

THE
CATHOLIC VISITOR.

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EDITOR-PROPRIETOR, REVEREND FERDINARD BELANGER.

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PREFACE OF THE EDITOR.

At the request of a good many dear friends of the St. Patrick's Congregation, and with the special approbation of His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, we hereby undertake to publish a little Monthly Review for the benefit of the english-speaking population of the Canadian Dominion and of the United States also. This little Periodical will have for his title: *The Catholic Visitor*. It will have a special reference to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary, to whose protection it is confided. It is also intended to record favors granted by the Mother of Heaven's grace to us, poor wayfarers in this bleak vale of tears; and in a special manner the wonders,

often wrought though her intercession in that Church of St. Ann, of Côte Beaupré, whither so many of the pious members of St. Patrick's Congregation of Quebec direct their steps by hundreds and even thousands, every Sunday whenever the day dawns, which is sacred to the glorious mother of the Blessed Mary.

However, though this periodical will in each of its numbers generally contain some line or page to commemorate her power and charity, when matter is at hand, nevertheless it will not exclude religious news from the whole Catholic world; and as most part of our readers will be sons of that Isle, which they in their just pride term the Isle of the Saints, we shall ever strive to keep a special place for the religious news from that beloved Island of theirs.

We shall always endeavor to keep our Readers posted up in all that relates to the glorious Pontif, Pious IXth, informing them of his joys and of his sorrows, that every son of the Church of Christ, whose venerated head he is, may rejoice or sorrow with him.

But, in spite of all our endeavors, whether they are crowned with success or not, do not, Irishmen of Quebec, allow our undertaking to fail; do not let our ship, through your want of exertion, be miserably dashed to pieces against the rocks.

Do not permit the captain of that ship to die

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an inglorious death for the want of 2 shillings or 40 cents a year! For this is all you shall have to give for 12 pamphlets of 24 pages, each month.

Let no one therefore refuse to our little Review the right of a real genuine Irish hospitality under their homes' roofs. It will benefit your families and your children, if time is not allowed you to peruse it yourselves.

The price of the subscription is to be paid invariably in advance, viz: 2 shillings or 40 cents, yearly, for the Dominion of Canada, and 50 cents for the United States, where the paper money is somewhat depreciated, with the addition of a very few cents of postage every year for those of our readers, who may reside in the States or perhaps across the Atlantic.

Those who might not think fit to become subscribers, will be so kind as to send back immediately the number addressed to them, writing distinctly on the back; *Refused*, with their name and the name of the parish, or that of the city, street, where they reside, and the number of their houses.

We trust, after having invariably experienced so many tokens of kindness and unmistakable gratitude, from the members of St. Patrick's Congregation of Quebec chiefly, that no one will send back our periodical, unless he

cannot possibly help it. Thus, we shall be spared the painful trial of pecuniary embarrassments, to which we should certainly have to submit, unless the encouragement we ask, be readily granted us. We trust that such will not be the case, and that we shall only experience joy and success in striving to benefit our old friends again in this manner.

We rely in great measure on the cooperation of our brothers in the Priesthood, in order to achieve any thing like success. We trust they will not refuse to introduce our little *Visitor* into the families of the various parishes, over which they preside.

We have travelled a great deal in our lifetime. Besides visiting many parts of America, we have also wandered considerably through Europe, Asia and Africa. Well, if the english speaking people of Quebec, chiefly, will grant us that help, which will secure the success of our undertaking, we promise them that we shall, at least now and then, relate to them some portions of our travels. In this number we shall give an account of a part of our adventures across the sandy deserts of Arabia, when, after having crossed the Red Sea, we were directing our steps towards the famous Mountain of Sinai, where, as you know, the Law was promulgated in the midst of thunder and lightning. Later,

we shall have very interesting things to recount about Jerusalem and its Calvary, about Rome and its magnificent churches and its Popes, &c., &c. This we give as an inducement: we are aware that people are always fond of listening to tales about far distant lands, and especially about those lands, where the Popes reside, and where the Son of Man gave up his life for the redemption of mankind.

HOW AND WHERE TO PAY THE PRICE OF THE
SUBSCRIPTION.

Mr. James Day is our agent for Diamond Harbour and a part of the Lower Town, Mr. James Murphy for the other portions of the city of Quebec and the Lower Town also. Subscribers are invited to pay over their 40 cents to these gentlemen, immediately, if they possibly can, and thus secure a right to the Periodical for the 12 following months.

