

Our
Curbstone
Observer
ON THE VANQUISHED

SOMETIMES when one makes a practice of observation he comes upon some small object that suggests a very long train of reflections. I have found myself, more than once, laughing heartily at something that not one in five hundred would have probably noticed, and that possibly not one in a thousand would have seen in the same funny light. Equally has a mere advertisement, or a passing word, or an insignificant gesture, or some such thing set the wheels of my brain a-turning, until I could build up a score of Spanish castles upon that flimsy foundation. This week I feel in a meditative mood; possibly the fall of the leaf, the approach of autumn, may account for it. And to assist me in that disposition of mind and encourage me therein, I came upon a few words painted upon a fence, which suggested a very long train of thoughts. A few of these I will commit to paper.

A FENCE SIGN.—A couple of weeks ago I was out in the country, and passing along a highway I noticed several advertisements painted on the fences. In one case some of the boards had been removed and the portion of the advertisement that was left gave me no clue to the nature of the goods that were thus announced to the public. What remained of that advertisement was this "and the triumph of the vanquished who." What went before the "and" and what followed the "who" I could not guess; but the words "the triumph of the vanquished" suggested to my mind some serious thoughts. As I proceeded on my way I concluded that there was a great historical truth in that saying, and a Scriptural one likewise. It brought to mind that remarkable passage in the "Magnificat" — the hymn of exultation entoned by the maiden when the angel of God announced great and mysterious things to her — which speaks of the Almighty putting the powerful from their seats and exalting the humble. Again did it recall that other Scriptural passage in which we are told that the last shall be first, and the first shall be last. It reminded me of a great and glaring fact, which the world will not admit, that which the experience of ages and the pages of history combine to consecrate as true; the fact that in the end the vanquished generally triumph. Not in all cases, but in the majority of them. It is so whenever the vanquished have justice, truth, or right on their side. They may be conquered by a superior force—but from their ashes, like the Phoenix, they will eventually arise and soar high above their conquerors.

A FEW EXAMPLES.—In this my peculiar contention I appeal to history—to that "venerable chronicler of the grave"—and it seems to me that the "witness of ages," as Cicero styled history, "the light of truth, the master of life, the life of memory, and the announcer of oracles," is loud in its confirmation of this great fact. The judges of old condemned the philosopher Socrates to death; he had struggled in vain against the power that sought his destruction; but which has survived through the long ages, Socrates, or the judges? Whose principles have gone down through the channels of time—those of Socrates or those of the judges who triumphed over him. In every classical school in the world, in the dawning of this twentieth century, do we find, written in letters imperishable the triumph of Socrates the vanquished and the obliquity and oblivion to which his judges have been consigned. Read the story of the early struggles of Christianity; go over the pages of Chateaubriand's "Martyrs;" scan the chapters of Bernard O'Reilly's "Martyrs of the Colosseum," or his "Victims of the Mamer-time;" down the calendar of the Church's saints, harken to the Litanies sung in every tongue under every sky, gaze at the million altars erected over the face of the earth; and then answer me, which are the victors and which the vanquished—Nero or the martyrs; Caesar triumphant

