

## Bishop O'Connell On the Religious Orders.

At the laying of the corner stone of the new Dominican Monastery in the course of construction north of Washington, D.C., on the Bunker Hill Road recently the principal address was delivered by Rt. Rev. William H. O'Connell, D.D., Bishop of Portland, Me.

Bishop O'Connell said among other things:—

"We are assembled here upon a memorable occasion—the wedding of the old and new. The old order of St. Dominic comes to enrich the new university with its centuries of learning and experience, with its holy and glorious traditions. It is the union of strength and wisdom, of high hope and solid achievement. It is typical of the occasion. Thus does the Catholic Church pursue her unfaltering course through the centuries; thus does she renew herself from age to age, bringing forth from the treasure of her divine traditions and her history those principles of wise administration which exert their mild, yet indomitable, sway upon generation after generation and which transform the world.

"Time passes and institutions change. The Church looks out upon them all with the calm gaze of the strong and loving mother of the nations. No revolution disturbs her vigilance, for her mere human experience and historic precedent are older far than those of any government the world has seen.

"As we stand here in the shadow of this university the mind calls up the spectacle of that unparalleled phenomenon in the annals of knowledge, the rise and progress of the great mediaeval universities, and the imagination brings back those days when a fever of learning fell upon Europe, when men in city and hamlet began to study and argue on the whole body of extant knowledge and students journeyed from the remote corners of civilization to the seats of famous schools, buoyed up by their poverty and hardship by the spirit of the Crusaders.

"That wonderful awakening of the nations in the thirteenth century, coming, though it did, with the suddenness and swiftness of the springtime, after a long period of invasion, occupation and wreck of civil institutions, when the Church was the only power that stood between Europe and barbarism, and found the Church active and ready. She rose up to welcome these pilgrims of knowledge; she encouraged, guided and regulated the inundation of students; she divided them into their respective nations; framed for them a body of law; incorporated them under her own jurisdiction; sought far and wide for the best and wisest teachers and summoned forth the zeal and genius of the great religious orders that this fierce craving for knowledge might be satisfied, that learning might be sanctified and that education and instruction might be directed to the salvation of souls.

"Behold now with what admirable wisdom the Church adapts the old learning, the tried methods to conditions that are new. Now that the faith is spread abroad over the land, that everywhere throughout the country are her churches and her schools, that in every community are devoted ministers, laboring for the care of souls—when the time is ripe and the spirits of men are ready she founds here, in the capital city of the land, a scholium generale—a modern university.

"It is certainly a glory to the Church in this land and especially to this school that it has gathered here these various orders and congregations, whose very differences are so singular a manifestation of the unity and catholicity of the Church. For it is to the perfection of this institution that, as it aims to give instruction in all branches of human knowledge, it should also manifest its university quality by uniting under its auspices these diverse houses. For each of the great religious orders stands for some definite idea in the history of the Church. Each has been established by the holy men who founded them to do a special work in the vineyard of the Lord, to cultivate a certain spiritual growth in that vineyard with loving care. So this richness of variety adds a

new beauty to this university, a new completeness, that intensifies its unity and multiplies its usefulness and makes it a greater power for good in the educational world and in the Church.

"What, therefore, is this religious life which, exemplified in so many forms, has been so potent a factor in the history of the Church, and which is bound up in the life of the schools? What is the secret of this mysterious power which, manifested in so many different institutes, yet keeps a nature of its own in each? Is it something which has been present in the Church from the beginning, or an ornament added on as time passed and the spiritual life diversified in the souls of men? And, lastly, what is its precise function in this university, and why do we rejoice in the founding of this Dominican college?

"In the Christian life a two-fold perfection has to be considered: One is essential and consists in the life of grace and charity, and in order to at least attain this perfection the Christian profession is ordained and it brings within the reach of all who embrace it the necessary and sufficient means. It is called the state of common life. Not as if men may not do works of supererogation, and increase the spiritual perfection as much as they please with the aid of God, but inasmuch as this state does not of itself oblige to such works or increase it does not of itself afford special means. It possesses whatever of perfection and stability is necessarily included in every other state of Christian life as being the substance and foundation of such life.

