

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER ON "MEMORIES"

We are now past the midsummer. The verdant time of spring and its golden suns of June and July are gone. Although it is still warm and pleasant, and there are hope and delightful weeks ahead of us, still we have passed over the hill-crest and are on the decline of the year. The days are growing shorter and all around us indicates the on-coming of the dreary autumn, to be inevitably followed by the long cold winter. At this season I, always feel somewhat sad. The memories of the beautiful season that has passed are no less sad than the anticipations of the season to come. And when I reflect that I, too, like the seasons, or rather like the year, have seen my gray springtime, have watched my days grow longer, "the nearer the fullness of June," have beheld the haying time of July, and that I am about to move out of the harvest time of August, and to enter upon the autumn that precedes the long and unending winter, I feel a strange sadness come over me, and memories, even the most pleasant, are tinged with the sombreness of the reality that they are but images of joys and hopes, of loves and pleasures that are buried to never again revive. I glance back over my years of observation, along the curbstone, and I miss so many hundreds of those whose faces, dresses, manners, lives and ways I was in the habit of closely observing. When I look back over the years that I have been recording such observations, I feel keenly that the memory is uninspiring. They are gone, with their opportunities, and their anticipations, and they are not going to come back—I do not care for such memories, for they are liable to discourage and disarm one in the struggle—brief though it be—that remains.

GLAD AND SAD—There are memories that are glad and others that are sad, but it seems to me that all of them are alloyed to some extent with bitterness. The glad ones are so because they bring back events that belong to the past and that cannot be lived over in the future; the sad ones are so because they serve to cloud the sunset of the day—and though the clouds may be bright

and golden they are none the less the fore-runners of the twilight. What a genius was Moore. On such occasions as the present I recall his wonderful thoughts that he so beautifully expressed in these lines:

"Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning.
The close of our day the calm eve of our night—
Give me back, give me back, the bright freshness of morning.
Its clouds and its tears are worth evening's best light."

CONCLUSION—These are mere reflections that come to me, suggested by the turning of the year and by my own turning to step down the western declivity of life. I feel, however, that this is the time to turn to the great Guide and Master of all, to gaze upon the Star of Hope that hangs upon the horizon. It is on such occasions and at such times that it is well to be a Catholic. The memories of the past have no depressing influence, for the life of the Catholic is one of the future. No matter what this world has given or retained, there is another one ahead where all that memory points as dear and beloved in our past shall revive and be with us through the length of eternity's cycles. I often look back with one great joy, one immense source of happiness: if this were the last line my pen were to trace, and I were perfectly aware of it, I do not think—as far as memory serves me—that there is one word which I ever wrote in all my observations that I would desire to be recalled. I am confident that no personal feelings were ever injured and no personal interests were ever harmed. This is not boastfulness, because the record is there in black and white. It is merely the giving vent to a feeling of legitimate satisfaction. The memories of the past may be fraught with disappointments, misunderstandings and sufferings of various kinds and the anticipations of the future may contain visions of the repetitions of the same, but as long as the heart is young and the soul seeks to keep close to God, there are hidden joys in the memories of yore.

A PLEA TO YOUNG MEN

In his inaugural address at the Catholic Young Men's Societies' Conference held in England, recently, the Bishop of Achouy said:

Let me, my friends, put before you a few thoughts in plain, unvarnished words, which may prove suggestive here to-night. Let me ask you to consider your position—the proud, prominent, pre-eminent position you hold in virtue of your faith—the honor and happiness which should be yours, as being Catholics in this non-Catholic land. Disabilities have been removed; official life has been opened; bigotry is discouraged; prejudice has been largely allayed; professional and mercantile pursuits are unrestricted; literature and art are at your disposal; science and research within our reach. More regard and respect and reverence are, if not rendered, at least recognized towards those who practice their principles and make real their belief. True, there is yet strife and conflict and contention; there must needs be until the end. But there is a fullness in the conflict between you and the sons of the victims in dark and deadly days, and the sons of the men who sent your fathers on hurdles to Tyburn and placed the headsman at Tower Hill. If there be strife, it is the fights of faith and infidelity, the conflict of Christianity with Socialism, the opposition of dogma to unbelief. Being a Catholic brings both honor and happiness, for, my friends, you hold in your hearts the treasure of truth, unfolded by the Man-God to wondering eyes on the slopes of a far-off Judean hill; committed to the trusted keeping of the great Jewish Twelve; sealed and sanctified by the Sacrifice on Calvary, proven and ratified by the Resurrection from the dead, promulgated on the first Pentecost by the Paraclete of fire. Hidden in the hands of martyrs for centuries in the caverns of the Catacombs, amidst the desert sands of Northern Africa, amidst the tangled