or Peter in chains and crucified; the fiery Diocletian or the decapitated Paul? On every page, in every line, do you not read the great truth set forth in those words "the triumph of the vanquished?" The pagan conqueror entered the Imperial city with the Christian slaves attached to his triumphal car; the cross that surmounts the dome of St. Peter's casts a shadow upon the ruins of the golden palace and looks down in triumph upon the debris of the Forum—it is simply "the triumph of the vanquished" illustrated by the pencil of history. Which is the conqueror and which the vanquished—the executioner who placed the lighted torch to the wood-pile in the square of Rouen; or Jean d'Arc who ascended that pile and thence ascended to heaven? Which has gained the great triumph, the triumph whose effects are calculated to outlive men and generations of men—Norbury who pronounced the sentence, or Emmet who underwent the same? And, if I may be permitted, after all the rest, for the "last shall be," and must be ever, the "first" in point of consideration and of importance; if after tracing the history of the "triumphs of the vanquished" by the few mile-stones thus selected at random; if I may be allowed in all humility, to recall the greatest of all triumphs that the annals of time record, I will ask of the reader which one has won the victory, which one has had the real and only triumph, which one is the conqueror—Pilate who condemned or Jesus who suffered the penalty of that condemnation? It is not for me to enter upon the sublime subject that this question sets before me; my feeble pen is merely an instrument for the dotting down of ordinary, every day observations, my simple field of action is confined to the common curbstone whereon I stand to watch the great procession of human life—with all its passions, its masks, its vices and its virtues go past. It would be the height of temerity for me to follow out to their ultimate conclusions the thoughts suggested and the historical events evoked by the reading of that simple advertising sign, painted in rude characters upon a country fence. But I could not refrain from giving, at least, a faint idea of the magnitude of that horizon which such an ordinary, every day thing as a broken fence and an incomplete advertisement, opened out before me.

REFLECTIONS.—Based upon what I have thus written I may be permitted a few pertinent reflections. In the course of each individual life there are numberless triumphs that are unrecorded and for which the one who gains them gets no credit in the eyes of his fellow-men. There are countless struggles, fierce and life-absorbing battles, in which the vanquished ultimately enjoys the real triumph, and the proud conqueror lives to suffer the agonies of remorse and the anguish of despair. There are cypress leaves that adorned more gloriously the brows of one man than does the wreath of laurels ornament the head of the other. And, after all, what are those so-called victories compared to the grandeur of that triumph which suffering and silent endurance has ultimately won? There is a mighty truth in that oft-quoted passage of Holy Writ which tells us that the only true victory is that which places the world at our feet—the victory of faith. The one who has suffered poverty, cold, hunger, houseless nights and all the countless ills that through the pathways of certain lives, and has suffered the same rather than accept wealth, and ease, and plenty, and station, and honors at the price of an apostasy; the one who has done this—and in our own race they are to be counted by the million during the past four or five centuries.—the one, I say, who has done this, has been vanquished in the uneven fight, but has eventually enjoyed in all its plenitude "the triumph of the vanquished." Hymns of glory are chanted in honor of the conqueror; the poet appeals to the muses and the bard draws inspiration from the fountains of song to celebrate the triumphs of the hero, the victor; is it not time that some poet should come forth and some bard tune his lyre to entone the triumphs of the fallen, the imperishable glory of the vanquished?

Don't judge others, they may live nearer their idea of right than you do.

The eloquence of all the preachers in the world cannot undo the influence of the parent.

ROOM VACANT.

Room to let at St. Lambert; healthy place, many trains daily to city. Apply to M. D., care P. O. St. Lambert, Que.

Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Still under the heading of "Old Letters," for I do not see the necessity of changing it—especially as I will come back again with another bundle of old letters—I am going to give the readers a couple of samples of epistolary style; the letters, however, will suffer considerably from the fact that I have to translate them. Still, the first one is such a beautiful expression of maternal love, and the second such an edifying essay upon the love of God, that I am sure they will be read with both pleasure and benefit, above all by mothers. They both date back to the seventeenth century. The first is from the pen of Madame De Sevigne, and is addressed to her daughter, Madame De Grignon; the second is from Madame De Maintenon, and is addressed to her niece. A word about each of these remarkable women may also be appropriate.

Madame De Sevigne was born in 1627, and died in 1696. She occupied a remarkable rank amongst the eminent writers of the France, and especially so in that "golden age" of French literature. She owes most of her fame to the "Letters," which have abundantly revealed her loving heart, solid mind, and fine and delicate sentiments. Being separated from her daughter, she wrote to her every day, and those charming letters, which posterity has cherished, gained for her the enviable title of the "Inimitable."

