

Advice to Boys.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys! The lion's courage and slave, boys! Though clever as ruses, And sharp as a serpent's tongue, He's a cunning and pitiful knave, boys!

THE FIRST SISTERS OF CHARITY.

Donahoe's Magazine.

CONTINUED.

M. Antoine Feille's "La Misere au tempts de la Fronde" has cast new light upon a war that has been regarded too much as a contest of political ambition and brilliant court ladies like "la Grande Mademoiselle" and bearing rich fruit in their memoirs written afterwards in idle hours. It is true that personal pique and hatred had a large share in it, for it was utterly different from the almost contemporary English Civil War, because it was directed not against principles but against persons. It is true also that it came to an end, leaving the political state of the country precisely what it had been before, Mazariu as powerful as ever, finance as disordered, taxation as galling, administration as bad. But it did not sweep the land and fade like a romance of war. It caused four years of appalling misery to the people, and many years passed afterwards before the poorer classes had risen out of ruin. When Vincent de Paul was crying out to Court and camp alike, imploring pity for the poor, it was not for one unfortunate section of the people that he pleaded. "The poor" meant almost the entire population. When he and his priests journeyed through the provinces where either army had passed like a blight, he told how one saw the people lying beggared in the streets, or in the fields and woods, unable to rise through weakness, scarcely covered with rags, dragging themselves along the ground like animals, in search of roots, for food, and having but one sigh between them and death. Scarcely were they dead when the birds would gather to them unscared, and the beasts from the woods. He tells among the countless details of misery, how he went into two hundred houses, and found bread in only two; and how in fifteen parishes that he visited about the same time, there were fifteen hundred poor lying upon straw without food or remedy. The soldiers themselves were so ill provided that the country was no longer beaten to the ground, probably lest the enemy might find provision afterwards in passing the same way. "The soldiers go to the farms," said a letter from Port-Royal; "they beat down the corn and will not leave a single miserable grain to the owners, who beg if of charity." The religious houses were in some places a refuge; with the doors barricaded, the courtyard crowded with poultry, the basement full of horses and cattle, and the very chapel stored with food, clothing, furniture—everything that could be saved for the villagers—the convents sheltered the countrywomen and the remnant of property, till their walls in turn were broken through. Round Paris the villages had been entirely deserted and nearly all the abbey pillaged. The terror that overpread the country was no panic, but the result of known deeds of violence. The Mere Angeline Arnault tells, in one of her letters, of a dying soldier who drenched about others a crime of his life; in the seeking of a convent a nun had fled out of his reach by climbing the iron work of the grille, and he shot her, while she hung clinging to the crucifix above. This then was the war at the height of which, in 1652, the first Sisters of Charity left the soil of France set out for Poland, there soon after to begin fearlessly on the battlefields of strange halls and long career of service to the wounded.

But we have not yet outlined even in mere suggestion that sea of misery that made trial of the first years of the Sisters of Charity. "You need not go to Piaris, and Champagne were containing immense numbers of the cure of St. Sulpice, preaching to ask alms; go to the faubourgs of Paris—go to the garrets, and to the cellars where the poor are lying on the ground without food or fire." Instead of one thousand there were three thousand sick in the Hotel Dieu at the height of the Fronde, and the war had taken away nearly all its revenue. Vincent de Paul and his priests of the mission, those apostles of the poor, themselves could hardly live. Even the rich had to make great sacrifices; the ladies of Paris were contenting themselves with the famine-stricken country, but they keenly felt the effort. Some there were whose generosity counted worldly goods as nothing; Madame de Miramon, that great-hearted lover of the poor, in 1652 sold her necklace of pearls for a sum that in our days would be a thousand pounds; and the next year she sold her household silver. The plague was adding to the misery of the city; it was raging, in 1652, when Conde, besieging and burning the Hotel de Ville, was stepping with terror before a petition had been sent up to Parliament praying for freedom from rents, and showing that all business had ceased; the shops had closed, and workmen were dying every day from sheer hunger and exhaustion; it stated how resources were left to them but to sink among the through of medicaments, and how even then they could not hope to get relief, because of "the infinite number of the poor that are in Paris." In the faubourgs alone there

were counted twelve thousand families of the respectable class that sinks merely to starvation, or as the French call them, the "pauvres honnetes"; and the destitute who did not attempt to conceal their state were reckoned as a hundred thousand. Such was the sea of manifold misery in which the first Sisters of Charity labored; and their labors were not lost, but, peopled, have come down to our time multiplied a hundredfold.

