

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL. 3.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, JAN. 21, 1881.

NO. 119

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ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JANUARY, 1881.

Sunday, 23—Third Sunday after Epiphany, Desponsation of B. V. M. Double Major.
Monday, 24—St. Timothy. Bishop and Martyr. Double.
Tuesday, 25—St. Paul's Conversion, Apostle. Double Major.
Wednesday, 26—St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr. Double.
Thursday, 27—St. Vitalianus, Pope and Martyr. Double.
Friday, 28—St. John Chrysostom, Bishop and Confessor. Double.
Saturday, 29—St. Francis of Sales, Bishop and Confessor. Double.

From Exile.

(A MOTHER SPEAKS.)

Ah, dear God, when will it be day?
I cannot sleep, I cannot pray,
The dawn's faint crimson streaks
Mount up from the horizon bars:
Orio, with his flaming sword,
Proud chief of the glorious horde;
Auriga up the lofty arch
Pursuing still his stately march—
So pale, and so calm are they,
Ah, dear God! when will it be day?

O Mary, Mother! Hark I hear
A cock crow through the silence clear!
The dawn's faint crimson streaks
Mount up from the horizon bars:
Orio, with his flaming sword,
Proud chief of the glorious horde;
Auriga up the lofty arch
Pursuing still his stately march—
So pale, and so calm are they,
Ah, dear God! when will it be day?

Wake, Rosalie! Awake! arise!
The sun is up, it glids the skies,
She does not stir, the young sleep sound
As dead men in their graves profound.
Ho, Rosalie! Ho, Rosalie!
To-day there is no time to waste,
Bring me fresh water, Braid my hair,
Hand me the glass, Once I was fair
As thou art, Now I look so old.
It seems my death-knell should be tolled.

Ill? No! (I want no wine.) So pale!
I like a white ghost, so wan and frail?
Well, that's not so, go, all night I lay
Waiting and watching for the day.
But there! I'll drink to my dear boy,
My cheeks burn brighter for his sake
Who comes to-day. My boy! my boy!
How can I bear the unwelcome joy?
I, who for eight long years have wept
While happier mothers smiling slept;
While others decked their sons first-born
For dance, or for bride, or for my boy,
O proudly smiled to see them stand
The stately pillars of the land!

For he, so gallant and so gay,
As young and debonair as they,
My beautiful, brave boy, my life,
Went down in the unequal strife!
The right or wrong? Oh, what care I?
The good God judgeth up on high.

And now He gives him back to me!
I tremble so, I scarce can see.
How full the streets are! I will wait
His coming here beside the gate,
From which I watched him as he went,
Eight years ago, to bid me adieu,
I will sit down, speak Rosalie, when
You see a band of stalwart men,
With one fair boy among them—one
With bright hair shining in the sun,
Red, smiling lips, and eager eyes,
Blue as the blue of summer skies,
My boy! my boy! Why come they not?
O son of God, I am not she,
Thy Mother's agony? Yet she,
Was she not stronger far than we,
We common mothers? Could she know
From her far native soil pain and woe?
Run further down the street, and see
If they're not coming, Rosalie.

Mother of Christ! how lag the hours!
What! just beyond the convent towers,
And coming straight this way! O heart,
Be still and wait, I am not she,
Thy new part, bravely. Hark! I hear
Above the city's hum the near
Slow tread of marching foot; I see—
Nay, I can not see, Rosalie,
Your eyes are younger, is he there,
My Antoine, with his sunny hair?
It is like gold, it shines in the sun,
Surely you see it? What? Not one—
Not one bright head? All old, old men,
Gray-haired, gray-bearded, gaunt Then—
then

He has not come—he is ill, or dead!
O God! that I were in thy stead,
My son! my son! Who touches me?
—Your pardon, sir, I am not she,
For whom you look, Go further on
Ere yet the daylight shall be gone,
"Mother!" Who calls me? "My son!"
You are not he—my Antoine, You
Are a gray-bearded man, and he
Is a mere boy, You mistake me
For some one else, I'm sorry, sir,
God bless you! Soon you will find her
For whom you seek, But I—ah, I—
Still must I call a d'none reply
You—kiss me, Antoine, O my son!
Thou art mine own, my banished one!

