

Carmelite

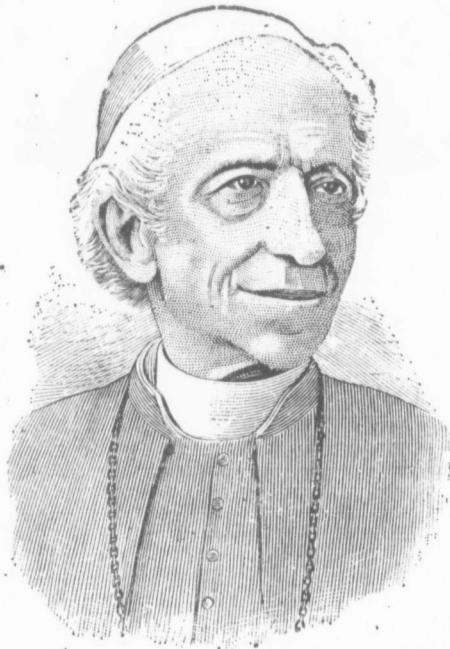


Review.

VOL. 1.

FALLS VIEW, ONT., JULY, 1893.

NO. 7.



WE, acceding to the request of our beloved son Aloysius Maria Galli, General of the Order of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, have decided to enrich the Carmelite Churches with a singular privilege.

—Words of Pope Leo XIII.



LEO PP. XIII.

FOR A PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE.

IN order that the devotion and piety of the faithful towards the Most Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel may increase more and more, whence flow the richest and most wholesome fruits for their soul, We, according to the request of Our beloved son, Aloysius Maria Galli, General of the Order of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, of the Old Observance, have decided to enrich the Carmelite churches with a singular privilege. Wherefore, confiding in the mercy of Almighty God and the authority of His Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, we grant to all and each of the faithful of both sexes who, being truly penitent and having received the Sacraments of Penance and of Holy Communion, shall devoutly visit any of the churches or public chapels, in any place wheresoever, of the Friars or Sisters of the whole Carmelite Order, both Calced and Discalced, in any year on the 16th of July on which the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is kept, from the First Vespers until sunset of that day, and shall address pious prayers to God for the peace of Christian princes, the extirpation of heresies, the conversion of sinners, and the exaltation of Our Holy Mother the church—to these We mercifully grant in the Lord, as often as they shall do so, a Plenary Indulgence and remission of their sins, which they may also apply to the souls of the faithful who have departed this life in charity with God. Notwithstanding Our, and the Apostolic Chancery's rule of not granting Indulgences *ad instar*, and other Apostolic constitutions and orders, and whatever else there might be to the contrary. And the present shall be valid for

all future times. And We will that the same faith which would be exhibited to the original letter, were it shown, shall also be bestowed upon copies, printed or otherwise, of the same, provided they be signed by a public notary and sealed with the seal of a person constituted in ecclesiastical dignity. Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, under the Ring of the Fisherman, on the 16th of May, 1892, of our Pontificate the fifteenth year.

(L. S.) S. CARD VANNUTELLI.

N. B.—[THE conditions to be fulfilled are the following: To be truly penitent for one's sins, and to have received the Sacraments of Penance and of the Blessed Eucharist; to pray for the intentions of the Holy Father, for peace among Christian princes, the extirpation of heresies, the conversion of sinners, and the exaltation of our Holy Mother the Church.]

PETITIONS, Etc.

Prayers are requested for a person who is despondent.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the souls of MR. JAMES A. SADLER, who died on May 23rd and SISTER M. THOMAS who died lately in Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Mary McCarthy, who departed from this life at Pittsburgh, Pa., on June 17.

AH! there is one devotion! It is to have more confidence in our Blessed Mother's prayers. More undoubted trust, more bold petition, more real faith in her. There would be more love for Mary if there were more faith in Mary. She has been in the secret of all the good things that has happened to us in life. She is ever mindful of that second maternity which dates from Calvary, and how we cost her in the travail of her dolors a price which has no fellow, except the Sacrifice of her Son, Our Brother, and Our Lord.—FATHER FABER.

CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

(CONTINUED.)



CARMELITA, leaning over the paling, watched the priest, down the road, with a home sick, heavy hearted feeling, as if she had just parted from a dear and familiar friend, so that she did not in the least observe Andrew Rutherford, who came out from his place of concealment and encountered the minister, likewise emerging from a hiding-place. There was a quizzical smile upon the young man's face, which was met by a glance of keen scrutiny from the other.

"I was looking at a very pretty picture," Rutherford said frankly, as the two men went down the village street together.

"And did you ever see a greater bit of play-acting?" said the minister, an angry flush upon his cheek. "You mean the meeting between that young girl and the old priest?" said Rutherford; "to me, that was a most charming incident."

"Indeed, Mr. Rutherford, indeed," said the minister. "Her natural delight" continued Rutherford, "at seeing one associated in her mind with much that was dear and sacred, and here, in such bleakness, was so simply and prettily expressed."

"You are enthusiastic, sir," said the minister, dryly. "It is but rarely that I find anything to excite enthusiasm in these surroundings," said the young man, vexed at the other's tone.

"Andrew Rutherford," said the minister, "will you let me give you an honest piece of advice? You will be in a dangerous way, if ever you put foot inside of yonder gate."

"I!" said Rutherford, with something of indignation, but the minister went on.

"Such a face is a peril to the village, it is a snare devised by the Prince of Evil himself."

"Our way parts here," said Rutherford, sternly, "I shall have to bid you good-day."

The minister looked after him with darkening brow, and Carmelita, unconscious of the storm she had raised in that worthy gentleman's breast, went in to help Hepzibah to peel some vegetables. She began at once coaxing the old woman to take her to church, but upon this point Hepzibah was not to be shaken. She forgave Carmelita her own oddities of belief, so long as they were kept secret, but the honor of the family had to be consulted, the memory of the green grave upon the hill wherein Elder Johnson had been laid to rest, sound to the last in protestant doctrine, had to be respected.

Carmelita should not go to the Romish meeting house, if she could prevent it, and so, for the time being, Hepzibah had her way.

Meantime, an event occurred which sent a flurry of excitement even into the palsied figure on the bed upstairs. Mrs. Rutherford, widow of Squire Rutherford, lately "the biggest man" in the place, came in a solemn old coach to ask after Mrs. Johnson's health and to call upon Carmelita. With her was her son, Mr. Andrew Rutherford, handsome, erect and tall. Carmelita, in a pink print dress, was under the tree in the court-yard when they came. She was feeding a rook which had become tame enough to hop up to her for crumbs.

This old lady, New Englander to the back-bone as she was, was half charmed, half-repelled by the graceful ease, the warm, impulsive courtesy, with which Carmelita received her. When Carmelita would have led them into the house, Andrew Rutherford, by a pleading look at his mother, induced her to second his eagerly expressed desire to remain where they were.

"It is warmer out in the sunshine," said Carmelita, simply, and she made the fluttering Hepzibah bring a chair for the son, whilst she sat beside the mother on the wooden bench, and talked of the flower-beds which she was trying to reduce to order, and of the grandmother, into whom she was striving to put new life, and of the old house, into which she was trying to infuse some warmth. Upon all this she dwelt lightly and gracefully, and, then, listened with a rare, fine courtesy and gentle deference for age, to the elder woman's somewhat prolix accounts of village life and of her family affairs.