Subscribers, out of the City, may send in their money by letter to us, after taking the ordinary prudential precaution, viz, getting their letters duly registered, especially if they contain a somewhat considerable sum; otherwise we would not hold ourselves responsibly for any loss, that might happen. Revd. M. Collet, the Archbishop's Secretary, will also

receive money, especially from the Revd. Pastors, out of the City, who would take the trouble of thus bringing to us their Parishioners' subscriptions, stating always the names of those, for whom they pay.

If people, especially from places out of the city, wished to make the payment in our residence, they would find us at No. 10, Couillard Street, Upper Town, on the second floor; if we were absent from home, they could go up one other flight of stairs, and there they would find two persons, our kind agents for that purpose, to whom they could give their money in all confidence, stating at the same time their names and that of their place of abode.

There are a good many persons, desirous of becoming subscribers, but whom we could not reach by means of the *Quebec Directory*, and to whom therefore we could not address our paper, not knowing the place of their residence. These persons, by applying to Mrs. George Colfer and the other ladies with her, willing to help us, on the second floor of St. Patrick's Sacristy, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of each Sundry, will thus easily procure our paper; and, making known to them the place and number of their abode, will afterwards receive it regularly in their respective homes.

Let them also try to deposit immediately their 40 cents in the hands of the above charitable Ladies and thus spare us a great deal of useless trouble.

✍ We address our Periodical to several Editors of other papers, with the hope of a cordial exchange from their part, and of a few good words also from their pens, if they think fit, in order to attract, if possible, at least a small share of the public attention to us.

Letters, remittances, in connection with the "Catholic Visitor," and exchanges from other papers, to be addressed to the Revd. Ferdinand Bélanger, Quebec.

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ST. ANN AS POWERFUL TO CURE THE DISEASES OF
THE MIND AS THOSE OF THE BODY.

Amongst the marvellous facts which were not inscribed in the registers of the parish of the good St. Ann de Beaupré, and which were left to tradition to be transmitted down to posterity, here is one which was related to us, and to which our readers will listen with the same interest we did ourselves.

Between the years 1810 and 1820, a catholic Irish family, composed of three persons, sailed from England to America. A few miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there suddenly arises a furious storm, which breaks down the masts of the ship, on board of which they were, causes

it to founder, and almost all the passengers find in the angry ocean a watery grave. The head of the family, which we have just mentioned, was among the number of the unfortunate victims. But the mother and her daughter, who carried, on their breast, the picture of St. Ann, were both snatched from the danger. However, neither of them knew that the other had escaped, because the tempest had violently torn them from one another. They were both saved on some pieces of the wrecked ship. After having been a long time tossed about by the waves, they were taken up by two different ships, which were both going to Quebec, where they arrived two days after one another. The mother, the first to reach Quebec, finding herself completely alone, gave way to the darkest sorrow, when thinking of the severe loss she had undergone, for she had not the slightest doubt that her daughter had lost her life in the shipwreck, from which she herself had so extraordinarily escaped. Time, far from assuaging her intense grief, only rendered her loneliness more unbearable. Her very heart was breaking within her; her soul was crushed under a weight, which she no more had the courage of bearing. It seemed to her that she was alone in the wide world, even though in the midst of a thick and compact population. The earth was no more for her but a place of horror and anguish. She felt as if the whole of the human race had perished with her husband and her daughter. In her despair, she sought solitude and darkness; it would have been a pleasure for her to hide herself in a grave! Gradually

her reason began to give way and to shroud itself with thick darkness. Death then appeared to her as the only comfort she could wish for, and she strove to inflict it upon herself. This unfortunate woman had lost her mind! Her sickness, carried to excess, made her even forget the object of her excessive grief.

Who will be able to cast a ray of light into this bewildered soul, into this darkened intellect? Will the sight of her daughter be enough to bring her back to reason and consciousness? No. Her unhappy daughter reaches Quebec, without any hope of seeing again her mother, whom she supposes to have perished in the Ocean's waves. Poor child! Only 15 years old! and left alone in an unknown land!.... Poor young girl, fear nothing, might have been said to her, divine Providence watches over you!

Whilst she is giving vent to her tears, she learns that a stranger, shipwrecked like herself, is in the same city, and that some sad misfortune has deprived her of her reason. Immediately her filial heart guesses the secret... it is her mother... she feels sure of it... Without any delay, she hurries to the place pointed out to her, and begs to be introduced to this strange woman. But, o my God, what a spectacle! A mother and a daughter, who meet again after such dangers happily escaped, will they not throw themselves into the arms and embraces of one another?