Let us turn now to the second aspect of their origin, and consider the character, or as we might letter say, the personality of the founders, notling, as we go, how shrinking from publicity, and without any previous design or ambition, she did a great work for all time. From first to last she had no idea of coming forward in the world; nor did she come forward. Her name is even yet but little known. Let us go to the chapel of the Sisters of Charity in the Rue du Bac, and read her epitaph there on the slab of black marble near the altar, before we look at the greatness of her heart and the beauty of her soul. The inscription runs: "Here lies Dame Louise de Marillac, widow of M. Vincent de Paul, Secretary to Queen Mary du Medicis, the Foundress and First Superior of the Sisters of Charity, the Servant of the Sick Poor." Then after noting the various transferences of her remains rendered necessary by the desire of the sisters to possess them and to trouble at the time of the First Revolution, it ends by recording the hope that the sacred dust resting here may remind others of her charity, and may enkindle the spirit of her who was "the true mother of the poor."

There was always in the character of Louise de Marillac what St. Vincent called her touch of seriousness, and perhaps this had some share in her first youthful desire to consecrate herself to a religious life; she thought of it when she had just recently come to Paris—the bare-footed, thorn-crowned Filles de la Passion. But there was no hard or cold seriousness. It sprang from an earnest nature and a warm heart. Of this warmth of heart we have proof at every turn in her life. Half-orphaned from her birth she had no chance of answering a mother's love, but her father, in his last will, wrote of her that she had been his greatest consolation in this world, and that God had given her to him to be the repose of his spirit under the shadow of his cross. After his death she began her thirteen years of marriage; and of the happiness of the union we know but little except what is told by the touching fact that afterwards, through all her life, she kept religiously the anniversary of her marriage day. One child was born to her, the Michel for whom her tenderness was so great that St. Vincent at one time declared no mother could have been more a mother than she, and at another wrote to calm her anxiety: "In the name of God leave your son to his heavenly Father; he loves him even more than you do." In the face of her uncle she suffered keenly—those two famous De Marillacs who lost their lives to Richelieu's vengeance after the "journee des dupes." Michel was her favorite of the two, the Keeper of the Seal, the most trusted man in the country; there was something of the ring of the antique knightly boldness. He wore out the end of his days in lonely imprisonment at Chateaudun; there it is on record that his gaoler refused the petition of a veiled woman who had come from Paris to see the prisoner, and there is evidence that this was Mile. Le Gras. Faithful to the last, as her affection was, she had been the comforter of the mourning household when the other De Marillac was executed, and in sharing his grief she had tried to take away any traces of grief from him. If we look on still farther, and see the new community rising round her and spreading through the various parishes and through the country, the same tenderness of heart is still proved. The news of the death of anyone of her scattered sisters had to be broken to her with extreme management, so really did she cherish them individually; and after her death, all who had been under her roof declared that no one had ever seemed to be surpassed by another in her affections. But the glory of her great heart was her love for the poor. His motive, and its manner can be summed up in one word; his real ideal that the service of the poor is accepted by Jesus Christ as the compassionate service of Himself. It was always to her as if the Redeemer, whom she could not see, was disguised and waiting in the suffering creatures the sympathy of those who remembered His word. "Ye have done it unto Me." That was the word that inspired Vincent de Paul and the first Sisters of Charity and uncounted myriads more; and the same words have wrought in the world since eighteen hundred years ago—the life that is in them to raise up systems of charity to comfort the poorest, the helpless, the despised—this must surely tell us how beautiful an office have the Sisters of Charity in common with the other great orders of mercy, no less than the office of preaching by deeds not words the divinity of Christ; since no voice but the voice of God could have so awakened the heart of man, so changed the world by one utterance, and so provided an everlasting incentive for the comfort of all human sorrow, not as a dry work of duty but as a labor of reverence and love.

