

All must seek heaven, and the path of the sufferer was the only royal road! Then giving his blessing with an added: "God bless you all, my brothers," he withdrew, leaving many moistened eyes, and let us hope, softened hearts, to ponder on an event which can be with a potent meaning to none of them.

All those who love the memory of James Clarence Mangan, and have an ear attuned to the sweetest strains of poetry, will rejoice to know that a new and enlarged edition of his "Life" is shortly to appear. Mangan has been described as the "first name among bards of Irish birth," and his appeal has been not only to the cultured and the patriotic of his own country, but in an especial manner to the more imaginative poets of the sister kingdom. Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, librarian of the National Library, Dublin, has the biography in hand, and almost ready for the press. It promises to be a great improvement on the first edition, and that being so, can hardly fail to extend the already wide circle of Mangan's admirers. As an instance of his great hold upon the love and appreciation of other than Irish poets, the burning words of Francis Thompson, his Catholic brother bard, who like him was fated to drink of the cup of bitterness to its very dregs, will be recalled by our readers: "Outcast from home, health and hope, with a charred past and a bleared future; an anchorite without detachment and self-denial without self-sufficiency; a deposed from a world which he had not adored, pierced with thorns which formed no crown; a poet homeless of the bays, and a martyr hopeless of the palm." Life was not overlong with Mangan, but it was true to his country and to his faith, and his heritage is at once in the celestial spheres and in the hearts of his countrymen.

Readers of the Saturday Globe will not have failed to ponder on the import of its illustrations portraying scenes during the revolution in Portugal. In one a guard of leering soldiers is seen escorting two Fathers of the Society of Jesus to the frontier, hatless and untrammelled with baggage, or otherwise provided for, turned loose upon the tender mercies of the world. In another, a squad of soldiers and sailors have taken possession of the roof of the Fathers' dwelling and with pointed rifles and unsharpened bayonets demand, through a dormer window, the surrender of a handful of defenceless priests. In yet a third a party of nuns of mature age, consecrated women who had dedicated their lives to the service of the indigent and infirm, are without notice driven from their humble convent and bidden to begone. A heroic spectacle certainly, and one which may well cause the reader to exclaim again: "Are there no men in Portugal?" And it was all done in the name of Liberty—liberty for the lawless mob to wreak an ungodly vengeance (for what? one may well exclaim) upon helpless women and aged men. "If it were decided to empty the kennels of England," says a writer in the Tablet, "we venture to say that the Masters of Fox Hounds would want and receive a longer notice than is thought necessary for the nuns of Portugal." But such are the ways of the Revolution, and its instigator, the Masonic Lodges. To such, manhood is a thing unknown, and Liberty but the empty catchword under which is perpetrated crimes that cry to heaven for vengeance.

A CORRESPONDENT who is evidently a member of the craft is disposed to think the CATHOLIC RECORD talks nonsense about Freemasonry, which he reckons on a par with the religion of Christ. Let him go beyond the confines of his own lodges in Canada, or of his domestic channels of information, and study through authentic sources the artless doings of Freemasonry in Europe, and we have done for years. It is not necessary to go beyond Portugal. Then he may see cause for doubting the efficacy of his meaningless Ingersollian proposition: "There is no religion higher than truth," and resume life's contest a sadder but a wiser man. With his communication as a whole we shall deal later.

REFORM OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES

From the Catholic Fortnightly Review we learn that "a contributor to the Quebec Verite writes under this head in that excellent journal: 'A friend of mine who had just returned from Rome told me not long ago that he believed that among the important reforms to be expected would be the reorganization of our Catholic societies in conformity with a model type which Pius X. has himself conceived and which he intends to impose as obligatory. Hearing of the dissolution of the 'Sillon' I cannot help thinking that Pius X. is about to inaugurate this reform, of which many of our Catholic societies stand in such sore need. Pius X. is an indefatigable reformer, with doctrinal aims, he finds time to accomplish many useful reforms. When he turns his eyes towards America to often put the old philosopher's humility to the test. The writer has never for

lies, we may surely expect some surprises. How deplorable is it not, for example, to see so many thousands of Catholics lost in neutral and mixed societies which are but so many stepping-stones to Freemasonry. While awaiting the happy day of reform, the Catholic press has the duty of vigorously combating the neutral societies and of pointing out the weaknesses of certain Catholic associations, which are really nurseries of liberalism. Let these latter learn a lesson from the late of the 'Sillon'."



