

Kingston Business College

Is recommended by the Bishop and Clergy. Send for Catalogue. J. B. MACKAY, K.B.C., Kingston, Ont.

The Catholic Register.

SMOKERS

Buy FRANKTON Smoking Mixture, positively cool and fragrant, 10 cents per ounce. ALIVE BOLLARD, 199 Yonge Street TORONTO.

VOL. IX.—NO. 46.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Quebec Ursulines' Chapel

Quebec, Nov. 9. — The recent demolition of the old chapel of the Ursuline Convent has removed another of Quebec's ancient landmarks. In this case, however, vandalism is not responsible for the change. The necessity for enlarging the building and repairing some of the walls having become pressing, the work was undertaken with the result that it became necessary to raze the old walls to their foundations. A new and more imposing structure to replace the historic chapel is now in course of erection, and will probably be roofed in before the end of the year. The ruins of the old building have been visited and inspected by thousands of pilgrims, for here is the tomb excavated by a British shell, which contains the headless body of the gallant Montcalm. His skull is in possession of the Chaplain of the institution, who keeps it under a glass case. For nearly three quarters of a century, however, it lay entombed with the rest of the body. Montcalm's interment took place at 9 o'clock in the evening of the day following the battle of the Plains, the cortege having wended its way directly from the castle of the Governor to the Ursuline's Chapel. With the heavy tread of the coffin bearers, kept time the measured footsteps of the military escort — of de Ramsay and the officers of the garrison — following to their resting place the lifeless remains of their illustrious Commander-in-Chief.

"No burial rite," says the analyst of the Convent, "could be more solemn than that hurried evening service, performed by torchlight, under the dilapidated roof of a sacred asylum, where the soil had first been laid bare by one of the rude engines of war; the grave tones of the priest murmuring the Libera me, Domine, were responded to by the sighs and tears of consecrated virgins, henceforth the guardians of the precious deposit, which, but for the inevitable fate, would have been reserved to honor some proud mausoleum."

When in 1883, it was found necessary to repair the north wall of the chapel, against which the tomb of Montcalm rested, his grave was pointed out by Mother Dube, of St. Ignatius, who died in 1839, at the age of 89. As a child of nine years old, her father had led her by the hand to the interment of the French Commander, and looking again into his open grave, nearly three-fourths of a century later, she saw and recognized the rough wooden box, which in 1759 was all that the ruined city could afford to enclose the remains of her defender. The skeleton was found to be intact, and the skull was then placed for preservation in custody of the Chaplain. From one of its openings, dropped out a British bullet. The monumental slabs containing the splendid epitaph to his memory, prepared by the French Academy, and erected over his tomb in 1859, as well as that inscribed in the same chapel by Lord Aylmer in 1832, have been carefully preserved from the ruins of the

old chapel and will be replaced in proper positions in the new edifice.

It is not generally known that a few days after the capitulation of Quebec, the partially demolished chapel was temporarily repaired by the British Commander, and divine service, according to the rites of the Church of England, was held there by the Chaplains of the army, after the services of the community.

General Murray protected the convent and its inmates from injury; but so many of the buildings in the town had been destroyed by the cannonading of the British and there was such an absence of accommodation, though winter was about to set in, that it was found necessary to employ part of the convent as a hospital, and the Highlanders were quartered in another part. The good sisters nursed, with devotion, the sick and wounded English and French alike, and General Murray supplied them with provisions.

This convent was founded in 1639 by Madame de la Peltrie, and its first building erected in 1641. It was destroyed by fire in 1650 and rebuilt, only to meet with a similar fate in 1686. One of the old buildings, still in existence, is on the foundations of 1641, and contains the materials from the walls erected in 1650. The order is a strictly cloistered one, no man, not even the Chaplain, being allowed to enter the cloister, save the Governor of the country and members of the Royal Family.

