

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

The Lovable Personality of a Great Prelate.

Boston Pilot.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward has done a notable service to religion and literature by his admirable "Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman."

He leaves on the mind of the reader a very clear, complete and beautiful portrait, for although his personal recollections of the first Cardinal of the restored Church in England are but those of a child in his father's house where Wiseman was a frequent guest, yet the communications of men and women who had a maturer knowledge of him and were admitted to his close friendship, supplement these so satisfactorily that the illustrious subject lives again in Mr. Ward's graphic pages.

Moreover, Mr. Ward had the advantage of the material collected by Cardinal Manning and the Jesuit Father Morris; each of whom, in turn, had expected to write the Life of Cardinal Wiseman. Father Morris, indeed, left a first chapter—from which Mr. Ward takes some facts stated—and a graphic account of the Errington case—which with the further information given by Bishop Patterson, who was Cardinal Wiseman's secretary in Rome in the first stage of the case—offsets the materially inaccurate version of the same episode in Purcell's Life of Cardinal Manning.

We wish to treat here, however, not of the stormy passages in Wiseman's career, nor of the details of his work for the Church, but simply of the man as he appeared to those who had the privilege of personal intercourse with him.

Nicholas Wiseman was of Irish blood, tempered with English, and acclimated in Spain. He was born in Seville, Spain, in 1802, where his devout mother laid him as a babe upon the altar of the Cathedral, and consecrated him to the service of the Church. He was taken to Waterford, Ireland, by his mother, after his father's death in 1805; received his earliest education in that city; went thence to Ushaw College, near Durham, England, where Dr. Lingard, the historian, was vice president; and finally, in 1818, to Rome, as one of the candidates for the priesthood to form the nucleus of the revived English College in the Eternal City. Here he was ordained priest, and here he remained, with the exception of a year in England, 1835-36, filling the office of rector from 1828 till 1840, when he was made president of Oseot College, England. With the restoration of the English Hierarchy in 1850, he was made Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. He had served from 1847 as Vicar Apostolic of the London district, to quote the terms of a happily by-gone day.

We have given the above brief statement of fact, for the sake of mentioning the successive environments which had their share in shaping and coloring the character of the man.

He was endowed with a strong and versatile intellect, and had the happy faculty of keeping up without confusion, with many and differing interests. Says his biographer: "The great variety of his pursuits might seem at first sight suggestive of the dilettante." Yet his intimate friends are unanimous as to the unity of his work and purpose.

His friend and Vicar General, Father Whitty, is quoted by Mr. Ward in explanation of this apparent contradiction. "The cause of Wiseman's influence did not lie, Father Whitty said, only in his talents and acquirements, considerable as they were, but in his being in his tastes, in his policy and work, and in his writings, a faithful representative of the Catholic Church—not, he adds, as a saint represents her, solely on the ethical side, but as a national poet represents the all-round genius of a particular country in his various poems."

He had first to raise up the small body of hereditary Catholics in England, timid as they were, and blamelessly ignorant of so much of the beauty and poetry of their faith.

He had then to meet the world as the representative of the Church. Here he upheld unflinchingly the supreme spiritual mission of the Church; maintaining "that whether men of intellect laughed with Voltaire or bent in reverence with Pascal, the Church was a teacher."

He was, however, "equally emphatic that in the spheres of science, art and secular civilization, Catholics should be largely learners, and adapt themselves to the genius of the age or country in which their lot is cast. The Church cannot expect to be the source of the varied energy of the community; all she can do is to turn its direction towards those high ideals of which she is the guardian, or in a direction which bodes them no harm."

Cardinal Wiseman endeavored to realize in his own life his ideal of the Church in contact with human activity. As Mr. Ward expresses it of the ideal Churchman, with his interests everywhere:—

"Not in order to secure the domination of the Church in secular departments, but to show that the Church is not alien to any human interest, and that the priest can give and take, or, if necessary, learn from others in secular matters, if he claims to teach in religion."

