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THE ECHO OF CLAIRVAUX.

"Crescat Scientia."--Pio Nono.

VOL. I. TRACADIE, NOVA SCOTIA, JUNE, 1880. NO. 2.

MY OFFERING,

Oh! Mary, Virgin Mother
of our hopes the first but One,
Thy name, with untold sweetness,
Trembles now on every tongue.

Low before thy Altar kneeling
With hearts throbbing timidly,
Each presents a humble token
Of his fealty to thee.

Some have brought gay-tinted bouquets
To bedeck thy floral shrine;
Some have lighted waxen tapers,
Which like stars around thee shine.

But Mother, dearest Mother,
I've no fragrant blossom crown;
I've no light to meet the radiance
Of the glances you cast down.

I've but this poetic flower,
'Tis the only one I own,
Its leaves are crisped and faded,
Its fragrance all but flown.

Yet I dare to bring my offering
Withered, faded: though it be,
To implore Thee, dearest Mother,
To renew its bloom for me.

Let the dewdrops of thy pity
Gem each petal's pallid form;
Oh! nurse the dying blossom,
Ere 'tis strangled by the storm.

A. T.

MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

It is the month of the Sacred Heart! Mary, through the month of May, prepared, as it were, the way for Jesus. Yes, it is the warm month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, during which the pale pinks of the May-days' devotions give place to those of the deep, red-royal roses of June. And who was it, may we not

ask, after the Church of God, has taught us to honor the Sacred Heart? Who has told us to love it? Why had so many long years been allowed to pass ere this beautiful devotion was heard of in the Church? Why, in short, was it reserved for one poor simple minded nun--Blessed Margaret Mary--about 200 years ago, to declare to the world that the Heart of Jesus would be most fruitfully honored and loved? Ah! 'tis true, indeed, we are indebted to the Blessed Margaret Mary for this most consoling devotion in its present form. To be sure, the Church of God had always and every where honored and loved the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord; but then it is not the less true, our Lord Himself reserved it for Blessed Margaret Mary to fetch it out under its present most loveable and efficacious features. It is related in her life, that, being one day in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, Jesus appeared to her, His Heart surrounded with thorns, surmounted by a cross, and placed upon a throne of fire; and that He said to her: "Behold the Heart that has so loved men, and has spared nothing to testify its love for them, even to the consuming of itself for their sake; but in return, receives nothing from the generality of mankind but dishonor and ingratitude. What afflicts me

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most is, that hearts which treat me thus have been consecrated to me." Our Saviour then bade her use her utmost endeavors to procure the celebration of a particular Festival in honor of His Divine Heart, on the first Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi; and this, for these principal intentions: 1.—That Christians might return Him thanks for the ineffable gift bestowed upon them in the Blessed Eucharist. 2.—That they might repair by their homage and adoration, the irreverence and contempt with which he has been treated by sinners in this Most Holy Sacrament. 3.—That they might give him the honor due unto Him, but withheld from him in so many Churches where He is so little loved, revered and adored. He promised to pour out abundantly the riches of His Heart on all who should practise this devotion, not only on the feast itself, but on all other days when they visited the Blessed Sacrament.

THE PATRONAGE OF THE EVER BLESSED MOTHER.

The beautiful month of May is passed! With its calm, dove-eyed mornings, its blushing flowers, its sylvan songsters, its matutinal masses, its vespereal devotion—all, all peculiar to the month—are passed. A sigh of regret naturally surges up from the heart; the mind indistinctly recalls that bitter-sweet sensation which is felt at the close of a piece of some exquisite music. So vividly and skilfully doth the true Church know how "to speak to the heart of Jerusalem"—so deftly and well, doth she conform, as commanded, to the injunction of the Most

High, "to draw with the cords of Adam." Nor, in this, is she open to the charge which the Protestants urge against her, that she teaches and practises only an outward, unspiritual, and sensuous religion. With the late leonine Dr. Brownson we say, that it is not for those who are themselves frequently caught asking the *meaning* of an act of faith, an act of hope, or an act of love, etc., to taunt others on the score of their unspirituality. "The reason why they do so," continues the great Doctor, "is that Protestantism itself in all its forms is unspiritual and materialistic. It may talk much of the interior, but ordinarily its interior is our exterior."