Louise de Marillac had possessed from childhood a bright intelligence. Her education was the work of her father rather than of the convent at Poisey; we are told that she studied philosophy "in order that the highest science might be open to her." One of St. Vincent's letters shows that she had learned Latin, and her father's own care seems to have been that her education should not incline her to worldly ambition and heart after vain and frivolous life. After her marriage we see her clear intelligence at work, and in the charge of the household and the assistance of her husband in his worldly affairs, she reminds us irresistibly of the "valiant woman" who had looked well to the way of her house. In her widowhood of nearly thirty-five years, entirely devoted to the poor, the same intelligence was shown in her management of each new work of charity as it was placed in her hands; she was always ready to undertake more and more, and to organize the service at her disposal, so that there was no failing, no giving up, even when hospitals, schools, prisons, forsaken children, refugees of war, all came successively as the sphere of work enlarged. But, above all, her clear

intelligence showed itself in her piety, where, eagerly embracing every practice approved by the Church, she shrank from self-satisfaction and novelty as selfish waste of time, declaring her dislike of "those little practices which only serve as a sort of amusement, and are nothing compared with real virtues." This led to simplicity, a sincerity that marks her life and all she did, and every page that she wrote with swift pen to guide those whose sanctity she was forming. She had a great devotion to the hidden life of our Lord, and to that still more hidden life in the bosom of Mary which has attracted the adoring wonder of many saints. One beautiful thought of hers was that the Christian life of the individual ought to correspond to God's plan in creating the world; for the plan of creation, and the plan of life ought to embrace mortification as the means of restoring the soul to its first paradise of purity. So much for her hidden spirit; and yet her soul—that garden of the spouse—was not a region of beauty that tempt us to linger. Many things we hear of her, such as are noted in lives of canonized saints—her being discovered with crucifix in hands in transports of love and sorrow, her confessions with heart-broken weeping, her tears of joy on kneeling under a stier, leaning against the altar rails during the whole time of Mass, when she was known to be weak and ill, and her wondering word to the sister who expressed surprise: "Ah, if one really was marked by poverty. Her outer life was marked by poverty. It was her great desire, as she simply said, "to imitate in all things the poverty of our Lord and of His Mother." So we see her pale and fragile, worn out by the loving labors of her life, worn out by the stern Order that she was a poor widow, with patched cloak and uncovered hands; and even the last of her fortune, which she never used for herself, she would have entirely given away but for St. Vincent's advice. Her interior life was distinguished by desolation and suffering—for suffering was hers in soul as well as in body—that earthly crown of sorrow that seems to be the inheritance of all the noblest and purest lives. We shall not leave her here in her bodily infirmities; she was sinking to her death during the delicate sensitiveness of her humble soul; she suffered intensely for years from the grief which she mourned those faults that a less pure conscience could not have perceived; and so truly did she dread her own unworthiness that she would have preferred the desolation of her house and for the death of her sisters, as if her own defects were causing the affliction of others. Such was she who for thirty-eight years St. Vincent de Paul had rejoiced over as "a soul always pure. And when she died, we will see and have the confession of her whole life, standing by her death-bed, exclaimed aloud, after the last breath had passed: "Oh! beautiful soul that has gone in baptismal innocence!" No strength of will, no mere reputation of holiness, led to the work done by Louise de Marillac. Her deep humility caused a complete self-abandonment to the guidance of others, who interpreted God's will to her; her strength was what the poet describes in the Sir Galahad of romance, whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure; and in place of ambition she had an indomitable and persistent courage inspired by her faithful love of Christ. To Him she consecrated herself; and her favorite word, "our dear Lord and masters the poor." Could any public beneficence have a more unambiguously direct origin? Could any human work spring more directly from divine seed, the lowly virtues of a hidden soul?

