

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND

MADAME GODDARD A CONVERT.

The recent conversion to the Catholic Faith of Madame Arabella Goddard conjures up memories of 44 years ago, when she, as "the foremost pianist of her time," played for Balfe's benefit at Drury Lane, in July 1857.

THE LORDS AND THE DECLARATION.

The King's Declaration Bill, embodying the proposed new declaration drawn up by the Select Committee of the Lords, was carried by 96 votes to 6 in the House of Lords. It was a result characteristic of the casual way their Lordships do their business.

IRELAND

The National Schools have occupied the attention of the public during the past week to the exclusion of almost every other topic of public interest.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S RESIGNATION.

As is now well known, was brought about by the conduct of permanent officials of the Board, who usurped the duties of that body. They persisted, notwithstanding Dr. Walsh's repeated remonstrances, in issuing unauthorized circulars to the public.

THE NATIONAL BOARD'S DEFENCE.

which was issued on Friday and is admittedly the work of Dr. Starke, the Resident Commissioner, is a most extraordinary document. It was made the text of Mr. Wyndham's speech in the House of Commons on Friday.

ing to discredit the officers of the Board of which he was a member. His Grace had used his exalted position and his extended influence to calm the anxieties of managers and teachers, he would have helped materially to diminish the acuteness of the crisis in the country resulting from the recent revolution in the system of National Education for which he himself was largely responsible.

DR. WALSH'S REPLY.

Dr. Walsh, in reply, quoted from letters written by Dr. Starke, in answer to His Grace's remonstrances. On the 13th May the Resident Commissioner wrote to the Archbishop: "The present state of affairs is intolerable. I have no control over even the staff of my office, for which I am directly responsible."

ERIN'S SONS IN SCOTLAND.

In St. Eunan's Cathedral, Letterkenny, on Sunday, a compliment, richly deserved, was paid to the Irish residing in Scotland. Out of their slender means they erected the beautiful and costly altar of St. Columba.

TEMPERANCE IN DUBLIN

is being promoted in a thoroughly practical manner by the Capuchin Fathers, Church street. Their plan is to get hold of the young and enrol them in the Catholic Boys' Brigade.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE MOVEMENT

has an ardent and very practical supporter in the Very Rev. Dean Keller, P.P., Youghall. As a consequence, it is making great progress in the parish and surrounding districts.

HISTORY OF A BELL.

Preaching in St. Patrick's Church, Stamullen, Co. Meath, on Sunday, when a fine new bell was consecrated by the Most Rev. Dr. Hoare, Bishop of Ardagh, Father Curry, P. P., Drogheda, related an interesting incident. Towards the end of the Eighteenth Century, Father O'Hanlon a young curate of the district, who devoted himself to his priestly calling notwithstanding that a price was on his head, was instrumental in saving the life of a Colonel Cunningham of the same locality.

thatch; give me a site for a chapel and a generous subscription, and obtain leave for me to have a belfry and a bell to summon the people to their devotions." The site and the subscription were given, and through the influence of the gentleman Father O'Hanlon got permission to erect the belfry, which at present stands at the chapel at Slans. Barely 100 years ago that was the state of their Christian country, but now, thank God, every parish had its bell to sound forth glory to God.

IRISH CROSS'S.

Sir Thomas Drew, in common with most antiquaries, is loud in his praise of the stone crosses recently discovered, which were in times gone by connected with St. Patrick's Cathedral. As no explanation regarding these fine Irish crosses has been vouchsafed, it will be of interest to quote the following brief extract from a work written by Father Henry Fitzsimon, S. J., dated "Luxemburg, December 24th, 1604," being a reply to John Rider, Dean of St. Patrick's, who made a scurrilous attack on the learned Jesuit in 1602.

CARDINAL GIBBONS IN IRELAND

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who has been staying at the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, is in excellent health, in spite of the very busy time he spent in London during the worst of the "heat wave."

FRANCE

CARDINAL GIBBONS IN PARIS.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has been in Paris after his visit at Limina Apostolorum. The Cardinal received M. de Narfon, who writes on ecclesiastical matters for The Figaro, but said nothing of importance to him. His Eminence refused to be drawn on "Americanism," and he told M. de Narfon that the strange ism in question was practically dead and buried.

ST. SULPICE.

M. Captier has had a comparatively short term of office as head of the great congregation of St. Sulpice. He succeeded M. Icard seven years since, and has had to resign owing to age and infirmity. His brother was shot by the Communists at Belleville in 1871.

Madame Laroche, who caused a good deal of discussion nine years since, when she left her convent in order to found a high school for girls, has died suddenly at Marriac, where she was staying with her family. The deceased lady had strongly condemned the existing system of convent education, and she found some supporters even among the clergy.