Instead of drawing upon our own jejune and crude knowledge on this and kindred subjects, let us rather, good reader, hie us to the Helicon of the Saints and Doctors of the Church, "where we may draw waters with joy from the Savior's fountain." God forbid we should ever forget our abounding ignorance and perennial pride—our twin enemies—so far as to be led by them to imagine ourselves more than we are, or imprudently offer to slake the thirst of our readers anywhere, but when at all practicable, at the pure salutary spring-wells of Church-approved authority. The month of May has indeed passed; but not with it have passed or ceased Mary's care and charge over us. She still continues her potent patronage, and will continue ever "to the last syllable of recorded time." Let us now gather a bouquet from the works of approved writers and Doctors of the Church, and devoutly proffer it to our Immaculate Mother, whom even the chief of the Lake School styled "our sinful nature's solitary boast." He,

like not a few other non-Catholics, passed not by the text, "All generations shall call me blessed," as if it "no relevancy bore." "Thank God, there have always been found non-Catholics, the rarest and brightest geniuses it is true, who have done themselves the honor to think and say with the Angel of the Lord that Mary is "full of grace."

God, whose gifts are without repentance," having once willed, says the illustrious Bossuet, to give us JESUS CHRIST through Mary, *that order is never changed; and thus it is, and always will be, true*, that having once received, through her, the Source of Grace, we shall still receive through her mediation the varied applications of it in all the different conditions that make up the Christian life." During her life upon earth, she obtained everything she asked from her Divine Son, even seemingly worldly favors like that at the wedding at Cana. Now, that she is in Heaven, she surely cannot be less powerful with Him. And, as during her life on earth, she was ever ready to do good to her fellow-creatures, so now her patronage in Heaven will not be wanting to those who invoke her aid.

"It is certain," says Suarez, "that the Blessed Virgin in Heaven intercedes and prays for us;" it is also of faith, according to the common sentiment of the Church and tradition. The Virgin Mary, after God, holds the highest place in Heaven. There, according to St. Bernardine, she renders her children upon earth three kinds of powerful assistance. "She directs, protects and strengthens them." "The most compassionate eyes of Mary, Mother of Mercy," says St. Ligouri, "are always open to us, and seem to multiply them-

selves in order to discover all our wants." Mary is our defence, our guardian, our protector. Ah! who hath wandered far, friendless and forlorn—without a home, without an earthly mother—mayhap, over some wild, pathless prairie, conning the refrain, "pray for the wanderer, pray for me"—but was, perchance, made confess her compassionate maternal guardianship? *Monstra te esse matrem*—Mother mine, show thyself indeed a mother!

THANKS TO FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

We cannot help expressing, in closing this second number of our Monthly, our most heartfelt thanks to the Rev. Pastors and their people everywhere we appealed, for the warm and generous support they have given us in taking up, as they have done, the ECHO OF CLAIRVAUX. Especially are our thanks due to the warm hearted Catholics of our own native Mabou and Port Hood, to whom our worst as well as our best points are certainly not unknown, for the cheering countenance they have accorded us. Nothing, we are quite well convinced, but a due sense of a true, well-informed appreciation of our peculiar position and its difficulties have prompted their charitable and unanimous action.

As to our future, it is, of course, as the Almighty may please; yet we will say, for the satisfaction of our friends, that humanly speaking, the success of the ECHO is assured beyond a but, so much so, that of it and its subscribers, we are amply justified in speaking in the eloquent language of Edmund Burke: "They have increased, are increasing, and ought to be increased."

May the Almighty be pleased to reward the charity of friends, by showering upon them all and their families His choicest blessings.

—IN our maiden number, we indicated with sufficient clearness and crispness, let us hope, our proposed line of conduct. We aim at no championship whatsoever. Nor do we ambition to make the Echo aught else but what is adumbrated by our legend from Pius the Ninth. Otherwise, this ECHO OF CLAIRVAUX is, to all intents and purposes, the proper "organ," if you will, of that uncannic free-lance in quest of the Sangreal, cyclopt A. T. McINNES. Hence, if either success continues as it does, to cheer it, or failure overtake it, which, "with fair field and no favor," we have have no fear of, then ours alone be the consequent glory or the shame.