So Cardinal Wiseman was a diplomatist, a lecturer on popular topics, a student of Oriental lore, a literary worker—no inferior one, as his "Fabiola" proves—a public spirited citizen, a polished man of the world. Among his friends were Lord Brougham, Charles Dickens, Charles Kean, the actor; Dr. Bence Jones,

Richard Doyle and Stanfield, the artist—to say nothing of Protestant clergymen, soldiers, men of affairs, etc. Cardinal Wiseman was hardly a good business man; never taking kindly to the business routine of public life; but when aroused to the importance of a case, his grasp of business details was singularly exact, and his judgment excellent.

He was a tall man, six feet two; and stout in proportion; not handsome, but of an imposing and dignified presence.

"Is this, then, the effect of prayer and fasting?" asked an ascetic young Oxford convert, Edmund Purbrick—now Provincial of the New York Maryland Province of the Jesuits, after he had feasted his eyes on Cardinal Wiseman, as his Eminence stood between two equally tall and massive ecclesiastics, Monsignor Searle and Father Lynch.

Father Purbrick notes a singular trait in the Cardinal's character—he took color, quickly, so to speak, from whomsoever approached him, being shy with the shy, and expansive with the frank and genial.

Still another trait—"He never stopped good, but was always full of encouraging words and readiness to assist without repressive interference. All this implied breadth of mind and largeness of heart."

Father Purbrick had personal relations in his young Catholic life with the Cardinal, who took great interest in his pursuits, fostered his vocation to the priesthood, and wished to ordain him for the Archdiocese of Westminster.

"Yet within the year," writes Father Purbrick, "on my letting him know how earnestly I wished to enter the Society of Jesus, he offered no opposition, simply telling me how he had hoped to keep me near him, but that the only thing to be done was to obey divine inspiration and acquiesce in God's holy will."

Cardinal Wiseman loved to write verses. Candor compels us to say that his poetry bears no comparison with his prose; but it was the expression of his kindly nature and genial wit.

He dearly loved children. Mr. Ward has embodied in his life many charming evidences of this Christ-like trait, given him by Mme. Merry del Val (Clara de Zaluzeta), mother of Mgr. del Val, recent Papal Legate to Canada on the subject of the Manitoba school trouble.

Mme. del Val, in her own childhood, shared with her little brothers and sisters many of the Cardinal's seaside excursions. He used to write plays for the little Zaluzetas, and superintend their rehearsals. On one occasion he would not let the play begin until his housekeeper had arrived. "She must not miss the fun," he said.

The children of another family, the Lonergans, were also favorites of the Cardinal.

"When a birthday was to be celebrated at York Place by a children's party the Cardinal's keenness was great. Preparations were made secretly, for they had to be hidden from Mgr. Searle, the economical keeper of the purse, who might spoil the sport. "Buy some water ices, and some cream-ices, and some wafers, but don't tell Searle," were among the Cardinal's instructions."

He enjoyed children's books. "I could not sleep last night," he once said, "so I read 'Kingsley's Water Babies.'" How he would have revelled in "Alice in Wonderland!"

He was more than kind to servants, and he loved to visit the poor.

Once he went to see a coast guard's wife. The poor woman was mortally ill, and this kindness from a great dignitary deeply comforted her. She constantly addressed him as "Your Immense" to his great after delight.

He loved animals, especially his big dog Hekla, and his little dog Tiny; and when the latter was lost, her master could not eat till she was recovered.

He poured out his affectionate heart in intercourse with the only one of his relatives left near him to claim his affection: now the Rev. William Burke, brother of Sir Theobald Burke of Glinsk, Ire.,—and his letters to this ward and nephew during his colleagues are touching self-revelations.

In one of these the Cardinal speaks feelingly of his own early trials of soul and mind, and of the awful loneliness he endured.