Madame De Maintenon was born in 1635, and died in 1719. She was born a Protestant. When young she became a Catholic and married the poet Scarron, who soon afterwards left her a widow and in poverty. Received at court to educate some of the children of Louis XIV., she became noted for her graceful manners, her wit and the charms of her correspondence. She obtained great empire over the mind of the King, who secretly married her. To her is due the establishment of the community of Saint-Cyr, for the gratuitous education of the daughters of the nobility—especially those whose fortunes did not correspond with their rank, such the two women from whose letters the following are taken.

Madame De Sevigne to her daughter:—

"This is a terrible day, my dear child; I acknowledge to you that I am done out. I left you in a manner that only increases my pain. I dream of every step that you take and all that I take myself, and of how many each of us must take before we can come together again. My heart is at rest when I am near you; that is its normal condition, and the only one that satisfies it. What has taken place this morning causes me deep pain, and your philosophy can explain the reason. I have felt those rendings of the soul, I will feel them for a long time, to come. My heart and my mind are all filled with you; I can no longer let my thoughts turn on you without weeping, and they constantly turn in your direction—so that the state in which I exist becomes hard to bear; as my suffering is extreme, I hope it will not long continue in its intensity. I look for you all the time, and I miss everything around me, because I miss you. My eyes that had you almost constantly before them, for the past fourteen months, see you no more. The happy hours that we have had make these all the more gloomy—I suppose it will be so till I grow accustomed to them; but I will never become used to this craving to embrace you.

"I need not hope for anything better in the future than I have had in the past; I know how much your absence affects me; and I am all the more to be pitied since I have made a habit to myself of seeing you and wanting to see you. It seems to me that I did not kiss you often enough before we parted. What have I to keep back? I have never sufficiently told you how much your affection cheers me; I did not recommend you sufficiently to Mr. De Grignon's care; I did not thank him sufficiently for all his kindnesses and all this friendship he has shown me, I am equally a prey to anxiety and curiosity. I hope to find consolation in your letters, which will, at the same time, make more tears flow. In a

word, my child, I only live for you. May God grant me the grace to love Him as I love you. Never was separation more sorrowful than ours; we did not speak a word. Adieu, my dear child; feel for me, who has been forced to part from you. Here we are, alas, back at our letters again—letters mean separation."

In the foregoing we have the mother speaking from her heart to her child, and exposing to the eye of the reader all the tenderness of her delicate and maternal soul. In the following we have the woman of the world, and the great Christian, giving advice to one whose pathway seems to be strewn with flowers, and who has a future before her in which to find the thorns of life.

Madame De Maintenon's letter to her niece:—

"It is not an evil that you should meet with disturbances of the mind; you will be all the more humble in consequence, and you will discover that we can find no relief in ourselves, no matter how gifted our minds may be. You will never feel perfectly contented, my dear girl, until you shall have come to love God with your whole heart. Believe the great truth that all is but vanity and affliction of mind, save the loving and serving of God. Could I but give you all my experience. Could I but make you aware of the misery of soul that afflicts the great, and the difficulty they find in filling in their days. Do you not perceive that I am dying with loneliness in the enjoyment of a fortune that I could never have dreamed of and that it is only the aid given me by God that prevents me from a fall.

"I have been young and pretty, I have been feasted and have enjoyed pleasures, I have been beloved on all sides; in more advanced years, I spent many of them in mental work, and I succeeded in reaching the favor of the great; and I can assure you, my dear girl, that all states in life leave an awful void, an unrest, a lassitude, a craving for other things, because in all this nothing perfectly satisfies us. You are only at rest when you have given yourself to God, but with that determination of will that I so often mentioned to you; then you feel that there remains nothing more to be desired, that you have attained all that is of any good on earth; you have sorrows, but you also have a solid consolation, and a peace reigns down in your heart despite the great griefs and deep sorrows they afflict it."

