

PIERRE TOUSSAINT.

A Negro the First Catholic Whose Life Appeared in Book Form in New York.

The first Catholic of New York city, Bishop, priest, or layman, whose life appeared in book form was Pierre Toussaint, born a slave in St. Domingo, who by his virtues and merit acquired the esteem of people in the highest circles of society.

Pierre Toussaint was born about 1766 in St. Domingo on the plantation of the Berard family, to which his grandmother and mother had belonged, winning favor by fidelity and devotedness.

Among these trials he was seized with a pleurisy and died. Toussaint had meanwhile learned hair dressing, and by his skill began to lay up money. Madame Berard's resources were soon exhausted. She gave Toussaint her jewels to raise \$40 on them.

He was naturally gay, cheerful and fond of amusement within reasonable limits, but he denied himself almost everything for the sake of Madame Berard, even after she married again.

As she neared her end she comprehended fully the sacrifices of this devoted servant and friend. She said: "I cannot reward you, but God will."

After her death, he was by her act freed, and he labored to purchase the freedom of his sister, and see her well married. Then in 1811 he married Juliette Noel. By this time he was the fashionable hair dresser of New York.

The most distinguished ladies in society employed him, and he went from house to house. But he was prudent himself. Nothing could induce him to carry gossip. When a lady tried to extract some information about a certain family from him, he said, with dignity, "Madame, Toussaint dresses hair, he is no news journal."

He lived happily, having adopted his sister's child Euphemia as his mother's death. Faithful to his religion, hearing Mass daily, charitable, his days glided on in peace. Liberal himself to the orphan asylum, he always on his birthday took Euphemia there to present a large basket of cakes to the orphans.

He was a man of thought and resource. A French lady in distress asked his advice. He suggested her giving French lessons, as her language was pure. But she declared that she had never studied the French grammar so as to be able to teach the language.

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house on Franklin street, where white and colored friends called to enjoy his company. Some of his savings, invested in stocks of insurance companies, were swept away by the great fire of 1835, but when friends wished to get up a subscription for him he prevented it.

His faithful wife preceded him to the grave, and at last he became unable to totter to St. Peter's to his daily Mass. He gradually sank, and his last days were attended by Sisters of Charity and by Rev. William Quinn, who respected him highly. He was buried from St. Peter's, and the church was filled with Protestants and Catholics, with white and colored, the wealthiest and the poorest. The Rev. Mass was as grand as if given for a prince.

Father Quinn said: "There were few left among the clergy superior to him in devotion and zeal for Church and for the glory of God; among laymen, none."

A "Memoir of Pierre Toussaint, born a slave in St. Domingo," was written by Mrs. H. F. Lee, author of "Three Experiments in Living," etc., and appeared at Boston in 1854. It ran through several editions.

The Conduct of Protestant Ministers Towards the Catholic Church. Abused in Mirror.

There is no doubt that one of the greatest transgressions of which Protestant ministers render themselves guilty is the bearing of false witness against the Catholic Church. They seem to be altogether forgetful of God's solemn commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," whenever and wherever the Catholic Church is in question.

They speak and write with magisterial assurance on all matters affecting the doctrine, discipline and history of the Catholic Church, and all the while every word, every line, betrays their woeful ignorance or malice. Protestant ministers will not feel complimented when they are told that they are constantly making exhibition of the grossest ignorance when and where matters Catholic are concerned, or if that of ignorance, then certainly that of malice. And yet such is undoubtedly and unfortunately the case.

But though one may, in charity, be inclined to admit that their attacks do not, in all cases, proceed from malice, yet we are certainly not prepared to say that an ignorance, to a certain degree culpable, is not the source thereof. The claims which the Catholic Church advances to be the only true Church founded by Jesus Christ are so urgent, so constant, that they necessarily force every thinking person to an examination thereof, unless there be a calm and deliberate intent to create and foster that contempt prior to examination, which can and will resist any amount of argument and proof whatsoever.

Boswell is authority for the statement that Dr. Johnson said of the Protestant Bishop Burnet's History: "Burnet's History of his own times is very entertaining; the style, indeed, is mere chit-chat. I do not believe that Burnet intentionally lied, but he was so prejudiced that he took no pains to find out the truth. He was like a man who resolves to regulate his time by a certain watch, but will not inquire whether the watch is right or not."

The same remark may be most truthfully applied to the average Protestant ministers whenever and wherever the Catholic Church is concerned. But is such a plea an acceptable excuse for ignorance? We should say that it is anything else but that. This system of general misrepresentation of the Catholic Church has been fully confessed by candid Protestant writers. Thus Rev. Mr. Nightingale, in his "Religion of All Nations," says: "From diligent inquiry it has been ascertained that party spirit and prejudice have thrown the most undervalued obloquy upon the religion and practices of the Roman Catholics. In scarcely a single instance has a case concerning them been fairly stated, or the channels of history not grossly, but to say wickedly, corrupted."

