

A MINISTER'S TRIBUTE

To the Grandeur and Mission of the Church.

Rev Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, pays the following tribute to the Church: The Catholic Church has tried to throw its encircling arm around all classes, from pauper to emperor. It sought to rear the crucifix in every latitude and in all longitudes. Its dream is as comprehensive in time as it is in space. Its venerable arches seek to bridge the chasm between the ancient and modern worlds. Its vernacular reaches from the most barbaric tongue of the South American Indian to the classic tongues of Greece and Rome.

Dull indeed is the mind that can contemplate such an ideal unmoved. And then think of the devotion and toil that for eighteen hundred years have struggled for the realization of this inclusive ideal. Shallow and hard is the mind that can dismiss with flippant contempt or sarcasm the Catholic Church, in the presence of its stupendous history. How beautiful is its dream of spiritual life—a power that can silence worldly ambition, quell the storm of human passion, bid the inquisitive agitations of reason be still, wrap the soul in a mantle of trust, and fill the heart with communion with the unseen and eternal verities of heaven.

This ideal spirituality is what has given a charm to the Church. This is the Church that gave final rest to the masterly but vagrant intellect of Orestes A. Brownson, one of the greatest metaphysicians this country has produced. It gave peace to the great intellect of Cardinal Newman. It wooed into its arms in the years of her notoriety the sweet singer, Adelaide Procter.

It is not given to the human soul to realize its ideals, but the Catholic Church has succeeded in embodying more of its ideals than are given to most human dreams. Its antiquity is in question. Would that we might realize what this means. How rare are the things that survive a century; and yet here is a church that has strung seventeen centuries upon a continuous thread and wears them like a necklace of pearls upon her bosom.

More than any other institution, the Catholic Church has succeeded in breaking down the aristocracy of blood and the pride of wealth. A peasant has worn and may still win the mitre and the triple crown. Maid and mistress, master and slave, do kneel side by side at her altars to-day, as they do not in any other church in Christendom.

Nor has her dream of the reign of the spirit been all a dream. The violence of Viking and Goth was somewhat curbed by the persuasive power of Rome, a power, as I believe, not wholly of dogma, not tyranny of ecclesiastics, but the sweet persuasion of consecrated souls. Stand as far as you please from the thought basis of the Catholic Church—and you can scarcely stand farther away in this respect than I do—hold all religions and religious influences cheap as you please, and still, if you but respect the canons of culture, the excellencies of literature and the unquestioned verdict of history, you cannot read the story and words of Augustine, Savonarola and Kempis, St. Patrick, St. Francis and Loyola, of St. Catherine, Joan of Arc and Madame Guyon, and regard them other than representatives of a majority power that did make souls more genuine, lives more consecrated.

Out of the Catholic Church has come a large percentage of the devotional literature of Christendom. In times past the Catholic Church has enabled thousands upon thousands of passionate men and women to live apart from and above the life of senses. What we proudly boast of as modern civilization would be a civilization less civilized had these not been.

I am simply true to history when I say that this monastic life stood, from the fifth to the tenth or twelfth century, for what intelligence there was in Christian Europe. The monks were the conservators of letters in the fullest sense. They preserved to us not only the Christian Scripture, but much, if not most, of what we call classic literature. The Catholic Church shares with the persecuted but fertile and indomitable Jews, the honor of establishing most of the great university systems of Europe. We see chemistry rising out of the crucibles of the monkish alchemists. The Catholic Church has done more for the science of geography than all the other forces of

modern learning. Catholic missionaries have been the great explorers of history. Modern civilization rests not only upon letters and science, but upon the industrial arts: The modern artisan is the direct descendant of the monks. The artisan grew into the artist, and modern art is the child of the Papacy.—*Providence Visitor*.

AT LOURDES.

Mrs. Throop Describes the Visit of the Pilgrims to the Holy Shrine.

A number of the American pilgrims who went to Rome and Lourdes last August, have returned to New York. Among the party were Mr. and Mrs. F.H. Throop. Mr. Throop was the only Protestant in the party of pilgrims. He was converted to the Catholic faith at Lourdes.

In speaking of the pilgrimage, Mrs. Throop said:

"We had an audience with the Holy Father the day after we arrived in Rome. There was a great deal of ceremony to go through with. Each of us had to have a special invitation made out to us in our own name.

