

A BRAVE NUN.

The American firm of publishers, Martin & Co., have published a biography of a remarkably brave and zealous Irish nun, Mother Mary Xavier Warde, foundress of the Order of Mercy. The authors are members of the Order, Mount St. Mary, Manchester, N.H.

The life story is told of the noted Irish nun, her birth at Mountrath, her early training, her work among the cholera patients during the fearful visitation of that epidemic in 1832, and, eleven years later, of her departure, with seven other Sisters of Mercy, to found the first house of the Order in the United States, in Pittsburgh. Schools were established in Pittsburgh, Chicago, Providence, Rochester, Hartford, Newhaven, Manchester, and over fifty other places.

A stirring chapter in the book tells the story of "Know-Nothing" attack on their house in Providence on March 22, 1855. These no-Popery fanatics had planned the attack on a great scale and made no secret of their movements.

"Some days before the mob appeared," the authors write, "the Mayor of the city, Mr. Knowles called on Reverend Mother, and requested her to depart with her religious from the city, as ten thousand 'Know-Nothings' from different parts of New England were to arrive on a certain evening to demolish the convent."

"Reverend Mother, with a quiet air and gentle ease, made answer to this astounding threat: 'Your honor, we have disregarded no duty, nor responsibility of good citizenship. As a body of religious women we are laboring here in our own sphere. Have we given any provocation for this interference? Will Christian men constitute a mob against unoffending women? Are our rights as citizens not to be protected?'"

"The Mayor replied that he could not control the uprising, and the only means of safety for the Sisters lay in flight."

"Mother Warde turned graciously to the perplexed official, and, in dignified tones (with, perhaps, just the slightest flavor of gentle sarcasm), replied, 'If I were Chief Executive of municipal affairs, I would know how to control the populace.' With her strength of character, and calm, honest purpose, she certainly could have ruled a kingdom, and did not understand the vacillating attitude of the Mayor shirking the unpleasant performance of his duty. His Honor still urged the departure of the Sisters from Providence; but Reverend Mother gently affirmed, 'We will remain in our house, and, if needs be, die rather than fly from the field of duty wherein God has placed us.'"

"During the crisis of affairs, she seemed more calm and peaceful in her whole manner than ever before; so certain it is that 'true virtue shows its mettle amid trials and contradictions.' She spent long hours before the Blessed Sacrament, and from the King of kings she asked and received help in the day of trouble."

"On an eventful evening, shortly after the Mayor's interview, the mob surrounded the convent. As the rioters made their way up the street, the Catholic men of Providence, well armed, took up their places, rank and file, in the Sisters' garden. Perfect quiet reigned within the convent. The novices knew nothing of what was going on without. They enjoyed their evening recreation as usual, said their night prayers and retired. The older Sisters remained on guard before the Blessed Sacrament. A few assisted Rev. Mother, who, with the utmost self-control, quietly made her way through the ranks of men within the convent enclosure, and exacted from each a promise that no fire-arm should be raised nor offence given, unless they were called on to do so in self-defense."

"The rioters noted the calm dignity and self-composure of the Rev. Mother as they drew up in line before the convent; and one was overheard remarking to his colleagues on either side, 'We made our plans without reckoning the odds we will have to contend with in the strong controlling force the presence which that nun commands. The only honorable course for us to follow is to retreat from this ill-conceived fray. I, for one, will not lift a hand to harm these ladies.' But the mob hissed and hooted at these words, and threatened the Sisters with death if they did not leave their convent. At this juncture the Bishop and Mr. Stead, the former owner of the convent, appeared on the front entrance. Mr. Stead, with the courage of a Spartan and the serenity of a saint, addressed the mob in the following words: 'The first shot fired at this house will go through my

body. Let me tell you there is a strong force of brave Irishmen, well armed, within the enclosure of the garden walls. If you dare attack the convent of the religious, they will defend them with their hearts' blood.'"

"The Bishop then came forward, and said, in grave, clear tones, 'My dear friends, in God's name, let not this city, nor the free institutions of this Republic be tarnished by any dastardly uplifting of your arms against those who have wrought you no harm, but whose blameless lives are their sure defence before God and man. Depart in peace to your homes, and sully not your honor in act so vile.'"