Andrew Rutherford was, meanwhile, left rather persistently out in the cold. But he was content to watch and listen. Besides, he so managed that before leaving, he had arranged to call upon the following Saturday, without the awkwardness of purposeless intrusion, to bring a book. On this occasion they sat out of doors, as before, but he was amused to see that Carmelita, in accordance with her Spanish notions of propriety, had installed Hepzibah as duenna. His acquaintance with the young girl, however, progressed much more rapidly than at his former visit. Conversation flowed freely and easily. Carmelita's manner was wholly free from stiffness or affectation, and he was surprised at the extent of her information upon a variety of subjects. He had always had a more or less clearly defined impression that girls in those southern countries were uneducated, or barely instructed in the rudiments of learning, with their catechism, at a convent.

Once, when Hepzibah had slipped away into the house, Carmelita began to tell of her bitter disappointment at being unable to go to church and her old servant's persistent refusal to accompany her.

"I have no desire to seem intrusive in any way," Andrew Rutherford observed with some hesitation, "but if you would permit me to call for you on Sunday morn-

ing I should be only too happy to act as guide."

Carmelita looked at him startled. Such an idea had never occurred to her. To walk two miles with this stranger. Mr. Rutherford read her sensations in her face as plainly as if she had expressed them.

"Under other circumstances," he said, quietly, "I should not have thought of offering my services, but you are anxious to attend church and I can see no other way of so doing.

"That is true," said Carmelita, simply, "it would be better to do it than remain away from church, so that after all, if grand-mamma does not object—"

Mr. Rutherford could scarcely repress a smile. In the primitive etiquette of that little town there was no reason whatever why a young man might not escort a young woman to or from church or any other public place. Mr. Rutherford knew very well that even to Mrs. Johnson's somewhat dulled wits there would be only a triumph unspeakable in having the most eligible party of the place in attendance upon her grand-daughter.

"She might object for the same reason that Hepzibah refused to show you the way," said Mr. Rutherford, "but otherwise—"

He paused, it was not so easy to explain matters to this young Spanish girl, who sat listening with her little air of courteous attention.

"Our code of etiquette is very different from yours," he said, at last. "With us a young lady may freely accept such attentions from a gentleman. And though we are but recent acquaintances there has been a long standing friendship between our families."

Perhaps he strained the truth a little, for the Rutherfords had always stood upon a higher social plane than the Johnsons, and the relations between them could scarcely have been called friendship.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Spanish Correspondence.

BARCELONA, June 3, 1893.

Editor Carmelite Review:

ALTHOUGH rather late, I shall now endeavor to fulfill the office of correspondent, the duty you entrusted me with last January. I shall begin with a description of the warm, extensive and affectionate devotion to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel and her Order throughout the kingdom of Spain, especially in Catalonia. There is a tradition here, that amongst the bishops entrusted by the Apostles to come to Spain in order to preach the gospel in the first ages of christianity, were included some of the sons of the prophets who resided on Mount Carmel. These latter likewise suffered martyrdom. Among these the most conspicuous seems to have been Saint Leocadia, Patron of Toledo. It is an established fact that in the 15th century there were Carmelite convents in Toledo, Stuesca, and other towns in Spain. From that time they rapidly increased, having had as many as a hundred monasteries for men and about thirty for women. At the beginning of the present century a pious lady in the town of Vick, at the suggestion of a venerable Capuchin father, and with the approbation of the bishop, Dr. Cormera, established the first Religious Institute of the Carmelites of Charity, whose end was the education of young girls and care of the sick. This institution has now 130 houses. The new society belongs to the old or calceated observance. It is well known that at the end of the 16th century there were in Spain many houses of the Calced and discalced Carmelites. The people called the former by the simple name of Carmelite, and the latter by the name of Teresians, Josephines or barefooted Carmelites.

Concerning the laymen who are devoted to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, we have here the Third Order of Carmelites, whose establishment was authorized by

Pope Nicholas IV in the 16th century. This order is now canonically established in almost every town.

In most of the churches is established the confraternity of the Brown Scapular, the same as that instituted in 1253 by the English Saint Simon Stock, whose life is well known in Spain.

In the province of Catalonia the first Carmelite convent was established in 1206, and that province at one time contained 15 convents of monks and five of nuns, all of whom were distinguished by their virtue, sanctity and apostolic zeal.

The venerable Father Joseph Barros, a native of Catalonia, has of late endeavored to re-construct many of the Carmelite convents which were destroyed during the revolution of 1835. He has already restored the house at Gerez de la Frontera, Ondacandete, Stinogosa, Onna and Olot. There are still living amongst us some of the old Carmelite Fathers who were among those who were expelled from their monasteries and are now the objects of much veneration. Our Carmelite province of Barcelona is the only one which has had the high honor of seeing one of its members raised to the dignity of a prince of the church, viz, His Eminence Cardinal Father Joachim Stuch. In Barcelona, and in fact everywhere in Spain, devotion to our Lady of Mount Carmel is most general. The great number of Christians wear the holy Scapular, and the number of females bearing the beautiful name of Carmelita is very large. Every one considers it a glory to belong to, and wear the brown dress of the order.

When our very reverend Father General came to Barcelona, he was agreeably surprised to see in every church the Mother of God attired as a Carmelite. We do not allow the Blessed Virgin to be dressed otherwise. There are likewise here a large number of devotees of our father St. Elias, St. Angelus, St. Albert, St. Eliseus and other

Carmelite saints, but above all the seraphic Saint Mary Magdalene de Pazzi.

In some churches the people sing the *Salve Regina* on each Saturday, and on the 16th day of each month a visit is paid to our Lady.

In July, however, the faithful seem to pass all bounds in venerating our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. In *Gerez de la frontier*, Palma, Barcelona, Madrid, and other towns during July they celebrate a feast of a month's duration. On the Feast of Mount Carmel itself there is so much splendor and devotion displayed that there are not priests or preachers sufficient to satisfy the devotion of the faithful in their zeal to honor their beloved Mother. Not only in private institutions but likewise by public functionaries is our Lady honored.

The Queen's body-guard, some of our war ships, the Spanish Naval asylum at Barcelona, and many a merchant vessel have taken as their patroness our Lady of Mount Carmel. It is very edifying to see the large number who receive Holy Communion on our Lady's feast days.

In Barcelona there has been published with great success a semi-official organ of our order, the *Revista Carmelitana*. At present this is the centre of Carmelite publications which are sent to all parts of the globe, including America and Asia. The beautiful oleograph pictures, after Murillo, which represents our Lady of Mount Carmel with St. Simon Stock and St. Teresa, (and which was dedicated to Pope Leo XIII for his jubilee,) have been distributed throughout the country. Over three thousand copies have been sold. The prayer to our Lady of Mount Carmel which has been indulgenced by the present Holy Father has been distributed by hundreds of thousands.

Amongst the Fathers of the old calced observance there have been many renowned writers and preachers who can be favorably

compared to Balmes, Lacordaire or Father Felix.

