

REVUE DE LA LITTÉRATURE

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# THE ECHO OF CLAIRVAUX.

"Crescat Scientia."--Pio Nono.

VOL. I. TRACADIE, NOVA SCOTIA, MAY, 1880. NO. 1.

## OUR MISSION.

"I bless with great heartiness all who aid in diffusing books of small size, in which the People will have an antidote to preserve them against the implicity of the perverse and filthy press."--PIUS THE NINTH.

At the first blush, we candidly own that, in undertaking to publish our tiny Monthly, we chiefly seek our own advantage. First, we earnestly wish, in our humble way, to become worthy of participating in the Benediction of Pius the Ninth upon all those engaged in works of this kind; secondly, we believe that in thus taking a hold of the first "work which our hand finds to do," we are carrying out a Divine precept which embosoms withal the consoling assurance that we "shall not go wanting for all things necessary."

That there is a need of something of this sort, no honest Catholic can deny; yet far be it from us the vanity to suppose that THE ECHO OF CLAIRVAUX is going to supply all that is needed. We aim merely at a beginning, encouraged by the assurance of the philosopher *Dimidium facti habet qui coepit*. We know right well that this ecclesiastical province offers a splendid field for the publication of a first-class Quarterly or Monthly; but while no such literary lamp as yet illumines our pathway, we humbly submit that, as for ourselves and the few who will choose kindly to smile on our effort, we must be excused if, in the prevailing darkness, we snatch at the first means to hand--be it but the veriest rush-light--to direct our steps. With St. Bernard, we hold that "the necessity which compels excuses us."

Of course, we shall start on our own responsibility--"to sink or swim, as heaven pleases." Without party,

special patrons, or the ægis of any one, we purpose to run the ECHO OF CLAIRVAUX altogether on our own hook, careful only of three things, to wit, [1] that it never offend in the least particular against sound Catholic faith and morals; [2] that it always contain something in harmony with that literature which Pius IX had in view when he blessed its promoters; [3] that we exert our utmost to make it at least worth its cost.

Thus purposing, we believe the Monthly should be a welcome visitor into Catholic families. Under the heads of Religion, Education, and Literature, suitable articles, original and selected, will be given.

Having special reasons for grateful devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God and to that other model for Christian mothers St. Monica, our readers will appreciate our happy privilege in being able to issue our first number in the beautiful month of May, so dear to the Virgin and St. Monica.

We adopted the name of THE ECHO OF CLAIRVAUX, not because we wish to make it the organ of the Monastery or Convent, but in gratitude to God for graces received in the Petit Clairvaux of the saintly Father Vincent and Father Francis.

We need hardly add, therefore, that we place ourselves and THE ECHO OF CLAIRVAUX under the powerful patronage of the Ever-Blessed Virgin and St. Monica.

MEN are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, that which has no root whatever in their serious convictions.

*Channing.* How did you think you did it?

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A WORD TO PASTORS OF SOULS,  
PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

Just now, nothing demands more strict and unremitting attention at the hands of those charged with the care of souls and the education of youth, than our fashionable periodical literature. It is in vain christian doctrine is taught, in vain prayer and the frequenting of the sacraments are insisted upon in eloquent sermons, if nothing is said against the pernicious influence of the vile and infidel Press. The greatest efforts for good are rendered useless by it. Nowhere is this fact more bitterly felt than in the neighboring Republic. Thousands and thousands of youths, of the fairest promise, have been gradually led away from virtue, and plunged into immorality, through the influence of evil reading. Is it not a notorious fact that Puritan New England, once so straight, moral and God-fearing, is now become a hot-bed for infidelity, divorces and general immorality? In some places, the very idea of true maternity is altogether despised. With the advance of science and knowledge, faith has disappeared. It was the clear conception of this state of things which made the kindly parental heart of Pius IX "bleed," as he himself avers in one of his most touching addresses. "Our heart bleeds," he says, "when we see the little ones of the flock of Jesus Christ destroyed by the ravening wolves of human society."—He alluded to the authors of bad books. Forty years ago New England was as exempt from immoral literature as we have ever been. But with the public schools which shut out the teaching of religion, sprung up this ever-green tree of evil fruit and multiplying immorality. Hence it happens that to-day, among the thinking, it is not uncommonly held that common schools, out of which religion is eliminated, are considered little better than common courses.