"As the Bishop finished speaking, the mob withdrew in peaceful detachments, and thus ended this uprising of bigotry in that fair city which can boast to-day of some of the finest Catholic institutions in the country."

IONA THE BLESSED.

We have before us a grand page of Irish history, or rather of Catholic history, that deserves reproduction. In the days of persecution the Island Iona, where, fifteen hundred years ago St. Columbkille founded a monastery, was seized and leased, by the Duke of Argyll, to the Presbyterians for the purpose of keeping it from falling into the hands of the Catholics. France now expels the Carthusian monks from their monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, and the present Duke of Argyll sells the exiled monks the Island that belonged to their order away back in the ages—as far back as 563. It was from this Island of Iona that the monks went forth to educate and evangelize in Ireland, England, and over the continent. Here is a brief but very graphic account of events in connection with this Island, which we have above alluded to:—

"The monastery and schools of Iona soon became famous for the sanctity and scholarship of its monks, for their tireless industry, and their rare skill as penmen and transcribers; Columba himself was the choicest scribe of his day in Ireland, and his last act was to finish a page of the gospels. His children improved the inheritance he left them. They became the writing-masters of Europe, and, centuries later, when France and Germany had not yet completely emerged from their barbarism, the scribes of Iona were welcomed in the monasteries and the cities of that continent as teachers of writing. To-day Iona stands, as a writer in the June number of 'Donahoe's Magazine' happily expresses it, on the rim of the western world, the most striking relic of the old Celtic glories. The huts of the villagers are interspersed with the ruins of ancient churches, monasteries, schools and graveyards. Forty-eight kings of Scotland, four of Ireland, eight of Norway, and one of France are buried in its holy soil, fit resting place for warlike men amid the ceaseless warfare of those dark and stormy seas. Here also were buried many lords of the isles, bishops, abbots and priors. The M'Leod of M'Leod, also chiefs of the MacKinnons, Macleans, Macquarries, and other clans. The last king buried at Iona was Duncan I., of Scotland, who began to reign in 1034, A.D., and was murdered by Macbeth in the sixth year of his reign. Opposite the west door of the cathedral is the noble monument known as 'The Iona Cross,' or 'St. Martin's Cross,' the more perfect of the two crosses remaining out of three hundred and sixty said to have been erected on the island. Close to the west entrance, beside the adjacent angle of the cloister, is a small chamber called St. Columba's tomb, and here the saint and his servant Diarmid are claimed by some to be buried, though we are told in the 'Lives of the Saints' that his relics were carried to Down and laid in the same shrine with the bodies of St. Bridget and St. Patrick. Iona has now a population of about two hundred."

The world is filled with strange and unexplainable upheavals and reverses. Surely no change in the times could be more remarkable than this. From Iona's Isle the Carthusian monks carried the torch of learning over all Europe. They were expelled by cruel persecution from their home. Their possessions were seized. A stranger religion invaded their sanctuaries, and they sought refuge in the land of France—"the eldest daughter of the Church." To-day, after fifteen centuries, France—atheistic France—expels them from her domain; they seek refuge in the land of their first glory and first misfortunes, and their own sacred island comes back to them, and their feet will kiss soil holy to them through memories of the past, and they shall kneel and pray in shrines built upon the shattered remains of their once desolate grandeur."

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MAX O'RELL.

On the 24th May last Max O'Rell died, and we then published an estimate of his life-work, and since had occasion to criticise some of his writings regarding marriage. He was a satirist who, as an exception to the rule, has made no enemies. Of his works the greater part were written in French, and while he lectured in English, still he did not profess to write English. The wonder, then, has been how his books could have been written in English, and then translated into French and published in the latter language after they had been published in English. The secret is this: he wrote in French, then his wife translated them into English (she being an English woman), and the English version was first given to the public. Consequently the subsequent French edition seemed to be a translation—when it was really the original. It was after his visit to America, in 1887, that this plan was adopted, as far as regarded works dealing with England and America. His best known productions are "John Bull and His Island," "John Bull's Womankind," "Jonathan and His Continent," "A Frenchman in America," "John Bull and Company," "Jacques Bonhomme," and "Her Highness, Woman."

