

The Catholic Register.

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REMARKABLE ACCOUNTS OF MONT PELEE

Atheist Politicians had made the Air of St. Pierre hideous with Blasphemy—Was Morne Rouge Saved by a Miracle.

Further and remarkable accounts of the volcanic disaster at Martinique have been sent to Paris by missionaries of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, who escaped from the fate which overtook several of their brethren. Father Garin says that when it was thought that the Town of Fort de France was also about to be burned people rushed wildly to the cathedral, and made their confessions aloud before the altar. Father Bruno gives a similar description of the scenes at Saint Pierre. He mentions also that before the catastrophe took place bands of bad characters were going about reviling the people who were flocking to the churches. A journalist of a Guadeloupe paper, who was one of the first to go ashore near Saint Pierre after the disaster, says that what he saw was so terrible that it made him believe in God, and he is no longer an Atheist. M. Geville-Reache, Deputy for Guadeloupe, who lost his orate article for the Paris Eclair, in which he narrates the acts of heroism and self-denial accomplished by many civil and military people of Saint Pierre.

In a thrilling account of the eruption of Mont Pelee and the destruction of St. Pierre, Pere Bruno, one of the very few survivors of the community of Holy Ghost Fathers, gives partial confirmation of the alleged miraculous occurrence in the church at Morne Rouge. Pere Bruno's account appeared originally in Le Journal Public, of Grand, Belgium, and the following abridged translation is reproduced from The London Catholic Times.— "The date of Pere Bruno's letter is May 21. He writes: 'I send you some details concerning the last hours of our dear fathers who met their deaths in the fearful catastrophe of May 8. On the morning of Saturday, April 26, Fathers Demareel, Ackermann and Chaussegondier accompanied me to endeavor to discover the exact position of the crater, which on the previous day had begun to smoke. They arrived at the summit of Morne la Croix, but could proceed no further, as the air, charged with fumes of sulphur, rendered respiration impossible; moreover, the clouds which crowned the mountain prevented them from distinguishing the dry pond from which the vapors rose. The following week passed without incident. The columns of smoke became stronger and denser in volume, and enthralled by the imposing sight the spectators discussed the subject of the volcano and the cause and nature of the eruption.

"On the night of May 3 there was a rain of cinders, and study at the college became an impossibility, for the ashes penetrated everywhere, and the atmosphere was thick and heavy; the pupils, therefore, had permission to leave. On Monday, May 5, Pere le Gallo, the superior, desired to send the fathers to the south to the parishes of Francois, Riviere-Pilote, Marius, etc., but, as the spectacle became every moment more

and more grandiose, everybody wished to watch the course of events. It was believed there was nothing to fear.

"On the Monday, however, at noon the volcano vomited an immense quantity of boiling mud, which travelled at a rapidity estimated at 200 kilometres an hour, and overwhelmed a distillery on the seashore. The water rushed in, the boats broke from their moorings, and it was believed that it was a tidal wave. It was, however, simply the movement of the sea produced by the shock of the liquid avalanche, which had filled the bed of the River Blanche and engulfed the Guern factory. At the college the mules were attached to the brakes and ten or twelve of us started at once for the scene of the disaster. Fathers Fuzier, Scholt and I gave the last absolution to some drowned persons, and returned quickly to Fond Core, where the population had become demoralized. Father Fuzier pressed me to accompany him to see the ruins. The mud was still boiling. It was a fearful scene of desolation.