MGR. STAGNI, PAPAL DELEGATE TO CANADA

ORESTES A. BROWNSON, AS A MAN

The words, we sometimes meet in the Old Testament: "esto vir," "extote viri," he a man? "he more," naturally came to our mind when we study the character of this great New England philosopher, theologian, and reviewer who struggled upward from the depths of many ills into the sheltering bosom of the Catholic Church. He ran through the whole discordant gamut of sectarianism, from the worst Danian hell of Calvinism to the phantasmagoric heaven of Universalism. In philosophy there was no error that he had not explored and temporarily accepted; scepticism, pantheism, socialism even, in some of its crudest forms. Deprived of religious faith, he was prone to fall a prey to every new creed. He once said that he never read an important book that its teachings did not hold him, at least for awhile. His noble soul, struggling in the coils of error, like Laocoon in the folds of the serpent, freed itself at last, thanks to the grace of God, and the courage, honesty, and humility of his natural character.

Intellectual courage and honesty specially characterized him. Starting out on his intellectual voyage with these two qualities, he followed the marsh-light of private judgment, in which as a good Protestant he trusted, into every swamp, and bog of error. He left the Presbyterians because he was too honest to pretend to believe their horrible doctrine of preordination, and became a Universalist. From false doctrine the step is easy to false morality. Although always a moral man, he accepted the erroneous opinions of Robert Dale Owen on marriage. After reading the works of Leroux and Saint Simon, he became, for a time, the champion of their socialistic theories; and went so far on the road of private judgment as to become "The Infidel." At this time he did not know the Catholic religion. Like many of his New England contemporaries, he did not think the Catholic Church worth considering. Saint Simon was a dead superstition, unworthy of an intellectual man's attention, for him, as she still is for many semi-educated Protestants who often admire and praise her work, while refusing to consider the claims of the workmen; who praise the external beauty but do not take the trouble to investigate the internal beauty of the Bride of Christ.

Brownson was always honest; he followed the light wherever it led. If he followed the marsh-light, it was because he thought it was the light of the sun. But after much falling into pit and bog-hole, the true light shone on him because he was honest. Unlike Pusey, and so many others who saw, but closed their eyes so that they should not see, Brownson opened his eyes wide when he saw the truth, and had the courage to accept it no matter how hard the doctrine he saw was to his own pride and passion. Courage in an eminent degree produces in the natural order a view which seems to be a sequel of courage, and the best proof of strong manhood; natural humility. To brave the world, to cut loose from one's surroundings, to break with one's friends, to tell them: "All I have been writing is wrong," "I was mistaken and I have led you into error," it takes a man of courage and of humility to do this.

When the bishop upon whom he called for instruction, gave him the little Catholic catechism to read, the great philosopher and reviewer felt the humiliation but he courageously bowed and accepted the compendium of Christian Truth. This was an act of humility and it showed his strength of character. The respect shown to the catechism by Dr. Brownson reminds one of the compliment paid to it by another well-known philosopher of the nineteenth century who, like the American reviewer, had run the scale of all the modern systems until he finally doubted his own existence. This was Jouffroy who came back to reason and faith when he was on his deathbed, took up the Catechism, read its first question: "Who made you?" "God." "Why is God?" "The Creator of heaven and earth." "Why did He make me?" "That I might know Him, and love Him here on earth, and enjoy Him in heaven hereafter." Then, laying down the little book he said: "There's more true philosophy there than in all the systems I have studied."