But here, nothing of the kind does take place. True, the daughter runs towards her mother, wishes to cast herself at her feet, and bathes them

with her tears... But the mother looks at her daughter first with stupor, then with fright... she draws back... she would fain take to flight!... What! she exclaimed, an Angel!... For pity's sake, celestial spirit, fly, fly away far from this infernal place! Do you not hear howlings, imprecations, frightfull blasphemies?... How have you been able to penetrate into this hell, where I have been plunged centuries ago!...

The disconsolate daughter is obliged to retire, without having been allowed to kiss her beloved mother! However, she loses neither courage nor hope. More than ever, she places her confidence in God. About that time, a stupendous miracle had been wrought through the intercession of St. Ann. She was told of it, and her confidence then knew no bounds. She begs of a gentleman, as charitable as rich, to have her mother conveyed to the Church of St. Ann de Beaupré, she goes there herself also. She causes the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to be offered up there for her dear mother. The poor mother is there with her wild looks and her strange demeanor; a large crowd is present, attracted by curiosity. The daughter is kneeling in profound recollectedness. During the mass, all at once the traces of fear, depicted in the mother's countenance, disappear suddenly, and are superseded by a great calm, and a remarkable serenity; her limbs cease to be agitated, and from her eyes flows a torrent of tears. But she is not yet cured. From time to time she opens her eyes, but without casting her looks upon any one.

Her lips move in prayer, and her mouth repeatedly pronounces these words; "Save me, save me". Mass over, the priest says to the daughter: have confidence, your mother will be given back to you." And whilst saying this, he places on her lips a relic of St. Ann. Oh! what fervent embraces she imprints upon the holy relic! Then the Priest goes to the mother, causes her also to venerate the same relic. She seizes it with a feverish eagerness, presses it to her mouth and to her heart, and seems unable to part with it; and when the Priest forces her to give it back, she says to him with an air of indiscribable happiness: Oh! how grateful I am to you! How happy I now feel! But, where's my daughter? Does she still live? Is it not she, that appeared to me under the form of an Angel? Oh! how beautiful she then was! "Your daughter is still living; she lives to love and cherish and console you. You shall see her in a few moments; but not in this holy temple. Go and take some nourishment and you shall find your child." And the young girl at a sign given her by the good pastor, had already disappeared, to go to the presbytery, and receive there her mother!... Who could describe the scene which there took place? the mutual love, the mutual embraces of the mother and daughter!... How great the gratitude of the mother, when she heard that she was indebted for her cure to the piety of her daughter! but especially and above all to the intercession of St. Ann!...

CONVERSION OF A QUEEN TO CATHOLICISM.

Since a good number of years, extraordinary conversions take place in the high ranks of english society as well as amongst the noblemen of other countries of Europe.

Our readers are not aware perhaps that Queen Victoria's mother, the Dutchess of Kent, was a fervent catholic during several years before her death; and nevertheless such was the case! Lately, amongst others, the conversion was announced of one of the most remarkable men of England, Lord Ripon. He had occupied most exalted positions in his country, and, what is still more, he was the Grand Master of the Freemasons of Great Britain. Naturally, before making his abjuration, he bravely gave up the honorific post he was then holding amongst the Mason brothers!

Who would believe it? It is even asserted that the only daughter of the famous Bismark of Prussia is firmly determined to become a member of our Holy Church! Is it not true that God is more powerful than men?

Here now is another conversion which must not only a little have disquieted the great chancellor of the German Empire of the North. There is question of nothing less than of the conversion to the religion of Pius IX, of a queen!

In fact on the 7th of october last, all the telegraph wires of Europe were busied in spreading far and wide the news that the queen-mother of Bavaria had become a catholic!

The queen-mother is a Prussian Princess by

birth; she is the mother of the reigning king of Bavaria. We learn from a catholic newspaper of Munich, the capital of Bavaria, that Her Majesty had lived during several weeks, previous to this date, at Elbingeralp, in Tyrol, and had received from the catholic priest of this place her last instructions on the dogmas of the catholic religion. On the 7th october she made her public confession of the catholic faith, after having, a week before, informed the protestant consistory of Munich of her withdrawal from the reformed religion. Her Majesty will receive the sacrament of Confirmation from the Bishop of Augsburg, Hohenschangan, where the queen-mother resides, being in his diocese.

