

Systematic Catholic Charity.

(By Our Own Reviewer.)

In "Woman's Home Companion," Rev. John Talbot Smith, chaplain of the Convent of Mercy, New York city, has an admirable and a well illustrated article on "The Philanthropic Work of the Catholic Church." It is not our purpose to analyze the contribution, but we may remark that being attracted to it by a very fine cut of the Montreal Maternity Hospital, which is numbered amongst its resolutions, we decided to read it carefully; and having done so we find one or two passages which have a great interest for Catholics in general, and a couple of others that touch upon particular phases of charitable work, or works of mercy, as they are carried on by Catholic organizations.

Father Smith's writings need no introduction from us, as most of our readers are familiar with them. In speaking of the Catholic system of charity (Father Smith persists in using the qualifying term "Roman," as if there were more Catholic churches than one), he tells us: "Among Roman Catholics the work of charity is carried on under a fairly successful system, whose flexibility is sufficient to permit of adaption to new circumstances and to utilize promptly individual effort. The weakness of the best system lies in its inflexibility on these points. When a system fails to adapt itself to the needs of the hour, it falls into routine and dies; when it shuts out or checks the individual worker, its achievement diminishes. The system of organized charity used by Catholics is simple enough, yet I doubt if at first sight the average observer would properly take in its scope. Roughly speaking, all charitable work is carried on by four distinct bodies—religious communities of men and women, bound by vow to lead the common life and to do the works of charity; lay members of the Church, formed into parochial societies, with an executive committee headed by the Bishop of the diocese's individuals without affiliation to parish or diocesan authority; and a combination of all three under a single direction. The circle of their activity is always the diocese, and the ex-officio head is always the Bishop."

After referring to private or individual work, Father Smith comes down to the consideration of a special diocese and selects New York as the example. Here we must leave the interesting article and skip to a point where a more general view and one affecting Catholics the world over, is taken up. The most interesting and directly important work of charity treated is that of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. In view of the good and effective work being done by that association in Montreal, it may interest its members to know what Father Smith has to say about it in general, and in New York in particular. He says:—

"The most interesting department of charity from many points of view is that managed entirely by laymen united in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The history, the constitution and the success of this charitable organization make wonderful reading in the annals of charity. The society was founded early in the last century by a French gentleman who had been taunted with the assertion from his infidel neighbors that Christianity was a dead force, and could never initiate new social movements for the betterment of men. Frederic Ozanam undertook to prove the falsity of the assertion by the establishment of a society of laymen who would perform the works of Christian charity as they were immediately required. In each parish a little group of men was formed under the direction of the parish priest, and such work was undertaken as suited the leisure of the members. Not only were the poor of the parish looked after, but the hospitals were visited, the young were aided in every possible way, the dissolute were exhorted and encouraged to a clean life, the spiritually destitute were cared for, the sick and the dying were attended in their own homes, and the dead were decently buried. The work became immensely popular, spread rapidly throughout France, and then invaded all the countries of the world. Before his death the founder had proved the saunts of the infidel rather foolish since the Society of St. Vincent de Paul had become a parish in the United States to-day that is with-

out a branch of this useful organization. It is pre-eminently the layman's charity, the busy man's form of personal work in charity's domain. Though only in its infancy in this country, its membership must be fifty thousand. In the city of New York its activity and success have marked it for the attention of social students. Besides its regular work of looking after the poor of the parish at all times, and particularly in the winter season, the members have taken up special forms of aid for the needy, such as clubs for working boys, nurseries, reading-rooms and employment bureaus. The society is destined to be a very great factor in the solution of charitable problems, for the reason that its methods bring all the members into direct contact with the conditions of the poor and train them to handle difficulties with success."