It may be interesting to have an idea of how he was estimated as a humorous writer in America. One leading organ has said that "For thirty years nearly he has kept three nations smiling, and all that time never leveled a shaft that had a poisoned point." This is decidedly high praise of its kind, and goes far to show the character of the man's mind.

One of the most striking criticisms is that of the Philadelphia "Press," of the 26th May last, two days after the author's death. That organ said:—

"Paul Blouet, the French literary soldier of fortune, was the product of modern conditions which make it possible for a man to have more than one country. . . . He was a man of detachment, with the capacity for seeing not merely differences, which is a stupid thing to do, but contrasts, which are amusing. It is an inconsistent world. Who of us does not do things for which he has no excuse or no explanation? No land is logical. Least of all 'John Bull and His Island.' To its description 'Max O'Rell' brought the style of the Paris feuilleton. He had a wife who could translate it into epigrammatic English. His double-barreled humor, which amused either of two peoples at the expense of the other, gave him a run of editions in France, England, and this country. Once devised, this racial satire by comparison went on indefinitely. His contrasts and conceits filled volume after volume. The American reading public, like the English, saw itself as a Frenchman saw it, and found it most amusing. The step from this to writing daily in a snappy way on men, women, and moralities was easy, and the social satirist became a daily journalist."

Henri Pene du Bois, writing in the New York "American," of the next day, (27th May), states that Max O'Rell's mission was unfinished. He considers it to have been to create, by means of wit, gaiety, and clear outlook, a more friendly and intimate understanding between the peoples of Europe. He, like Hugo, would have like to have seen a "United States of Europe." Mr. du Bois says:—

"Max O'Rell studied at his ease the world of the arts and the corridors of politics, the drawing-rooms and the streets, the Stock Exchange and Temple Bar. We know here what he made of them better than they do elsewhere. He made of them small talk. It seemed superficial in his lectures and in his essays, written to amuse rather than to instruct or to moralize. But they and his books—'John Bull and His Island,' 'Jonathan and His Continent'—were united in a graver mission than the one they let appear. He had intensely the wish to destroy the national prejudices that make national enmities. To attain that end he used anecdotes. They are a sort of current coin wherein history verifies the effigies of its medals."

We do not doubt that Max O'Rell did a vast amount of good along the lines thus described. But the pity is that the good he did could be only very short-lived. Like the witty and laughter-convolving exploits of the actor, they produce a temporary effect, but are so easily forgotten. Another generation will find no amusement in his pictures of social life, as it has existed, on both sides of the Atlantic, during the past quarter of a century; and a succeeding generation will not understand them at all. It is to be regretted that so much real fine tal-

ent should be destined to produce such ephemeral effects. After all he has not left one grand or inspiring thought, that could be said to tower above the constructions of other writers, and to arrest and retain the gaze of the children of all future times. And he missed a grand opportunity—for he had the ears, of three countries—to inculcate some immortal principles that the passage of Time could never efface."

Dr. Brann Answers Goldwin Smith.

The following letter in answer to an attack upon the Papacy by the noted author, Goldwin Smith, in the June "Atlantic Monthly," was declined by that magazine. Inasmuch as other magazines of equal reputation open their pages to the communications of reputable scholars in instances like these, it has been deemed advisable to call the attention of the public to the rather discourteous action of the Atlantic.

To the Editor of the "Atlantic Monthly":

Mr. Smith in the June number of your estimable magazine, speaking of Pius VII., blames him for not protesting against the marriage of Napoleon to Maria Louisa.

These are Mr. Smith's words:—

"Napoleon's marriage with Josephine having at the Pope's instance been repeated with religious form before their coronation, it was necessary to have recourse to a most wretched quibble for the purpose of invalidating the marriage and opening the way for a divorce. The Pope was at the time under duress, yet his conduct in failing to protest against this evasion of the laws of the Church, like his conduct in coming immediately after the murder of the Duc d'Enghien to crown the murderer was hardly Hildebrandic or highly creditable to the Pontificate of morals."

