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OUR LITERARY PROSPECTS.

WHATEVER diversity of opinion there may be, as to the probable future of Catholicity in England, there cannot be two opinions on the remarkable state of transition through which the Catholic body in this country has for some years been passing. We do not wish to exaggerate the truth; we have no desire to lose sight of the fact that all the conversions made in the last twenty years do not nearly cover our numerical loss in any one year, from the perversion of children whom we, alas! have no means of saving. We lay little stress on the conversions; numerically, they are a drop in the ocean, when compared with the thousands and the tens of thousands of our educated population, who know nothing of our religion, and care as little for it, except to hate it, and to fear it. Yet with all these qualifications, we maintain that a great change has passed upon the Catholic body in England, within the last quarter of a century. Our existence is felt even by the legislature, as a fact to be allowed for in their calculations; it is felt, substantially felt, in many of our large towns, in Parliamentary and municipal elections. Our churches have been transferred from lanes and retired neighbourhoods, to conspicuous sites in the great thoroughfares of cities. And what is even more to our purpose at present, our schools are on a very different footing from what they were in the old, quiet times which many of us can very well remember, when any good man, who was notably unfit for the active pursuits of life, was considered as abundantly qualified by his piety to be a schoolmaster; unless, indeed, the fates tempted him, on his road to ruin, to undertake a Catholic bookshop. Incompetence found ready employment in one or other of these characters not so many years ago.

It is to the phase of our prospects connected with our improved education that we wish especially to draw the serious attention

of our readers. Whether or not it may please the Almighty Disposer of events to remember mercy in His wrath, and to restore the gift of Faith to this country, as a nation, we do not pretend even to offer an opinion; still less dare we predict any such issue to present changes. But this fact is most certain, that in a few years we shall have a highly educated class of young persons, men and women, in the middle ranks of life; as highly educated as any of their class among Protestants. What are we to do with them? They will want wholesome mental food; books, periodicals as clever, and not so mischievous as other clever young people want. Where are those books and periodicals to come from? Who is to write them and conduct them? If we don't find a supply for the demand, we may feel very sure that they will go where they can find a supply; they won't be very scrupulous as to whether it is always wholesome, or not. Even now our English Catholic literature is felt to be sadly deficient in works of a light and instructive kind, suitable for young persons at an age when a voluntary taste for reading begins. This want will be felt tenfold more pressing in a few years, as our educated middle class grows up, leaves school, and mixes in the general world.

We are quite aware that hundreds of good people have no perception of the difficulty which we are anticipating. They never cared much for such reading themselves; if they had cared ever so much, they could not have got it when they were young; why then, they argue, should any wish to have it? why should any seek it in forbidden paths? The good people whom we allude to, can hardly be brought to see that literature is a field on which the interests of religion must be consulted for, quite as much as on the field of controversy, for example. If they hear of a priest writing a tale, or editing a review, they think, perhaps they openly say, that he would be better employed in hearing a confession, or in preparing a sermon. Whereas, from our point of view, it seems as of at least equal importance, where other duties permit, to do something to meet the great future literary difficulty. The clever author will be a preacher to the rising generation of our youth; he will save the confessor many a weary hour of hard, unsatisfactory labour. Let us then hear no more of contrasts between missionary labour and literary labour; the term and aim of each is the same; the protection and the salvation of souls.

Where are our books to come from? Who is to write them? When we look round our shelves at the actual state of our light literature, at this moment, we are tempted to give up hope. With a few honourable exceptions, our tales are dreary beyond description; of works of a pleasant and instructive kind in popular science, we have simply none. Many of our convert readers must be familiar with a class of story-books, of which

Mrs. Sherwood's were among the very best ; Miss Edgeworth, and Hannah More, never, in our opinion, came up to her, in point of merit, and in the power of riveting the minds of young persons. Translations won't satisfy us. Schmidt and Conscience are very well in their own languages ; but the tone of a foreign book remains foreign, even when the book has assumed a domestic dress. Even the proper names, it seems, won't translate ; nothing will coax Marie into Mary ; Jacques obstinately refuses to answer to the name of James. The impracticability is significant, and illustrates our point ; Marie thinks and speaks and acts like a Franchwoman as she is ; not like an English Mary ; and for this very reason, we say again, translations won't meet our difficulty. We must have native, home-bred tales.

Why should we not have a Mrs. Sherwood of our own ; or half-a-dozen Mrs. Sherwoods ? For several reasons, at present, at least. In the first place, our numbers are quite disproportionate to the numbers of educated persons not belonging to us ; and even they have not had many successful writers for young persons. In the second place, our Catholic body, at present, will not pay for its reading ; it must therefore be content with what is inferior, since it must have a cheap supply. It is not a little singular, how difficult it is to persuade people that books, and periodicals cost a great deal, that authors have a right to be remunerated ; that editors can't live on criticism, or even on praise. People behave on the subject of books, in a way which, in regard to any other marketable production, would be pronounced shabbiness ; they borrow when they ought to buy. We don't mean people of limited income, it is not of them we complain ; as in every good work, so in this, they generally contribute far more than their proportionate share. We mean rich Catholics, who could well afford to purchase a copy or two of every Catholic work that is published ; but who never concern themselves about Catholic literature. Now when the public won't buy, editors and publishers can't afford to remunerate authors or contributors ; and unless authors and contributors are paid for the labour of their pens and of their brains, they will soon cease to labour at all with interest. Very young writers, perhaps, will gladly volunteer for the pleasure of seeing themselves in print ; but even this pleasure loses its zest at last ; and except as an act of personal friendship to an editor, no writer worth having can be secured without remuneration.

We do not think so meanly of the intellectual position of the Catholic body in England, even now, as to doubt its ability to produce writers of fair pretensions in the popular line we have mentioned ; if a good market were provided for their labour, we believe they soon would rise to higher degrees of excellence. Amidst the general dreariness of our light litera-

ture, there are a few lively exceptions, which give ample promise of what might be done in more favourable circumstances. We therefore take the liberty of earnestly pressing on the wealthier portion of our body, the duty of making a little effort to encourage Catholic literature. A little encouragement would effect a wonderful revolution; would bring into the field a class of writers who now hang back from an unprofitable market; would put every writer on his mettle to do his very best, and keep his place in a general competition of talent. Writing is not an art to be acquired by instinct, or native genius alone; it is an art, which, like many others, requires careful study, and generally long practice. If our authors are to be qualified to meet the great difficulty which we anticipate in a few years, they cannot begin too soon to study and practice the particular branch of composition which will then be called for. Their first essays will probably enough be feeble approaches to what is wanted; their maturer efforts will more nearly reach success. Let them begin at once; and to enable them to begin, let the buying public pay, without grudging, for what they want. The coming generation will pay willingly enough; what we fear is, that it will find nothing to buy; and finding nothing in a legitimate market, we fear that the active intelligence of the coming time will diverge into forbidden places in search of what will be to it not a luxury, but a necessary of its existence.

On the subject of education generally, our Catholic body is only imperfectly aware of its money value. Thus we frequently find wealthy Catholic parents grudging expense for the education of their sons, while Protestant parents, no richer, are expending twice and three times as much, without grumbling. An Eton boy, at the lowest figure, costs his father £200 a year. When he goes to the University, he will require an additional hundred a year, perhaps two. The penuriousness of which we complain runs through the whole system of our intellectual market. Any thing for the mind, education, literature, cannot, it is thought, be got cheap enough; and as in the case of other markets, cheap things are generally bad, and will not wear.

PATIENCE.

"Patience, Nelly, patience! 'twill take a life-time to learn it, child, so 'tis better to begin early." These words caught my ear as I was walking one morning through the pretty village of Eastonbrook, on my way to meet the train at Dartford. I was returning to my dingy London home, after revelling in ten days of beautiful weather in the country with my old friends at Eastonbrook. Many had been their entreaties to spare them "one more day," but stern duty summoned me, and I was firm in my refusal, though I rejected with scorn their offer of the carriage to take me to Dartford; that last walk through Easton Woods on that lovely spring morning was too great a luxury to relinquish, so giving myself plenty of time, I set forth. As I was passing one of the many pretty cottage gardens with which the village abounded, I paused to enjoy the soft breeze as it fanned my brow laden with the delicious scent of sweetbriar and violets, when the words I have quoted above arrested my attention—"Patience, Nelly, patience! 'twill take a life-time to learn it, child, so 'tis better to begin early." I turned to look at the speaker, a clean intelligent-looking old woman with a bright quick eye that hardly looked in accordance with her advice to the child, a little girl apparently about four years old, and who did not seem able to reconcile herself to her disappointment, whatever it might have been, and clung disconsolately to the old woman's gown. The child looked very picturesque as she stood in the cottage porch, the sunlight falling on her light wavy hair, and the large blue eyes glistening through the tears that still rested on the dark lashes, and the corners of her rosy mouth ready to be "puckered up" into a cry, but probably the sudden appearance of a stranger diverted her thoughts, for she remained quiet. "Will you give me some of your sweetbriar?" I said, as an apology for the curious glance I had cast upon the inmates of the cottage. "Certainly Sir, Nelly will gather it." But Nelly only eyed me suspiciously, so taking out my knife I cut off a small branch, and thanking the old woman, walked quietly on. As I pursued my ramble through the woods, notwithstanding my endeavours to trace the first faint tinge of green on the still leafless trees, and frequent pauses to listen to the singing of the birds, and to give myself up wholly to the luxury of that exquisite morning, an early day in

"Flowery May, who from her green lap throws,
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose,"

Still the old woman's words rang in my ears and gave rise to a train of thought I could not dispel.

However, my musings were soon interrupted by the sound of

footsteps, and I saw Edward Machman, my old school-fellow and college friend, quickly approaching. "Oh Frank, how fortunate that I found you; I am going to — to-day, and meeting your servant in Dartford, I enquired where you were; he told me you were coming on to meet the afternoon train to London, and knowing your old rambling propensities, I guessed that I should find you wandering in these woods, instead of walking along the road, like any other common sense mortal."

"Spend such a morning as this in a dusty road, Edward! if that is sense commend me to folly; however, I am glad that we shall be fellow-travellers, it required all my moral courage to leave the country at this time of the year, and if one had any choice I quite agree with Beattie's Minstrel, that to renounce the country is a sin hardly to be forgiven; surely you remember," and I repeated the well-known stanza,

"Oh! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields,
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom yields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
Oh! how canst thou renounce and hope to be forgiven?"

"Yes, I remember now, they are beautiful lines; you looked absorbed in thought as I met you, Frank; I suppose you were lamenting your destiny in a sonnet which I interrupted."

"No, indeed, my thoughts were remarkably prosaic; I was musing over a piece of morality which I had just heard an old woman address to a naughty child."

"Really," replied my friend, with an almost irrepressible raising of the eyebrow, "and may not I have the benefit of it?"

I repeated the old woman's words and added, "Do you believe that patience is the one great lesson of one's life? It may be a necessity, but is it such a paramount virtue? Many things attract me more—generosity, courage, self-sacrifice."

"I doubt if either are as heroic," interrupted Edward.

"Heroic—Oh, then your only idea of patience is fortitude, or endurance under intense suffering: that is not exactly mine. I should hardly apply the term to the early martyrs; I think of patience as something much more unassuming, almost ignoble; modesty or humility seem to me far more captivating virtues."

"I believe patience is a compound of almost every other virtue, the proof of a strong will and courageous heart."

