

## THE HOLY MINISTRY.

The *Catholic Herald* directs the attention of the Catholic public to the important subject of providing candidates for the Priesthood, from amongst the rising generation. It is, indeed, desirable that this question should be more seriously considered, not only by those who govern the Church, but also by parents and others, who have the direction of youth. All who profess our divine Faith should feel an abiding interest in this question, which is so intimately connected with the perpetuity and honor of religion. We cannot always depend on emigration, nor is it desirable that we should for filling the ranks of the clergy; because the Church will be always dependant, unless she can look to those who have grown upon her bosom, and who have been educated under her own eye, to take the part of those who have come from other lands to administer to the spiritual wants of the people. The American Church owes a debt of gratitude to the foreign clergy, who have planted the Faith, and preserved it until it has been propagated far and wide; but the glory of a national church is a ministry born of the soil, and imbued with the spirit, disposition, and characteristics of the nation. The native Catholic population is already very great; it is daily increasing, and in a few years more it will exceed in number those who sought shelter and happiness under our Republican and glorious Constitution. We must therefore consider the subject dispassionately; all who love the ancient Faith will acknowledge its importance, and every feeling must be made to yield to the necessity of providing from the native youth a learned and exemplary clergy. More than a hundred American priests are already in the field, doing good service to religion. Amongst these are men eminently qualified, by education and talent, strict observance of ecclesiastical discipline, devoted to their Bishops, and in every duty of the ministry exhibiting a zeal and perseverance worthy of the highest commendation. There are many more in the various Theological Seminaries preparing for the Priesthood, and already, where the Catholic population is dense, many youths are known who give gratifying indications of their call to the ministry. All these signs should encourage the faithful to persevere in their efforts, by council and encouragement, to recruit the ranks of the clergy, which are so often thinned by death, or weakened by the labors of a large field of labor.

Those to whom the education of youth is entrusted, ought to keep this point in perpetual remembrance. By studying the disposition of their pupils, they can discover the marks which indicate a vocation to the clerical state, and they can thus accomplish much in leading them to embrace it. Amidst the continual agitation of the times, and the temptations which prevail to lead the young into worldly pursuits, whether of fame or wealth, words of advice and caution are often needed to direct the heart to the Priesthood, where a holier fame is to be won, and riches secured which will abide forever. To parents, also, this subject should be one of frequent meditation. The happiness of their children, in a great measure depends on its observance; because, if they miss their vocation, time is lost, much good is left unaccomplished, the Church is defrauded of the hands which should gather her harvest, and the souls of their children, as well as the souls of others, incur great danger of loss. It should, therefore, be with them a labor of love to provide new priests, and to see the sanctuaries filled, and the service of the altar administered by natives of the land. What nobler hopes can fill the heart of an American Catholic, than the expectation of presenting his son to the Almighty, to perpetuate the Priesthood of Jesus Christ? What purer patriotism than this, to provide for the welfare of the people, and the extension of religion and morality, by cherishing and directing the young who are hereafter to minister in the churches of their native land, and guide the multitudes in the ways of righteousness?

The duty of providing churches and organising congregations, heretofore necessarily engrossed the time and charity of all; we have had, until now, to contend with every difficulty peculiar to missionary countries. In the older dioceses there is some mitigation of this toil, and it is then particularly, that the provision of native youths for the ministry should be particularly considered. We know of no charity more needed, than the establishment and endowment of Seminaries for this purpose. These are already numerous, but without adequate means of support; and hence we trust that every congregation will deem it,

before long, an indispensable duty which they owe to God and their fellow-creatures, to contribute, at the call of the Bishops, to the maintenance of their Theological Seminaries. The application for Priests is made, we believe, from every part of the Union, and it is afflicting to be unable to respond to it, should it be gratifying in the extreme to render a favorable answer. Every one knows that even congregations, composed almost exclusively of foreigners, are well pleased to obtain a clergyman who is acquainted with the country, its spirit and institutions; piety, and learning, and zeal, however great, cannot dispense with this requisite in the Catholic ministry. How important, then, must it be to provide a ministry which, to all the other qualifications, unites a knowledge which, though worldly in its character, can yet be applied with such success to the important work of the divine ministry. It would be useless to suppose that any other than the English language can become predominant even in any district of the United States. A unity of language is necessary to give unity of feeling and strength to a nation, and God has raised up in this country a people who are endowed with an impetuosity of mind to establish their own language, policy, and institutions, in spite of all opposition. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless a well known fact that this disposition manifests itself as strongly, if not more so, in the children of foreign parents, as in those who can trace their native origin through several generations. The French, German, Italian, Irish, and Spanish races must be finally swallowed up in the Anglo-Saxon ocean. This result is inevitable; and if the facilities of education had been as extensive in former times as at present, those districts where the German is spoken, as in Pennsylvania, and the French, in other parts of the Union, would now be exclusively controlled by the English language. The emigrant will not be without a clergyman, no matter what may be his language, but let us look to the native generations; present and approaching, and provide in time for the day when the Church will embrace its millions of American Catholics.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

[From the Catholic Herald.]

