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THE IDEAS OF A CATHOLIC AS TO WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

Translated from the French of Abbé Marlinet, for the True Witness.

(Continued from No. 48.)

17.—HOW TO MAKE THE MISSIONS INTERESTING TO THE FRIENDS OF SCIENCE, OF LETTERS, AND OF HUMANITY.

Have you a decided taste for reading? Does your mind expand to Catholic views, instead of immuring itself within the confines of Europe? Would it learn a little of all, know what is, what has been, what is doing, and what has been done on this earth which contains well nigh a thousand millions of your fellow-creatures?

Interest yourself, then, in the progress of the missions. Do all you can to increase the number of our missionaries, so that being no longer overwhelmed by the weight of their duties, by the number of Christians to be attended, and of heathens to be instructed, they may enjoy some moments of leisure. That leisure so necessary to the preservation of a life which is rapidly consumed by toil and privation, they will devote to the study of those countries which they evangelize, together with their natural, artistic, literary, military, political, and religious history. They shall do all that they now do, but they shall do it better still.

If you read the "Annals of the Association," you will not, indeed, find them containing literary beauty of the highest order; but in those letters which the missionary writes in haste, and on his knee, to a superior, a brother of his order, a parent, or a friend, you will find simple and captivating narratives with a pathos which melts you to tears, or, perchance, a gaiety which provokes a smile.

Now, with the priest of Picpus, or the Society of Mary, you visit the rising Republics of Gambier, of Wallis, &c., which carry you back to those of Paraguay and Uruguay: Are you not on the spot, amidst those young-brethren whom a countryman has given you? You converse with them; you see on their bodies the linen which you sent them; in their hands, a book, a crucifix, a spade which you may recognize; in their hearts, a gratitude which exhales in fervent prayers. You say to yourself: Behold what one may do without stirring from his chamber, with a Pater, an Ave, and one copper a week!

Now, you see a missionary who went forth from the *rue de Sevres*, a light-hearted traveller who cares very little for the rope or the cutlass suspended above his head. You traverse with him the vast extent of China, now in a bark, now on foot, now mounted on a pony, or cramped up in a miserable cart. A thousand curious scenes pass before your eyes. You cross the great wall while asking where it is; and when, in the journey from Peking to the capital of Tartary, your companion flies thirty paces from the road under the weight of his calash, you are happy to see that he has escaped with some slight bruises, and to find yourselves without a hurt seated again on your cushions.

From Tartary, you find yourself transported to the new world. You ascend and descend the mighty rivers of America, in the company of a Jesuit. You everywhere perceive traces of the blood of his ancient brethren, villages which they had built, deserts which they had cleared, tribes whom they had civilised, and whom material civilisation has only pursued to exterminate them by the sword and to corrupt them by the infusion of new vices.

The good father, suspecting that the long catechisms may fatigue you, will leave the savages a moment while he visits with you an immense grotto, a real subterranean world, where you will be stricken with fear, if you do not take care to remember that you are at your own fire-side. Amongst other curiosities, you will there see a river, and in that river fish without eyes. This will surprise you very much; but your surprise will vanish, when, after mature reflection, you say to yourself: I am, perhaps, the first who have brought light into these caverns, and I know too well what these creatures would gain by seeing me; of what use, therefore, would eyes be to them? God is not like unto us; He does nothing without a purpose.

In another place a terrible, but sublime spectacle awaits you. It is a missionary, who, in the corner of a dreary prison, writes with a nail the account of his capture and of those investigations whence he has gone forth swimming in his own blood. His heart leaps with joy; his death-warrant has received the royal sanction. To-morrow, going forth from his prison, he shall leave the nail to another prisoner of the faith, who will give you an account of the execution. You will see your countryman now strangled in an instant, now fastened to a stake, the flesh torn off his bones with red-hot pincers, burned with a slow fire, or hewed in pieces with some sharp weapon. Christians, whose faith wavers, or may waver, be-

cause you pay too much attention to other sights, fix your eyes a moment on this. You will say to yourself: It is strange if that religion which renders men stronger than death be itself in a dying state. If it be dead, it is only in the false and corrupt hearts of those who invite us to its funeral.