As we have seen in our third and last characteristic of the origin of the Sisters of Charity. It was unsuspected by those who were engaged in it. St. Vincent de Paul always disclaimed it either for himself or for Mile. Le Gras, who is in fact justly called the founder, not as she merely was the one who moulded the first group of sisters and became the first "seur-servante," as they called the office which in other houses is called that of superior. "Do not delude yourselves," St. Vincent said, speaking of the first sisters, "we never formed an idea of it. Ah! who would ever have thought there were to be Sisters of Charity when the first of you came to serve the poor in a few districts of Paris? Oh! my children, I did not think of it; I did not think of it; I did not think of it." It is God that was thinking of you; it is He that we must call the author of your Society—for truly there was no other. The gradual development that led up to the Sisters of Charity can be traced in a touching and daily and in the life of Mile. Le Gras. First, the De Marillacs had, as a family, a certain reticence in the service of God, and there was no doubt a tradition of charity; the marriage had a bond of sympathy in the love of the poor, for which her husband's family was doubly sympathetic. The name of Le Gras was to become still further celebrated, for it is not as Louise de Marillac but as Mile. Le Gras that the name of the founder is known. "The charities of her married life were like the first dawn before the sunrise of the future work whatever she had at leisure, after the care of her child and of her household, was devoted to the poor, and she not only gave them food and tender service in sickness, but with her own hands she helped in the burial of the dead. The next year she felt that she should survive her husband, she would devote the rest of her life entirely to our Lord. After this vow, made on the 4th of May, 1633, she spent a month of great trial of mind till the day of Pentecost, when her three-fold trouble vanished, and she afterwards wrote her own account as "a true woman who when I should be in a state to make a vow of poverty, chastity and obedience, and that I should be with other persons, of whom some would make the same vow, would be placed as to be helping my neighbor, but how this could happen I was unable to understand, because giving about would be necessary." This expression of hers reminds us of the tremendous and, at the time, almost startling change that was made in the idea of the religious life by the founding of the Sisters of

Charity. Hitherto all women vowed to religion were veiled, and shut off from the world in the enclosure of the cloister. Because of pre-existing ideas, the Sisters of Charity have always disclaimed the name of congregation or society, and not a religious order, though the distinction is hardly discernible to the outer world, now that there are many religious orders not cloistered. The next step towards the unknown future work is traced in the death of Ankois Le Gras, at the close of 1635; his widow then began the fulfillment of her vow by removing to one of the most wretched quarters of the city, the Rue St. Victor, far from all friends and all associations, but close to the devoted apostle of the poor, whom all Paris knew as Monsieur Vincent. At the Faubourg St. Victor she remained for ten years. Having a great desire to do something for the poor, she was first permitted, in 1637, to collect alms for the poor, and she was afterwards preaching the gospel to the poor, brightly and simply, as our Lord did. In 1638, in step in advance, she was employed in finding places for country girls sent to Paris. Next year, again, she was employed as it was commonly called, "La Charite," which he had already established in some of the parishes.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

Phiadelphia Standard. Ere this issue of the Standard reaches its readers, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Philadelphia will have arrived in this city and been duly installed in his exalted position. The preparation for this important event are now being completed. In another part of the Standard the details are given, though by the time most of our readers see them they will be accomplished facts. In next week's issue a full account of the installation ceremonies will be given. They will be, as are all the solemn functions of the Church, grand, impressive and beautifully suggestive and significant of the spiritual realities they symbolize and represent. The dedication and consecration of edifices for divine worship, the Priesthood, the consecration of Bishops, the investiture of Archbishops with the pallium and many kindred functions, are instances in point. For the Church knows and understands, as God has taught her, and constantly teaches her, the inherent nature of our human nature to express externally and interiorly, and visibly and invisibly, the spiritual realities. Hence divine worship, the worship of the Church, constantly unites the one with the other, the material and the spiritual. Thus at the same time it meets and satisfies the needs and wants of the human soul, and also fulfills the divine law of human worship and homage to God, by a union of spiritual realities with their proper external expressions.