Now, the living question for us to see to is, that the religious training of our children keep well abreast of their scientific training. Is it true, then, we actually do so? May it not be that, with our youth too, the worm is already in the bud, and that, if we do not take

care, the same fearful judgment may overtake our children as did those of New England? When the New York *Police Gazette* may occasionally be seen, as we saw it, among the denizens of Lake-a-law and the Backlands of Tracadie, we submit there is great reason to fear our "tonier" towns are not quite clear of it.

TO THE REFUGE OF SINNERS.

Mary, Mother, when to thee  
The suppliant gives his thoughts of care,  
Sorrow flies, and e'en the plea  
Of guilt's forgotten at thy prayer.

Star of Mercy! Queen of Heaven!  
None who ever sought thine aid,  
Left thy presence unforgiven,  
Weeping that in vain he prayed.

Mother, lowly, sad and mild,  
Behold me prostrate at thy feet;  
Never hast thou cast a child  
In sorrow from that safe retreat;

And never will. Without a fear,  
On thee my hopes of heaven I rest,  
Secure thy gracious Son will hear  
The prayer his Mother's lips have blest.

LIFE OF THE VERY REV. FATHER  
VINCENT.

In the No. for June, we shall begin a sketch of the life and labors of the Venerable and saintly Father Vincent, founder of the Abbey of Petit Clairvaux, Tracadie.

BIOGRAPHICAL Sketches of the Right Rev. Alexander McDonnell, of Upper Canada, of Bishops McEachern, of P. E. Island, of Burke, of Halifax, of Fraser and McKinnon, of Arichat, will follow in succession.

RESERVE into thyself. The rational principle which rules has this nature, that it is content with itself when it does what is just and so secures tranquility.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

It is not by regretting what is irremediable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are.—*P. W. Robertson*.

## EDUCATIONAL.

Touching Catholic education, it would we think, be much to the advantage of the Catholics of these provinces to study the question as it has been handled in England and the United States. There is a close parallelism between our condition and that of our co-religionists in those countries. The self-same dangers beset our youth as do theirs; and, therefore, the self-same arms and safeguards should be used by us to meet them. The great Cardinal Wiseman clearly discerned the needs of his day, when he undertook to found a new English Catholic literature; and faithfully and well have his illustrious successor and co-laborers wrought, in season and out of season, in the same holy cause. To us in the Dominion, their career ought to be instructive. We believe that an all but superhuman effort should be made by the Catholics of the Dominion to establish a distinctively Canadian English Catholic literature. During the short period of the French Dominion, the sagacious Jesuits had well nigh succeeded in a task much more difficult. Their voluminous "Relations" will forever attest their wise and enlightened zeal. Now, we to-day lack not either for power or material—it is the *will* alone we lack.

In the United States, the labors of Bishop Gilmour are at once great and fruitful. His school-books and histories would themselves form a little library. Then there is the brave Bishop of Rochester whose many lectures on Catholic Schools are so instructive and eloquent. The learned Judge Dunne of Arizona, is justly entitled, for his efforts in the same cause, to a niche side by side with the O'Connells and Montalberts of Europe.

## ORIGINAL STORIES.

SERIAL STORIES.—"The Recluse of Beloiel" and "The Recollet of Friars-head" will be commenced in the June No. We may state, moreover that we are publishing articles on highly interesting subjects from three of the most brilliant pens in the Dominion.