JULIA C. R. DORR, in Harper's Magazine.
Paris, September 3, 1879.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria has given up her project of visiting Ireland this month for a few weeks' hunting. It was said that Queen Victoria was not anxious that her Apostolic and Imperial Majesty should visit Ireland at the present juncture, and the Emperor also set his face against it; but the illustrious lady stood up boldly for the honor of Ireland, and declared she would be as safe in that country as in any portion of her husband's wide dominions. But she yielded to the argument that the near approach of her son's nuptials rendered her presence at home desirable.—*Catholic Review*.

The history of Pope Leo XII. furnishes a notable example of how he freed a part of his temporal dominions from the evils of a landlordism, less outrageous and cruel in some

respects than that imposed on Ireland, yet oppressive in its general operation and results. On the fall of Napoleon a part of the Papal temporal dominions was assigned by the allied powers to the support of the Beaharnais family. The rents were collected by agents who were exacting and heartless. Collisions between them and the tenants naturally arose, and riots and murders ensued. Leo XII. assisted and encouraged the formation of a company which bought up all these lands and sold them back at fair prices to the occupants who had rented them. The trouble was thus speedily terminated and peace and prosperity were established where before there had been misery, discontent and disorder.—*Catholic Columbian*.

GERMANY professes to be a Christian country, yet a man was punished there last week for making use of the name of Christ in taking an oath. It happened thus: At Wittenberge, a Protestant clergyman had to give evidence in a court before a Jewish judge, and that judge read to him the form of oath which ends with the words, "So help me God." The clergyman added the words, "Through Jesus Christ to eternal life;" but the judge declared this addition illegal, and upon the witness refusing to take the oath again without those words, he was sentenced to a fine of 30s. or three days' imprisonment. Since then the subject has been extensively discussed in the German press. The clergyman having appealed, it is generally thought that the superior court will reverse the decision, for it is held that the legal form only contains the minimum of the oath, and that any one has a right to add what he likes for conscience' sake. The Prussian May Laws contain a special oath for Catholic bishops which these have persistently refused to take, as they will not subordinate their spiritual authority to the temporal power.—*London Universe*.

If there is one thing that is more likely to make the people of Alsace forget their former connection with France, it is the spectacle of the religious persecution now going on in that country, which once gloried in the name of the eldest daughter of the Church. Alsace has always been Catholic and Conservative at heart. During the French revolution of 1793 the Convention ordered at a certain time that all Catholic worship should be stopped, and that instead of that a "brother orator" should be appointed in each place to speak on certain days against tyrants and oppressors and to extol virtue and freedom. In an Alsatian village the people met and decided that the right man to act as brother orator was the priest, and the best place for virtue and freedom to be extolled was the church. So they simply kept up their example, and went on in the same way until the Catholic Church was restored to some of her rights by the Concordat of 1801. What the people of Alsace were ninety years ago they are now, and no wonder that they should not wish the persecution of the Catholic Church to be extended to their country.—*London Universe*.

MR. BEECHER'S congregation has come to the conclusion that there is too much of the "great I Am" business about Plymouth, and accordingly at the last prayer-meeting they wrestled with him on the subject. Previous to the wrestling, Mr. Beecher stated that the glory of a church was in its social meeting, and though he said it who ought not to say it, the strength of the pulpit was the weakness of the church. This is a statement which will doubtless excite the ire of Talmage and those irrepressible brethren, who advertise every Saturday in the dailies, announcing their "attractions." The declaration is startling, coming from Mr. Beecher, who is as almost entirely Plymouth Church as Mr. Talmage and the cornet are the Tabernacle. It would seem as if the prevailing Protestant idea of a church is a social club, in which no smoking or intoxicating beverages are permitted, but which in other respects is, as Mr. Beecher phrases it, "a spiritual picnic, where everybody is expected to bring something for the common entertainment." This is very modern and progressive, but the ministers who advocate it must believe, with a certain French woman not unknown in history, that the deluge will come after them. The mildly religious and strongly social

