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AMERICA'S DISCOVERER

What Important Historical Research Shows.

Traces of Irishmen in America Before the Genoese—Testimony From Old Records—Did the Irish Discover Maryland and Virginia?—Mr. Leyh's Valuable Article.

(From the Baltimore American)

BY EDWARD F. LEYH.

In the Middle Ages the European North and North-west had a distinct knowledge of the Western world. The Norsemen, Danes, the Frisians, the inhabitants of the Orkney Islands and of Ireland knew of the existence of Greenland and Vinland, not from mere hearsay, but from their daring seamen had been there, and the arrival of ships from Brainsland (Greenland) in Borgarfjord, Deln, or Nidaros, and the sailing of a colony for these Western countries was a matter of common occurrence at the end of the tenth century. In the eleventh century the Archbishop of Bremen sent missionaries out and consecrated bishops for the new dioceses in Greenland. The communication with these Atlantic colonies was continued until the fourteenth century the great pest called the Black Death covered Europe with its pall, and the night of ignorance darkened the civilized world. During the last four hundred years this veil of darkness has gradually been lifted again, but so banishing was its effect that the nations had lost all recollection of their former discoveries, the Norsemen knew nothing more of Greenland and Vinland, the Venetians of the Eddas, the Sagas, and the Heimskringla had become a dead language, and the Frisians, the Irish, and the Welsh had no idea that their forefathers had been on the Western continent centuries before Christopher Columbus.

The Irish very early seem to have had knowledge of the Western world. This we learn from their old traditions and legends, and in some Norse writings it is stated as a cold fact.

ST. BRENDAN AND ST. VIGIL.

The Irish annals preserve the memory of St. Brendan of Clonfert and his remarkable voyage to a land in the West made A. D. 545. St. Brendan was a native of Kerry, and in his youth the coast was full of traditions of a wonderful land in the West. He went to the venerable St. Eada, the Abbot of Arran, for counsel. He was probably encouraged in the plan he had formed of carrying the Gospel in this distant land. He proceeded along the coast of Mayo, inquiring as he went for traditions of the Western Continent. On his return to Kerry he decided to set out on the important expedition. St. Brendan fit him out with his name, and from the quay at the foot of this lofty eminence he sailed for the "Far West." Directing his course toward the South-west with a few faithful companions, to a well-provisioned bark, he came, after some rough and dangerous navigation, to calm seas, where, without aid of oar or sail, he was borne along for many weeks. He finally reached land and proceeded inland until he came to a large river flowing from east to west, supposed by some to have been Ohio. After an absence of seven years he returned to Ireland and lived not only to tell of the marvels he had seen, but to found a college of three thousand monks at Clonfert. Of this legend of St. Brendan there are eleven Latin MSS. in the Bibliothéque Impériale at Paris, the dates of which vary from the eleventh to the fourteenth century. (Donnelly's Atlantic, p. 420) That in the eighth century the Irish had knowledge of the Western continent appears from the fact that an Irish priest named Virgile was accused in Rome of having taught heresies concerning the subject of the antipodes. At first he wrote to Pope Zachary in reply to the charge, but afterwards he went to Rome in person to justify himself, and there he proved to the Pope that the Irish had been accustomed to communicate with a trans-Atlantic world. (Brasseur de Bourbourg in a note to his translation of the "Popol Vuh.")

THE FIRST INHABITANTS OF IRELAND.

When in 876 the first Norseman from Norway, fleeing before tyranny of Harald Hargard, landed on Iceland they found a settlement of strange people there whom they called Papas, or Western men. They professed the Christian faith, were harmless and unassuming, and suddenly they took to their ships and left for the West, leaving some bells, books and bishop staffs. The Norse invaders generally believed they had come to Ireland, but already some of the earlier Icelandic writers suppose they really sailed to Ireland in Hilda, or Great Ireland, on the western shore of the Atlantic ocean.

GREAT IRELAND DESCRIBED IN OLD MANUSCRIPTS.