"There was one consolation through this early time of trial," he continues, "that the intellectual so thoroughly absorbed the physical, that it made me pass through a passionless youth—I had almost said temptationless."

And further on:—

"In one respect I am now what I was in my early days—alone with my own thoughts and my own pursuits. Not a soul about me ever alludes to anything that would let deeper thoughts have flow."

He longed to pour into other minds, especially into that of his beloved nephew, the acquisitions of his own. He thus concludes the letter from which we have quoted:—

"Try early to get into a consort of mind with others; do not be solitary in your generation; avoid uncommunicated broodings, and even isolated reading. Do not encourage the idea in yourself of a call to a peculiar line or an individual vein. At any rate, let the waters, after having been put up to turn your own mill, flow onwards a generous, open, public stream, grateful to many and fruit-giving on every side. In this way you will be a happy cheerful scholar, not a morose, unkindly bookworm."

In his relations with his friends, ecclesiastics and laymen, he was most simple and kindly. Mr. Ward gives this characteristic incident:—

"When Charles Kean was in course of his Shakespearean revivals at the Princess's, he was at a loss how to dress for Cardinal Wolsey in Henry VIII. In his difficulty he drove to York Place and consulted Wiseman, who thereupon promptly summoned his servant and secretary, and had himself vested in all his robes, giving for the actor's benefit, a kind of extempore lecture on the name and history of each, as it was put on."

He loved the Roman etiquette of his state, which it was very hard to acclimatize in England, and rejoiced in splendid notepaper.

"He likewise kept the table of a Roman Cardinal," says his biographer, "and surprised some Puseyite guests by four courses of fish in Lent—in lieu of the herbs and bread and water which the strictest of the party were accustomed to at Oxford."

His familiar letters were full of drollery—even those addressed to his master of ceremonies, and giving minute rubrical directions, for few ever knew the ritual better, or were more rigid in its observance than he.

Bishop Patterson writes that he was sometimes rather testy; and that Manning once said to him after a great function at the Oblates, "I am never afraid of you—except when you are in vestments"; adding, "Manning himself was very unbrubrical, and never obeyed his master of ceremonies, but argued the points at issue then and there."

Cardinal Wiseman describes a visiting French Bishop to his own master of ceremonies, as "a very functional person."

He was an idealizer, and dwelt but little on the defects of the human side of the Church, or on the faults of the people with whom he had to do. Charity of thought, word and act, was his most notable characteristic—all through his active life and through his dying days, which were, as they are apt to be with merciful men, singularly calm and peaceful. "My mind has been constantly dwelling," he said, "on what it is to be with God."

This is but one of the beautiful utterances of those last days. His faith shone out. "I want everything the Church gives me," he said, speaking of the commendation of the departing soul, etc. He was heard to murmur about "rushing through the angels into God"; and, meditating on the Eternity of the Beatific Vision. "I never heard of any one being tired of the stars."

His life is a great book for this generation. May they read it and profit by it. K. E. C.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Among the ways in which we have thought of Our Blessed Lord of late—the "Man of Sorrows," the "Lamb led to the slaughter," the "Crucified for our sins," the "Risen and glorified Saviour"—there is perhaps no way where He stands out more beautifully, or more lovingly, than when He says of Himself, "I am the Good Shepherd." What title is there that invites us more tenderly, or draws us more closely than this? Both the epistle and the gospel for to-day set Him before us in this light. He has suffered, He has risen. Now, He is our "Good Shepherd," the "Pastor and Bishop of our souls." And the proof of His title is this, "The Good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep."

Our Lord is the same Good Shepherd now as He was during His life on earth. He speaks as truly now as He spoke then, "I am the Good Shepherd." He is more truly, more closely present with His flock than when He suffered His divine nature to be veiled in the feeble frame of a human form. He is with us always—"even unto the consummation of the world." For "we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand."