There are two other subjects with which Father Smith deals that we cannot pass over—one is the Catholic charitable work amongst Indians and colored people; the other, is concerning the stupendous work of charity in general, on this continent, carried on by the Catholic Church. Here are Father Smith's remarks:—

"Probably the most difficult problems in the field of charity are concerned with the colored people and the Indians, with whose condition the state and the individual philanthropist have been dealing more or less sensibly for the last thirty years. The result is still considered shadowy by the experts, and the hasty have declared that there will never be results. Certainly the outlook has not been encouraging. Among Roman Catholics the work for the colored people finds its brightest horizon in the work of Rev. J. R. Slattery with his seminary and college for the training of young men for the colored missions, and in the religious community of colored nuns with headquarters at New Orleans. The colored nuns number about two hundred, and work faithfully in school, hospital, refuge and academy for the welfare of their race. They gain ground yearly, in spite of the tremendous difficulties of the situation—difficulties multiplied by the social position, by politics, and by racial problems. Father Slattery has a harder task in dealing with the problem of finding missionaries of their own race to evangelize the colored people. At various points through the South missions have been established by the bishops, and sums of money are collected annually in every diocese for the colored people and the Indians. In New York city the Church of St. Benedict the Moor, on West 53rd street, is the place of worship for colored people, and out at Rye an orphanage cares for two hundred colored children. The Indians have had their missionaries and teachers from the beginning, and they can be found wherever there is an Indian encampment through the West. In 1880 a member of the Drexel family founded a religious community for the purpose of carrying on the work among the Indians and the colored people, and endowed it with her entire fortune. Miss Drexel is known now as Mother Mary Katherine, superior of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. She presides over a body of nuns numbering one hundred, and while training them for the special work which they are to do, in the convent at Maud, Pennsylvania, she takes charge of five hundred poor children and of an industrial school for Pueblo Indians at Santa Fe."

"In round numbers there are about nine hundred Roman Catholic charitable institutions in the hundred dioceses of this country, caring for some fifty thousand persons, orphans, sick, blind, aged, destitute; but this statement takes no account of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, with its fifty thousand members and its continuous work for the needy who are not to be reached by institutions. And neither are there figures showing the value of the properties held by the charity organizations."

QUEER OCCUPATION.

Charged with vagabondage, a youth who was arrested by the Paris police the other day declared that he gained a living as a professional applauder of public meetings at about 65 cents a night.

BAPTIST CHURCH FOR SALE.

The sheriff of Essex County, N. J., is advertising for sale at public auction the building and property of the Oakwood Avenue Baptist Church of Orange to satisfy two judgments secured against the church, amounting to \$41,300. The church was erected about 18 months ago. The builders brought the suits against the church. Meanwhile the trustees of the church are making endeavors to raise the needed funds so the church will not be sold.

A Reminiscent Pilgrimage.

What a beautiful chapter is that written by Rev. Dr. Goblet, in the "Missionary Annals of Mary Immaculate," wherein he describes the Isles of Leirus and teijs the stories of the great and ancient monastery. That was the shrine where St. Patrick prayed and fasted and prepared for his mission of glory to Ireland. What a world of information is given in a few short pages about that history-haunted region and about the persecutions that were perpetrated in the sacred name of Liberty, by that Revolution which, in its deluge of human blood left not a mountain-top for Ark of liberty to rest upon.

This chapter is only a link in the chain of the gifted writers recollections, but it is one so full of history and so intensely interesting that we make no apology for reproducing it in full:—

But I have dwelt over much upon the preliminary history of Lerins I will only add how the great abbey that enclosed 3,500 monks sent many of its inmates throughout Gaul in response to appeals for bishops and abbots.

Shortly after the death of St. Honoratus there came a monk of ascetic mien, grave and pensive, who prostrated himself in prayer one hundred times a day! It was Patrick who, for nine years in the depths of solitude and under the lash of discipline, sought for strength to achieve by the practice of heroic virtue and the outpouring of Apostolic zeal, the conversion of Ireland. This reminiscence furnishes an explanation of our Irish Father's presence on the pilgrimage.

Next came the bad time of Saracenic invasions in the VIII. century, when the holy abbot Porcaire together with 500 monks fell martyred,—massacred by the scimitar of Islam. In the XII. century, fresh massacres, fresh martyrs.