The Royal Library of Copenhagen contains a collection of old manuscripts in which many allusions to the countries of the Western World are to be found. Under No. 770 has the following interesting description:—From Greenland, which is only settled in its eastern part, one going west reaches deserts and snowfields. Then he comes to the Skraellings (Eskimos), then to Markland, and then comes Vinland the Good. Next to Vinland is found Albani, or the land of the white man (Hultramannaland), whether they came to it from Ireland. In that land men from Ireland and Iceland found Arius, the son of Marand, of Kettle, of Reykjavik, of whom they had not heard for a long time. He held the office of priest among the natives, and he had a wife, a daughter, and a son.

was inhabited by a people wearing long white robes, carrying a piece of cloth on a long pole and calling out with a very loud voice.

It is generally supposed that the country described as "Hultramannaland" was the present Maryland and Virginia.

BAPTIZED IN GREAT IRELAND.

The Saga contains the story of Arius, the son of Mar, of Reykjavik, Iceland, who was shipwrecked on the western coast of the Atlantic ocean 982 or 983, nearly twenty years before Vinland was settled by the Norsemen. The adventure of Arius was related by Thofinn, a chief of one of the Orkney Islands, who died 1064. Thofinn's father, Sigurd, had been a nephew of Aro Marsen. Thofinn told Rafn, the Limerick skipper, that Arius had been seen and recognized by different parties in Hultramannaland; that he had been held in great esteem by the natives, but was not allowed to return to his native land.

The historian, Torfaeus writes in "Greenlands Antiqua" that Aro Marsen had been converted to Christianity in Great Ireland, and was baptized by Bishop John, an Irishman. An Irish or Scotch bishop of that name was ordained by Archbishop Adalbert of Bremen, and sent to Iceland. After four years' service on that island Bishop John sailed for Vinland, which is, as Torfaeus puts it, "a certain country in the West where Irishmen are supposed to live." A tradition states that the Bishop afterwards was slain by the aborigines. (Torfaeus Vinlandia, esp. xii. p. 71. Mallet, 168 174)

THE VIKING BIORN ASBRANDSON.

A highly interesting story of the sojourn in Great Ireland of the Viking Biorn Asbrandson, we find in the Codex No. 445, Royal Library of Copenhagen. Gudleif, the son of Gudlog of the Rloib, of Sroopmjare, Iceland, was a great seaman in his days, and traded between Iceland and Ireland. Near the end of the reign of King Olaf of Norway, Gudleif made a voyage to Dublin. Returning to Iceland and sailing along the western coast of Ireland, he was overtaken by a terrible storm, driving him far out in the ocean, so that he lost all reckoning, and none of his crew knew whither they were drifting. At last they saw land, but did not know it. All were tired of being tossed by the waves, and so they landed. Soberly had they done this when a motley crowd of natives, amounting to several hundred, surrounded them. The Norsemen had never before seen such strange human beings, but from their language, which they partly understood, they concluded that the strangers were Irish.

The ship's crew were captured and bound; then a conference was held to determine what should be done with them. The prisoners understood from the proceedings that some were inclined to kill them, while others preferred to distribute them among the different communities as slaves. While they were yet deliberating there appeared a troop of horsemen. (The Spaniards did not find the horse in America, but the difficult dwellers in Arizona and the mound-builders seem to have known this animal.)

Under a large, waving banner rode a stately old man, looking like a born military chieftain. He was treated with the greatest reverence and seemed to be a prince. The latter seamen discovered very soon that their fate was placed in his hands by their captors. He commanded his followers to bring the prisoners before him, and asked in the Norse language whence they hailed. They answered that some of them came from Iceland and some were Irish. He then asked which of them were Icelanders, and Gudleif, bowing to him, said he came from Iceland.

"From what part of Iceland?" the stranger inquired.

"From a place called Borgarfjord."

THE OLD MAN ASTONISHED HIS CAPTIVITY

By asking many questions of minute detail about the different manners and well-known families in Borgarfjord and the neighborhood, but most eagerly he inquired about Bishop Snorri and his sister, Thurida of Frosas, and her son, Kjartan. In the meantime the old man appeared for a decision, and the old men picked out twelve men of the assembly and withdrew them for counsel. Coming back, he said:—We have deliberated on your fate, and the natives have given me full power in this matter. I permit you to depart in peace. Though the Sunnars, newly over-ladies you to sail, and rather trust the waves than rely on this folk's population, which is very hard to manage, and never can be entirely trusted.

