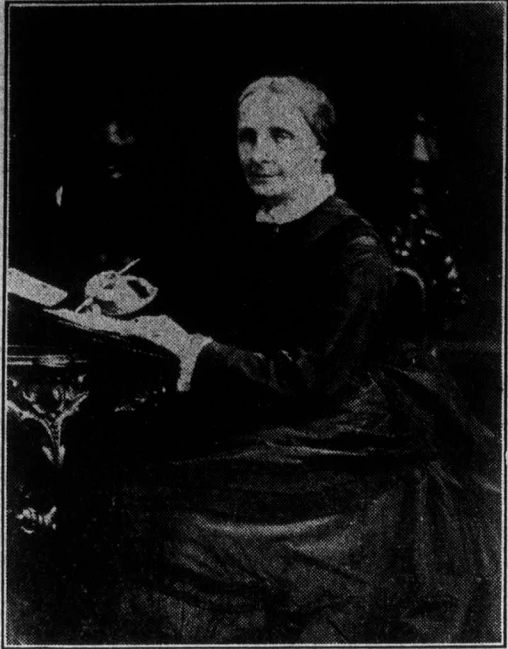


# THE LATE MRS. SADLIER.



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It seems but the other day that we attended that meeting in the archiepiscopal parlors, when the high and highly deserved honor of receiving the "Laetare Medal," from the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, was conferred upon the most prominent and most distinguished of Irish lady writers—Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier. It appeared to us as the crowning of a splendid life, devoted to the cause of Irish literature in America, and to every good cause, be it benevolent or otherwise, that

reward. Her soul ascended to its source to receive the recompense promised to "every good and faithful servant" of God; and her name passed into history to occupy a conspicuous place, amongst those of Ireland's galaxy of brilliant intellects, whose beams fell athwart the last half of the century that is gone.

To mention her works done would mean a catalogue; to speak of her unrecognized writings—to be counted by the thousands of columns in the press of Ireland, England, America and Canada—would be to furnish an index to a library; to recall the names of all the prominent personages with whom she had been, either directly, or indirectly, associated, in her long literary career, would be to enumerate the brightest lights that Catholicity, in America, has given to the world for its education and uplifting.

As to the simple details of her life, the outline of the leading events, it is easy to give them.

She was the daughter of Francis Madden, of Cootchill, County Cavan, Ireland, where she was born December 31, 1820. She began her literary life at the age of 16, and when barely 18, began to contribute to La Belle Assemblée, a London magazine, published under the patronage of the Duchess of Kent. She left Ireland in 1844, and two years later married James Sadlier, of the firm of D. & J. Sadlier, publishers, of New York, Boston and Montreal. Her life was largely spent in New York, and it was there that she did some of her best work. One of her first works was a collection of traditional stories, published in Montreal, entitled "Tales of the Olden Time." In one of her numerous tales of Irish immigrant life and adventure, called "Eleanor Preston," there are some sketches of Lower Canada rural life and scenery.

Amongst the most remarkable of her books was an Irish romance entitled "The Confederate Chieftains." She translated several very important religious works, such as "De Ligny's Life of the Blessed Virgin," and the "Life of Christ." Her novels,

all of which tended to bring out the finer characteristics of the Irish race, are numerous; and not a few of our readers are acquainted with her "Willy Burke," "The Blakes and the Flanigans," "Con. O'Regan," "Eleanor Preston," and "Aunt Honor's Keepsake." If, to-day, they are less read than in former years, it is due to the floods of periodical and cheap literature with which the market is overflowing. But, Mrs. Sadlier, as an authoress, and as an exponent of Irish character, in the field of romance, must go down to posterity in the same category as Gerald Griffin and the Banims.

And while she was doing all this literary work she had a two-fold task to fulfil, which occupied all the time that could be snatched from one noon to another. As a wife and mother she had the care of a delightful home, the duties, so religiously fulfilled towards a loving husband and adoring children; and at the same time the editorship of the New York "Tablet" to occupy her slightest moment of relaxation.