On this account Abbot Aldebert II, constructed in the south of the Isle an imposing square tower, still to be seen and known as the Chateau St. Honorat. The moment the watch espied any pirate sails the bell of the abbey pealed forth the alarm and was answered by the whole community fleeing to the battlemented tower. But not always did this fortification withstand assault; fire and sword often proved too strong for it. And the pirates did not always come from Barbary: Sometimes they were Genoese, Provençaux, Spaniards Austrians or English.

The abbatial jurisdiction of Honoratus's successor extended from Estrel to the promontory of Antibes, Cannes, Vallauris. The re-construction in 1500 of Valluris was the special work of one of the abbots, Regnier de Lascaris. This may not be remembered by the proud democracy inhabiting the borough enriched by the ceramic art.

The French Revolution annihilated monastic life. But thanks be to God, the voice of prayer silenced for fifty years is raised aloft once more. Lerins renews its spiritual existence under the influence of the Cistercians. The Church of Lyons had claimed St. Eucherius, but it gave back a monk consecrated abbot in 1889, and destined to be the restorer of Lerins. He it was who extended to us a warm welcome on our arrival, the Father Abbot, Dom Marie Colombar.

The smaller isle has always preserved its religious aspect; not so the larger. After the attempts of Saints Eucherius and Galla to make of it a monastic colony, it became a retreat for the contemplative monks in quest of deeper solitude. Finally it was ceded as a fief to the inhabitants of Cannes, who paid the monastery every year six crowns and two capons.

Under Richelieu the Isle of St. Margaret became the property of the State, and was converted into a fort. The entrance to the Gulf of Napouie formed an admirable base for operations of a defensive character. The present St. Margaret's fort, built by Vauban, has served as a prison for the Man in the Iron Mask and for Marshal Bazaine.

And so we had reached the Isle of Saint Margaret. Instantly cured of sea-sickness our Irish companion regained his usual serenity and gaiety. We climbed the steep and rugged cliff, passed through the gateway and arrived at the fort. It is quite a military citadel, composed of a company of soldiers, besides sick and convalescent members of the Foreign Legion. It is close on eleven-mess-time to which no soldier is indifferent. The sight is cheering enough. There under the plantains and olive trees is seated a regiment in front of what is demolished with a rare good appetite. The men are almost silent. Here they still await quietly and hood-humoredly the arrival of the corporal carrying gravely a large tureen—were he to trip, "What a fall was there!"—that exhaled a pleasing and seductive odor. Over there angry words are exchanged between a soldier and a subaltern engaged in distributing the contents of the post-box. He is displeased at not receiving his daily papers. Whilst waiting for a guide we find some amusement in our military surroundings. At length he arrives—a fine man of soldierly bearing; a non-commissioned officer, not yet middle aged; a good talker and a kindly person.

Together we cross the Rue des Officiers, lined with barracks distinguishable by the names they bear of French victories—Lodii Arcola, Rivoli, etc., and reach the chapel of Saint Margaret—the parish Church of this military citadel. Every Sunday a priest comes over from Cannes to say Mass. We were shown the small tabernacle in marble that used to be in the old chapel frequented by the Iron Mask. Thence, across two terraces to the prisons. Here is a cell for soldiers. It is cold, severe and bare; a few inclined boards serve for a bed. Poor prisoners! Though sympathizing with you I still recognize the need of your harsh code. Further along this Cimierian corridor our guide stays his steps in front of a massive door dotted with nails and chequered with bars and in tragic tones said:—"It is there!"

What? The prison of the Iron Mask—that mysterious man whose personality has baffled historians and delighted romancists, who after a first detention at Pignerol was transferred to Saint Margaret remaining there seventeen years, next to the Chateau d'If near Marseilles, and finally to the Bastille where he died in 1703.