Gudleif thanked him and asked:—"What shall we say at home is the name of him who has befriended us in this strange country?" The old man answered:—"This I must not tell you; because I cannot permit that my friends and relatives undertake this perilous voyage and run such a risk as you have done; for if I had not been in this neighborhood you probably would be dead now. My years are numbered. I expect to die very soon, but even if I should live a few years longer there are mightier men in this land than I am, though not in this part of the country, and they are not in the habit of giving a friendly welcome to a stranger."

Having said this he commanded the natives to bring forth all kinds of provisions, and he remained until a good breeze sprang up, when the crew made sail. When Gudleif took his leave, the mysterious stranger handed him a gold ring and a fine sword and said:—"If you ever have the good luck to reach Iceland, please hand this sword to Kjartan, the young hero at Frosas, and this ring give to his mother, Thurida."

Gudleif inquired:—"If they ask who sends the costly presents what shall I answer?" The old man replied:—"Tell them that these gifts come from a man who once was dearer to Thurida than her brother, the Bishop of Helligstallen. But if anyone should guess my name please say that I forbid them trying to reach this land; it is a long and dangerous voyage and the consequences very

large, having no harbor, and perils would threaten them on every side."

They parted. Gudleif reached Dublin late in the Fall and wintered there. When he came to Iceland the next Summer he delivered the presents. Every one was of the opinion that the mysterious stranger in Great Ireland was Biorn Asbrandson, the berserker of Breidviken, who had been missing since 989. Biorn had been in his younger days

A FOMSBURGER VIKING.

a member of that notorious band of pirates who continued the invasions of the Continent, commenced in 787 by those heathen Saxons who had fled before the bloody axe of Charlemagne's headman and the baptismal rites of his priests, and kept the coast of Germany and France in a state of agitation of several decades with their revengeful hostilities.

The great success of the first Viking raids, the rich spoils in abbeys and monasteries, the heavy ransom of noble-born captives, made Viking life the most coveted calling for adventurers in the ninth and tenth centuries, and it is no wonder that the Vikings, who in the ninth century occupied realms and seats of the ancestral captains on lofty thrones in the tenth century degenerated to the level of common pirates with no aim beyond mere booty, spoil, and revenge. Such a band were the Fomsburgers under their famous leader, Palmastok, who has been named the William Tell of the North.

Biorn Asbrandson is mentioned as "the athlete of Breidviken" in the Latin manuscript. Perhaps this means a berserker, or it may denote a paid champion. In the Middle Ages mercenaries were living at the courts of princes and chieftains, a sort of bravos ready to take up any fight for the cause of their masters. Such champions were not considered to be the equals of free and noble-born knights and were generally despised by them. Therefore, Biorn's courtship to the noble Thurida was not approved by Snorri, the great priest who parted the loving couple by force. Biorn went to sea and never again was seen in Iceland, but it was generally supposed that he was the man who sent from Great Ireland to Thurida that ring, and bequeathed her son, Kjartan, his sword. Both presents were preserved for centuries in the church of Helligstallen.

AN OLD BALLAD.

Rafn's "Antiqua Americana," page 319, contains a very old song or kvaedi, known among the inhabitants of the Fyvre Islands, showing that the Irish of olden times had a distinct knowledge of Vinland. The story of the ballad runs thus:—"Flon, the Count of Upland, had two sons—Holdan, the strong, and Finn, the fair. The latter named loved Inlithoea (Logberg), the daughter of an Irish king. He was rejected by her father, and in consequence created a great disturbance. During the melee which ensued, and in which several Irishmen were killed, he was overpowered and cast in prison to get her lover released, but the king would not relent, and therefore she sent word to his brother. Holdan arrived with a fleet, and the king perished with all his retainers. Finn was freed by his brother and asked Ingerberg to marry him. She promised her hand under the condition that Finn would sail to Vinland and bring her three kings of that country as captives. Finn sailed, and had different battles with the Vinlanders, killed two of the three kings, but was slain himself in the engagement with the third one. Now his brother Holdan took part in the fight, vanquished the third king, and, coming back to Ireland, asked the princess to marry him. She declined, saying that she could not love another one after Finn, and when Holdan insisted on the nuptials she died the same night."

