

A TIMELY SKETCH.

CATHOLIC WRITERS AND JOURNALISTS OF CHICAGO.

Some Strong and Pertinent Comments: N. H. Thorne, Judge Hyde, Eliza Allen Starr, Mrs. Sullivan, and John Gibbons—Pointed Criticisms Worthy of Note.

During the recent World's Fair I had the pleasure of being the guest of an old journalist. One evening as we sat smoking and laughing at the mediocrity of the American-artists exhibition, an exhibition that could find no place in any respectable European gallery, an invited friend of my host joined us. A little bit of a man, all talk and no ideas. He was connected in some capacity with the Catholic exhibition, in what capacity I know not. He evidently seemed to carry the whole burden on his puny shoulders.

One of his bombastic remarks was "that a great Catholic Literary Movement was sweeping the land." To puncture the pigmy's egotism I denied flatly the assertion, and by a series of arguments that were by no means syllogistic, I made him retreat. Peace be with him, may I never meet him again. After his departure I fell to chat of Catholic Literature—its hopes in such a city as Chicago. They were not alluring. The substance of that chat may be found in what follows. The reason is the old story. Listlessness of the Catholic public—want of energetic Catholic publishers. The old cry of "no Catholic writers" is long since exploded. The authors are here, but they don't propose to address empty benches, when they can draw a crowd elsewhere. Chicago has a few weekly journals. One was lately established with much sounding of brass, and word display. It was to lead the way—a kind of new Moses. I believe by this time its editor, Judge Hyde, has found out that the paths of the Catholic editor are dark and painful. He is supposed to please everybody, and like the table of the man and his ass, ends by pleasing nobody. When will sane men banish from their minds that a Catholic journal is something else than a dumping-pit for their hastily written effusion. I often pity the Editor, if he does not print the effusion he becomes a marked man. A charming divine but one who had no faculty for English composition was once wrathful. The cause, as he informed me, was, that thirty-three sheets of closely written legal foolscap were returned as unavailable. It may be of interest to know that the rejected MS. was on the benefits of immigrating to his parish. Another journal panders to the physical force movement in Irish politics. It is of the pyrotechnic brand of Irish "blatherskite." The readers are of the Irish-born of the uneducated class. Irish-Americans and Irish-Canadians will not be gulled. They know that moral suasion is the only means open for Ireland. They do not believe in backdoor movements. Irish oratory is at a discount. This is an age of practical methods. Chicago has a Review. It is bright, up-to-date, but now and then alarmingly erratic. These fits, I am glad to say, are on the decline. Every Catholic editor will now and then make an error of judgment. "The man who enters the Catholic editorial chair," says Cardinal Gibbons, "and is afraid to risk an occasional blunder, has mistaken his calling, and is of but little use in the battle of truth." Wise words. The founder of the Review is a convert. All converts are reformers. They come to our church with a head full of ideas. A little time and patience, and they are good citizens. Mr. Thorne's Review should be encouraged. It is brainy, like a mustard plaster, prickly. You may not believe its views in full, many of them will make you think and scratch your skull, even then they will not be downed. Of the resident authors Eliza Allen Starr deserves first notice. She has worked hard in behalf of Catholic letters. Her books are healthy reading, full of meat, well digested. Mrs. Starr, as a writer on art, far exceeds Mrs. Jameson. Here, however, is the anomaly. Mrs. Jameson's books are sold by the hundred to one of Mrs. Starr's. The apathy of the Catholic public is truly appalling. Had Mrs. Starr pandered to the crowd irrespective of creed, her books would have found a ready sale. She has chosen the better way. The appreciation of the rising generation will be her best guerdon. Mrs. Sullivan is a

busy journalist. Her few books had but a passing interest. She is by no means the greatest journalist in America, as some of her admirers love to write. She has much common sense, a rare quality, a strong, clear, masculine style. Her work is for the day, and admirably done. Her husband is brainy, and needs no assistance from his wife in the writing of his occasional articles. Mrs. Onahan is the youngest of Chicago's literary coterie. She is a writer of marked ability. There is a graceful mingling of strength and delicacy in her writings. If she will have patience, learn to use the pruning-hook, her future is assured. This young writer should be heartily welcomed. She is the product of Ireland in America, a Celt in artistic environment, the only environment natural to the Celt. She points to what the Celt must be before another century lapses. Another writer almost unknown is John Gibbons. This should be otherwise. In his own department he is no ordinary man. We have so few writers on economy and kindred subjects, that when one arises of the sterling worth of Judge Gibbons, his advent should be hailed with delight.

Judge Gibbons' first book, "Tenure and Toil," published by Lippincott, was an immediate success. It was welcomed by the competent as a wanted work. The book treats of Tenure in all ages. It is delightful reading, and should be put on the shelf with Devos. The sarcasms brilliantly scattered through the book at the modern apostles of socialism and anarchy linger long in the reader's memory. This book should find itself in every Catholic library. The mindful reading of it will make the citizen feel deeper his responsibility to his home and country.