YOUR new CARMELITE REVIEW, although published in a country so far away from Spain, has been seen and received with great joy. People here believe it to be a favor of Heaven, through the intercession of Mary in thus replacing our magazine whose publication has been stopped. I am fully convinced that if the English language was better known in Barcelona you would have many subscribers here. In the meantime I shall willingly endeavor to send you news of everything which concerns the Carmelite Institute. Begging your prayers, I am Rev. dear Father, yours affectionately in Christ and Mary of Carmel.

LINUS SOLER.

FROM FAR-OFF JAPAN.

KUMANOTO, JAPAN, May 21, 1893.

Editor Carmelite Review:

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,—Herein inclosed you will find a little article for publication in your REVIEW. Begging the Blessed Virgin, who inspired me to write to you, to bless you and your REVIEW, I remain your humble servant.

J. M. CORRE,

Missionary Apostolic.

[The article referred to beautifully illustrates the Japanese devotion to our Blessed Lady. Having arrived too late for this number we reluctantly defer the publication of Father Corre's letter to our next issue — ED. C. R.]

WE are not Carmelites? Are we so sure of that? Whose badge, whose livery, do we wear, day and night, upon us? The scapular, the badge of our Lady of Mt. Carmel, which has drawn well-nigh the whole Church into her own peculiar order, and given even the little children their share in the vigils and fasts and prayers and angelic aspirations rising from the convent cells. —*Sacred Heart Review of Boston.*

Mercy Through the Scapular.



THE fact which inspired me to write these lines for THE CARMELITE REVIEW was related to me by a venerable religious, whose own brother was the one who was so miraculously preserved perhaps from instant death.

A young man was walking with a slow but firm step. Being weak from a recent attack of disease he was forced, though reluctantly, to go to his case. As he passed a saloon the great door was swung back and a man darting out on a run, made an attack, thrusting savagely into his back a sharp knife. He seemed really determined on taking his life. 'Twas all so sudden there was no time for defence, and fright almost deprived the young man of his sense. After making, as he thought, a desperate gash the villain drew the knife and ran off like a flash.

The young man, with limbs trembling and heart weak with fear, went at once to his home which was then very near. How much he might be hurt he did not know, but to his own dear mother his wound he would show. The poor mother came forward filled with alarm. Embracing her son and raising fondly his arm she prepared to examine and see what could be done, while awaiting the arrival of Doctor LeRun.

His two heavy coats, vest and two shirts were much cut and even the flannel of his Scapular, but, behold! on his back there was not even a scar. She bent and kissed devoutly the cut Scapular, understanding at once but saying not a word, though her faithful soul to its very depths was stirred. Our Lady had saved him from a terrible fate; for, oh! he had not been to his duties of late. The poor fellow spoke and his words though few were clear "My Scapular has saved me, I know, mother

dear." Then he knelt clasping his hands and bowing his head, while in a manly but tremulous voice he said:

"I promise all my life, aye even to the end,
Our dear Lady's Scapular shall ever be my friend;
Oh, no, never from it shall I willingly part,
But wear it ever and always close to my heart."

And no doubt it was our Lady's intercession that obtained over him the grace of true conversion, patience in sickness, sufferings bravely to bear, and when death came surely, to comfort she was there. E. R.

CARMEL.

CARMEL, a mountain whose form, rising out of the blue waters of an historic sea, and peering gracefully above craggy rocks, woody heights, and undulating plains, gemmed with flowers of every hue, yields even to this day a strange kind of fascination over all who, having a reverential faith, behold it either from the side of ocean or land. The world possess but one "Carmel by the sea"—Carmel, a word which is still a power; and at whose sound, thoughts of loveliness, grandeur and sanctity rise up into the mind, and follow instinctively in its train. Although the mountain itself may "languish" and its top be withered, it has a fragrance and an immortality which shall never pass away. How can the name of Carmel die? Carmel, the ancient site of that triumphant arch, near which Samuel foretold to the disobedient Saul the division of his kingdom, the august scene of one, and probably two, of the most awe inspiring deeds of the great Prophet Elias, and the chosen retreat of himself and Eliseus. Carmel, set imperishably as a mystical jewel in the inspired poetry of Hebrew prophets—Carmel, far eclipsing, at a later epoch, by the erection of its christian altars, the sanctity of the old, and casting upon the entire Catholic church a new splendor by the saintly brilliancy of the monastic glory. A glory which, tracing back to its natal rays to a no less august source than Elias himself, still lives. Carmel, the spiritual heirloom of a religious order, illustrious by the excellence of its deeds as well as by the continuity of its name!—*Adapted from the "Prophet of Carmel" by Rev. F. Garside, Card. Newman's convert.*

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL, 16TH OF JULY.

OUR LADY'S INVITATION TO HER CHILDREN.

"Come over to me, all ye who desire me, and be filled with my fruits." Eccli. 24, 26.

Sweet as a strain of music softly stealing

Through the calm air of evening over the sea,
Breathes forth our Mother's loving invitation,
Children of Mount Carmel, come ye unto me.

Perchance you are wearied in your onward pathway,

Come 'neath the grateful shadows to find rest,
Sweet are the fruits of graces to refresh you,
Come unto me, Oh! Children, truly blest.

Ah! in the early spring-time when life's pleasures

Seemed to allure you with their beauty fair,
Swiftly you fled to Carmel's lofty mountain,
Thirsting for solitude and holy prayer.

Oft have you tasted of the mystic fountains,

Fair are the scenes that from the mount you see,
Bright are the go-den crowns that still wait you,
Children of Carmel, come ye unto me.

Think how of old, Carmel's holy Prophet,

Rested way-worn in the rugged path he trod,
But when the mystic food refreshed his spirit,
Onward he hastened to "the Mount of God."

Thus when my fruits of sweetness you have tasted,

Fervent in spirit, will you day by day,
Haste o'er the rocky paths and scale the mountain.
Courage! your resting shall ne'er pass away.

And when the shades of death have gathered round you,

Still in your souls a golden light will be,
Saintless my voice whispers, Oh! my children,
Come to your Saviour, and unto me!

ENFANT DE MARIE.

Dublin, Ireland.

A HOLY SISTER'S VISION.

THE venerable Sister Catherine Emerich thus describes the Scapular Feast as it was revealed to her:—"Then I had another vision. I saw after the hermits began to live in community, a monk on his knees in his cell. The Mother of God appeared to him with the Infant Jesus on her arm. She looked just like the statue that I had seen by the spring of the mountain. She gave him an article of dress in which was a square opening for the head to pass through. It fell in front over the breast. It was shining with light, the colors brown

and white intermingling, as in the vestment of the High-Priest that Zacharias showed to St. Joseph. On the straps that went over the shoulders were letters inscribed. Mary spoke long to the monk. When she vanished and he returned to himself, he was filled with emotion on seeing himself clothed with the Scapular. I saw him assemble his brethren and show it to them. —Then I had a vision of a church festival on Mount Carmel. I saw in the choirs of the church triumphant as the first of the ancient hermits, and yet separated from them, Elias. Under his feet were the words: "Elias, Prophet." I did not see these pictures one after another, and I felt that a great number of years lay between them, especially between the vision of the reception of the Scapular and the feast, for the latter seemed to belong to our own day. Over the spring where once stood Mary's statue, now arose a convent and its church. The spring was in the middle of the latter and above the altar was the Mother of God with the Infant Jesus just as she had appeared to the hermit, living and moving in dazzling splendor. Innumerable little silken pictures hung at her sides attached in pairs by two cords and glancing like the leaves of a tree in the sunshine, in the splendor which radiated from Mary. The holy Virgin was surrounded by the angelic choirs and at her feet, above the tabernacle wherein reposed the Blessed Sacrament, hung the large Scapular she had given the hermit in vision. On all sides were ranged choirs of holy Carmelites, men and women, the most ancient in white and brown striped habits, the others in such as are now worn. I saw, to, the Carmelite Order, monks and nuns of the present day celebrating the feast in their several convents, either in choir or elsewhere, but all upon earth."