"It may be so, but it always has an uninteresting grey quietism-like appearance in my eyes."

"Are you in earnest, Frank? Is it not the one great necessity

of our inner life? Conformity to the will of God must consist in patiently repeating '*Fiat voluntas tua.*'"

"Of course that was not what I meant by patience. Submission to what we *know* is right, trusting to a love that loved us 'unto death,' and which we have the highest authority for believing makes chastisement and suffering only proofs of that love, arises from a deeper feeling than simply patience. Besides, most people resign themselves to whatever is inevitable, and adapt themselves to circumstances entirely beyond their control without any very definite motive; we all know that,

"Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enrolled,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude."

"But I do not feel that what is almost 'of necessity' calls for any great amount of admiration."

"Well, then, to please you I change my ground and ask if there is nothing heroic in the patient trusting love that continues unabated through weary months and years, allowing no injury to blight it, no indifference to chill it, cherishing all happy memories of the past, and quietly, patiently, waiting and loving on, and at last receiving back the erring one without one word of reproach, or even casting a thought over the dreary waste of years that has been rendered desolate by the coldness and selfishness of another, and how many aggravating circumstances may have arisen to enhance the value of that universal patience. Generosity and chivalry may be more dazzling virtues, but to me the patient trust of a loving heart is far more heroic. Then I entirely disagree with your quietism simile. I think patience far more like a clear moonlight night at sea, with nothing to ruffle the vast expanse of sea and sky, as it lies sleeping in stillness and beauty."

"It may be so," I said, for I was unwilling to differ from my friend on a subject upon which from his manner I was conscious he felt deeply; "indeed, I do admit that the patience you describe is heroic, but surely it is not often met with in this cold hard world."

"Yes, far oftener than any one who has not studied human nature would believe; you may trace it in many a pale cheek and dim eye; many have not physical strength to bear up against 'the hope deferred,' and heart stricken, their life and health quickly fade away, till the only record to be found of that long patient waiting is a lonely and nameless grave. Believe me, Frank, your old woman is right; patience requires courage, faith, and hope, and these should be learned early."

"At any rate you and the old woman have given me plenty of food for thought; I must consider all the new ideas I have obtained on the subject, for I am not altogether convinced."

"Well, we must discuss it another time, but you seem already a proficient in the virtue, for we have been standing here a quarter of an hour, and no expression of impatience has escaped you, I cannot endure an unpunctual railway train."

"Oh, I have a great dislike to impatience, it is small, fretful, and undignified, and would be so utterly out of harmony with this lovely day."

"Surely this is discordant enough," replied my friend, as the train approached, and the grim black monster came puffing and snorting up to the platform where we were standing.

We quickly took our places, but the noise and bustle, and above all the continual screech of the whistle prevented anything like conversation, so our discussion remained unfinished; but I have never forgotten the old woman's words, nor the lovely spring morning spent in Easton Woods.

ODE TO MY UMBRELLA.

Let courtly halls with numbers ring
 Awaked in praise of queen or king;
 I will thy humbler praises sing,
 My umbrella!

Time was when emperors did not know
 The grateful shade thy folds outthrow
 When sunbeams roast or showers flow,
 My umbrella!

When Cæsar's banner was uncurled
 Triumphant o'er a vanquished world,
 A flag like thee he ne'er unfurled,
 My umbrella!

Can human friends with thee compare?
 Our sunny hours they gladly share,
 But turn their back in grief or care,
 My umbrella!

Your folds in brighter hours you close;
 But willingly you interpose
 To shield from rain, or fence from snows,
 My umbrella!

When war's dread note the air hath rent,
 The warrior bies to battlement,
 The Arab seeks his desert tent,
 My umbrella!

To suffering age with sickness bent,
To him that's halt by accident,
The crutch supporting aid hath lent,
My umbrella !

But when my strength is well-nigh done,
I'll seek support in thee alone,
Crutch, bastion, tent, all three in one,
My umbrella !

In death, then, let my bones be laid
In some sequestered rural glade,
And let me sleep beneath thy shade,
My umbrella !

THE JESUITS AT THE HULKS.

(Continued from page 430.)

BREST.

Another enterprise now opened before the Missionaries. Encouraged by the success which had been achieved at Toulon, and finding their zeal practically appreciated by the government, they resolved on obtaining the required permission to visit the hulks at Brest. Fathers Lavigne, Pailloux, and de Damas, were selected for the service, and a band of thirty others, set apart to join them at a moment's notice, whenever it might be necessary.

In some respects their work was comparatively easy. The experience acquired at Toulon was not without considerable value, while some difficulties which had there been severely felt, were obviated here by the charitable care of the Ladies of Refuge. Their previous success had also enlisted a general sympathy on their behalf, and procured them not only a liberal supply of alms, but also the abundant prayers of the faithful. The Confraternity of *Notre Dame des Victoires* admitted them to a participation in its graces. In their own Society they were remembered in the Masses of the Father General, and commended to the intercession of all their brethren ; and as they passed through Quimper the Bishop of the diocese gave them his solemn benediction and approval.

Under auspices thus favourable they reached Brest on the sixth of January. But it took little time to discover that whatever extraordinary helps and encouragements might have been afforded them, were barely sufficient to neutralize the peculiar difficulties of the undertaking. No Jesuit had ever appeared in

Brest since 1827, when the Fathers of the Society had been expelled from the place. So strong had been the feeling against them at that time, that an armed escort had accompanied them out of the town, to a distance of more than two leagues, and they had afterwards been burnt in effigy. Public opinion had undoubtedly undergone a considerable change in the meanwhile, but still it was very problematical how far the Missionaries would be received with favour. And although no manifestation of old prejudices and antipathies occurred, the danger of exciting them was by no means easy to avoid.

But it was at the hulks themselves that the Fathers found their discouragements the heaviest. In aspect and position the prison is more dreary even than that of Toulon. Thrust out to the very farthest point of the marshy coast, with the land receding on either side, it affords but a small defence against the rigour of an inhospitable climate. Its associations, too, are to the last degree cheerless. The criminal at Toulon can look forward over the bright waters of the Mediterranean to a new France, which may even yet be the reward of his obedience and the home of his freedom. Christian lands are stretched out around him. He can sometimes mix with the throng, and participate in the interests of men. But at Brest his only intercourse is with his fellow-convicts. No gleam of hope ever breaks in on the monotony of his toil. The track of sunset on the broad Atlantic points for him to no land of emancipation and redress. With infinitely more to endure, he has infinitely less to support him under it.

The prison discipline, too, is more severe than at Toulon. This arises, not from any difference in the regulations themselves, but partly from the more rigorous adherence to them by the authorities, and partly from the arrangement of the prison itself. Instead of the long sheds and dismasted ships of Toulon, the hulks at Brest consist of a long stone building several stories high. Each of the two lower of these stories is divided into two halls, capable of holding about six hundred men a piece. Down each hall, from end to end, runs a row of pillars, and before these are placed wooden benches, each capable of containing fifteen beds. At the foot of every bed is a ring, to which the rames are fastened. The chains are just long enough to allow of the convict's moving round his bed. A wooden berth, very much like a coffin, and furnished with a mattress of seaweed, very narrow, thin, and hard, is placed at the head and foot of each bed. These berths are given first to the paymaster's clerks, and other convict officers, and then distributed, as far as they will go, among the class of the "tried." Above these four halls is a fifth room, called the "Hall of the Incurables," and appropriated to the old men, who are allowed the luxury of beds, and subjected to no harder occupation than oakum-picking. On the

same floor, convicts under the age of twenty, have a room to rest in when their work is over, and cells in which they are shut up at night; during the hours of labour they associate with the other convicts. The "tried" have a separate quarter, but the green-caps and red-caps are mingled without distinction in the different halls. Quite out of the way, at the very top of the building, is a room called the chapel. It is not large enough to hold half the convicts, and what with the awkward horizontal beams that cross it, and the chimney-stacks that run up from the lower rooms, it looks something more desolate than the poorest barn. Still, even such a chapel as this was an advantage which, after their experience at Toulon, the Fathers had learned to appreciate. If it did no more, it enabled them at least to give benediction of the Blessed Sacrament several times a week. In front of this building is the hospital of the hulks, served by the Sisters of *La Sagesse*, and communicating with the naval one of Clermont-Tonnerre, served by convicts. The sanitary condition of the place is so much worse than that of Toulon, that, on the arrival of the Fathers, they found in the hospital nearly seven per cent on the whole number of convicts, whereas a little more than one per cent was the number of invalids at Toulon. This difference is mainly accounted for by the fogs and continued rain, to which the coast of Brittany is subject, and, in order to counteract which, it is absolutely necessary to allow the convicts the indulgence of smoking. For a similar reason the halls have been floored with asphalt, but the result of this experiment is unsatisfactory, for the asphalt retains the moisture, and tends to augment rather than remedy the evil.

At one time no convicts were sent to Brest except those condemned for life; and though this rule is no longer adhered to, there is a far larger proportion of great criminals than at Toulon, and the spirit of the place is one of mere exasperation and gloom. It is usual for the men to call those set over them, their "executioners." The temper of the convicts gives occasion to a system of rigour, which again reacts upon its cause, and tends to harden still more the hearts of the sufferers. Minor punishments, such as the deprivation of wine, which was first tried at Toulon, are acknowledged to be totally inefficacious at Brest, and have fallen into disuse. Imprisonment and flogging are resorted to in the very first instance. The men are kept in awe by two pieces of cannon, placed so as to command each hall. And with all this apparatus the number of intractable convicts, as compared with that at Toulon, is in a proportion of nearly twelve to one.

As soon as the Fathers arrived at Brest, they found a house which, though inconveniently distant from the hulks, and somewhat decayed, had the recommendation of being large enough for the whole number of Missionaries that might be required,

and was lent to them gratuitously by the proprietors. The charity of the neighbourhood supplied them with furniture; and thus the Fathers were enabled to live in community, a boon which was doubly acceptable from its having been denied them at Toulon, where they were obliged to incur the inconveniences and the expense of an inn. Their first work was to call on the authorities of the place, from whom they received the offer of every assistance, and to secure the concurrence of the local clergy, who, together with some missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Mary, then accidentally in Brest, engaged to be present at the opening of the Mission, which was fixed for the eighth of January.

It took place in the chapel, where as many as possible of the convicts were collected for the occasion, and consisted of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, preceded by the "*Veni Creator.*" While it was proceeding, instructions were given in the halls, to those convicts for whom there was not room in the chapel. It had been intended that the same arrangement should be followed in giving the ordinary evening instructions; but the halls were found to be as much too large for the strength of a single voice as the chapel was too small for a congregation of all the men; so that at last the Fathers thought it better to adhere to the plan they had adopted at Toulon, and confine the general instruction to Tuesdays and Thursdays, when it was given in the chapel, and accompanied with Benediction. Meanwhile the particular instructions were continued, and special missionaries assigned to the intractable, the youths belonging to the cells, the incurable, the sick, the infirmaries of the hospital, and those of Clermont-Tonnerre.