The magnificent pictures and other works of art that are the pride of the historic chapel are all to be replaced in the new edifice. Dr. George Stewart, once briefly described them as follows:

"In fine carvings on ivory, it may be questioned, whether in Rome itself or in Florence, two such glorious Crucifixes as may be found in the little Ursuline Chapel can be seen. These Christs are wonderful pieces of work. They are probably five hundred years old, and the artist who carved them is unknown, but his splendid work stands out, and attests his genius. Some one in the Ursuline Convent will show these masterpieces with true French-Canadian politeness, and he will be careful to draw your attention to the life-like character of the Christ's head, the magnificent correctness of the anatomy and the remarkable study of the veins which are disclosed. One never tires of looking at these two beautiful ivories, and it is almost worth a visit to Quebec to see them alone. But in this same Ursuline Chapel, which Howells has so cleverly limned in his delightful story of the Saguenay and of Quebec, are many paintings in oil, which may be seen for the asking. In the chapel there is that masterpiece of the French School, "Jesus sitting down at meat in Simon's house," by Philippe De Champagne. The coloring is striking, fresh and nobly done. When Prince Napoleon visited Quebec, some years ago and saw this picture, he offered the holders any price that they might name for it. But the wise churchmen declined all offers. This De Champagne belonged to the set which was sent to Quebec a hundred years ago from Paris, among a lot of paintings rescued from the French mob of the old time communists, and sent here by a good priest who once resided in Quebec, and knew that her people would appreciate treasures of that sort."

St. Mary's C. I. & A. A.

The regular meeting was held in the rooms of the Association on Sunday afternoon, the President, Mr. C. J. Read, in the chair.

The Entertainment Committee is composed of the following members: Herb. A. Johnston, J. J. Landy, C. Nick, J. G. O'Donoghue, C. Finnegan, J. O'Halloran, J. J. Henry.

The Auditors elected are: W. F. Coyle, G. J. Foy, W. Read. The names of P. Hayes and E. Hartnett were added to the Athletic Committee.

After the transaction of regular business, some time was spent in the revision of the constitution.

At the meeting next Sunday a paper will be read by Mr. D. A. Carey on "The Best Method of Settling Strikes."

A mission to the young men of the parish by the Redemptorist Fathers was commenced on Wednesday evening at 7.30, and will continue throughout the week. The Masses are at 5 a. m.

As the scent of new-ploughed ground, the odor of woodlands, the fragrance of flowers have power to recall the vanished years of childhood, so grateful memory breathes a perfumed air which sweetens and keeps fresh the thought of those we love, even though they be dead.



MR. J. W. MALLON HONORED.

Mr. J. W. Mallon, barrister, chairman of the High School Board, has recently been elected president of the Cartwright Club, which, with the exception of the Young Liberals, is the oldest Liberal organization in the city.

The "Red" Mass

The London Telegraph of the 23rd of October, we find the following:

At half-past ten yesterday morning, and for a short time afterwards, the most remarkable scene in London, everything considered, must have been the Red Mass, celebrated for Catholic lawyers and ancient and impressive custom upon the opening of Term. In the presence of the Cardinal, kneeling in scarlet and ermine upon the altar, and of Lord Justice Mathew and Justice Walton, sitting in front of a congregation of wigs and robes, a ceremony which is always striking in itself took place under circumstances of altogether exceptional interest. Before the next Michaelmas sittings there will be a removal of the service from the historic little chapel in Sardinia street to the great basilica so rapidly approaching completion that may already be seen from Piccadilly looming up over Westminster.

In the new Cathedral the lawyer's Mass will of course be a more grandiose function in future years than it has ever been before. If the legal congregation cannot enter except with pride next autumn into the most stately edifice their faith has possessed in this country since the Reformation deprived it of its ancient shrines, they can scarcely have quitted yesterday without a touch of regret the traditional scene of their worship. For in the meantime the Church of St. Anselm and Cecilia will not only be abandoned for the purpose of the Red Mass, but will disappear altogether, like so many other notable buildings on that side of Lincoln's Innfields.