"Build up the home," says our author, "for it is the centre of love and peace, of harmony and happiness, of social order and patriotic devotion. Make this a nation of homesteaders and peasant proprietors, and our institutions will continue in the future as they have been in the past, the model and marvel of the world." John Gibbons was born and reared on a farm in County Donegal, Ireland, and emigrated to the United States in 1866, when about 18 years of age. He received his scholastic training at a private academy in Londonderry, at Broad Street Academy, Philadelphia, and Notre Dame University, Indiana, which latter institution conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. After reading law in Philadelphia, he settled in Keokuk, Iowa, where he was admitted to the bar in March, 1850. He practiced law in all the courts of that State for ten years, and came to Chicago in January, 1880. No man in Iowa was more esteemed as a lawyer and citizen than he, and while in Keokuk he was honored by being appointed Assistant Prosecuting Attorney. Mr. Gibbons is recognized as one of the ablest lawyers at the Chicago bar. He edits the Chicago Law Journal; lectures at the law department of Notre Dame University; is one of the professors of the Kent Law School, and is, in addition to all this, a genial and courteous gentleman. Mr. Gibbons is an honored member of the Sheridan and Columbus Clubs, but while deeply interested in the progress and welfare of these institutions, goes but little into society, as he is one of the hardest workers at the Chicago bar. At the last election Mr. Gibbons was nominated and elected as judge. One who knew him well writes:

"He will cause no abatement of good opinion if he be elected to the bench, for he will be at his best and strongest as a Judge. His mind is juridical. He knows the principles of law, understands them as a philosophy, and has the practical experience and sound judgment which will enable him to use promptly and wisely in the trial of causes his perception of general principles. His practice at the bar and his editorial work have given him a wide and accurate knowledge of case law. His character is transparent, clear, sincere and beautiful in its integrity. He is as good as he is studious and able. There was a time when partisan politics made some city judges who discredited the bench. That period seems to have passed, and with such men as John Gibbons chosen for the bench is very far past. He is as upright as John Marshall."

When I am asked for a Celt I point to such a man. A Celt and an Irish blatherskite are things different.

WALTER LECKY.

Why is the letter "t" pugnacious? Because it always begins a row.

ECHOES FROM STE. THERESE.

Never before in the history of the College has such a deep and heartfelt grief been so universally felt as when, on Monday morning, the mournful news spread throughout the college that Jos. Lorrain was dead. It seemed for the moment that the destroying angel had overstepped his bounds in thus ruthlessly cutting down one of the best and most promising young men of the college, but so it was, and when the students, some of whom perhaps had never looked upon death, heard the mournful news the whole truth rushed on them in a moment and brought to their minds the passage of Scripture: "One knows not how or when his end may be." Sunday evening, after chapel, the rev. director signified his intention of giving the injured boy the last rites of the church, and as the procession passed from the chapel 250 heads were bowed in awe and reverence and 250 paters and aves ascended to heaven praying that if it pleased Almighty God to take the sick boy to Himself He would have mercy on his soul. The following morning Mr. Lorrain passed peacefully away. Beside the death-bed were the mother, father and brother of the dying boy, and amid the tolling of the bell and the murmur of prayers the spirit took its flight, we trust, to that land where care and want are never known. Mr. Lorrain was born at Ste. Jerome in the year 1873. His father, Mr. Francois Lorrain, is engaged in farming in that parish. At the age of 14 years he entered the Seminary of Ste. Therese and was a member of the class graduating in 1895. Throughout his course Mr. Lorrain held the confidence of both masters and fellow pupils. Being the happy possessor of a good gentle nature he had all those qualities which go so far towards making a boy popular at college, and the familiar cry of "Joe," on the campus, will now be only heard in imagination, but Joe himself will be kept in the memory of his fellow students until the time comes for them to join him in his new home. His aim in life was to enter the holy priesthood, which would have certainly been greatly strengthened by his presence. The remains were embalmed and placed on the catafalque in the chapel, where the students thronged every recreation to offer up their prayers for their dead fellow pupil. At 5 o'clock the students, all costumed for the occasion, proceeded to the chapel where the Libera was chanted. The remains were then placed in the hearse for conveyance to Ste. Jerome. The students in mournful procession followed the hearse, while behind came the father and mother of the deceased. After a march of about a half mile the procession halted and divided, allowing the parents to drive through the ranks to the hearse, while every head was bared. The students then returned to the college. On Wednesday eight of Mr. Lorrain's classmates, together with the rev. president, director and bursar of the college, proceeded to St. Jerome to attend the funeral. The remains were borne by Messrs. Mignault, Gascon, Latour, Laplante, Benoit, Fauteau, Julien and Marchand, all classmates of the deceased. Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. M. Coursol, director of the seminary, with Rev. M. Brunet, bursar, as deacon, and Rev. M. Carriers, curate of the parish of Ste. Therese, as sub-deacon. M. Marchand, '95, presided at the organ.

