

ANOTHER PECULIAR MAGAZINE.

Walter Besant gives, in the November number of the Pall Mall Magazine, the third chapter of his series of articles on Westminster. In this he attempts to picture the Benedictine monastery in the days when the monks enjoyed the freedom of which they were rudely deprived in after years. In order to furnish a minute account of the daily life of a monk, the author selects one Hugh de Steyninge, known in religion as Brother Ambrosine, and attempts to unfold the life and occupations of a religious in the story of this particular monk's daily routine. Whence he derived his information we know not, unless it were in reading some of Scott's novels, or works of fiction, intended as histories, but actually the results of fiery imaginations and prejudiced minds. We will take one short paragraph from that would-be erudite contribution. To the Catholic its absurdity is so patent that comment is almost useless. The italics are ours:

"They offered little Hugh in the Church as a novice. First they cut his long curls round, offering the hair to the Abbey—an act which symbolized something, but I know not what,—only a Brother learned in the Rule could interpret all the symbols in the ritual,—he was then, carrying in his hands the host and chalice, presented to the priest at the altar." The only honest statement in the whole article is that in which the author admits that he does not know anything about what he calls the symbols or Rule. By the way, if Mr. Besant is not responsible for that other contribution to the same issue "The Rosicrucian Theory," it is evident that all the leading spirits of the Pall Mall Magazine are so dreadfully bewildered with signs, symbols, enchantations and perversions of historical facts that their productions bear a great resemblance to each other.

When Professor Robertson wrote his learned "History of Charles V." he marred the whole picture by introducing a chapter on the Jesuits. The famous Rev. Francis Mahoney, (Father Prout) in referring to this unhappy chapter, asks, "What could have possessed the Professor? Did he ever go through the course of 'spiritual exercises?' Did he ever eat a peck of salt of Loyola's intellectual and highly disciplined sons? Did he ever manifest his conscience? Did his venturesome foot ever cross the threshold of a Jesuit sanctuary? Was he deeply versed in the 'ratio studiorum?' Had his ear ever drank the mystic whisperings of the *monita secreta*? No! Then why the deuce did he sit down to write about the Jesuits? Had he not the Brahmins of India at his service? Could he not take up the dervishes of Persia? or the bronzes of Japan? or the illustrious brotherhood of Bohemian gypsies? or the 'ancient order of Draids?' or all of them together? But, in the name of Cornelius a Lapide, why did he undertake to write about the Jesuits?"

These cutting words flashed back upon our memory as we read the attempt of Mr. Besant to describe the Roman Catholic ritual and practices. To talk about matters of which he must necessarily be ignorant, and his ignorance of which he not only displays, but even acknowledges, never occurs to him as very unwise—to say the least. Truly did "Prout" say that "it was reserved for modern days to produce that school of writers who industriously employ their pens on topics the most exalted above their range of mind, and the least adapted to their powers of illustration." In the name of all reason are there not subjects enough in the world for such writers as the contributors to the Pall

Mall Magazine to dilate upon, without making exhibitions of their lack of information in treating questions of Catholic discipline? We are thoroughly aware that Mr. Besant imagines that he has given a wonderfully learned and exact account of the routine observed in monasteries; and if he had any doubts about the correctness of the details, he very naturally supposed that his readers knew as little, if not less than he did, on the subject. Not very complimentary to the readers.

As long as the Pall Mall Magazine confines itself to light and morally useless stories such as "Love's Apostate," "Boss Bierstumpfel's Story," "Cupid and Psyche" and "Another Freak," we can appreciate the endeavors of the millionaire publisher to reach the public heart by means of the morbid hankering after the mysterious, sensational, or preposterous; as long as it remains satisfied with abusing Popery after the fashion of George Clinck, in his account of Christ's Hospital, or with puzzling its sane readers with Mr. I. Zungwell's egotistical, contradictory and eccentric notes "Without Prejudice"—as well as without anything else, except crazy illustrations—we suppose that there cannot be much fault found, since the magazine keeps inside its sphere and the contributors do not venture beyond their depth; but when it undertakes to either deal seriously with matters of history, or to comment upon, describe, or explain questions of Catholic practice, or the details of either ritual, discipline, morals or dogma in the Catholic Church, it is time to draw the line.

Let any Catholic child that has made its First Communion, strive to imagine a boy of his age carrying the Sacred Host in one hand and the consecrated chalice in the other, and offering them to the priest on the altar. It would be a loss of time and a waste of space to comment upon such statements. The Catholic reader requires no explanation of the great mistake Mr. Besant makes, and he, and the majority of non-Catholic readers could not or would not understand it, no matter how lucid we might make it.

We know of no publication, of the present year, that is better in appearance than the Pall Mall Magazine. The paper is of the finest, the illustrations are numerous and most beautiful, the form is all that could be desired. But this is not to be wondered at, since the funds behind the institution are comparatively exhaustless. Decidedly it is interesting, and just as decidedly it is dangerous. In the first place it is anti-Catholic to such a degree that almost all its articles sin, in some way, against the Catholic standard. We don't say that in its every article it makes attacks upon the Church; far from it. That would be a stupid means of carrying on its work; just as stupid as are the majority of its occasional and overt misrepresentations of our religion. But no Catholic will lay it down and feel that he is any the better for having read its sensational, spiritualistic or mystical stories. And when he meets with paragraphs such as the following, (page 315, Nov. No. 94) he must feel that he is in possession of a false and very cunning enemy of what he knows to be the Truth. "Converse with Evil Spirits, or with Science, in the days of the power of the Church, was punished with torture and death. It was the Church that put Galileo upon the rack, and burnt Giordano Bruno at the stake. Under priestly influence human intelligence sank to a level of pitiable brutishness." Fivelies, in as many lines, which we purpose disposing of in future articles.

