

# The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME 9.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1887.

NO. 439.

## THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S MOTHER.

BY D. P. MCCARTHY.

"Oh! come, my mother, come away across the sea-green water; Oh! come with me, come with me, the husband of thy daughter; Oh! come with me, come with me, the sister and the brother; Who, prattling, climb thine aged knees, and call thy daughter—mother."

"Oh! come, and leave this land of death—this land of desolation—This speck upon the sun-bright face of God's smiling creation; Since now o'er all our fatal stars the most malignant hath risen, When Labor seeks the Poorhouse, and Innocence the Prison."

"The true o'er all the sun-brown fields the husky wheat is bending; 'Tis true God's blessed hand at last a better time is sending; 'Tis true the island's aged face looks happier and younger, But in the best of days we've seen the sickness and the hunger."

"When health breathed out in every breeze, too oft we've known the fever—Too oft, my mother, have we felt the hand of the bereaver; Too well remember many a time the mournful task that brought him, When freshness fanned the summer in the glow of autumn."

"But when the trial, O'uch severe, still testified our patience, We bowed with unglad hope and fear to God's wise dispensation; We felt the gloomiest time was but a promise and a warning, Just as the darkest hour of night is herald of the morning."

"But now through all the bleak expanse no hopeful morning breaks—No bird of promise in our hearts, the gleam of some song wakes; No far-off gleam of good light up the hills of expectation; Nought but the gloom that might precede the world's annihilation."

"So, mother, turn thine aged feet, and let our children lead us down to the ship that waits us soon to plenty and to freedom; Forgetful of our dark old land, yet all the past forgiving; Come, let us leave the dying land, and fly unto the living."

"They tell us, they, who read and think of Ireland's ancient story, How once the Emerald Flag flung out a sunburst's fleeting glory; Oh! if that sun will pierce no more the dark clouds that efface it, Fly where the rising stars of Heaven congregate to replace it."

"So come, my mother, come away across the sea-green water; Oh! come with me, and come with me, the husband of thy daughter; Oh! come with me, and come with me, the sister and the brother; Who, prattling, climb thine aged knees, and call thy daughter—mother."

"Oh! go, my children, go away—obey this inspiration, Go with the manning hopes of youth and youthful expectation; Go, clear the forest, climb the hills, and plough the expectant prairie; Go, in the sacred name of God, and the blessed Virgin Mary's."

"But though I feel how sharp the pang from thee and thine to sever, To lock upon these darling ones the last time and forever; Yet in this sad dark old land, by desolation haunted, My heart has struck its roots too deep ever to be transplanted."

"A thousand fibres still have life, although the trunk is dying—They twine around the yet green grave where thy father's bones are lying; Ah! from that sad and sweet embrace no well or earth can loose them, Though golden rays gleam on its breast and golden sands in its bosom."

"Others are twined around the stone, where Ivy blossoms smother The crumbling lines that trace thy names my father and my mother; God's blessing be upon their souls—God grant, my old heart prays it, Their names be written in the Book who's writing now our destiny."

"Alas! my prayers would never warm within those great old buildings, Those grand cathedral churches, with their marbles and their gildings; Far finer than the proudest dome that would hang in splendor o'er me, Is the simple chapel's white washed wall, where my people kneel before me."

"No doubt it is a glorious land to which you now are going, Like that which God bestowed of old, with milk and honey dawning; But where are the blessed saints of God, whose lives of law remind me, Like Patrick, Brigid, and Columbkille, in the land I'd leave behind me?"

"So leave me here, my children, with my old ways and old notions; Leave me here in peace, with my memories and devotions; Leave me in sight of your father's grave, and where the heavens allied us, Let not, since we were joined in life, even the grave divide us."

"There's not a week but I can hear how you prosper better and better, For the night's fresh ships o'er the sea will bring the expected letter; And if I need grieve for my simple wants, my food or my winter fire, Thou'lt gladly spare from thy growing store a little for my requiring."

"Remember with a pitying love the hapless land that bore you, A very fatal pestilence is in its form before you; When the Christmas candle is lighted, and the holly and ivy glisten, Let your eye look back for a vanished face—for a voice that is silent, listen!"

"So go, my children, go away—obey this inspiration; Go, with the manning hopes of youth and youthful expectation; Go, clear the forest, climb the hills, and plough the expectant prairie; Go, in the sacred name of God, and the blessed Virgin Mary's."

## ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

### Pastoral of His Grace the Archbishop.

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH, BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND APPOINTMENT OF THE HOLY SEE, ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO, ASSISTANT AT THE PONTIFICAL THRONE, ETC., ETC.

To the Venerable Clergy, Religious Communities, and Beloved Laity of our Archdiocese, Health and Benediction in the Lord.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

Our modern civilization, the out come of discoveries in the arts and sciences, has resulted in procuring for the rich and the well-to-do every worldly comfort at a minimum of cost. Whence the poor and the working people are too often imposed on and treated as slaves to supply these comforts to the rich. Now we hear of strikes of the working men for better wages and these strikes are nearly always attended by great injury to the poor themselves and great disturbance of public order. These strikes may in the end obtain fairer wages for the workingman, but such strikes should not be necessitated. What is the remedy for such an evil? An honest and friendly understanding between the employer and the employed. Let the employed present to his employer a statement of the moderate expenses of living for himself and family, including the cost of rent of house, fuel, clothing for self and family, good nourishing food to enable him to work hard, a sum to provide for the reasonable education of his children and a little to spare for sickness and for a rainy day. Then let the employer consider this bill and say what should a man have in the day or week to meet those necessary expenses. And let fair wages be paid accordingly. The employer may say that if he increase the wages of his men he will be unable to sell his goods so as to please his customers and at the same time make a reasonable living for himself and family. Competition, he will say is too keen. Then, all round, let a heavier price be put on goods that the laborer may be paid better hire. For instance let the railway companies add a trifle to the fares and let their workmen be fairly paid, for on them depend the lives of the travelling public, and on their efficiency the promptness of trade transactions. A similar course should be pursued with miners and all other workmen and women. A rich man wants to build a grand house and furnish it luxuriously. Let him do so. He is both able and willing to pay for it, but let him see that the men who work for him have fair wages. "Despise not the hungry and the thirsty," and we know that the oppression of the poor cries to heaven for vengeance. There would not be so much poverty there were less vicious indulgence in intoxication and debauchery on the one hand, and were there more thoughtfulness and less luxury on the other.

There is another grievous evil which if

ostered and put in practice would be the occasion of a universal upheaval of society, of civil war, plunder, massacre and devastation, in fact the ruin of all order. It is called socialism, the leveling down of all classes of society, the reduction of the good and hard-working to the level of the vicious and lazy. According to its principles all the property accumulated by talent and hard labor should be equally distributed among the multitude. The poor, however shiftless, would thus become rich but would soon again become poor through their extravagance and want of foresight and would be ready and clamorous as ever for a new division which the hard-working would scarcely like. Such a state of things would be the paradise of the wicked for a while, but could not last. This socialism has been condemned by the church as well as by the civil authorities.

Another serious question at the present time regards the ownership of land. This matter has been settled from the beginning of the world. God, the creator of this earth, gave it to the children of men, and after the fall they were condemned to labor and work it for their subsistence. God, therefore, has the sovereign dominion over it, and the children of men possess it from him, as an inheritance. The better to understand this question, we shall give a short history of how the land was first possessed. After the deluge the sons of Noe, having remained together for a time for mutual help and comfort, scattered, and took up separate portions of the earth's surface for their own use and for that of their children and posterity. As their posterity increased they spread out and took possession of other lands. These lands were then possessed in common, but the Patriarch or head of the family had the disposal and government of the lands and divided them among his children and grandchildren. In these circumstances originated the tribal tenure of land. Under it the land is possessed in common by the tribe and one tribe cannot without injustice encroach on the rightfully possessed lands of another. This tribal system yet endures in the east and in the west was longest preserved by the Celtic family both Scotch and Irish. Until recent years the Macdonalds and other tribes in Scotland possessed in this way certain portions of the country as in Ireland the O'Neils, the Desmonds, and others possessed their portions.

At the breaking up of this tribal system and on the introduction of the feudal system, many of the heads of the families usurped large portions of the common property as though belonging to them as individuals, and such so that feudal system by which land is mostly owned in Europe commenced by what might be known as usurpation and robbery. But as it has taken root for so many centuries it would be against the common good and the peace of society to disturb it. It is not correct to say that what was unjust in the beginning can never be made just. Circumstances may change an "unjust"

into a "justice." For instance an adventurer may take possession of a country unjustly and the people may resist him as long as they can. Finally they are reduced to subjection. This ruler's reign is evidently founded in injustice. After many years, the people freely accept him as their ruler. His sovereignty is then lawful, because governing the country for the country's good, wisely and legitimately by the consent of the people. Were Ireland so governed (wisely and well) there would be no people more loyal.