forests of Asia Minor, it came forth in God's time, to flourish and fructify, to enlighten the earth, to civilize the nations, to dominate the world. By your Catholicity you are the companions and co-heirs of the martyrs who won their palms and gained their crowns. In the dismal interval, between the evening when outcast, outlawed, broken-hearted Wolsey entered Leicester Abbey and laid him down to die, and the summer day when young Victoria, still in her teens, amidst the pomp and pageant and pride of her people, ascended the English throne.

The history of Catholicity in this country may not be read in open page and acknowledged chronicle. In recent times, when life moves onward as it never moved before, when the old order changeth and giveth place to the new when oftentimes the change is swift and quick and sudden like the gleam of a shooting star; even now, more than ever, is it an honor to be a Catholic. At the period in the century which has passed when this Empire knew little of Catholics and cared less, a movement took place amidst the peaceful cloisters and the old oak trees under the grey turrets of Oxford's towers. It was not sudden; it was the result of gradual growth; quiet, silent, hushed, like the ripening of the corn or the opening of a flower. It widened out, extended far, like the rings which radiate from the stone dropped into the unrippled surface of the unrippled lake or placid pool. Silent first, it was told and talked of and turned into the topic of the times, like the low, deep, solemn rumbling of the organ, which, under the touch of a master's hand, seeps up into magic music, and grows and rises and swells till, with tones inspired, it bursts forth into a grand, glorious diapason of throbbing, thrilling, trembling sound. Men wondered to see the best and noblest and brightest intellects, the leading lights of the great university, giving up all the traditions of the past, the prejudice of centuries, the affection of families, the happiness of home, the good will of friends, high places in

the Establishment; profitable positions in university life, bravely breaking asunder the rusty links of ages, the tenderest ties of love, the promising prospects of promotion, the highest hopes of honors, increasing incomes, increasing wealth and facing poverty, penury, privations, discomfort; a desponding outlook; an uncertain future. Wonder was succeeded by admiration; rankling feelings soon succumbed to respect and reverence; and honor followed men who sacrificed so much for the sake of conscience and the cause of Christ. It is an honor to you who profess this faith to be able to count amongst your members those whose names are held in reverence and linger in lasting love, who by their learning shed a lustre on the land, who by their kindly co-operation have brought comfort to the sons of toil, and who have left behind them lives of usefulness for their Church, their country and their kind. It is an honor to follow, even from afar, and to walk the way marked by the footsteps of Wiseman, Newman, Manning, Vaughan, the Jesuit Coldridge, the Dominican Wilberforce, the Oratorian Faber, Lord Chief Justice Russell, and the gentle, genial Archbishop Eyre. 'None knew them, but to love them; none named them but to praise.'