When towards the end of his life, he wrote some of his best work in the Catholic World, Father Hecker's blue pencil often put the old philosopher's humility to the test. The writer has never for

gotten the evening when the Doctor and Father Hecker stepped into his room after a discussion which they had had on a theological statement in an article of the Doctor's about to be published. He was angry. A flush on his cheeks could be seen through the flowing gray beard that covered his leonine face; and the eyes flashed in his Socratic head. Father Hecker smilingly retorted; but no sooner was his back turned than the Doctor exclaimed: "D—n it, he has cut the best thing out of my article." The act of submission to his censor on this occasion was all the more laudable because the passage eliminated simply expressed an opinion freely held in Catholic schools of theology.

The Doctor's style was always virile; clear and to the point. After he became a Catholic he wielded the very hammer of Thor upon the adversaries of the Church. As a controversialist he had few equals among the Catholics of the last century. In politics, he veered from Socialism, which he had imbibed from reading the works of the French Socialists of his time, to Conservatism and Republicanism towards the end of his life. He had edited a Review which in 1840 advocated the political ideas of the Democratic party, and over twenty years later, he published his opinions on government in a book called "The American Republic." But true to the natural honesty and manliness of his character, he changed many of his opinions as he found them untenable, so that toward the end of his life he became an ardent Republican. He denounced slavery and Secession, and thus lost so many of his old friends and subscribers that he had to discontinue the publication of his Review. Fidelity to conviction characterized his political as well as his religious life.

The work which best shows the qualities of the man is "The Convert, or Leaves from My Experience," published in New York in 1857. His voluminous writings from the beginning to the end of his career, show him to have had all the natural qualities of the true man; while after his conversion to the Catholic Church, these qualities were supplied by a living faith, strong hope, and ardent charity, and made him an exemplary Christian.—H. A. B. in America.

DR. JOHNSON AND CHURCH OF ROME

Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great English lexicographer, whose bicentenary will be celebrated next month, was very respectable, even sympathetic, in his sentiments and expressions regarding the Catholic Church and its doctrines. As may be seen from the following dialogue recorded by his biographer, and companion, Boswell, in his great work: Boswell—"I don't know but that is a very harmless doctrine. They are of the opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits, and therefore that God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. 'You see, sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this.' Boswell—"But, sir, their Masses for the dead? Johnson—"Why, sir, if it be once established that there are souls in purgatory, it is as proper to pray for them as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life." Boswell—"The idolatry of the Mass?" Johnson—"There is no idolatry in the Mass. They believe God to be there and they adore Him." Boswell—"The worship of saints?" Johnson—"Sir, they do not worship saints; they invoke them; they ask their prayers." Boswell—"Confession?" Johnson—"Why, I don't know but that is a good thing. The Scripture says, 'Confess your faults one to another,' and the priests confess as well as the laity. Then it must be considered that their absolution is only upon repentance and often upon penance also. You (Protestants) think your sins may be forgiven without penance and upon repentance alone."—The Missionary.

WHAT IS HUMILITY?

The Irish Monthly gives a lucid and accurate definition of real humility. It says: Humility is not laziness, or timidity, or pusillanimity; though these are often mistaken for it, especially by the lazy, the timid and the pusillanimous. The definition of humility that St. Thomas

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gives in the Secunda Secundae of his Summa must not be understood in any such sense. In one place he defines it as "a virtue which restrains and curbs the soul lest it should aim immoderately at lofty things"; and in the next article it is defined as "a virtue by which man restrains himself, restrains himself so as not to let himself be carried away toward things above him." By these definitions, or by what they imply, we are not forbidden to aim at lofty things, but we are forbidden to do so in an immoderate manner; for St. Thomas does not counter to Father Balthasar Alvarez's exhortation: "Let us not degenerate from the high thoughts of the sons of God." No, humility is not sloth or cowardice—neglecting to use to the utmost any gifts God has given to us, and doing so under the pretence, forsooth, of escaping the glory that would befall us if we exercised them to the full. We need not be afraid; we may boldly do our best without any danger of disturbing the world's equanimity or setting the Thames (or the Liffey or the Yarra Yarra) on fire.