When we reflect that those letters date from the middle of the seventeenth century, that two hundred and fifty years about have passed, since such emotions were expressed and such saintly advice was given, that the writers were women of the world, moving in the highest circles, in an age of extravagance, of vice, of looseness of morals and of unnumbered vanities, we cannot but perceive that in all ages the influence of the good woman has been the salvation of society and the fruitful source of regeneration for wavering and inconsistent man. Then the Christian mother was the model as well as the companion, the friend, the teacher, the educator of the daughter—destined to transmit to others the same virtues. It is possible that we of the twentieth century could take a few lessons from the people of the seventeenth century.

Notes From Scotland.

A correspondent of "The Universe" London, Eng., thus describes the ceremony of investing His Grace Archbishop Maguire with the pallium.

On Thursday, 10 September, His Grace Archbishop Maguire received the investiture of the Pallium, in the presence of all the Scottish Bishops and the Canons, clergy, and laity of the Glasgow and neighboring dioceses, in St. Andrew's pro-Cathedral, Glasgow. Punctually at 11.30 the Rev. Florence McCarthy, of the Cathedral, assisted by the Rev. James Towie, of Whiterigg, led the diocesan clergy, who were attired in their choir habits, to their seats in the nave of the Cathedral. Thereafter came the canons of the Glasgow Chapter, the Rev. Provost Chisholm, Canons MacCluskey, Taylor (1), McCarthy, Toner, Taylor (2), and Ritchie; Canons Smith and Murphy, of the Edinburgh Chapter; Provost O'Neill and Canon Woods, Aalloy Chapter; Monsignor Grady (Edinburgh), and Clapperton (Dundee); Bishops Macfarlane, Dunkeld; Smith, Argyll and Isles; Turner, Galloway; Ohisholm, Aberdeen; Archbishops Maguire and Smith; Rev. Bernard Lynch, master of ceremonies of the Mass, the Very Rev. Canon M'Brarty (Govan), sub-deacon; the

Very Rev. Canon Dyer, (St. Mary's) deacon; and the Very Rev. Canon Mackintosh (Kinning Park) the celebrant. The choir was a clerical one, Father Towie acting as master of ceremonies for it in the sanctuary, whilst the Rev. Professor Gallagher was conductor, and the Rev. Denis M'Brarty (Shotts) was organist.

During the celebration of the Mass the Bishops and Archbishops occupied prie dieux on each side of the sanctuary immediately in front of the Canons' stalls. At the end of the first Gospel His Lordship Bishop Macfarlane, of Dunkeld, ascended the pulpit, and preached from the text: "One fold, one Shepherd" (John x. 16—). His Lordship pointed out that the most prominent mark of the Church was its oneness. In other bodies there might be union, but the union arose from agreement and compromise, the sinking of principle. But the essential feature in the Catholic Church was that when any difference of opinion arose there was one voice that could lay the storm. His Lordship did not deny that time and again individuals, nations even, had separated from the Church, but that did not impair her unity. "Water may filter into the crevices of the solid rock, fragments may be torn from the mountain side, but the rock lost none of its solidity, the mountain none of its majesty and grandeur. So with the Church of Christ. The principle which guaranteed the continuity of the Church was the knowledge of the prerogatives and power given to her by Jesus Christ through Peter." His Lordship then proceeded to give a historical description of the Pallium. Until an Archbishop is invested with it, it is not competent for him, unless by temporary dispensation, to discharge the principal duties belonging to his office, nor, strictly speaking, might he assume the title of Archbishop. Even after investiture its use is restricted to great festival days and to some solemn functions. The Pope alone may wear it every day. Finally, when an Archbishop dies, the Pallium is buried with him. Such then is the universal pastor, and of the flocks with their pastors, constitute the oneness of the Church, and at the same time is an obvious proof of it. It is a ready means of deciding who are and who are not members of the true Church. Those who are knit thus together under the visible head of the Church belong to the true fold; those who are not thus united are as sheep without a shepherd. His Lordship concluded his address with the hope that when the day came when the Pallium would be removed no longer from the Archbishop's shoulders, many now not in visible communion with the Church would be gathered into the fold of the One True Shepherd.