These examples of magnanimity and generous devotion are not only to be found in the missionaries and their neophytes, but also in our seamen, let their country or religion be what it may.

Thus, the Protestant captain of an American vessel, who had received through mistake, a letter addressed to another, no sooner learns that a French missionary awaited death in the prisons of Tong-King, than he gives orders to clear the decks, summons the king, Thien-Tri, to give up the prisoner, threatens to sink the royal fleet, makes a prisoner of the first minister whom the king sends to him in place of the captive, and, to save the life of a Popish priest, comes very near upsetting the throne of Tong-King.

By re-producing amongst the heathens the wonders of Christian civilisation, the missions also revive amongst Christian nations the memory of the time when, in the bosom of their common mother, they knew each other as brethren. This is chivalry on a grand scale.

Together with the knowledge, the esteem, and the love of men, the principal fruit of good reading, you will collect from the "Annals" an endless variety of flowers, historical, literary, and scientific. Speaking of those infidels in whose fate he wishes to interest you, he will make you acquainted with their country, their history, their literature, &c.

To go back a little way into the past, what do we know of China and Tartary, but what we have learned from the Fathers Martini, de Mailla, du Tartre, de Fontaney, Parenin, Gaubil, du Halde, Trigault, Gerbillon, d'Entrecolles, de Chavagnac, Benoit, &c.; or what of the East Indies, but from the letters of the Fathers Tachard, Mauduit, Bouchet, especially those of the last named to the celebrated Huet.

It is to a missionary that we are indebted for one of the best books on "India" which has appeared in our time.

All are acquainted with the works of Father Sicard on "Egypt"; we mean the summary thereof; for the great work on "Ancient and Modern Egypt," the fruit of so much labor and research, is unhappily lost.

"What excellent histories," says M. de Chateaubriand, "are those of the Antillas by Father Du Tertre, of Japan, St. Domingo, Paraguay, and New France (Canada) by Father Charlevoix."

While exhausting themselves with exertions for the glory of God and the salvation of the heathen, the missionaries snatch some moments to edify, while they amuse and instruct their brethren in Europe.—Father Bazin himself wrote in the bivouac of Thamas-Koulikan, what he saw of the life and battles of that famous conqueror.

Whilst carrying to the extremities of Asia and America, our books, our productions, both industrial and artistic, they sent us the books, the productions of the nations whom they evangelised. Father Gaubil, amongst others, enriched the royal library of Paris, with four thousand Chinese manuscripts. Languages before unknown, were placed within our reach in a host of grammars and dictionaries, considered classical even in our days.

Thus was established the universal fraternity of minds; thus grew to a vast extent the interchange of intelligence; and the human families, separated for forty centuries, rapidly re-ascended to the unity of thought and language, lost at Babel. Why have infamous pirates, emerging, at the close of the last century from the den of Ferney, come to destroy that divine commerce, to fetter, to slaughter the indefatigable mediators between divine and human thought, and reduce to ashes their priceless cargoes.

Now that the pirates can no longer command the sea, the commerce of intelligence resumes its wonted activity. What is wanting in order to obtain results still dearer to religion, to humanity, letters, and science? To increase the number of missionaries, to enable them to found institutions wherein they may cultivate learning, while imparting to their neophytes its elementary principles, to furnish these establishments with books, and the other means, without which talent and even acquired learning remain unfruitful.

Ye who would give to your minds other limits than those of our horizon, and who prudently distrust the accounts of the traveller, who writes much after having seen but little, it is only from evangelical travellers that you may expect authentic narratives; established in the midst of a country of whose language and customs they are in full possession, they alone can make you acquainted with a region which remains concealed from the traveller—the region of minds.