"The condition of those people who in the world observe the evangelical counsels to a high degree embraces all that is in the religious state so called; but there is this difference between their life and that of the religious, that the latter is an organized state of perfection. This, then, is the peculiar gift and excellence of the religious state that it organizes by rules, exercises and surroundings a system of life which makes it easier for the religious minded man or woman to keep the evangelical counsels in their purity and excellence than if these people lived in the world amid all kinds of mundane excitement and temptation. Therefore, the religious orders have no monopoly of the religious life or of the perfection of the religious life, for there have been very many saints in the history of the Church who never belonged to any order. But the religious orders have made the religious state a strong and well-ordered system.

"The religious life itself is nothing new—it is as old as Christianity—and the wonderful flowering of divers institutes under the inspiration and genius of the saints who have become founders of religious orders has not depleted its energy and fruitfulness which ever flourished in the bosom of God's Church while men love and keep His counsels.

"In our own day we see Leo XIII. proclaiming as patron of the schools of the world St. Thomas Aquinas, that wonder of sanctity and learning, who brought order into mediaeval erudition and laid the lines of modern theological method. Thomas Aquinas lived and died a simple friar-preacher.

"The world to-day is as the world of that wonderful thirteenth century, instinct with energy, fiery with enthusiasm, eager for the word of God, if it is preached to them as St. Dominic preached it to the Albigenses.

"And especially in this great land, whose future is but beginning to unfold—a land which is as Europe was in opportunity when the saint sent forth his sons, a little band of apostles, to conquer it. And we can say, in the words of the Council of Lateran, that among all means of promoting the salvation of Christian people the bread of the Divine Word is above all things necessary."

### EXAMPLE.

Good Catholics of bad Catholics, all, in one way or another, will for good or evil influence the non-Catholic world around them.—Exchange.

### CATHOLIC REQUESTS.

The will of Mrs. Martin of Baltimore, contains bequests for religious and charitable purposes aggregating \$416,216, including \$2,000 to Cardinal Gibbons, \$50,000 for the establishment of a home for old Catholic ladies, \$10,000 to the Carmelite Sisters, \$10,000 to the Baltimore Academy of Visitation, \$2,000 for scholarships in Calvert Hall and Loyola College, \$2,500 for a scholarship at St. Catherine's Institute, \$1,000 to the associated professors of St. Mary's Seminary, \$2,000 to St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, and St. Joseph's Home of Industry, \$2,000 to the Clerical Benefit Association.

## A Convert's Reply.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

We have many times, and even recently, written about the contentment, the happiness, and the generous spirit of converts to the Catholic faith. We have pointed out how kindly they always think of and speak about those whom they have left; how they never descend to abuse even the faith that they abandoned because they knew it to be false; how they experience a sense of relief, of repose, of promise, of comfort, once within the fold of the Catholic Church.

The other day a fact came to our notice that tells an eloquent story. It is customary with Protestants to constantly seek to impress their friends with the idea that converts to Catholicity are not contented with their lot. A couple of months ago the diocesan paper of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Milwaukee stated that Father Maturin, a famed convert, was not contented in the Catholic Church. Thereupon Mr. Jesse Albert Locke, of Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, wrote to him, to inquire frankly if the statement were true. This is the convert's answer:—

St. Mary's Church,  
Cadogan street, Chelsea,  
London, July 25, 1903.

Dear Mr. Locke: You ask me if there is any truth in the rumors which you say are very persistent in America that I am inclined to return to the Church of England.

I am sure such rumors cannot have their origin from any of my American friends who have known me or heard from me since I became a Catholic, and how any persons can take it upon themselves to say such things merely because they imagine them or wish them to be true I cannot imagine; if they say them in order to influence others from doing as I have done, I think their conduct can only be characterized by a very ugly word.