club will not need a minister. His salary can be saved and expended in cakes and ale for the members. Why support the expensive Beecher and the silver-tongued Talmage at a large outlay, when the members of Plymouth Church or the Tabernacle or Temple do their own talking? Mr. Beecher's suggestion is dangerous. It is a blow struck at the supremacy of the liberal Newman and the fair-minded Fulton. The fair sex would not be averse to join any church in which they would be permitted to do their own talking—and, remembering this, Mr. Beecher should pause before he deprives the Brooklyn one-man churches of their main support. It is not fair for him "to cut under." He has made his mark and pocketed his deats. He ought to think of the race of young ministers who, if churches resolved themselves into social clubs, would be without occupation. Hard times stare the young theological student in the face, and Beecher is their prophet.—*Catholic Review*.

THE tender devotion and lively faith of a Catholic family is manifested in various ways, but in none more prominently than in decorating their houses with religious pictures and emblems, and in possessing always in readiness Holy Water and Blessed candles. It shows great coldness, if not very weak faith, in a family that will not thus provide itself. Sometimes, it has happened that the Priest is called to administer the Sacraments, bringing with him the King of Kings, to nourish the departing soul, and find himself surrounded by the family, who do not feel the Divine Presence sufficiently to kneel and adore. Nor can a blessed candle or holy water be obtained. This is wrong and argues indifference.—*Catholic Columbian*.

THERE are many parents, calling themselves Catholics, who are ever finding in their neighbor's children cause for complaint, for not being faithful to the practice of their belief. They will pretend to be horrified at what they deem bad example, and the conduct of these neighbors is held up as a warning to the children. These very parents, however, are frequently more careless in regard to their own duties. They may manage to say a prayer in the evening, to attend a low Mass on Sunday, to receive the Sacraments a couple of times a year and then imagine their duty fulfilled. As to seeing to the spiritual condition of their children or having them attend to the practice of their faith, they are absolutely indifferent. The children grow up in a listless manner as far as their religion goes, and follow the practice of their parents. Gradually they become so cold that the church is neglected entirely and finally they fall away. Hence it is, that to-day, we can trace so many bad Catholics back to bad parents, who whilst putting on the appearance of practical Catholicity were at heart almost Infidels. When inclined to censure other fathers and mothers, parents should look into their own lives and they will always find much to repent of themselves.—*Catholic Columbian*.

EVERY visitor to the Vatican returns full of praise for Pope Leo, whose natural grace and mildness win all hearts. It must be a weary and tiresome task for one charged with the solicitude of all the churches, to see daily, perhaps, a couple of hundred visitors, many of whom come from curiosity or for some trifling business. Yet Leo XIII. is gracious to all, and even non-Catholics are loud in their praises for him. A correspondent of a western paper has recently described her impressions of him as follows: "At last all the others were gone, and we knelt at the feet of the Pope while a monsignore in violet silk leaned over and read him our names. I was surprised at the genial expression of his face, the kindness of his keen black eyes, so poorly portrayed in his photographs. His robe was of white cashmere, a gold chain hung around his neck, and on his head was a white skull cap, fringed by his silver hair. His feet in their crimson slippers rested upon a cushion, and people kissed the gold cross that was embroidered upon them. He sat in an 'arm' chair, upon which was thrown a scarlet cloth, and an attendant in the background waited with his white mantle and crimson velvet hat corded with gold. The marchesa

held his hand and spoke with him for several minutes, and then he turned and extended it to me, and I kissed the large amethyst of his ring, and looked up into his kindly eyes. The marchesa having repeated that I was an American, and that I desired his blessing for myself and all the family, he laid his hand upon my head, and, turning to her, said: "An American, and how then did you come to know her?" "Holy Father, she lives in my house," was the reply. "She is good," added his Holiness, with a merry smile in his eyes, and I, not wishing to rest under false pretences, said: "Beatissimo Padre sono Protestanta," whereupon he made a little wry face, laughed, shook his head at me, and laid his hand in blessing upon my head a second time. I took courage, raised the rosaries, and he covered them with his hand. Then he went away, and I saw him heave a sigh of weariness. It must indeed be very fatiguing to see so many people. I have been informed since that 200 persons were presented that day, and Pope Leo is far from strong.