It is now very interesting to know what will be for the Bishop the result of the Confirmation of the queen? On the 6th day of october, one day before the queen made her abjuration, the Court of the district of Posen, condemned Bishop Ianiszewski to six months imprisonment for having confirmed a few children! Bismark has now a fair chance of applying the ecclesiastical laws to the family of one of the German Confederation's Kings.

When the Holy Father heard of the news of the abjuration of protestantism by the queen-mother of Bavaria, he appeared to be gratefully moved. Melting in tears, he exclaimed; "My God, thy Vicar was unworthy of so great a consolation!" This news has been given us by some one, who was himself an eye-witness of the moving scene in the Vatican palace.

HEALTH OF THE HOLY FATHER, PIUS IX.

Our Holy Father, the immortal Pius IX, continues to enjoy the best of health in spite of his very old age.

Some weeks ago a gentleman had from the Holy Father the honour of a special and private audience. It was in the afternoon and in the very apartments of His Holiness. Thirteen years had elapsed since the visitor had had the happiness of seeing the Sovereign Pontif.

“ Well ! do you find a great change in me ? ”
Asked the Pope.

“ Very little, Holy Father, except that you have lost a few teeth, since I saw you the last time, ” replied the visitor — “ Oh, yes ! ” answered the Pope, “ I am now an old man. I rise every morning at half past five o'clock, and it takes me a long time to dress, because I am not now as active as I was formerly, and I go through this work alone, without the help of any one.”

And the Holy Father continued to speak, giving a detailed account of the numerous occupations of each of his days.

He does not retire to his rest at night before half past eleven, as he himself told it to his visitor. This gentleman, speaking of his interview with the Pope, declares that he is of opinion that his Holiness will still live twenty five years longer.

Some time ago, two English gentlemen were admitted to an audience with the Pope, and presented his Holiness with the sum of £10,000.

CROSSING OF THE ARABIAN DESERT ; SCENES IN
WHICH THE EDITOR HIMSELF TOOK A PART.

In order to persuade our readers to encourage our undertaking and thus save the frail bark we are launching from all danger of shipwreck, we promised them in our Preface that we would give them some descriptions of travels ; to-day therefore we will commence to redeem our promise. We will relate our journey to Mount Sinai across Arabia Petræa.

It was in the year 1845 that we set out from the town of Alexandria in a sailing boat, and after having for several days floated up the limpid waters of the picturesque Nile, through the most magnificent scenery, we at length arrived at the town of Cairo, the Capital-City of Egypt. From thence we wished to get to the Southern part of the Holy Land, passing by Mount Sinai, whence the Ten Commandments of God were first promulgated amidst thunder and lightning.

But there was an obstacle in the way of the realisation of our wishes. Across this desert there is no beaten track, no railway to help us in annihilating space, so to speak, as is the case in European and, more particularly, in American Countries. Water is only to be found there at rare intervals and consequently it is impossible to travel across it on horseback. Fortunately, Providence in His Wisdom supplies a remedy for every inconvenience and, in this instance, has furnished man with the camel and the dromedary. These animals, particularly when they have been for some weeks in pretty good

pastures, can remain two, three and sometimes even four weeks, it is said, without drinking, or rather without drinking any water *exteriorly*. For, strictly speaking, they drink every day in their own manner!

These deserts are vast plains, intersected by more or less elevated mountains. There is neither grass nor tree, only some traces of vegetation around the scarce watersprings, that are to be met with every 10 or 12 days of travel. It is these watersprings that, by their moisture, cause those little oases which so marvellously refresh the wearied sight of the traveller, who has for long been only gazing on the barren desert. There he can generally repose in the shade of a few palm-trees, while his camels are being watered and are laying in a provision which will have to last them at least for the 10 or 12 days, that will probably elapse before they again refresh themselves with the cool water of the next spring! And yet the daily journey is generally prolonged from six about in the morning until nearly six o'clock in the afternoon, with but one halt, and that for but a short time, in the middle of the day. Even then the camels remain with the heavy loads on their backs, which were placed there at sunrise. The object of this halt is to allow of the traveller partaking of some slight nourishment or lunch, as it might be called, somewhat more leisurely than he could do during the march. The camels and dromedaries travel thus the whole day in the heat of the beaming sun, without the slightest particle of food being offered them to appease their hunger.

Camels are most remarkable animals. They are little more than skin and bone, but yet capable of enduring the greatest fatigue. They are the property of the Arabs, different tribes of whom inhabit the various parts of these deserts, each tribe having its own particular chief and a territory distinct from that of the other tribes. The Arabs, who were guiding us, live in the neighborhood of Mount Sinai.