So things went on for some time. The Missionaries worked and prayed, but without any apparent result. Nothing seemed to come of it. There was no sign of their gaining any influence over their hearers. Not that the men displayed any hostility towards the mission. On the contrary, their behaviour was externally decorous; they listened quietly to the instructions; they offered no kind of insult to the Fathers. But they displayed no interest in what was being done. Even their curiosity was not roused. The Missionaries, in spite of all their experience, and making all allowance for the very inconvenient restrictions with which their intercourse with the men was encumbered, were quite at a loss to discover the cause of this apparent apathy. They passed nearly the whole day at their post, but still they made no way in gaining the confidence they desired. Some of the men would quietly go to the other end of the hall when any Father made his appearance; and in the evening when they were on the rames, it was not unusual for them to draw back from their instructors the whole length of their chain. What made all this the more extraordinary was, that it was a movement

quite spontaneous. The "high caps," (as the men call them,) who are the recognized leaders of the hulks, and give the tone to the place, had no particular antipathy to the Fathers, and made no attempt to stir up any opposition to them. It seemed indeed to be fear rather than hatred which influenced the men in their singular conduct. If they had to address a word to any of the Fathers, it was done in a rapid, disturbed manner; and they were evidently anxious that none of the authorities should notice the communication taking place.

The explanation was this:—In 1847, M. de Laroque, Chaplain of the Invalides, with the aid of several fellow-labourers, had given a mission here. It had been highly successful, some twelve hundred convicts having availed themselves of it to receive the sacraments. A universal impression pervaded the hulks, that these twelve hundred men had from that time been treated with far greater severity than their fellow-convicts, or than they themselves had experienced before. The imputation was denied by the authorities, but the convicts maintained it to a man, and remained firmly persuaded of the truth of their conviction. Whether an impression of this kind was or was not a witness of its own truth, we are not now called upon to decide; that for a long time it seriously impeded the progress of the mission, is only too certain. The poor men imagined that any indication of a desire on their part to profit by the opportunity now open to them, would be afterwards remembered to their disadvantage, and this fear led them, even against their wishes, to stand aloof from the missionaries altogether.

The Fathers themselves were totally ignorant of all these facts. They had therefore to overcome the timidity of the men, without possessing the smallest key either to its nature or to its cause. Among the means at their disposal for accomplishing this end, they found the distribution of religious pictures, images, or medals the most effectual; and one of the Fathers began to ask questions on the catechism, and promise a picture for the best answer. This, however, was a very ruinous process; the stock of pictures began to fail, and other means had to be thought of. There was a Father who happened to possess the talent of cutting profiles in paper. Sitting down to this work, he soon managed to draw a crowd of convicts round him, and while they admired his skill and quickness, he contrived to engage them in conversation. Another Missionary had an harmonicum placed in his hall. This wrought wonders; it not only conquered the extreme reserve of the convicts, but induced them to attempt the formation of choirs at the suggestion of the Father. Little by little these schemes were accomplishing their end. When the men thought they were not observed, they would steal up to the Fathers and ask questions. "Why do you want us to go to communion?" said one. "It will be just the same thing a₃

going to be flogged." "Wretched as we are," argued another, "we must live, and life under blows is not life." Still the progress made was so small that the men abstained from taking any part in the offices of devotion. Their behaviour at them was perfectly respectful, but they were afraid to make any responses to the prayers.

On the fifteenth of January a dispute arose among several of the convicts, about a piece of bread. One of them stabbed his comrade with a knife. The wounded man was taken to the hospital, and the culprit put into a dungeon. The next time the convicts assembled for a general instruction, both these men were recommended to their prayers, an "Our Father" and a "Hail Mary" being said for that intention. To the delight of the Fathers these prayers were heartily joined in by the whole assembly, and on the following day, when a similar devotion was introduced at the instruction in the halls, it was responded to with equal fervour. The Missionaries thought this circumstance would sweep away the timidity and reserve they had encountered; but they were mistaken; it had some effect, but very little. The authorities then published an "order of the day," to assure the convicts that their attention to religious duties neither had caused nor would cause any aggravation of their punishments. Such an act, however well intended, was of course simply useless. The men regarded it only as a confirmation of their fears, and would have still maintained their attitude of indifference, had it not been for an authoritative intervention of a very different kind.

No letter can leave the hulks without being first inspected by a superintendent. This rule is equally absolute at Toulon and at Brest. During the former mission it had been so far relaxed as to allow of letters passing from the convicts to the missionaries, and not unnaturally the Fathers took it for granted that a similarly mild construction would be put upon it now. One day, however, a convict's letter was received by one of the Fathers when the adjutant on duty was present. The latter referred to the standing regulation, and observed that he did not feel justified in allowing it to be infringed without some authorization from his superiors. The Missionary, of course, could only express his readiness to conform to whatever the rules might prescribe, but at the same time, carrying the matter up to the highest authority at the hulks, he spoke of the freedom of intercourse which had been permitted at Toulon, and represented strongly the benefits which might follow from a similar concession in the present case. The authorities, however, were inexorable, and promulgated another "order of the day," expressly forbidding any letter to be placed in the Missionaries hands, and enjoining that all communications which might be addressed to them should pass through the office of the superintendent, where

they should be stamped on the inside, like others, with the government seal.

The convicts were exasperated. They thought it was part of a system devised by their rulers for debarring them from all religious consolations. At every hazard they determined to rebel. "Oh, they don't want us to write to the Missionaries, don't they? Very well then, we'll do something more; we'll speak to them; we'll go and confess." Such were the exclamations that were called forth; and positively out of mere defiance and bravado, the men entirely cast away their reserve; they gathered round the Missionaries, listened attentively to their instructions, and asked them questions. A beginning once made, of course it was not long before the motives which had prompted it gave way to better feelings. The men became eager about religion for its own sake, and desiring at once to frequent the sacraments, but anxious, at the same time, to avoid the risk of future illtreatment, they wished to fulfil their duties without the authorities being aware of the fact. But this was of course impossible. Unless they could triumph over their terrors there was no hope of their being reconciled to God.

While things were in this state at the hulks, the Fathers endeavoured to extend their mission over a somewhat wider range. There are several buildings in the arsenal of Brest occupied by crews of the line, and named collectively the "Cayenne." A school for ship boys, and another for officers are also respectively established in the *Abondance* and the *Borda*, two ships lying in the roads. In the letter which accredited Father Lavigne to the authorities of the hulks, M. de Tracy, the minister of Marine, mentioned that, while giving their mission at Toulon the Jesuits had preached to the crews of the line as well as to convicts, and expressed a strong wish that they might be able to extend their labours in a similar manner at Brest. The young officers, and ship-boys were extremely anxious that this should be done, and M. Claire, the Commander of the *Abondance*, joined in their request. At their own desire Father Ratisbonne was appointed to preach to the officers on board the *Borda*, and Father Wilhelm was sent to the *Abondance*. They were just going to begin their work. The place for assembling had been chosen, an altar erected, and the Blessed Sacrament was on the point of being placed in the tabernacle, when an order suddenly arrived from the Maritime Prefect absolutely prohibiting the missionaries from going on board either of the two ships or entering the *Cayenne*. The plea set up for this tyrannical edict was the absence of an express and formal order from the Minister of Marine; and it was pretended that the authorization conveyed in his letter did not justify the Prefectoral administration in taking on itself the responsibility of allowing the missionaries to execute their plan. Baffled, therefore, in this

attempt, they determined to employ their spare time in preaching a retreat, for which the parish priest of S. Louis gladly placed his large church at their disposal. It was densely crowded every evening; and as the young officers from the Borda contrived to attend, the navy was not entirely deprived of the advantages of the mission, while the townspeople had a share of them as well. A special retreat was also given to the ladies of the place. So active indeed were the Fathers, that their earnestness was attributed by a few malcontents to political motives, and an attempt was made to revive the old popular prejudice, and drive these Jesuits out of the town. But this endeavour was happily a complete failure.

Meanwhile the work was going on at the hulks, though not without encountering serious obstacles. Because the ministerial order was absolute only with regard to the hulks, and the hospital of Clermont-Tonnerre was just outside their enclosure; therefore, although the governor of the hospital invited the Fathers to carry on the exercises of the mission within its walls, and set apart a room for the purpose, the authorities steadily forbade them to set foot there at all, and obliged the infirmarian of the navy to visit the hulks whenever they wished to communicate with the missionaries. Of course it was impossible for them to attend the sick in the hospital, and the instructions in the hulks at one and the same time; so that as the former employment was a duty rigidly enforced on them, the order was virtually a prohibition of the latter, and the infirmarians were consequently to be deprived of the instruction which the Fathers had come to Brest on purpose to give them.

Hitherto the missionaries had submitted in silence to all the vexations restrictions imposed on them. But to exclude four hundred and eighty convicts from their ministrations was rather too great a trial of patience, and they at once declared their intention of appealing to the Minister of Marine. The Breton officials gave way directly. A hall was set apart in the hospital, an altar erected in it, and the mission begun. But as no formal right could be pleaded by the Fathers for extending their ministrations to the invalids as well as to the infirmarians, they were strictly forbidden to hold any intercourse with the former, either by visiting their bedsides, or allowing them to be present at the instructions.

A similar order to that observed at Toulon was followed in the exercises of the mission at Brest. Acts of consecration to the Mother of Mercy, and of reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus were introduced, but owing to the smallness of the chapel they had each to be repeated three times in order to give all the convicts an opportunity of being present at them; and this of course deprived the functions of that splendour and magnificence which had characterised them at Toulon. The want, however,

of appliances for impressing the men collectively was made up by a freedom of access to individuals, which the Fathers had longed for in vain in the other mission. Though letter-writing was prohibited, they could not be prevented from holding private interviews with those who had no employment to call them away from the hulks; and this intercourse, however narrow in its range, produced very decided results.

The formation of choirs, both for singing High Mass, and for leading the hymns which were introduced in the ordinary devotions, was a point to which the Fathers directed much attention. They found great difficulty in persuading the convicts to fall in with their wish, not only on account of the indifference to religious exercises which existed naturally among them, but also from the terror of becoming conspicuous and incurring the displeasure of their superiors. The small number, however, with which they began swelled before long into a very sufficient body of voices, and in time the men generally began to join in the preaching which went on daily in the halls. The hymns thus learned became a means, not only of praising God, but also of expressing gratitude to the missionaries. One day as a Father was crossing the harbour, some convicts who were in groups on board one of the boats saw him from a distance and saluted him with the accustomed marks of affection and respect. On his return he observed the same men laboriously occupied in turning the wheel of a machine intended for cleansing the port. He of course saluted them; but as they were prevented by the work from raising their hands to their caps, they broke out into a favourite hymn, as the best means available for expressing their recognition.

Among the prisoners was one who had taken a leading part in the revolution of February. Distinguished at once for intellectual ability and energy of character, he had mastered the specious philosophy of the day, and devoted himself heartily to propagate the illusion under which he laboured. Some impression appeared to have been made on him, when he suddenly fell ill, and had to be removed to the hospital. Father Ruigot, in whose hall he had originally been, followed him there, and after a while had the satisfaction of bringing him to the state of mind depicted in the following paper which he left in the hands of the Fathers. "Banished from society we were groaning under our affliction, when Providence sent these ministers of charity to speak in our ears the language of clemency and love. Reason and faith have dispelled the darkness of our errors; our materialism has yielded to the conviction of immortality. Reason has proved to us the nobility of our origin; it has revealed the existence of a spiritual element in every one of us. That spiritual element is the soul which animates the matter we are formed of; which is immortal as the God who willed it to exist;

and will return to Him when the matter which it vivifies shall be annihilated. *Et anima turbata est valde.* Our hearts are wounded by the remembrance of our sins, and we have learned how utterly impossible is any fellowship between iniquity and holiness, between the perverted soul and her Creator. *Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine: Domine, quis sustinebit.* Religion has spoken. She has taught us the mystery of a Redeemer: she has shown us Jesus, the Mediator between God and man. There is consolation in that sublimest of truths. The God of pity will, in His love, accept repentance, even the repentance of the outcast. Amendment springs from the hope of pardon—of that pardon which realizes every wish, fills every void, gives consolation to the sufferer, home to the orphan, country to the exile. Honour for ever to that religion which has breathed into our souls the love of virtue and the hatred of iniquity! Gratitude and love to those apostles who have brought us the good tidings of the truth; to the missionaries who have won our hearts with love, and conquered our materialism by the weapon of persuasion!"

