

we would judge to his proper station among men, and yet, until this has been done, the guns of our criticism cannot be accurately levelled.

This nice task is beyond the less than moderate powers of the hypercritical vultures or vipers. They do not approach their work in a Catholic spirit, which is equivalent to saying that they approach their work with an unworthy spirit. The reason, to us, is both ready and obvious. Very little criticism in the English language and produced by non-Catholic pens has any sort of finality. The most of it is sheer and utter nonsense, while not a little of the remainder is the work of that ghastly crew, the wreckers of humanity, who are never so happy as when congenially employed in pulling down great reputations to their own miserable levels.

Professional critics are proverbially narrow and shallow. They inevitably have some hobby to ride, some individual theory to maintain, and whatever does not fit their Procrustean bed is forthwith anathematized. There are, of course, honest critics as there are honest men; but the former are as scarce as the latter, and the acuteness and purity of their conscience has a tendency to deter them from this kind of labour.

The beautiful preface which Wordsworth wrote, besides many passages in his Letters, prove him to have been born a great critic, but his nature was too poetical and too artistic to take kindly to the scalpel. Had he done so, he might have enriched English literature with many fine models of sane and exact criticism; still for the sake of his fame it is well he refrained. Honesty of purpose is not always understood in our days.

Shallow and unjust critics are as numerous and devastating as the locusts themselves. There is no branch of knowledge that has not suffered from their presumption. They have left their blot on theology, philosophy, history, art and science. And inquiry will prove, we firmly believe, that Catholic literature has been, is, and probably will continue for some time to be, the greatest sufferer from the mendacious spleen of this school. They are suffered to exist by virtue of a mistake in public taste. The multitude are accustomed to receive great names in lieu of sound arguments. They frequently forget that a great authority may be a poor proof; and being thus themselves deceived, they not only tolerate but absolutely encourage the shallow critic.

But Catholics must some day awaken to the leading fact that it is easier to destroy than to construct, and that the faculty of the incompetent critic too often confines itself to destruction. The critic who is really great must, like a soaring eagle, rise above his prejudices, and from the serene heights of judicial integrity pass sound judgments upon his contemporaries.

There is yet another type still worse than that of the professional critic. The Catholic amateur hypercritic is more unworthy in his motives and repulsive in his practices. He is generally as ignorant as an Esquemault and as arrogant as a Turkish Pasha. Like the craven he is, he never hunts for large or dangerous game. On the contrary, he singles out young and struggling writers of his own creed for his special victim, being actuated solely by a detestable spirit of blind jealousy. Once found, he pounces upon them with the savage ferocity of an Iroquois slaughtering a helpless infant.

Being himself a tyro in the use of the pen, his diatribes are verbal for the most part. But his tongue is as bitter as his soul is small, and he excels in the art of detraction. The Catholic amateur hypercritic may everywhere be heard eternally abusing such of his co-religionists as may be blessed—or cursed, if you prefer the term—with the ability to express their thoughts in writing. We may congratulate ourselves on the fact that the hypercritic is beginning to be known. Our people are beginning to distrust his splenetic remarks, and to discount his grossly cruel disparagements.

The Catholic amateur hypercritic is a traitor and nothing more. For the other side, for those opposed to him and to his faith, he has nothing but extravagant laudations. He professes to believe with a smug suavity that the literary judgments of non Catholics are as oracular as if delivered by the lineal descendants of Minas. Speak

to him of Dr. Brownson, and he will tell you the great doctor cannot be compared with Matthew Arnold, "the apostle of sweetness and light," as he will be tolerably sure to title him, or with Goldwin Smith, "the seer of an enfranchised democracy." The gospel of Matthew Arnold differs materially from the gospel of Matthew; and we may be pardoned for questioning the greatness of a creature who does not hesitate to question the greatness of his Creator.

Now, scholars know that such great Catholic writers as Dr. Brownson will be gratefully remembered when the so-called seer and apostle are forgotten. Your sycophant, not being a scholar, thinks differently. This is the precise conduct we should naturally expect from him. It is thus with all traitors, from Judas to Benedict Arnold; they ingratiate themselves with those to whom they transfer their tainted allegiance by offensively displaying an implacable hatred of the party which they serve by deserting.

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The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department

HISTORY OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

THE first settlement of Beaupré, or "Petit Cap," as it was called in the olden time, is lost in obscurity. The account generally received is that a fleet of Breton fishermen were caught in one of those sudden squalls that sweep up the St. Lawrence, and, having invoked St. Anne, were saved from drowning; whereupon they named the marshy bank on which they scrambled out of the angry waters after their beloved patroness. Year after year the sailors were guided to land in safety on this spot, and at length quite a settlement grew up, attracting colonists from Quebec.

Among the precious volumes that live in retirement on those upper shelves, upon which cobwebs lovingly linger, is one wherein is set forth in quaint old French the story of how, on the 13th of March, 1658, Monsieur Louis d'Ailleboust de Coulanges, Governor of New France, with the Rev. Mr. Vignard, commissioned by his ecclesiastical superior in Quebec, blessed the site for the Church of Petit Cap, and how the Governor, with all due ceremony, laid the corner-stone. Occasionally Jesuit Fathers from Quebec would come to hold missions on this spot, destined hereafter to be so famous.

On the 25th of October, 1645, Monsieur de St. Sauveur, a secular priest from Quebec, started for Beaupré, the "Company of a Hundred Associates" having promised to pay him a yearly salary should he undertake the spiritual and temporal charge of the mission. This was arranged with the consent of the Jesuit Fathers, in order that one of their number, who had hitherto served the mission, might be free to attend at the Hospital of Quebec, where his services were daily needed. For this charge Monsieur de St. Sauveur was to receive the magnificent sum of twenty-five crowns a year!

Miracles were frequent in that spot from its earliest settlement. The foundress of the Ursulines of Quebec, the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, writing to her son in 1665, says: "At seven leagues distant from here there is a village called Petit Cap, where there is a church dedicated to St. Anne, in which our Lord works great miracles in favour of the holy mother of the Blessed Virgin. There one may see paralytics walk, the blind receiving sight and the sick restored to health."

In the year 1668 M^{onsieur} de Laval the great Bishop of Quebec, received a relic of St. Anne, which a Jesuit, the Rev. Father Nouel, brought from the chapter of Carcassonne to the shrine at Beaupré. It was first venerated there on the 12th of March, 1670. The church, of which the foundation-stone was laid with the stately ceremonial of the old *regime*, by Monsieur Louis d'Ailleboust de Coulanges, was opened for worship in