The ceremony of the Mass then proceeded. At the Communion of the Pallium, which had been resting on a silver salver, on a side table at the Gospel side of the altar, was brought from there and deposited on the high altar in front of the tabernacle by the Rev. Bernard Lynch, master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of the Mass Archbishop Smith was robed, by his attendant deacons, Canons McCarthy and Ritchie, and conducted by them to a seat in the predella. Archbishop Maguire meanwhile having been robed by his attendant deacons, Canon McCluskey and Provost Chisholm, but wearing a chausable instead of a cope like Archbishop Smith, was conducted by them to the altar steps, which he ascended, and then kneeling down took the oaths and made his solemn profession of faith. Archbishop Smith then placed the Pallium on his shoulders, and Archbishop Maguire, after receiving his blessing, then ascended the remaining step to the predella. The cross-bearer came forward, carrying the Archiepiscopal cross, and stood at the bottom of the altar steps, right in front of His Grace. And then bareheaded His Grace gave his first Archiepiscopal blessing. The procession was then formed, and proceeded by way of the nave to the sacristy, His Grace giving his blessing as he went along to the kneeling clergy and lay members of the congregation.

In the afternoon His Grace entertained the visiting Bishops and clergy and the clergy of his diocese to dinner in the Windsor Hotel. This is the first time that the Catholics of Glasgow have ever seen an investiture of the Pallium since the restoration of the Hierarchy by the late Pontiff Leo XIII. in 1878, and it is questionable if the ceremony was ever seen even in Catholic days. Up till the fifteenth century the reigning Pope was Metropolitan, and in the 117 years of its existence in all probability the investitures, if any, took place in Rome. The late Archbishop Eyre received his Pallium at Rome, though three of the Edinburgh Archbishops received their investiture in the capital, the last one being His Grace Archbishop Smith in 1901, who presided at Thursday's ceremony.

MAN AND HIS WHIMS.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

TELEPATHY.—There is a wave of orientalism sweeping over the western world that produces strange and contradictory effects. It is manifested in many forms, much according to the capacities and inclinations, and often the passions of the different classes of people. Occultism, or mysticism of a kind, seems to easily possess some minds, and generally they are of a weaker or less stable character than those of ordinary people. We find this orientalism manifesting itself in the form of hypnotism, or again of advanced spiritualism, or of theosophy, or of "Christian Science," or even of Luciferianism—such as appeared in certain sections of continental Europe towards the end of the last century. But call it by whatever name you will, and give it whatever shape you may, or endow it with whatever fancied attributes you can imagine, it still remains, purely and simply, an anti-Christian movement. The people infected with it may not think so, but they are really returning to paganism.

A little different, perhaps, is the so-called science of Telepathy, that some are seeking to introduce. This new idea has a very strong advocate in W. T. Stead, the London journalist. While it is to some degree after the spirit of general orientalism, yet it differs from all other manifestations in as much as it is considered to be based on material science, akin to that which has produced wireless telegraphy. Some short time ago an experiment was tried in England, which, while apparently successful, has tended more than anything else to awaken disbelief in it and to start serious and conclusive criticisms against it.

The transmission of thought from London to Nottingham, a distance of one hundred and thirteen miles, has been, according to Mr. Stead, successfully accomplished. The "operators," as they are called, were a Dr. Richardson, who claims to be of New York, but now of London, and a Dr. Frank. The success seems to have satisfied Mr. Stead; but we have not yet read of any other person, of importance, who believes in it, or even who has not been made more sceptical by this very experiment.

Dr. Carleton Simon says:—"This experiment only confirms my expressed belief of the impossibility of such a transmission of thought. It seems to me that such an experiment should have been left to the cool judgment of a party of scientists. The truth or falsity of this method of communication can never be proved, because there is absolutely no means of communication between man and man except through the special senses."