A COLONY IN THE WESTERN WORLD, A. D. 1170.

When Owen Gwynedd, the King of Cambria, died in 1168 or 1169, his sons contended the crown, and civil war followed, Madoc, the youngest of the three brothers, commanded the fleet, and took no part in the fight. Seeing that he could not reconcile his brothers he concluded to leave Wales and take to the sea in the endeavor of discovering a new land to settle in, because he had heard of a large continent lying west of the ocean. He made several ships ready, selected the crew, and in the Spring of 1170, after doubling the southern point of Ireland, he steered west, finding an unknown land and making many discoveries. Having chosen a suitable place for his colony he left 120 persons there and returned to Cambria, telling the people what a fine land he had discovered. "Why are you fighting here for such a rough and unproductive country?" he said. "Come with me, and you shall have the best land under the sun." Many consented to emigrate with him, Madoc fitted out a fleet of ten vessels, and a great number of Welshmen, having enough of the civil war, departed with their families, never to return again.

Haklutt is convinced that Madoc had reached the American Continent, but that his colony, without reinforcements from the mother country, perished, and that some of his Welshmen cast their lot with the natives. GAELIC TRACES AMONGST AMERICAN INDIANS.

The first white settlers on the Atlantic coast during the 17th century made casual discoveries of Gaelic words and expressions among certain Indian tribes, but none of them was linguist enough to investigate this closely. In some historical collections in New York a letter is preserved of R. v. Morgan Jones, dated New York, March 10, 1886, the contents of which may be accepted as circumstantial evidence of the presence of Celtic (Irish or Welshmen) on these shores in former centuries.

song of the bard Gutton Owen. The famous Welsh bard Meredith composed a song in 1477 on Madoc, which was translated the same year into English. Here is one strophe of the original:—

"Madoc wy, mwycio wedd, Iawn ganau, owyn Gwynedd; Ny fyddir dir, fy enaid odd, Na da dawr, ond of morocodd."

The translation is:—

"Madoc I am the son of Owen Gwynedd, With stature large and loudly grace adorned; No lands at home nor store of wealth me please, My mind is whole, to search the ocean seas."

Rev. Morgan Jones states in his letter that in the year 1660 he served as a Field Chaplain of the British Army under Major-General Bennet and was stationed in Nanamoud County, Virginia. In the early Spring of that year the Major-General and Sir William Berkeley despatched two ships with troops to Port Royal, 60 miles south of Cape Fear and Rev. Mr. Jones went along. The expedition left the St. James River on April 8th and reached Port Royal 11 days later, thence they had to wait until some other ships came from Bermuda, having Mr. West, the Governor of Port Royal, on board. After Mr. West arrived the smaller vessels were sent up the river as far as Oyster Point, where some soldiers, together with Mr. Jones were landed. There they lived for eight months, unendured terrible hardships, and near famished. At last Mr. Jones and five men pushed forward to reach the settlement and came to the country of the Tuscaroras. When the Indians learned they were looking for Roanoke they made the Zoghlamen prisoners and took them to a village. The next morning the Tuscaroras held a stormy meeting, and an interpreter told the six captives to prepare for death. Hearing this, Mr. Jones ejaculated, in his native Welsh tongue:—"Have I escaped so many dangers to be despatched now like a dog?" An Indian warrior, hearing this, walked up to him, put his hands on the preacher's lips, lifted him from the ground and cried in tolerably good English:—"Mao, thou shalt not die!" Mr. Jones expressed his conviction that this Indian, being a chief of the Deoga, was of Welsh extraction. The chief went to the Emperor of the Tuscaroras, arranged for the ransom of the six captives, and took them to the village of his tribe. There they were hospitably entertained for several months, and Mr. Jones conversed with the Indians freely in Welsh. Sometimes they could not understand the meaning of a word or phrase, but everything was easily explained to them. He had to preach to the Indians at least three weeks.