It is very amusing, but the correspondent of the *Daily News* begs to assure us that he has it from one of the Cardinals (!) that the official communication published in the *Osservatore* does not express the real feeling of the Sovereign Pontiff upon the Irish question. He (the Cardinal) assured Tomkins, of the *Daily News*, that Mr. Parnell and the Land League were particularly obnoxious to the Vatican. We prefer to laugh at Tomkins (the idol of the Sacred College), and to take for granted that the Pope, speaking to the world upon a very serious subject, said all that was right and necessary to be said. We know perfectly well why Tomkins has invented that ridiculous fiction about himself and one who stands high in the confidence of his Holiness (imagine such a one becoming confidential with Tomkins of the revolutionary press!); the reason is just this: the English papers expected a whole storm of anathemas to fall on the Irish people from Rome. They never looked for a rebuke upon themselves. The Pope says to Ireland, Be prudent, be patient, use no unlawful weapon in the battle of justice; and, having so spoken to the oppressed, he says something to the oppressor which the latter finds it hard to digest.—*London Universe*.

IT is refreshing to come across a paragraph like the following in a secular journal nowadays. The editor of the *Ypsilanti Sentinel* says more good things in the course of a year than most others. The Catholic Church is, of course, the one he refers to; we don't know of any other whose doors are thronged "at five o'clock in the morning." We hope our highly esteemed confrere will some day be a "boker-on" from another standpoint: "The Church never exhibited greater sagacity, if we consider it merely as an act of human wisdom, than in the institution of such feasts as Christmas in commemoration of important events in her history. They impress us with a vividness, and a sense of actuality and truth in the facts they are supposed to be founded on, that defy the assaults of doubt and disbelief. Of course a large class of people learn to withstand these impressions, but the great mass of mankind will continue to prefer to receive them as convictions of truth; and Christmas, New Year's, and other holidays, will remain, so to speak, as rivets in the faith of millions. One Christmas will refute the whole year's assaults of infidelity. What else meant the multitudes that thronged at five in the morning to crowd the churches, solely in honor of the 'Birth of a Saviour?' To that alone the lights and ornaments, the Gospels read, the instructions given, and the anthems sung, referred. From the time the sunrise gilded the first spire in Rome, until his revolution was complete, there was not a moment that the anniversary of a Saviour's birth was not being hailed with rapture by millions of people in all lands. *Non nobis componere lites* between infidelity and Christianity; but as a looker-on merely, we can say, all forms of 'Antichrist,' have abundant reason to curse the religious side of Christmas, as an insurmountable obstacle in their path.—*Ave Maria*.

THE RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS IN QUEBEC CITY.

THE URSULINE MONASTERY—ESTABLISHED 1639.

A. M. D. G.

INSTRUCTION NEEDED IN NEW FRANCE—THE WAYS OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE—ARRIVAL OF THE URSULINES.

[Continued.]

Press of other occupations has caused a suspension of the continuation of these sketches; we have reason to hope that they will now continue uninterruptedly.

On the ever memorable fourth day of May, (Feast of St. Monica, Widow,) all being in readiness and the wind favorable, our voyagers embarked. Three long months with no other horizon than the mingling sea and sky; no other landscape than the placid waters or the tossing billows—such is their prospect best! Before they quit the channel they are rocked till all are sea-sick; they barely escape being shipwrecked; but that is nothing—Their hearts are in peace because they are fully abandoned to God." Who would not wish them God-speed on their long voyage!