When Mr. Smith wrote this he must have forgotten the following facts: 1st. The Pope had already excommunicated Napoleon for many crimes on June 11, 1809. Napoleon married Maria Louisa on April 2, 1810; and was already under the ban when he attempted to marry Maria Louisa. To excommunicate him again would have been like kicking a corpse. 2nd. At the time Napoleon attempted to marry Maria Louisa, Pius VII. was a prisoner at Savona deprived of the means of intercourse with the outside world. Even his correspondence was intercepted by order of the Corsican despot. 3rd. So far from Pius VII. lacking courage, he showed it in resisting both Napoleon and Joseph Bonaparte, who tried to get him to annul Joseph's marriage with Miss Patterson of Baltimore, and throughout the whole dispute about the Concordat, during which Napoleon tried to browbeat, bully and deceive the aged Pontiff.

If Mr. Smith had been keeping in the current of recent historical investigation he would have read in the past year in the "Civiltà Cattolica," the best Italian periodical, a full account of the attempts of Bonaparte to bully the Pope and of his failure.

4th. The Pope was not obliged to take notice of every sin Napoleon committed. When Napoleon divorced Josephine by the decree of an ecclesiastical tribunal appointed by himself, contrary to the Canon law, it was her business to appeal to the Pope against the injustice. But she made no appeal and her case was never officially brought before Pius. Had she appealed to Rome, the only competent court on the case, as queens of France had done before her, Rome would have come to her rescue.

Lastly, Mr. Smith begs the question as to the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. If it was a murder at all, it was a political and quasi legal one. The Duke was put to death on the charge of aiding and abetting a plot against Napoleon's wife. Was the Duke guilty? Mr. Smith does not know whether he was or not. Historians are divided on that subject. Napoleon was the Emperor of France in fact and in law. He had restored religion to France, and the Pope crowned him by request, but the crowning implied no connivance with nor condonation of the countless sins and crimes of the greatest ruffian of the 19th century.

It is amusing to read Mr. Smith's words blaming Pius for not being "Hildebrandic." If he had been "Hildebrandic," would Mr. Smith praise him? Is he an admirer of Hildebrand?

We may be bigoted, but let us be just.

HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.,
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June 21, 1903.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE

With the Rev. Pater O'Leary, who expresses his views concerning the Irish language, in a correspondence to the Dublin "Freeman's Journal," we have always been under the impression that the Irish tongue, as spoken by the peasantry of the land, is a mere gibberish compared to the pure, written, ancient Celtic language. The reason for this view is very natural. We would suppose that with the variety of dialects that distinguish different provinces, and even counties in Ireland, and with the lack of a written language accessible to the generality of the people, the expressions would degenerate into what is known as "common language." In commenting upon a recently delivered lecture by Dr. Meyer, on "The Necessity of a School of Irish History and Literature," we find that Rev. Mr. O'Leary expresses his surprise and great pleasure at learning how he had also been mistaken regarding this phase of the Irish language question. We give a section of that letter, and we are confident that it will be a revelation for all who are interested in the subject. It is Rev. Mr. O'Leary who writes, "Dr. Meyer says that this same spoken language is 'the rich source from which the literature will continue to draw its best inspiration.' There is an immense distance between that and those utterances to which I have been heretofore accustomed."

We now take the following extract, from a letter of several long columns:—

"That expression is perfectly true regarding the Irish language, but it is more. It is this statement of a great fundamental principle which is true of all language and of all literature."

A literature can no more come into existence nor continue to exist as a living thing unless it has a living, spoken vernacular to support it, than a ship can float without water. It is not to be expected that a new movement can be started without a lot of mistakes. That was one of the mistakes which some very well-meaning people made regarding the Irish language movement. The cry: "Avoid provincialism!" was dinned into their ears from all quarters. They were afraid to touch the Irish "provincialisms." They were determined to do the work at all hazards. As a result they were forced to try and make a literature without the aid of a living speech.