What shall we say of this miserable man? It may be fashionable to inveigh against tyrannical monarchies, but what about republican excesses? I will refrain and instead quote Theodore de Beville:—"The door swung on its hinges and we entered this iniquitous chamber; each of its bricks washed by scalding tears! It is not narrow, is arched and lighted with a single grated window—cut in a wall twelve feet thick, through which the Mediterranean can just be espied and the green mountains of Var. At one end was a small altar where Mass used occasionally to be said." Before quitting this famous prison we wrote our names in the visitors' book and bought views of it—quite dear enough.

Still another prisoner's cell remains to be seen. It of more immediate interest than the Iron Mask, he aroused less pity. Marshal Bazaine, the traitor of Metz, was better lodged than the prisoner of Louis XIV. His goal was a whole house at one end of the Rue des Officiers, in front of which was a platform on which he walked backwards and forwards in the full enjoyment of a magnificent view if his guilty conscience allowed him the contemplation. You must be pure-minded and clean-hearted to enjoy the beauties of nature. Was Bazaine the criminal he was supposed to be by the Versailles tribunal in 1873? I believe it, since he was duly condemned by court-martial; the Duc d'Aumale being among his judges. Imprisoned on the 26th December, 1873, the prisoner succeeded in escaping during the night of August 9th, and fled to Madrid where he ended his sad career.

Various thrilling accounts, more or less true, are given of his hairbreadth escape. How he let himself down by a cord into a boat where his wife anxiously awaited him. Of his guilt our guide was convinced, for he bore the brand of Cain, so he said.

On leaving the fort we went down to the beach to make the tour of the island from its western side. Sweet-scented tracks abound everywhere and a semi-principal vegetation spreads itself all around. Leaving on our right the ruined tower en Badiguer Point, beautifully reflected in a pond, we cut across the island towards the shore where our boat was moored. A stately pine forest covers the whole central plateau, and its many varieties of pine—the Aleppo, sea-side or Taurian pine, etc., afforded us grateful shade from the rays of the sun. Such rich vegetation, such sunny weather, such deep silence all combined to make us believe we were in an enchanted world.

The way to the beach was across the forest and as we went along we gradually discerned the Isle of Honoratus in picturesque garb of green, rocked as it were by the waves, yet ever still, with the monastery belfry dominating the who's. Henceforth let us no longer be tourists but pilgrims. We crossed the narrow turquoise-blue strip of sea that separated the islands in no time, but not without our Irish friend again exclaiming St. Patrick's purgatory!

The Irish In Australia.

While we are deeply attached to Ireland as descendants of Irishmen from the Old Land, or as children of the so-called Empire, we are also interested in Australia, as being one of the great colonies, as is Canada, a limited degree of knowledge concerning that great Commonwealth, as well as regarding the share that Irishmen had in its building up. Consequently we are pleased to receive authentic information on this interesting subject, come it from whatsoever source. In a recent issue of the London "New Ireland," Mr. William Redmond, M.P., has published a most instructive article upon the Irish in Australia, in which he shows that one quarter of the inhabitants of that great country are of Irish blood, and that no more patriotic Irish men and women than these exiles from Erin. He tells of the persecutions they had to suffer in the early days of the colony, and the picture would recall, in a way, that of the sufferings of the early Catholic settlers in the New England States. The article is too lengthy for reproduction, but there are some fine passages which deserve to be widely circulated, especially on account of the historical information that they contain.

Dealing with the Irish people as prominent and distinguished in every walk of life in that colony, Mr. Redmond says:—