When the Normans conquered England their chief or king claimed the right to take possession of all the lands and to give them out to his retainers, receiving from them a certain small amount as an acknowledgment of the king's chief ownership. In Ireland the fee simple of the land was never supposed to be vested in the sovereign, hence also the modern French did not permit their sovereigns to be called kings of France but simply kings of the French. This feudal system was introduced into this country from the very beginning.

The land was taken possession of in the name of the sovereign who then issued patents of land for a consideration. The land therefore is for the children of men, but once an individual gets possession of it by first allotment from the patriarch or head of the community, or by purchase or inheritance, then the land is his and it would be robbery to take it from him without fair compensation. Should another come to this man and say, "those possessions are not yours; they are equally mine, for God gave the land to the children of men." The possessor might very justly answer, "I am of the children of men and I will keep my possessions."

The government of a country has the eminent domain, the abstract dominion of the land, the disposal of it for the common good. It may regulate its tenure, it may tax it for public purposes or it may take a portion for the public good, the owner being necessarily granted fair compensation. Landlords hold their lands not by absolute right but by a right subservient to the public good. Forgetfulness of this subserviency of their rights to the public weal has caused many a grant abuses to creep in; and to repress them the government, notably the government of England has found it necessary to pass laws stopping exorbitant exactions for rent. No landlord has a right to drive off the people living on the lands and paying a fair rent for them. Nor has he a right to displace them that he may put in their stead cattle or other animals. Such a mode of procedure would strengthen the rights not of the people only but also of the government which requires subjects for peace and war.

The Papal Government may be cited here as a model of Christian government. In an address presented by a deputation of French tribunes to His Holiness Pope Pius VII at Fontainebleau, in 1804, under the name of the Order followed shortly afterwards, and much of what the Canadian metropolitans has since become is due to their enterprising spirit and generosity. The present Church of Notre Dame is of plain Gothic architecture, and is built of the native gray stone of which Montreal is chiefly constructed. The interior is magnificent, the grand altar alone having cost upwards of \$100,000.

Church Progress. One step is taken for the benefit of suffering humanity in Illinois, by the introduction of a bill prohibiting the adulteration of liquor. The adoption of such a bill would be far in advance of prohibition; because the former could be enforced, while the latter could not. Moreover, there is no reason why saloon-keepers are at liberty to legally poison their patrons any more than the butcher, the baker, the grocer or any other profession that supplies the necessities of life.

Catholic American. The cable announces that Pere Hyacinthe is making arrangements to preach in a Protestant Episcopal Church in Paris, and adds: "It is expected that the event will mark the final severance of his connection with the Roman Catholic Church." This is late news. He was de facto excommunicated by the Church years ago. Of course he is a priest, and once a priest, a priest forever; but he may not exercise the powers of a priest under pain of sacrilege, and of course if he dies unrepentant, without returning to the Church, there will be no heaven for him.

Daring Lent the Church calls upon her children to do penance, and especially to pray, to fast and to give alms. "By prayer," says Bishop McCrebert, "we humble ourselves before the divine majesty of the Creator and Master of all, and express our confidence in His infinite love and mercy. By fasting and abstinence we deny ourselves, take up our cross and follow the merciful Saviour, who has given us the example of penance and mortification. By alms, we offer to our Heavenly Father, in the persons of the poor and afflicted, a tribute of love and gratitude for all the spiritual and temporal gifts we have received from His kind Providence." These are the three eminent good works proposed by the Church for the sanctification of her children.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. The impression among Protestants of the class that comes seldom in contact with Catholics, concerning the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan's statement in the case of the Rev. Dr. McMillan, is that the Catholic Church is much more tolerant than they expected. "It is more tolerant than the Protestants," writes a distinguished lawyer, "and I testify that the Archbishop's mild and paternal treatment of my unfortunate friend has filled me with surprise. We all expected that a recalcitrant Romanist would be sent to the dungeons of the Inquisition."

Holy Father sends His blessing to all who have contributed to the Propagation of the Faith.

This pastoral letter will be read in all the Churches and Chapels of Religious Communities in our Diocese on the first or subsequent Sundays after its reception. Given at St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, 17th Feb., 1887.

JOHN JESSE, Archbishop of Toronto. By order of His Grace the Archbishop. J. F. McBRIDE, Secretary.