Among the candidates for reception into the Church were a large number of Protestants and four Arabs. One of the latter towards the close of the mission, incurred the disciplinary punishment of incarceration. It was to last longer than the stay of the missionaries, and he was greatly distressed at remembering that this circumstance would altogether shut him out from baptism for the present. After thinking for some time, he at last hit on the expedient of requesting to have his punishment intensified, in order that it might be shortened. Instead of simply confining him in the dungeon, he entreated the authorities to have him flogged as well, and by this means he was able to receive baptism before the departure of the Fathers.

The anxiety to bring others within the pale of grace, which had been so characteristic of the converts at Toulon, was displayed at Brest with even greater earnestness. Not very long after the opening of the mission, one of the Fathers was told by a Jew that from the day of his arrival at the hulks his companion in chains had never ceased to speak to him of the Catholic faith; telling him that he would willingly give two fingers to obtain for him the grace of baptism. "Not two fingers only," interrupted his companion, "but even my whole hand." And as conversions multiplied the spirit of apostleship became stronger. When a missionary entered, it would often happen that several converts would run up to him to give in the names of some among their companions whom they had persuaded to return to God. Sometimes they would collect their neophytes into a corner of the room, and then, fetching one of the Fathers, would present them to him with the triumphant remark, "There, Father, there are all those for you." Once as a missionary was going round from bench to bench, to take down names for confession, he was led

away by one of the converts to the other side of the hall, where a sort of throne had been prepared for him. "That is your place," said the man; "now don't distress yourself, don't fatigue yourself: only say whom you want, and I'll go and find them." After he had been thus occupied for some time in bringing others, the missionary asked him if he would not like to have his own name put down. "Oh, Father," he replied, "I know nothing. I have not made my first confession: you must write down that I am a brute." He was put into a class of catechumens, where of course he soon learned that he was something very different from a brute; and at the end of the mission he made his first communion.

The restriction imposed on the men in their correspondence with the Fathers did not altogether repress it. Many letters were also written by them to their relatives, families, and friends, during the last days of the Mission. "My dear parents," says one, "I hasten to announce to you the good news. I have just received the happiness which I enjoyed on the day of my first communion. Now I see how unhappy is the man who forgets his religious duties, and knows not how to bear the necessities of life, in the way that a Christian ought. A mission has been preached to us by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Oh, blessed be those holy men, and praised be God who has sent us such comforters!.....Were it not that my condemnation causes you grief, I would say, 'What signify the sufferings of my body, when my soul is saved?' To your prayers, no doubt, I owe my reconciliation to God. Oh! cease not to pray for my perseverance." Another, in the fulness of his heart, wrote to the priest of his parish an account of the mission, and the assurance of his own repentance and reconciliation. A green cap, writing home, exclaims: "The angels of heaven have come down to the hell of the world, to save great sinners by a holy mission. I will not give you a detailed account of it, all I will say is, that such miracles can only be effected by the Society of Jesus."

The time for closing of the Mission now approached. On Sunday, the third of February, the Bishop of Quimper attended to take part in the ceremony. The chapel being far too small, it was determined to erect an altar in one of the halls, and even this, though the most spacious at their disposal, would not accommodate the convicts who were to take a principal part in the function. The remaining thousand could not be admitted at all. The altar was tastefully decorated by the Sisters of *La Sagesse*. At ten o'clock the function began with an address from F. Lavigne, and then came the general communion. Eighty-six convicts, with lighted tapers, presenting themselves for first communion, and the rest of the eighteen hundred and fifty, who were present following in order. Hymns were sung in unison or harmony, while the Bishop and F. Lavigne distributed the

Bread of Life. After mass the bishop preached on the words, *Ergo et gentibus dedit Deus pœnitentiam ad vitam*. "Therefore to the Gentiles also God gave repentance unto life." And immediately after confirmed three hundred and fifty candidates. F. Lavigne then ascended the pulpit, and gave a farewell exhortation to perseverance, amid the tears and sobs of his auditors. The whole function was crowned with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

That evening, when the Missionaries entered the hall, they were greeted with a loud burst of enthusiasm. The convicts crowded round them, kissed their hands, clung to their cassocks, strove to obtain a word, a look, a smile, which they might treasure up as a memorial of the day. Even those who had not availed themselves of the opportunity to frequent the Sacraments, participated in the general emotion. Now that it was too late they began to feel their weakness, and, "Oh, if to-day were but yesterday!" became the expression of their vain regret. The adjutants of the halls, the guards of the gangs, joined with the convicts in asking the remembrance and prayers of the Fathers. Some drew them aside, and falling on their knees begged to receive their blessing. When Father Lavigne came on the next day to bid the convicts farewell, the same scenes were repeated. "We shall have no one to console us any more." "Do not go away; do stay with us." "Do not forsake us," the poor men exclaimed, as they thronged round him, while completely overpowered by the scene, he could only answer them by tears and gestures. The townspeople shared the similar regret of the convicts, at the departure of the Fathers; and to those on board the *Abondance* and the *Borda* was added that of not having been visited by them.

When the last Missionary had left, all was sad within the hulks. Letters from the place describe the convicts as always talking of the Fathers, treasuring with the greatest care the crucifixes, medals, books, or pictures, received from their hands; and for some time, when they saw any ecclesiastic on the quay, they would turn to one another and exclaim with delight, "Look, there are some more Missionary Fathers!"

THE MISSION AND INFLUENCE OF ST. PHILIP.

A few weeks ago, the Catholic Institute of Liverpool was engaged in celebrating the anniversary of the day when its great and holy patron was called to receive the reward of his fidelity ; of the day when, in the language of the Church's office, God said to him, Enter into my rest, for I have seen thee faithful before me, among all people; of the day called in ecclesiastical language, the birthday of that great servant of God ; the day when he was born, not into a world of sin, but into the world of holiness and of glory ; not into a life of pain, and of sickness, and of death, but into the true life of the living, which knows no sorrow and no end. The Oratory of St. Philip Neri was united with many other churches and oratories throughout the Catholic world in celebrating its return, in remembering the beautiful graces and gifts conferred on St. Philip ; in tracing the steps of the important work entrusted to him in the days of his trial ; in contemplating him in the enjoyment of his reward ; in considering whether he has no mission and no influence in the world still. If that auspicious day was well and profitably employed, we shall be better able to comprehend what the Church means on this festival, by teaching us to pray that our joy in the memory of his glory as a Saint, may stimulate us to follow the example of his virtues.

We wish especially to address our remarks on the memory of St. Philip to the young men who are in one way or another connected with the Catholic Institute. The superiors of that house have placed it under the patronage of St. Philip ; they invite and encourage the youth of Liverpool to come, as it were, within the sweet influence of the Saint ; either during the period of education, or at a more critical period still in the life of a youth, when he is beginning to make his way in the world, in the employment, or in the profession by which he is ultimately to earn his livelihood. Now we particularly wish such young men to acquire a definite notion of what is meant by placing an institution like this under the tutelage of St. Philip ; why under his care and protection, rather than of any other saint ?

With a view to making this plain, let us very briefly examine the state of feeling regarding religion and morality at the time when St. Philip lived. His life extended from the year 1513-1595 ; a momentous period in the history of Europe, and of the Catholic Church. During that period of eighty years, a revolution in religious opinion, begun by Luther and his associates, and seconded by the whole power of the British crown, separated the greater part of Germany, the whole of Sweden and Norway,

and Great Britain itself from the great family of which the Roman Pontiff is the visible head. Even in those countries which remained faithful to the Holy See, in France, and Spain, and in Italy, the principles of independence and of insubordination, which had been openly proclaimed elsewhere, found many secret admirers, especially among the intellectual youth. Other causes too, were at work in the same direction. The restoration of classical taste, consequent on the revival of Roman and Greek learning, contributed in a great degree to undermine the severe and perhaps too formal rules of the medieval school. On every hand, especially among the intellectual and the refined, there was a strong sympathy manifested with new and less conventional forms of thought and of taste; a sympathy which in many instances, very nearly touched the integrity of religion and of morals.

The youth of Europe, and especially the youth of Italy and of classical Rome, were deeply imbued with this spirit of freedom; with this desire for emancipation from the trammels of a ruder age. Not that there was anything to condemn in the classical revival taken by itself; for many holy and learned prelates, and even the Supreme Pontiffs largely encouraged it. But it contained elements of danger, especially for young and ardent minds; if the feeling of the classic age for art was better than the ignorance of a subsequent age on the same subject, why should not the licence of ancient Rome and of ancient Greece be also permitted in morality, why not even in religion?

This was the great problem then, in that eventful century; how to keep the young, the ardent, the refined, and the intellectual in love, I may say, with the unchanging rule of the Church in religion and in morality, while at the same time leaving those enthusiastic spirits free to enjoy the wide field of new enquiry and of discovery, which opened upon them in the resurrection of learning, and in the recovery of the principles of ancient art. It was plainly out of the conditions of the question to combat the danger with scholastic weapons; the young generation knew little of the schools, and that little was not favourable to them. A crusade against the fashionable errors of the day, was not possible to the oldest religious orders, for they lived for the most part in the desert, and in the retirement of the forest; and the risk of danger was not there, but in the streets of the city. The champion of religion must defend her in the city; and he must find means to attract the frequenters of cities around him. He must plead for God and for faith, and for purity, not with syllogisms and texts from the fathers, for those, although admirable in themselves, had no charm, but the reverse, for the souls that were in peril. He must therefore have a bland and winning exterior; his love of God must manifest itself in a cheerful, animated, and sometimes in a playful manner; he must wear

his earnestness almost lightly, at times, with a sweet smile, and a pleasant word for every one; even when he must reprove sinners, it must not be with the severity of the Baptist, but with the tearful grace of the Beloved apostle.

God had many servants in that time of need; but, among the young men of Rome, such a defender and promoter of religion as we have described, was preeminently St. Philip. There was no formalism in him. His studies in theology had been deep, but their depth was never suspected by the young nobles of Roman society, who thought the liveliest hour in the day was the hour which they spent in St. Philip's cell. He called in the aid of learning; Baronius, the author of the voluminous and admirable Annals of the Church of Christ, was his scholar. But St. Philip all the while pursued his own way; informal, winning, easy, attractive. By a rare combination, he maintained the sanctity of the cloister in the publicity of the street; the fervour of a contemplative amidst a succession of visitors. He solved the problem, in his day, how to keep youth in love with religion; how to correct youth without repelling it; how to speak a winning word for God, with a smile, and a graceful pleasantry. And the Roman youth was saved from the contagion of northern Europe; and St. Philip is now associated with St. Peter and Paul in the patronage of the eternal city.