It is to be desired that a skilful pen, perfecting the picture which we cannot even sketch, should demonstrate how much art and science are indebted to the

missions. This would be, it seems, a fitting answer to the absurd reproach of *keeping in ignorance*, which the hangers-on of philosophy always address to the clergy and the monks, especially if there be given for the shade of the picture what science and letters owe to that philosophy, which has never been able to give any other enlightenment than that of lurid conflagrations. We know well that, thanks to God and to public opinion, Voltarianism is fleeing away; but, if we increased the light, it would disappear the faster, and we should be more sure of seeing it return no more.

INAUGURATION OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

(From the Weekly Telegraph.)

The joy and gladness which the recurrence of every solemn festival of the Universal Church brings to her faithful children, was augmented in a high degree, in the archdiocese of Dublin, on Tuesday, the 29th of June, the feast of the glorious Apostles, Saints Peter and Paul, by the event in the ecclesiastical history of our country which that day witnessed. The Prelate who was at once the object of the hopes and wishes of the vast majority of the priesthood of the archdiocese, and of the choice of the successor of Peter—who has already gained the affections of the great body of his faithful flock, and whose uncompromising Catholicity has earned for him the fears and hatred of the persecutors of the Church—on that day solemnly took possession of his Cathedral Church and of the Archiepiscopal Chair, vacated by the death of its late lamented occupant. Long before the hour appointed for the commencement of the ceremonial, every portion of the sacred edifice was densely crowded, and thousands of those who were unable to gain admission to the church thronged the space and the streets surrounding it, eager to catch a glimpse of their beloved prelate. Amongst the dense mass of the laity present, we observed the following:—

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, John Reynolds, Esq., M.P.; Wm. Monsell, Esq., M.P.; Sir W. Codrington, Bart.; Hon. Augustus Craven, John O'Connell, John Lentaing, John Lewis O'Ferrall, Michael Errington, John Dennon, Charles Cavanagh, Carew O'Dwyer, William Henry Wilberforce, Martin Crean, and George B. Star, Esqrs.; Dr. Kirwan, City Coroner; Alderman Campbell, Richard Kelly, T.C.; Pierce Kelly, J. Harkin, John Perrin, Esqrs.; Mr. Langdale (son of the Hon. Charles Langdale); John Murphy, Esq., &c., &c.

At half-past eleven o'clock precisely, as announced, his Grace's carriage drew up in front of the gates of the cathedral, whence the Lord Archbishop alighted, accompanied by his secretary and chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Forde. His Grace had proceeded from his residence vested in soutane, surplice, rochet, and pectoral cross. At the gate he was received by the chapter of the archdiocese, consisting of the parish priests and canons, headed by the Very Rev. the Dean of Dublin (Dr. Meyler) and the venerable Archdeacon of Dublin (Dr. Hamilton.) The Dean of Dublin wore a splendid cape of embroidered gold brocade. The clergy were attired in their soutanes and surplices. On the steps of the cathedral the cross was presented to his Grace, which he reverentially kissed. The chapter then proceeded round the church to the sacristy, his Grace being the last in the procession. In the sacristy his Grace was received by the several assembled prelates and priests. The bull for his translation from the Primateal See of Armagh was then read by the Rev. Dr. Forde, after which the following address of the chapter of the diocese, was read to his Grace:—

"To His Grace the Most Rev. Paul, Lord Archbishop of Dublin, and Primate of Ireland, &c., Delegate of the Apostolic See.

"The dutiful Address of the Chapter of the Metropolitan Church of Dublin, and of the Parish Clergy of the Archdiocese.

"My Lord Archbishop—We, your Grace's most dutiful and affectionate servants, the Canons of the Chapter and parochial Clergy of the Diocese of Dublin, beg to detain your Grace for a moment on the threshold of this Metropolitan Church, of which you come to take possession, while we give expression to the feelings of joy and exultation which fill our breasts as we greet your first public and official arrival amongst us.

"We desire then, in the first place, to acknowledge the great goodness of Almighty God in calling your Grace to preside over this most important portion of the fold of Christ; and we thank from our hearts our Holy Father the Pope, not only for his gracious condescension in listening to our prayer for your Grace's transfer to this diocese, but also that he has deigned to give so special a mark of his high appreciation of the worth and fitness of the object of our recommendation, as is implied in the honors and juris-

diction of Apostolic Delegate, with which he has been pleased to invest you.