Let those who from party spirit and prejudice are guilty of the conduct so severely animadverted on by Mr. Nightingale reconcile their conduct to their conscience as best they may; we think it will avail them naught to offer as an excuse their party spirit and prejudice before Him who gave the commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

Stick to the Right. Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaints, cholera morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, — an infallible cure — made on the principle that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

Mr. Jacob Seales, of Toronto, writes: "A short time ago I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, sour stomach and lame back; in fact I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I used one bottle, and the permanent relief which it has cured and made a new man of me is such that I cannot withhold from the proprietors this expression of my gratitude."

Forewarned is Forearmed. Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery, colic, etc., come suddenly in the night and speedily and promptly means must be used against them. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies. It never fails to cure or relieve. Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

THE CONSOLATION OF THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

To those who ask of God only the portion of goods which falls to them in this life, one touch of the hand of Death laid upon those they love, one breath of His mouth, dims all the glory of the world, blows away the empty bubble of its false joys, and turns its hopes into ashes. But in the Christian household all that he can do is to bring into it his members to go and dwell in another home. Perhaps it may be the eternal home of heaven. For who can set the limits to the generosity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus? Who can tell but that He has accepted the expiation of sorrow made in this life for the sins that were washed away in His Precious Blood, and has welcomed it at once to His divine presence?

But even if it be not so, we know that in the place where our lost one abides for a while, there reigns that sweet, broken-hearted peace, which was all that Jesus Himself ever knew until He returned to His throne in heaven. It is broken-hearted because the soul that feels it is so full of loving sorrow for its waywardness and forgetfulness of Him while on earth, and so full of a longing which nothing but the sight of His face can ever satisfy. Yet it is sweet, too, because it comes from the consciousness of making at last full reparation for the poor, ungodly, ungodly made in this life for all His divine love and patience. The soul experiences a great joy, which we will never understand until we feel it ourselves, in having its own share in sufferings like those which He once endured for it. While it participates more fully in the sorrows of Jesus it also shares more fully in that divine peace which His sufferings never interrupted for a moment. And thus it enters, in sweeter and fuller measure, into that blessed Communion of Saints which binds together in living sympathy with their divine Head all the souls He has redeemed, whether they belong to the Church militant, the Church suffering, or the Church triumphant.

And for us who mourn the dead is not this Communion of Saints the consoling truth that their death is but their going to dwell in another home, where between them and us there may be daily, and if we will, hourly, interchange of remembrance and sympathy? Nothing in death is sadder than the truth that the life of a lost friend soon fades for us into a faint, far off memory. When our wounds are fresh and our hearts still bleeding, the thought of such a thing seems like cruel treason to him. We cannot believe that we will ever be guilty of it, until some day ere long we hang our heads in shame and sorrow to find our long a time preoccupation with other things has banished him from our thoughts.

The sovereign preventive of this unwilling treason of our poor, unstable hearts is found in the Communion of Saints. Who could ever forget a friend, though separated from him by the whole width of the world, if he could only get a message from him every day? Then how can we forget our dead as long as we lift up our thoughts and our words to them every day, as we will do if we believe that the bond of love and sympathy between them and us has been, not broken, but strengthened, by death? How consoling is the teaching of St. Paul — that we can "fill up in the body that which is lacking of the sufferings of Christ" — that though His sufferings alone can atone for the guilt of sin and take away its eternal punishment, yet ours, when united in spirit with His, can make sweet reparation for all the sorrow we have caused Him. And not only so, but as if there should be absolutely no bounds to His generosity, He tells us that He will accept as a reparation for the faults of those whom we loved in this life any sacrifice we may make for His sake and theirs. If we offer Him our sufferings and our prayers on their behalf, while they are in the place of exaltation, He will account it to them as if done by themselves.

It must be a hard heart that can long neglect so sweet and consoling a duty. All who do it faithfully can testify that nothing so helps to keep alive that constant, living memory of our dead friends, which we wish and purpose at first ever to cherish most fondly, but which often, alas, fades so soon and so easily away. To one who comes, long after the death of loved ones, to believe in the Communion of Saints as Catholics hold that truth, it seems like their veritable resurrection from the oblivion of the grave, so sweet, so real, so life-like is the communion between his spirit and theirs.