## CATHOLIC PRESS.

Avs Maria. In an article from the pen of that veteran journalist, Calvin B. McDonald, which appeared some time ago in the *Ontario Times*, occurs the following striking and beautiful illustration of the life and work of the Catholic priesthood: it displays sprightly fancy as well as appreciative knowledge: "We have somewhere read a fanciful idea that the coral islands are constructed of the dead bodies of insects. A tiny organism dies at the bottom of the sea; another takes its place, and after a while expiring, adds its poor remains to those of its predecessors; and so the process of submarine architecture goes on, millions contributing to millions, until at length a great island is discovered by some stray navigator, covered with palm and plantain trees and tropical flowers, and peopled by a strange race of mankind. In like manner the Catholic priest may be said to contribute his whole being to the building up of one great structure, the Church of Rome. A man child is born, perhaps in some thatched cottage of Ireland, and, like Samuel, is dedicated to God from his birth by some mother, who in her girlish prime had been the Colleen Bawn of the Emerald Shores; and, having patiently and faithfully performed his part in the apostolic drama, dies after a while, a thousand miles in the depths of the wilderness, under the burden of Salvation. Another takes his place, and so the work goes on uninterruptedly for a thousand years: these human sparrows falling to the ground, one by one, unseen by the great world, but, as we well believe, full in the sight of God, until at length the conquering sign of the Holy Cross is decreed from eminence to embrace all round the circumference of the globe."

How a rude bark had become the finest church in Canada—such is the story of the present Church of Notre Dame in the city of Montreal, which is now without a peer in British America, while there are few on the entire Continent that can compare with it. Notre Dame was founded in 1632, and was then a humble structure of bark; it was the first building made on the spot by Europeans, and was, therefore, the founding of the city of Montreal. The founder was a pious French layman, who had been sent over by the Sulpicians at the head of fifty colonists, to lay the foundations of a church and a colony, with the view of the Order followed shortly afterwards, and much of what the Canadian metropolitans has since become is due to their enterprising spirit and generosity. The present Church of Notre Dame is of plain Gothic architecture, and is built of the native gray stone of which Montreal is chiefly constructed. The interior is magnificent, the grand altar alone having cost upwards of \$100,000.

Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, has written the *London Daily News* respecting some communications published by its Roman correspondent on the authority of "eminent English Catholics." Archbishop Walsh tells the correspondent to be on his guard against "many communications regarding Irish affairs that may in future be made to him by 'English members of the Roman Catholic Church,' no matter how 'eminent' his informants may be." This is somewhat hard on the veracity of the English members of the Roman Catholic Church, but who will say it is undeserved?

Aristocracy in crime forms the subject of one of Michael Davitt's most entertaining sketches of prison life. Davitt, heaven knows, has had little reason in life to cultivate humor, or, at least, such is the blessed privilege of being an Irishman, he forgot his own wrongs and sufferings to give us a picture of prison society such as Dickens himself might have written. Nothing in fiction surpasses this study from life of "Old Peter," a Yorkshire thief, who worked for a time with Mr. Davitt at Dartmoor. In the same gang were half a dozen London pick-pockets, who collied with the professional Yorkshire man and the unprofessional Irish convict. The author bore his ostracism with fortitude, but old Peter made many attempts to penetrate the exclusive circle, until at last he was sent to Coventry with the inquiry, "What did the old gawk want there?" "Thus unfeelingly repelled," says the narrator, "Peter walked slowly back to where I was standing, a witness of this humiliation, and, leaning upon his shovel as if in the agony of despair, he muttered: 'I'm a gawk! O' course I'm now, because I dunno cum fro' sin—long afore them chaps were born. Bad,' continued he, sorrowfully, while resuming his work near me, 'that's nowt because I dunno cum fro' Lunnon.' We wonder—he is so simple, fresh and natural in his style—if Mr. Davitt knows what mastery of skill he possesses as a writer, in thus, without a single superfluous word, giving us a touch of humor that is simply perfect in its way.

Colorado Catholic. A few of our Catholics have made a little money, and straightway have become ashamed of their religion. They have the open shame to high toned society, but their religion—the religion of the poor and ignorant—is a heavy weight on their full enjoyment of social pleasures. They feel that they were born under a cloud in having the Catholic Faith thrust upon them. When occasion offers, they blushing apologize for the stigma, saying "they were born so, and never pay much attention to religion anyhow." If a notion of these fools could be got together and placed on a lone island, we would be willing to wager that in fifty years Darwin's theory would be incontrovertibly proven. A few generations would suffice to reproduce the original species.