A still fuller refutation of the absurdity is that of the scientific writer, Garrett P. Serviss, in the "American," of last July. He says:—"Notwithstanding the apparent success of this experiment, I fear that so great a boon for human intercommunication is still far off. It must be granted that the idea of telepathy is not of an essentially occult nature. It calls into play no supernatural or inconceivable force or medium, but simply assumes that the ether, which conveys the ordinary waves of light and of electricity, may also convey other waves, perhaps of an electrical nature, set into vibration by the action of the brain, and that these waves, striking upon another brain, may reproduce there thought impressions corresponding to those which gave rise to them in the brain from which they originated.

"The experiment should be repeated many times, under varying conditions, and the character of the messages conveyed should be carefully studied, before the fact of telepathic communication can be regarded as absolutely demonstrated. And, even granting that the three messages were actually transmitted on Saturday from the one man in Nottingham to that of another in London, it must be remembered that these two men were specially selected subjects, and that there is no evidence that people in general possess such a power."

In a few words we might resume the whole affair. This, like all other such so-called sciences, is merely one of those vain attempts of "men of little faith" to gratify their inborn craving for the mysterious and the supernatural without the aid of religion. They seek to reject all the facts of religion; they will have no miracles from on high, but they want to be able to perform miracles themselves. It is the old story of the false prophets repeated, and a glowing testimony to the power of true religion and the weakness of man without it.

Some Notes On His Holiness The Pope

Unlike his predecessor Patriarch of Venice, with the poor of his jurisdiction he had an hour each morning the lowly might approach tell their grievances. He appeared in public, children round him, and it is said times he has carried an in his arms through thoroughfares. The gold pectoral cross and ring were the only evidence.

Walking one afternoon, poor woman with a chalice, seeking aid. Stopping her, he learned the cause of her fall and of efforts employment. The Patriarch giving her substantial these comforting words: these are good, and greater than a good mother.

The Patriarchate of Venice carried with it the honor of Cardinal. In XIII., at the fall consisted the red robe on the ceremony of his elevation Cardinalate was one of memorable events in the Church in Venice. In the nobility and the foreign multitude assembled great cathedral to witness money and receive the first of the new Cardinal. On Leo XIII. presented to each one of the costliest crosses to be procured. It inches long, with eight or rubies in the Pontiff's in it.

Although his elevation to prince of the Church, sily, placed certain social tions upon the Cardinal, tined to lead the same a he had followed during life.

There is much conjecture those who pretend to have source of knowledge about ily of the new Pope. It down here not because there lute reliance to be placed o rather because it may have less of a foundation in real seems to be very true that has no political affiliations. lection was an effort to go from the cardinals who somewhat pronounced in tions with existing governn begins his reign with perfect to consider the knotty prob rising out of the Italian que from the attitude of the Fre emment, or from the comp of the Triple Alliance. Al problems, as they arise, will tied on their merits, witho past to apologize for or any to pre-empt.

It seems also certain that is a man of more than ordin tellectuality, who has follow teachings of Leo XIII., as ample follows the voice of his As far as Leo could express a for his successor, he has poin Cardinal Sarto. We may the epate that the new Pontific not only not be in any sense versal of the policies of Leo, t be their echo.

Leo's great work was form in his encyclicals. He faced t intellectual world that had to the very foundations of these foundations, and to r the rights and duties of men ety, and of Christians to other. The new Pope will over these newly-laid foundatio till they may afford a secure f for men of all nations and o creeds. Plus X. is, naturally, he, if we take into account traits of his character, just th who is best fitted to do this. Look at his picture, and his c ter can easily be read from it. type is that of a man of great tuality, with a kindly heart goes out in sympathy to the po their sufferings. In this trait nature may be found his vast t in social problems. As the ult of his labors the Patriar of Venice is now covered with dem of institutions like co-oper banks and associations, helpo the small tradesmen and the peo