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispered low, "Thou must,"
Columbus said, "I can"

DUKE OF VERAGUA.

ONE of the events of local interest at Niagara Falls during June was the visit of His Grace, the Duke of Veragua, better known as Christopher Columbus *de la Cerda*. The only reception tendered to His Grace in Canada was given by the religious institutions here. The Duke was not only pleased, but said, "I feel greatly honored." A daily paper thus describes the event:

"An elaborate invitation had been prepared by the Sisters of Loretto Convent on the Canadian side and was extended to the Duke and Commander Dickens by Superintendent Welch. The party then drove up to the Convent where a cordial welcome was given the party.

When the Ducal party alighted at the convent doors they mounted the steps and were received by the Sister Superior and community and Father Philip Best of the Carmelite Monastery. A motto "Welcome to Loretto," hung suspended between the pillars in the reception hall. The party was conducted to the large assembly room which had been profusely decorated in honor of the Duke's visit. The pupils to the number of about 100 were present, most of them in Spanish costume of black velvet bodices, white gimp blouses and black skirts. Spanish flags were pinned on their gowns. The Spanish colors, the yellow and red, were profusely displayed in decorations. Bunting, American and Canadian flags interspersed with the Spanish colors made the interior quite inviting and gay. A fine picture of Columbus occupied one side and another of Columbus before the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella was on the other side. A dias had been prepared for the reception of the Duke and Duchess while chairs were ranged on either side for the ladies and gentlemen in the party. They arranged themselves after the Duke and Duchess had seated themselves. Two little girls, Ethel Howard and Mattie Bampfield, presented two large bouquets of flowers which the Duke graciously received and tendered to his wife and daughter. Miss Loretto Muldoon then stepped forward and in a very appropriate address presented His Grace with a memento of his visit. It was a large book in white moire, highly illuminated, with pictures of Columbus in 1492 and of the statute of liberty in 1893. The whole was embossed and engrossed by the ladies of Loretto Convent and was a very elaborate piece of work. The Duke received the same by a gracious bow. Miss Marie Johnston, one of the pupils, then gave an operatic selection from Faust. Miss Julia Hubbard accompanied Miss Johnston on the piano. The rendition of the selection was a rare treat and the lady was highly complimented. Miss Nora O'Brien then gave Joaquin Miller's splendid poem, "Sail On." Miss O'Brien was a revelation in her way of treating this poem and the thought and emotion she displayed in rendering it. Her power as a recitationist is wonderful and she stirred the hearts of all present by her masterly way of delivery. The poem was singularly apropos on this visit of the only lineal descendant of the subject of the verses.

The pupils rendered the famous "Salve Regina,"

the chorus sung by the sailors on Columbus's vessel on the night before he discovered America, in a feeling manner, and the formal reception to the Ducal party was ended."

His Grace made a brief reply and said, "I thank you for this honor conferred on me and beg for you the continual protection of your Blessed Patroness."

An informal reception followed, during which those who were present were introduced to the Duke and Duchess.

The Ducal party felt at home during their brief stay and expressed pleasure at meeting the Nuns of the Institute of Our Blessed Lady and Fathers of the Order of Mount Carmel, the members of which in Catholic Spain, they said, were well known and revered by them.

Carmelite Chronicle.

REV. CYRIL C. KEHOE, O. C. C., has been of late conducting spiritual retreats at Niagara Falls.

REV. FATHER GABRIEL BROWNE, O. C. C., of Amawalk, N. Y., lately paid a fraternal visit to the Falls View Monastery.

The following changes have been made during the past month in the Province of the Immaculate Heart of Mary:—Rev. Father Jerome Reichwein, O. C. C., has been transferred from Scipio, Kansas, to New Baltimore, Penn., and Rev. Father James W. Singler, O. C. C., has been changed from New Baltimore to Falls View, Ont.

REV. DR. FARRINGTON, O. C. C., writes us that last month was a notable one in Ireland. He says: "The corner stone of the new wing of our Carmelite College at Terenure, County of Dublin, was laid by our very Reverend Father Provincial. This college has an existence of thirty-three years, and has been powerful in promoting education. Many of its alumni have become priests or joined the learned professions, which they have adorned by their genius, learning and goodness." "Floreat!" says the Reverend Doctor, and so says THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

—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, JULY, 1893. No. 7.

"HONOR our Lady's chosen livery" is the practical advice this month to the members of the Sacred Heart League. It will be a practice certain of much reward from our Lady of the Scapular.

THE latest Roman news says that Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli has taken under his protection several religious congregations. His Eminence has likewise, since the death of Cardinal Simeoni, been the Protector of the whole order of Mount Carmel.

THE intention this month for the League of the Sacred Heart is to pray for vocations to the vineyard of the Lord. Our Lady's garden is likewise in need of many laborers, therefore pray that our holy order may be successful in increasing its membership.

THE letter of the Holy Father promulgated last year on the Feast of St. Simon Stock, which appears in this number, needs no explanation. May every client of Our Blessed Lady fully partake of this great and latest spiritual favor granted to our order by the present gloriously reigning Vicar of the Son of our holy Mother.

THE Solemn Commemoration of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, the great Feast dear to every Carmelite, which is celebrated on the sixteenth day of this month, is an occasion of much interest to the whole Church, for, as an esteemed contemporary, quoted elsewhere, remarks, "it may be safely said that after the Catholic Church, the Confraternity of our Lady of Mount Carmel is the *largest society in the world.*"

THIS is the month of the Precious Blood. It is a custom introduced by the holy Carmelite nun, St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, to offer the Precious Blood to the Eternal Father for all the needs of holy church and of each of its members. Let us honor the most Precious Blood of Jesus and daily salute it saying:

"Hail Jesus, hail! who for my sake
 Sweet Blood from Mary's vein did'st take,
 And shed it all for me."

OF old the Mahomedans gained converts by the sword. Now they find the pen more powerful. The new organ which appeared of late tries to show that Islamism is the cure-all for every evil, and that it is to be the universal religion. But not here. There is no room for the crescent, since the cross has long since been planted by Columbus and the foul plant of Islam shall never pollute the soil dedicated to our Immaculate Mother who has crushed the head of one serpent, and is still able to destroy this more hideous than dangerous monster.

