

A French View of Cardinal Manning.

Mr. Coventry Patmore, in *Religio Poetae*, writing, in a poet's great and gracious way, about spiritual loveliness found in conspicuous places, and clothed upon with extraordinary personal and intellectual gifts, uses these words: "When Providence sets its inheritors (i.e. the inheritors or possessors of such loveliness, or nobility of character) upon a hill where they cannot be hid, acknowledging, as it were, their deserts by conferring upon them conspicuous fortune and corporeal advantages, and proving them by various and splendid opportunities, the result is an example . . . the honouring of which with love and imitation is the only point of worship upon which persons of all countries, faiths, customs, and morals are in direct Catholic agreement." And, in such an example of human majesty and loveliness, he says, "Grace, expressing itself with thorough culture and knowledge of the world, becomes natural, and nature, instructed in its true perfection, gracious." And, therefore, in those that have abundant gifts of nature and of grace there is a contagion of fine manners which is irresistible; "and wherever the possessor of them moves, he leaves behind him lovers and imitators who indefinitely, if not infinitely, propagate his likeness." Such a one was he, the gracious and great Cardinal of Westminster and of the world, who, though he be dead, yet continues to speak to all who ever know him, and who impresses even some likeness of himself upon strangers favoured by minds capable of looking up to him and of desiring to imitate him. It is only a noble and splendid character that compels discipleship and imitation on the part of the self-respecting. How noble and splendid was the character of Cardinal Manning! Very truly was it written in our own pages, at the time of his death: "Those who had seldom or never seen the Cardinal except in the pulpit, knew him personally, had his phrases in their minds, and the tones of his voice in their ears." How pleasant it is for all such, for all of us who lived close to him, and for whom even the very tones of his voice had a charm exclusively their own, to perceive with what entirely just appreciation his character, his life, his work, are known and understood at least by some of those—be it said without of fence—that are without. We have before us the volume of the Abbe Lemire, just published by Lecoffre in Paris—*Le Cardinal Manning et son action sociale*. Here is a man who does not speak English, a Frenchman, a French Abbe, a professor in a *petit seminaire*, who understands and admires "our chief of men," this Englishman, this Oxford man, this link between old times and the new—between the Anglican service whose music "for seventeen years was part of his soul," and the unmusical popular devotions of the poor Roman Catholics down Whitechapel way—and between old Christendom and new England—this Archbishop who might be seen for instance, with his *Times* newspaper in his hand, at a London railway terminus, smilingly conducting English pilgrims to the Shrine of St. Edmund at Pontigny. Many there were who could neither understand nor admire Cardinal Manning; many more who could not understand him, though forced to admire him. To James Russell Lowell, for instance, he was a puzzle, though an object of much regard. Manning was a scholar, he said, and so English, and such a gentleman, and quite the man of the world, and the man of his day; how, then, could he also be the Roman Cardinal, the mediæval Bishop? It was a mystery! And shall we say how the Cardinal looked in the eyes of some members of his own flock? "He was an excel-