What we have already said has no doubt in great part suggested the solution of our enquiry into the aim of the superiors of the Catholic Institute in placing their institution under the tutelage of St. Philip. They beg him to do for the youth under their charge what he did for the youth of his beloved Rome, by aiding them in making religion attractive and amiable to the young and the intellectual. The dangers which beset the youth of St. Philip's acquaintance are tenfold greater now, and in this land; license in opinion and license in practise, are sanctioned by universal example; are seductive and not easily resisted. By and by, we propose to examine some of the intellectual and moral temptations to which our youth is peculiarly exposed. Suffice it now to say, that they are such as can but be met, as Philip combated the dangers which threatened religion in his day, by open, informal, pleasant, and attractive means. And therefore St. Philip is invited to reside among the youth of a great city like Liverpool, to revive the spirit and manners of his own character; to animate the studies, to regulate the diversions, to direct the mental culture of the youth that frequents this institution; to watch over its members with his old smile, and his clear, pure, winning eye; to subdue, as was his old custom, the obdurate with a tear; with an embrace of deep affection for Christ's sake.

Another remarkable feature in St. Philip's management of youth was the great use which he made of personal influence.

He won the regard, the affection of his charge, and used it to keep them true to God and to duty. It seems as if personal influence were a little undervalued, especially by good people. Persons who are always doing their best to keep the commandments of God, and to persuade others to keep them, forget how much others may be disposed to a good life by the influence of personal character. They themselves, perhaps, never enjoyed, or never required the encouragement of such an influence; the whole theory of religion, they will probably tell you, is independent of it; it is a baser motive than can be admitted as an encouragement to duty. But if you take men, and especially young men as they are, and omit speculations as to what they ought to be, you will find that next to the direct operations of grace in the heart, there is no more powerful agent, either for good or for evil, than the attraction of personal influence. Goodness is, for the time at least, loved and followed less for its own abstract sake, than for its beautiful and attractive impersonation in our living friend. Hence every one who wishes to reach the spring of human action in others cannot neglect this important auxiliary. St. Philip knew human nature better than to neglect or to underrate it. He knew it to be, in thousands of instances, a useful minister to the grace of God, in confirming the habitually good and regular, and more emphatically in reclaiming the erring and the fallen. A look from him was like an inspiration of grace; a gentle, half-reproachful embrace unlocked the sealed and the hard heart of the sinner, and counted as the first step in his penitence, and in his amendment. There can be little doubt that, when the secrets of every heart shall be revealed, and the sum of the triumphs of Divine Grace shall be manifested at the last awful day, it will be found that the too often despised influence of person on person, will receive a new and unsuspected lustre and dignity, as the suggester and promoter of good in a secret and unostentatious manner. The gentle influence of a mother has often saved her son; brothers owe their salvation to sisters, sisters to brothers; a wife is powerful to win her husband from destruction by her influence; friend affects friend as neither at the time perhaps suspects. But most powerfully, the pastor and the guardian of youth can mould and fashion his charge in its early and plastic state, by the wise exercise of personal influence. It was so that our Saint employed every resource on the side of God, brought into use every means that nature as well as grace provided, to strengthen his hands in the long contest with the dangerous influence at work among the youth of his day. As he used his great and wide influence for God, and not for himself; for the sake of souls, and not for his own immediate benefit, he enjoyed it to an extent that surprises us to hear of now. For St. Philip had not the advantages which usually secure and maintain personal influence. He was without

the position which rank and wealth have always conferred, and which was never more valued than by the young nobility of Italy in his day. St. Philip had once an opportunity of becoming rich, when a wealthy uncle proposed to make his nephew his heir. But that wealth had been made in trade and commerce, and even so the Saint declined the doubtful honour. The source of his influence lay in his holiness, in his simplicity, in his bright, informal cheerfulness. He traded with his gift, and he doubled it, by God's blessing, and nothing in his life astonishes us more than the extent of it, or than its apparently irresistible force.

It is part of the inheritance of the earth promised to the meek of heart, and to the saints of God, that their spirit and their influence remains behind, when their holy souls are taken to their eternal rest. St. Philip lives on earth, as we may say, still, in the congregation of clergy which he founded, and still more widely in establishments like the Catholic Institute, in which religion is as much as possible invested with the winning attractiveness of his own simple and beautiful character. The public services of religion are made as popular as means will permit, but the cause of religion is not promoted exclusively in functions and in sermons. Outside the sanctuary and the pulpit there are other means pursued, in order to influence youth for good, in order to keep them out of the way of evil. Popular meetings, lectures, a reading-room, music, and cheerful society, perpetuate the characteristic informality of St. Philip's system; bid high for a share of his singular influence over the minds of young men. We cannot forget another powerful auxiliary which St. Philip employed, and which all who labour in his footsteps must not fail to employ; if we have deferred all mention of it till now, it has been that we might introduce it with a more particular emphasis. We mean devotion to Mary, the Mother of Jesus. The rosary, which is inseparable from every picture and from every statue of St. Philip, is a pledge as well as a memorial of his constant and of his confident use of that all-powerful secret of success in his critical mission. It was there that he learnt the mystery of winning souls; it was there that he studied the love of God, so deeply that his manifestation of it thenceforth burst the bounds of general rule and method, and his capacious heart once for all broke down the barriers which nature had prescribed to its too intense pulses. The Holy Family became to St. Philip the model of personal influence, the type of its highest exercise, the example of its perfect triumph. In the Oratory of St. Philip his love of Mary is also represented, by the confraternity in her honour, to which many of the most deserving youths connected with the Institute are permitted to associate themselves.

We shall have said enough for the present if we have led back the thoughts of our readers to that genial old man, who reigned in the hearts of youth with his bright smile and his cheerful word

for God ; if we have shown them how his spirit is still about us here, how his influence is still an energy and a power, far from his earthly resting-place. We pray God, through the intercession of His Saint, to infuse a large share St. Philip's rare spirit into the superiors and into all the members of the Catholic Institute ; as it bears his name, may it reflect his influence ; may his purifying touch seal many a soul within it ; may it become the familiar home of the pure in heart, of the cultivated in intellect, and of the docile in spirit ; that from this humble corner of the Saint's great family a beautiful tribute to his memory may arise, year by year, on his festival, in something achieved in his name for the regeneration of youth, for the salvation and the perfection of souls, for the eternal glory of God.

THE MARTYR'S GRAVE ;

IN WORCESTERSHIRE.

I.

From morn till eve, the summer sun
 Long weeks had blazed upon the plain,
 In trembling furnace-air the grain,
 The whispering grass were turned to dun.

II.

Within the churchyard's silent pale
 Brown blight upon the earth was lying,
 Even Love's memorial flowers were dying,
 Sere as the yew-tree's shadowy veil.

III.

Save where a verdant isle is seen
 As though fresh-bathed in heaven's sweet rain,
 Nature's hot breath has breathed in vain
 All Summer, on its deathless green.

IV.

They say, beneath the kindly sod,
 Where endless Spring has laid her spell,
 Lies one, the vale remembers well,
 Of old, a martyred Man of God.

V.

While deadly blight lay all around,
 Heaven's dews fell secret on his soul,
 As now upon this sacred knoll,
 In memory of his burial-ground.

J. A. S.

A COUNTRY PRIEST IN 1793.

Mons. P. had just taken orders when the first troubles of the revolution broke out in France. He was vicar of a small parish of Lower Maine, upon the borders of Brittany, when an oath was exacted from the priests which almost all held to be incompatible with their engagements. Those who were of this opinion were called refractory, and received orders, under pain of death, to leave France.

Our vicar had not hesitated to refuse compliance, but being young, in good health and full of zeal, he thought it his duty not to leave the country at a time when the aids of religion were more needful than ever to the peasantry. But it was necessary to conceal himself from the unceasing pursuit of the revolutionists, and the most perfect faith could alone have imparted fortitude sufficient to submit voluntarily to the existence he saw himself compelled to lead. To anxiety of mind was united severe bodily suffering. During the day he was obliged to remain lying either in a damp hole excavated in the ground, or in a corner of a granary, where by turns both heat and cold became insupportable.

Night brought other fatigues, but these were less painful, though attended with great danger, then he could at least act and become useful; this was the time when he went to exhort the dying, baptize the newly born, console the unhappy and encourage the faithful. To do this, the disguised priest went secretly in the middle of the night, choosing the worst weather, now traversing several fields to avoid the republican posts, at other times passing through the midst of sentinels, whom he succeeded in deceiving by coolness and address.

At the end of several months of this life of privation and danger, events occurred which put a check upon the generous devotion of the young vicar. The penalty of death was denounced against any one who should conceal a priest. Mons. P. would no longer expose to danger those who had given him an asylum. He resolved to gain the coast of Brittany, and to cross over to England. But, how traverse a country unknown to him, and carefully guarded, without being discovered, and if he succeeded in this, how was he to obtain the means of embarking?

These difficulties appeared insurmountable, and nevertheless, the danger became greater every day, for the most rigorous perquisitions followed in quick succession, the republican authorities having received notice that a priest remained in the canton.

In this perplexity, the peasant at whose house the vicar lived, conceived the idea of going to Ernee, to his mistress, and of confiding to her the embarrassment of his guest. She was an aged lady, a pious and zealous royalist. She bid him tell Mons. P. that if he would run the risk of coming to her, he could be concealed for a short time, and she was certain of having in a few days a safe conduct for him to Jersey. No other chance of escape offered, and he accepted the proposal. I will now leave the priest to give his own account of his adventurous journey.

“As soon as I had resolved to attempt the means of escape proposed to me, I repressed all discouraging considerations; and made without a moment’s delay, my preparations for the journey, which consisted in the complete dress of a peasant with a woollen bonnet and a goatskin cloak. These were furnished me by the farmer who had lodged and fed me for more than a month.

“This man had no further interest in me than what arose from the recommendation of one of his relations who had brought me to his house, but I was a priest and in misfortune, and he felt all his cares due to me. He would even act as guide to Ernee, and though he trembled like myself at our departure, he was not the less ready to hazard everything to serve me.

“It was on the 7th February, 1793, that we set out, long after dark. We had three leagues to travel, and towards midnight we reached the town of Ernee.

“It was necessary to avoid the sentinels, the posts, and the guard-house. We made a long circuit; entered by a garden door, the key of which had been given to the farmer; then we passed over two walls, against which ladders were placed. We arrived thus without accident at the end of our journey, although the republicans exercised the most active vigilance.

“The lady at whose house we were expected, received me as a brother. Forgetting that she exposed herself for my safety, she sought to animate my courage; telling me that they did not lose hopes of better times; she spoke to me of the insurgents who had just taken arms in the country, between Vitry and Lavat; she assured me that the royalists had confidence in them, and were in daily intercourse with their chiefs, and that it was through them she hoped to aid my departure from France. Two of them were that very day at Ernee, she was about to send them dispatches which they had undertaken to convey to Jersey, and she felt assured that I should be able under their conduct to reach the coast and embark. I replied to my protectress that I abandoned myself entirely to her direction, for I saw no other means of safety for me; but it was necessary to wait a whole day, and from fear of the visits which were continually made by the patriots, I was obliged to retire to

a low granary, where I could only remain lying down in a recumbent posture.