ON the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin on July 2nd, there will take place in London a most imposing ceremony, at which the entire country of England will be solemnly dedicated to Saint Peter. Cardinal Vaughan, many bishops and heads of religious orders, will be present. May the prince of the apostles, by his intercession, bring back that land to the true fold, and may its total conversion be one of the

events in the reign of the great pontiff who at present sits in Peter's Chair. And may the favored son of our Lady of the Scapular, St. Simon Stock, help to obtain this grace for his countrymen.

THE descendant of Columbus, of late the guest of the country, has been at Niagara Falls. The great cataract, consecrated to our Lady of Peace, must have suggested many thoughts to His Grace. The great battle his immortal ancestor fought with the raging waters doubtless occurred to him. Be his thoughts what they may, the words we heard from him were few, but at the same time indicative of the Spaniard's love for Mary. "I thank you for this reception tendered to me," said the Duke "and in return I beg for you the protection of your Patroness."

POSTSCRIPTS.

PAPAL Benediction will be given in all our churches on July 16th.

CORPUS CHRISTI was celebrated with unusual *edat* at Falls View this year.

THE Novena in preparation for the Feast of the Scapular commences on the 7th instant.

THERE will be a ceremony of Reception and Profession in the Third Order here on July 16th.

THE Princess Eulalie, the Spanish Infanta, enjoyed all the sights at Niagara Falls on June 15.

THE Feast of our Lady of Peace occurs on the 9th inst. It is the titular Feast of our little shrine here.

ELECTRIC cars now run in close proximity to our monastery. The scenery along the route is unsurpassable.

THE beatification of Father John of Avila, St. Teresa's confessor, is mentioned as one of the coming events in Rome.

THE cut of Pope Leo XIII, appearing on the first page, was kindly lent us by the Reverend editor of *St. Joseph's Annals*, West Depere, Wisconsin.

"RETREATS for the laity and where to make them" has received elaborate treatment of late in some of the Catholic weeklies. Our Hospice is mentioned among others.

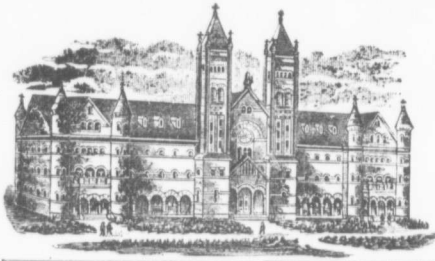
THE early Catholic Canadian Missions have been ably treated in the *Catholic World* by Miss Anna T. Sadlier. No writer is better fitted to treat such a beautiful subject.

THE M. C. R. train which stops at Falls View, leaves Buffalo every morning (Sundays included) at 6:50. This might be a useful memorandum to those wishing to be present at the Scapular celebration.

IT is sometimes amusing to see how some letters sent to us are addressed. FALLS VIEW, ONTARIO, is our post-office. There is no more necessity of writing "North America" than there is of writing our longitude and latitude, or of putting down Lot No. 174 as the place where our Monastery is located.

ONE of Puck's latest jokes was that the boy or girl who was known for certain to have read the juvenile department of a paper was eagerly sought after by museum managers as a freak. This might hold good of non-Catholic publications but it is the experience of Catholic editors that children take an interest in *their* part of the paper. The little ones appreciate the "Children's Corner" in our REVIEW, and the child that does not read it is a freak.

NEVER ask for any thing unusual either as regards diet or apparel, excepting there be some great necessity for it. Never cease from humiliating yourself in all things, even to the latest moment of your life.—*St. Teresa.*



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.

ALTHOUGH the contributions for the Hospice have not ceased to pour in, we beg to remind our friends that much help is yet needed, and trust that their zeal for this pious undertaking will not grow cold.

* * *

In the meanwhile all the preliminaries for the work are being rapidly pushed ahead. Our architect has just completed the specifications, and little remains now to be done in order to commence building.

* * *

In the last number of THE REVIEW we begged the prayers of our many friends for the speedy restoration to health of our Father Prior, the Rev. A. J. Kreidt. It is now a pleasure to announce that he is being greatly benefited by the well-earned rest which he is at present enjoying. On

his return home his first duty will be to thank our benefactors for their continual favors, and secondly to hasten the work of the Hospice.

* * *

THERE is no doubt that many of the clients of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel will visit our small church here on the 16th instant in order to participate in the rich indulgences bestowed on it by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. Some will doubtless be disagreeably surprised at finding so impoverished a looking building, but let them remember that if insignificant in a worldly way, it is rich in spiritual benefits to the devout worshipper.

* * *

ALTHOUGH it is intended to make THE REVIEW an organ of interest to all devout lovers of Carmel throughout the continent, our readers well know that this little periodical came into existence as an aid to the Hospice undertaking. Therefore, it may not be out of place under this department to make a few remarks to our readers regarding the magazine. Small as it is, and in our mind yet far distant from our ideal, it has met with nothing but kind words and encouragement. Having lived the first six months of its infancy, it is not altogether inopportune if we thank the many patrons of this small literary venture of ours. May our dear Mother graciously reward all those kind friends who have contributed to the pages of THE REVIEW and sent in subscriptions.

* * *

ANOTHER point of practical interest to us is the fact that we have been fortunate in securing the services of a lady who will act as the representative of THE CARMELITE REVIEW. She will be empowered to transact everything of a business nature connected with our magazine and things pertaining to the Hospice. In a few days this new agent of ours will start on her visit to our many friends in the United States and Canada. We shall consider all kindnesses shown to her as if done to ourselves.

PHILIP A. BEST, O. C. C.

ST. ELIAS.

Prophet of Carmel, Founder of
Monasticism.

For the Carmelite Review.

When the skies are blue and cloudless,
And the birds sing glad and free ;
And the streamlets leap in sunshine,
From Mount Carmel to the sea,
Where the waving branches shimmer,
In the woodtide's golden rays ;
In his fragrant greenwood cloister,
Great Elias kneels and prays.

CHORUS,

Mighty Prophet—Carmel's Father,
Pray thy children's aim may be,
On the hill of prayer and penance,
To attain thy sanctity !

In the world below there's darkness,
Sin and treason stalk abroad ;
And the faithless race of Israel
Has forgot its fathers' God.
But the fearless Prophet bearing,
All the powers of earth that be,
Keeps the torch of truth still shining
On the Altar o'er the sea.—CHO.

When amid the groves of Carmel,
In imploring faith he bends,
Lo ! the gates of Heaven open,
And the saving rain descends ;
And the idols crushed and fallen,
Lie around him on the sod ;
For his prayers, a potent sceptre
Waving o'er the heart of God !—CHO.

Holy Father, Saint and Founder,
From that mystic land of calm,
Where thy fiery heat is waiting
For its crimson crown a palm !
Where the ear of God is listening,
To thy lightest, lowest tone,
Even lift thy potent pleading,
For the Mount that is thine own.—CHO.

Watch thy loved and chosen Order,
Bid it keep the Eagle's flight,
'Till the day when thou shalt meet it,

Living still, and young and bright.
'Till the day when thou shalt lead it
To its heavenly throne above,
Mantled in thy zeal and fervor,
Crowned with Teresa's love !—CHO.