We did not all make that mistake. If we had all made that mistake there would have been no success. Literature made in that way would not have "drawn its inspiration" from the only source from which the inspiration could be drawn. Hence it would not have been a literature. The living speakers would never read it.

The real source of the phenomenal strength of our movement lies in the fact that we addressed ourselves to the task of preserving Irish "as a spoken tongue." That was what sent students from Dublin away to the Western Islands, and off to Munster and Donegal, in order to come to the "spoken tongue" at its fountain heads. That was what made the movement a living being, not a chieled, "classical" figure.

Dr. Meyer asked leave to express the "hope that nothing will be done to discourage the dialects as the spoken language of the home and of everyday life." That is very good, a great forward step away from an ugly past. But I wish he had boldly insisted that everything should be done to encourage the use of the language in the home and in everyday life. That is what would have given strength of heart to the poor native Irish speaker, who feels in his own mind that he really possesses and uses a very beautiful speech, but who is haunted with the idea that learned people, who ought to know, do not think so. That is, I think, the chief lub as yet in our work. We have not as yet succeeded in getting our native Irish speakers as a body to realize the priceless value of the treasure which they possess in such overflowing abundance. Dr. Meyer's words in this lecture, good and true as they are, merely treat the speech of the native Irish speaker with a certain degree of generous toleration. I should like to hear Dr. Meyer say to the native Irish speaker: "Come to us at once. You are the very man we want. There is no possibility of our being able to do a single thing without you!" I should like to hear that, because I know it is the truth. I should also like to hear it for another reason. It would help to get the native Irish speaker to value himself at something like his true worth. If all our native Irish speakers knew their value, and then if they were filled with the enthusiasm which characterizes our non-speak-

ing workers in the movement, Dr. Meyer would not need to have a moment's hesitation regarding the answer to the question "Will the object be attained?" Dr. Meyer says, "The literary language will take care of itself."

Here is a new mine of thought opened up for the students of Irish, and a new avenue to success in their efforts prepared for those who seek, in a practical manner to revive the ancient language of the Gael.

A Redemptorist Jubilee

The celebration of the golden jubilee of St. Alphonsus' Church, Philadelphia, which began on the feast of the Sacred Heart and closed on the following Sunday night, was purely religious from first to last, says the "Catholic Standard and Times." Archbishop Ryan and Bishop Prendergast and a large number of priests, both diocesan and regular, participated, as also Bishop Le Roy, general of the Holy Ghost Fathers. Our Holy Father Leo XIII. cabled his congratulations and blessing to the congregation and its priests.

From the first to the last Mass on Friday morning there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and the last Mass was Solemn High, with Rev. Ernest Deham, rector of All Saints', as celebrant; Rev. Bernard Phillips, pastor of St. Aloysius', deacon, and Rev. A. J. Scherf, sub-deacon. In the afternoon the children had a celebration in which they sang appropriate hymns to the Sacred Heart. The rector, Rev. Henry Stommel, conducted the services on this occasion and presented each of the little ones with a jubilee medal struck off for the occasion. The obverse bore a portrait of the patron saint of the Church, surrounded by his name, and the invocation "Pray for us;" on the reverse was the inscription, "Golden jubilee of St. Alphonsus' Church, Philadelphia, Pa., June 19, 1903."

Services in honor of the Sacred Heart were held in the evening. Very Rev. Joseph Wissel, C.S.S.R., of St. Peter's, delivered a sermon in which he sketched the history of the parish. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Bishop Prendergast, assisted by Rev. Henry Ganter, rector of St. Mary's of the Assumption, Manayunk, and Rev. Hubert Hammeke, rector of St. Bonaventura's.

A High Requiem Mass for the deceased members of the parish was celebrated at 5 o'clock Saturday morning by the pastor, and at 9 o'clock a solemn High Requiem Mass for the same intention was sung by Rev. Charles I. Sauer, of Bally, assisted by Fathers Stommel and Scherf. The sermon was delivered by Father Stommel. It was not only a memorial discourse, but an eloquent appeal for the more effectual remembrance of the dead by prayers, Masses and almsdeeds.