“I will not conceal that in my solitude I abandoned myself to the most gloomy reflections. Until then I had resigned myself to everything,—to prison, even to the scaffold ; but the idea of this perilous journey, during which I must associate with men of whom strange stories were related, and whose manner of life no doubt obliged them to have recourse to violence, and even murder in self-defence, this idea, I say, was repugnant to me, and my conscience reproached me as with a crime for having entertained it.

“Already I saw myself arrested in the midst of such men, and conducted with them to the tribunals. If they were indeed guilty of the crimes of which they were accused, I should then have to acknowledge that a minister of the altar had not been afraid to unite himself to them, and to become in a manner their accomplice. I, who had remained in France solely for the interests of religion, was about to compromise it before its most cruel enemies. Such were the painful thoughts which agitated me during this long day. Perhaps also my natural cowardice gave additional force to these reflections by way of justifying to myself my dread of this hazardous journey. However this might be, when in the evening they came to release me from my hiding place, I had determined to decline the assistance offered me, and to set out alone, at the risk of being taken by the patriots, but such was the heavy oppression which had fallen upon me, that I was not able to give utterance to my resolve, and I could scarcely comprehend what the lady was saying for my encouragement. She had seen the two guides, they had undertaken to conduct me, and were coming to her house to fetch me in order to set out immediately, they were men whose courage and fidelity she could guarantee from her own experience.

“To all this discourse I found nothing to reply, and yet I was not re-assured, and when a confidential servant, who kept watch in the street for these men, in order that they might enter without any noise, came and said in a low voice, ‘They are following me, here they are!’ I felt myself so agitated, that I remained a long time without daring to raise my eyes to look at them. When at length I ventured to take a survey, I found, notwithstanding my prejudices, that their appearance was far from alarming. Their dress was that of country workmen, except that they had pistols in their belts, but nothing in their air or manners denoted those ferocious brigands whom the patriots held up to public hatred. The first who entered appeared young, he seemed already known to the lady, at whose house we were, and conversed at first with her on matters foreign to mine. Though his language was altogether that of the pea-

santry, he expressed himself with ease, and his physiognomy was frank and animated. Whilst I was making these observations his comrade approached me and addressed some words to me to which I made a stammering reply. He was much taller than the other, and had a sort of military air. He appeared to me a very handsome man; his countenance was full and ruddy, his features agreeable, with the exception of his nose, which was a little crushed and bent, and bore the mark of a wound; his eyes shone with a remarkable lustre, and his words were uttered with a kind of impetuosity, which made him almost always repeat twice the same word; notwithstanding he had an expression of kindness and ingenuousness which invited confidence.

"These two men were Jean Chouan and his brother Francis,* but this I only learned in the course of my journey, and moreover, at that time, their name was hardly known to me.

"I ought to say that from the moment I had seen them I felt my gloomy thoughts dissipated. I said nothing about my hesitation, and soon all was ready for our departure.

"I took nothing but the peasant's dress which I had on, my breviary and a belt containing twenty-five louis; this was my whole fortune, for I belonged to a poor family from whom I could not expect assistance. We set out about six o'clock in the evening, and in leaving the town took the same road by which I had entered it. Arrived in the country, upon the great road which leads to Fougères, we walked at first very quickly, and soon we left the direct road.

"My guides conducted me to several farms, where I could easily see that they were expected. They had a way of knocking at the door, no doubt preconcerted, for without further question it was opened immediately. We did not enter, but some words were exchanged in a low tone, and we resumed our journey. Not a word passed in relation to these proceedings; I noticed the reserve of my guides and imitated it.

"As the day began to break, we arrived at the gates of Fougères; we stopped at a house about two hundred steps from the town. It appeared to me a low public house. Jean Chouan told me to follow him, recommending silence at the same time. François left us and continued his route to Fougères.

"We passed through the first part of the house without stopping, and without speaking to the people whom we found there, we entered by a low door into a cellar filled with casks.

"We found there a miserable bed upon which we sat down, and remained a quarter of an hour without moving or speaking.

"In spite of my goatskin, the dampness of the night had penetrated me and I trembled in all my limbs, when at length an aged female entered; she brought a little brandy which restored

* These men were the first chiefs of the royalist insurrection which took from them the name of Chouannerie.

me. Soon she returned with two porringers full of soup, a jug of cider, and some buck-wheat cakes. She placed all before us and then withdrew without saying a word, and the door was then carefully shut, and I judged by the noise made, that some piece of furniture was placed against it. We partook of our frugal repast without breaking silence, and after eating, lay down on the pallet, where I fell quickly into a profound sleep.

“When I awoke, Jean Chouan was already up. I saw him on his knees saying his chaplet, with a recollection which edified me. I followed his example. I took my breviary, and the rest of the day passed in this manner.

“François did not rejoin us until night. We then came out of our hiding place. The house had been carefully closed and the old woman was there alone; she invited me to draw near the fire whilst the two brothers conversed in a low voice in a corner.

“I soon noticed with anxiety that they appeared vexed and doubtful; at length François came to me, and told me that an unexpected order obliged them to go out of their road, and they considered it absolutely necessary that I should accompany them for fear of not being able to meet again. They assured me moreover that this change of route would not occasion more than a day's delay.

“There was no alternative but to accompany them. We therefore set out, without my being even aware of the object of this unforeseen movement.

“The night was already advanced: we walked rapidly and without taking breath. At length, after having travelled about three leagues, we stopped in a little wood which skirted the road. Jean Chouan entered the thicket, saying to me that he would soon return. We sat down while waiting for him, and François then informed me what they were purposing to do.

“They had it in contemplation to arrest an orderly who in the morning was to convey to the garrison of Vitré the orders of the general commandant of Fougères.

“François assured me that this enterprise would be attended with but little difficulty and scarcely any danger, that I might while it took place remain a little on one side. ‘But,’ added he, ‘if you have sufficient resolution to consent to show yourself with us, I am very sure that we shall not then be obliged to have recourse to our arms, for seeing our number, the officer will not dream of resisting.’

“François was using all his eloquence which was very persuasive, to obtain my consent, when Jean Chouan rejoined us. He seconded his endeavours, and they eventually won from me an acquiescence in some sort involuntary. The consequences were not disastrous, but, nevertheless, I have always reproached myself with an indiscretion unpardonable to a man of my condition.

“Jean Chouan had returned, bringing with him two rifles, and staffs to which white plumes were fastened. He intended as soon as the orderly appeared in sight to place the plumes in the bushes, so that they could be perceived from the road. It was also agreed that I should make myself partially visible through the brambles which skirted the road, often changing my place to give the impression that we were in numbers, but that I should remain concealed at the moment when Jean Chouan and François should leap into the road, one in front, the other at the rear of the horseman.

“All our dispositions being made, Jean Chouan and myself lay down on the ground behind the hedge, and François climbed a thick tree, whence he could see to a great distance.

“We remained in this state of expectation about two hours, and I acknowledge that during the whole time I did not once reflect upon my position.

“I found myself there with a musket in my hand for the first time in my life, and I, a minister of peace, was so armed to make a man believe that I threatened his life ?

“However this thought never occurred to me, so completely was my mind thrown off its balance by the situation in which I was placed. Suddenly François descended his tree and ran to us. ‘There are two gendarmes carrying the dispatches,’ said he to us ; ‘they are three musket shots from us.’

“‘There is no danger,’ said Jean Chouan, ‘all will go off quietly. They know too well with whom they have to deal.’

“We had taken up our position in a place where the road turned by a rapid ascent ; the plumes were fixed and each one gained his post : it was the work of a moment. The two gendarmes advanced at a rapid trot ; they suspected nothing. Reaching the turning one of them perceived the white plumes.

“‘Let us save ourselves, we are lost,’ said he to his comrade.

“‘Surrender,’ cried Jean Chouan, who leaped into the road before them, confronting them.

“‘Surrender,’ cried François, who rushed upon them from behind, two pistols in his hand.

“At the same time I rose and appeared over the hedge. It was useless to dream of flight.

“‘We surrender,’ said the two gendarmes, ‘you are masters. What do you demand?’

“‘Dismount, and deliver your arms, you have nothing to fear if you obey.’

“They did so.

“‘We must also have your dispatches.’

“They delivered them.

“‘Gendarmes,’ said François, ‘it is by the King that you are arrested, and it is by his orders that we spare you ; you will only lose your arms and the dispatches ; everything else will be

restored to you. Do not forget that we might take your lives. When you make attestation of your arrest, say that you have been taken by a numerous body of royalists, it is for your interest to do so. Say also that the Brothers Chouan were at their head, and that they have sworn that henceforth they will be seen wherever the service of the king shall call them. You may now depart, but on foot, and by the road you came. Your horses, as well as your effects, shall be faithfully restored.'

"The gendarmes acquiesced in everything, without manifesting any repugnance, and set out immediately.

"François Chouan, furnished with the dispatches, mounted one of their horses, and leading the other, started at a gallop in the direction of Vitre. I never saw him again.

"Jean Chouan collected all our military array, and carried them into the interior of the coppice. I did not know where he deposited them. He was not long in rejoining me; we resumed our march, and without following the beaten road we arrived in the parish of Bourgon, two leagues from the place of our exploit. We then entered a farm where we were warmly received. Two women went immediately into the field to keep watch, and we rested quietly the rest of the day; nevertheless I saw with regret that, after two days' journey, I was three leagues further from Fougères than at the moment of my departure.

"One consolation at least was given me; I had the happiness of being able to fulfil the functions of my ministry. Our host had in store all that was needed for saying mass, and I was able to celebrate next day, which was Sunday.

"The evening, and part of the night, was spent in hearing the confessions of the peasants in the neighbourhood. The whole of the parish were animated with the best sentiments of piety. About a month previous the national guard of Laval had pillaged everywhere. Several of the inhabitants had been carried off to prison, but those who remained were not the less fervent and zealous.

"To guard against a surprise to the priest who should celebrate mass, the people of the farm had prepared a small shed at the end of a barn filled with hay. It was entered by a stable at the side, by raising a plank in the manger to which a cow was fastened. There was room only for the altar, the priest, and the server. Those who assisted remained outside the building, near the wall of the barn, and the respondent announced the different parts of the holy sacrifice, by striking against the wall with a hammer a certain number of blows agreed upon. Those whose confessions I had heard during the night, came to receive communion through the opening made in the manger. I shall never forget the lively emotion which this spectacle excited in me, at once so simple and so touching. It seemed to carry me back to the days when the Saviour became man to redeem us from our

sins. Thus Jesus Christ was born in a stable. Thus the shepherds were assembled to adore Him.

“This resemblance which presented itself to my mind, appeared to me like a happy presage. I felt my heart restored to hope, and from this moment I experienced a fresh strength for the endurance of my painful trials. We set out the same day as night drew on. One of the men of the farm conducted us across the country without following a beaten path. He led us thus to the forest of Fougères, which we passed right through. Arrived at the extremity, we entered a miserable forsaken hut, where he left us. The day began to break. Jean Chouan lighted a fire, and we eat some provisions we had brought with us. As I perceived that he kept a constant watch, fearing that the smoke of the hearth should betray us, I proposed to him to extinguish it, but he told me that this smoke was to serve as a signal to some one in the neighbourhood. Seeing me very much fatigued, he persuaded me to lie down, while he went to some distance to keep guard. I had scarcely slept a moment when a ‘*qui vive*,’ loudly pronounced by Jean Chouan, awoke me with a start. I rushed immediately out of the hut, and saw two men approaching us carrying their bonnets at the end of their sticks. (I learned afterwards that this was a concerted signal.)