The ploughshare of progress can hardly avoid going over it in the work of driving the new avenue from the Strand to Holborne; and the Red Mass, which has been for so long a period an annual gleam upon the otherwise unpretending existence of the chapel in law-land, formed yesterday the last important event in closing annals of a building which has its permanent place upon more than one page of our history and our literature. The "Sardinia street" Chapel takes its familiar name from the fact that it was founded in connection with the Sardinian Embassy in the middle of the seventeenth century — in the period when the world of fashion lay between Lincoln's Innfields and Soho square, and Ambassadors' progresses were for several reasons better than a Lord Mayor's show for the London multitude of that day. The French and Spanish Ambassadors, for instance, sometimes fought for precedence when their carriages met in the crooked streets; and neither being able to go on unless one gave way, crowds gathered in a twinkling around the diplomatic deadlock, and capricious popular favor backed the Monsieur sometimes, and sometimes the Don.

In any case, the chapel of the Sardinian Minister was the first after the Reformation in which the regular service of a Catholic congregation could be resumed, and there mass has been continuously said for two centuries and a half. It was, strongly enough, to its connection with the Sardinian Embassy that the Church of St. Anselm owed the terrible experience which has made its memory secure. In the Gordon riots, when the mob spread through London, attacking all the Ambassadors' chapels, the one at Lincoln's Innfields was sacked, and no one who has ever read "Barnaby Rudge" is likely to forget the lurid and tumultuous page which seems to throw the light of

the torches and the burning church upon the wild surge of the rabble, waving its spoil of vestments and its weapons of broken woodwork.

Yesterday's Red Mass was therefore, in one sense, a stately and fit farewell to a building of some note. Not outwardly, indeed. To dive out of Lincoln's Innfields through the well-known archway is to come at once in sight of an exterior which might be passed without regard. Within there is a very plain Italian interior, lighted from an octagonal dome, and with two tiers of galleries. Above the guided pipes of the organ hang still the Sardinian arms, and at the other end the six candles upon the altar are wreathed in geraniums for the Red Mass. It is properly called the Mass of the Holy Ghost, for in the majestic rites of Rome red is the Pentecostal color — the emblem of the ineffable Wisdom, as well as of the apostolic gift of tongues.

Nothing in the rich change of dyes with which the Latin Church marks her seasons could therefore be more aptly symbolical of the powers of thought and utterance which meet in the nobility of law. But the "Red Mass" justified its name even to the eye. The greater part of the congregation was, indeed, in sable, and Lord Justice Mathew was enveloped in the black and gold of his new robes as a Lord of Appeal. Beside him, in the nearest seat to the altar-rails, and, of course, in more flamboyant robes, was Judge Walton, than whose elevation to the Bench nothing was ever more popular among his co-religionists. The double galleries round three sides of the church were densely crowded, showing a few of the curious obviously among the press of the devout, but presenting on the whole that unmistakable proof of the hold of their church upon the hearts of the poor. As they looked down upon the spectacle below the sense of that contrast was fine and deep.

But the central figure of the Red Mass was Cardinal Vaughan himself, who entered by the west door, and rustled down the aisle with that characteristic carriage of swift and imperious composure which gives him the presence of a Prince of the Church upon whose model the whole College of Cardinals might frame themselves. He passed within the altar rails an authoritative figure, with brette and soutane of brilliant crimson, but capped with ermine. There he remained kneeling at the foot of the altar steps, bending low when all the church was bowed and hushed at the gentle ringing of the bell for the approach of the supreme moment of the mass, while the chalice was raised with the solemn gesture of the ministering priest in vestments of rose and gold.