## MAY.

This is the Month which the Church has set apart for the honor of the Blessed Virgin.—She calls it the Month of MARY—that dear Mother of our loving Saviour, that Immaculate retreat of the HOLY ONE! Could there be a more appropriate period of the year than May chosen for celebrating the glories of the Virgin? Indeed, no. For Nature, in unison with the Church, with all her art and beauty, presents her roses and chants her hymns in honor of HER; the mossy banks nurse fragrant flowers, and the lark that wings the blue sky carols his rapturous lay in homage to the Mother of the Creator. The maiden, as she plies her needle, meditates on the calm serenity of her heavenly face, and her soul thrills when she observes with what anxious, loving care, the Virgin gazes on her beautiful, doomed infant, the future Preserver of century-offending humanity. Her lips impulsively repeat the words of Heaven's royal messenger:—"Hail, full of grace," and they add in the words of the hymn:

Bright Mother of our Maker, hail!  
Thou Virgin ever bless'd!  
The ocean's star by which we sail  
And gain the port of rest."

## OUR LADY OF KNOCK, IRELAND.

"For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.—ST. LUKE, Chap. I. 48.

Every account from Ireland seems to confirm the truth of the reported apparitions at the Church of Knock, Ireland. There have been already witnessed three different apparitions. The Rev. Father Kavanagh, who is the parish priest of the place, has written a letter in which he speaks of the last one, which he declares he saw himself.

—What care I what you say, when what you do stands over my head and thunders in my ear so loud that I cannot hear what you say?—*Emer-son*.

—The man who can't put fire into his speeches should put his speeches into the fire.—*Dr. Matthews*.

## DEATH OF A ST. JOHN AUTHORESS.

MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

May Agnes Fleming, the novelist, died on the 24th March at her home, No. 98 Lewis Ave. Brooklyn. Mrs. Fleming's maiden name was Earle, and she was born in St. John New Brunswick, in 1840. Her education was received in a convent in that city. She was reared in the Roman Catholic faith, to which she remained devotedly attached throughout her life. While yet a child she showed a fondness for writing and at the age of fifteen she published a tale in a St. John newspaper. Under the name of "Cousin May Carleton" she wrote many stories for various periodicals, and several volumes of these were published. When twenty years old she married John Fleming, a machinist. For a number of years they lived in St. John, and about six years ago removed to Brooklyn. In 1870 Mr. Fleming wrote for the *New York Weekly*, "Wedded, Yet No Wife." It was immediately republished by George W. Carleton, under the name of "Guy Earls court's Wife" and had a large sale. Mrs. Fleming made a contract to write exclusively for the *New York Weekly*, for \$3,000 a year. She also owned the copyright in her books. Carleton has republished them all. They include beside the one mentioned already, "A Wonderful Woman," "A Terrible Secret," "Norine's Revenge," "A Mad Marriage," "One Night's Mystery," "Kate Denton," "Silent but True," "Carried by Storm," and "Lost for a Woman."

Six weeks ago Mrs. Fleming was making preparations to go to Europe, when she was taken sick with Bright's disease. She leaves four children, three boys and one girl. Mrs. Fleming has lived in St. John during the last four years.

—I never bet on the man who is always telling what he would have done if he had been there. I have noticed that this kind never get there.—*Josh Billings.*

## 'WHO IS THE MAID?'

'ST. JEROME'S LOVE.'

'Who is the maid my spirit seeks,  
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?  
Has she Love's roses on her cheeks?  
Is hers an eye of this world's light?  
No: war and sunk with midnight prayer  
Are the pale looks of her I love;  
Or, if at times, a light be there,  
It's beam is kindled from above.

'I chose not her, my heart's elect,  
From those who seek their Maker's shrine  
In gems and garlands proudly decked,  
As if themselves were things divine.  
No: Heaven but faintly warms the breast  
That beats beneath a brodered veil;  
And she who comes in glittering vest  
To mourn her frailty still is frail.

'Not so the faded form I prize  
And love because its bloom is gone;  
The glory in those sainted eyes  
Is all the grace her brow puts on  
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,  
So touching as that form's decay,  
Which, like the alar's trembling light,  
In holy lusture wastes away.'

## MONASTRIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The spiritual cares of the inmates of religious, did not prevent their providing for the material wants of the country in seasons of distress. We have an instance in the life of St. Bernard which will illustrate this. A long drought, followed by a terrible famine, had long desolated Burgundy; and this scourge now falling heavily upon the rest of France, the populace, always cruel when pressed by hunger, broke out into unrestrained murmurs and threats. In this sad condition God seemed to renew at Clairvaux the miracle which he formerly wrought in Egypt. This desert, thanks to the provident care of St. Bernard adopted as many as three thousand men, whom he marked with a peculiar sign (*accepis sub signaculo*) pledging himself to support them as long as the famine should last. This example was followed by the neighboring monasteries, and brought extraordinary supplies to the province. Such was the noble use made of those riches which the frugality of the religious, and the piety of the faithful, caused to abound in monasteries,

## "BAD LITERATURE."

The N. Y. Sun thus condenses the fact in the Waynesville murder case:

"Willie Anderson was one of the brightest and most popular boys in Waynesville, Ohio: He worked in a printing office, went regularly to Sunday School, and had no pernicious habits, except that of reading an inflammatory class of fiction. The romances of robberies particularly interested him, and he talked a great deal with his companions about the wonderful adventures that he found described in dime novels and boys' story papers. He lived with his mother, aunt and cousin, the latter being a little girl, of whom he was very fond. It is now remembered that she was the heroine of his youthful imagination. One day Willie asked his employer to let him sleep in the shop for a week, saying that his house was crowded with visitors. Permission was readily given, and he did not go home for a week at all. The house had during that time been closed, and the neighbors conjectured that the family had gone away on a visit, but they finally entered and found the dead bodies of Mrs. Anderson, her sister, and niece. They had been killed with a hatchet as they lay asleep. Willie fled immediately; but he had no money and was put off a railroad train at Plainville, where he committed suicide with a pistol. \* \* \* Nobody doubts that Willie was the murderer. A motive can hardly be conjectured, and it may be that he was incited only by bad literature.

## THE READING OF CHILDREN:

Young people ought to be taught to read with emphasis, and to talk with something like freedom and grace. Both these accomplishments are best acquired from parents and from other friends—that is, if the said parents are really on true parental terms with their children, which is not always the case. There are parents who neither converse with their own children nor allow them to talk in their presence. They leave their children to the school-room

teachers, or to teach one another, and so acquire a community of family failings, or they think they have done their best when they set a child down to pore for days together over some foolish tale. Bad tricks of reading and talking are thus easily learned, and scarcely ever got rid of.

UNFORTUNATELY, there are indications cropping out here and there that charge that our common schools are irreligious and godless, in a much wider sense than intended originally in the objection by the Roman Catholic Church, is in danger of being supported to some extent. The absence of direct religious instruction has been construed in practice at least in some, probably in many places, as to admit bald secularism, and even materialism and atheism. The evidences are such as should lead to examination on the part of all the friends of the common schools and a deep anxiety for their future,—  
*Presbyterian Banner.*

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We beg our friends and subscribers to kindly excuse the many shortcomings of the present No. of THE ECHO OF CLAIRVAUX, as various unforeseen circumstances conspired to render it impossible for us to make the first No. what we had wished. The stock ordered had not arrived ere we went to press, but we engage that our next No. shall present a better appearance, and contain more original matter.

## ST. MONICA.

The Church celebrates the feast of this great Saint on the 4th of May. The Church owes her a two-fold debt; first, as being the Mother of the great St. Augustine according to nature; secondly as his Mother in a spiritual sense, inasmuch as it was through her prayers, maternal affection and heroic perseverance, he was won back to the faith.

SILENCE OF THE GOSPELS RESPECTING OUR LORD'S LIFE AT NAZARETH.

Surely it is no small proof that one and the same Holy Spirit inspired and over-ruled the four Evangelists, that they should all, *with one accord*, pass over in complete silence more than nine tenths of our Lord's earthly life. What would we not give to know more of that home in Nazareth, where thirty long years of sinless life was spent! But no! it is buried in silence. And why? The silence of Holy Scripture is often as instructive as its revelations—let us humbly, therefore, learn the lesson of this mysterious silence.