However, as you ask me, I will answer you. There is absolutely not one fragment of truth in such statements; I could not imagine any conceivable circumstances inducing me even to consider for a moment such a step; in fact, I have found in the Catholic Church all that I desire, and the question has for the last six years ceased to be a "question" with me any more. I am perfectly happy and at peace in the Roman Catholic Church. From the day I made up my mind and went to Beaumont to be received the English Church melted before my eyes and as a church has never taken substantial form again. As Newman said: "I went by, and lo! it was gone; I sought it and its place could nowhere be found."

Perhaps I could convince some of those who say the kind of things you mention how untrue they are by telling them in unmeasured words what the English Church has seemed to me since I left it, but I will not stoop to such means, either to convince or silence them. It affords me no consolation to abuse what once was a great reality to me and what most of my dearest friends still belong to, and I have never been able to understand or respect those who seem to think that it does honor to their present convictions to ridicule what once they revered.

It has been enough for me to try and follow our Lord's words: "Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach the kingdom of God," and I have endeavored to use what powers I have in preaching what I know with a certainty (that I believe and pray may never be less) is the kingdom of God in truth, and I believe such positive preaching in the long run must be more effective than any bitterness toward what to me is dead and buried.

Very truly yours,

B. W. MATURIN.

## IRISH RELICS.

Some years ago a number of ancient Irish relics were ploughed up on the banks of Lough Foyle; they were purchased by the British Museum for \$3,000. For some six years there has been a regular legal battle over them. Finally Judge Farwell, who had the case before him, has decided that these relics were treasure-trove, and has ordered that the British Museum deliver them up to

the Crown. His Lordship refused to accept the contention of the British Museum authorities, that the articles were votive offerings made by Irish sea kings to the sea gods. He did not believe the sea ever covered the field where the Linnavady ploughman turned up the relics. He thought that the articles were deposited for safety by some chief during the raids of the Norsemen or sea pirates in Ulster, with the intention of reclaiming them when an opportunity occurred. The period in which they were hidden about between 300 B.C. and 700 A.D. The treasure now goes to the Royal Irish Academy. The ornaments have been exhibited for several years in the gold room of the British Museum, and were there labeled "Ancient British and Irish Gold Ornaments." They consist of a tongue, or collar, of ornamental work such as was worn by the old Irish kings; fibulae, or bracelets, and shallow drinking cups, all of fine soft gold of a light color. We are very much inclined to agree with Judge Farwell, much as it disturbs our pleasant visions of the old sea kings, whom the pencil of mythology has painted on the background of Irish history. We feel not unlike Davis when his dreams of olden Irish legends were dispelled by Mr. Petrie's solidly historical work. What Davis then wrote, we can repeat in this instance. He said: "Yet, we repeat, we jealously watched for flaws in Mr. Petrie's reasoning; exulted, as he set down the extracts from his opponents, in the hope that he would fall in answering them, and at last surrendered in sullen despair. Looking now more calmly at the discussion, we are grateful to Mr. Petrie for having driven away on idle fancy. In its stead he has given us new and unlooked-for trophies, and more solid information on Irish antiquities than any of his predecessors." This fairly describes our feelings in regard to Judge Farwell's decision; we know he is right, but we dislike to believe it.

## DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Even a death-bed repentance is preferable to none at all, yet it is not always given to those who sin greatly to come back to God and the Church at the very last moment. To doubt of the possibility of such a close to a career of error and sin would be to doubt the infinite mercy of God; but to live in the hopes of such a closing, without taking steps to attain it, is a presumption and a defiance of the Almighty. Still none can tell what great good a poor erring creature may have at some time or other done; and just as a life of misery is the punishment of sin, so a death-bed repentance is the reward for that one virtue, or that one good deed. We have a very striking example of this in a case that recently took place in Richmond, Va. On the 17th August last a certain Mrs. Joseph Andrews died, and in her last moments, at her own request, she had the services of a priest. She received the last sacraments and closed a life of a most erratic kind in the peaceful bosom of the Church. Thirty years ago this woman was an inmate of a convent at Frederick, Md. She died an inmate of the almshouse, where for six years she has been kept as a pauper and an infirm person. Her approaching end brought forth her sad story. She fled from the convent where she had been; after which she published a pamphlet that created some sensation. She described herself as an ex-nun, and wrote in no friendly terms of her recent convent home. Her maiden name was Josephine Burnley. She married a man named Andrews. A child was born to the couple, but in a short time both husband and child died, and she was forced to seek the aid of charity. Not long ago she fell and broke her hip and has since been helpless. She led a life of untold misery. She repented of all the wrong she had done, especially when she came to recognize that she was undergoing the penalty for her mistakes and for the scandal she had given. In this condition, and feeling that the end was at hand, she asked for the help of a Catholic priest. Rev. Joseph Magri, of St. Peter's Cathedral, Richmond, called upon her, heard her sad story, received her into the Church again, and assisted her upon that last sad journey into the world beyond. It was not to those for whom she had led such a foolish life that she had to turn in the last hour: it was to the very Church that she had denied and belied. But there is the mercy of Christ exemplified in the forgiveness and mercy of the Church. And the repentant sinner was won back at the eleventh hour. A lesson that many might take to heart.

## Health Of the Holy Father.

From the Roman correspondence of the "Catholic Times," we take the following notes:—

The alarm caused by the swoon of the Holy Father has, I think, entirely passed away in Rome. For one thing, there would be no ground for surprise at anybody fainting in the close Pauline Chapel, the less so if the system of ventilation obtaining in the Papal apartment of the Vatican under Leo XIII. still prevails. The aged Pontiff led an entirely artificial life, out of contact with fresh air, save on rare occasions such as his visits to the gardens or to the Basilica of St. Peter. Dr. Laponi explained to me a couple of years ago an elaborate system by which he managed to have the air always pure and renewed, but never freshly from without, in the rooms which His Holiness was to enter or pass through. On the other hand, Leo XIII. was so chill by blood that he used to take sun-baths at his windows even in August. By an oversight the robust and full-blooded Pius X. was subjected for a morning to an experiment in the system under which Leo XIII. lived. There has been very little concern about the health of the new Pope, with whom one associates no idea of illness or constitutional malady.

The supposed head trouble has been whispered about only as a danger, and both of the doctors who examined Pius X. on the day of his swoon have denied that he suffers from it. Hence it was that on the morning of the audience Dr. Laponi, instead of being in attendance, was at the Hospital of the Fatebenefratelli, on the island of the Tiber, of which he is the principal physician. Those who do not know Rome will be surprised to hear that Dr. Laponi resides, not at the Vatican, but in a villa of his own, built of late years on the Via dei Cracchi, off the Piazza Cola di Rienzo, in the Prati di Castello, and that he devotes a large portion of his time to work in the hospital above-mentioned and much of the remainder to his very large practice.

But the cause of the Pope's faintness was the exhausting emotions of the preceding days. The Conclave brought many; the election more; the days intervening between this and the Coronation continued to supply them; then came the Coronation, which was all a long pain. To his surprise, against his desire, despite his entreaties and reasonings, the Patriarch of Venice had become the Pope of Rome, and the whole heritage of Christian sorrow and care was laid upon his shoulders.