Prayer to Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

[*By a decret of January 16, 1886, His Holiness Leo XIII, granted an indulgence of 200 days to all the faithful who would recite, with a contrite heart, the following prayer.*]

O BLESSED and Immaculate Virgin Mary, resplendent honor and glory of Carmel, thou who dost deign to regard with special bounty those who are clothed with thy holy Scapular, cast upon me a look of tender kindness, and cover me with the mantle of thy protection. Strengthen my weakness by thy power, enlighten by thy wisdom the darkness of my mind. Augment in me faith, hope and charity ; clothe my soul with such graces and virtues as will render it always pleasing to thy Divine Son and to thee. Assist me, help me, during life and console me at the hour of death. Be near me in that supreme moment and present me to the most Holy Trinity as thy child and thy faithful servant, that I may be admitted to praise and bless God with thee eternally in Heaven. Amen.

AVE MARIA and GLORIA PATRI, 3 times.

Scapular Notes.

NAMES for registration have been received at Falls View from :

- 1—Rev. Redemptorist Fathers, Toronto, Ont.
- 2—Ellicottville N. Y.
- 3—Amherstburg, N. Y., and
- 4—Walkerville, Ont.

We beg to inform an inquirer that after April 27, 1897 the Brown Scapular cannot be given as part of the five Scapulars. It must after that date be given separately according to a decree of the Holy See.

Regina Decor Carmell.*

There's a mountain sloping seaward,
Where the fountains ever sing,
And the flowers are ever blooming
With the glory of the spring.

Where the sunshine ever lingers
And a solemn sweetness broods,
Like the calm of Heaven mirrored
In its balmy solitudes!

There's a hill of olden story,
Set in Israel like a star,
Framed in glories grand, immortal,
Of the mystic days afar!

Tomb of martyrs, pilgrim's altar,
Then as now, the cloister fair,
The heights of hidden holocaust,
The home of love and prayer.

Shrine of Seer, of Saint and Poet,
Where the Prophet dream'd of old
Of the wondrous Maiden Mother,
Of her power and grace untold,
Where her form in vision splendor
Rose upon its chancels green,
And Mount Carmel thrilled in homage
To its beauty and its Queen.

Throne of Mary—through the ages
Watching still the orient sea,
Till at length the star of morning
Rose in glory over thee—
Till at length the Prophet's vision
Trode thy paths, a maiden fair,
And the gentle Boy of Nazareth
Blessed his Mother's realm of prayer.

Till at length the Cross was planted
On thy fairest, highest crest,
And the church went on—a warrior
To the combats of the west;
Till the Mother Maid was gathered,
Like a lily from the green,
And the royal crown of Carmel,
Bound the brow of Heaven's Queen.

Queen of Carmel—waves thy sceptre
O'er a great and chosen band,
From Elias, grand, majestic,
With the flame-sword in his hand,
And such hosts for Jesus falling
That the orient reading runs,
"Countless as the stars of Heaven,
Are Mount Carmel's Martyr-sons."

O'er the Saints and doctors thronging
From their shrine above the sea,

Singing o'er the earth the praises
Of Regina Carmeli.

To that wondrous legion baring
Once again the Prophet's steel,
Kindling all its ancient fires
In the Carmel of Castile!

As the eagle, brighter, bolder,
In its youth renewed again,
Rose the hill of Mary's queendom
In the gallant land of Spain!
And the chivalry of the nation,
And its beauty, and its pride,
To the cloisters of Avila
Thronged to Jesus crucified!

Waked again the mystic lyre,
Neath the wondering southern skies;
Pressed again the fiery spirits
Up the Mount of Sacrifice;
Led by her—the heavenward beacon,
Lent awhile by God to man—
Great Teresa, soul of Seraph,
Of the burning heart and pen.

Wondrous Saint and truest woman,
Standing on the mystic height,
With thy dark eyes raised in longing
To the coming Land of Light,
On thy raptured brow the dawning
Of thy glory looming nigh;
On thy lips the constant murmuring,
"Lord to suffer, or to die!"

Science, sanctity and genius,
In thy deathless fame combine;
E'en the world must pay its homage
To a spirit-might like thine,
But thy fairest crown, Teresa,
Are the children given to thee,
Lily-mantled legions pressing
In thy steps of sanctity!

There's a realm that rose in beauty,
From the heart of ev'ry land,
On the north and southern shores
On the dewless Afric sand,
Now in peace and prayerful splendor,
Now in suffering that must be,
Shedding o'er the world stray glimpses
Of the "Decor Carmeli!"

But no brighter jewel glittered
In that ancient crown, I ween,
Than where Albion's smiling valleys
Made the dower of Carmel's Queen;
Where her shrines were fair and countless
And her cloisters gemmed the land,

*Queen and Ornament of Carmel.

Like a wreath of graces woven
By her gracious Mother-hand,
Where her dearest gift was given
To the 'raptured Saint of old †
When with angels thronging round her
In the sunset's shimmering gold—
Mary rose upon his vision
(Sweetest glimpse of Heaven above)
And rejoiced the heart of Carmel
With her wondrous pledge of love!

Where a nation knelt in homage
At her grandest, oldest shrine,
And the sombre badge of Carmel
Was its ever cherished sign,
Old and young revered it fondly,
And the dying died so brave,
For that pledge of Mary's comfort
Would go with them to the grave,
And to-day when sin and sorrow,
Like an awful tempest hour,
Seem to banish from the Heavens
Of Our Lady's Island dower,
Wakes again the old devotion
With the strength and love of yore,
And the heart of England blesses
Mary's Scapular once more!

Once again the sovereign's praises
Thro' her prayerful realms ring;
As the mystic mountain blossoms
In the nation's "Second Spring!"—
As again—Oh blessed be Mary!
Carmel's cloisters deck the land,
From *St. Cuthbert's faithful Durham*
To *Columbia's* western strand.

Then, float on immortal standard,
Glowing shield of white and brown;
Crown and stars, and sword of fire,
Under Mary's royal crown; ‡
Float on—till Heaven's glory
Floods the brown in golden sheen,
And the court of Carmel clusters
Round the footstool of its Queen!

†St. Simon Stock.

‡Arms of the Order of Mount Carmel.

“UNFORTUNATELY there are many who are willing to overlook the great good a paper may be doing, but who are quick to point out some slight error which can easily be remedied. The man who enters the Catholic editorial chair and is afraid to risk an occasional blunder, has mistaken his calling and is of little use in the battle of truth.”—CARDINAL GIBBONS.

THE FEAST OF THE SCAPULAR.

For The Carmelite Review.



It is customary among the rulers of nations to decorate deserving subjects, by granting them a cross, a medal or a ribbon, that are to be worn over the heart, and confer upon the wearer a distinction not only in the eyes of their less fortunate fellow men, but also in the eyes of the decorating prince. The church likewise decorates eminent men in her service, giving them the title of Doctor, Monsignor etc., and attaches special privileges to their distinctions. All this is but an imitation of what God himself does. He distinguishes his saints by the gift of miracles, prophecy, the stigmata, etc. As the mother of God is always "leaning upon her beloved," we need not be astonished that Mary also grants to her favorites distinctions and privileges, and of all the favors shown by the Blessed Virgin to her devotees, there is none greater in distinction and in privilege than the Brown Scapular.

