

IN THE BOOK WORLD.

COMMENT BY WALTER LECKY ON MATTERS OF INTEREST.

PAPER COVERED VOLUMES HAVE THEIR USE—BOYLE O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER SUCCESSFUL AS A SHORT STORY WRITER—THE UTTER WORTHLESSNESS OF CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.

The book market is dull these days. The only thing that sells, at least the only thing I see read, is yellow-covered novels, insipid, and, not infrequently, immoral. These books are well-thumbed. If anything could warn us of the necessity of a clean Catholic literature it is these heaps of romances lying on the counters of every summer hotel.

Why not some publisher try a series of yellow covers. I am convinced that they would pay. There is no want of stories suitable for summer-better, there are authors capable of writing them, but where, O! where, is the publisher? He is turning out sloppy translations from the French or pious catch-pennies, or he is writing all over the country to bishops and priests for approbations for works better unborn.

A critic who is very fond of asking me questions, in order that he may answer them after his fashion, wants to know what we mean by the "new school." I presume he knows what was the output of the "old school" trash. Of this commodity the "new school" is an inveterate foe. It does not believe in going to the middle ages for plots or character. It finds these in abundance at every step. It believes in style as essential to artistic work. It does not hold that Catholics are different from other people. It does hold that they live like men, not angels; that they love, yea, even marry, rear families, have joys and sorrows, and as a last act die. Whilst having the deepest reverence for the men and women who lead the higher life in sacrifice, the "new school" is not so insane as to make all its characters priests and nuns in the last chapter. It eschews "the angelic," "mystic," sentimental and insipid. In this school I believe and am only too glad to advocate its theories, not that these need my advocacy, sustained as they are by more competent pens.

I read a few little stories to a critic the other day, and when I had finished he said: "Very clever, in fact, charming. That writer has what is essential to the novelist, the gift of story-telling. I notice now and then, some 'misses' I call them, in style and grammar, things that betray youth; but with time, above all with patience, I see no reason why the author of 'Pere Philippe' and 'Sister Katharine' may not do fine work."

The author," I said, "is a daughter of your old friend, Boyle O'Reilly." Her stories are as sweet and pathetic. More than this, she has struck out a new path. With a little more confidence in her own ability and a little more mastery over her creations she has a future. Miss O'Reilly is very young. She has all her father's love and sympathy for the poor and suffering.

Another writer is Anne Bozeman Lyon, who contributes a charming little story to the Southern Advocate. It is entitled "Padre Felipo," a story of strength and grasp in character drawing. Verily the South has awoke, and no man has done more for this awakening than the brilliant editor of the Advocate, Charles O'Malley.

In speaking of short stories I cannot forget Talbot Smith's "Lost, A Hundred Years," in a late number of the Rosary. This writer presents the inhabitants of Lake Champlain as they are, flesh and blood, falling and rising, passions, etc., everything that is of man. Catholic readers of "Sister Katharine," "Padre Felipo," and "Lost, A Hundred Years," may surely feel proud of the New School.

It seems that the whereabouts of Frances Waite bothers the critics. They are all off the track. She has never been an editor. Her article is convincing on that point. If she had been she would have had much more sympathy for that much-abused set of men who make their purgatory on this side. She does not live in Philadelphia. Fancy a Quaker maiden hitting so hard as a Frances Waite. She is a young writer of talent,—I can hardly write experience,—who has told the writer's side of the story. The editor has the other end of the ball of yarn. Between these the wise man draws conclusions. It has been my experience that editors were willing to do their share, but owing to the impecunious nature of the Catholic press that "share" was little. There is much truth in Miss Waite's paper, but it can have little effect until the mass of Catholics become readers. There is an old Latin axiom that most often haunts the Catholic editor: "No one can give what he does not possess." Buy his paper, fill it with advertisements, and I feel confident he will show his gratitude by giving you stories, poems, scientific articles from the best pens, and paying for them without a murmur.

This is near the time for the annual dozen articles written by nobodies, telling the Catholic editors how to edit their papers. Last year he was told that he must know Latin, Greek, German, French, Hebrew derivatives, St. Thomas, Gury and Schouppé. I believe this year they add Sanscrit, Welsh and Aristotle. These articles would be amusing if the editor had time to read, but he has, poor fellow, little amusement, and when he has, I wonder not that he lies far away from the maddening cranks.