How he bore it we may learn from the letter of the parish priest at the Santi Apostoli at Venice, written on August 8, and therefore a day before the Coronation: "The Pope enters the throne hall. We enter hurriedly. I, the first, throw myself at his feet. The Pope groans (singhiozza). I also am stricken with the greatest emotion. I kiss the foot and hand of the Holy Father, and so do the others. A dumb, moving, heart-rending scene; no words but tears from the Pope, from all. This scene lasts ten minutes. The Noble Guards, the Monsignori, the Chamberlains wept. The Pope made us all get up, and said with disconsolate (straziante) voice: 'Voglio vederli tutti.' I wish to see you all. Poor man, he had not recognized us at first, because tears veiled his eyes. Clapping my hand, he said to me: 'I know about the ceremony at the Santi Apostoli, and I thank you.' Then to all: 'Make the sacrifice as I made it on my part. Pray for me, but very much, for the cross which God has given me is heavy. I love you so much, and I bless you with your families; I bless the sick and the poor.' He withdrew, and we heard his groans (singhiozzi). Oh! what an unforgettable scene. We left the Pope's room our eyes swollen with crying. 'Addio, addio.'—Your most affectionate brother, Don Luigi."

"Make the sacrifice as I made it," he said to his Venetians, as if to say, "I tore myself away, you must accustom yourself to the separation." So let us hope that the iron will of this large-hearted Pope will help him to love his cross. But its high-priest Christendom never before saw so weep at his superb and joyous Coronation. Those were not tears of contentment, however holy, which marked his cheeks on Sunday, August 9, in St. Peter's, and their answering, if they left a question, was to be found in the unrelieved mourn-

fulness of the Pope's face, the manifest effort with which he aroused himself to bless, the almost stern setting of finger to lip by which he checked each renewed outburst of enthusiasm, the ready, or, rather, the sudden heaviness with which he withdrew into himself after each effort, as the blessing or the gesture over, his expression fixed, his eyes dropped again, and his head inclined forward. But all these things will cause him to be loved the more, and already, long before his consecration, the advent of a "democratic" Pope—"un Papa democratico"—had stirred the heart of revolutionized Italy. His plebeian origin effected almost a miracle in the general feeling of Italy, while the greatness of heart of the new Pius has gained for the Papacy an esteem and affection with the Italian people. Every act and word reported of him has deepened the impression that he is still the admirable Bishop who pawned his ring for the poor.

Thus only the extreme organs of Liberal opinion have anything but praise for the popular Pope. And these exceptions have nothing of blame to say except that Cardinal Sarto was intransigent—word of wonderfully wide meaning and of vagueness vaster still; that he was astute and a political success—whatever this may be; that he is not of an elevated order of intelligence—something which conflicts with his asserted astuteness and success; that he was not enthusiastically loyal to the House of Savoy—something about which many distinctions would have to be made; and that he will not be a conciliator Pope—as though he had not already become a reconciliation in himself. They might at least wait to judge him until he has chosen a Secretary of State. The Pope's only official utterance has been his speech to the Diplomatic Corps a few days ago, and this was directed to the furtherance of peace between the nations.

## NATIONAL SONGS.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Recently, more than ever, has the authorship of the famous French national hymn the "Marseillaise" been disputed. It is said that the researches of musical scholars, both in France and Germany, seem to prove that the melody was not composed by Rouget de Lisle, but was copied from the "Credo" of the fourth Mass of Holtzmann of Mursburg, who composed it in 1776, and that it was first heard in Strasbourg in the hotel of Mme. de Montesson, in 1782.

This may be the case, but it is certain that combination of words and music known as the "Marseillaise" was the work of Rouget de Lisle, in Strasbourg, in 1792, and that it left his hand to be taken up and sung by millions of Frenchmen at the time of the great Revolution. Its popularity was immediate and its fiery strains contributed greatly to the victories of the French revolutionary armies.

