silence was very sweet and suggestive and he doubted if he could improve on it by talking. Still there was something waiting to be said to make it less embarrassing. He looked down at the gentle, sorrowful face beside him.

"Marcia"—of course she raised her eyes to his—"do you know this is the first glad Christmas I have ever had?"

The girl's white lids drooped at once, and she turned her head away.

"Oh, if I might say more, Marcia!"—he pleaded without restraint now. "Will you let me tell it all, dear? I can be brief and put it in a word. Marcia?"

"What is it, Mr. Walton?"

"Were we not made to love each other, you and I? Are we not needful to each other's peace and joy? Tell me; what do you think?"

"I think we were made so, Mr. Walton. I think we could give each other joy."

"Marcia," he said, "I thank God for this night and these words."

"And His mother," the girl put in devoutly. "Ah yes, the dear Madonna," Mr. Walton answered, "I thank her too."

[THE END.]

EPISCOPAL APPROBATIONS.

ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS. }
 NEW ORLEANS, LA., }
 Feb. 28, 1893. }

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—

I add my commendation to those of His Grace of Toronto and of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. May THE REVIEW increase the devotion towards the Blessed Lady and the Scapular. With blessing,

Yours truly in Xto,

F. JANSSENS,

Archbishop N. O.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, PITTS- }
 BURG, PA., March 18, '93. }

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—

I cheerfully add my approbation of THE CARMELITE REVIEW to those of His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, and the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto.

I welcome THE REVIEW to the field of Catholic journalism to aid in the diffusion of Catholic truths and morals. There was room for THE REVIEW, in fact a vacant place for it. I am glad it has occupied that place and I have no doubt will do it worthily, to promote, after the glory of God and of our Divine Redeemer, the honor of His holy mother and devotion to the holy Scapular of Mount Carmel.

I trust THE CARMELITE REVIEW will meet with all the encouragement and success it deserves in the fulfilment of its mission, and that it will be found in every Catholic household in our diocese.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

R. PHELAN,

Bishop of Pittsburgh.

ON Friday, April 21st, and on each succeeding Friday preceding the Feast of St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, prayers will be said in honor of the holy Carmelite virgin. This is an old custom amongst us. We invite our readers to unite with us in thus honoring the saint.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

WE gratefully acknowledge the kind remarks of *El Movimiento Catolico* of Madrid, Spain, concerning our REVIEW.

THE *Sacred Heart Review*, of Boston, is quietly but surely marching to the front as an ideal Catholic family paper.

THE Mount Angel *Students' Banner* from far-off Oregon is always a welcome visitor. It contains a very choice selection of original reading matter.

ST. JOSEPH'S *School-Day Gleanings*, published at Washington, Georgia, is a neat little journal. The good sister who edits and prints it is an old pupil of the academy at Niagara Falls.

OUR Carmelite confreres in Cuba have of late celebrated the Columbian year with extraordinary religious *eclat*, according to the reports given in one of our exchanges, the *Voice from Carmel*, of Graz, Austria.

THE *New World* of Chicago still holds its own as a Catholic journal, worthy of the city of the World's Fair. Judge Hyde, its clever editor, is a great devotee of our Lady of Mount Carmel. The worthy judge was enrolled in the holy Scapular by one of our Irish Fathers at Kinsale.

THE *Villanova Monthly* is well worthy of the noble institution from which it issues forth. In seeking its position among the college journals, the editors seem to have been fully aware of the fact that there was "plenty of room on top." The mathematical department is a commendable feature.

WE feel grateful to have on our exchange list such an able magazine as the *Rosary*. The Scapular and the Rosary are the two most popular devotions. The former will receive its share of attention in our own little monthly, and the latter will be kept to the front by our esteemed Dominican confreres.

OBITUARY.

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

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the souls of:

Madam O'Rorke, the Superioress of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, who died lately at Providence, R. I.

Her name will not be soon forgotten. Her spiritual daughters will ever treasure up her wise counsels and words of encouragement which helped and cheered many a child up the steep and rugged path of learning and duty. Hers was a rare character. The love of God was the mainspring of all her actions. She always lived in God's holy presence. She had a large, generous heart, open to the cry of sorrow and distress. She was loyal and true, just and merciful. She was not only a superior but a mother, large-hearted, noble and true. She was an earnest, zealous and model religious:

None knew her, but to love her,
None named her, but to praise.

To the esteemed community at Elmhurst, which has generously encouraged and substantially helped us, do we tender our prayerful sympathy, and beg all our readers to unite their prayers with ours for the repose of the soul of Madame O'Rorke.

Miss Kate Sheehan, who died lately at Whitinsville, Mass.

One of the last acts of her life was to help our undertaking.

Michael Fitzpatrick, who died suddenly, but not unprepared, while assisting at Mass on St Patrick's Day, at the Church of Our Lady of Peace at Falls View.

