

WRITTEN FOR THE "TRUE WITNESS."

A SUMMER EVENING.

O soul of summer beauty, That looks from earth and sky In richest, sweetest glory...

AUG. 20.—FEAST OF ST. BERNARD.

EARLY YEARS OF THE SAINT.

Bernardus, ad quid venisti?

By J. F. L., D.D.

The history of St. Bernard means the history of Christendom during the first half of the twelfth century...

The biography of St. Bernard is therefore highly interesting; first, because it introduces us to the most amiable character which has appeared among men...

Our saint, the third son of Teceles, Lord of Fontaines, near Dijon, in Burgundy, was born in the year 1091.

It is related, that while pregnant with Bernard, Alice had a strange dream. "She dreamt that she was carrying in her womb a white dog, which barked incessantly...

As early as possible, Bernard was placed at the Church of Châtillon-sur Seine, where there was a school of great renown.

He is described as "loving to be alone, fleeing publicity, wondrously pensive; obedient and subject to his parents, gracious and kind to all; open-hearted and quiet at home, seldom to be seen without; incredibly bashful; devout and pure; directing all his studies toward the more perfect intelligence of the Scriptures."

Bernard mastered the various sciences which were taught at Châtillon, and his works prove that his education was not far from complete.

Bernard's mind being unusually brilliant, he completed his course of studies in his nineteenth year, after which he returned to his family in Fontaines.

Bernard felt keenly the separation from his mother. He had arrived at the age when temptations are most violent and a mother's warning voice invaluable.

It was time for him to choose his state of life. His birth, talents and education were such as to insure him a high position in Church or State.

brothers, who were distinguishing themselves in arms, wished Bernard to seek for a sign of the Church, and in fact he was dazzled for a moment by the memory of his saintly mother...

He induced others to accompany him. His first convert was his uncle Count Godfrey, a rich and valiant warrior, who succumbed to the saint without a struggle.

It was now the saint's concern to choose the monastery into which they should retire. There were two principal religious houses in that vicinity, Cluny, the alma mater of Hildebrand, and the lately founded Cîteaux.

It was feared that the Order would die from lack of members. A plague which swept over the country, had carried off the greater portion of the monks, and as many calamities were spread abroad by the envy of the Cluniacs against the Cistercians, no candidates presented themselves to fill up the decimated ranks.

A CALL ON HIS HOLINESS.

The Blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff.

A PROTESTANT'S TRIBUTE TO HIS BENIGNITY.—RUDENESS OF AMERICANS.

The Philadelphia Catholic Standard extracts from a letter to the New York World the following account of the writer's visit to the Vatican and reception by the Holy Father.

After referring to the splendor and imposing solemnity of the Church services during Holy Week before the entrance of Victor Emmanuel into Rome, the writer continues as follows:

Things are vastly changed now, and Holy Week is much like Holy Week in Paris or any other Continental city—except that one always feels that the Pope is there, and even the less important ceremonies seem to have a new meaning from being so near to the centre of Catholicism.

We arrived in Rome with no higher expectation than of seeing the Pope in some pageant of Holy or Easter Week, ignorant of the fact that he never left the Vatican, and when we were told that he would take no part in the public observances we were more than a little disappointed.

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Besides, we have been repeatedly told how difficult it has become of late for Americans to obtain admission to the Papal apartments. The Pope is especially fond of Americans—in the abstract.

Only a few weeks before our arrival in Rome a Congregationalist deacon from Boston had, after much persistent seeking, obtained for himself and party an audience card. Everybody is told that etiquette—if no higher feeling—demands that all shall kneel on the Pope's entry to the audience chamber.

Our cards told us that the audience would take place at 12 o'clock noon, and we were to be at the Pontifical palace at 11.30.

At last we came to a magnificent room, long and lofty and gorgeously frescoed. Here and there stately footmen in the Pope's livery were moving about—fine looking men in crimson velvet and brocade.

Catholic land of St. Ignatius Loyola, a St. Francis Xavier, a St. Teresa, and a Cardinal Ximenes, he felt the glow of the noble sentiments which belong to such a birthplace.

An old man, whose more than fourscore years have not rested so very heavily upon his shoulders, and whose troubles have not given a single line of bitterness to his handsome face.

One by one the company knelt as he approached, and to each he gave his hand, that they who wish to do so might kiss his ring.

Erving made the round of the chamber, he returned to the place from which he had entered and, raising his hand as a signal, all knelt down, while he, with upraised right hand, pronounced the following benediction, in a clear voice and purest French:

I bless you and yours—all who are near and dear to you, present and absent, not to-day alone, but for all time and in the hope that my benediction may avail you in the life eternal.

A WEEK OF GRAND MEMORIES.

The week which closes to-day is one which contains four anniversaries, on which every Catholic heart must feel sentiments of deep gratitude to God.

On Monday the Church celebrated the feast of the great and glorious St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of that illustrious Order which has for more than three hundred years been the pride and the boast of every truly Catholic heart.

Yesterday the Church honoured the memory of the great St. Dominic, who at a critical moment in her history was sent by God to defend her against many fierce and dangerous enemies.

The birthday of Cardinal Wiseman occurs also this week, and it, too, is a "grand memory." That great man (Irish by descent on both sides) was born in Catholic Spain in 1802, was educated in Ireland, England and Rome, and thus belongs to many lands, which well becomes a gifted son of the Universal Church.

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And this week, too, we have the anniversary of the birth of Daniel O'Connell. A year ago Ireland at home and abroad, honoured in a special manner the memory of her Great Liberator.

Such are some of the memories which the present week suggests. Let Catholics prize them dearly and clasp them to the heart with books of steel.

They are indeed most precious heirlooms. Who that aspires to be worthy of the glorious and sublime name of Catholic ought not to feel proud of the men to whose names we have endeavoured to pay homage?

Let not our thoughts, however, run into empty and unprofitable vanity. It is good, indeed, to honour the memory of the illustrious dead, to pay homage to their exalted virtues and to be proud of claiming religious relationship with those who have done glorious service for the Church of God.

Lives of great men all remind us; We can make our lives sublime; And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time.

WHEN IRISHMEN ARE NOT IRISHMEN.

It cannot be accident; it cannot be ignorance. Must we conclude that it is design—that is, part and parcel of the same old principle, the same old treatment, the same old ignoring of everything creditable to Ireland, and the same old magnifying that is discreditable to Ireland—that same old principle, the acting upon which has succeeded so eminently in alienating "Ireland and the Irish" so everlastingly from the interests of the two more favoured members of the United Kingdom and the lengthened duration of which has made it a sort of second nature to otherwise intelligent, unenlightened and liberal Englishmen?

Let an Irishman come to London and distinguish himself as an author or a journalist, or an artist or a musician, or as a great military genius, his nationality is carefully ignored, he is never mentioned as an Irishman, everything possible is done to make it appear he cannot be other than English, and his native land comes in for no share of the renown attachable to his name.

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A SCANDAL TO EUROPE.

The gallant struggle in which the Servians embarked in their passionate outburst of impatient indignation for the sufferings of their kinsmen within the Turkish border, has not been successful. After heroic efforts, their little army has been literally forced back upon native territory by the overwhelming hosts of their enemies.

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