AN ANGELIC PLEA FOR THE "ANGELUS"

In answer to a correspondent of the Church Times (Anglican) who had suggested the ringing of the church bell to invite the people to recite a *Pater Noster*, *Credo*, and a prayer for missions, another correspondent (R. E. Hutton) sent the editor this truly remarkable communication:

"By all means let the Angelus once again ring out its call to prayer from as many bellies as possible. But let it be the Angelus which is taught to the people—not some other form of prayer, which could only be called the Angelus on the principle of *lucis non lucendo*. In these days, when the Incarnation is questioned and denied, and the spirit of anti-Christ, as portrayed by St. John, is abroad and preparing the way for the great apostasy, and leading Protestantism to its logical conclusions, what could be better than to call upon the Christian people three times a day to make an act of faith in the fundamental mystery of the Incarnation? The Virgin birth is asserted: 'Ecce ancilla Domini; fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.' Our Lady, speaking for all humanity, is here the great example we need as co-operators with God. 'Et Verbum caro factum est, et habitavit in nobis.' Here is the whole faith, worship and sacra-

mental life of the Church and of each of its children. The Ave Maria, which follows each versicle and response, like the rest of the Angelus, is composed almost entirely of the words of Holy Writ; and the concluding collect is that for the Annunciation of our Lady in the Prayer Book. Who could take a scandal at such a 'Bible and Prayer Book' devotion? Surely none but a heretic.

If any one doubts that Protestantism logically leads to a denial of the Incarnation, let such a one study the German Protestantism. Or let the pages of the 'Encyclopedia Biblica' convince him that we are not out of danger in England; and that the danger lurks in the Church of England, as well as in the sphere of political non-conformity outside the Church.

In my opinion, it is much to be desired that the more modern form of the Ave Maria should be used, in which the words of the Church of added to those of Scripture, and the communion of Saints is realized by the prayer: *Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.*

THE ROSE IN LEGEND

In Catholic times in England, as elsewhere, the rose was among the many flowers dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, mystic Rose of the world, the inspirer of heavenly love, in whose honor the Rosary was so named, says 'The Pall Mall Gazette.' But it is also especially associated with St. Cecilia, who slept in death crowned by angels hand with roses white and red; and with St. Dorothy, who, according to the well-known legend, after her martyrdom sent her heathen bridegroom roses gathered in Paradise, whereby he was converted and gladly followed in her footsteps. Roses belong, too, to St. Mary Magdalene.

The legends of the rose are many. Sir John de Mandeville, in his 'Travels' tells the origin of roses how a maiden of Bethlehem, about to suffer at the stake under a false accusation, prayed that if it were the will of Heaven her innocence might be made manifest. Lo! even as the torch was set to the fagots, the dry wood burst into blossom, glowing crimson where alight, while snowy petals veiling her proela made her purity to her confounded judges. As these were the first roses seen by man on earth since the loss of Paradise. Very quaint, too, is the legend accounting for the moss rose. It tells one noontide that the angel whose task it was to tend the flowers worked with his labors, fell asleep beneath a rose bush, and, awaking, refreshed by the

odor it shed, he bade it ask in return what boon it would. "Give me," he sought the tree, "some further charm," and the angel, stooping, gathered some of the lowly moss on which he had reclined. "Behold," said he, "if to thy beauty thou add humility, then shalt thou indeed be the fairest of flowers and their queen."

Think of those who have taken the wrong path and who strive to come back o'er "moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent" to the straight road. How many an evening falls leaving them lost and all but hopeless! What supports them in the struggle? The hope of coming dawn, the great tomorrow.—Look on, in the Pilot.

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