

REV. MOTHER BRUYERE.

FROM THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

When Reverend Mother Bruyere, First Superior of the Grey Nuns in the Diocese of Ottawa, left this world nearly twenty-four years ago, she carried with her to the grave the regrets of the whole population of central Canada.

for the glory of God, the nuns accepted this invitation and on February 20th, 1845, Sisters Thibaudau, Charlebois and Howard, with Mother Bruyere as their Superior, left the mother-house in Montreal to establish a foundation on the banks of the Ottawa.

Elizabeth Bruyere was born in the parish of Assumption, P. Q., on March 19th, 1818. Her father was the youngest son of Capt. Charles Bruyere, who belonged to one of the families of Southern France whom the rigors of the Revolution obliged to leave their native country at the close of the last century.

In those days Bytown was a humble place indeed. The Rideau Canal, with its locks, and the old Sappers' Bridge, relics of Colonel By's days, formed the line of demarcation between what was then the upper and lower portions of the town.

The little child was baptized on the day of her birth by the Abbe Caron, parish priest of St. Esprit, a relative and devoted friend of the family. She grew to be a precocious child though obedient and full of candor, and under the watchful guidance of her parents, her years were full of joy and contentment.

Mother Bruyere and her companions were passive witnesses of these successive transformations, and though not indifferent to the material prosperity of the town, they had other interests to engage their time and strength.

It was only in her tenth year that a cloud of sorrow overshadowed her for the first time, when her father died after a short illness. This sad event was the death-blow to the home of the Bruyeres, and the widowed mother went with her three little children to live with a brother in Montreal, where she remained two years.

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When old enough to teach, Elizabeth took charge of the parish school of St. Esprit, and there in the little world of the schoolroom, surrounded by budding minds, she laid the foundation of that training which prepared her for the life-work that Providence had in store for her.

In this way new conditions were successively met. It was not, however, till eleven years after her arrival in Ottawa, when she had a full knowledge of the wants of the people she had to deal with, that Mother Bruyere sketched the first draft of a new constitution permitting her community to undertake the direction of convents and schools as well as hospitals and asylums.

During the hours of her musings and her moments before the Tabernacle, there were bright visions haunting the mind of the young teacher, visions of the vanity of human wishes, of sacrifices undergone for Christ's sake, of the reward that would be hers when His race was run.

The founding of the boarding school (*) may be considered the starting point of the influence of the Grey Nuns of the Cross in the Ottawa Valley. This school, which flourished from the outset, and which became in after years the fostering mother of hundreds of pupils, hailing from all parts of the continent, was the first-born of other similar institutions.

Even from her novitiate, the young nun gave proofs of the sound judgment, generous sympathies and extraordinary discretion which so characterized her in after life. Her progress in virtue was not less remarkable, and the annals of her years of probation speak only of her love of poverty, mortification, obedience, and her favorite virtue, charity.

The care of the sick and abandoned also engaged the sympathies of the charitable superior. She had a heart sensitive to excruciating pain, and she was moved with the liveliest compassion when she saw a poor man or woman, or a child, in sorrow or misfortune. "Remember, my dear daughters," she said once at the end of a retreat, "the moment we lose our love for the poor, we lose the real spirit of our community."

On May 18th, 1840, she received the holy habit, and on May 31st, of the following year, she pronounced her final vows. The regular routine of religious observance did not prevent superiors from remarking the abilities of the young religious. It was plain that her well developed judgment could be used to advantage in government, and the time soon came to test it.

(*) Transferred to Water Street in 1850, transferred to Rideau Street in 1860.

These were not empty words for besides the General Hospital on Water Street, which dates from her arrival in the city, St. Joseph's Orphan Home in 1866, St. Patrick's Orphanage in 1866, and in 1871, St. Charles Home for the Aged, and St. Ann's Hospital for Contagious Diseases, are all creations of this indefatigable nun.