And then, too, how can those who have gone before ever forget us who are on earth, whether they are still in the place of expiation or already in heaven? For in the former it is no more true of them than it was of Jesus that they are so absorbed in their sufferings as to be unmindful of all else; nor in the latter do they give themselves up to a selfish enjoyment of eternal rest. In heaven their purified souls find their happiness in an unceasing activity in the service of the Redeemer. And it so surely they must delight in that work so dear to His Heart — the consolation, the help, and the salvation of those who are walking in the Way of the Cross upon earth. He Himself tells us that they are "as the angels," who rejoice over the sinner doing penance, and whose knowledge therefore of the innermost workings of human souls on earth must be full and complete, or else there might be a false joy in heaven over a false repentance on earth.

Then is not this the same thing as His telling us that death breaks down that invisible barrier which ever prevents perfect communion between our spirits as long as we are clothed in the flesh — behind which he hidden in every soul of man secrets of which his fellows see and know nothing? Is it not the same thing as His telling us that there is never in our hearts a hidden sorrow that our friends in heaven do not know, never a cross laid upon us that they do not see, nor ever a sigh from our weary souls that they do not hear? When weighed down by suffering we turn to a poor fellow-pilgrim at our side, groaning beneath his own burden, and ask and find consolation from his half and sympathy, and from his promise to pray for us. But how much sweeter and better to look up into the loving face of father, or mother, or brother, or sister in heaven, and say, if we can say no more, — Pray for me. Surely if there be efficacy in any prayer to God at all it must be in the prayer of a Christian who has received his crown for one who is still bowed beneath his cross. — N. Y. Catholic Review.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

How They Can Make Home the Best Place on Earth. Wives! wives! wives! The model wife! Where is the model wife? We are intimately acquainted with the frivolous wife, the farmer's wife, the literary wife, the gossiping, the backbiting, the hysterical — but where is the model wife? All this seems a little unfair, for we are quite sure that the model wife still exists, instead of belonging to an extinct species.

Yet how many men are made or marred by the women they marry, and, too, how many and many a feminine soul is sorrowed or sweetened by domestic surroundings! The toiling woman, whose back is bent, whose face is furrowed and faded, whose hands are hard from years of labor, perchance once was a simple, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, dimpled lassie, with hands soft and white, when the young man wooed her. Through the years of marriage she has been her own house-keeper, cook, chamber-maid, seamstress, and washer-woman.

If she has done all this work faithfully, the neighbors probably say, "she has made a good wife for John." But she may have done all this, and been a scold, or a fretful woman, making her narrow life only the narrower by worrying over the annoyances and perplexities of her dull round until the light of her soul is gone, and the bloom and freshness of her heart has faded with her girlhood's physical charms.

On the other hand the husband may have only himself to blame. He may have left with courtship days the kind thoughtfulness, the tender courtesies that make life sweet to a woman. Ah! we do not wonder that her life is a dreary thing! If he would only sometimes bring her a book, a magazine, a flower, or at least a smile and kind word! Poor woman! she cannot, alone, make a home.

But the wife with a mission other than her home, who is absorbed in all sorts of reforms save that of her children, alas! we know her well. But, as some clever person has said, "There will always be a few female men in petticoats." In spite of the injustice done to women by the modern newspapers, and the novelists, whose delight it is to show the frailties of the feminine gender, the heroines of the homestead are countless, and nameless, too, except in the hearts of men. She adapts herself to his necessities, and is mindful of little things as of great — for life is made up of trifles.

Do we not know her? The unselfish mother, the sympathetic wife, in whose presence the world seems bright, where the sun always shines, and troubles disappear — who is domestic in the sense that her home is her castle, in which she holds court and ever reigns the Queen of Hearts.

But — the woman with the sweetest nature, and best intentions in the world is human, and she cannot always alone rise above the cares and petty rounds of her life. Her husband must act well his part. Let him be always the lover. Business cares, if possible, are better left at the office. Let him be ready to go out with her evenings, even if he does prefer his slippers and an open fire. His life has not the monotony of hers; he sees many faces while she is within four walls. Let him be always the man; if, unhappily, he comes home at night and finds his wife tired and fretful, let him kiss away the two perpendicular lines between her brows. A loving word is better than a grumpy evening behind a newspaper — or cheer from the flowing bowl with the boys.

Kind, tender, loving, in sickness, in prosperity and adversity, in life, in death, the husband should remember that he has taken the maiden to a life of which she knows nothing, and instead of being the arbitrary head of a family, a foolish man — and, saddest of all, an unfaithful husband — he should be patient, indulgent even, always loving — ever ready to sooth, to pet, to help over the hard places, and new responsibilities that meet the bride on every hand. With this mutual help they feel the measure of each other's being and home is "sweet" indeed "the dearest place on earth."

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