"The Pope was to celebrate Mass, and he went to the Consistory Chapel in the morning.

"Mgr. Briseldi said a Mass of thanksgiving after the Pope's Mass, and the Holy Father knelt through it all. He had his hands folded, and never raised his head once. I tell you it was a lesson to us in devotion.

"At the close of the Mass a bright red chair was placed for the Pope on the altar steps, with a cushion for his feet, and then he received us one by one. The Holy Father was most gracious all through the audience.

"The priests in our party were received first, Father Porcile, our chaplain, taking precedence. He speaks Italian so fluently that the Holy Father asked him if he was an Italian. When told that although he had attended an Italian college he was French by birth, the Pope insisted upon speaking in that language.

"Oh, he was most courteous. He told how pleased he was to have the pilgrims come, and made Father Porcile promise to conduct another party. He granted to all the priests of parishes or communities the Papal blessing, to bestow upon those in their charge. "I went up after the priests, and then the Holy Father called for my husband, too, and, taking our hands in his he joined them, saying: 'Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' Then he pronounced the benediction over us. Was it not beautiful?"

"Can you bring others to the door of the Church and not enter it yourself?" the Pope asked of my husband. Then turning to me, he said: 'Have courage, my daughter; your husband will become a Catholic.'

"As the different pilgrims went up, the Holy Father asked what State they came from and the names of their Bishops.

"Each of them asked his blessing for friends at home—young girls for their parents, wives for their husbands, and parents for their children. They were all granted blessings for their homes in America.

"The mass and audience lasted from 8 o'clock to 11. The Pope invited us then to visit the garden of the Vatican, and we spent a long time there.

"The Holy Father was so thoughtful about our welfare in every way. There were sofas in an anteroom, in case any one was ill, and a physician and six sisters were in attendance.

"After leaving Rome, we stopped at Toulouse, on our way to Lourdes. We had a mass of thanksgiving there in the Church of Notre Dame de Garde, away up in the mountain. We reached Lourdes in the afternoon.

"The greater part of the first day was devoted to services. There was mass in the basilica, a sermon by Bishop Keane of Washington in the afternoon, and in the evening the pilgrims took candles, formed a torchlight procession, and winding in and out among the paths, went to the grotto where we had service.

"That was on August 15, and it was Bishop Keane's sermon that settled all my husband's doubts. Two days later he was received into the Church and was baptized by the Bishop."

The pilgrimage proper broke up before the arrival of the national pilgrims from France—the lame, the halt and the blind sent on at the expense of the public—

but Mrs. Throop staid longer to see the full extent of the work, and, by the courtesy of one of the priests, to serve personally at the grotto, the pool, and the hospital of Notre Dame de Salute. She wore a little red cross as a badge of service.

At the hospital there were regular nurses' duties to be performed. At the grotto, where the invalids were carried in chairs and on stretchers to receive the sacrament before being taken to the pool, Mrs. Throop carried her little can of water, with a picture of Our Lady of Lourdes and views of the place on the outside giving refreshment to one another, and helping them when they were almost too weak even to open their lips. At the pool they were taken down to be cured.

"I never saw such devotion," said Mrs. Throop. "One poor man, who looked as though he had been a strong, healthy laborer, was paralyzed from his waist down. He sobbed and cried when the sacrament was carried by, and seemed to have perfect faith that he would be cured. One man was cured who had been actually at death's door. He had consumption, and I saw him walk away well."

"We took with us 400 petitions to present to Our Lady of Lourdes for those ill at home. They were put in the letter box on August 15. Since he came home Father Porcile has received fourteen letters from people who told him they had been cured on that day. He told me so this afternoon, and we do not know how many more there are to come. One young girl who could not leave her house before was seen to enter the church that day. They knew when we would present the petition.

"Father Porcile is to hold a special thanksgiving service at his church, St. Francis de Sales, on Sunday after next, and then, in his sermon, he will give a full account of all the petitions granted at Lourdes, and bestow the papal benediction upon his people.

"We made arrangements at Lourdes to take a chapel in the Chapel of the Rosary for the United States. It will be called the Chapel of the Crucifix, and we are going to raise money for it immediately.

"The pilgrimage was perfectly satisfactory in every particular, and we shall have a larger one next year. I am to serve two weeks then, and a bronze medal that is to be sent me soon will be exchanged for a silver one. The pilgrimage was for the benefit of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, in Brooklyn.