Mother Bruyere had now been thirty years leading a life of extraordinary activity. All these cares of establishment, joined to the responsibility of government, taxed her physical strength. Towards the year 1875 her health began to be visibly affected, and her physicians obliged her to put aside her official work and seek rest.

A remarkable trait in her character was her anxiety for the sanctification of the members of her sisterhood, and this always without narrowness or undue haste, or exaggerated zeal. At times, she seemed severe in the means she took to carry out her plans of perfection, but when chiseling had to be done, the tools she used were ever wielded with a loving hand.

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In keeping with this spirit was her extreme purity of intention. Provided she had the approval of God, she cared little how she was judged by men. In one of the troublesome seasons, even so late as twenty-four years ago, when small-pox was epidemic in Ottawa, and no

provisions for isolation existed, Mother Bruyere promptly offered a building on the convent grounds for the purpose, and nurses for the patients, but owing to the proximity of the building to neighboring dwellings, the arrangement was kept secret. A newspaper called the attention of the public to the lack of devotion to duty of the Grey Nuns. When the affair was brought to the knowledge of Mother Bruyere, and her advice asked upon the action to be taken in the matter, she simply said: "Do not vindicate us; it is sufficient that God knows all."

During the first months of 1876, Mother Bruyere was seen to decline rapidly. Though everything that human skill could do was done to prolong her precious life, it was evident that death would soon deprive the community of its cherished head. At the end of March, she received the last rites of the Church with sentiments of great piety and resignation, and on the morning of April 5th, she peacefully remitted her soul into the hand of her Maker.

The funeral obsequies, presided over by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, had the character of a triumph. The Basilica of Notre Dame was crowded to overflowing with the clergy and the Catholic population of the city, who had come to show their esteem for the deceased nun, and their appreciation of her work in their midst.

Mother Bruyere had held the superiority of her community during her whole career in Ottawa. After her first term had expired, in 1849, she was selected for a further term of five years, and subsequently had to bear the burden of the office till her death. Her remarkable gifts easily singled her out for this responsible position. She had at all times during her admirable career given proofs of a solid judgment and discernment, not merely in the choice of her subjects, but chiefly during her negotiations for new establishments.

Besides the foundations mentioned the Grey Nuns have at the present time, hospitals in Mattawa, Ogdenburg, Sault Ste. Marie, Pembroke and Sudbury; convents and schools in Embarras, Pointe du Lac, Hawkesbury, Mattawa, Sudbury, Rockland, St. Joseph d'Orleans Ont., and Lowell and Haverhill, Mass. They added to their Ottawa establishments, in 1879, Bethlehem, a founding asylum, and, in 1890, the convent of Our Lady of the Rosary; besides teaching with the greatest success in seventeen parochial schools in Ottawa. In a word, the present condition of this community is one of unparalleled prosperity, and its influence for good is growing yearly. Four hundred and fifty religious direct thirty-four houses, of which number twenty-six are in Canada, and eight in the United States. May we not see the hand of Reverend Mother Bruyere still guiding her daughters from her throne in heaven?

SR. LOYOLA DEVINE.

great mission before it, and with every confidence it will nobly fulfill its task. Under the guidance of the Church it will do much, both to strengthen the faith of the people, and to counteract the evil of the materialist press. Let its Catholicity manifest itself not only in the letter but in the spirit, for it is the spirit that quickeneth. Thus, and thus only will all cause for anxiety on the part of the pastors of the flock be allayed. If the expiring century has signalized itself by haplessly striving to dethrone God, and to assail the royalty of the God-Man, manifested through His Church, let it be ours to restore to God the things that are God's and to the utmost of our power, to manifest and extend the kingdom of His Son."

REV. PATRICK WHELAN.

Drowned in Conception Bay, Newfoundland, in 1799.

