

## Longfellow's Catholic Heroines.

By Miss S. Sutherland.

ALL READERS of Longfellow's poems, irrespective of creed, cannot but hold in reverence the beauty of character of the gentle poet's Catholic heroines—Evangeline, Elsie, Preciosa—all widely different as to nationality, station in life, mode of dress and manner of speech, yet all one in their exquisite beauty of holiness, self-sacrifice and Christian devotion.

In Evangeline we have an ideal Catholic maiden, who is introduced to our notice "with God's benediction upon her," and well does she merit the poet's eulogy. The daughter of the wealthiest farmer of Grand Pre, yet humble, charitable and meek; gifted in a rare degree with physical beauty—the joy of her home, the pride of the villagers, who lovingly call her "the sunshine of St. Eulalie." Only when sorrow and affliction came to her do we discern the true nobility of soul, which is the keynote of her whole character. In her first trial, while waiting her father's return from the church where he is prisoner with the other Acadians, her heart overflows with charity, love and forgiveness, and with a sublime forgetfulness of self, she hurries to the village to console the women and children in their desolation; even then remembering "God was in Heaven and governed the world He created." And again, when about to be separated from all she holds dear, we find her "not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction." In exile she cheers and comforts some even more unfortunate than herself. In all her trials, learning the beautiful lesson of self-denial and kindly thought of others. In the plague-stricken city, amid the sick and the dying, she practices that holy charity which began with St. Veronica and will only end in the ocean of eternity. No selfish act mars the record of her patient life of waiting, hoping and praying. For, even in her last trial in that supreme moment of anguish with the form of the dead Gabriel clasped to her heart, meekly she bows her sorrow-crowned head, murmuring, "Father, I thank Thee."

In courage and earnestness of purpose, beautiful Elsie of the Vogelweid closely resembles Evangeline, both possess the rare virtue of gratitude, though to Elsie is given the privilege of practicing it in the higher degree. Prince Henry, friend and benefactor of the family, is stricken with a mysterious malady, for which there is no cure, or as the poet says—

"Not to be cured yet not incurable,"

the only remedy being the blood that flows from a maiden's veins, who of her own free will, would offer her life for his recovery. Elsie hearing of this alternative, joyfully and humbly hastens to make the sacrifice, that in the end it is not required at her hands lessens not the interest in her story nor robs her of one ray of the halo that ever surrounds the one who would, in loving gratitude, "lay down a life for a friend."

Preciosa, the Gipsy dancing girl, presents quite a different aspect of character to either Evangeline or Elsie. Yet, goodness, purity and charity shine in her every word and action. But a gipsy girl "whom chance has taken from the public streets," she keeps herself unspotted from the world, helping, cheering and sharing her little store with the poor and unfortunate, and when the sun of prosperity at last shines on her humble life, her first thought is for others, for the poor of whom she says: "Oh! turn them not away, the poor are too often turned away unheard." With what beauty of sentiment and fidelity to truth has the Protestant poet rendered the story of this trio of Catholic maidens. From a natural point of view one could easily imagine the Puritan maiden Priscilla, the poet's ideal and consequently his masterpiece, but such is not the case as even a casual study will prove, and this is rendered the more remarkable as she is of the same religious belief, and therefore bears toward him a spiritual relationship, if we may use such an expression in reference to those outside the fold of the true Faith. "Modest, simple and sweet" and all three she is in every truth, yet notwithstanding the reader is conscious of a vague feeling of disappointment that is not discernible when in the company of the Acadian or Spanish maiden.

Still it is not the fault of Priscilla that

she is not described as possessing the faithful devotion of Evangeline, the heroic self-sacrifice of Elsie or the charity and nobility of character of Preciosa, the Gipsy Maid of Madrid. Nor from a truthful standpoint can we blame the poet that she who from all natural advantages should have been his ideal remains what Aiden terms her, simple, modest and sweet, who inspires no higher comparison in the mind of the man who loves her than if she were possessed of a distaff. She would be indeed "Bertha the beautiful spinner," a placid, colorless, maiden through whose simple story there runs an undercurrent of selfishness very human, very natural, but disappointing to the many who would wish for her some of the higher attributes of her sister heroines. True we first see her at her spinning-wheel singing a hymn, but we can scarcely call that an act of devotion, as she herself confesses it, is largely mingled with thoughts of John Aiden, whose pleading for the redoubtable Captain she answers with the, to say the least, practical question, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" and who marries "John" after having made sure of the truth of the rumor of the death of Miles Standish.