In the evening the B. V. M. Sodality and the young people of the parish generally united in a celebration. They were addressed by Very Rev. A. J. Zielenbach, C.S. Sp., provincial, who exhorted the younger members of the congregation to so act that the future progress of religion would be helped by their lives even as it was by the faithful members of the congregation during the past fifty years. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Bishop Le Roy, S.S. Sp., assisted by Fathers Scherf and Father Schroevels, C.S. Sp.

The solemn High Mass Sunday morning at 10 o'clock was sung by Very Rev. Joseph Wissel, C.S.S.R., whose order was founded by the patron saint of the church. The deacon was Father Schroevels, C.S. Sp., and the sub-deacon, Mr. Edward Knaebel, a scholastic of the same order. Very Rev. A. J. Zielenbach, the provincial, delivered an eloquent sermon on "Gratitude for the Blessings of the Past and Resolutions for the Future."

The Rosary Society held its celebration in the afternoon. The Rosary was recited and there was a procession of the members of this and other church societies, the altar boys and rector. During its progress "The Litany of Loretto" was sung.

The concluding celebration occurred on Sunday evening, when there was a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Archbishop Ryan was celebrant; Rev. E. O. Hiltmann, rector of Holy Trinity, deacon, and Rev. Bernard Dornhege, rector of St. Elizabeth's, sub-deacon. About twenty-five priests participated. A short service in honor of the Blessed Sacrament was held and a solemn Benediction given. The Archbishop made a brief address congratulating the congregation on the successful completion of its fifty years.

THE COL

CHAPTER XXV.—C

"Send her in," said Jim went out, and, returned, ushering in with a young female of whom he took a chair, and then to go out to the stable, the pony his afternoon for the latter had left the room in a preliminary of the person of his visit, young and well formed, in a blue cloak and bonnet were so disposed, as she conceal altogether both and her features."

"Well, my good girl," clergyman, in an encounter "what's your business with The young female ran some moments silent, and moved as if it were agitated strong emotion of the length, rising from her tottering towards the priest, while she uncovered with a burst of tears and "Oh, uncle Edward, don't me!"

Her uncle started from astonishment for some him silent and almost breathless, at last stooped down, gazed on her face, raised her, on a chair, where she remained passive, resumed his own covered his face in silence. Eily, more affected action than she might have the bitterest reproaches, to weep aloud with increased

"Don't cry—do not advise," said Father Edward, quiet, yet cold tone; "I use no use in that. The you, child! Don't cry! O'Connor! I never thought of our fate to meet in your."

"I hope you will forgive," sobbed the poor girl, "for the best indeed." "Did it for the best!" clergyman, looking on his first time with some "Now, Eily, you will vex say that again. I was in lost as you are, you can nevertheless, in penitence, at least, which was consolation your friends for. But the first word I you is an excuse; a justification of your crime. Did it for Don't you remember, Eily, read in that book that I customed to explain to you times—don't you remember excuses of Saul made his unaccepted! and you will his example? You did it best, after all! I won't say own sufferings since the unfair; but there is your own sorry to hurt your feet it is my duty to make the extent of your guilt—father has not enjoyed one rest ever since you left him here with me a week since second time after your and I never was more sorry my life. You cry, but you cry more bitterly if you When I knew you together good father to you, and a ther, too. He is now a skeleton! Was that done for Eily?"

"Oh, no, no, sir; I did to say that I acted right from a right intention. I to say, that it was not quite as it might appear."

"To judge by your Eily," her uncle continued passionate tone, "one w that its effects have not ductive of much happiness side. Turn to the light; very thin and pale. F poor child! oh, why did you What could have tempted throw away your health, to destroy your father's mind, and your own honor, all in a day?"

"Uncle," said Eily, "the point on which I fear you a wrong conclusion. I know, sir, very ungrateful and to my father, and in the sight of Heaven, but not quite so abandoned as you seem to believe me—dence, sir," she added, bluish of the deepest crimson—very worst effects of which accuse myself."