Whenever His Lordship Bishop Bishop Howley, of St. John's, Newfoundland, gives expression to his views upon any subject—no matter how important or how trivial—there is always something to be learned, something edifying, instructive, useful to be drawn from his words. Some time ago we published a long poem, in which the life, works and fate, of that celebrated Franciscan missionary—Rev. Patrick Whelan—were commemorated. Our correspondent stated that the eventful career of this pioneer priest has never been embodied in history. We learn from a letter just received from Bishop Howley, that he has already published a volume in which all the details of this noble missionary's sad death are given. We could not better convey to our readers the information thus imparted to us than by reproducing His Lordship's communication in full. It is thus Bishop Howley writes:

"I have read with much interest the beautiful poem, on the death of Father Whelan, which appeared in the 'True Witness' of December 9. In commenting upon this tragic incident you correspondent remarks as follows: 'The poem is historically true, the printed page records the facts. Unfortunately the historian of the Church of Newfoundland is yet to come. The matter is one of a personal nature to me. I may be permitted to say your correspondent is in error in saying that the sad facts of the venerable Father Whelan's death have not yet been recorded in the pages of printed history. In the year 1888, I published an ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland, and the many interesting episodes remain yet unrecorded, yet this one of the drowning of Father Whelan is fully set forth on page 183. As this book of mine is evidently not very well known to your correspondent (and perhaps also to many of your readers), I may be excused for here reproducing the prose account of this sad historic event:

"The exact year of Rev. Patrick Whelan's arrival in the country is not known; but he was here in 1791, as he signed the petition to have Rev. James O'Donel, O.S.F., appointed Bishop of Newfoundland.) He was a Franciscan or Friar Minor, and was stationed in the mission of Harbor Grace. He was drowned in 1799. I am indebted to the Hon. J. L. Predergast, of Harbor Grace, for the following graphic and interesting account of this melancholy event.

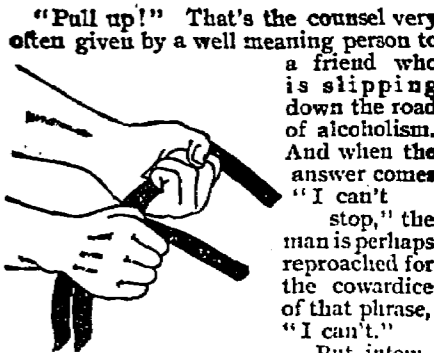
"Father Whelan was a most exemplary and zealous priest, whose name is embalmed on the memory of the people. Twice every year, spring and fall, he made a visitation of his parish. It was when returning in September 1799, that he lost his life in a storm. His boat reached Grates Cove, and in attempting to land the boat was swamped and all on board perished. The body of Father Whelan was the only one recovered from the waves. He was found erect in the water, his breviary under his arm, a cane in one hand and a small bag containing his vestments (probably the pyx), in the other. The body was taken to Harbor Grace, and his sorrowing people laid him to rest in the old Catholic graveyard. A monument is erected over his remains on which is engraved a long and pangingly epitaph of some twenty-five lines, extolling his many virtues and noble deeds and testifying the affection and esteem of the flock for the memory of their faithful pastor. As this epitaph besides being of historical value is also a good specimen of this quaint and verbose style of lapidary inscription. I give a copy of it here, which you may possibly think worth publishing:

M. F. HOLBY, Bishop of St. John's.

Here both the body of REVEREND PATRICK WHELAN, of the Order of St. Francis Missionary of Harbor Grace, who Departed this life the 5th day of September, 1799. His Pastoral zeal in perpetuating Truth, His generous effusions of Liberty towards the distressed and His vehement thirst after peace and good order Register his friendship with God, And mark his memory dear to man, His panegyric borrows no beauty from the daubing of words. But from the impression of past merit, Now terminating his Apostolic career, He craves the prayers of his once faithful flock, In order to arise into life by resting in peace. This his grateful people devote to his memory repeating a Request in Prose.

BUSINESS METHODS OF LAWYERS.