At other times the little acolyte, another scarlet figure, fitted from side to side in the offices of the altar around the kneeling Cardinal. The latter rose towards the end and closed the Red Mass by a benediction, pronounced with uplifted hand, moving with the sonorous formula towards each portion of the congregation in turn. The music, unusually softened for the soprano and the strings, stole very gently from time to time over the great dignity and quietness of this ritual. Between the foundation of the Sardinia Street Chapel and the building of the Westminster basilica all the fortunes of Catholicism in London are embraced, and it is remarkable that the Red Mass should pass directly from the very scene of the small beginnings of revival to the vast cathedral which, by comparison for those who worship within its walls, will symbolize the climax.

PATRICK BOYLE TESTIMONIAL.

The following additional subscriptions to the Patrick Boyle Testimonial are acknowledged:

Dr. Walter McKeown\$10
Rev. Father Brennan, C.S.B. 10
Mr. G. J. Foy 10
Mr. W. T. Kernahan 5
Rev. M. J. Jeffcott 5
Mr. Arthur Anglin 5
Mr. Neil Harkin 5
Mr. Patrick Flanagan 2

THE LATE MRS. MEAGHER.

The death notice appears elsewhere of Mrs. Honora Meagher, wife of Thomas Meagher, proprietor of the Imperial Hotel. Many sympathizing friends attended the funeral yesterday. The Solemn Mass was said by Father Ryan, in St. Michael's Cathedral at 9 o'clock. The interment took place in St. Michael's Cemetery.

BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, coughs and colds, all quickly cured by Pny-Balsam. It has no equal. Acts promptly, soothes, heals, and cures. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

The Prospects of Catholicism

Rev. Dr. Barry, in the course of an article in the current number of The National Review says:

Any power that aims at the revival of Christian faith under modern conditions must be independent, world-wide, supernatural, and in its general effect miraculous. From a merely human level it cannot raise mankind out of the slough of despond into which Atheism has betrayed it. No department of State will be equal to such a task, for the State is this fallen society and itself needs redemption. Private effort is laudable at all times; any association which has retained even a fragment of true Christianity will, thus far, be telling in the good cause; and there is only one church in contact with European and American society which fulfills the conditions required. Independent, supernatural, miraculous—these high epithets have belonged from of old to the Catholic Church and are hers to-day. She does not preach an abstract or merely historical Saviour; she has never simply relied on a written record; and while she treats with kingdoms and republics as a power of the world, she deals directly with the individual as an ambassador from the next. In one point of view she is accessible to touch and sight; in another she is ideal, spiritual, transcendental. And she fills every period of Christian history with her achievements, her sufferings, and her victorious resistance to hostile powers.

I am endeavoring to get at the facts, not to palm off on ridiculous readers (if any such were in the twentieth century) a partisan argument. To clear the ground, I should be prepared, at this stage, to distinguish between Catholicism as a creed and Catholicism as a system, unreal as the distinction seems to me. I will not take into account Rome or the Pope; and I will eschew ecclesiastical politics. For reasons which lie on the surface it is natural, but singularly misleading, in this country, to look at the Catholic movement as an assault on English freedom, and we are treated to quotations from "King John" or references to the Armada, when we should be considering far deeper problems. In our modern world, religion is not, as it was in the sixteenth century, an affair of State so much as an affair of the heart. Men follow their taste, or liking, or conscience, when they worship, their beliefs are akin not to party politics, but to their preferences in literature, in friendship, in that portion of their lives which is most under their control and is a matter of choice. Religion is, therefore, something intimate and deeply personal to each; and while politicians stand on their guard against Rome, or statisticians are showing from figures that Catholicism makes no headway, a silent revolution might be moving onward to results no less unexpected than momentous.