While Dr. Foran tries to regain health in the quiet, quaint Three Rivers, the

critics are saying kind words of him. He well deserves them, as few men have done his battle. Thomas O'Hagan, a brilliant young writer, in an article on "Canadian Poets," has this of Dr. Foran:

"The editor of the Montreal True Witness has recently published a volume of poems which entitles him to rank among the best Irish-Canadian poets. Many of his lyrics in fire and passion are worthy of the poets of the Nation, whose spirit and methods he most closely follows."

The utter worthlessness of contemporary criticism may be seen by two extracts from journals professing to be masters in that art. The Critic of August 17, speaking of "The Veiled Doctor," by Varian Anna Jefferson Davis, says:

"This would be a good story from the pen of any writer, and it need not rest upon the author's unique social position for a fair share of success. What strikes us especially in this firstling is the surety of stroke, the firmness of purpose manifested on every page."

The Bookman in the September number says:

"It is a most unpleasant story, which the author seems to have had no reason for writing, and which there is surely no reason that any sane person should ever care to read."

After all, it is consoling that the intelligent readers, not the lone critics, are the last court of authors.

It may be interesting to know that Mrs. Sadler does not own a single copyright in her novels, and hence does not receive a cent on their sales. When it is known that these copyrights are sold for a nominal sum, it may be seen how little, in a pecuniary way, our pioneer novelist has made. But then it was not to make money that they were written, but as a duty, to keep green in her countrymen's hearts their love for faith and fatherland.

A critical friend of mine, an ardent lover of good literature, writes me that a well-read young working woman—a woman of influence with her fellows—has this to say about the works of Anna Hanson Dorsey: "They strengthen faith, purify morals, and tend to refinement of manners. The girls who read, myself among them, seemed to be warned and strengthened in Catholic faith."

This is praise indeed, and must be most welcome to the novelist.

Among the new books are a volume of poems by Francis Thompson, an enlarged edition of the sonnets of Blunt, and a little book of verse by Austey, the English humorist. On this side there will soon appear a notable book, The ballads of James Jeffrey Roche. In force, verse, in that quality which makes the pulse beat faster and the blood feel lighter, they are unmatched by the ballads of any other American writer. They have a ring and a swing dear to boyhood's ears, but being on American subjects, may not be popular. Literature is just now "quite English, you know."

A new book, one of paramount interest, has lately been sent to my table. It is entitled "Acadia, Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History." It is a book to read at leisure. Of it later.—WALTER LECKY, in N. Y. Catholic News.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

A Delegate Apostolic for Mexico is a probability of the near future. Mr. Patrick Fox, the well known Catholic publisher of St. Louis, Mo., died recently.

The annual Congress of the Catholic Truth Society of England will be held this month.

The date of the Congress of the Priest's Eucharistic League has been changed, and will be held on October 2 and 3.

The Holy Father has approved the nomination of the Rev. Dr. Kennedy to be rector of the American College at Rome.

Paulist Fathers Elliott, Krees and Muehlenbeck will open their series of lectures to non-Catholics in Cleveland, O., in October.

Eighty Cardinals and Bishops have announced their intention of being present at the inauguration of the Eucharistic exhibition in Milan.

Recently the solemn centenary celebrations in honor of the Sacred Cinture of the Blessed Virgin preserved in that church commenced in the Cathedral of the City of Prato, in Italy. The functions lasted four days.

A fire broke out recently at the convent of Ribordone, in the province of Turin, and eight of the community perished in the flames, while four were badly burnt. An accident with a petroleum lamp was the cause.

Rev. D.J. McGoldrick, S.J., of Washington, D.C., is said to have severed his connection with the Society of Jesus and become a secular priest. He will be one of the professors at the Scranton Diocesan Seminary of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Rev. Nicholas M. Freeman, pastor of St. Francis' Church, in Metuchen, N.J., died Monday morning at the rectory adjoining the church. Father Freeman was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1860. He was educated at St. Charles' College, Maryland, and at St. Joseph's Seminary, in Troy, where he was ordained in 1885. Before he went to Metuchen he was curate at the Cathedral in Trenton and pastor at North Plainfield, East Millstone and Junction.

The corner-stone of the new marble edifice for the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, East Orange, N.J., was laid on Sept. 1, by Bishop Wigger, who also blessed the foundation walls. The address of the day was delivered by the Rev. Patrick Byrne of Irvington, N.J.