The Washington correspondent of the Catholic Columbian writes: "In Atlanta, a span of virtue has come over the local Bar Association, and a commission is investigating barratry. One young lawyer says he was educated to observe, the lofty ethics of the profession and, in the attempt, became penniless and bed-ridden. Hustlers get all the business and, in desperation, he abandoned ethics, much against his will at the promptings of his stomach, and hunted the business that he hoped would come to him in the old fashion. He has made a living since, but feels as if fallen from a high ideal. He trusts that the Bar Association investigation will not fish for minnows but for whales. He says that hooking and landing some of the big fish will do more good, as an example, than setting the small fry. I showed his letter to an eminent lawyer of Baltimore and he said: 'The young fellow has hit the bull's eye. He tells the truth: But I suppose the investigation will be a fizzle. I do not belong to the Bar Association of this city, and no inquiry on the line of reform will be inaugurated here. Nearly all of the lawyers, great and small, are in it for business. They hustle, and reform is out of the question.' It seems, as another lawyer told me, that young attorneys must hustle for business or remain paupers. Of course they are lawyers, because of conspicuous ability, social standing, commercial connection, and corporate attachment, who magnetize business. Five-eighths of the attorneys, however, find it a case of 'root hog or die.' I understand that, in Baltimore the young Jews, as a class, capture the prizes at the law schools and are better educated than their Christian competitors. As Baltimore is rapidly becoming a Hebrew metropolis this means that bright young Jewish attorneys will get the fattest pickings of the bone more and more, and that the Christian lawyer who has to make his way will need uncommon hustling as time progresses. At present, perhaps, the most progressive and profitable law firm of middle-aged men is headed by a Catholic, who was converted some twenty year ago. Now and then, even in Baltimore, the Catholic does not fear Hebrew competition. Right at the head of the street, where Jewish tradesmen practically dominate affairs, is an Irish-American merchant, who not only holds his own against this tremendous competition but grows richer and richer. Money-making appears to be a special gift with some people, and if all the seekers after wealth were as spiritually good and practical as this Irish-American merchant, opulence would not be a menace and anarchy might as Mr. Stephens used to say 'die abornin.'"



"Pull up!" That's the counsel very often given by a well meaning person to a friend who is slipping down the road of alcoholism. And when the answer comes "I can't stop," the man is perhaps reproached for the cowardice of that phrase, "I can't."

But intemperance is only a form of disease, and there may come a time in the progress of any disease when it can't be stopped. That's what we mean when we talk of "galloping consumption." It's like a horse running away with us. We can't stop it.

Strength will stop the wildest horse. Strength is the great necessity in the stopping of disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands who had obstinate cough, bronchitis, weak lungs, spitting of blood, emaciation, and similar ailments which if neglected or unskillfully treated lead to consumption. It cures by strengthening the lungs and giving them power to throw off disease.

"I had been troubled with bronchitis and catarrh of the head for eight years; had severe cough and at times great difficulty in breathing," writes J. W. Howerton, Esq., of Bigall, Hancock Co., Tenn. "A portion of the time my appetite was poor and part of the time I was unable to do anything. I had been treated by our best country physicians for several years but with little benefit. I had been reading about your medicine for several years but hadn't much faith in it. Last spring I concluded that I would try it and before I had taken one-third of a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets' I began to mend. I continued taking it until I had taken seven bottles. Now I feel like a new man and can do as hard a day's work as any man. I advise all of my friends who are diseased to take Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

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NOTICE Is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, by the Trustees of the Parish of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of Montreal, for a continuance of the powers to them conferred by Chap. 46-50 Victoria. Montreal, Dec. 2th, 1899. N. FAVREAU, Secretary.

PUBLIC NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that a demand will be made to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for the passing of a Private Bill to authorize the "Board of Commissioners of Roman Catholic Schools of the City of Montreal," among other things: 1-To issue obligations or debentures for a sum additional of one hundred thousand dollars, of which twenty-five thousand dollars are to consolidate the floating debt and seventy-five thousand dollars to construct new school houses 2-To fix the rate of the monthly fee in the schools under the control of the Board. U. ARCHAMBAULT, Secretary-Treasurer.

MATERIALISM OF THE AGE.