Orgies of the Refugees

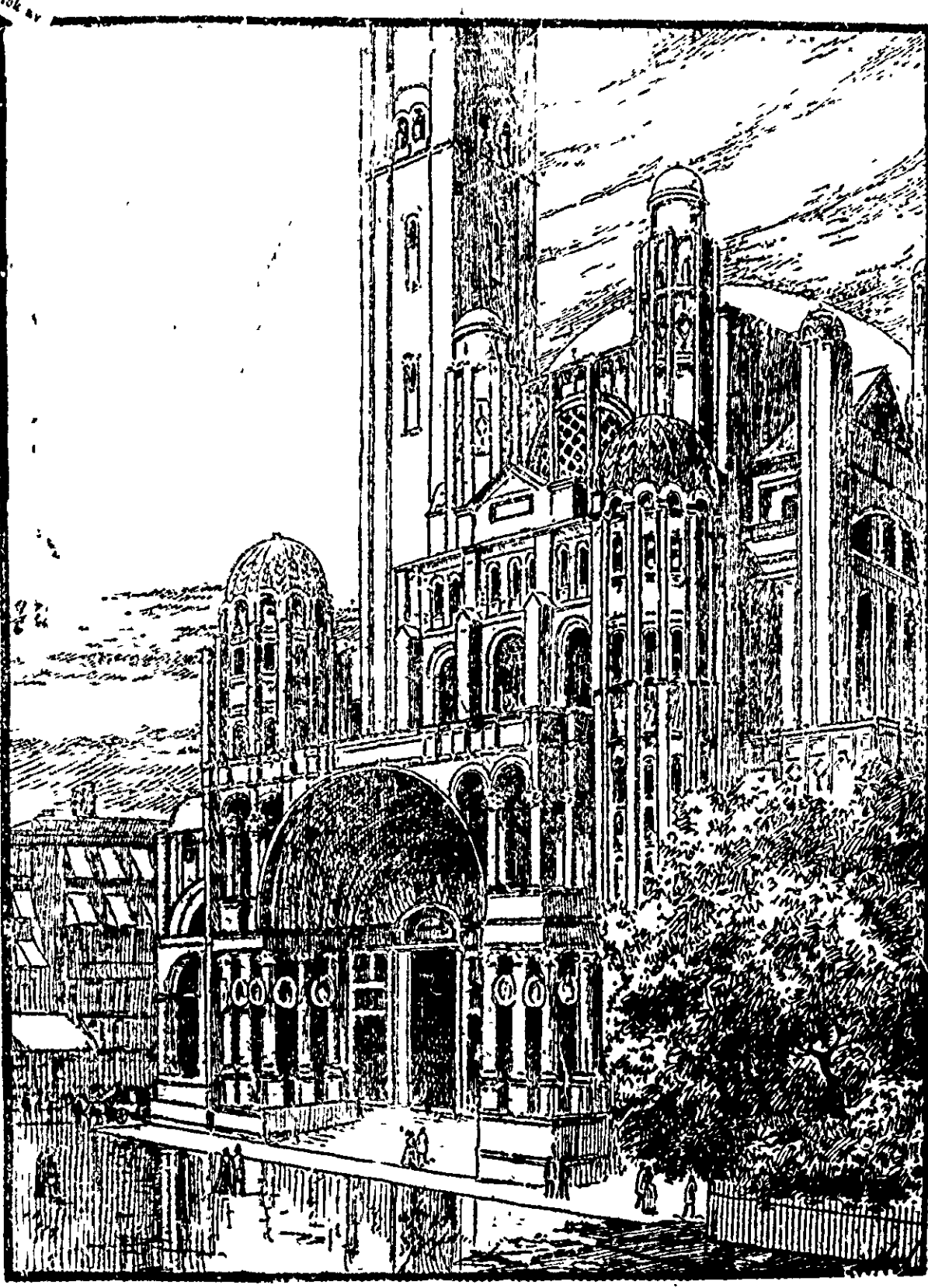
"At the college no alarm was yet felt, as the inmates had seen the effects of the last eruption. St. Pierre, they declared, had nothing to fear. The volcano had still to fill up the beds of two rivers, and we were at a distance of five or six kilometres from the crater, as the crowd lies. Some present declared that they could distinguish a red light, but they were told they were mistaken, as all scientific works averred that a mud volcano cannot emit flames. During this time the refugees from Ste. Philomene and du precheur lodging in the town passed the nights in orgies and continued to sing in the streets, 'La Vierge a l'ecurie! Le Christ a la voirie!' (The Virgin to the stables, Christ to the sewers.) And the cure of the cathedral caused to be torn down from the doors of the church obscene placards against the Holy Virgin. The administrator of the diocese passed the night of Tuesday at the college, and stated that there were flames. Brother Gerard and I left for Riviere-Pilote, but we missed the boat and had to wait till Friday. However, Father Mary at Morne Rouge asked for a priest to assist him in the confessional, and I offered my services, all the rest preferring to remain at the college. In the afternoon we all witnessed from our post of observation the streams of lava which appeared to come to an abrupt standstill without continuing their descent to the sea. We surmised that they were accumulating in an immense sort of funnel, and that the overflow of these millions of cubic feet of lava would annihilate the country, and perhaps even Fond Core, a suburb of St. Pierre, but that it should destroy the town itself we believed to be impossible. At Morne Rouge a fearful night reigned, and at St. Pierre the rumbling of the three mouths of the crater could be distinctly heard. The soil itself trembled, and all was gloom and horror unspeakable.

"Then on the morning of the Ascension, at ten minutes past 8 o'clock, an indescribable explosion was heard, like the noise of a thousand pieces of artillery going off at the same moment, and amidst sinister whistlings the lava flow took the direct line for St. Pierre at an incredible speed. It appeared that the end of the island had come. There was a rain of small stones all over the country and the smoke rose to a prodigious height, the darkness being almost complete.

An Alleged Miracle.