If our Faith gives great honor, it also brings great duties. I have often said that your society should be the vanguard of the faith; that you should form the leading line in loyalty to the Church; that your place is there, where the fight is fiercest, where the throng of men is thickest, where fall the heaviest blows. You are the sentinels on the Tower of David, with arms grounded, with attention riveted, and gaze intent. You are the watchmen on the walls of Israel waiting to wave a warning and to the danger bell. You are the trustful and trusted guardians of those treasures of the Church—the guiltless and the guileless, the weaklings and the young. Your society does not insinuate that it is constituted exclusively for those whose lives are in their spring; it implies that its work is to mould the minds, to develop the intellects, to form the character, to cultivate the feelings, to confirm the Faith of the young. Thank God there are among you many who are warriors in the warfare, who have borne the brunt of battle and are seared with the scars of strife, who can look back on rigid service rendered, and successful results achieved. Though for them "life is in its mere, its yellow leaf," and the snows of time are thickening on their heads, yet they are still the strongholds of your society, guiding it by their wise counsels, and checking it by their tried experience. The future, however, belongs to the young; the older men are passing off the stage, and it becomes your first duty, your constant care, your most important interest to search for and seek out young men just when emerging from playfulness of youth and the buoyancy of boyhood, to enrol them in your ranks, to take them beneath your patronage, to wrap around them your protection, to shield them by your power. Then is the critical point of their career; then is the testing time of life; if they fail then, it may be they fail for ever. Young men are impressionable, impulsive; visionary, and wavering; they have not the calming influences which maturer years will bring. Seek them, search them out, before their young lives become tainted by the contaminations of the world; while yet the fragrance of innocence is fresh around their hearts.

Thousands of young lives drift daily to destruction borne onward by the tumbling torrent or tossed in the whirlpool of life, because there is no hand raised to rescue them from their doom. Thousands of brave hearts are lost at the very opening of their manhood, because when struck by the tempest of temptation and pressed hard by the peril of swelling waves, there is no voice to shout aloud the word of courage, no light to flash out the gleam of hope. In the midst of all your society, silently, steadily, unobtrusively, unobserved, worked its way, advanced its outposts, invigorating its members, bettering their condition, protecting their interests, and gathering within its ample arms all that was best in Catholic life. It has weathered the tempests of half a century; and it stands proudly in the land to-day, with a past full of history, and a future full of hope. This hope will come true, if the members, like men of principle, be mindful of their membership, and faithful to their first duty, loyal to their first law, and be constant to their Communion on the specified monthly day. This, my friends, is the charter of your security, the sheet-anchor of your ex-

istence, the mainspring of the machinery, and the mystery of the mechanism. The monthly Communion is the stone on which the stately structure stands; the bed-rock on which the whole fabric rests; the hinge on which the whole society turns; the pivot round which your whole work revolves; it is the centre from which, on the one hand, all your actions radiate, and to which, on the other, all your desires should tend.

If this rule be observed, then all things else will follow; your society will flourish like the bay tree by the waters, will dominate your lives like the cedar tree on Lebanon. In another day you go back to the work-a-day world and to the dragging duties of daily life—for, my friends, no matter whence you come, from the counting-house or the factory, from the clerks' office or the directors' board, from the professions or trades, you are not the drones that drive, but the active bees of the empire; you act on the principle that toil ennobles and labor sanctifies; you have learned the maxim that indolence enervates and idleness wears life away. Bear away from Gateshead to your brothers dispersed through Britain this counsel of an Irish Bishop, who loves his country, men in exile with all the warmth of a Celtic heart; whose soul goes out to your society in full sympathy; whose eyes follow your work with pride; carry to them this counsel, that in good report and in evil report, in shadow and in shine, in tempest and in calm, they be mindful of their monthly duty and cling with Celtic constancy to the Communion when the settled day comes round. "Esto perpetua"—be ye ever so. May the peace he inspires, and the love look down upon your grand society, overspreading it with his gleaming wings; may the unity he typifies, and the peace he inspires, and the love he brings, settle on you for ever. After the example of the fine old members, who have passed away during the fifty years now gone, so, in the years yet looming and in the days that are to be, prove yourselves a credit to your Creed, the mainstay of your Church, the comfort of your clergy, the vanguard of your people; and realise to the full and recognize in its entirety the honor and happiness of being Catholics in this non-Catholic land. "Esto perpetua"—be ye ever so.

Features of Irish News

FRATERNAL WORK—The annual convention of the Irish National Foresters was held in Cookstown; recently. In the report of the General Secretary it was shown that branches had increased by 30, the membership an increase of 2767, and the funds an increase of \$30,000. The branches number 401, the members number 38,732, and the funds amount to \$342,730. The amount paid in benefits during the year was \$156,740, the total since 1884 being \$1,475,000. The income for the year was \$307,690.