"It is then, my lord, with no ordinary sentiment of delight that we obey the summons to go forth and receive you thus solemnly as our father and our bishop. But though it is the first time we have the happiness to salute you in that capacity, we cannot consent to have it thought you come a stranger amongst us.—We hail your Grace as the child of this diocese, and the long and intimate acquaintance we have had with your Grace's character and merits, as developed in other departments of the ecclesiastical vineyard, further prompted our desire to possess you, and now crowns our joy on this blessed day, when we open our ranks, and, still more, our hearts to receive you. Specially it is because we have observed you—all Catholic Ireland has observed—while you sat in the chair of St. Malachi, giving proof of those virtues that marked the 'great priest' described by the prophet, 'who in his days pleased God, and became a propitiation in the time of wrath.' We have seen you unite firmness in the discharge of duty with that peculiar gravity in the selection of your means, which showed that while you loved God you had a tenderness for man. And if the most devoted attachment to the See of St. Peter, combined with love of your country and allegiance to the throne—if the soundest and most varied learning, adorned and set off by humility beyond the power of affectation—if ardent zeal for souls, tempered and directed by consummate prudence—if, in a word, qualities apparently the most opposed, blended, however, and harmonised so as to produce the burning and shining light of the sanctuary—if these, and such as these, be grounds for any confident anticipation of the future—then may we be allowed to hope that the hand of God has directed us in suggesting, and the Sovereign Pontiff in decreeing, your Grace's removal to this all-important see; and it may be permitted us to take some share of pride in having been instrumental, even in a subordinate degree, in bringing about so desirable a consummation.

"Let, then, the *Te Deum* peal forth to speak our joy and thanksgiving as we proceed, under the appropriate auspices of the glorious Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, and in obedience to the mandate of their illustrious successor, Pope Pius IX., to marshal your way to the throne of the great St. Laurence, there, as we hope and pray, long to preside, the heir at once of his jurisdiction and virtues.

"Feast of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, A.D. 1852.

(On behalf of the Chapter.)

"WALTER MEYLER, Dean.

(On behalf the Parochial Clergy.)

"WILLIAM YORK, Parish Priest."

His Grace replied in the following terms:—
"Very Rev. and Rt. Rev. Brethren—I return you my sincere thanks for the kindness you have manifested towards me on this occasion of receiving me. I am unable to express my feelings of thankfulness by reason of the very short notice I received of your intention to present me with an address, but I will have an opportunity of expressing my kindness at greater length, on a future occasion. Feeling my own unworthiness and weakness, I cannot attribute to myself the merits you ascribe to me. I must refer to your kindness the proof of your regard with which you have honored me. It encourages me to hope that I will be supported in the arduous duties of the Episcopacy by a body of clergy—distinguished alike for their charity, piety, and learning—the monuments of whose zeal surround us on every side. I am induced to hope, that with their co-operation I may be able to supply my own imperfections, and discharge the duties of my arduous office, so as to advance religion and benefit the community. The blessed and memorable festival of our church falling to-day, I regard as most auspicious, as having been selected for my entrance on the duties of my high and holy office. It reminds us that the poor fisherman of Galilee, untaught in worldly love, was selected by the Divine Wisdom, and sent to preach the Gospel of the crucified Saviour in imperial Pagan Rome. He preached to the Gentiles, and consummated a life of devotion to his Master by his death, and left to his successors to the end of time the light of faith which shall never be quenched. The chair of Peter is now filled by one of the most noble and gifted Pontiffs that ever ruled the Church, the illustrious Pius the Ninth. In his name I come amongst you, and the splendor attendant on my reception reflects honor not so much on me as on him who sent me. May no earthly power ever detach us from that rock of truth where our holy Church stands triumphant over the storms of ages! May it be our pride always to exert ourselves for the honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls."

The Archbishop then vested in a splendid cope and stole, of gold brocade, magnificently embroidered.