KASKASKIA, Illinois.

MR. EDITOR:—Your zeal in behalf of our holy religion, will, perhaps, induce you to forgive my boldness in writing to you, whom I do not personally know.

I write, however humbly it may be done, that your readers and yourself may know that the cross stands triumphant in our ancient village of Kaskaskia. For a long time we had been deprived of the beauties of a resident Priest, and except the occasional kind visits of the good Mr. Van Clostere, of Prairie du Roche, and the excellent Priests of St. Genevieve, we were without any religious service, and had sunk into sullen apathy with regard to religion.

The spirit of the Church, seemed, positively to have deserted us, and even those, who in former times were its greatest supporters, and most zealous followers, were no longer without any energy whatever. In this state of affairs, our community was found by the very zealous *Father Louis*, of the Society of Redemptorists. *Father Louis*, it appears, had in passing through Chicago, been authorized by the Vicar-General and administrator of the Diocese, the Rev. W. Quarter, to hold missions in such of the different churches in the State, as it would please him to elect.

God, in his mercy, induced *Father Louis* to visit this place. On his arrival, he began with indescribable energy to prepare for the mission, and for the twelve days, during which it lasted, that energy was as it seemed, every day upon the increase until the end, when arising from a bed of sickness with fever raging in his veins, he solemnly; with cross in hand, gave his blessing to the congregation. On the second day of September, the mission commenced—the Rev. *Father* stated his intentions—the manner of his mission, and his desire to erect a cross as its memento in days to come. He spoke in French enunciating emphatically and zealously all he said. The effect was electrical—those who had come out of sheer curiosity—the luke warm Christian and the careless hopeless sinner alike, were every of them almost instantaneously, filled with zeal for the church and its prosperity. The next day, and the next, and until the close of the mission, the temple of God was filled with repentant sinners, seeking a reconciliation, or with joyous concert, returning thanks to God for their recall. It was a sight, for the edifica-

tion of all to see the hoary headed, the middle aged, and even childhood, hanging in absorbed attention on the words of this eloquent and zealous missionary.

One circumstance alone will speak volumes for their feelings. On one of the days of the mission, there arrived in the town, a rare occurrence, a menagerie of animals, and with the show, a splendid chariot containing a brass band. The chariot as a curiosity, and the music of the band as a luxury, were spoken of by the inhabitants before, as something they anxiously desired to see and hear. It so happened, that at the time that this chariot and band passed before the door of the Church, *Father Louis* was addressing the congregation, the music sounded loudly through the church, but not an eye was turned from the preacher, nor a head moved round. Daily were mass and evening service celebrated and chanted, and daily came the total population of the place to be instructed and to worship God. In the mean time, forty or fifty of the men who were divided into bands, went into the woods, and while some cut the timber, others with teams hauled it to the Church for the building of the cross.—The rough wood on its reception into the church yard, was hewn and fashioned into a cross and steps. Every day during the mission, before and after the celebration of mass, the Rev. *Fathers Louis*, *Gaudolpho*, *C. M.*, and *Van Clostere*, *P. P.* of *Prairie du Roche*, were employed in the confessional. At night, a twinkling light upon the windows of the Church proclaimed the confessional had its occupant yet. The consequence of all these zealous labors, has been that almost every Catholic of our ancient village has partaken of the bread of life.

Many couples separated were brought together, others who had been connected by magistrates, were united by the Church—several Protestants were converted, and many baptisms performed on infants and adults. The erection of the cross at the close of the mission, will be ever held in the memory of our inhabitants. The cross of hewn and planed timber is about forty feet high, and one foot in thickness, the arms about sixteen feet from one extremity to the other. After its erection, large pieces of timber prepared and fitted before hand (by the active congregation headed by Mr. *Lachapelle* who also superintended the building and erection of the cross,) were placed at its base decreasing as they arose until clasping the cross they form steps, making in the whole, cross standing as stand the crosses upon the altar. The interval between the cross and these blocks or steps is filled with stone and mortar, and the blocks themselves solidly pinned and bound together.