When Mr. Jones and his companions left they were provided liberally with provisions by their host. Mr. Jones says at the conclusion of his letter that he would be pleased to take some Welshmen to the country of the Deoga, which was situated on the Ponalgo river, near Cape Atrou.

It is stated by several writers that the Tuscaroras were of fairer complexion than other tribes—some even call them the white Indians.

CATHOLIC CULLINGS.

Interesting Items Gleaned from all Quarters of the Globe.

Rev. J. Schroeder has been appointed pastor of the German parish of Glencoe, Minn.

Every morning there are 40 Masses said in the chapel of the Catholic University, Washington.

Cardinal Ganglbauer, Archbishop of Vienna, who had been critically ill for some time, died at Vienna, Dec. 14.

The new bells of the convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame, at L'Assomption, were blessed on Sunday last.

King Humbert has signed a decree ordering the publication of directions for putting the new penal code in force throughout Italy next month.

The Sisters of Charity, of Conomaugh borough, Pa., are endeavoring to rebuild their home destroyed by the Johnstown flood of last May.

A Paris correspondent states that Baron Lillenthal has bequeathed \$250,000 to the Holy Father. The report should be received with reserve.

On his way back to Rome, Mgr. Sotilli is to visit the Catholic Universities of Louvain, in Belgium; Freiburg, in Switzerland; and Innsbruck, in the Tyrol.

A lady of Von Moltke's family took the veil on Monday week in the Augustinian convent at Prenz. The old Marchal was present at the ceremony.

Dr. Joseph Pallas, a surgeon on the reserve list of the Austrian army, and formerly president of the Austrian Catholic Society, has entered the Jesuit novitiate.

The Hon. Blanche Dandae, sister of Lord Melville, of Melville Castle, has been received into the Church by Rev. Father Freeman, S. J., of Lauriston street, Edinburgh.

Padre Drazetta, the director of the observatory of Montelivari, and of the new Vatican observatory, has been unanimously elected an honorary member of the Astronomical Society of France.

In the parliament at Vienna the Catholics have formed a party with a programme demanding liberty for the Church; denominational schools, and direct representation in parliament of the rural population.

Father Agostino, of Montefiore, preached a few days ago at Naples in the Church of SS. Severino and Sossio. A congregation of four thousand persons filled the building, while crowds vainly endeavored to press in at the door.

At Acquaspendente, in Italy, has been commenced the ordinary process for the beatification of Brother James of St. Louis, a Passionist, who died in the odour of sanctity at

Cellara, in Italy. St. Paul of the Cross is said to have prophesied of this humble Brother that he would one day be raised to the honour of the altar.

The Leo House, just completed at Castle Garden, New York, has been placed in charge of the sisters of St. Agnes' Convent, Fond du Lac, Wis. Three Sisters left for New York last week to enter upon their duties.

The Pope has named the See of Sionis as that from which Archbishop Grace, of St. Paul, takes his title. It is a very ancient See, the province having been converted to Christianity by St. Bartholomew, the Apostle.

The Rev. Mother Mary Camilla, the Superioress of the Sisters of Our Lady of Compassion, at Corfu, died last week. She was a Genoese lady, who, for more than thirty years, had devoted herself to the service of the poor.

The different Montreal branches of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association are going to hold a religious demonstration in the Cathedral on Sunday, January 5, when Archbishop Fabre will preside, and there will be a sermon in French and in English.

The Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Killdare and Leighlin, in forwarding a subscription to the Irish Tenants' Defence Association, says:—"The Irish farmers, as a class, have well deserved of their Church and country, and when found to have been unjustly oppressed, are deserving of sympathy and generous aid."

Although the aged Empress Augusta, of Germany, is not a Catholic, she has many Catholic friends, a fact largely due to the attitude she took during the Kulturkampf, when she showed in every possible way her dislike for the Bismarckian policy of persecution. She has been staying at Coblenz, where she gave some time since a state banquet to the Catholic bishop of the diocese and several of his clergy.