“One of them was known to Jean Chouan, and he it was whom the smoke was to warn of our arrival. The stranger who accompanied him had been directed to him, he told us, that he might receive aid in passing over to England: he came with good recommendations, and we might take him with us without apprehension. Jean Chouan looked attentively at him, then approaching me very quietly, he said with a low voice,

“‘Speak as little as possible, and let it be supposed that you are a peasant.’

“Whilst he withdrew to converse with the man with whom he was acquainted I examined with distrust our new companion. He approached me and began to speak with great volubility. He told me that he was a noble and an emigrant, lately returned to France to communicate with the insurgents, that he had brought dispatches from the princes, and was returning into England, charged with an important mission. I replied to him only in monosyllables: at length the guide who had conducted him to us, having taken his departure, Jean Chouan returned to us, and observed a similar reserve.

“I soon conceived a suspicion of the pretended gentleman, who appeared to me to speak very bad French. Continuing to talk incessantly, he was drawn by degrees to ask a great many questions to which Jean Chouan scarcely replied, and at length became so impatient, that abruptly addressing this babbler, he said to him,

“ ‘ Sir, as time passes, it is good to endeavour to do well, but it is useful also to speak little.’ ”

“ The stranger appeared disconcerted, and was silent.

“ As usual, we set out late ; at the end of a four hours walk we arrived at the entrance of the city of St. James. Jean Chouan recommended us to walk quietly, and in perfect silence. We were obliged to pass within thirty paces of the guardhouse to gain our route by a path which avoided the town. If we were perceived there was danger of their demanding passports, which we had not.

“ We therefore endeavoured to walk without making any noise. We had arrived very near the sentinel, and we saw him distinctly follow the white wall of the guardhouse. His back was turned to us, and he had not heard our approach. Already we were taking the turn of the path, when suddenly our self-styled gentleman rushed towards the post, crying out : ‘ Guard, fire on the brigands!’ ”

“ The terrified sentinel fired his musket, and the troop came out in confusion.

“ At the first moment I remained overpowered with stupor.

“ ‘ Courage,’ said Jean Chouan, dragging me along, ‘ we shall escape them ; do not leave me.’ ”

“ He hastened immediately into the little path, and I followed him.

“ The Blues, no doubt, were some time before they discovered what was the matter, the darkness having prevented their seeing us, and recognizing which way we had taken. We continued to fly with all our speed, and already had reason to believe ourselves out of their reach, when I struck my head violently against a tree, the trunk of which projected over the path.

“ I fell, stupified with the blow.

“ Jean Chouan ran some distance without perceiving that I was not following. As soon as he discovered it, he did not hesitate to retrace his steps, and found me on the ground, almost without consciousness.

“ ‘ Did the shot reach you,’ said he.

“ ‘ No,’ I replied ; ‘ but I have knocked my head, and I feel that it is impossible to stand ; leave me, save yourself, I hear the Blues approaching.’ ”

“ Without answering me, Jean Chouan raised me quickly from the ground, rested me against a tree, and then took me on his shoulders.

“ During this time we heard that the alarm had been given in the town ; the drum beat, they cried to arms, and ran from all quarters, and without doubt were coming towards us.

“ Nothing disconcerted, Jean Chouan, encumbered with his burden, he resumed his way almost as swiftly as before ; he

carried me thus for more than three hundred paces, and did not stop until he had leaped a thick hedge.

"There, he listened a moment, nothing was approaching, and he deposited me on the ground.

"'Drink at my gourd,' said he, 'that will revive you; if you can walk now, we are saved.'

"I swallowed a little brandy, and as soon as I had taken a few steps, I recovered my senses completely. We took our way across the fields, and soon were far from the Blues.

"'We may be easy now,' said Jean Chouan to me, 'they pursue us by another road; from the first I distrusted the traitor, and I deceived him as to our route. He believes that we are going to Pontorson, and we are walking towards Avranches. Meanwhile let us keep our distance.'

"I would have tried to thank my deliverer: he interrupted me.

"'I have only done my duty,' said he, 'and my life is equally vowed to protect the royalists and to combat the republicans;' he added, 'no doubt our spy had, in the same manner, deceived his first guide, and that probably his intention was to follow us during the journey, in order to discover the means of communication which the royalists of the interior had with Jersey.'

"Thanks to the courage and strength of Jean Chouan, his scheme had failed.

"We continued to walk rapidly, in order to get out of reach of St. James. At length we arrived at a farm, where they showed us every possible attention. I stood in great need of it, being ready to drop with fatigue; I suffered much from my contusion, and had a violent access of fever.

"Jean Chouan allowed me to rest twenty-four hours, then we resumed our journey, which, from that time, met with no further hindrance. The second day we entered as night was falling, the faubourg of Grandville, passing through gardens much in the same manner as I had entered Ernee, and we took up our lodging with the wife of the fisherman, who was to take me across to Jersey at the first favourable moment. The following morning, my guide left me to return to Brittany. Before starting, I told him I had twenty-five louis in my belt, and, in sharing it with him, I should feel I was making but a poor return for all he had done for me. He refused it.'

"'Keep your money,' said he, 'you will need it more than I shall: besides, it was not for gain that I took up my present way of life. All that I ask, Sir, is, that you will remember me in your prayers.'

"He pressed my hand hastily and set out. I never saw him again. I passed several times into France during the Chouan war, but at my first return his brother and himself *had lost their lives*, were dead.

“The evening of his departure, the fisherman’s wife conducted me to the shore, her husband’s boat waited for me. Nothing hindered our crossing, and at break of day I landed at Jersey, where I received from several companions in exile, the attentions and welcome which those in misfortune know how to value.”

The ecclesiastic, whose narrative I have now related, returned to France as soon as the revolutionary government ceased to proscribe the priests. He went to live in his parish, and not long after was appointed curate. I often conversed with him upon the events of this period. He permitted me to publish the details which I have just related, but made me promise not to mention his name, and even after his death, I hold myself bound of respect the reserve which he imposed upon me.

REVIEWS.

The Devout Client of Mary, by Father Paul Segneri, S.J.
London : Burns and Lambert.

During the last few years, a copious stream of translations from the works of the most esteemed continental Catholic writers, has fertilised the Church in England. Compared with the opportunities enjoyed by our fathers, we have immense advantages offered to us, which to them were unknown; and in proportion to our facilities, will our responsibilities be, if we fail to turn them to that account which we ought. Few names are held in greater reverence in Catholic countries than that of Segneri; and of the many works which Catholics owe to his pen, none is held in such high estimation as his, “*Il divoto di Maria*.” Great, therefore, is the joy with which we welcome its appearance in an English dress. It is a work that is in every preacher’s mouth abroad, and the people know it almost as well as their pastors. Blessed will the present translation be, if it tend to familiarize English Catholics with it as much. It can scarcely be considered a theological work; it is rather suggestive, than exhaustive, it is an epitome condensing into a brief compass the high prerogatives and great merits of her whom we all venerate as the first of creatures. A chapter or section of this work, diligently read over, and leisurely considered, will expand into three or four lengthy meditations. We cannot better give an idea of its scope, than by briefly recapitulating its contents. The subject divides itself into two parts; the first, treating of the *motives*, and the second, of the *means*, which may help us to obtain true devotion

to the Blessed Virgin. The motives are seven ; namely, the love which God bears to her ; her great dignity ; her sanctity ; the honour paid to her by the whole Church ; the benefits received from her ; the love she bears us ; devotion to her is a mark of predestination. Each of these motives is amplified in four or five sections. The means pointed out for obtaining devotion to her, are four, meditation, spiritual reading, invocation of her in prayer, and the observance of special practices in her honour, those which are recommended being to choose her for our Mother, to reverence her pictures and images, to visit her churches, to recite daily her office and rosary, to make novenas before her feasts, and so on. The translation seems to be carefully done, and we conceive that the retention of a certain quaintness of diction from the original will make it less common-place and more impressive. As to the mere getting up of the book, it is very neat and presentable ; and we should be glad to know that every one of our readers was in possession of a copy of it, and used it well.

Rosa of Tannenburg ; from the German of CANON SCHMID.

London : Dolman.

The good Canon of Augsburg certainly has great powers of producing stories suitable for children ; suitable in every way ; whether it be a well contrived plot, thrilling incidents, the moral, inevitable, but not thrust into offensive relief ; or the indirect lessons, whether drawn from a picture, a medal, or a sunset. All the Canon's stories that have appeared hitherto are great favourites with our little people ; we are almost afraid to say how many thousand copies of "The Black Lady" have been sold since it was first reprinted from the *Catholic Instructor*. And therefore we are always glad of any addition to the stock of this class of reading. No doubt *Rosa of Tannenburg* will be as great a favourite as its predecessors, at least it deserves to be. It is a story illustrative of the fourth commandment ; showing how a little child's dutiful love to her father procured his liberation from prison, his restoration to his estates, and the reconciliation of two inveterate enemies. Though simple, it is more artistically constructed, and will be read with greater pleasure than many works of much higher pretensions.

The Church of the Bible. By FREDERICK OAKELEY, M.A., Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. London: Dolman.

It would appear that the Church of St. John, Islington, which is under Father Oakeley's charge, is attended on Sunday evenings by a numerous body of Protestants, whose decorous behaviour and attention have satisfied him, that they resort thither from no idle curiosity, but rather from "a sincere desire of acquainting themselves with the nature of the Catholic Religion." Hence, Father Oakeley concluded that he became responsible to do something towards satisfying the doubts of these honest enquirers; and therefore, he commenced a series of lectures adapted to the circumstances of the case; founding his arguments on the Bible only, and regarding the question from the Protestant, as well as from the Catholic point of view. This volume is a reprint of the Lectures; and we are glad to learn that they resulted in more than one conversion to the Catholic Church—which is not astonishing, considering the ability which the author has brought to bear upon his subject, and the tone of gentleness with which he handles it. He not only abstains from harsh epithets, but he makes every allowance for prepossessions on the other side, whether they resulted from education, society, or bias of mind: and receiving their convictions as honest, he applies moderate and courteous language in the arguments with which he meets them. It is scarcely necessary for us to praise the volume before us, inasmuch as there are few persons in England more fitted for the peculiar work than Father Oakeley: and we need only say, that he has done it in a manner worthy of himself and of its own importance.

The Partners. By BROTHER JAMES.

The False Friend. By BROTHER JAMES.

Nettlethorpe, or the London Miser. By BROTHER JAMES. Dublin: James Duffy.

This series of stories is fit to rank with any of its class in the language. It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of having many such works of fiction for young Catholics. The stories are well told; the moral is unexceptionable; the getting-up of the volumes quite the thing; and price moderate. We are already under deep obligations to Mr. Duffy for his enterprise, and his happy selections for publication, now, as much as in any previous case. We strongly recommend these stories for juniors in schools and colleges, as well as for Catholic families.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

"*It is never too late to mend;*" a matter of fact Romance. By CHARLES READE. (Richard Bentley.)—This work was published less than twelve months ago as a three volume novel, and already its deep human interest has caused it to be brought before us in a cheap and popular form. We are not (personally speaking) accustomed to read story-books, that is, if we can help it, and unless we have some particular reason for doing so, but we have read this one, as we think it deserves to be read, word for word, from beginning to end, and with the reverential attention due to a work of art. Its design and scope is to show the evils of a corrupt civilization, and *suggestively* to point out such remedies, as in the course of extensive reading, have occurred to the mind of a wise and deep thinker,—one moreover, (if that word may be for once allowed to bear its natural signification) essentially a gentleman.