Thousands of dollars are approvingly paid out yearly by Catholics to non-Catholics for non-Catholic, and often, semi-infidel literature. All right, say we, if such things must needs be so. Now, all what we contend for is our own right to strike in and capture some few odd ones here and there of these same dollars. Is there any that gainsays our right? If so, stand forth, Sir Knight, and make good thy assertion. Does it disqualify us, thinkst thou, that we are Catholic and a cleric? Or makes it against us that, whereas the non-Catholic journals are, with but few exceptions, literally horrent with hostile criticisms and the crudities of pseudo-scientists, ours, on the other hand comes to you, courteous Reader, "like old wine in a new bottle"—as the classic masterpieces of antiquity in the mantling embrace of the green modern ivy,—or like, in brief, what it really is, the time-tested, Church-

approved thoughts and "science of the saints" of old, brusquely syllabled forth by the ECHO OF CLAIRVAUX? Of a verity, we cannot find it in our heart to think so; and it would need more than a moral spile-driver to knock it into our head either!

Thus far, we see our way quite clear. On its present subscription list, we can successfully run it as long as we like. More subscribers, we certainly like to get; but they must, if they please, come without asking: we cannot, and we will not go cosseting over the country, piteously bleating for the hand and the milk of patronage.

THE GAEL AND THE GAELIC.

It is cheering to perceive that there is no danger of the Gael allowing the grand old language of his country to die. At home and abroad, wherever he or his kith may be found, the efforts made by Prof. Blackie in its behalf, meet with his warmest approval. Prof. Blackie is deserving of the everlasting gratitude of Highlanders. More: like the cannie Scot he is, we must say that he went about his work in the right way. Instead of frittering away valuable time and talent in the bootless effort of translating English masterpieces into tumid, hybrid Gaelic verses, he turned his parts to far better, purposely rendering Gaelic tidbits into clear, smooth, ringing English verses. Surely this was the only sensible course from the beginning. What is needed for the glory of Gaelic is to demonstrate to the literari of the world, by means of specimens translated into their own languages, the real richness, beauty, power, and flexibility of the Gaelic.

A GLANCE AT THE LITERARY OUTLOOK.

For men of letters, the Dominion we must confess, has not hitherto offered a very promising field. Not, indeed, that it does not possess much of what we may call the wherewith of literature. Of that, it must be admitted, it has a rich abundance; a past full of historic interest, abounding in the fruits of heroic virtues, and redolent of romance and chivalrous adventures. With all this and more the past of our country comes to us duly tochered. Nor do we lack for educated and talented men and women. What then, pray, do we want? Does the dictum of the poet bear any relevancy in the premises, when he says?

"Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can."

Well, it appears that our Canadian geniuses and talented men don't do much one way or the other. But waiving that point altogether just now, let us cudgel our wits a brief moment and see if we can find any probable causes for the unproductiveness of Canadians in the inviting fields of general literature. May not our large territory and sparsely settled population have something to do with it? Yet making all due allowance for this drawback, it is not enough, we must say, to account for the general unbidding outlook of things. The fact is, and we hold this to be the reason, the cause, that altho' we have been educated in, yet we have not been educated of the land. While our bodies were under the climatic influences of Canada, our minds were away either in the United States, trained to love only English or American history, poetry or literature. All along, we have been get-

ting our tastes, ideas and literature made to order.

A WORD ON DISCOURAGING.

Anent this matter of discouraging the well-intending, we must frankly own, we could, at least for the nonce, pray to be able to write with a Pentecostic pen. We have ourselves so often and so variously experienced the evil influence of discouragements that there is scarcely a subject within the circle of our ken, on which we feel more fervidly, once it is fetched on the carpet. We take it, that, generally speaking, it is the most perilous moment of one's life when one is tempted, through one's own fault or that of another, to despond. The man who loses his courage, loses all: there is no more hope of him than of a dead man; but it matters not how poor he may be, how pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world, if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, works on with his hands and with unconquerable will determines "to seek God and His justice," *all will be well*. It is nothing outside of him that kills; it is only the anarchy that reigns within that either makes or unmakes him.

PERIODICALS.

Our thanks are due for the last two Nos. of *The Voice* to its Rev. Editor. *The Voice* is a neat Catholic Quarterly, published in Montreal, and sold for ten cents a copy. It is thoroughly Catholic in tone and, indeed, tasty in its general get up. If we have a fault to find, it is with the fewness and uniform lengthiness of its leading articles. Otherwise, we cannot too highly recommend *The Voice*; and the advantages in subscribing for it are at once manifold and important.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of several Religious and Secular weeklies from their publishers; but, as on principle, we neither seek nor care for the notices of newspapers, we dare

say they will be quite content to be left unnoticed by us. All we ask of them is a child's bargain.

SCOTCH PRINCES OF THE CHURCH.