In that work she was associated with Dr. Ives, the one time Anglican Bishop of Charleston, with the renowned Dr. Orestes Brownson, and with her dearest and most cherished of all co-laborers in Ireland's cause, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, whose ever has read her biographical and literary critical preface to the collection of McGee's poems, which she edited, cannot but perceive how powerful was the bond of sympathy between these two noble and gifted Irish souls. But that was not all. Her literary labors may have had some degree of recognition by the world; but she did other work and had other cares that were hidden under the cloak of a Christian humility. As one writer said:—

"Besides her vast literary work, she was also largely connected with many Catholic charitable institutions, and assisted in founding 'The Home for Friendless Girls,' 'The Foundling Asylum,' 'Home for the Aged,' 'The Night Refuge and Working Girls' Home,' etc. For the latter institution she wrote the first

page of the first year's annual report, and by special request contributed the first page to the 25th anniversary report."

During the last twenty-two years of her life Mrs. Sadlier has made her home in Montreal, and her venerable, benign, and inspiring face was familiar in every circle where good was to be done, the cause of faith, or that of country to be advanced. Every morning, especially every Sunday morning, in the bright spring, the radiant summer, or the golden autumn, she might be seen wending her way to St. Patrick's, or to the Gesu. It was met that on a Sunday morning, just as the faithful were bowing before the elevated Host, at the eight o'clock Mass, and as the bells announced that solemn moment of profound devotion, her happy soul should have moved quietly away from earth and ascended to the God whose laws she so faithfully obeyed and whose goodness she so thoroughly appreciated.

One evening, away back in the early nineties, the writer sat beside her, in her little, comfortable parlor, on Park Avenue—where for several years she resided—and felt a glow of sentiment that no pen can tell and no pencil trace, as he gazed upon that beautiful yet aged face, and listened to that sympathetic voice, as she read for him the last poem that McGee had written—that imperishable "Miserere Domine." And, in extending to her bereaved relatives the expression of our heartfelt sympathy and condolence, we cannot more worthily bid adieu to the grand old lady of Irish heart and Irish genius, than be paraphrasing the last lines of that poem:—

"Sadly we wept who laid her there;  
Where shall we find her equal? Where?  
Naught can avail her now but prayer."

Miserere Domine!"

And that tribute of prayer the Church offers to-day, and in it we join, with all our heart, as we humbly repeat—"May her soul rest in peace."

## A Chat With Father Valentine On Missions To Non-Catholics

(By One Who Made the Recent Mission.)

Many Catholics who regularly attend the missions and receive all the blessings of grace which flow from them, seldom give much thought to another great missionary force which is continuously at work over the civilized world. Catholics who are not converts have had the great gift of faith conferred on them as it were gratis. It has fallen on them as did the mantle of Elias upon his disciple Elisha. It has come to them without trouble; it grew up with their growth, nurtured by the mother's milk; it was taught them in school, and developed by the teachings from the pulpit.

This other important class of missionary work is generally known as missions to non-Catholics. The Passionist Fathers have paid particular attention to this line of labor, have made a special study of it, and have set apart several of the ablest men in the Order, not to devote themselves exclusively to it, but to make it a distinctive work. Among the best known of these are Rev. Fathers Xavier Sutton, Richard Barret, and F. J. Valentine, who took such a leading part in the recent Lenten mission at St. Patrick's, and whose striking eloquence and personal magnetism will not soon be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to hear him preach.

Speaking on the subject, Father Valentine said he thought the missions to non-Catholics the real work of the twentieth century. The Paul-

ist Fathers, whose labors had been blessed with such phenomenal success, had reduced these missions to non-Catholics to a definite system. The Passionist Fathers were also deeply interested in non-Catholic mission work, and many promising men of that Order were now qualifying themselves for that particular field of labor. As to the success of these missions Father Valentine was most enthusiastic, for, said he, converts invariably make good Catholics.