Why does Priscilla fall so immeasurably short when compared with Evangeline, Elsie and Preciosa? Simply because, being non-Catholic, she could not attain to the true spiritual height of the poet's ideal; nor could Longfellow depict her otherwise, for no poet nor artist can reach his highest and best unless inspired by the true secret of art, the soul-illuminating beauty of Catholic truth.

It is said that no one, however incompetent in attempting to paint the Madonna, can mar the beauty of his subject, and that, no matter how crude or imperfect the result may be, it will possess a beauty and dignity of its own. So with glimpses of Catholic sentiment in the works of Protestant writers like the *Eidelweiss* that blooms on the edge of the glacier, or the *May flower* that pushes its tiny waxen petals through Canadian snows, more fragrant and beautiful for the chilly surroundings. The poet Wordsworth more than once dimmed the lustre of his genius by vindictive attacks on some of the most consoling devotions of Holy Church, yet his one line in reference to Our Lady Immaculate render his name immortal. "Our tainted Nature's solitary boast" will be remembered and quoted when his other works, less noble, are lost in the dust of oblivion.

### THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' WEEKLY CONCERT.

The attendance at the sailors' concert on Thursday night was a very large one, despite the unpropitious state of the weather. Mr. Singleton occupied the chair. There were several excellent numbers on the programme, including two extremely humorous songs by one of the seamen, which were enthusiastically encored. The principal features of the evening were recitations by Mr. Richard B. Milloy; his recitation of the beautiful old emotional piece "Shamus O'Brien" was certainly the finest piece of true artistic work that has ever been done at the sailors' concerts. Though Mr. Milloy in his acting adheres to the fundamental tenets of histrionic law, his acting is natural and not stagey,—if he could be classed among the members of any school of actors, it would be the realistic and intellectual school, of which Willard is



### ENLIGHTENMENT

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generally considered to be the leader. This style of acting is more an appeal to the intellect than the emotions; therefore it is more satisfying and its effect more lasting. Mr. Milloy is a very young man, and his friends who, judging from his recent attainments, predict for him a brilliant career, have much to justify their opinion. Among those who contributed to the evening's entertainment were: Mr. F. O. Lawlor, with one of his charming five-minute speeches; Miss Nagle, who recited "An Incident in the Johnstown Flood," for which she was awarded a bouquet of honor; Mr. Richard Taylor, Mr. James, Miss Dennis, Miss Minto, Master Read, and Mr. Butler.

### THANKSGIVING.

[In a recent issue we embodied a few lines from the following poem in an editorial. A great many friends have asked us to furnish the complete poem. We are pleased to find that the thoughts contained in these lines are so highly appreciated.—EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.]

For the sound of waters rushing  
In bubbling beads of light;  
For the fleets of snow-white lilies  
Firm anchored out of sight;  
For the reeds among the eddies,  
The crystals on the clod;  
For the flowing of the rivers,  
I thank thee, O my God!

For the rosebud's break of beauty,  
Along the toiler's way;  
For the violet's eye that opens  
To bless the new born day;  
For the bare twigs that in summer  
Bloom like the prophet's rod;  
For the blossoming of flowers,  
I thank thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains  
In brightness and in dread;  
For the peaks where snow and sunshine  
Alone have dared to tread;  
For the dark and silent gorges  
Whence mighty cedars nod;  
For the majesty of mountains,  
I thank thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets,  
Vast mirrored on the sea;  
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain  
Heaven's inner majesty  
For the molten bars of twilight,  
Where thought leans glad, yet awed;  
For the glory of the sunsets,  
I thank thee, O my God!

For the earth and all its beauty,  
The sky and all its light;  
For the dim and soothing shadows  
That rest the dazzled sight;  
For unfading fields and prairies,  
Where sense in vain hastrod;  
For the world's exhaustless beauty,  
I thank you, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing,  
A soul to know and love;  
For these common aspirations  
That our high heraldship prove;  
For the hearts that bless each other  
Beneath thy smile, thy rod;  
For the amaranth saved from Eden,  
I thank thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten  
With one dear name adored;  
For the heavenly in the human,  
The Spirit in the Word;  
For the tokens of thy presence  
Within, above, abroad;  
For thine own great gift of being,  
I thank thee, O my God!