There were inmates of that Galilean home to whom was vouchsafed, what is denied to us, the privilege of watching the growth of JESUS all through these years. And to them it once occurred, as now to us, to wonder that JESUS did not seek to make Himself more widely known. 'Show Thyself to the World,' they said. And what was Christ's reply. 'My time is not yet come: Your time is always ready.' And what is the Evangelist's own comment. 'For neither did his brethren believe on Him,' Here then we have a lesson and a warning.

That God's ways are not as man's ways; that whatever is most divine is most secret in its growth; as with the seed that groweth secretly, we know not how; as with the hidden life of grace within each one of us, so with the Messiah in the Home of Nazareth.

That the kind of knowledge we most crave after is not always the kind of knowledge that is best for us. To know all about Christ is one thing; to *know Christ* is quite another thing. Let us beware, lest, by dwelling too minutely and exclusive-

ly on the earthly surroundings of our Lord, we dim to ourselves the glory of His Divine Person. It was not flesh and blood which revealed to Peter that in JESUS of Nazareth he beheld the Son of the living God.

The Gospel narrative is not a biography, but rather a *revelation*. God grant it be so! God grant that to all of us the pages of these Gospels be no mere history, but even more and more an open vision of the Son of God!—*Selected.*

A NOBLE GIRL.

In the Cathedral pulpit, last Sunday, we incidentally mentioned the subscription list, opened in the columns of this journal, for the Memphis sufferers, and briefly urged contributions to this most appealing charity. After Mass a poor girl, who had saved up two or three hundred dollars from the earnings of years, which she had deposited at the Cathedral, called and drew one hundred dollars. This amount she wanted to give us for the destitute of Memphis. *A hundred dollars from a poor servant girl working for a few dollars a week!* Surely, surely, here is noble, heroic charity, worthy the most fervid ages of Faith. Think of it, you grasping, greedy possessors of thousands, whose miser fingers can scarce let the merest mite fall from their clutch for charity and tremble at the thought that one day your niggardliness will be placed in the balance with the profuse generosity of this poor Irish servant girl.

We refused the amount; told her it was entirely beyond her means and that she owed justice to herself before charity to others. The generous girl sought to insist, but finding it useless, begged that at least, she should be permitted to contribute twenty-five dollars. This we accepted, with some reluctance, for we felt, it was too much for her. She forbade the use of her name, and so it is only known to a few besides the all seeing God and His recording Angels.—*Buffalo Union.*

## ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

You may probably be rich my son, if you will be. If you make up your mind now that you will be a rich man, and stick to it, there is very little doubt that you will be very wealthy, tolerably mean, loved a little, hated a great deal, have a big funeral, be blessed by the relatives to whom you leave the most, reviled by those to whom you leave nothing. But you must pay for it my son. Wealth is an expensive thing. It costs all it is worth. If you want to be worth a million dollars, it will cost you just a million dollars to get it. Broken friendships, intellectual starvation, loss of social enjoyments, deprivation of generous impulses, the smothering of manly aspirations, a limited wardrobe and a scanty table, a lonely home, because you fear a lovely wife and beautiful home would be expensive, a hatred of the heathen, a dread of the contribution box, a haunting fear of the woman's aid society, a fretful dislike of poor people because they won't keep their misery out of your sight, a little sham benevolence that is worse than none: oh, you can be rich, young man, if you are willing to pay the price. Any man can get rich who doesn't think it is too expensive. True, you may be rich and be a man among men, noble and Christian and grand and true, serving God and blessing humanity, but that will be in spite of your wealth and not as a result of it. It will be because you were always that kind of a man. But if you want to be rich merely to be rich, if that is the breadth and height of your ambition, you can be rich, if you will pay the price. And when you are rich, son, call around at this office and pay for this advice. We will let the interest compound from this date.—*R. J. Burdette*

— Whatever philosophy may determine of material nature, it is certainly true of intellectual nature that it abhors a vacuum; our minds cannot be empty; and evil will break in upon them, if they are not preoccupied by good.