Let the Queen of Carmel herself prove this assertion: "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 safe-guard in danger, a covenant of peace and everlasting alliance." Thus the Blessed Virgin spoke to St. Simon Stock on the 16th of July, 1251, as she handed to him the Brown Scapular.

I called the Scapular a distinction, and our Holy Mother designates it "a sign of my confraternity." It is precisely this confraternity, this everlasting alliance, which constitutes the distinction. How are people envied by the world, who rising from humble beginnings, become allied by position or marriage to the first and most influential families of the country, how proud do they feel at their elevation. Yet such

distinctions are as nothing when compared to the relationship with the Mother of God, the Queen of Heaven. And whilst all worldly alliances sooner or later are severed by death or other causes, this alliance, according to the words of Mary herself, is "everlasting" on her side, so that it will or can be broken only by ourselves. Mary granted many different favors, wrought uncounted miracles, extended her protection and intercession to millions, but only the Scapular does she constitute a sign of her confraternity, conferring on the wearer the proud title of a brother of hers. Only the Scapular is to be a covenant of everlasting alliance, a badge and pledge of a contract between her and us. Can a higher distinction be given?

I called the Scapular a *privilege*. Read the words of Mary, and you will see that she grants to it, first, protection, in perils of body and soul, "a safe-guard in danger," and second, a happy death; "a sign of salvation, a covenant of peace, freedom from eternal fire." What privilege could possibly be more valuable than this? The great power and influence exerted in our behalf in temporal and spiritual necessities during life and her inestimable interposition in the moment of death, which decides an eternity.

Let me relate here two instances that came under my personal observation, which prove that Mary still holds to her covenant. A woman whom I had invested in the Scapular fell into the Danube when the river was swollen beyond bounds and was rapidly carried towards a mill-race where an instantaneous death seemed inevitable. Whilst alternately cast up or drawn under by the turbulent waves, she invoked the "safe-guard in danger" and all at once found herself cast on shore in close proximity to the mill-race. She ascribes her salvation exclusively to the Scapular.

A young man in a congregation attended

by our fathers in the United States lay at the point of death. He had neglected his religion in life and refused its consolation in death, refused even to speak a word to the priest. The latter having exhausted every argument invested him with the Scapular, and within fifteen minutes the young man spoke, received the sacraments in very good disposition, and an hour after he died—Mary had saved him.

Besides the privileges enumerated, there is a third and valuable one granted by Mary herself in the "Sabbatine privilege." And if among the religious or brethren of the Confraternity who depart out of this life there shall be any who for their sins have been cast into purgatory, "I, their glorious Mother, will descend on the Saturday after their death, I will deliver those whom I shall find in purgatory and take them up to the holy mountain of eternal life." Pope John XXII promulgated this privilege, adding "I accept this holy indulgence, I corroborate and confirm it on earth as Jesus Christ, by reason of the merits of His glorious Mother, has conceded it in heaven." Truly such an alliance is "everlasting."

The Church on its side not only stamped with its official approbation and promulgation the favors extended by Mary but also opened its own treasure house, enriching the Scapular with indulgences. It would bring me beyond the space allotted for this article were I to enter into details. Let them be reserved to future articles. Allow me only to direct attention here to the latest favor shown to the Scapular by our gloriously reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII, in a brief, dated May 16th, 1892. The holy father there says: "In order that the devotion and piety of the faithful towards the Blessed Virgin of Carmel may grow and bring forth abundant and wholesome fruit, We, yielding to the pious petition of our beloved son, Aloysius M. Galli, General of the Order of the Blessed Virgin of Mount

Carmel of the Old Observance, have resolved to enrich the Carmelite churches by a special privilege. Therefore, through the mercy of Almighty God and the holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, relying in His authority, we grant a plenary indulgence to all the faithful of either sex, who after worthily receiving the sacraments of Penance and holy Eucharist, shall visit a church or chapel of the Order of Carmel, calced or discalced, of monks or nuns, between the first vespers and the sunset of the 16th of July, the day on which the festival of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel is celebrated, and shall there devoutly pray for union among the christian princes, the extirpation of heresy, the conversion of sinners and the exaltation of Holy Mother church, *as often as they do so*. We also grant mercifully in the Lord, that these indulgences be applied to the souls in purgatory, who left this world joined in love to God—notwithstanding, etc.”

Hence, the 16th of July now shares the famous privilege of the Portiuncula. Any one living within proper distance of a Carmelite Monastery or Convent may gain from the afternoon of July 15 to sunset of July 16 as many plenary indulgences as he wishes, and I only hope that a great many people will avail themselves of the privilege.

In conclusion let me say that the Scapular is a privilege also on account of the easy conditions on which its blessings are secured since the general obligations of the wearers of the Scapular (exclusive of the Sabbatine privilege) are only, first, that they may be invested by a priest having the power. Second, that they always wear the Scapular in the proper way, one tablet on the breast the other on the back, and, third, that their names be registered in a Carmelite monastery. For those who wish to enjoy the third privilege, it is moreover required that they, first, observe chastity according to their state of life, second, that they recite daily the little office of the

Blessed Virgin, or if unable to read, that they instead abstain from flesh meat every Wednesday and Saturday. And even this may be commuted by those having the power. The indulgences of the church are common and accessible to all

May abundant temporal and spiritual blessings follow the wearing of the Scapular in future as they have followed it hitherto.

PIUS. R. MAYER, O. C. C.

The Church's Treasury Opened on Behalf of the Carmelites.

THERE are few Catholics who do not wear the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. It may safely be said that, after the Catholic Church, the confraternity of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is the largest society in the world. The obligations are so easy—in fact they do not go beyond wearing the Scapular and leading a Christian life, and the promises are so great—“Whosoever shall die vested with this Scapular shall be preserved from eternal fire!” These were the words of Our Blessed Lady herself when giving the holy habit to St. Simon Stock, General of the Carmelite Order, an Englishman. It would be impossible to calculate the number of people who, during the last six centuries, have sought the protection of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in order to secure for themselves the grace of a good death. No other devotion can rival with that one, whether with regard to its popularity, its extension, or its assurance. If, then, the faithful have fully understood the importance of the confraternity, the Church, on her side, has done everything to spread it far and wide. The Popes in particular have opened the treasures of the Church on behalf of the members of the confraternity by granting to them indulgences, plenary and particular, the list of which would be too long to insert here. Besides these indulgences, which are reserved to those who wear the Scapular, there are a

great many others attached to the Carmelite churches, and which can be gained by all the faithful, whether they be members of the confraternity or not. No Pope, however, has done so much in this respect as our present Holy Father, who, by a brief, has taken quite an unprecedented step. His Holiness has been pleased to grant to all the faithful a plenary indulgence, applicable to the souls in purgatory, as often as they visit a Carmelite church from the first vespers of the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel until the sunset of the day itself—i.e., from about 3 p.m. on July 15th till 8 p.m. on July 16th in each year. The conditions to be fulfilled are the following:—To be truly penitent for one's sins and to have received the Sacraments of Penance and of the Blessed Eucharist, to pray according to the intentions of the Holy Father for peace among Christian princes, the extirpation of heresies, the conversion of sinners and the exaltation of our holy Mother the Church. — *Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

OUR SAINTS IN JULY.