## LONDON.

SAINT GEORGE'S.—Whatever may be said contrary thereunto, Saint George's commands the admiration of the public, and rarely does the visitor content himself with a passing gaze and a turn-out, but he looks and stops, and turns, and lingers, and looks again, and says, "It's beautiful, wondrous beautiful." Yes, it is beautiful; and then it is costly, and has cost much. "I congratulate you, my dear Sir, on the completion of this magnificent church; it is surpassingly beautiful," says my kind, rich friend "Q. W. P.;" but although I like kind words, I like something more where something more can be given, something that will enable me to pay the incumbent debt. Ten thousand pretty compliments won't pay for a wax candle, and, to tell the real truth, I prefer a guinea to an elegant smile and flattering speech any day. There are several boxes in the church with nicely-polished brasses over the boxes and polished brass inscriptions on the plates denoting what they are there for. One says, "Offerings for the High Altar;" another, "Offerings for Oil and Lights;" another, "Offerings for the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament;" another, "Offerings for the Lady Chapel;" another, "Offerings for the Poor;" and a pretty lot of coppers find their way therein, I'll be bound. The coppers are of the poor, and they give all they have, and the poorest give the most, and so doth this giving diminish as the grade of worldly respectability doth ascend. Twopence for the very poor and a penny for the less poor; and so goeth it until we reach the richer and the richest, which, like the high mountains in the Tyrol or Alpine heights, the higher one gets the less is to be got of anything but stone and ice and cold. Exceptions there are to every rule; and magnificent, splendid are the exceptions to this rule as regards the giving of some of our high and rich and noble

Catholics to St. George's; but—but, shall I be slow to speak!—"Yes, hold your tongue and keep your temper. Look into your boxes next week, and perhaps you may find a twenty-pound note. Who knows but some of these mornings old Hold-fast may slip in a cheque for fifty pounds—with pay to *Father Thomas* or bearer fifty—say, one hundred pounds for the high altar of St. George's!" Don't I wish that I may get it. But to be serious and sad, the "poor-boxes" in St. George's are just what they are called—"poor boxes;" and mind, my dear rich people in the country, it is all very comfortable just now with your shooting and fishing and hunting, and agreeable parties, and all manner of things nice to the taste and glad to the eye and sweet to the ear; but the poor of St. George's and the "poor-boxes" there would do more for you in the long-run than all your running and fluttering and flirting about now. What will you say when the cholera seizes you? It will reach some of you in all your luxury, and burst in upon you like a torrent's rush. Just think of this, and send up something for the "poor-boxes" of St. George's. God only knows who is to fall first, but some of us will, and may, be prepared for the great change. Alms to the poor will stand by us strongly should the steel-hand of the dreaded Cholera seize our vitality with a death-grasp. Mind, the monster is nearing the sea-line; it may cross like a norther and be howling in the midst of us to-morrow morning! and the Lord be merciful to us; but let us be merciful to the poor, and to the poorest of the poor—the poor of St. George's. *Father Thomas*.—Open your purses whilst your own hand can do it—plenty of strange hands may do it in spite of you, shortly—the cholera is coming!

## CAVERSWALL CASTLE.—DEATH OF DAME MARY WINIFRIDE.

To the Editor of the Tablet,—Dear Mr. Lucas, Although the following private note was not intended for publication, yet the public will I trust, be edified by the singular and precise account of the death of this virtuous Benedictine Nun. The pious Nun who writes to me, desires me to obtain what prayers I can for the dear soul of *Dame Mary Winifride*. I think that the publication of her excellent short note will more efficaciously obtain her charitable object. I am, dear Sir, your humble servant in Christ, F. G. R.—"J.M.J.—Dear Reverend *Father*.—I have again the mournful task of announcing to you the death of one of our Religious Sisters (*Dame Mary Winifride*), whose exemplary virtue rendered her a real treasure to the community. She expired yesterday evening, about eight o'clock, in a fit of apoplexy, with which she was attacked about an hour and a half before. From the time the fit came on she was perfectly insensible, and did not appear to suffer; her death resembled a profound sleep. Mr. Jones administered the Extreme Unction immediately before her death, which, though sudden, we have every reason to hope, from the holiness of her life, was truly precious in the sight of God. I think you are aware that *Dame Winifride* had been very ill for some time past; the fit of apoplexy, which terminated her existence was the third with which she had been attacked in the space of a month. She had the happiness to receive the Holy Viaticum about ten days before her death. I hope you will pray for the repose of her dear soul, and obtain what prayers you can in her behalf, and please to remember her in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. She was always during life so charitable in praying for others, and obtaining them any spiritual assistance in her power, that she has, I think, a greater claim on that account to our prayers and suffrages. My lady and the Community desire their kind regards, in which I join as also in begging a continuance of your prayers and those of your Community in our behalf. I remain dear *Reverend Father*, most respectfully yours (in Jesus Christ), M. C. B. Caverswall Castle, Sept. 12, 1848."

## Births

OCTOBER 13—Mrs Curley of a Son,  
14—Mrs Noland of a Daughter,  
16—Mrs McCormack of a Son,  
16—Mrs Council of a Daughter,  
16—Mrs Gidney of a Daughter,  
17—Mrs Baker of a Son,  
17—Mrs Power of a Daughter.

## Married.

OCTOBER 17—John Ryan to Mary Tuohill.  
18—John Fitzpatrick to Margaret Moore  
18—Cornelius Donavan to Mary Dunn.