How is He now our Good Shepherd? First, He leads His sheep. He leads them by His Holy Spirit. He leads them by His example. And again, as He leads His sheep, so He also feeds them. "He hath set me in a place of pasture," says the Psalmist, "He hath brought me up on the water of refreshment." How much better would it be for us if we hungered and thirsted more for that heavenly food and for those living waters! For then, according to the promise of the Beatitudes, "we should be filled." Has He not said: "I am the Living Bread, which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this Bread he shall live forever; and the Bread which I will give is My Flesh for the life of the world." That is true food wherewith the Good Shepherd feeds His flock; and at this Paschal season we have every reason to be mindful of our need of it, and of our obligation to receive it. And while we speak of our Divine Shepherd thus caring for His sheep, those tender words of the Prophet Isaiah arise in our memory—words full of sweetness, as though sung by choirs of angels, "He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd; He shall gather together the lambs with His arm, and shall take them up in His bosom; and He Himself shall carry them that are with young."

And once more, as the gospel tells us, the Good Shepherd will seek out and help even the wandering sheep and bring them back to His fold.

Are we among the number of those wandering sheep? Have we strayed far from the flock, caught perhaps in the thorns and brambles of some besetting sin? He will seek us, no matter how far we have wandered; He has sought us over and over again; He is seeking us now. Oh! despite not His gracious promises; oh! reject not His proffered love. Alas! for our blindness, which will not see His guiding hand, and for our deafness, which will not hear His warning voice! Let us follow Him—our Divine Ex-

ample, our Good Shepherd—through ever greener pastures, by ever purer streams. Let us never be content until we, with all the flock, at last arrive at that blessed fold where they shall not hunger nor thirst any more; neither shall the sun fall on them, nor any heat: for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall rule them and shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE IRISH SOLDIER.

His Reckless, Jovial Nature in the Face of Danger.

The dare devil bravery of the Irish soldier, who with a joke on his lips would plunge recklessly into the thick of the fight, will always command admiration even from the wise, who recommend the virtue of prudence. In The Constitution, of Atlanta, Georgia, H. Atkinson recently gave an interesting account of him as he was found in the volunteer ranks that helped so greatly to save the Union in the great struggle.

"And the Irish volunteer," says the writer, "that compound of recklessness, joviality, hard fighting and impudence of discipline in camp! In our western regiments he appeared more usually as an atom, floating in the cosmopolitan organizations, but in a certain few cases he coalesced with kindred atoms and made an Irish regiment. Happy the commander who had one of these in his line when the enemy lay behind obstructions and had to be routed out by a charge. If the officers would but show good mettle, the Irish regiment would go it an earthwork with a glad shout, as if men meeting sweethearts in the wilderness. The Irish soldier was easy to drill, as a general thing, and if, as was frequently the case, an ex soldier of the British army was the drill master, they mastered the manual and facings most readily. Such a sergeant's method involved a curious mixture of grim severity and happy badinage."

"Attention, you triflers!" (we have omitted Mr. Atkinson's brogue), "keep your eye to the front! Right shoulder: shift arms!" in a voice like muttered thunder. Then in a sort of whining tone:—

"O Rafferty, slope your gun, man! Don't be holding it straight in the air. Suppose it 'ud go off, man? 'Tis shooting the angels in heaven you'd be, you cursed tailor!"

"General R—, who, as the soldiers phrased it, 'put on a good deal of side,' once bawled the column of staff officers, orderlies and cavalry escort without which he never moved, and treated severely a straggler from the—(Ohio Irish) who was sitting beside the road, stripped to the waist, anointing himself with some mercurial ointment, a sure cure for parasites. The General closed some hard language with the query, 'What the d— do you mean? What are you doing here in the rear of your company, sir? To which the high private replied, respectfully:—

"Sure, I'm musterin' my body guard, General!"