Rouget de Lisle was a good musician, and had often made verses. He was an engineer in the French army and rose to the rank of captain. In 1792, he being in his thirty-second year, de Lisle was quartered with his command at Strasbourg. He was not an ardent revolutionist, and his purpose in writing the song was far from stirring the heart of France in to red hot revolution, as was the result. It was the influence of some speeches that he had heard at a public dinner that caused him to conceive the verses; and on returning to his quarters he lost no time in writing them out. He entitled his work "The Song of the Army of the Rhine." Later on a band of Marseilles revolutionists came to Paris, and took part in the storming of the Tuilleries. They were called "Les Marseillais." Their song was taken up by soldiers and people, and soon travelled all over the country, and was called—for lack of knowing its real name—"La Marseillaise." The author of it, being a moderate Republican, was cashiered and cast into prison, but the counter revolution set him at liberty. He wrote a great deal of other verses, but his one great song so overshadowed all his other work that none of it was ever known in the realm of French letters. He did not receive any compensation for his immortal composition, nor any pension or mark of favor until the accession of Louis Philippe. Then, it seems, he was given a small stipend whereon to eke out a poor existence in the close of his day. He died at Choley, in 1836.

He was seventy-six years of age, and it is said that he grew in later years to dislike hearing either the music or the song that had made his name famous.

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CHAPTER XXXV

"There, before you...  
Fahey. 'There's wh...  
to go through one...  
the Christian as wel...  
'Would be well for...  
had as little to ans...  
poor pointer, after...  
this world.

The other gentlema...  
lected around, with...  
of condolence on the...  
servant of the chape...  
peared to be affected...  
manner by the transa...  
had witnessed. His...  
vague and unsettled...  
deadly pale, and his...  
exceedingly. This was...  
he had fired in the cou...  
and the nature of the...  
he was engaged had n...  
red to him until he s...  
flowing at his feet. T...  
his, always sensitive...  
and rendered doubly...  
so associations of the...  
months, the picture...  
poor quadruped was...  
palling than it might...  
the person of a fellow...  
felt his head grow dizz...  
away from the spot...  
feeble paces, he fell...  
the rushes.

The gentlemen hasten...  
rief, with looks of asto...  
ther than pity. Some...  
perfectly acquainted...  
tar, or perplexed by...  
any change which it...  
dargone, who winked...  
part when he was lift...  
earth; and though no...  
openly to impute any...  
character to the youn...  
yet, whenever they sp...  
currence in the course...  
was not without excha...  
scious smile. On ano...  
boating party was fo...  
Hardress, as usual, too...  
in hand. His father, on...  
little vessel, was some...  
ed at seeing a new boat...  
forecastle.

"Hello!" he said, "w...  
name, my honest fellow?...  
'Larry Kett, sir, plas...  
or," returned the man...  
a person, with a face...  
stom.

"Why, Hardress! had...  
rel with your little hunc...  
Hardress stooped sudd...  
as if for the purpose...  
a block, and after a l...  
plied:

"No quarrel, sir, but...  
seek another service, and...  
think I have made a bad...  
The conversation chang...  
party (among whom w...  
Chute) proceeded on their...  
The wind freshened consi...  
the course of the forenoon...  
fore they had reached the...  
river which flowed by the...  
tag of Mr. Daly, it blew...  
ate gale. The boatman, i...  
ious for the comfort of...  
than really apprehensive...  
boat, suggested the exped...  
putting about on the...  
course before the tide sho...  
"If you hold on," said...  
with a significant look...  
wind an' tide come contr...  
"It'll be a swell in the chan...  
it is as much as you can...  
through it with the two...  
Hardress assented, but...  
ready too late. They were...  
considerable distance below...  
tag, with a strong wester...  
and a tide within twenty...  
the flood.

"What are you doing...  
Hardress?" said the...  
"Won't you haul home the...  
sheet and jib?"

Hardress, whose eyes had...  
ed on the rocky point before...  
tag, started suddenly, and...  
ed to execute the nautical m...  
in question. The little vess...  
cle to her helm as a well...  
hunter to his rider, threw h...  
away from the wind, and...  
roaring through the surges...  
fuller and a fiercer energy...  
firing her to run for a few...  
before the wind, Hardress...  
ed with due caution, the di...  
process of jibing or shift...  
mainsail from one side of...  
to the other.

"Down with yer heads, la...  
ye place: take care of the...  
All the heads were lower...  
the boom swung rapidly...  
the vessel heeled with the...  
aud