"In every walk in life the Irish are prominent and distinguished. In all the State Parliaments our people are represented, while in the newly-formed Commonwealth Parliament there are not a few distinguished Irishmen, two of the most brilliant of whom are members of the Commonwealth Cabinet—Mr. O'Connor of Sydney and Mr. Kingston of Adelaide, South Australia. One could compile a goodly list of our countrymen who to-day, in Assembly and Senate, are helping to build up and govern a great new nation in the Southern Hemisphere, but in the compass of a short article it is impossible to do so. In the early days of Australia Irishmen wrote their names largely in the political history of the land, and the names of Duffy and O'Shannessy, to mention but two, will not easily be forgotten. Gavan Duffy's sons also achieved distinction, one of them being in the Victorian Government long ago, when first I visited Australia. To-day the Prime Minister of Victoria is Mr. Irvine, the nephew of John Mitchel, who was transported to Tasmania with others of the men of '48. Australasia is imperishably associated with the struggle of Ireland for freedom. The visitor to Tasmania will find fascination in the places which were the homes of the brave Young Irishmen, and to come to a later date, in the old gift West Australia will be ever of interest to the lovers of John Boyle O'Reilly, whose romantic escape from the convict settlement is sufficient, in the mere reading of it to-day, to stir one's blood, as is also the story of the rescue of the Fenian prisoners from West Australia in the famed American vessel, the Catalpa."

It would seem to have been decreed for the Irish race that whenever and wherever they were faithful to the teachings of St. Patrick, they had to preserve that treasure at the cost of untold sacrifices and sufferings, and to be the victims of systematic persecution. In Australia they found no exception. On this subject Mr. Redmond writes:—

"In the old, bad days of long ago our people in Australia were persecuted with great barbarity. They were refused the right to practice their religion, and for insisting they were flogged and their priests banished. Cardinal Moran, in his work upon the Catholic Church in Australia, gives a most enthralling account of the early struggles and sufferings of Irish priests and people in Australia. I remember one incident related in this book which will give some idea of how our people had to suffer, and which will illustrate, at the same time, how in the end they triumphed over all attempts to destroy their religious convictions. In Sydney the little wooden house of an Irishman, of Co. Wexford—his name was, I think, Davis—was used as a chapel, where the Catholics used to come to meet their priests and to hear Mass. One day the Governor had the congregation dispersed, the people were forbidden to practice their religion, and the priest was banished. Davis, however, carefully preserved the Blessed Sacrament in his little house, where the people used still to come secretly

to worship. Thus was reverently guarded the Host for a long period, till the law was relaxed, and a priest allowed to return to the Settlement. Upon the site of that faithful Irishman's little wooden house now stands St. Patrick's Church in Sydney, and there to-day thousands of Irishmen worship in peace. No Irishman, in fact, reading the Cardinal's book can feel anything but pride in view of the splendid position our race now holds under the Southern Cross. That it is a splendid position admits of no doubt.

"The volume of Cardinal Moran and Mr. Davitt's work on Australia, as well as Mr. Hogan's "Irish Australia," will give, as cannot be given in an article, an adequate account of the achievements of the scattered children of the Gael at the other end of the world. I have been fortunate enough to have had exceptional opportunities of meeting our kith and kin in Australia. They prosper under the freedom they enjoy; they are esteemed and respected by their fellow-citizens; they are full of devotion to the Irish cause, and their children inherit to the full all the best traditions and characteristics of their race. As in America, so in Australia, the children of the people who were banished by the operation of laws framed to destroy Ireland have strengthened Ireland in reality by preserving the Irish spirit, invigorated and freshened in an atmosphere of freedom."

There is another point upon which we are very glad, Mr. Redmond has touched. It has long been a supposition that the earlier generations in Australia were the descendants of convicts. And this belief broadened into one that all the earlier settlers in the section of the globe, were malefactors and the refuse of society. This was an idea that found origin in the fact that Australia had been a penal colony. With Mr. Redmond's comments on this point, we will close our citations from his admirable article. He says:—

"In truth, all through the history of Australia Irish names and noble Irish deeds abound. But our people have known what it was to suffer for their faith and their nationality in Australia also. In the early days of settlement some of the first arrivals in the great new land were Irish. Immense batches of Irish prisoners, in many cases accompanied by priests of their Church, were transported before and after the Rebellion of '98. Some were consigned for political offenses, and others for trivial reasons, for in those days transportation was the punishment for many things, and one can imagine how the Irish Government of that time eagerly took the opportunity of ridding itself of inconvenient Irishmen. It has sometimes been used as a taunt against Australia that some of her people are the descendants of convicts. As a matter of fact, there is little truth in the statement. Most of the convicts died out or escaped. The vast majority of Australians are free emigrants, or their children. But the taunt about the convict settlements in Australia involves no slur upon Irish-Australians, for everybody knows how Irish convicts are made even in this day, and that in the days of a hundred years ago Irishmen were transported by the hundred and by the thousand, for offenses which simply meant that they were true to their country and their creed."