Persons who take measures to enlarge their business—Tailors.

A GRAND BAZAAR.

On Monday next, in the hall of the Monument Nationale, will commence a grand bazaar, and one that deserves the universal support and unstinted encouragement of all the citizens of Montreal. It is for the purpose of securing a fund to assist in rebuilding the Mother House of the Congregation of Notre Dame—that institution which the fire destroyed a short time ago. In the first place we deem it well to state that the Monument National is the new and imposing building on St. Lawrence Main street, midway between Dorchester and St. Catherine streets and directly opposite the old St. Lawrence market.

It is very unnecessary that we should enter into a lengthy panegyric of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame; but we wish to place a few cold facts before our readers. In the first place this society of teachers has been almost co-eval with the foundation of our colony. For over two centuries and a half the Order has taught and educated the many generations of Catholics that have come and gone in that time. Since the days of the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys, who began her labor of love in a stable, two hundred and fifty years ago, down to the present the needs and requirements of the people have augmented, and in proportion has the Congregation of Notre Dame increased in numbers and expanded over the country. Numerous branches, in the form of Academies, have been established in the city of Montreal; all over Canada houses have been built and institutions opened; and even in the United States a number of their convents exist. But the Mother House, the old home on St. Jean Baptiste street, naturally became too small for the number it had to accommodate. It was then that, beside the Villa Maria Convent—up by the mountain—a new Mother House was built.

While yet a heavy debt was due upon the construction of that much-required establishment the fire swept it out of existence, and with it all the contents. The house has disappeared, but the debt remains. Consequently the Congregation must not only pay off that debt, for a building that is lost, but must rebuild in order to find accommodation for its members. Already is the old building on St. Jean Baptiste street so over-crowded that the members of the community have to be housed and fed in the different branch academies where the accommodations are far from adequate. We know it as a fact that in many cases nuns sleep in their class-rooms—and we know of one superioress who is obliged to occupy the bath-room, in order to help in making place for the many novices and religious who have nowhere to go. Therefore, this rebuilding of the Mother House is an immediate and crying necessity.

This is the first time—in two hundred and fifty years—that this Congregation ever appealed to the public; and to no body of teachers does the public owe such a debt of gratitude. Many of our wealthy or well-to-do families can look back to the time when they received—if not gratis—at least almost free, a complete education from the Sisters of the Congregation, and now that their former friends, teachers, and careful mothers (for they are mothers) are in great need of support, surely the wells of gratitude, deep down in their hearts, will spring up to overflowing. And, again, it is merely in the form of a Bazaar that the good nuns make this appeal. We may state that it has the hearty sanction and fervent blessing of His Grace the Archbishop, and that the clergy from their pulpits will announce the same on Sunday.

The only thing that we have to regret is that the hall in which the Bazaar is to be held is not given without charge. Twenty-five dollars per night must be paid. This speaks very poorly for the society, or company, or whosoever has the control of the Monument Nationale. We would not mind if it belonged to an individual, or a commercial corporation, but the land upon which that edifice is erected was given by the Seminary—and given gratis to the St. Jean Baptiste Society, or the Monument Nationale organization. The building is not paid for by any individual; but it is the result of the contributions of the general public. It has only closed a Bazaar in which all sections took part in order to aid in the object of establishing that institution on a solid basis. And in presence of these facts, we consider it very small to ask a paltry rent from the Sisters, when they have been the greatest benefactors of Catholic Montreal during so many long decades.

However, that is not our affair. We merely wish to appeal to all our readers to aid as far as they can, in this work of gratitude and of high and noble charity as well as justice. Since the hall is not free, then the exertions of the workers should be redoubled. In closing we can make one square, truthful, and undeniable statement—we are sorry it is so, but it is a fact—the Congregation of Notre Dame is very poor. Some have tried to excuse themselves from paying the debt of gratitude they owe by proclaiming that the Congregation was wealthy. Not only is that false, but to-day real poverty stares it in the face. And the noble women whose lives have been given to the education of so many generations, who never before asked even a cent from the public, find themselves without as much (in many cases) "as a place whereon to rest their heads." And will not Catholic Montreal rise up in its splendid manhood—and its grand womanhood—to aid in erecting a refuge for these benefactresses of our country? Yes; the Bazaar will be a grand success.

THE Y. I. L. & B. ASSOCIATION.

The Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association is keeping well to the front these days. Last week a gymnasium class was started by them and a competent leader conducted the exercises. A special uniform was worn by the members, and judging from present indications the gymnasium class will be a most prosperous one.

The dramatic section of the Association is also in a most flourishing condition, and under the instruction of Mr. Varney the young men are making great improvement in histrionic ability. The L. & B. Association have engaged the Queen's theatre for next St. Patrick's night and will present a drama that is expected to eclipse any of their former efforts in that line.

ORDINATIONS AND NOMINATIONS.

The following ordinations have taken place in the Catholic diocese of Montreal:—Deaconate—E. P. Guilbault, Montreal; P. J. McKeon, London; J. H. Brennan, Manchester; T. R. Halpin, New York; W. A. Gilfillan, Springfield; D. J. Meloche, Valleyfield.

Sub-deaconate—Joseph Forest and Arthur Forest, of Montreal.

The following nominations have been made by Archbishop Fabre:—Rev. Alph. Bourgeois, vicar of St. Charles de Montreal; Rev. J. B. Desrosier, vicar of St. Esprit; Rev. Odilon Forest, vicar of Sacred Heart of Montreal; Rev. Gustave Melancon, vicar of St. Martin.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S RECEPTION.

Archbishop Fabre held his monthly reception on Sunday evening in the large parlor of the palace, the numbers in attendance being very large. His Grace was warmly congratulated by many present upon the happy issue of the famous trial.