It was midsummer when the little fleet which had lost sight of the coasts of France in May anchored, at last, in the harbor of Tadoussac, at the confluence of the Saguenay with the St. Lawrence. Our travellers, no doubt, were struck with the stern and savage grandeur of the scenery; the black impending cliffs rising perpendicularly, and forming a gigantic gateway, through which the dark waters of the Saguenay issue—a fathomless flood—sublimely reminding the spectator of long ages past, and terrible convulsions of nature since her birth. The dense, lonely forests were unbroken, save by the curling smoke of the wig-wam fire, or the rude sheds of the trading station. Strange, too, and wild, were these swartly hunters—the Algonquins and Montagnais—who had come bringing their furs, the skins of the beaver, seal and marten, to exchange for blankets, kettles, knives and other European commodities. The poor Indian looked with amazement on these "daughters of Sachems," who, he was told, had left their homes beyond the Great Sea, to teach the wives and daughters of the red-man how to avoid the flames of another world.

Impatient to reach their destination, the passengers leave the "Admiral" to its traffic, and in a smaller vessel, press onwards towards Quebec. The natives, swift of foot, follow along the solitary shores, unwilling to lose sight of a spectacle so new and wonderful. The last day of July is near its close, when turning the eastern point of the Isle of Orleans—the uninhabited—the semi-circle of the Northern shore opens before them in all the loveliness of a Summer's sunset; varying its beauties from the abrupt mountain head, the term of their voyage, to the low wave where the St. Charles brings in its tribute; the pleasant beach adorned with woodland scenery; the little rustic villa of Beauport peeping through the trees; the precipitous ledge where the Montmorency casts its sheet of foam. Of all this, the slumbering river had a picture in its bosom: our voyagers had another in their souls; a picture of all they had done and suffered for this Land of Promise!

It was decided not to enter the port of Quebec that night; and a little bay—apparently that now called *L'Anse du Fort*—presenting itself on the pleasant wooded island, they resolved to go on shore. How refreshing to the sea-faring voyagers is the cool forest breeze laden with sweet odors; how delightful this evening scene, where every feature is novel and grand! But of this our travellers take no note; they have only told us how they lodged in cabins constructed by the sailors in Indian style; a wig-wam was their hotel for that first night on shore in the New World. Then with what joy their hearts were filled to see themselves under these "grand old forests" which they made resound with "hymns to God!" During the evening hymns of the binouac on the point of the land reached the fort of Quebec. At early dawn—it was the first of August—the booming cannon from the heights of Cape Diamond announced the arrival of this fresh recruit for the Colony. The Governor's yacht sent out to honor the Missionary Band was seen returning with flying colors.

While the strangers approach, let us with them view the scene. Before us towers the bold promontory, crowned with military works. At the base of the cliff is a cluster of store-houses, sheds and other wooden tenements, set down in the midst of fir-trees, sumachs and aspens. Further on, the strand is studded with Indian camp-lodges. The first sound of the cannon has brought out the swartly forms of the Huron traders. Some rush to the water's edge and launch their light canoes; others are grouped in various attitudes along the shore. Another flourish of military music and the beach is thronged with all the population of the city. The Governor, in plumed slouched hat and scarlet embroidered coat, leads the central group. It is the gallant Charles Huault de Montigny, with his suite, all in brilliant uniform;—his Lieutenant, De Lisle, his Secretary, Pirabe; his friends St. Jean, De Repentigny, De Tilly, La Potherie, Du Hérisson; Juchereau des Chatelets, the factor of the fur-company. The Jesuit Fathers are also there, in their clerical costumes. Gentle dames mingle

with gentry and with other groups of citizens. More numerous than all, are the crowd of workmen, artisans and clerks, who have leave to suspend their labor for the day, and who join the squad of soldiers in their noisy demonstrations; while perched on every rock along the mountain path, are other Indian braves, the villagers of Sillery.

The yacht has neared the shores. Our Missionary Nuns, on landing, prostrate themselves and KISS THE SOIL OF THEIR ADOPTED COUNTRY, embracing in their hearts all the Crosses it may produce.