We had fondly hoped to be able to give companion sketches of the two sons of old Scotland, most honored and distinguished by the Holy See. We allude to the two Scotch Cardinals, Thomas George McInnes and David Beaton. But the want of the necessary materials for a full sketch of either compels us just now most reluctantly to forgo that "labor of love." Their memories, we not unwillingly own, have a sort of a clannish claim on our earliest and best attention. But as soon as the necessary facts are to hand, our word for it, we shall not be found wanting. True, much of the material is somewhat far to seek, and the common so-called histories of Scotland are for our purpose often worse than worthless; but then, we know right well where to look for what we want. Last year we met a nainsake in New York, a veritable hoarder of curious historic lore; and we will do ourselves the justice to add, we then and there hived not a few of his historic facts with kindred care. At the same time, we were delighted to find in his possession two fine Histories of Scotland, both of them written by clan Innes men.

As for Cardinal Beaton, so bitterly and blackly slandered by Knoxite historians, the leading events of his life are pretty generally known. He was a Cardinal Statesman, and a Martyr; and to have been either, during the stormy period of the Reformation, would have been enough to float his name down the stream of history. Not so with Cardinal McInnes, however, who flourished a whole century earlier. From first to last, he cherished only "the virtues propet to the gown." Born late in the 14th century, he early joined the Order of the Holy Trinity "for the redemption of captives;" made his studies in Spain; and for his great learning and lustrous virtues, was rapidly promoted to the highest position of honor in the

gift of his Order and the Holy See. Yet he live' so retired and religious a life among his books and brethren of the Order, that the English Historians, Turner and Tomlin content themselves with merely mentioning his picture in the Museum of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, with a list of the books of which he was the author. In his Order he was "Minister-provincial, and Vicar General of England," and resided for a while in St. Andrew's and latterly in Spain. His works were written in Latin, and are:—1st, Description of Jerusalem in its Deformity; 2nd, Lamentations of the Holy Land; 3rd, Grievs of the Virgin Mary; 4th, History of the Order of the Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives. Evidently, he was a great, holy and learned man.

AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM.

LIFE AND LABORS OF VERY REVD. FATHER VINCENT DE PAUL—JEAN MERLE,—FOUNDER AND FIRST PRIOR OF PETIT CLAIRVAUX, TRACADIE, NOVA SCOTIA.

"The glory of children is their fathers."—PROV. X^{VII}. 6.

The plans of divine Providence have always been, and will ever be, exhibiting in the lives of individuals as well as of nations closely connected events which, to the Christian and philosophical, must ever form subjects for the intensest thought and most unpausing interest. Over the deluge of past years, a network of these interlinked events seems to be cast: not betimes, however, so closely connected but that to the unassisted ken of man, breaks and confusion apparently intervene; yet, withal, so generally clear and intelligible to the understanding of the humble and Church-directed thinker, that he is straightway enabled to evolve from the womb of ancient colliest chaos the comeliest cosm. Thus the illustrious Bossuet has been able to thread his way through the most entangled jungles of human history; to connect one event with another, and to unbare the golden links of Truth, which insepa-

rably unite them, whether in the all-absorbing Past or the opening Future. Each event he shows us, as it occurs. has been the result of a combination of causes, acting, it may be, through a long period of human existence, and in some rare instances, destined to exert their influence down till "the last syllable of recorded time."

Now, it is in this philosophical frame of mind, we would invite the benevolent reader of this tentative sketch of the Life and Labors of the Venerable Father Vincent John Merle, to take with us a retrospective glance at the history of what we shall compendiously call *France in America*, before and since the year of Independence, 1777.

(To be continued in our next.)

TOWN LIBRARIES.

Among the sorry literary wants of this Province generally, none is more intensely telling than the want of Town Libraries. The severe non-existence of such institutions in a proud, growing colony is, to say the least, astonishing. We think it is time for the towns and villages of Nova Scotia to bestir themselves in respect of this important element of progress. Every hamlet in the country ought to have its library, and every inhabitant or denizen of the hamlet ought to contribute his fair quota to the decent support and maintenance of that library. A few dollars a year from every reader in even the most unassuming town would furnish a handsome store of books and useful reading matter for hundreds of yawning young people who thirst for mental milk and cannot get it. We spent some of our days in country villages and small towns and know from biting experience the bitter need that exists of facilitating the literary improvement of young men in such places. In commercial and trading efforts we find that in all parts of the Province, town rivals town, and village with village competes; but in that particular department of intellectual enterprise above indicated there seems to prevail an eternally uniform do-nothing."