The installation of one who has been already consecrated Bishop, and his subsequent elevation to the dignity of Archbishop, confers upon him no new or higher dignity than he possessed before. But still it is an impressive and in the highest degree a solemn function. It represents the act of his formal entry upon his field of labor, his formal taking possession of his archiepiscopal throne, when he teaches, directs, rules over and defends the flock committed to his care. It is probably that for the most complete of Ecclesiastical Dignities and Clergy at the induction of an Archbishop into his office, have ever occurred, more numerous, or imposing than will be that at the installation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Philadelphia. It will may be said, "No Prelate of the Church in his secret heart suggest another scene. If he has ever sinned and God hath forgiven him, were not a new robe placed upon his shoulders and shoes upon his feet and a ring upon his finger and a staff in his hand, and he would be glad at the feast, because he that was lost was found—be that was dead had come to life again? The Bishop before the world is the returned prodigal in presence of his own soul, and one mortal sin in life is sufficient for all this!"

TRUST IN HIM WHO RULES THE STORM. I should not dare to ascend to that Pontifical chair with triumph, I dare not my hand to the helm of this great vessel if I do not trust in Him alone who rules the storm. I dare not lead this army against, not flesh and blood alone, but powers and principalities, and the spirits of wickedness in high places, if He, the God of Armies, had not promised to be with me. "Who am I?" cried Moses, "what I should go to Pharaoh and deliver the children of Israel?" Who am I that in this trying nineteenth century I should dare to face in this vast and cultured city the infidelity and the vice that, alas! rule more or less in the very best and most cultured of our communities? God replies, Come, as He did to the leader of the Israelites. "Fear not, I am with you." When I look at the work before me and then on myself and my weakness, I tremble, but I hear the whisperings of the two great patron saints of my Cathedral diocese. One tells me: "I also was weak, most miserably weak. I swore that I knew Him not. Him my Lord and my God—my love and my all! Yet He took me from the poverty of my weakness and from the dunghill of my degradation, and placed me at the head of His princes—the princes of His people." And the other Apostle says: "I was the chief of sinners, not worthy to be called an Apostle, for I persecuted Him, and yet He forgave me and strengthened me. The blood of Stephen, His first martyr, was on my soul, for I held the garments of him who was stoned to death, and yet I labored more than all the Apostles, and by His grace I am what I am." I remember, too, what our Lord told His beloved Disciple to write to the first Bishop of ancient Philadelphia, that though he was weak and could do little for himself, yet the enemies of religion should be brought to his feet. "And they shall know," said our dear Lord,

"they shall know that I have loved these—loved these, and, therefore, strengthened these for conquest." UNITY OF FEELING AND PURPOSE. After God, I must depend upon you, dear brothers of the clergy. I find among you that which is most essential to success, unity of feeling and purpose. You remember that the night before our dear Lord's Supper He lifted His eyes to Heaven and asked His Father that these first priests who sat around Him should be one—even as Thou, Father, and I are one, that the world may know that I have loved Thee. Sublime standard of unity—striking mark of true Christianity. I shall subsist among us precisely in proportion as we love Him and are united in Him. Every day we offer "that pure Host, that holy Host, that immaculate Host, the Bread of eternal life, and the chalice of everlasting salvation—Him by whom and through whom and in whom are offered to the Eternal Father all honor and glory." We offer "while angels praise and dominations adore and powers tremble." In Him let us daily unite. Let our motto be His Father's command, "I will abide in each other and bring forth fruit by the communicated life of the vine in which you are engrafted. To you, beloved children of the laity, I come as father. A stranger? To you personally, I am no stranger in my representative character. I come with my credentials from Him who said, "G and teach all nations." "He who hears you hears Me." "I am with you until the end of the world." I come to you with the shepherd's crook in my hand, the symbol of the gentle authority of the Good Shepherd and Bishop of your souls, I come with the mitre, the "helmet of salvation," on my head, because now I must be at once protected and rendered visible to you in the great battle between the right and the wrong, the power of which he shall be saved, though all unworthy, I am now your leader. I come with the cross on my breast—the sign to man of salvation and civilization and victory. How great is the mission that we have to the world in this nineteenth century. All must combine without the silent but persuasive eloquence of your personal example we shall teach in vain.