## HOME PIETY,

It is in the family life that a man's piety gets tested. Let the husband be cross and surly giving a slap here and a cuff there, and see how out of sorts everything gets! The wife grows cold and unamiable too. Both are tuned on one key. They vibrate together, giving tone for tone, rising in harmony or discord together. The children grow up saucy and savage as young bears. The father becomes callous, peevish, hard. The wife bristles in self-defence. The house is haunted by ugliness and domestic brawls. Is that what God meant the family to be, He who made it a place for Love to build her nest in, and where kindness and sweet courtesy might come to their finest manifestations? The Divine can be realized. There is sunshine enough in the world to warm all. Why will not men enjoy it? Some men make it a point to treat every other man's family well but their own, and have smiles for all but their kindred. Strange, pitiable picture of human weakness, when those we love best are treated worst; when courtesy is shown to all save our friends! If one *must* be rude to any one let it not be to wife, sister, brother or parent. Let one of our loved ones be taken away, a memory recalls a thousand sayings to regret. Death quickens recollection painfully. The grave cannot hide the white faces of those who sleep. The coffin and the green mound are cruel magnets. They draw us farther than we would go. They force us to remember. A man never sees so far into human life as when he looks over a wife's or mother's grave. His eyes get wondrous clear then, and he sees as never before what it is to love, and be beloved, what it is to injure the feelings of the loved.

— Recommend what is right rather than oppose what is wrong..... The best way of effecting the expulsion of evil is by the introduction of good.—*William Jay.*

## A GREAT PRELATE.

To-morrow the venerable Archbishop of Tuam enters into his ninetieth year. He was ten years old when this century commenced. On the 25th of June, 1825, almost fifty years ago, he was consecrated Bishop of Killala. He was then only thirty-five years of age; but ripe in learning, wisdom, and all the attributes of men born to command. In 1834 he was translated to the See of Tuam in succession to Archbishop Kelly. It would be an exaggeration to say that he still retains his olden vigor unimpaired. Rarely does man surpass the three score and ten and still preserve considerable power of physical endurance. The Archbishop of Tuam has been blessed with a constitution of almost marvellous strength, and it has so far resisted the inroads of time that at the present moment he suffers from nothing more serious than the loss of force and activity natural at the age of ninety. It is not many months since he consented to delegate some of his administrative duties and seek at least partial repose. A year ago he went through his visitations without relaxing a rule or omitting a detail; and last Christmas Day he celebrated three Masses without leaving the altar. In all human probability he has yet many years of life before him, and millions of his countrymen throughout the world will fervently pray that the day he is to lay down his burden may be very far distant.—*Liverpool Times*, March 25,

—SPEAKING of the illustrious Father Lacordaire's loyalty to the Holy See, the *Catholic Universe* says: "No one can read his beautiful life without concluding that the great friar who re-established his order in France, and made the white tunic of the Dominican respected where not loved, and loved where before hated, was only true but tender in every beat of his heart to Rome. Indeed, it is evident that when higher French authority sought somewhat the ease of

the flesh-pots, it was the patience, the action, the burning oratory of Lacordaire that defended the liberties of Rome and the dignity of the Catholic Faith. He was better appreciated at Rome than in Paris; though Paris was the scene of his undying public triumphs. And, in Rome, he gave upon occasion the example of a cheerful unquestioning submission, which if it were the one act of his life, would stamp him, in our mind, as truly a man with a mission, and as truly a man of God."

## BISHOP BEDELL ON EDUCATION.

Bishop Bedell, in the Church Congress said: Christian education must begin and be carried out to its best fulfilment in the family. The mother and the father are the true teachers. A deaf mute preacher had given him a valuable suggestion on this subject. In interpreting the parable of the prodigal son, he said that what brought him home was—not the husks and swine—but his early parental instruction. To educate the intellect without the development of the moral faculty, is to train up a devil. To educate the moral affections by neglecting the intellect, is to create a fanatic. True education is the leading out of all the faculties in harmony.—*Church Work*.

—Hath any wronged thee? be bravely revenged; slight, and the work's begun; forgive it, 'tis finished: he is below himself that is not above an injury.

—The true philosophy of the gospel system is this, to feel that much depends upon ourselves; but at the same time entertaining the loftier conviction that all depends upon God.

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