"The terror-stricken inhabitants of Morne Rouge threw themselves en masse into the sanctuary of Notre Dame de la Deliverance, and the Pere Mary gave them general absolution and the Communion, by way of viaticum. The confessionals were besieged. At 10 o'clock I celebrated Holy Mass before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. At the lavabo I was conscious of a pressure of the crowd towards the altar, and seeing all eyes raised towards the monstrance with an expression of ecstasy I believed that some miracle was taking place amongst the crowd itself. I continued the Mass, and was afterwards told that the Sacred Host had manifested itself in the monstrance. All affirmed that they were not mistaken, and the matter is going to be inquired into.

"Confessions were heard throughout the whole day and night, and prayers and supplications were offered up unceasingly at the altar of Mary. The little children slept peacefully, stretched out on the carpet of the sanctuary. Next morning all the inhabitants of Morne Rouge left. Pere Mary remained courageously at his post when we departed, carrying all our worldly goods on our shoulders. We went from presbytery to presbytery, and when we spoke of St. Pierre everyone cried, 'The fire from heaven has consumed Sodom.'



WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

(The above illustration gives a fairly good view of the new Westminster Cathedral, London, now well nigh completed. Cardinal Vaughan has set his heart upon the completion of the structure with all speed. When opened for Divine Service it will represent to the Catholics of the British Empire to-day what Westminster Abbey represented to Catholic England of yore.)

A PASSING REFLECTION

(Written for the Register)

Whenever I find myself in a crowd I find myself immediately asking myself the strange question: How many of these people ever think of God or of their salvation? You might say that I would be much better occupied in minding my own business, and leave others alone, but after all that does not explain my conduct. Take the crowds of people that daily confront you on the busy thoroughfares of the great city, and as far as you can judge from their external actions their thoughts are all of this world. They talk business, they look business and they act as if business and money-making constituted the supreme reason of their existence on this earth. They live in a whirlpool of pleasure and search for money, and these two purposes absorb their time and occupy the faculties which God bestowed for holier and higher purposes. The majority of the people one meets in everyday life are not criminally bad, nor hopelessly irreligious, but I do maintain that by far the greater number seem at least to make every thing subservient and subordinate to worldly things.

If we are to judge men by their conversation, by the topics which interest them, then it were scarce false to aver that the majority of those with whom we are brought into contact are of the earth earthly. Perhaps it is true, as some state, that men are, curiously enough, reluctant to speak about religion or about God, but still, taking into account this strange unwillingness to have religion in their conversation, we cannot understand, except for the reasons given above, why we can talk of politics, of the theatre, of agriculture and kindred subjects and never once mention things that more nearly concern us. If a man thinks deeply on any subject he will speak of it occasionally and strive to communicate his ideas to others. This is natural. We can not be in the company of a politician for five minutes without knowing it. A medical doctor will betray his identity and profession in the course of a short conversation. The man of law will reveal the bent of his mind and characteristic training in legal matters when the usual remarks of the weather are over.

Why, then, are we so silent about the matter of religion? Why does the Christian not speak on the affairs of his soul, of God, of our Lady and of kindred topics? The only possible answer is that we do not feel as deeply in religious matters as the lawyer does in matters of law, as the politician feels on political questions. From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and if we speak not, if we do not show by our words, by our actions and in our lives the religion of Christ, it is because it has a small hold on our affections, and but little influence on our intelligence. I know that the good monk Sampson, so well portrayed by Carlyle, was a man of deep religious convictions and very sparing in words, but yet though he did not show his character in language he did in his actions. With the men of our world it is different. How many of the thousands who flock to the Woodbine, who throng the benches at Diamond Park, who people our seaside resorts in summer, ever think seriously of the great problems of eternity? No doubt there are some; the old women, the young girls and the aged granddaughters, but what of the great majority of those not included in our category? What are they thinking of? What are they doing to save their souls?

The waters of Time are rushing onwards with uncontrolled rapidity to the ocean of eternity, and many are the bargues that are shipwrecked, many a comely ship is split upon the rocks ere the shores are reached, ere the haven is won. What an awful position to stand before the throne of the Judge and realize when Time is over and grace is of the past that life has been a failure. "Master, we have labored all night and we have caught nothing." The words of St. Peter are in our ears. We have put our hands to many things; we have been busy with the affairs of the world; we have labored hard to outstrip our fellow-men in the race of life; we have acquired a goodly share of the world's goods, of its honors, of its pleasures; we have been poets, sculptors, painters; we have circumnavigated the earth and discovered the treasures of the ocean; by the cunning of our right arm and the strength of our brain we have built for ourselves in the memories of our people monuments that will be more lasting than bronze. But alas, we have forgotten the one thing necessary, the salvation of our souls. Now, stand-

ing before the great white throne when the work of life is over, we must needs cry out, "Master, we have labored all night and have found nothing." Through the long, dreary night of life have we labored sometimes with success, but more often with failure; the light that shone in the glory of our days is now darkened forever; the flowers that bloomed in the sweet summer of our earthly hopes are but brown ashes in our hands. Of the life that was given for undying glory nothing remains but broken promises and hopes that are blasted, and now when the horizon of Time is fast disappearing from our sight and the waters that break on the shores of eternity strike upon our ears we realize the bitter truth, so often spoken, so often unheeded: "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity, except to love God and to serve Him alone."