As the world needed and still needs Jesus Christ, as there is no other name given to man by which he shall be saved, between the past and the future, the only power to perpetuate it, so the world needs the Church which is Christianity organized and united as Christ formed it. Oh, how great is our mission and responsibility, and how vast our conquest! We must be faithful, if we be only loyal to Him that sent us!" THE HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

Thinking men begin to see that only in the united Christianity of the Church is there hope for the future. The individual conscience needs the certainty which the Church inspires by her infallibility, to conquer the certainty of gratification which passion inspires. If I be not certain of the great truths of religion—of Hell and Heaven, of the all-seeing eye of God, and the unerring record of His judgment Book, by which the eternal is decided, I will not possess the certain pleasure which present temptation presents. The Faculty teaches the Church and her sanctifying teachings of the indissolubility of marriage and the supernatural sacramental character of the sacraments. And this is not a matter of mere opinion, but the absolute revelation of God, which a Catholic has to believe at his peril. But I need not pursue the subject. As a cannon-ball rolling on the earth touches it but at one point, yet its whole weight is concentrated at that point, so because of the marvelous cohesiveness of all the elements in the Church, each part has in some sense the weight of the whole, for all believe alike. Great God! how vast is our responsibility when we think of this and know that we have to save a society. Brethren, ask of Almighty God grace faithfully to do your duty in this age. Ask of the Mother of Jesus Christ, whose Octave of Assumption into the Kingdom of her Son we are commemorating, and of her Son, St. Bernard, whose feast we celebrate today, that they may pray for us for fidelity to this mission. Surely, if, as the Scriptures tell us, Onias, who had been High Priest, and Jeremiah, who centuries before had been prophet, did, after their death, pray much for the people of God, will not the mother of our dear Lord who knows best of all what the salvation of the world cost her, who saw Him in agony pay the price drop by drop on the cross, will she not be interested in the world that He saved, and pray for it, and every saint, in proportion to his use of love for God, must love the world for the salvation of which God did not spare His only begotten Son. I will end by saying that to God and to you I consecrate what may remain to me of human life.

When Doctors Disagree. It will be time enough to doubt the reliability of Kidney-Wort. Doctors all agree that it is a most valuable medicine in all disorders of the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, and frequently prescribe it. Dr. P. C. Hilton of Montreal says: "The past year I have used it more than ever, and with the best results. It is the most successful remedy I have ever used." Such a recommendation speaks for itself. Sold by all druggists. See advt. By taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla many a poor sufferer who submits to the surgeon's knife because of malignant sores and scrofulous swellings, might be saved, sound and whole. This will purge out the corruptions which pollute the blood, and by which such complaints are originated and fed. Use "the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home. A Rare Plant. The Wild Strawberry Plant possesses rare virtue as a cleansing, cooling, astringent, antiseptic, and healing medicine, and when combined with other valuable vegetable extracts, as in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, it is an unfailing remedy in all Bowel complaints. Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

There is a p... A rare old... Gladiators... The slant... A golden... And, as also... Come back... How, when... She... And, of the... Her girl... The sacred... And... The... Tongue... I see, at Na... Her immo... With eyes... Eternal m... I listen to... And near... "What w... I see again... An entr... Her new-b... The dum... beside... The Magi... And myri... The... I see once... Beneath... There... Know... Than her... I see the... And recog... I see you... The sun ha... But all... The mem... While at... Obscurity... And feel... FIF... HONORING... The unun... the past w... J. Blenkin... between th... and the ap... PAT... After th... was preach... nolly, S... to seem... ature in G... "Blessed... gold. Wh... for he ha... life.—Th... day... of the Ass... the Feast... Blessed La... voutly be... our Holy... out of acc... usage, if... our own e... same time... On the... to Cassin... is Calabri... come to a... Rector of... from whic... rives its o... has devot... to God by... An agony... so interest... not be pe... recognition... been set... great an... tion for h... In the... that bless... after gold... uses of th... of the... does not... lows that... more ble... closely th... and cons... rich man... as well a... ends, his... berty, cha... Who is a... gold? W... him. W... touch of... we will p... derful th... observing... mon, do... could be... if found... extraor... such me... Church, b... Divine, g... going af... heaven... Let u... Holy W... child of... put his... And he... ceed in... extend... right to... his face... word, w... word, w... Almighty... indeed, p... after go... as to g... there n... the gen... own fee... century... day—th... this day... Assump... when s... tion in... present

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