The Church is the pillar and ground of Truth and her infallibility admits of no doubt.—Ven. Louis of Grenada.

There is no doubt that Catholic laymen keep too much aloof from what our dissenting friends call "church work." The priest is not only left to take the initiative in important projects for the good of his people, but he is left to carry them out. How many laymen take active interest in the parochial schools? How often are they visited by laymen? Catholic Sunday schools are not taught by laymen of a position in life similar to that occupied by Protestants. Some Catholic laymen seem to imagine it is *infra dig* to appear at any parochial meeting of Catholics not quite equal to themselves in social position. It may be—for when people begin to think of their dignity, it is because they have little else left to think about.

Catholic Columbian. At the present day, we believe, the world will be pretty well satisfied that the Pope at Rome or elsewhere should be the mediator between hostile nations. This would be but a return to the practice in such cases in the days before Henry VIII. and Luther. His Holiness is chief bishop of that Church whose voice, please God, will always be in favor of the peace proclaimed on Bethlehem hills.

The *New York Independent* remarks very candidly: "Our readers well know that we have open eyes to see the good in the Roman Catholic Church, and that we welcome it as an ally against Atheism in religion and Socialism in the state. . . . We fail to find, and do not wish to find in that Church a foe to our political organization." It will never be such a foe; and the *New York Independent*, we trust, will yet realize that Catholicity is about the only moral and religious power capable of arresting the two "isms" mentioned.

On the subject of "The Catholic Spirit and How to Promote It," Rev. James Louis, of St. Malachy's Church, St. Louis, has written an able article for the *World* of that city from which we give to our readers the following extract. The reverend writer is calling attention to the great necessity for the formation of a sound Catholic public opinion, of an atmosphere of religious tradition: "In Ireland, for instance," he says, "the spirit of religion pervades the whole life of the people. The exchange of civilities, 'God save you,' 'God save you kindly'—'God save your work, and you likewise,' all convey to the mind of the attentive observer the same impressions he receives from seeing the groups of pilgrims frequenting Lough Derg, the entire congregations 'going round the stations' of the cross every Sunday in the churches, and in the members of every Catholic family in the country saying the Rosary every night in prayer. This, of course, is and only can be the result of years of exact religious training."

Milwaukee Citizen. Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, has written the *London Daily News* respecting some communications published by its Roman correspondent on the authority of "eminent English Catholics." Archbishop Walsh tells the correspondent to be on his guard against "many communications regarding Irish affairs that may in future be made to him by 'English members of the Roman Catholic Church,' no matter how 'eminent' his informants may be." This is somewhat hard on the veracity of the English members of the Roman Catholic Church, but who will say it is undeserved?

Aristocracy in crime forms the subject of one of Michael Davitt's most entertaining sketches of prison life. Davitt, heaven knows, has had little reason in life to cultivate humor, or, at least, such is the blessed privilege of being an Irishman, he forgot his own wrongs and sufferings to give us a picture of prison society such as Dickens himself might have written. Nothing in fiction surpasses this study from life of "Old Peter," a Yorkshire thief, who worked for a time with Mr. Davitt at Dartmoor. In the same gang were half a dozen London pick-pockets, who collied with the professional Yorkshire man and the unprofessional Irish convict. The author bore his ostracism with fortitude, but old Peter made many attempts to penetrate the exclusive circle, until at last he was sent to Coventry with the inquiry, "What did the old gawk want there?" "Thus unfeelingly repelled," says the narrator, "Peter walked slowly back to where I was standing, a witness of this humiliation, and, leaning upon his shovel as if in the agony of despair, he muttered: 'I'm a gawk! O' course I'm now, because I dunno cum fro' sin—long afore them chaps were born. Bad,' continued he, sorrowfully, while resuming his work near me, 'that's nowt because I dunno cum fro' Lunnon.' We wonder—he is so simple, fresh and natural in his style—if Mr. Davitt knows what mastery of skill he possesses as a writer, in thus, without a single superfluous word, giving us a touch of humor that is simply perfect in its way.