lent Archdeacon," said someone the other day who would yet describe himself as a Catholic first and a Tory afterwards. But we will not take an extreme example, or come too near home. What says an excellent French ecclesiastic, Monseigneur Bannard, Rector of the Catholic University of Lille? He writes, after examining the Abbe Lemire's book. "We older men are hampered by traditional habits of thought instilled in us in quite different times from the present. You young men are in the van, we march painfully in the rear. At times I myself feel timid and hesitate to follow you. . . . Cardinal Manning was young when he was eighty, and with equal ardour and wisdom he led the van along every avenue of progress, whether in the social, the political, or the religious order. But in France we do not rightly know him. Bring him over to us across the Channel. *Mais la France, memo Catholique, le connait peu ou mal. Faites-lui passer le detroit.*" This the Abbe Lemire has done. And he says. "Since Thomas A. Becket landed on our hospitable shore no such reputation has come to us across those waters." This author's intelligence, his open mind, and his religiousness have fitted him to understand the thoughts of one who belonged, indeed, to a very different nation, but was above all things a man and a Catholic Bishop. Abbe Lemire had the privilege of an interview with our Cardinal at Archbishop's House in September, 1888. His first word about him is: "The Cardinal is a very real sort of man"—*vrai, profondement vrai, n'ayant rien de la pose, rien de l'etiquette*. Possibly a good many foreign ecclesiastics would never have such a remark, being accustomed to look upon a certain ceremonial unreality as the proper and real thing. But in the Cardinal there was nothing artificial. "there was no mystery about him, and the diplomacy of others made him smile." So it was said in *The Weekly Register*, when he had gone from us, and Abbe Lemire was able to perceive that truth. The reality and sincerity of the man increased the admiration which the Abbe had felt for the ecclesiastical writer. And so it has come to pass that he gives us in the volume under our notice a sympathetic study of Cardinal Manning as the priest, the English patriot, and the Poor Man's Cardinal. The ground which the Abbe traverses is, of course, familiar to us. He quotes our English papers and reviews and the reprint of *Merry England's* collection of letters. But it is never weary to go over that ground once more, and to read in another tongue passages which can never be forgotten in their original form. Abbe Lemire in his translations hardly once makes a little mistake, and in his own musings and reflections and conclusions scarcely ever seems other than happy to the English reader. There is just a little, perhaps, of sentimentality in the way of treating the happier days of the Rector of Lavington. The thoroughly priestly instinct of Cardinal Manning did not allow him to dwell upon those days, he let them remain a treasure buried in the unknown grave of the past. But our French author does perfect justice to that remarkable priestly spirit of his, which was his ruling spirit even as an Anglican, when he believed himself to be nothing less than a true pastor of souls and a minister of the Most High. This French author understands very well also the secret of Manning's influence as an Englishman. He could not help being influential. *Il n'a pas du se faire violence*. He was one of our own, and one of our greatest. Birth, associations, education, manners, style, sympathies, all made him English of the English. Yet this English patriot is shown to us sympathizing with all who have no helper, and first of all, with Ireland.

Not only did he exalt Irish faith—that was pardonable, *c'est chose venue*. But he ventured to speak of international justice! Men who have a weight upon the conscience like to be spoken of about charity. But justice—justice to the Irish race of toilers, or justice to London dockers—ah! that is going altogether too far, and entering the privileged domain of politics. Still our author shows us the Cardinal, *homme du peuple*, blessing and being blessed, helping the suffering, calming the excited, giving food for thought to the neglectful rich, encouraging the earnest, unselfish servants of the poor, no matter what label might have been put upon them, giving the tone to Catholic publicists and Bishops, and writing his name upon the most famous Encyclical of the Pope. And this French priest does not hesitate to toll with sympathy of our Cardinal's desire for the abolition of the antiquated French Concordat. What you want in France is liberty, he would tell his French visitors, do not be afraid of the people; they will always in the long run recognize and respect the only superiority which is not fraudulent—superior knowledge and superior virtue. And, in the same spirit, the Abbe Lemire says that it must not be the *rite* of the Catholic clergy—*gemit dans les sabbats, se lamentent a huis clos dans les presbyteres*.—*The Weekly Register*.

Lullabies.

It is not given to all classes of song to be universal; some countries are rich in one particular style, some in another, but we may safely affirm that the lullaby is indigenous to every soil, says the *Gentleman's Magazine*. There are mothers and babies in all lands, and therefore, as a natural sequence, we find the lulling song or lullaby from China to Peru, from Spitzbergen to South Africa, motherhood in its primitive form is over one of the best sides of complex human nature. The little cannibal, the embryo fire-eater, the untutored Aino baby, all turn with something like a spark of affection toward her who gave him birth, and although we shall probably find more melody, more beautiful poetic imagery among the lullabies of European mothers, yet we must not fail to take into account the sincerity of such lines as these which the Chinese woman chants over her infant:

"Small, small, come out and be fed,
Put out your horns and then your head,
And thy mamma will give thee mutton,
For thou art doubly dear to me."