The chapter-general of the Dominion Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Rosary was held at their mother house, St. Clara's Convent at Sinsinawa Mound, Wis., during the week commencing August 10. The assembly unanimously re-elected Mother Emily Paver to the office of Mother-General of the congregation.

The Sisters of Charity in the diocese of Pittsburgh, Pa., whose mother house and novitiate is St. Joseph's, at Seton Hill,

PROTECTION from the grip, pneumonia, diphtheria, fever and epidemics is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes PURE BLOOD.

Greensburg, celebrated on Aug. 20 the twenty-fifth anniversary, or silver jubilee, of their establishment in that diocese. These Sisters form an independent community in the diocese, and are not affiliated with the Sisters of Charity established by Mother Seton.

CAN THE SOULS OF THE DEPARTED RETURN TO EARTH?

According to St. Augustine it would be a great temerity to deny that the souls of the departed cannot, with God's permission, return to us. St. Thomas and St. Augustine both incline to the opinion that in many cases there occurs a supernatural action of angels on the mind of those to whom such manifestations are granted. Moreover, it is likely that the souls, like the angels, can manifest themselves in such a manner that they produce perceptible images on a person's mind without appearing visibly to him.

Whenever our attention is directed to the departed souls by manifestation of any kind it is a sign of the great mercy of God towards the suffering Souls and towards us. They make us aware of the great distress of the Church suffering, of which Church we on earth often have not the least conception, and which yet is entirely dependent on us for help. A Holy Mass, a rosary, an alms, a mortification, some other good work, even a compassionate ejaculation or pious thought offered up confidently to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the suffering Souls, is powerful to create an ineffable joy in that mystic abode. At the same time, a visible manifestation of the distress of a suffering Soul is a salutary admonition for the living, whereby they are reminded most impressively amid their carelessness, frivolity and tepidity, of the severe judgments of God.

THE TOUCH OF GOD'S HAND.

All things work together for good to them that love God. The fears are not all wiped away, the sorrows are not all ended, the tribulations are not all over, but, because we know that God is love, and because we are living under His roof and with Him, we know that the sorrows and the tears are themselves God's ministering servants. We no longer think of pain as penalty, and when grief has come into our homes wonder why God has set the seal of his wrath upon us. In the blindness of our grief it is hard to realize that the pains and the troubles and the sorrows that come upon us are those that belong to the Father's house. He Himself—that is the very meaning of the Incarnation—He Himself takes all the sorrows and troubles He allows us to take. Do we know what it is to wrestle with temptation? So did He. Do we know what it is to have our veins throbbing with anguish? So did He. Do we know what it is to be despised of men? So did He. Do we know what it is to follow our loved ones to the grave? So did He.

There is no experience of pain or suffering that He did not know. No tear glistens on your eye that has not first glistened on His. There is no heart-throb in your heart that has not first throbbled in His.

The pains and sufferings of life—we do not understand them, but we know that they are the ministries of love, and we no longer either treat them as the penalty of living, nor think of them as the self-inflicted natural consequences of our own folly and misconduct. So we are able to believe, with Browning, that "all pain is gain."

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WAS A PATIENT In St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton, Ont.

The Doctors Said a Surgical Operation Was Necessary to Effect a Cure.

THE LADY LEFT HOSPITAL AND DOCTORS.

She Uses Paine's Celery Compound and is Cured.

Another wonderful, almost miraculous, cure to report. As usual, the afflicted one is saved by the use of Paine's Celery Compound.

Mrs. Annie Saunders, the cured lady, lives in Brimcomdale, a pleasant suburb of Toronto. Her sufferings from a trouble common to many women were terrible, and the wonder is that she now lives. To her, medical and hospital treatment proved of no avail. At a critical juncture, the doctors deemed an operation imperatively necessary.

Mrs. Saunders would not sanction the proposed operation; she decided to try a medicine that had cured thousands; she had faith in its wondrous powers to make her a new woman. Paine's Celery Compound was her chosen agent; she used it, and thanks Providence for the happy change effected. She writes as follows regarding her cure:—

"It is with much pleasure that I testify to the value of your wonderful Paine's Celery Compound. I was a great sufferer from severe attacks of neuralgia in the left ovary. At times the attacks were so acute that I thought I would lose my reason.

"Several doctors treated me, and I was a patient in St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton. I obtained no relief from medical treatment. The doctors said unless I had the ovary taken away I could not be cured.