Michael Coffey, who died lately at Montreal.

Deceased was a very staunch Catholic. His honesty and kindness won for him a

large circle of friends. Mr. Coffey was an uncle of Mr. Thomas Coffey, publisher of the *Catholic Record*.

Catharine Fletcher, who died at Kinkora, Ont.

Miss Agnes M. Poetz, who departed from this life at Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Mrs. Johanna O'Driscoll, of Brickley, Ont.

Mrs. John Massam, who died on March 1st at Trout River, P. Quebec.

John P. Straub, who died at New Baltimore, Pa., on March 20.

R. I. P.

A Thought Before The Holy Veil of St. Veronica.

For The Carmelite Review.

[April is the month consecrated to the Holy Face of our Lord.]

O Son of God! O son of man!
Thy face, how fair to see!
Where angels fix their reverent gaze,
And read Thy love for me.
Thou art the head, a member I,
Fruit creature of an hour;—
Sin-stained am I, but Thou art Lord,
Of life, and light and power.
And Thy hand such Bread bestows
Who feeds on it, eats Thee!
So Thy own life unites with mine,
That Thou mayest live in me.

As Others See Us.

"The double purpose of this little magazine commends it to all good Catholics. It is, we are glad to say, still further to be commended for the religious interest and literary excellence of its contents."—*Boston Pilot*.

"There is no devotion more popular among Catholics than that of the Scapular of Mount Carmel, and the new REVIEW, as the organ of this devotion, ought to be welcome in every Catholic home."—*The Casket*, Antigonishe, N. S.

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,—

A BRIGHT, happy Easter to you all, with the sunniest of skies, and not a cloud up stairs, down stairs nor anywhere to be seen. Are the little ones tired of work after those six long weeks, when the old woman of the sky seemed to do nothing but fill up her pillow slips with snow flakes, and then empty them over hill and dale? Well, never mind. The snow taught us one pretty lesson. It came down so noiselessly. We saw it, we felt it, but we did not hear it:—so it is with true charity. Now, what shall we talk about this month? You all like beautiful pictures; and sometimes those we frame in our own minds are the most pleasing to us. So let us get our brushes ready; we who have been stitching so long. Now that the dark days of Calvary are over, and the glad Easter sunshine and sweet spring air are filling the earth with beauty and fragrance, 'twill be easy for us to see a gentle form in white garments walking among us. His face shining like the sun,—“the most beautiful of the children of men.” There are so many beautiful parts of our Lord's life that we are lost in trying to say which is most so; but oh! dear children, think of him on the morning of the Resurrection. Think of Him as He appeared before the longing eyes of His dear Mother. Try to picture to yourselves that meeting, when He folded her in His arms, and made up to her in His own royal way for all she had suffered because of Him. I think that heaven could not give her a greater joy. Then came the days of peace. What sweetness there is in the word, 'tis like honey on the lips, and it always comes with the Risen Life of our Lord. The days when He walked slowly and familiarly with His disciples, stealing their hearts away by His beauty and tenderness, and the thought that He would soon leave them alone. Oh! the memory of those happy days! how it must have lingered with them

when He was gone, and been like oil and wine to them when their hour of trial came. So, with all those beautiful pictures in our minds, what shall we do during April? “He loved not Himself” was said of our Blessed Lord—so let it be said of us. *Unselfishness* is the most beautiful thing in the world. It makes us beloved of all, while making us the happiest of all. So we'll set to work, and see how many times this month we can forget that capital letter “I” which is such a giant in our way, and make our prettiest bows to all the big and little “U's” that come along. They'll bow back,—never fear. 'Twill be a regular dance of graceful little courtesies, getting ready for the May pole. But don't forget the Queen, even before the maying. Our dear Lady of Peace—may she send it to us as bountifully as the warm April showers.

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

April, 1893.

PUZZLES.

XIV

How many neckties had Job, and what became of them?

XV

Who went to sea for fear of drowning?

XVI

From six take nine, from nine take ten, and from forty take fifty. How much remains?

XVII

Who was the first white man to discover Niagara Falls?

XVIII

Take away my first letter, take away my second, take away ALL my letters, and I remain the same. Who am I?

XIX

I am composed of four words and twelve letters.

8, 5, 9.—A garden tool.

6, 3, 1, 7.—An adjective describing speed.

1, 3, 7.—Means rest.

My whole is a title of Our Blessed Lady.

Answers to Puzzles.

IX—A cow.

X—Scrape.

XI—A shadow.

XII—An icicle.

XIII—Your name, your umbrella.

FOOT NOTE.

A little letter from a “little friend Dame Durden,” of Pittsburg, answers puzzle No. 10 correctly. The little lady is a wise lassie. She is very sparing of her words.

“SEC.”