There are branches of the organization in South Africa, Australia and in the United States. In connection with the progress made in the latter country the report says:

"There is one feature about the American section of the society that should be noted in countries nearer home, and it is that the female branches threaten not alone to run neck and neck, with the male branches, but probably outstep them in the race. I wish them success, and hope they'll win."

HEAD OF REDEMPTORISTS—A most enthusiastic reception was accorded to the Very Rev. Mathias Kania, rector-major of the Redemptorist Order on his arrival in Limerick recently. He was met at the terminus by a large and influential deputation of the clergy and laity and passed through the ranks of 7000 men and boys who were in line along the streets and wore their confraternity medals.

The distinguished chief of the great Order was visibly moved by the warmth and enthusiasm of his reception in the historic city.

HOME RULE—In a letter to the Lord Mayor of Cork, Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., says:

Everything points to the practical certainty that we are rapidly approaching a time when Home Rule will once again be the foremost political question of the day. Would it not be almost criminal to allow any controversy now to distract our councils or weaken our forces on the eve of such an eventuality.

Let us be practical. Let us deal with the actual living facts of the present situation, about which there is no doubt, and bend all our ener-

gies to the task of vigorously putting common sense, we will find neither culminated to meet the very grave situation in which we find ourselves. If we take this course, plainly dictated, it seems to me, by wisdom and common sense, we will find neither time nor inclination for going back on old controversies or fighting over again personal differences.

DIED AT THE ALTAR—Very Rev. John Corish, parish priest of Ballymore, near Wexford, died suddenly on Sunday, July 31, at the age of 55 years, as he was celebrating Mass. Father Corish had been pastor of Ballymore for some years, and was extremely popular throughout the entire diocese of Ferns. It appears he ascended the altar in apparently his usual health, and after reading the First Gospel he turned around to address his congregation. Just as he had uttered the words "Dearly beloved," he was noticed to become faint, and he at once fell on the altar. Dr. Hassett, the local medical officer, who happened to be in the Church, rushed to the altar, and having examined the good priest announced the sad news to those present that their pastor was no more. He attributed Father Corish's death to failure of the heart's action. The congregation left the Church stricken with grief.

THE PAPAL LEGATE—Cardinal Vannutelli, since his arrival in Ireland to attend the consecration of the Armagh Cathedral, has been the recipient of most enthusiastic receptions in various cities. In expressing his appreciation of the manner in which he had been received, His Eminence is reported to have said that though his body would lie in Rome, his heart would remain in Ireland.

GAELIC WEEK—A writer in one of our exchanges in the following paragraphs indicates to what extent the Gaelic movement has taken hold of the minds and hearts of the people at home, and those in exile who have sent delegates from far distant places to attend the Ard Fheis held in Dublin recently. He says:

This is indeed a great Irish week. Members of the Gaelic League from every quarter have concentrated at Dublin, and song and story, oratory and instrumental music—fiddle, pipe and harp—and native drama also, are fascinating and delightful all. On Monday last the great Parliament of the League—the Ard Fheis—opened in the Rotunda, under the presidency of Dr. Douglas Hyde. Delegates from the United States, Argentina, Buenos Ayres, Australia, and also from the great cities and towns of Britain, are daily sitting with their Irish confreres in congress, discussing the best means to be adopted for the propagation and general furtherance of Ireland's ancient language, and the development of a genuine industrial movement.

A MEMORIAL AND LESSON—In Newry, recently, the home of the Russell family, a beautiful chapel was dedicated in memory of the late Mother Emanuel, Superior of the Nuns of Mercy of that place. The Bishop of Down presided and there was a large attendance. In noting the laudable and praiseworthy undertaking of erecting a monument to a religious who was distinguished during her long life for her sanctity and devotion, a correspondent points out that with the exception of himself, every member of the family of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, the illustrious Chief Justice of England, entered the religious life. All his sisters became members of the Order of Mercy, and his brother, Rev. Matthew Russell—the gifted writer and editor of the Irish Monthly—entered the Jesuit Order.