Archbishop Potter, Bishop of Bombay, whose death is announced, was a Jesuit Father and a great linguist, as he wrote and spoke seven European languages, and over a dozen of the native tongues of India and Asia. He was an inveterate chess player, and on one occasion he is said to have forgotten his vespers service while absorbed in the game. For this his self-inflicted punishment was no chess for two months, to him a most severe punishment.

M. Jules Ferry, the author of the famous "Clause Sevon," by which the religious were expelled from France in 1880, honored the Oisterolan Monastery of Loris, near Cannes, with a visit on All Saints' Day. He was conducted over the house by a lay brother, and found the place very interesting. Before departing he contributed towards the support of the establishment the magnificent sum of sixty-five centimes—thirteen cents! Such open-handed generosity is worthy of record.

Speaking of the recent Catholic centenary celebration in the United States the London Tablet says:—"This wonderful chapter in the story of the Church—a chapter big with promise and all the hope and future civilization of mankind—has now been fittingly and splendidly commemorated; and we have done what was possible to bring to Catholics on our side of the Atlantic the glad, proud words of their brethren in the west. In religion, as in other things, it seems to be the destined lot of the New World to redress the balance of the Old."

There is a Catholic awakening in South America. The Messenger of the Sacred Heart says that much of the censure leveled at the Catholic nations of South America is undeserved, and adds:—"The light of faith has not been dimmed, and the women, the true guardians of the sacredness of home and the moulders of the future, are everywhere in overwhelming majorities, models of Christian behavior, the result of their work and example is bound to be an additional blessing and already the dawn of better days seems to be breaking, especially in the Republic of Columbia, in Ecuador and in Brazil."

THE PASSIONISTS.

The Growth of This Order of Self-Mortification Two Centuries in Existence.

The Passionist Order is admirably suited to meet the exigencies of our age. It is one of the youngest in the Church and yet it has created the most remarkable parts of the earth. Bedini XIV., in approving the Order said:—"This is the last in the Church, whereas it should have been the first." Its great work in America is well known. Its monasteries and churches, particularly the edifice at West Hoboken, N. J., are known all over the land.

The founder of the Order, St. Paul of the Cross, was born on the 3rd of January, 1694, a few weeks before the birth of Voltaire. As St. Ignatius was raised up as the champion of the old orthodox faith in Luther's time, so was St. Paul of the Cross, in Voltaire's. He and his sons were to guard and defend the mysteries of the Incarnation by preaching the Passion of our Lord and thus counteract and end the evil which Voltaire and his followers would strive to infect the world. There are houses of the Order to-day in Italy, France, Spain, Belgium, England, Ireland, the United States, Mexico, Buenos Ayres, Chili and Australia.

The Propaganda has given the Belgian Mission to the Order, and there are in that Province one Passionist Archbishop and two Suffragan Passionist Bishops, and everywhere they are bringing home to the faithful the mystery of the Passion of the Incarnate Word.

The Fathers have an elegant chapel on Avenue Hoch, in Paris, and charge of the Irish, English and American Catholics living in that city. They likewise attend to the English speaking people in Mexico City, Buenos Ayres and Chili, under the direction of Dr. James Kent Stone, known in the Order as "Father Fidelis." The growth of the Order and the work in our own country are phenomenal, and the efficiency of its missionary work and the character of its devoted priests, bespeak for it a great future.

Life itself is neither good nor evil, but only a place for good and evil; it is a kind of tragic comedy.

WHY WE HAVE TO SUFFER.

Tribulation is the Way to the Eternal Bliss of Heaven.

The late admirable and distinguished writer, Kathleen O'Meara, is said, at one time, to have commenced writing a legend story, intended to illustrate the power of faith in conquering great human sorrow. She said the idea of the story was suggested to her by the despair of a Catholic mother on the death of a beloved child. That mother seemed to have lost all hold of the supernatural as a source of consolation, and Miss O'Meara said she longed to write something which, even in a poetic, intellectual form, might bring it home to the poor woman. Unfortunately, the writer of the sketch of Miss O'Meara's life is compelled to say he does not know if she ever carried out the idea. It is a pity that she did not, for never was a book more needed than among a large number who are ordinarily reckoned as good practical Catholics.