It is from among these Arabs that guides must be engaged for crossing these sandy wilds. The following are the means to be employed in securing their services. In the town, from which the traveller wishes to enter the desert, he must make an application to the Consul of his own nation. The Arabs, who know the seasons at which the desert is usually crossed, are in communication with the above named gentleman. In this way, it is easy to enter into an arrangement with them, and, with the help of the consul, an agreement is soon concluded in writing, by which they undertake to lead the traveller safe and sound to the place he desires to reach. For greater security, these Arabs are obliged, on their return, to bring back to the consul a written certificate of their having fulfilled their duties as faithfully as they had promised to do before starting.

If on their return they are not furnished with such a certificate, then very good care is taken not to recommend them in future to any other traveller, who may wish for guides.

In general, however, these desert Arabs though not very scrupulous with regard to petty

thievings, are nevertheless very particular in caring for those under their protection, at least in all essential matters. Every one knows how sacred are the laws of hospitality among Orientals. The sanctity of these laws is such that the Orientals even treat their most inveterate enemies with the greatest consideration so long as these latter are under their tents, however determined they may be to blow out the brains of these enemies, the very moment that they are no longer under the protection of the laws of hospitality. This was the case with our Arabs. Consequently we had no cause to doubt them. Besides, their dearest interests were at stake, if they did not treat us properly, for the money, which they gain thus by serving as guides to travellers, during the winter, furnishes them the means of procuring the flour, on which they principally subsist until the following winter.

Having then concluded our bargain with one of the Arab chiefs of Mount Sinai, we set out from Cairo towards the end of January 1845, together with ten or twelve other travellers from different parts of the world, but all desirous of arriving at the same destination, the Holy City of Jerusalem.

We formed therefore a tolerably large caravan, for it must be borne in mind, that each traveller requires several camels and dromedaries, besides a man for each camel and each dromedary. As I said above, even in winter time water is only to be met with, every 10 or 12 days. Consequently water has to be carried with one, and here is a load for at least one camel, and this for

each traveller. This water is placed in leather bags or skins which are hung on the backs of the camels destined to bear them, and when the sun is not too hot, this water keeps well for 7, 8, or 9 days. Sometimes however it happened that we were obliged to quench our thirst with water of such an offensive odour that, under other circumstances, we would certainly have taken good care not to allow it near our lips. To remedy this inconvenience it is well to take with one, if possible, a few dozen of good wine, good brandy, and other similar articles, which, with the addition of a box of lemons and oranges, &c., &c., is a load for a second camel. Then there must be coal for cooking the dinner of every day. In the desert there are only mountains without verdure, arid sands and a few stunted shrubs, dried up with the heat of the sun. This coal, with some boxes containing provisions, a great cage full of *live* chickens, form the substance of a third load; we say *live* chickens, for otherwise they would soon become uneatable unless they had been so saturated with salt as to be most disagreeable to the taste. Hence the necessity for our being accompanied by a most singular poultry-yard, whence the joyous cries of its little king every morning at the first dawn of day roused us from the arms of slumber and frequently during the day made a variation in the monotony of our route.

Then there were the tents, the mattresses, blankets and pillows, trunks, kitchen-implements and our own beloved selves also for each one

of which in particular a dromedary was necessary! In a word, though we were but two, we had to hire 7 camels or dromedaries and as many men on our departure from Cairo. Of course it was the same thing for each person, so that the number of camels contained in our caravan did not amount to fewer than 90. When you add to these at least an equal number of men you will see that we had wherewith to people a small village.

Indeed this is what really happened daily. As soon as the sun was on the point of disappearing beneath the horizon there was a halt. In a moment the camels were unloaded of the heavy burthens which they had borne all the day, and were permitted to wander around their encampment for a few minutes only. Soon the tents were pitched, the most picturesque looking tents of different coloured cloth, majestically surmounted by the oriental turban.

(To be continued.)

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THE WORLD'S LAST HOPE.

We place this little Periodical under the special protection of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is our intention often to speak of this adorable Heart, for the good of our readers, we are sure of it.