"These Irish volunteers could chaff an officer with such perfect external respect and such sober faces that only an adept could read below the surface. The writer here quotes an instance of a surgeon who during the second year of the war had made himself unpopular by 'insisting on each company having one man relieved from other duties to act as cook, thus breaking up innumerable little groups of chums who were messing together (sad messing it was for the most part!) and thus made a great deal of ill feeling. While this was rife, the surgeon happened to ride up to a sentry line one day, asked of the sentry pacing his beat—a bold, chunky chap, with legs like a Roman centurion, as an eyewitness has said—to what regiment he belonged, adding something to a fellow-officer as to the excellent physical condition of the man. The sentry said he was of the—th Ohio. 'Ah! quoth the doctor, 'how are your men messing now?' 'We are,' said the sentry, still holding his musket at present arms, 'now cooking by brigades.'"

"The first battle for entirely green troops, when officers and men are alike new to the business, generally brings on a good deal of solemn feeling until the boys get warmed up and realize that every one is not going to get killed or hit immediately, and I think green troops are more engaged in thinking each one of himself than of anything else. Probably a good many unexpressed prayers and resolutions to do better in the future, if any future is left, might be discovered by a mind reader. But even in those moments the reckless Irish humor comes out.

"I wonder if the incident recalled of an Illinois infantry man at Shiloh was adapted from an ancient tale or was really found on approximate facts? As given over the camp fire it ran that the soldier in the mad scurry of firing at will at short range got a second cartridge rammed down his Esfield, the first having missed fire, and in the smoke and excitement went on ramming down another after each unsuccessful attempt to fire the piece. His Lieutenant, seeing that he was in trouble, angrily took the rifle from him, and with better success discharged it himself with an explosion like that of a twenty-four pounder. The private, from behind the tree had jumped to as his officer raised the gun, yelled out, as his lieutenant went over backwards:—

"For the love of Heaven, Lieutenant, hold her strong! There's five more loads to come out!"

"With all its rollicking devilry, the

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In his appearance, General Custer brought me up and presented me to Sheridan, and we had some talk—some talks, then and after—which I still hold in delighted memory.

"I remember, before meeting Sheridan, I had had some conversation with General Grant in which the name and the career of General Sheridan came up. Grant delighted me as an Irishman by telling me that the common idea that Sheridan was only a brilliant, daring successful soldier—a sort of Irish American Murat—was a mere error."

"He spoke in the highest language of Sheridan's military genius, foresight, self control—pictured him as a genuine master in the art of war. Sheridan, he said emphatically, was a man who could command an army of a million soldiers, and do anything with them. I need hardly say that all this only increased my eagerness to meet the man who had 'pushed things' and brought the war to a close."

Father Faber on Our Lady. Mary was the choice of God Himself, and He chose her to be His mother. She was the gate by which the Creator entered into His own creation. She ministered to Him in any and for an end unlike those of any other creature whatsoever. What, then, must have been her beauty, what her holiness, what her privileges, what her exaltation.

When the shadow of the everlasting decree stole upon her, Mary, the wonderful and chosen creature, was alone and, accordingly to the universal belief, immersed in prayer. She was spending the hours of the silent night in closest union with God. Her spirit, then as always, was doubtless raised in ecstasy to heights of rapturous contemplation. It was in the act of her prayer that the Word took possession of His created home.

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"For the at justice of God. Brethren, the Wise Man turneth away wrath, and God's work and man's wrath do calculated unless it be wrath of God call human there are mothers of I would make them with. We know a better man harsh one, God employ to be sure, nor does His love wh severance, part is nee God's love instrument You may sinners in the prison. But more the loving terrors of ample from whole our anger only selves lacke hypocrites by our Lor pitiless, a glutton, d cause he s dying beg harlot Ma saved by o encouraging self would had not ne reproach of Our Lord's He may ha bers, but b gave them bitter taste But it is anger of m God"; it w and of hell dren to you Angry wo instead of I know of I able than doomed to scolding n father. Th body. Chi food have to say, ba the good life. So w food make manner se quarrelling timid and as bad—vi

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