BLESSED JOHN SORETH

WAS born at Caen, Normandy, in 1394. He was sent to study in the University of Paris in 1440. He received all the honors of the University. He filled with distinction many offices, as prior, provincial, commissary-general, and finally General of the entire Order. He was profoundly versed in Sacred Scripture, philosophy, theology, and law. His zeal was truly apostolical. His desire for the spread of his Order was the admiration of all. He visited all his provinces and made many changes for the better government of his Order. He established the Third Order and Convents of Nuns. After years of labor in God's service, he died in 1471, saying, "Oh, holy Virgin, Queen of my heart, I wish to behold you. Oh, Jesus,

be to me a Saviour." He is the patron of those who suffer from hydrophobia, having cured many of this malady.

BLESSED JOANNA SCOPELLI.

Whose feast occurs on July 11th was born at Reggio, Italy, in 1428, from noble parents. She determined to have no spouse but Jesus Christ and resolved not to leave home till her parents' death. She built a convent and got other ladies to join her, placing it under the rule and care of the Carmelite Fathers of Mantua. She became superior, and was an example to all the religious. She obtained all the graces she asked from God. The demon tempted her dreadfully, but he had no power over her,—by prayer and the sacraments she put him to flight. At the age of sixty-three, finding her end approaching, she received the last sacraments with great fervor; she exhorted her religious to be pious and charitable to each other, and to observe the rule with great exactness, and have a great devotion to the Scapular of Mount Carmel. She died in 1491.

Exchange List.

St. Anthony's Messenger is well worthy of the great Order of St. Francis. The religious bodies are coming to the front in the American Catholic literary world.

THE *Le Conteux Leader* has of late been treating its readers to illustrated articles descriptive of the noble institutions so ably conducted by the good sisters of St. Joseph.

THE *Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association Journal* was fortunate in securing an able article from the pen of Miss Martha Murray, of Buffalo, who in beautiful language shows how much good can be done by women desirous of helping their less fortunate sisters.

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 holidays have come, and I am sure there is general rejoicing in the land of the little people. It is only work that can win the reward of rest, so let us all take it gladly, and get nearer to heaven because of it. Many of you will be going to the mountains to spend your vacation, so let us ask our dear Lady of the Visitation, whose feast comes on July 2nd, to bless our journeys over hill and dale, in memory of her's so long ago, when she "went with haste into the mountains of Judea to visit her cousin St. Elizabeth and remained with her three months." Speaking of the Visitation reminds me of something I want to tell you. You know these are the days of influence. The days when men are looking for favors and seeking large places through friends who can speak a good word for them and so get them what they want. Now heaven is the "big place" we are all seeking, and 'tis a very good thing to have some friends up there—at court—to speak a word for us. In February last I talked to you about St. Francis de Sales, the sweet, gentle, loveable Father of the Visitation, the order of Blessed Margaret Mary. Now let me tell you three little instances of his influence.—No, I didn't read them—I saw them. Some one who loves him well has a relic of him—a piece of his flesh—a tiny petrified particle in a little silver case. This relic was placed on the arm of a sick person who had contracted blood poisoning, and who was in great danger of death—and likely to lose her arm even if she lived. The relic was tied around the elbow and the swelling rose no further, but gradually went down and the lady recovered entirely. A dear little boy was quite ill last winter with serious lung trouble, the relic was given him and he was quite delighted with "the little watch" as he called it and wore it while he

was dying as it was thought. Again the dear St. Francis cured the little one and he wanted to have the watch "for keeps"—but no, another larger boy, pupil of a well known New York Catholic school, also wanted it, to wear while he was undergoing an examination for a cadetship at West Point. And what did the Holy Doctor do for him? Brought him out No. 1—ahead of every other boy applicant, even of the College of N. Y. So you see, dear, children that the saints of God are also influential, learn then to love this sweet St. Francis. Read his life. Get his "spirit" written by his friend, the Bishop of Belley, and see how winning he was—yes, and is—but above all, pray to him for a little of his sweetness, which has drawn so many souls to God, and made religion so charming, as well as so consoling. A happy vacation to you all. Don't forget that July is the month of the Precious Blood and each day offer to the Eternal Father the Blood of His divine Son, your brother—think often of that wonderful, that beautiful title, which each of us may claim. The little Infant Jesus, our Brother! What will he not do for us? Ask the Blessed Mother too, to offer that same Precious Blood to the Eternal Father to prevent the commission of one mortal sin each day. Just give your angel guardian some work in adding to do for you, while your arithmetic is tossed up on the top shelf. Leave it there, and live in God's own air all vacation. Be good and then do what you like.

Devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

July 1893.

PUZZLES.

XXIX

Name me and you break me.

XXX

Why is a proud woman like a music box?

XXXI

Why are teeth like verbs?

Answers to Puzzles.

XXIII—Letter "A", because it changes *her* to *hear*.

XXIV—Because it is hardly done.

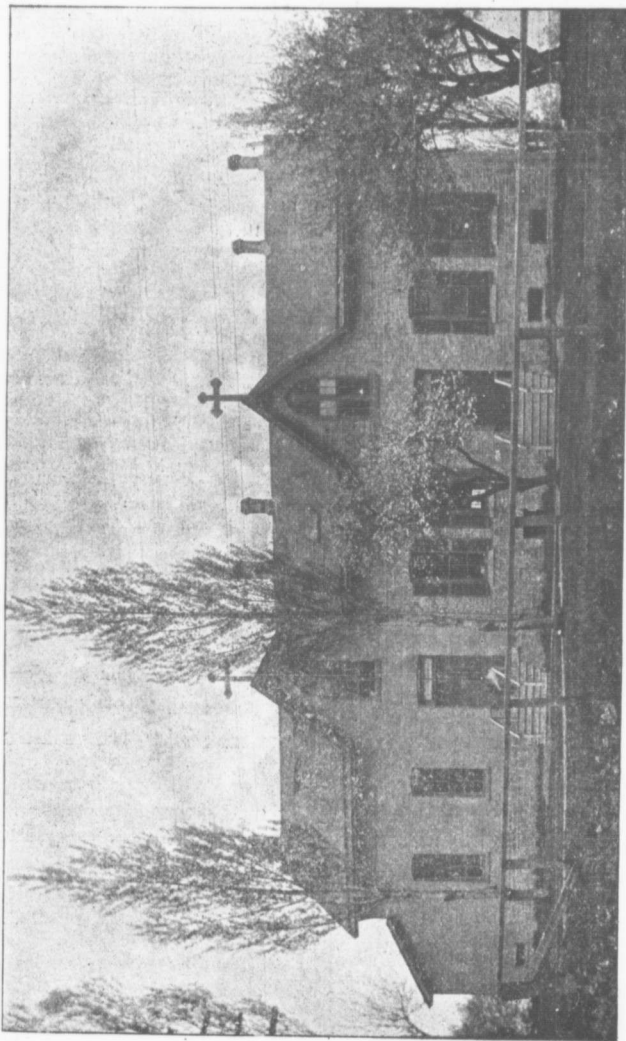
XXV—A kite.

XXVI—Swallow.

XXVII—Owl.

XXVIII—To-day.

"SEC."



PRESENT MONASTERY OF MOUNT CARMEL, AT FALLS VIEW.