REVIEWS.

We have been reading a new novel lately called "A Blighted Rose," by Joseph Wynne, published by that excellent firm, The Angelus Publishing Company, Detroit, and on sale at Blake's West side Catholic Book Store, Toronto. It is not a religious novel, but it is a good love story, with abundant religion in it. Too often the so-called religious novel is nothing but a series of descriptions of suns and moonlights, tacked on to a controversial catechism as a modern writer puts it, but "A Blighted Rose" proves to be an exception. From cover to cover of the 425 pages it is interesting, instructive and inspiring, and while far from moralizing, yet it conveys a lesson which cannot fail to strike home, more especially to readers of the gentler sex. Here and there are scattered little gems of sentiment and thought, which one would like to remember. The worldly mother, the affectionate but weak father, the religious girl, the busy father-confessor, the wooden callotte, are all well depicted, and we look from out the pages of this book to the look of the world, and see these reflected images. Philip Moreland is a grand character, strong yet withal gentle as a woman. The plot is well drawn out, and the characters of the numerous personages are well and consistently sustained. When finally the danger is past and light comes from behind the dark clouds of sorrow we are glad that the blighted rose blooms again. The book is well bound in cloth, and is sold for \$1.50.

UPPERGROVE PICNIC.

The success of Father Dollard's picnic at Atherley Beach was surprising and indeed almost unprecedented. The day was a most beautiful one and immense throngs poured into the grounds all day. About seventeen hundred dollars was realized, which leaves fifteen hundred clear of all expenses. Together with the other payments made by Father Dollard this practically wipes away the whole debt of Uppergrove parish, which amounted to over three thousand two hundred dollars when he took charge of the parish a year ago. There is now left less than three hundred dollars debt, which will be paid in a few months.

The Patrick Boyle Testimonial

Mr Eugene O'Keefe, treasurer of the Patrick Boyle testimonial fund, announces the following receipts up to date. The list is not a satisfactory one and the secretary will next week send out circular letters to the members of the committee and others asking them to communicate with the treasurer before the closing of the list.

- J. G. Hodgins \$ 5 00
J. J. Foy, K. C., M.P.P. 100 00
D'Arcy Scott, Ottawa 10 00
E. O'Keefe 100 00
Joseph Fahy, Winnipeg 10 00
P. F. Cronin 10 00
Robt. Jaffray 5 00
D. D. Bourke, New Westminster 2 00
J. L. Troy 3 00
James J. Kehoe, Sault Ste Marie 5 00
L. Cosgrave 100 00
Rev. M. Jeffcott, Stayner 5 00
Neil Harkin, Stayner 5 00
Geo. J. Foy 10 00
Rev. L. Brennan 10 00
Rev. Father Murray 2 00
W. T. Kernahan 5 00
Arthur Anglin 5 00
M. P. Davis, Ottawa 10 00
Peter Ryan 25 00
Rev. E. Murray, St. Michael's College 4 00
J. D. Warde 2 00
Frank P. Lee 10 00
Dr. McKeown 10 00
D'Arcy Hinds, Jordan St 2 00

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- Rev. Father O'Reilly, Oakville 5 00
J. J. Phelan 7 00
Rev. John Connolly, Ingersoll 4 00
Robt. Bell, Custom House, Toronto 20 00
Hibernian Society, per A. T. Hernon 25 00
P. F. Cronin, from Thos. Williamson 1 25
Total \$562 25
Interest \$1 60

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DEATH OF FATHER NEVILLE. Kingston, July 8.—The death took place here to-night from paralysis of Rev. Fr. Neville, aged 33 years. The deceased was born in Youghal, County Cork, Ireland, and was educated in St. Coleman's College, Fermoy, finishing his education in Rome, where he was ordained in 1889. In that year he came to Canada, as secretary to the late Archbishop Cleary, a relative. Shortly afterwards he was appointed to the incumbency of the Church of the Good Thief, Portsmouth. He was made a beneficiary under the will of the late Archbishop Cleary, and resigned his charge at Portsmouth to go home to Ireland where he is a physician in Brooklyn, N. Y. For the past year he had been doing missions work in the diocese, with headquarters at Gananoque. A brother-in-law priest was a finished scholar Broad-middled and one beloved by all with whom he came in contact. May his soul rest in peace.

PERSONAL. Mr E. A. Fannon, a St. Michael's College boy, well known in St. Helen's parish, has opened an optician's office at 219 Lansdowne Avenue. Mr Fannon got the degree of O. D. from Empire College of Ophthalmology of Toronto.

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