The sad circumstances of the case are greatly mollified by the fact that Mr. Lorrain's death-bed was one of the saintly type. His last prayer was for his classmates, and he breathed his last exhorting his fellow-pupils to pray for him. *Requiescat in pace.*

Mr. Chaumont, '95, is spending a few days with his parents on account of ill-health.

Mr. Longpre, '95, has given up his books for a short while and is recuperating at his home.

Hon. G. A. Nantel, Commissioner of Public Works, and brother of Rev. A. Nantel, our worthy president, visited the college last week prior to his departure on a journey to the Holy Land. The honorable gentleman sails from New York on Tuesday.

Thursday the debating club busied themselves in the election of a critic. Some opposition was made to the motion, which brought forth some first rate speeches on both sides; after the motion was thoroughly discussed it was carried by a large majority. The office was then balloted for, the students' choice falling

upon Mr. Latour, '94. The motion was brought in by Mr. Lacroix and seconded by Mr. Geoffrion.

The weather seems to have an unfriendly feeling towards our games. The last few days it has been very stormy, but despite the storm our snowshoe enthusiasts strapped on the raquets and tramped to Ste. Rose on Thursday.

Mr. Geoffrion, Professor of Junior English, who was confined to his home on account of sore eyes, returned to college on Friday and resumed his work.

GOOD BYE TO THE SAULT.

THE JESUIT NOVITIATE.

(The word "Sault" is pronounced as if written "So," not, as it is wrongly pronounced, "Soo," a ridiculous term used in connection with the Sault-Ste-Marie. Sault-au-Recollet is pronounced "So-oh-Reck-oh-lay."—ED. T.W.)

*Au revoir, not Adieu,
Dear refuge to you,
Sweet spot of contentment and love,
Again do I pray,
That returning some day,
Once more in your stillness I'll rove.
What greatness you've wrought,
What lessons you've taught,
I shall cherish wherever I go—
And my soul shall burn,
For a day to return
To the dearly loved shrine at the Sault.*

May Heaven's own peace,
In your cloister increase,
May the blessings of happiness shine,
Like the glorious blaze
Of Divinity's rays,
'Round your humble and purified shrine!
May the Saviour's great love,
From His mansions above,
Fall soft as the crystals of snow,
That, feathery and white,
Drop from regions of light,
And in purity rest on the Sault.

More precious than gold
Are the treasures untold
That are laid in your silent abode;
For a halo of grace
Illumines the place
Where perpetually dwelleth our God.
The turmoil and din,
And the blackness of sin,
Your corridors never shall know;
But glorious and bright
Be the heaven-born light
That shall constantly flash on the Sault.

The man doomed to fight
In the battle of right,
With temptations unnumbered around,
Can feel a relief,
Though the moment be brief,
As he walks on your sanctified ground.
And he leaves it with pain,
In the hope that again,
'Ere his days shall be numbered below,
That returning to rest,
In this home ever blest,
He may kneel again at the Sault.

May tyranny's hand
Never strike at the band
Of soldiers that Christ has array'd,
In this fortress of love,
Where His word from above,
Is respected, is honored, obeyed!
May the standard of God
Wave over our sod,
In the flush of prosperity's glow;
May our country behold
That banner unrolled,
By the garrison now at the Sault!

*Au revoir, not Adieu;
Oh! be faithful and true;
May no wickedness cause you to fear—
In your phalanx is strength,
That in glory, at length,
The "Standard of Christ" shall appear.
Like dew from above,
May the treasures of love
Refreshment and pleasure bestow;
In Humility meek
A last refuge would seek—
In obedience, 'twill be at the Sault.*

J. K. FORAN.

Domus Probationis S.J. St. Joseph, ad Saultum Recollectorum.

"Your neighbor appears to have failed a good many times?" "Just twenty-four times. The next one will be his silver bankruptcy."

A FAITHFUL SENTINEL

IN GUARDING ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S PORTALS RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE.

Treasury Department, U. S. Immigration Service, Buffalo, N. Y.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION:

Dear Sirs—From early childhood I have suffered from a sluggish liver with all the disorders accompanying such a companion. Doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines I have used in abundance; they only afforded temporary relief. I was recommended to try Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, I did so, taking three at night and two after dinner every day for two weeks. I then reduced the dose to one "Pellet" every day and continued this

PIERCE Guar-ANTEES A CURE

OR MONEY RETURNED.

practice for two months. I have in six months increased in solid flesh, twenty-six pounds. I am in better health than I have been since childhood. Drowsiness and unpleasant feelings after meals have completely disappeared. Respectfully yours,

John A. O'Berry
U. S. Inspector of Immigration.