Everyone who has had much intercourse with the poor, in the various trials to which they are subjected, or even with the rich, the educated, the well-to-do and intelligent, in their day of providential dispensation, must have been painfully impressed with the apparently slight hold which the supernatural motives and influences of their religion have upon them. It is not that they have a general, theoretical knowledge of those blessed and consoling truths which come home to the truly spiritual Christian with such an indelible power to control the heart and soothe the troubled spirit. But, somehow, those truths have never been brought home to their experience; they have never been able to enter into their deep spiritual significance, and hence, when they are severely tried, especially when some sudden bereavement, some unexpected calamity, falls upon them, they are taken by surprise; they do not understand it; they are all in a maze of doubt and confusion of mind. Somehow it seems to them wrong that they should be so afflicted. They are ready to say, as a good, pious woman said to me the other day, "I have had a long and tedious life of sickness; my two children are not able to earn anything; my support, the family depended upon by my labor, was getting behindhand; I know not what we are going to do; black poverty stares us in the face; what have I done that I should deserve this trial?" To the suggestion of a providential dispensation, she assented readily; but she could not understand why she should be so afflicted. It seemed as if Providence had abandoned her, and she could not realize that she had deserved what seemed to her such harsh treatment. She said she had always tried to do her duty; she had injured no one; she had endeavored to comply with all the rules of the Church, and it seemed hard that she should be compelled to suffer so; and she was really discouraged and, apparently, almost in the depths of despair.

It is really sad to think that this good woman is but a single instance of a very common experience. Such persons are often entered fully into the supernatural, or if they have, as Miss O'Meara says, they have lost their hold of it, and hence, they lose that inestimable consolation which a perfect realization of the supernatural is calculated to afford.

In suggesting a remedy it is easy and obvious to say that such persons need more intimate communion with the supernatural, that is, with God; with Jesus Christ, as our Saviour; with the saints and angels and glorified spirits who surround us; and this can only be acquired by faithfulness in prayer, in meditation, in cultivating an habitual sense of the presence of God and His providential dispensation in all affairs of life and in our daily experience.

But do we not all—even the best of Catholics, as the world goes—fall to complaining and enter fully into what may be called the philosophy of suffering? Somehow we seem to take for granted that suffering and trial are unmitigated evils, whereas they are designed by an all-wise and merciful Father for our good, and if properly received, will prove blessings in disguise. Prosperity is not always desirable; it sometimes—indeed too often—proves a curse. We need to be schooled to the idea that suffering and trial are good for us, and something to be thankful for, rather than to be complained of. Oh, if we all did but embrace the cross when laid upon us, and press it to our bosoms, however raw and painful, with cheerful resignation and loving thankfulness, then, indeed, we should experience that ineffable peace which the world can never take away.—Sacred Heart's Review

A Priest Robbed.

[SPECIAL TO THE TRUE WITNESS.]

TINGWICK, Dec. 22.—The priest of St. Paul, Chester, was robbed on last Saturday morning, but the burglar was caught and is lodged in Arthabaska jail. All the money was found with him when caught. He was arrested at St. Patrick's Hill for hours after. He entered the priest's house at about 4 o'clock through a window by cutting a pane of glass, and secured about \$500 in the office. It seems he was looking for more, as he entered the bedroom of the priest, and when he awoke he pointed a revolver at his ordering him to not move or he would blow his brains out. It snowed during the night, and he took the precaution to go backward about two miles. Then he took the road to St. Patrick's Hill, but called into a farmer's for his breakfast, and engaged this man to carry him to Danville, a distance of 12 miles. But he was followed by the priest's hired man, who communicated with P. McNeil, the farmer, privately, who went on and gave word at St. Patrick's Hill. When P. McNeil and the burglar arrived they were surrounded by a dozen men, and the latter was arrested by Aloide Demers, bailiff; but he showed fight, as he fired three shots at the crowd. One ball grazed one of the party in the leg, but he was not dangerously hurt. After Cyr. Hebert fired a few shots to frighten him he threw down his revolver and gave himself up, and was held there until the sheriff arrived from Arthabaska. He was in Tingwick the week before and attended Mass. He gave his name as Joseph Desjardis.