The introductions over, the pious cortege moves on, climbing the zig-zag pathway up the steep, now known as Mountain street. At the top of the hill, to the left, is the little chapel of our Lady of Recovery—built by Champlain in 1632, in fulfillment of a vow he had made while retained in France. There the Holy Sacrifice is offered by the rather Superior of the missions, followed by the *Te Deum*. The emotions of this pious assembly we shall not attempt to penetrate; they could only be fully known to Him whose grace had inspired the undertaking, and the sympathy it excites in congenial souls. The rites of hospitality reunited the *dile* of the company with the strangers at the Castle; we have no further details of this first day.

The next scene recorded in the old volumes which have guided us thus far, is a visit, on the following day, to the Indian hamlet of Sillery. The Ursulines and the hospitaliers, conducted by Revd. Father Le Jeune, proceed first through the *Grand allee*—now St. Louis R.oad, bordered in nearly all its length with fine old forest trees. Birds of new song and plumage, flowers of unknown forms,—but chiefly conversation on the prospects of the mission, diversified the way. The hamlet was enclosed by a palisade, a sort of fortification. The gateway thrown open discloses the life and manners of barbarism, just softened by a touch of civilization and purified by Christi nity. The *Reduction* consists of some fifteen families, their habitations varying from the primitive rudeness of the Algonquin wig-wam to the substantial stone hut—of which latter however, there were but four in 1642. A chapel, a mission-house for the priest, and an Infirmary, or hospital, occupy the centre of the village.

At sight of the nuns clad in their peculiar costumes, the poor squaws gather up their little papooses and seem ready to flee to the woods with them; the older red-sinnedurchins stop their will play and huddle together; but at a motion from the good priest, whom they know, all gather round, and soon forget their fright. When told that these "Daughters of Captains" had left their happy homes in France, to come and teach them more about the Blessed Jesus, or to serve them in their sickness, their wonder and admiration may be imagined; but not the joy, the affection with which the holy nuns looked upon these children of the forest. Not a little Indian girl appeared but Madame de la Peltrie pressed her to her bosom, and kissed her with a mother's fondness, unmindful of much that might have created disgust. The nuns were not less moved, and gathered round them, by the aid of their good co-ductor, several of the little half-clothed children to be their future pupils. They next visit the chapel and hear the voices of the good Indians singing: "I believe in God the Almighty Creator;" "I believe in Jesus Christ our Lord." Hymns, too, in a language that seems like the chattering and twittering of birds; but the nuns—new they were singing of Jesus—that was enough to move them to tears of devotion. Father Le Jeune announces that there is a neophyte to be baptized: must not Madame de la Peltrie be the Godmother?

The visit over, the good Hospital Sisters and the Ursulines embraced each other for a final adieu. The two Orders had formed one Community for the last three months, while the ship was their Monastery and the Ocean their cloister. Now, their respective avocations require them to separate; still living and laboring for the same end, the Glory of God and the Salvation of Souls.

The Hospital Sisters find a comfortable dwelling-house in the Upper Town near the fort, to shelter them until their monastery, already commenced, will be ready to receive them. As to the Ursulines, they have the loan of a small building on the wharf, preferable, certainly, to an Indian wig-wam; in which, however, Mother Mary of the Incarnation declares, for her part, she was prepared to lodge.

The locality of the different tribes of Indians was as follows:—North of the St. Lawrence wandered various tribes of the Algonquin type:—the Montagnais along the Saguenay to Hudson's Bay; the Algonquin proper on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa the Nipissings dwelt on the lake of that name; the Attimegues north of Three Rivers; Maine was occupied by the Abnakis, and Gaspe and New Brunswick by the Micmacs.

The south shore of the St. Lawrence, in Canada, had no fixed inhabitants. The Hurons were an agricultural and sedentary tribe, inhabiting the peninsula formed by Lake Huron, the river Severn and Lake Simcoe.

All these tribes were gained to the faith within the lifetime of the first missionaries. The most barbarous, and yet the most advanced nation of the Continent, the Iroquois, occupied the centre of New York, from the Hudson to the Genesee. The five principal cantons of the confederacy were the Mohawk (*Agnier*), Oneida (*Onneyut*), Onondaga (*Onontague*), Cayuga and Seneca.—*Glimpses of Monastery, Vol. I.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

Don de A. N. G. City Accountant.