MONEY AND POLITICS

Discussing some phases of the campaign now in progress in the United States, the "New Freeman," a Catholic newspaper of St. John, N.B., remarks:

"The voters of to-day, at least a large part of them, want pay for their vote. They are ready to sell their vote just the same as they sell their labor. The millionaire is the big man in politics. In times gone by, a vote was something that was considered sacred, beyond the buying power of money. Which are degenerating—men or politics? It is a sad commentary on the affairs of the United States, as well as of Canada, that money is the first calculation of the politician. He can so use it to influence the masses that the party will triumph. Among the classes, place and position is the dangling bait held before the ambitious eye. The twentieth century is not making progress in the science of politics."

NOTES FROM QUEBEC

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

TOOK THEIR VOWS—Mgr. Marois, V.G., officiated at an imposing ceremony in the Convent of the Sisters of Charity recently, when 17 young ladies took the holy habit, and 25 others took their perpetual vows. There was a large number of priests present in the Sanctuary. A similar ceremony took place last week at the Dominican Convent, at which Mgr. Mathieu officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers Gagnon and Guimont.

SECOND RETREAT—The second retreat of the clergy of the Diocese of Quebec commenced on the 15th instant at the Seminary. Rev. Father LeDore is again the preacher. The exercises of the retreat are followed by a great many priests.

A VENERABLE COUPLE—On Saturday, the 13th instant, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Malley celebrated the 60th anniversary of their marriage. Mr. O'Malley came from Ireland 75 years ago, and for a long period carried on a prosperous business in the dry goods line, being now in his 85th year. He took part in the 1837 rebellion, and can tell many interesting tales of those stirring days. A special Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, but Mrs. O'Malley, through indisposition, was unable to attend. Several members of the family outside the city arrived here to attend the celebration. Their numerous friends wish them many more years of happiness.

EXPELLED BROTHERS—Fifteen Brothers of the Order of St. Joseph de Valier de France have arrived here, having been among those expelled by the Government of that country. Eight of them will take charge of the school at Montmorency Village, while the remainder of them will go to St. Jean Port Joli, where the mother house will be established.

NEW ORGAN—A new organ is at present being installed in the Basilica from the Casavant factory at St. Hyacinthe. The new organ will cost about \$6000, and will be one of the finest in the city. It will be inaugurated at an early date. The old organ had been in use for almost a century.

OBITUARY—The many friends and acquaintances of Mr. John Ernest Delany were saddened when it was announced on Thursday morning that his sojourn in this vale of tears was at an end. Deceased was one of the most popular young men of this city, his unassuming manners, genial disposition, warm heart and honest and upright character having made him a favorite with all with whom he came in contact. He was a brother of Messrs. Thomas and Charles Delany, of the firm of T. Delany & Co., and Mr. W. J. Delany, insurance agent. For several years Mr. Delany held the office of Secretary of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society, was President of St. Ann's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul Society, Secretary of St. Patrick's Literary Institute, a prominent member of the Young Men's Sodality and also a member of the A.O.H. The deceased had been ailing for a long time, but a short time previous to his death began to fail rapidly, and passed peacefully away on Thursday morning at the early age of 34 years. When his death was announced the flag on Tara Hall was displayed at half mast as a mark of respect to his memory. The funeral, which took place on Sunday afternoon, was the largest seen here for a long time. The various societies with which deceased was connected turned out in full force, the A.O.H. marching in front of the hearse, while the other societies followed the chief mourners. Rev. Father Gagnon officiated at the solemn Libera, assisted by Rev. Fathers Cullen and Delargy as deacon and sub-deacon. The interment took place in the family lot in St. Charles Cemetery. Universal sympathy is felt for the afflicted family in the loss they have sustained by the death of one they loved so dearly, whose entire life was that of a good practical Catholic. R.I.P.

PASTORAL LETTER—A pastoral letter from His Grace Mgr. Begin was read in all the city churches on Sunday, promulgating the encyclical of the Holy Father announcing a universal jubilee to celebrate the golden jubilee of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The time set apart to comply with the required conditions begins September 7th and will last three months.