The book is unconventional, and it is real, not in the sense in which that which is real is sometimes opposed to the ideal; but as it is opposed to that which is false. The characters are true to nature; and the incidents connected with them exquisitely pourtrayed throughout. But we have said nothing about the plot. No, for herein lies the singular genius and power of the author; speaking reverently, we may say his creative energy, for apart from his treatment of it, through five hundred closely printed pages the plot is, *nothing*. A farmer and his sweetheart are parted; and chiefly through the instrumentality of a converted thief, and in spite of an unconverted one, are brought together again and made happy in the end. And this is all! It may sound startling to many; but the question forces itself upon us nevertheless;—since the brilliant achievements of Michael Angelo has any artist arisen capable, with these materials, of raising a superstructure such as this?

To be judged of, it should be taken in its entirety, and it is like picking out a feature from a picture, or a stone from some great building, to try and find any passage which will give a fair sample of the whole. A paragraph or two however, respecting the first discovery of gold in Australia by the farmer, and his friend the converted thief, will perhaps be as appropriate for this purpose as any of which we can make choice.

"Three days the gold-finders worked alone upon the pre-Adamite river's bed. At evening on the third day they looked up and saw a figure perched watching them with a pipe in its mouth. It disappeared in silence. Next day there were men on their knees beside

them digging, scraping, washing, and worshipping gold. Soon they were the centre of a group, soon after of a humming mob, as if the birds had really carried the secret north, south, east and west; men swarmed and buzzed, and settled like locusts on the gold-bearing tract. They came in panting, gleaming, dusty, and travel-stained, and flung off their fatigue at sight, and running up dived into gullies, and plied spade and pickaxe with clenched teeth and throbbing hearts. They seamed the face of nature for miles; turned the streams to get at their beds; pounded and crushed the solid rock, to squeeze out the subtle stain of gold it held in its veins;—hacked thro' the crops as thro' any other idle impediment; pecked, and hewed, and fought, and wrestled with nature for the treasure that lay so near yet in so tight a grip.....And now from this one burning spot gold fever struck inwards to the heart of the land; burned its veins and maddened its brain; the workman sold his tools, bought a spade and a pick-axe, and fled to the gold; the lawyer flung down his parchment and off to the gold; the penny-a-liner his brass pen, and off to the greater wonder than he had ever fabricated; the schoolmaster to whom little boys were puzzling out—

“‘Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames’—

made the meaning perfectly clear; he dropped ferule and book and ran with the national hunt for gold. Shops were closed for want of buyers and sellers; the grass crept up between the paving-stones in great thoroughfares; outward bound ships lay deserted and helpless in the roads; the wilderness was peopled and the cities desolate; commerce was paralyzed, industry contracted; the wise and good trembled for the destiny of the people, the government trembled for itself:—idle fear.....The auri sacra fames was not Australian but human; and so at the first whisper of gold the old nations poured the wealth they valued—their food, and clothes, and silk, and coin—and the prime treasure they valued not, their men—into that favored land.”

The Poetical Work of John Edmund Reade. New Edition, 4 vols. (Longman and Co).

Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England. Taken down from oral recitations, and transcribed from private manuscripts. Edited by ROBERT BELL. (Parker and Son).

The Last Judgment. A Poem in twelve books. (Longman).

We do not pretend to be well read in modern poetry, nevertheless the revival of a fashion for composing in metre, in this age said to be so hard and dry, and matter of fact, makes it desirable, at intervals, to record what in the nature of things Poetry really is, and what ought to be its aim and purpose. We hold

then with the great masters of the human mind in ancient days, that poetry is founded on such ideas and facts as concern universal humanity, and that its aim and purpose, like that of art, generally, should be the elevation and continual improvement of the human race. Now the first poet on our list, Mr. Edmund Reade, does not, as it appears to us, aim at the universal; he has many great and high qualities; but we cannot do better than quote from the "Leader" how these are marred by a want of truth and simplicity. "Declamation (says that journal) surges, rolls, and echoes from page to page of Mr. Reade's volumes. It allows the reader no rest, as it evidently has allowed the author none. Whether the latter be writing drama or epic, lyric or description, this fatal tendency to thunder on from period to period like an orator in a forum—to create a cloudy architecture of tropes and figures—to heap up glittering piles of words which tend only to confuse and to oppress, are everywhere apparent."

We cannot find this fault with the Ancient Poems and Ballads; these are many of them true poetry so far as they go,—but even so far, they belong to a period now past—to a period when the peasantry of England were not the dull, heavy clod-hoppers, many of them are in the present day; but under the influence of *truth*, in a higher form, under the influence and the teaching of a religion sent from God, they were gay, jovial, merry-hearted; for it can never be too often repeated that the Reformation was in no sense the work of the people; it was long subsequent to that event ere the life of faith entirely died out of their hearts. Here is a verse from one of the prettiest ballads, supposed to be sung by a young girl, in the pride of her youth and beauty—

"There was an old man came over the sea,
Ha-hà-ha-hà but I wont have he!
He came over the sea,
A courting to me,
With his grey beard newly shaven."

The "Last Judgment" belongs to the "Satan Montgomery" school, a burlesque upon poetry, which, if it were not destroyed by Mr. Macaulay's brilliant Essay, we greatly fear no human means will ever suffice to put an end to. These sort of "non-sense verses" find readers, and so long as they do, we suppose that they will be written and published.

Romany Rye, by the Author of the *Gipsies in Spain*, &c.

Mr. Barrow, the man who some years since sent or took cart loads of spurious Bibles to Spain, to corrupt the people, and gloried in the achievement, set about afterwards telling us his dreams, in a book he called "Lavengro," and has now written a sequel to this production in another, to which he has given the name of "Romany Rye." We cannot take the trouble of reading it, but may, perhaps, under the circumstances, without the imputation of unfairness, be allowed to quote a paragraph respecting it, from the "Athenæum." Mr. Borrows' logic of dislike, we there read, proceeds thus: "Against critics—Scotch critics—Scotch literature—Scotch episcopacy—the Stuarts—Sir Walter Scott—his family—his descendants—his publications—the Quarterly Review—the University of Oxford, which Scott corrupted—Puseyism, the consequence of his novels—Popery, which is another form of Scott—which is Buddhism!"

“CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS.”

LANGUAGES AND ALPHABETS.

It is said that the various nations of the earth speak about 88 different dialects ; but these can be traced to a much smaller number of languages, which, again, are all referred by philosophers, to three classes :—1. The Indo-Germanic, embracing the ancient classical languages, as well as those of modern Europe ; 2. Sanscrit, embracing all the varieties of India ; 3, the Semitic, including Hebrew and Arabic.

It is said that there are 937 Asiatic languages ; 587 European ; 276 African ; and 1264 American. No less than 3064 vocabularies of languages are enumerated by M. Aldelung.

Of languages, the Hebrew is the oldest and most poetic ; the Latin the most copious and sonorous ; the Greek the most expressive and sublime. These three are generally called the dead languages.

Modern Languages—The Chinese is the most difficult ; the Italian the softest ; the Spanish the most pompous ; the French the most polite and passionate ; and the English the most copious and energetic.

The English contains 26 letters ; French 25 ; Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac 22 ; Greek 24 ; Latin 25 ; Spanish 27 ; Italian 20 ; Arabic 28 ; Persian 31 ; Turkish 33 ; Georgian 36 ; Coptic 32 ; Muscovite 43 ; Slavonic 27 ; Dutch 26 ; Ethiopic 222 ; Tartarian 222 ; Bengal, India 21 ; Brachman 19 ; Sanscrit 28.

The French language has about 32,000 words ; the Spanish 30,000 ; and the Italian 35,000.

The *English Language* consists of about 40,000 words, and is continually increasing its stock. It is said to contain about 20,000 Saxon words, with 9,000 of Latin or Norman origin, and about 1,500 of Greek derivation, together with German, Welsh, Spanish, Danish, Arabic, and several from the Teutonic, Gothic, Hebrew, Swedish, Portuguese, Flemish, Runic, Egyptian, Persian, Cimbric, and Chinese. In English, the scientific words are mostly from the Greek ; terms of art from the French, Latin, and Italian ; and names of places and rivers, and most of the particles from the Saxon.

The number of articles is 2, the nouns are said to be 20,000 ; the adjectives 9,000 ; pronouns 40 , regular verbs 8,000 ; irregu-

lar verbs 171 ; adverbs 2,600 ; the prepositions are 69 ; the conjunctions 19 ; and the interjections 68.

Antiquity of English Words.—Dr. Johnson says “ we have many words in common with the Germans, and it is doubtful whether the old Teutons borrowed them from the Latins, or the Latins from the Teutons, or both had them from some common original. I make no doubt that the Teutonic is more ancient than the Latin; and it is no less certain that the Latin, which borrowed a great number of words, not only from the Greek, especially from the Æolic, but from other neighbouring languages, as the Oscan and others, which have long become obsolete, received not a few from the Teutonic. It is certain that the English, German, and other Teutonic languages, retained some derived from the Greek, which the Latin has not. Since they received these immediately from the Greeks, without the intervention of the Latin language, why may not other words be derived from the same fountain, though they be likewise found among the Latins ?”

“ Hurrah !” is a Slavic word, which may be heard from the shores of Dalmatia to Behring’s Straits, when men are called upon for any proof of courage and valour. The origin of the word is from the primitive idea, that every man that dies bravely for his country will go directly to heaven (huraj to paradise). Thus in the shock of battle, this cry, like that of Allah (God) among the Turks, is always heard resounding ; each one encouraging himself to forget earth and despise death, by the hopes of an immediate reward.

The Strawberry is the only fruit from which a spirit cannot be extracted ; it is therefore cold to the stomach and comparatively unwholesome, if eaten without cream or wine.

Plants grow most in the night ; at noon all increase is suspended ; but flowers advance most in the day. Roots may be made to produce leaves, and buds of leaves may be transformed into buds of flowers.

The fat of an adder will remove the swelling caused by its bite.

Frogs will swallow fire. The Salamander, contrary to the commonly received opinion respecting it, is fond of cold damp places.

Modern science is thought to be in a state to prove a thing suspected by one of the Fathers of the Church, viz., that all material creatures are nothing more than different transformations of light united to an earthly base.

There is light irrespective of the sun found in flint stones.

If light only travelled as fast as sound, it would take 14 years to get from the sun to us, whereas now it only takes 8 minutes.

Where Protestantism is in an organised state, if the prince does not know how to be a tyrant, or how to corrupt others, he must be resigned to play the part of a crowned slave.

Men have suffered less in Rome than in any other country, on account of religion : the Spanish Inquisition may have exceeded its powers, and gone beyond the end for which it was instituted ; the Roman Inquisition, says Balmez, never did so.

The practice of taking secret evidence is adopted in Chancery, and in all the other civil courts in England.

Under the Church Discipline Act, there has been instituted, within the last few years, an ecclesiastical inquisition, the business of which is to make secret inquiry into the conduct of the clergy of the Establishment.

The Presbyterian confession of Faith enjoins the severest persecution against those who do not subscribe to it formularies.

Advertisements and Books for Review must be addressed to Messrs. Richardson and Son, 147, Strand, London.

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We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.