Of all the devotions that have sprung during the ages, from the rich soil of Catholic faith and piety, that to the Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ is, from its very nature, the highest, the noblest, the most salutary in its effects. Devotion to the Saints is good and commendable; devotion to the Mother of God is better and higher: devotion to the Divine Son of Mary, and to that Heart of His, which has so much loved ungrateful man, and so much suffered for his redemption, is undoubtedly the best, as it is the highest, of all. If the Saints can and do aid us by their prayers; if the Blessed Virgin Mary can, as we know and feel she can, obtain for us many signal graces and favours by her all-powerful intercession, what may we not hope for from the Sacred Heart of the Man-God, that furnace of divine charity, that resplendent sun around which revolves the whole vast system of redeeming grace? If we place not our hope and trust in that Heart, at once human and divine, in what shall we place it, or where else shall we turn our weary eyes? Outside the Sacred Heart of Jesus, whose love alone redeemed the world, there is nothing, absolutely nothing for the yearning heart of man to cling to, seeing that all other devotions are only, as it were, accessories to that one.

Nor is the devotion to the Sacred Heart so new in the Church as some may suppose. For many ages past we find the greatest saints burning with love for that Divine Heart, and expressing in words of celestial fire the ardent

devotion they cherished towards it. Not to speak of the earlier Saints of the martyr ages, we find amongst the fervent votaries of the Sacred Heart the great St. Bernard, St. Catherine, of Sienna, Blessed Jane of Valois, St. Francis de Sales, St. Gertrude and her sister, St. Mechthildis, St. Teresa, St. Aloysius, St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi, St. Francis of Rome, St. Alphonsus Liguori, St. Peter of Alcantara, the Blessed Angela of Foligno, the Venerable Mary of Agreda, and, finally, the Blessed Margaret Mary, the favored apostle of the devotion. And the holy Church herself, the mother and teacher of the Saints, has she not adopted and sanctioned the devotion to the Sacred Heart as one of vital importance to the salvation of her children and the regeneration of the world? If it had its origin, in the first place, like nearly all the devotion practised by pious Catholics, in private revelation, it was very soon taken up by the Church, the judge of all revelations, the heaven-appointed teacher, and enshrined in her own innermost heart, as the queen and the perfection of all devotions. In every possible way she has encouraged and most strenuously recommended its devout practice to her faithful children, recognizing in it the last means given by our Divine Lord to regenerate and revivify the world in its sad and terrible decadence.

Is it not strange, and as pitiful as strange, that whilst the devotion has made, and is every where making, steady progress amongst Catholic populations, spreading from nation to nation,

from clime to clime, with a marvelous rapidity which shows that the finger of God is in it, enkindling everywhere the flame of divine love and reviving the failing faith of men, there should still be found within the pale of the Church some to raise their voice or wield their pen against it? Happily, they are only the rare exceptions, but in such a case there should be, amongst Catholics, no exceptions. The objections made against the devotion are little edifying to Catholics, who naturally ask themselves what motive a child of the Church can have in cavilling on such a subject, and the answer will naturally be that human pride of intellect is at the bottom of it—poor foolish pride of intellect, the rock on which so many so-called eminent men have perished miserably. Such cavillings painfully remind one of the oracular words of Thomas a Kempis: "What doth it profit thee to dispute deeply about the Trinity, if thou be wanting in humility, and so be displeasing to the Trinity?" "I would rather feel compunction," says the same learned and devout author, than know how to define it. If thou didst know the whole Bible outwardly, and the sayings of all the philosophers, what would it all profit thee without charity and the grace of God?"


We should like to ask any Catholic writer, of what standing soever he may be in his own estimation or that of others, whether he would prefer, at the moment when he leaves this world and opens his eyes in the visible presence

of the Supreme Judge, to have been an humble, faithful follower of the Church in her boundless devotion to the Sacred Heart of that awful Judge, or a proud, rebellious caviller, standing in the small minority of those who, believing themselves wiser and more learned than the Church herself, venture to raise their voices against so sweet, so salutary, so consoling a devotion.

For us, we look upon the devotion to the Sacred Heart as the last great hope of a world whose final dissolution is probably nearer than any of us suppose, the last and strongest cord of love whereby our most gracious Saviour seeks to draw to himself the wandering affections, the erring heart, of his creature—man. That we may profitably avail ourselves of such a golden opportunity as his loving mercy has vouchsafed to us of drawing daily nearer to his Sacred Heart, should be the prayer and the earnest endeavor of every Catholic.

(From the N. Y. Tablet.)

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 *The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered up, on the first friday of each month, for all those of our subscribers and their families, who shall have duly paid up to us the price of their subscription.*

L. Brousseau's Printing Establishment, 7 Buade Street.