Let me give my conclusion in a nutshell. Cardinal Newman, reading history on evidence without straining it, has written that the Pope must, at all events, be recognized as "heir by default" of antiquity. The expression gave some little offence to certain of his critics, who did not perceive that he took the lowest ground because it was unassailable. In a like spirit, and that I may come to close quarters with my argument, I will say that Catholicism is "heir by default" of primitive Christianity. Though it were true that, on paper, we could trace a system more resembling the organization of which we enjoy glimpses up and down the New Testament than the existing Roman Church, as a matter of fact, no such scheme is anywhere visible, or ever was. Strike out Catholic dogma from the ages; imagine the Catholic hierarchy a fiction and what is left? Next answers West and nothing is left. In the concrete, as a religion accepted, acted upon, by nations, and larger than a mere sect or school, the Christian religion has always been Catholic and is so at the present day. All modern churches are fragments hurled forth, or broken off, from a centre at which the ancient faith is still as reluctant as ever. And they remain Christian simply in so far as they keep what they have inherited. Survey them all, from the Anglican on the extreme right to the Unitarian or Universalist on the extreme left; what have they to call Christian which they have not received from Rome? Christ Himself, the Bible, the sacred ordinances, the creeds—all were brought to Western Europe and taken thence to America from this single source. Historically, creed and system are not to be

divided. Rome is the mother, as she was during centuries the mistress of all the churches with which we have any concern.

But this, it may be retorted, was an accident; it is ancient history; and now the churches are independent of Rome. Then, I ask, do they keep the creeds intact? Is the certified Christian dogma which alone, in history, can be deemed genuine and authentic, safe with them? Are they, or are they not, everywhere breaking down into a Unitarian distrust of the miraculous, and tending to substitute a purely human Christ for the Only Begotten Son of God? The suggestion I make, in no mood of controversy but the opposite, is that in all religious bodies outside Rome great changes are taking place which may rend them asunder, dividing between orthodox and heterodox, and at last between spiritual and secular, in obedience to forces that cannot be recoiled. If they hold by the faith once delivered, they will approach nearer and nearer to the Roman spirit, and in time to the Roman system. If they suffer the faith to be resolved and melted down, through stages of what we have termed "Naturalism" until it becomes a form of inostic self-contemplation, they will move in the clearest way that Rome is, and has never ceased to be, the corner-stone of Christian beliefs. I do not know a more serious argument for all who wish to be orthodox than this appeal to the course of history. Is there, I repeat, any solid ground between Rome and Secularism on which disciples of the New Testament can take their stand?

There was, so millions were taught, before the widespread movement of the last century, which has dealt such fatal blows to Protestant Christians. But now we are seeing, ever more distinctly, that the Reformation, as a constructive effort, has failed. Take its three great forms, personified in Luther the mystic, Calvin the legislator, and Socinus the rationalist. Of Lutheranism not a shred is left; the man towers up yet as a revolting Titan, the rocks which he flung against Olympus have fallen back on the soil, and are dead ashes, vitrified lava. Calvin has been pictured by his own descendants as a "ghost gone shrieking down the wind"; his writings are creditable now to none of us, and his dark theology is made an excuse for believing in no Deity at all. Socinus, where is he? In a sense, everywhere; but logic, working out his principles to their legitimate conclusion, shows them to be the sum of all heresies and the end of dogma. Thus, if we still desire to believe after any intelligible fashion in the Christ whom our fathers worshiped, we must come back to Revelation as untouched by the reformers. They have played their part and gone their way.

A BUILDER — ARE YOU LOSING WEIGHT? — "The D. & L." Emulsion will always help and build you up. Restores proper digestion and brings back health. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.



Good Form

Our Calling Cards are the best known forms.

The BEST STYLE of script-lettered copperplate costs only 1.00—good for a lifetime—cards may be printed from this as required at 1.00 per hundred.

Ryrie Bros.,
Corner Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

DINERS' STYLE IN THEM

Quality also. Do you know that you almost need to be an expert in the business to love a good Persian Lamb. You have to depend on your fatter, if we're not yours, why we



was to be. Our record since "14" is our recommendation to you. We are experts. We don't put one inch of fat into our jackets that is not perfect.

PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS 875 to 9125

Write for Style Book. THE W. & D. DINNEN COY Limited, 100 N. GERRARD ST. E. TORONTO