Patent Report.

For the benefit of our readers we publish a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and American Governments through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.C.

Any information relating thereto will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

CANADA.

- Nos. 82,218—Roch Brien, Montreal, Que. Hoaster. 82,219—Roch Brien, Montreal, Que. Stove. 82,375—Narcisse Boulanger, Lac Noir (Megantic), Que. Pipe wrench. 82,389—Wm. Plunkett, Keene, Ont. Threshing machine. 82,439—Dona Boisvert, Providence, R.I. Electric semaphore. 82,441—Messrs. Dore & Demers, La Prairie, Que. Acetylene gas generator.

UNITED STATES.

- No. 785,793—Joseph Moresu, St. Germain de Grantham, Que. Bark removing machine.



CHAPTER XXXIII.—C

The unfortunate Harder sometime strayed over the hall of the cottage, with a man who has just returned from the hands of justice, and another room appropriated for another room appropriated for another room. O'Connell, presided at the graduation of ranks in the apartment was similar to the other, but the company quite so scrupulous in the sense of silence. A general audible whispering conversation carried on, in which a gentleman who were spinning the ladies, took no part. A hush, of some duration, took place on the part of Harder, and a hundred eyes were turned on his extreme paleness, the wild eyes, and the ghastly at-courtesy which he made a degree, occasioned a degree of surprise. He passed on, to his seat by the side of Miss Moll, who, like Mihil, placed attention to the account of a and entered him at once in the list of favorites.

A number of young ladies seated on the right of the lady, and at a distance of long table, round which a number of females of all rank dressed out in all the doing honor to Mrs. O. tea and coffee. One or two gentlemen were waiting small circle of ladies, who near the fire, with tea, etc. The younger of the handsome lad, of a cultivated, seemed wholly occupied showing off his grace and the other, a grave wag, amused the ladies by paying ceremonious attention to the man's wives and daughters other side of the fire, and himself by provoking the laugh.

Revolutions in private, active life, are occasions which the noblest and meanest of our nature—the extensiveness and of selfishness—Lawry took away the view, he encountered in the kitchen, a few sullen and did faces. Some complained they had not experienced the attention since their arrival others declared, they had "as much as one cup o' tay" "Why, then, mend ye!" "say "why didn't you call for it?" think people that's in trouble way, has nothing else to do be thinkin' o' ye an' o' yer drinkin'!" What talk it is! people in this world, I b'lieve thinks more o' their own little than o' the lives an' fortune the rest."

So saying, he took a chair the large kitchen fire which those in the other two apartments was surrounded by a class of. On a wooden form at the were seated the female servants, opposite to the horse-driver, the mutes, the of two or three hack-carriages, one or two of the gentlemen vants. The table was covered bread, jugs of punch, and C. A few, exhausted by the preceding night's watching and powered by the heat of the flying asleep in various post the settle-bed at the farther "Twill be a good funeral the horse-driver, laying as mug of porter, from which just taken a refreshing draught. "If it isn't, it ought," said "they're people, sir, that a known in the country."

"Surely, surely," said one hack-coachman, taking a pip the corner of his mouth, "as lived, too, by all accounts." "Ah, she was a queen of woman," said Lowry. "She good for this world. Oh, voi the use o' talking at all! Sur only a few days since I was the bacon at the table over, standin' a near me, knitting afraid, Lowry," says she, "we didn't get another o' them p. ed." Little she thought that that they'd outlast herself never lived to see 'em in pick. A pause of deep affliction in this speech, which was once broken by the horse-driver, "The grandest funeral."