CURES AT CANADA'S SHRINE.

From the New York Sun.

The Novena and celebration of the feast of St. Anne in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste in East Seventy-sixth street calls attention again to the abiding faith of the thousands upon thousands of Roman Catholics in many parts of the world in the healing power of relics of the mother of the Virgin Mary. In no place—not even in Brittany where stands the great shrine of St. Anne d'Auray—is this faith so widespread as in the Canadian Province of Quebec.

On that day the number of persons who worshipped at the shrine reached close to the record mark. There were six distinct pilgrimages from the West and South and the assembled multitude contained not less than 11,000 souls. One hundred and twenty-five thousand is a conservative estimate of the number of pilgrims visiting the shrine annually.

Tradition has it that the shrine was founded shortly after the settlement of Canada by a few Breton sailors who were surprised by a terrific storm while coming up the St. Lawrence River. When the danger of wreck was great their thoughts flew, the legend says, to the good St. Anne who had never failed to respond to their appeals at home.

Etienne Lessard, a farmer, offered to give the land for a church, but a discussion arose at once as to the propriety of changing the site. Lessard's gift was finally accepted and Father Vignal, from Quebec, went down to Petit-Cap, as the settlement was then called, to bless the foundations.

The second church was built of stone and stood where the chapel for processions now is.

The name of St. Anne attracted—even in those far-off days—a host of pilgrims to it, but it was not until Mgr. de Laval, Bishop of Quebec, began to take an interest in the shrine that it became generally known outside the immediately surrounding country. In 1670 he obtained from the chapter of Carcassonne a relic of St. Ann, said to be a portion of her finger, and installed it in the church. Over two centuries later St. Anne de Beupre came into possession of a second relic of the mother of the Virgin, which was brought from Rome by the Rev. Father M. N. Laliberte.

Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy of New France, was also a patron of the shrine. Once when in danger of death by shipwreck he vowed that if St. Anne would procure his safety he would make her a handsome offering. In keeping with this vow he presented to the church a painting by Le Brun representing St. Anne, the Virgin Mary and two Pilgrims, a man and a woman. The picture now hangs above the high altar.

The second church was enlarged at various times, but so popular was the shrine: with Canadian Catholics that it was found necessary to rebuild the edifice entirely in 1787. Again there was a dispute as to the

site, many wishing to have the new church on the site of the original wooden chapel. Their wishes prevailed and the church was erected close by the water side.

In 1871 the first steps were taken toward the erection of the present church, which was completed five years later. From all parts of the province subscriptions poured in and pilgrims flocked thither to lay offerings at the feet of St. Anne. The church cost about \$300,000, of which \$16,000 was subscribed on the first call by the parishioners themselves.

In the church are eight altars, the most magnificent being the gift of Cardinal Taschereau. The pictures on the walls commemorate remarkable deliverances from shipwreck and the like. Besides the relics of St. Anne the church boasts of relics of St. Francis Xavier, of St. Deodatus, St. Benedict, St. Valantine, St. Remus, St. Eulalie, St. Amantius Pontianus and of St. Casarius.

The chapel for pilgrims was built out of the material of the old church and consecrated in 1878. It is intended to perpetuate the ancient edifice, being erected after the same fashion and surmounted by the same bell tower. Situated upon an eminence and being used especially when the concourse of pilgrims is very great it is an imitation of the altar of the Scala Sancta at St. Anne d'Auray.

A DAY IN EIRINN.

(The greatest glory of our recent literature is its poetry. Here Dr. Douglas Hyde is pre-eminent, but it is regretted by those best able to judge that the "Craibhin" has not written less in the metres of the foreigner. The English reader can scarcely appreciate the difference that lies between the Irish and English systems of rhyming. Dr. Hyde's poems have been gathered to an extent in two little volumes, "Duanaire na Nuadh Ghaedhlice," and more recently in "Ubhla de'n Craibhin.")

Four gleaming scythes in the sunshine swaying,  
Thro' the deep hush of a summer's day,  
Before their edges four stout men sweeping  
In tuneful measure the fragrant hay,  
Myself the fourth of them, strong and happy,  
My keen blue steel moving fast and free,  
Oh! little then was the broadest meadow  
And light the heaviest scythe to me.

O King of Glory! what a change is o'er me,  
Since the young blood thrilled me,  
Long, long ago,  
When each day found me with the sunshine round me,  
And the tall grass falling to my every blow;

O'er the dewy meadows came the catkins' voices,  
Ringing glad and merry as they raked the hay,  
Oh! the hours pass quickly as a beam of sunshine  
When the years are rosy and the heart is gay.