No subject can be more suitable for Catholic study, at this period in the world's history, than that of modern materialism, with all its ravages and misfortunes. The Advent pastoral letter of the Right Rev. Dr. Lacey, Bishop of Middlebury, Vt., is a remarkable treatise on this very subject. Without attempting any comment, we give our readers these few highly instructive extracts from that letter. Bishop Lacey says: "The expiring century has labored hard to dethrone God. It has been a century of revolution and unrest. As far as within it lay it has banished God from the government of His own world, and has set up, as an object lesson, the monster known as the atheistic state. It has given us education without religion, and without God, and, as a natural consequence, anti-Christian socialism and anarchy, the scourge of the human race."

It tulls the conscience to sleep, for it does not shock any sense of propriety, and it is so entirely in accord with the inclinations of the carnal man. But it is the pagan view of life all the same, whose condemnation has been already pronounced by the Great Judge of mankind.

"The greatest ally of the demon of materialism, and the greatest foe of religion and morality, is the vice of intemperance. As a time of jubilee is a time of penance, a time of fasting, abstinence, and prayer, a time also all when God mercifully calls sinners to repentance, we earnestly exhort the pastors of souls to use every effort to combat this great enemy of the souls committed to their charge. The evil of materialism as we have said, is not confined to one class. It has infected every class of society, as may be seen from the sort of literature that pours out daily from the press, and is manifestly in great demand. The daily and weekly journals, the magazines and periodicals, are for the most part steeped in materialism, and without let or hindrance spread their poison broadcast. The public imbibe the noxious drug, and only too often assimilate it to their own great hurt. For Catholics we see a great danger in this indiscriminate reading—a danger impossible to exaggerate. They unsuspectingly become familiar with, and adopt views of a thousand different points which are not infrequently at variance with the fulness of the Catholic faith. One obvious antidote to this evil will be found in the diffusion of Catholic literature among Catholics of every class of society; but, I must be really sound Catholic literature, and above all suspicion. It is not enough that it should keep within the lines of fact and morals, but it should breathe a Catholic spirit. The example of non-Catholic writers, who place truth and error on the same level, and invest the latter with rights and privileges belonging, pure divinity, to the former, is not one which can ever be tolerated within the Catholic Church. It is not edifying for a Catholic people to find in their Catholic journal communications sowing discord and dissension, and breathing discontent and dissatisfaction with arrangements which have approved ecclesiastical sanction and can only be reformed, if reformation be needed, by authority. The Catholic Church is, by divine appointment, governed from above, not from below, and does not abase itself to the clamor of faction; nor is it edifying reading for Catholics of whatever class to find the pastoral office treated with a want of reverence in the columns of a professedly Catholic paper. The Catholic press has a

"In France it has deprived the poor in the hospitals of the tender care of the Sister of Charity, and seeks to deprive the dying sinner of the consolations of religion. At home it persists in denying to Catholics what it cheerfully grants to the followers of the Prophet in the Soudan, unless, indeed, they show themselves sufficiently craven to barter their religious convictions for a mess of pottage. Its greatest achievement has been accomplished in the city of the Pope, where it has succeeded for a season in upsetting the temporal rule of the Pontiff, and in setting up a rival throne, the embodiment of all that is hostile alike to religion and to human freedom. Its philosophy, too, like its politics and ethics is nothing, if not godless. The Creator is ignored and scouted in His own creation, and a gross materialism, as absurd as it is gross, finds favor with the majority of scientists. They have turned from the light of life, and what wonder if they are found hopelessly groping their way amidst the bye-paths of darkness and error. Unfortunately, this degrading materialism is not confined to the leisured scientist. It has filtered down to the teeming masses, corrupting and poisoning their conception of life, its duties and responsibilities. Its aspirations and its hopes, and extinguishing in them the light of God's countenance which heretofore had cheered them through the rugged ways. No longer is duty to God and the hope of reward when this mortal course is run the guiding motive of life. The one ambition is how to succeed in life, and to succeed means to make a fortune and to better one's worldly position and prospects, and then to seek the comforts and enjoyments which easy circumstances procure.