Colorado Catholic. A few of our Catholics have made a little money, and straightway have become ashamed of their religion. They have the open shame to high toned society, but their religion—the religion of the poor and ignorant—is a heavy weight on their full enjoyment of social pleasures. They feel that they were born under a cloud in having the Catholic Faith thrust upon them. When occasion offers, they blushing apologize for the stigma, saying "they were born so, and never pay much attention to religion anyhow." If a notion of these fools could be got together and placed on a lone island, we would be willing to wager that in fifty years Darwin's theory would be incontrovertibly proven. A few generations would suffice to reproduce the original species.

The Church is the pillar and ground of Truth and her infallibility admits of no doubt.—Ven. Louis of Grenada.

## NICHOLAS WILSON & CO

136 Dundas Street, Tailors and Gents' Furnishers.

FINE AND MEDIUM WOOLLENS A SPECIALTY.

INSPECTION INVITED.

P. O'DWYER,

WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANT, 152 Dundas Street, London.

The choicest goods in this line kept constantly in stock at prices to suit the prevailing competition.

## THE BISHOP OF KINGSTON.

Catholic Review.

In the truly noble address that Bishop Cleary, of Kingston, Ont., preached in Brooklyn the other day at the requiem services of his old parishioner in Ireland, Mrs. Kieley, mother of the Rev. John M. Kieley, Rector of the Transfiguration Church, there was a passage merely incidental to the purpose of his main discourse, which suggested to many listeners a wish that some one as learned and as eloquent as the preacher would take up the subject and deal with it more formally. Why not the learned Bishop himself? Contrasting an age that was almost wholly pagan with one that is nominally Christian, the Bishop deplored the disappearance of honor and the decay of honesty among men who, if not statesmen, at least follow statecraft for a living. Looking at the politicians on both sides of the St. Lawrence, the Bishop lamented that great questions affecting the vital interest of humanity, and the future of dominions, states and races were determined; not by the question "Is it right?" but the meaner one, "Will it pay?" "Will it cost me the 'Orange vote'?" "Will it gain for me the Irish or German interest?" That is a subject that ought to be brought before the thinking and conscientious to-day, if thought and conscience have not wholly ceased to guide our public men. No one is more familiar than the ex Professor of Theology and Scripture, the learned Bishop of Kingston, with the examples of history and the principles of the Gospel that illustrate the ultimate profitlessness of the selfishness of modern politics. It could hardly render a greater service than a pastoral instruction to recall the minds of partisans and of politicians to the nobler aims and higher motives of their place.

## DEATH OF FATHER BECKX.

The death is announced of Father Beckx, late general of the Jesuits and one of the most distinguished men of the century. His name will be ever remembered in connection with the restored and revived order of the Jesuits, which under his judicious and prosperous administration acquired such strength and vitality throughout the world. The following sketch of the deceased general is published in the secular press:

Peter John Beckx was born at Siechem, in Belgium, Feb. 8, 1795, and was educated for the priesthood. Shortly after receiving priest's orders he was admitted into the Society of Jesus in October, 1819. His superiors soon perceived that he possessed rare abilities and employed him on several delicate missions. When the Duke Ferdinand of Anhalt-Kothen became a convert to the Catholic religion, young Beckx was appointed his confessor, and he officiated for some years as priest of the new Catholic Church which was built at Kothen. After the decease of the duke he continued at the court with his widow, the Countess Julia, whom subsequently he accompanied to Vienna. In 1847 he was appointed procurator for the province of Austria, and in that capacity he went to the College of Procurators at Rome. In the following year the Jesuits were temporarily driven from Austria, and consequently Father Beckx, being unable to return to that country, repaired to Belgium, and was nominated rector of the college belonging to his order at Louvain. When the Jesuits were re-established in Austria he zealously supported the projects of the Government, which were highly favorable to the interests of the Church. He lent his powerful aid to the Primate of Hungary, Cardinal Szeiswisky, who succeeded in obtaining the reinstatement of the Jesuits in that portion of the Empire and founding the novitiate at Tyrnau. Being sent to the assembly summoned at Rome in 1852 to choose a successor to Father Roothaan, he was elected Superior of the Order. The success of the Jesuits since that time, especially in non-Catholic countries, is due, in no slight degree, to the ability and foresight of Father Beckx.

## Pictorial Lives of the Saints.

This beautiful volume, published by Benziger Bros., New York, is reduced in price to \$2. The great success attending the sale of the first edition, the price of which was \$3.50, has enabled the firm to bring out a second edition at the remarkably cheap figure mentioned. The book has been warmly commended by the hierarchy and clergy throughout the country. Every Catholic family should have a copy of it. Orders may be sent to the Catholic Record office, or direct to the publishers.