Do you never find any backsliders? was asked.

Very seldom; in fact, in the number of what I might call my own converts, I know only of one case where the convert fell away from the Church.

To about what length of time would you refer in this case?

To the whole of my seven year's work, and I might add that my converts are my best friends.

As regards the attendance in various cities?

The attendance, replied Father Valentine, has been splendid. He remembered only one mission at which there was any cause at all to complain. Speaking generally of these missions, Father Valentine said that at first people came, actuated merely by curiosity; others by animosity; but he found that many who came to scoff remained to pray, and when these latter were converted they became exemplary Catholics.

Referring to the anxiety of many Catholics to go to the missions to non-Catholics it was pointed out that the idea would be a good one, were there sufficient time. The sermons, to a certain extent, had to be doctrinal, or in a sense, semi-controversial. Outside of the catechism, few Catholics were really grounded in doctrine, and the discourses would be useful to them. There was a certain amount of religious indifference, for which erroneous ideas at the finish of education were responsible. To this false system of education, may be traced the false standard of morality which governs the world at the present time, the rigorous laws laid down for women being in striking contrast to the more lax ones laid down for men. And the outcome of all this was the spoiling of the boy. Even mothers did not pay so much attention to the boys as to the girls; boys were permitted to go into company in which it would be simply shocking to see the girls. Then there was that peculiar but mis-

taken notion that boys will be boys, and must sow their wild oats. Of course, girls are more tractable and appeal more to the teachers. The boy is not so easily led, but he has more individuality. The girl develops rapidly intellectually. The boy is of slower progress; in him the material dominates the spiritual; but when the boy is, so to speak, properly set, then his progress is very rapid. To make a comparison, one is a hot-house plant while the other is a hardy perennial. It was at this stage that a somewhat erroneous system of education became responsible for some of the shortcomings in Catholics which required the same sort of sermons to remedy as were preached to non-Catholics. To the postulants for admission to the Church, the Passionist Fathers always insisted on the importance of regular attendance at the holy sacrifice of the Mass, which was practically the backbone of Catholicity.

In his experience Father Valentine had found that converts were more regular in their attendance than were many Catholics. It was inexplicable to him how so many people should miss Mass through mere carelessness or laziness. Many did not seem able or willing to understand that some sins of omission were greater than some sins of commission. Missing Mass was not only a mortal sin; it was a departure from the means of essential grace. The intrinsic excellence of the Mass lay in the fact that it was a continuation of the great Sacrifice of Calvary. It was owing largely to the appreciation of this fact that converts were usually so exemplary and devout.

One of the great beauties of missions to non-Catholics lay in the dissemination of true knowledge concerning the Church and her doctrines. There was something grand, something soul-stirring in having an opportunity of painting Holy Church in the glorious colors of truth to those who were still struggling in darkness or semi-darkness. Then there were so many prejudices to be removed, which were deep seated in the non-Catholic mind. The work of uprooting was frequently difficult and tedious; but when it was done, it was done well and a new tree of faith had been planted. It was here that the heart of the missionary felt elated, as being the humble instrument of showing the way, the truth and the light.

There was an advantage to Catholics in non-Catholic missions which

was frequently lost sight of. Many who had fallen away from regular attendance at Church were given grace enough to bring a non-Catholic friend to a mission, when they would never dream of attending a purely Catholic mission themselves; and they felt as proud as peacocks if their friends showed signs of conversion, or even of appreciation. This was a pardonable pride, however; and almost insensibly they were brought back into the fold of the Church.

Speaking of the ultimate results of missions to non-Catholics, Rev. Father Valentine said that the actual number of conversions was about the last thing to be considered. While the numbers had been many and the success great, these things only served as a thermometer or a sort of report of progress. The real, the ultimate object was the

Spreading of the Light.

## True to the Old Order.

Sometimes lessons come from a long distance. Such is the case in the present instance.