### FUNERAL OF THE LATE ABBE L. M. ARCHAMBAULT.

The funeral of the late Abbe Louis Misael Archambault, canon of the Cathedral Church, St. Hyacinthe, and former cure of St. Hugues, took place at St. Hugues Thursday morning, and was largely attended.

The late Canon Archambault was the oldest member of the clergy of the district of St. Hyacinthe. He was one of the few living priests who saw the foundation of the diocese there in 1851. He was born at Saint Antoine on July 14, 1812. He was educated at St. Hyacinthe, under the care of Mgr. Jos. Larocque and Mgr. Raymond. On January 15, 1837, he was admitted to the priesthood, the ceremony of ordination being conducted by Mgr. Provencher, first bishop of St. Boniface. He acted first as vicar of St. Jean Baptiste de Rouville for a few months. From November, 1837, to May, 1840, he was at St. Jacques de l'Acadian; on the 27th October, 1840, he was appointed to the parish of St. Hugues, as cure. His health was very bad at this time and his life began to be despaired of; "but," says Le Courrier de St. Hyacinthe, "by the intercession of B. Alphonse Rodriguez, as later by the suppliant power of the Mother Immaculate, he was restored to health." The souvenir of this wonderful cure is perpetuated by an annual retreat which has always produced good results. Mr. Archambault was destined to be forty years cure of St. Hugues. The burial took place in the church yard of St. Hugues at the deceased clergyman's own request.—R. I. P.

### A. O. H.

#### MEETINGS AND ELECTIONS OF OFFICERS FOR DIFFERENT DIVISIONS.

The annual meeting and election of officers for Division No. 3 A. O. H. was held in the Hibernian Hall, Notre Dame street, on Monday evening the 9th inst. The reports of the various officers showed the Division to be in a flourishing condition. After the regular routine of business was proceeded with the election of officers took place, and resulted as follows: Ald. M. F. Nolan, president; B. Wall, vice-president; W. J. Murphy, recording secretary; E. J. C. Kennedy, financial secretary; W. J. Burke, treasurer; Patrick Carroll, chairman standing committee; Frank Mooney, sergeant-at-arms; Michael Cooney, sentinel. *Committees:* Standing committee: F. J. McCann, Owen Kelly, W. P. Stanton, E. Legalle. Finance: P. S. McCaffery, B. Harkins, R. Hammel. Literary: M. J. Brogan, B. Wall, P. S. McCaffery. Visiting: B. Wall, P. Carroll, W. J. Burke. Employment: M. F. Nolan, O. Kelly, M. J. Brogan. The officers elected were installed by County President Dunn in a very impressive manner. Quite a large number of visiting brothers were present, including the three provincial officers.

Division No. 2 had their election of officers in their new hall, basement of St. Gabriel's Church, on Wednesday evening, the 11th inst. This Division is one of the most prosperous in Canada. The reports of the various officers were read and adopted, after which the following were elected for the ensuing term: Andrew Dunn, president; C. McAlear, vice-president; T. N. Smith, recording secretary; J. Walsh, financial secretary; E. Quain, treasurer; C. McCann, chairman standing committee. J. Heney, sergeant-at-arms; T. Brennan, sentinel. Standing committee: M. McCarthy, W. N. Smith, E. P. Fitzgerald, L. Breen. The other committees were not elected until next meeting. On Thursday evening, July the 12th, the joint picnic committee met in the Hibernian Hall for the purpose of drawing up the programme of events for August the 11th. M. Birmingham, provincial secretary, chairman of the committee, presided. There will be twenty events, including a grand hurling match. The committee are doing everything in their power to make the affair a great success, both financially and otherwise, and have so far received eleven gold medals, two silver cups and one solid gold presentation badge of the Order, presented by the Hon. J. J. Curran, to be offered for competition. The committee meets every Thursday evening and Sunday morning in the Hibernian Hall, 2042 Notre Dame street.

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### PERSONAL.

Mr. Michael Burke, President of the TRUE WITNESS Company, Mrs. Burke and children, are spending their vacation at Old Orchard. Mr. Burke is well deserving of some rest, as he has been untiring in promoting the interests of the new company during many months past, and we wish him a pleasant holiday.

### SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. There has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whitening." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an elegant mustache in six weeks. Ladies if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whitening" that will in one month's time make you as clear and white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whitening for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would like to be. After the use of this whitening, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cents per box and the "Face Whitening" 50 cents per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,

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