"Instead of submitting to the operation, I used Paine's Celery Compound, and I am thankful your valuable medicine cured me. I feel like a new woman, and I would like all sufferers to know just what this great medicine has done for me."

OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS.

A Review of the Religious Question in France.

Men often—not invariably—grow wiser as they grow older. M. Francisque Sarcey has followed the natural law, which is to grow wiser by accumulated experience and observation. Some fifteen years ago, and a good while afterwards, he was a very ferocious "priest-eater," as the politician and journalist in the full swing of the anti-clerical movement was then termed. From the journalistic point of view the card was a rather good one to play out, for after the rather long innings of these Republicans for temporary purposes like Marshal MacMahon and the Duc de Broglie, the desire of whose hearts was to see the Government of France established once more upon a monarchical and dynastic basis, there came with the collapse of such hopes in that final effort known historically as the 15th of May, a violent and brutal reaction. Gambetta was the man of the hour. His clap-trap eloquence led the fashion in politics. He said that Clericalism was the enemy, and a host of satellites echoed: "Le clericalism, voilà l'ennemi!" It was the movement which reached its climax a little later under the guidance of M. Jules Ferry, who, catching the wind that was blowing, turned the Jesuits, the Benedictines, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, and other Orders out of their convents and secularized national education. The nation became a party to all this rather from indifference than from zeal, for it is to be noted that the less active and turbulent half of the French people can always be led by the nose, no matter where, provided that the hand that pulls is felt to be strong. The temper of those who gave the tone to the public mind was irreligious in the active and persecuting sense. Those who attacked the clergy and religion daily in the press loved to call themselves Voltairians. The word has now gone considerably out of fashion, like Voltaire's works, which are only read by a few students of letters. Of the "priest eaters" of that time M. Sarcey was one of the most formidable and the most insatiable. The jocular ferocity with which he attacked the clergy in the "NIXE Siecle" caused him to be looked upon in Catholic circles as a journalist furnished with perhaps about the best pair of cloven hoofs to be found in these comparatively upper regions. His anti-clericalism, however, did not prevent him from placing himself in the care of the Brothers of St. Jean

de Dieu when he had to undergo an operation for cataract. He knew where he would be best off. As soon as the public began to show signs of yawning over the articles of the "priest-eaters," M. Sarcey's Voltairianism became less and less anti-religious. He, moreover, adopted vegetarianism, which can hardly be reconciled with "priest-eating." During the last few years "Uncle Sarcey" has looked upon the persecution of Catholics as exceedingly stupid. He has become almost the model of a good-natured, mild-mannered old gentleman, addicted to journalism as his only vice. Those who remember what he was can hardly recognize the same man in the writer of an article which appeared the other day with his signature on the municipal elections at Roubaix. A word of explanation must here be given on the subject of these elections. The religious question was intimately connected with the struggle. The Socialist Mayor, Caratte, had not only placed his veto on religious processions, as these are ordinarily understood in France, but had even forbidden the local clergy to walk through the streets accompanied by a sacristan or choir-boy, with light and bell, when carrying the Holy Viaticum to the dying. The clergy heeded not this injunction, and judicial proceedings ensued. Party feeling has run exceedingly high at Roubaix, and at the recent elections Caratte, the Mayor, and his principal henchmen on the Council were sent back to private life. This is a Catholic victory of considerable importance. Mr. Sarcey might have been expected to uphold the edict of the petty tyrant of a Mayor, instead of which he ridicules and blames it. He even calls it "monstrous and grotesque," and he sympathizes with the clergy who have appealed to the Council of State. Now this very marked change in M. Sarcey's way of seeing things indicates a change in public opinion. Having an eye for the signs of the times—in spite of his very short sight—he is too sagacious to go on playing the game of "priest-eating" to the end. And this case is by no means a solitary one. If, therefore, there are evil symptoms, such as the infamous war that is being waged officially against the religious Orders, there are others which are reassuring. The "priest-eater" who affected Voltairian polish and imitated the Voltairian smile while he murdered reputations is no longer in fashion, and atheistical socialism has been receiving some heavy blows of late.—athletic Standard.

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MONTREAL—IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Marie Louise Talbot, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Gaspard Brouillet, manufacturer of the same place, has this day instituted an action for separation of property against her husband. Montreal, 13th September, 1895. BEIQUE, LAFONTAINE & ROBERTSON, TURGEON & ROBERTSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 9-5

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