Like fairy minstrels, the bees a-humming  
Went honey-sucking from flower to flower,  
Like golden berries in the distance gleaming,  
I've watched and listened to them hour by hour,  
And the butterflies on the sunbeams riding,  
With wings surpassing e'en the blush of dawn,  
Or like fairy jewels full of light and splendor,  
On the golden crown of the bough-an,

The blackbird's lay in the woods rang clearly,  
The thrush's note echoed far and high,  
While the lark's full song, like a bell's vibration,  
Came floating down from the mid-most sky,  
From his leafy station the linnet lifted  
His little voice in the hazel glen,  
And oh, God of Grace! was not life a pleasure  
In our green and beautiful Eirinn then!

ONE TEASPOONFUL of Pain-Killer in hot water sweetened will cure almost any case of flatulency and indigestion. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry-Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

IRISH WRENS.

The wren, like the titmouse, makes himself useful winter and summer, and his presence in our garden should be the more prized in that he never interferes with other people and never varies his diet with buds from the fruit trees. Daring, sagacious, independent, his character is one to be admired among many. He sings his bright song cheerily whenever he feels glad; he builds him a nest to keep him warm at night; he is merry in the heat and merry in the cold; he scorns to fear either man or beast. On a sunny day, perched perhaps two yards from me, a wren will draw himself up as though standing on tip-toe and shout his joy to me with such energy that I could think his little throat would burst. No less a friend of mine is Mrs. Wren, though she is of a more retiring disposition than her lord. In spring, when his one idea seems to be to tell every one how happy he is, she withdraws among the leaves, pondering deeply. The great periodical event of her life is to be accomplished. With what care she chooses her resting place, with what deliberation she constructs her house! No hurry no slovenliness; all must be perfect, complete!

At this important season I one day saw a wren emerge from a mass of decayed vegetable matter which the river in one of its rapid overflows had deposited in a hedge. I watched her creep about the bank below and presently, with her beak full of moss, re-enter the block of dry leaves and earth by a tiny hole so situated as to be unnoticeable unless pointed out. And approaching softly I heard the little muffled stir as she turned herself about within, just as, with one's ear pressed to the earth, one might hear the movements of a mole beneath the sod.

After a month's absence I returned to the same spot to listen once more outside the leafy walls of the small bird's great house. The whisper of the little voices carrying on an animated conversation, with occasional squeaks of merriment, this time reached my ears. I was about respectfully to apply my eye to the portal to inquire who might be within, when Mrs. Wren darted out to alight on a gatepost close at hand. Upon seeing me she drew in her feathers, startled, but I remained still as the tree trunk at my back. She considered me just a moment, and then with a ripple of laughter called to each of her brood by name, and forth they came, one by one into the blossoming branches beneath the kindly sun—fully fledged with plumage brown and glossy as a field mole's coat, with little scraps of down still peeping through their quills, with black eyes opened wide in wonder as they trusted themselves for the first time to their baby wings and looked upon the world. Chirping shyly they curled their tiny toes round leafy twigs, and Mother Wren talked fast, curtsying low upon the gate-post, and I believed well that she was proud of them.

What insect-eaters do for the orchard, grub-hunters do for the crops. No more useful bird have we than the peewit, whom we all meet every day. But it is not when I see this plover walking sedately up a furrow that I like him best—it is when he gets up to fly for the pleasure of flying, with no intention of going anywhere or doing anything beyond enjoying the sensation of being aloft on his own wings. Then I have leisure to admire him, and I feel at the time that I love him more than any of my countless feathered friends.

TIME WASTED.

From The Moultrie (Ga.) Observer. Two of our prominent citizens who live within a thousand miles of where the writer is domiciled met in the public road the other day, when the following conversation occurred: "What's the news?" "They've captured Aguinaldo." "Captured who?" "Aguinaldo." "What's he been doing?" "Killing folks." "Killing folks." "Who has he killed?" "Oh, lots of people." "Where is the scoundrel?" "He's in jail." (More excited.) "Let's get a crowd and lynch him." "It would be too expensive." "Expensive! What's going to make it expensive?" "He's too far off." "Why, ain't he in Moultrie jail?" "Not a bit of it." "Well, where is he, then?" "He's in jail at Manila." "You mean Camilla, don't you?" "No, I mean what I say." "How far is it?" "About eight thousand miles." "Get up, Jack!" As he moved off he was heard to ejaculate "Got no time to talk with every fool I meet in the road. Eight thousand miles! Why, that's clean outside of Georgia, Aguinaldo! Don't believe there is such a man in the world. Never heard of such a place as Manila before. These fellows that don't do nothing but read newspapers are mighty smart. Get up, Jack! Let's half an hour talking with that slothead when I ought to be a-planting taters."