"The priests who went with us were the Rev. Father E. H. Porcile, Father Gebhard of Minnesota, the Rev. Father Dinahan, of New York, Father Hogan of Illinois, and Father O'Gorman and Father Brady of New Jersey. There was mass every morning on board the steamship. The priests were in their robes, and a profitable altar, crucifixes, and candles furnished by Father Porcile were used."

ST. MARY'S YOUNG MEN.

The young men of St. Mary's Society held their usual meeting on Friday evening last at 8 o'clock, Father O'Donnell presiding. After the usual business of the meeting and the initiation of new members had been completed, the recreative part of the programme was inaugurated by an address on Chaucer, given by Mr. Laurence Clarke. A vote of thanks to the speaker was proposed by the Rev. Father O'Donnell, seconded and carried. Father O'Donnell spoke a few words on the value of good literature and the many benefits that may be derived from a judicious acquaintance with good authors. Speaking of the society he said that splendid work might be done among them if they set their minds to self improvement. Mr. H. J. Codd then read from a very interesting paper on the Canadian and Pacific Railway, written by Father Devine; the reader was accorded a hearty vote of thanks by the members. The programme for the next meeting will be a very interesting and instructive one, and will include an original literary paper, recitations, an original article on the Law of Contracts which will be written by a member specially competent to handle the subject; an original humorous story will also be read. The members have decided that during the winter months special programmes will occasionally be presented and outside friends invited.

The next meeting will take place in St. Mary's Church Hall, on Friday, October 26th.

A CARD OF THANKS.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR—Now that the season of navigation is drawing to a close, I would beg a small space in your columns to tender the sincere thanks of the Catholic Truth Society, and of the sailors, to one and all who have assisted, during the past summer, in helping on the Catholic Sailors' Club.

We tender our thanks to each and every one of those who have contributed books, magazines, papers, etc.; to each and every one who have donated articles of devotion, such as beads, scapulars, prayer-books, pictures, etc.; to each and every one who have subscribed towards the support of the Club; and above all to those good kind people who have come, week after week, fair weather or foul, to help us, by their talent and by their presence, to entertain the sailors.

To those who are in the habit of sending reading matter, I would just mention that there is a great demand for the little Messenger of the Sacred Heart. These dear little books are pounced upon by the little ones when the sailors reach home, in fact they tell us they dare not go home without them now.

To see the necessity of this Club, let anybody take a stroll down there any evening, and he will find the club room is already becoming too small to accommodate all who make use of it, and that numbers have to wait their turn at the game tables.

H. J. CODD,
Sec. Treas. C. S. Club.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. JAMES MURRAY.

This week we have the sad duty of recording the death of Mr. James Murray, of St. Columban, one of the oldest and most highly respected inhabitants of the County of Two Mountains. Mr. Murray was in his seventy-sixth year when called away from the field of his labor to the reward that is the portion of all good and faithful Christians. When we say from the field of his labor we mean it literally as well as figuratively; for only a few days prior to his death the respected deceased was seen at work on his farm and apparently in the enjoyment of vigor and health. The deceased was a native of the County of Sligo, Ireland; at the age of six years he came to Canada with his parents, and since then, for the allotted space of three score and ten, he has labored faithfully in the land of his adoption. For over thirty-five years he was mayor of the parish in which he lived, and he won for himself the respect, esteem and deep friendship of all who came within the circle of his acquaintance. He leaves no children, but his bereaved widow will have the deep sympathy of her vast number of friends and will find consolation in the hour of her sorrow, in the gratitude and love of their affectionate and adopted children, Mr. Mathew Power and Jessie Keiss (Mrs. W. Lafond), who are nephew and niece of the deceased. Mr. Murray was of a kindly nature, a great advocate of temperance, and one whose frankness, honesty and other fine qualities are generally acknowledged by all who knew him. In bidding farewell to an old friend of THE TRUE WITNESS we can only say, "May his soul rest in peace."

Wanted to know—In what tone the voice of Nature speaks.

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Miss MAGGIE CROWLEY, of Jamestown, N. Y., says: "I feel as if I had a new lease of life since taking the 'Prescription.' I trust that others will find the same benefit from your wonderful medicine as I have."



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IS PECULIAR TO
PIERCE