A Christian Brother's Old Boys' Union has been established in Melbourne, Australia. The event was made the occasion recently, of a gathering at which visitors from all parts of the States were present. The chair was taken by Mr. M. Jagers, an old pupil.

In proposing the toast of the evening, the chairman said their real object was to form an association which would help the Brothers, by furnishing recruits and establishing prize funds. He felt sure that all would co-operate in making the association, which had commenced so well, something to be proud of, by assisting it by every means in their power. The speaker gave warm expression to his feelings in regard to the good work done by the Brothers in fostering a love in the hearts of the Australian youth for the old land.

Bro. Hughes, on rising to respond, was greeted with loud and prolonged applause. He, as reported by the "Tribune," said it was with feelings

of no ordinary pleasure that he rose to respond to the toast so eloquently proposed by Mr. Jagers. In reply to those tributes of praise by the chairman, all that he could say was that they strove to do their humble best. They took no self-glorification for what they did. Their motive was a higher one. But he appreciated the compliment contained in the chairman's words, and particularly those which had reference to Irish sentiment and nationality. It was a singular coincidence, Bro. Hughes said, that, in selecting that evening for the launching of the association, the members had hit upon a double anniversary. Yesterday, 35 years ago, the Brothers had set foot upon a boat in Liverpool to come to Australia, and to-morrow, 34 years ago, they opened the first school in Victoria. And to-night he was looking upon some of his first pupils. He could say that it gave him much satisfaction. The Brothers had striven to so educate their boys that they could not only carve their own way in the world from the material standpoint, but they also endeavored to instill into them, while allowing them some measure of freedom, such Christian virtues that would, if carried out, earn for them the respect of their fellow-citizens. With regard to the association, he would say—Let everyone have his own ideas in sentiments and politics, but let them be found working 'at one harmonious body for the good of all, and in their discussions he would exhort them not to use "striking" arguments. He would urge them to remember the beautiful words of Moore:—

"Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,  
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,  
Till like the rainbow's light,  
Thy various tints unite,  
And form in Heaven's sight,  
One Arch of Peace!"

Bro. Hughes concluded, amidst loud applause, with an appropriate recitation, from Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Bro. Nugent, in response to loud calls, also said a few words. Bro. Hughes had said all he could say in the matter, but he felt sure, from the warmth and enthusiasm displayed that evening, that the association would be a great success. He, personally, took great interest in the doings of the old boys, and he was pleased to see that something was

to be done in keeping them together. With regard to the compliment paid them as teachers, he would only refer them to the results of the examinations to show them that their confidence in them had not been altogether misplaced.

### ABOUT TRUSTS.

In a series of articles, the "Revue" (Paris) seeks to show that the trust magnates of the United States are afflicted by that species of madness sent by the gods upon those whom they would destroy. "The trusts," it says, "like those prodigious genui of whom the poets speak, never stop gathering new youth and new vigor. Their growth is miraculous and the mode of their creation charms the American mind."

### HINTS FOR DYSPEPTICS.

"Food should be eaten with interest and enjoyment, says a writer. The busy man must put aside his cares and troubles when he comes to his meals. The formalities of a set meal, and the ritual observed in the partaking of the various courses of a dinner, have their importance as appealing to the psychological factor in the secretion of the digestive juices.

### IMMIGRATION NOTES.

The immigration figures for March, says a cable despatch to a local newspaper, have been issued, and show that 7,448 English, 1,240 Scotch and 3,937 foreigners went to Canada during that month. The total immigration to Australia was 672, and to South Africa 4,096.

Everyone is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

### DIED.

O'SHAUGHNESSY.—At his home, in New York, No. 912 St. Nicholas Avenue, March 22, 1903, after a few days' illness, Charles, aged 26, dearly beloved son of Magaretta and E. J. O'Shaughnessy. Funeral services at the Church of St. Catherine of Genoa, 153rd street, near Amsterdam Ave., on Wednesday, March 25, at ten a.m. Interment Calvary.

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