The Arab tawny treasure seems to be easiest sent into dreamland with the following hucolic verse:

"Sleep, my baby, sleep!
Sleep a slumber hale,
Sweetly rest till morning light,
My little farmer boy, so bright."

And the little Zulu goes to:

"Hush thee, my baby,
Thy mother's o'er the mountains gone:
There she will dig the little garden patch,
And water she'll fetch from the river."

The ancient Romans had a number of lullabies; one began:

"Lalla, lalla, lalla,
Aut dormi, aut lacta."

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith, Co. Hill, Opt., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using 3 bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 30 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

Mr. Henry Barcroft, of the City, Newry, has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for the county Armagh.

Dom Sauton, Monk and Doctor.

The Benedictine monk, Dom Sauton, has just started on his heroic mission to Siberia. He left Paris carrying with him the good wishes of many who are far from sharing his religious convictions. M. Pasteur has given him a passport which will carry him to the end of the world free of molestation. In this letter, which will be one of the monk doctor's best credentials, M. Pasteur says: "I have the greatest admiration for Dr Sauton." He then alludes to the abnegation of the young monk, and calls his mission a holy one. The heroic missionary is going to where the perhaps not less heroic Kato Maraden is tending the lepers and dressing their wounds with her own hands. She is at Yakoutski, the coldest spot of Siberia, and perhaps of the whole world. Not long ago she was in Paris and gave detailed accounts of the horrors of the leper world of Siberia. If she meets with the Benedictine monk, as probably she will, as he expresses the warmest admiration of her and her work, she will have the co-operation of a scientist as well as of a priest, for Dom Sauton has learned the secrets of the leper bacillus, according to the theory of Hansen. He has studied the microscopic enemy for months, and goes out prepared to combat it on its own ground, the bodies of the poor leper patients of Siberia.

A Convert of the Olden Times.

Among the most famous conversions of the Middle Ages that of a certain variety artist named "Le Tombour de Notre Dame" has remained to us together with the following sweet legend. This man, who seems to have been the father of all modern acrobats, became touched with grace and made up his mind to enter the Monastery of Clairvaux, but once there he found himself sadly out of place, for all were busy serving God and the Blessed Virgin; he knew how to do nothing but tumblers, somersaults and perform such like tricks, which were, of their kind, extraordinarily clever, but of little good in a Monastery. At last he said to himself that, doubtless, the Mother of God would take the wish for the deed; so one day he began a series of his formerly most celebrated performances before a certain stone Virgin placed at the bottom of a crypt. He went through these pious exercises each day, finding therein infinite consolation and satisfaction. But on one occasion a Monk surprised him, and hurried to the Superior with the news; the latter highly scandalized, was just about to enter the crypt when he suddenly saw the Mother of God herself, descended from her pedestal, wiping the poor acrobat's brow with a celestial handkerchief.

The Training of Youth.

Children are very apt scholars in the matter of finding happiness. They sympathize with and take the tone of those who are with them. If they are taught by word and example that the chief pleasure of a kindly deed comes afterwards in some pleasant result that ensues, in the kindly deeds which are received in return, or even in the expression of thanks and gratitude called forth, they will soon learn to fix their hopes there, and to feel defrauded of rightful reward if such results do not come. If, on the other hand, they are led to find their chief delight in the happiness they bestow, then the favors they give, the kindness they perform, the sacrifices they make, will of themselves afford such true pleasure that they will ask for no more, nor be sadly disappointed if nothing more ensues.

To rise in the morning with a bad taste in the mouth and no appetite, indicates that the stomach needs strengthening. For this purpose, there is nothing better than an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills taken at bed time.