We have not space to enumerate the the countless crying consequences that result from the want of suitable reading accommodations in country towns and villages, but we shall just head off a few of the prominent truisms which unveil the necessity of providing such accommodations.

1. A town library would afford the young people of the place an inviting opportunity of spending together a cheerful, happy and well devoted evening. The youth who now wastes his after hours in questionable pleasure-seeking would find in the Town Library a soothing balm for his cravings, and meet asylum for his rioting genius.

2. It would engender a common sympathy and purpose in hopeful aspirants and enable them to materially assist each other by friendly suggestions and the mutual exchange of modeling thought.

3. It would check the natural tendency of young people to indulge in mischief and in nonsense. We do not wish to rob our juvenile brethren of any necessary or becoming amusement. Butler in his *Hudibras* says, 'a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.' But this nonsense should be well revised, and nothing is more aptly calculated to curb the romping elements of human nature than the wholesome influences of a library where in "mirthful solemnity" we gaze upon the "assembled wisdom of the world held mute."

4. It would uproot the pernicious habit of nauseous novel-reading.

5. It would place within the reach of every ambitious reader the efficacious means of fortifying himself with that sound, necessary and substantial information without which life is but a living death.

SOUND DOGMATIC TEACHING IN CHILDHOOD.

Some will say, "Why bother children with doctrine at all? Let them love our Lord Jesus Christ, and be kind to one another and to all men, and that is enough." That, at first

blush, appears very plausible; but, at best, it is only a diluted Rousseauism; a sophism of the first water. As good Bishop Hedley in his "Religion for Children" puts it, "It is like saying, don't take the trouble to plant trees; only let us have plenty of wood, bright leaves and sweet fruit. But you must plant the tree, if you want the fruit. No you must instruct children, if you want them to be religious." You must teach them, ground them well in the solids of religion. Let the fancy, the ornamental, the ceremonial parts rest meanwhile in abeyance. Planting is always better, surer, and more natural than grafting. What is taught in youth like what is planted in the Spring, is sure to grow and flourish. But above all, let it be sound, full Christian doctrine, with as little admixture of forms, symbols or ceremonies as possible. Young folks need no spur to their imaginations. That we are not oversteering the practical need of a sound, thorough, dogmatical instruction for the young, no one, we opine, who closely watches and studies the system pursued with regard to the Christian teaching of children in Lower Canada, and its consequent legitimate fruits in the conduct of the same persons in Chicago, Boston or New York, will at all deny. How or why it is that these same persons who, we might say, have always been brought up in the very lap of the Church cannot withstand the contact, the influence, the tear and wear of non-Catholic society beyond two or three months, without making a complete shipwreck of their faith? Or how is it that poor Bluenose on the other hand who has never had the like advantages, who possibly cannot distinguish between an A and the gable-end of a house, or, ten to one does not know on which knee to genuflect, will yet manage to rough it out, thro' thick and thin, with his Church's banner, torn and tattered it may be, but still untaken? Such, however, is the fact; and no one who has travelled in the States can deny it. Now, does it not all come of ill, inadequate, superficial and too exterior an education in matters of relig-

ion? The young are taught by parents, pastors, teachers, society and public opinion in Lower Canada and, perhaps, we should add in France also, to set to great a store by exterior accomplishments in matters of religion. And what is the result? Why, in almost ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, among the foolish boys, the shell of the nut is preferred to the kernel—the shadow to the substance of faith. Then these same boys go, let us suppose, to the States. They don't see religion carried out as at home; their favorite ceremonies are at sad discount; or what is oftener the case, there are no ceremonies at all. What are they to do? Why, fall back on the dry, bare bones of faith, you will say. But how can they?

A SERMON

On the Immaculate Conception was kindly sent us by its author, Rev. A. McGillivray, P. P., Charlottetown, of which we have only to say that it is as eloquent as it is original.

"PEACE! IT IS I."

(Translation, Hymn of St. Anatolus.)

Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Ours labored heavily,
Foam glittered white;
Mariners trembled,
Peril was nigh,
Then said the God of gods,
"Peace! it is I."

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest!
Well of Euroclydus;
Be thou at rest,
Peril can none be
Sorrow must fly,
Then saith the Light of light,
"Peace! it is I."

JESUS! Diverger,
Come thou to me;
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea.
Then when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by,
Whisper, Truth of truth,
"Peace! it is I."

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