THE MORNING STAR AND Catholic Messenger.

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

The New Orleans Catholic Publication Company, at No. 109 Gravier street, between Camp and Magazine streets.

The Directors of the Company are:
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All communications are to be addressed to the Editors of *The Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.*

Terms of subscription, Four Dollars per annum, in advance.

Single copies Ten Cents.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of $1 50 per square, eight lines, solid Nonpareil, constituting a square. Each subsequent insertion 75 cents per square.

Advertisements inserted at intervals, to be charged as new each insertion.

Advertisements for a month or over will be inserted at a fixed discount, to be ascertained from the Agents and at the office.

All business notices of advertisements to be charged 20 cents net per line, each insertion.

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger

The Morning Star has been started with the approval of the ecclesiastical authority of the Diocese, to supply an admitted want in New Orleans, and is mainly devoted to the interests of the Catholic Church.

To prevent all failure, and to guarantee the permanency of the undertaking, it is based on a joint stock company, the capital of which is one hundred thousand dollars, in five thousand shares, of twenty dollars each.

Approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

We approve of the aforesaid undertaking, and commend it to the Catholics of our Diocese.

† J. M. Archbishop of New Orleans.
December 12, 1867.

Publication Office—No. 109 Gravier street.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!"

Terms—Four Dollars Per Annum, in Advance.

VOLUME II. NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 29, 1869. NUMBER 30.

DEATH AND LIFE.

The leaves are falling! Let them fall;
'Tis Heaven's supreme decree that all
That live must die;
A little while their glory shone,
A little more and they are gone—
In death they lie.

Had we no death, what then were birth!
A cumberer on this pleasant earth,
Where all is fair;
Through death alone is found the room
For budding hope, for mental bloom,
And manhood rare.

Deny us death—destroy the chance
Of soul mature, the proud advance
Of intellect;
Controling, conquering every plan
That mars the onward march of man
To high respect.

Where men, like granite columns, stand,
Obstructive of the good and grand—
O welcome death!
They boast they change not! While they speak
Their hearts are stayed; their power, how weak,
How frail their faith!

The bar once broken—soon the tide
Of new opinion, deep and wide,
Resistless flows;
As age must yield in eager youth,
So falsehood flies before the truth,
And wisdom grows.

Man, proud of life, while living heed
The myriad lives that die to feed
Thy mortal part;
And when the immortal part takes wing,
These myriad forms again will spring
From brain and heart.

The life which earth and air bestows,
Builds up the fabric of the rose;
Then earth to earth!
The flower, matured, gives up its seed;
The leaves dissolve—dissolving feed
A second birth.

The husk of flesh, the shell of clay,
Must to the imperial soul give way,
And let it fly—
Emancipated chrysalis—
From coils of pain to boundless bliss;
To never die!

What we call death, is only change
Of life, permitting souls to range
Untethered, free,
Through all the regions God hath made,
In glorious sun, or sombre shade,
Eternally!

Thou body, brace thyself for strife!
Thou soul, prepare thyself for life!
And shudder?
Thy noblest nature feels is right
For it unflinching, boldly fight,
For God is there.

[For the Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.]

THE HILL OF THE CROSS.

A Legend of Louisiana.

BY NORAH.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER VII.

We must now pass to the chamber of Eustache de Breman. It is richly furnished—the quiet that reigns, and every little arrangement suggests that it is the chamber of sickness; but the abandoned couch assures us that the patient is much better. De Breman reclines on an arm-chair. The unyielding manner in which his head accommodates itself to the comfortable support, bespeaks an impatience of temperament which bodily weakness has failed to subjugate.

A small but exquisitely wrought table stood before him, with pens, ink and paper.

"Yes!" said he, "This must end. Three days have already elapsed since I formally proposed to De Tonty for the hand of his sister, and no answer yet. He encourages my suit and bids me *hope*; and yet, *though I fear no rival, I am* repelled by her very gentleness. To-day must decide all."

He drew the little table near, and commenced to write hastily. He frankly opens his heart, and fervidly tells the emotions of his bosom. He attempts to picture the happiness which he fondly hopes will crown their union. He had just concluded when Father Gabrielle and De Tonty were announced. After the usual salutations of the day, and inquiries for his health, Father Gabrielle approached his chair, and leaning affectionately towards him, presented Josephine's letter.

De Breman glanced first at the address, and recognizing her well known hand, he looked for some time at De Tonty, as if to see what scope he might give to his mournful conjectures. The Chevalier's look of embarrassment was not propitious.

De Breman turned the billet nervously in his fingers, and then, as if bidding defiance to fate, he tore it hastily open and eagerly perused its contents.

Father Gabrielle kept his eye intently fixed on his expressive countenance as he read, so that when he lifted his gaze, the first object he met was the eye of the priest, speaking of comfort and consolation in his distress.

"Father," he murmured, as he clasped convulsively the hand which the good father had extended, "it is over. I have long felt that I was unworthy of this earthly reward. Oh! her retiring modesty was her chief charm; and whenever my vague imaginings pointed to the path of the strictest virtue, all my thoughts centered in her. What a life of secluded yet elevated virtue I had hoped to lead, with her as my guide and help-mate!"

And in his deep anguish the brave Eustache let his head fall heavily on the breast of the good priest, who drew near to support him.

The Chevalier de Tonty rose hastily to retire to one of the recesses of the windows, to hide his emotion. Father Gabrielle made him a hasty sign to leave the room, and pointed significantly to a crucifix that was suspended at the head of the couch. The Chevalier, understanding him, detached it from the fastenings, gave it to him, and retired.

The good Father waited till the first burst of feeling had subsided, for convulsive sobs choked his utterance and his whole frame quivered with emotion.

"Son," said the priest, "look upon this image of your crucified God—sacrificed for you; he now demands a sacrifice in return. Do you refuse?"

"No, father," replied Eustache, "His will be done, and my legitimate grief shall bear holy fruits. I will sanctify these emotions to her memory; and I vow at your feet, and before this blessed image of my Redeemer, to conquer this vain hope of earthly bliss, and to devote myself in future to deeds of disinterestedness and generosity."

CHAPTER VIII.

A week subsequent to the events related in the last chapter, the pealing of the bells of the Cathedral de ——, and the full swell of the organ announced that some ceremony of unusual solemnity was about to tak place. Josephine de Tonty was to make her religious profession. She was about to renounce the world with all its pomps, its vanities, its intrigues, the family and all its holiest ties; and in lieu of these the humble Sister of Charity would receive her simple habit, the cross, and the institutes of her order.

Father Gabrielle assisted the officiating bishop, and when the last vows were pronounced, when she was sealed with the divine signet as the bride of Heaven, "As one who will follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth," the good Father ascended the steps of the altar and addressed the hearers.

With great vigor of delineation, he brought out the beautiful completeness of the religious life. Then turning to the humble Sister, who yet knelt surrounded by her young companions, he spoke to her of the high obligations which she had contracted; of spreading on earth the Heavenly commandments; of banishing from the world inhumanity, ferocity and impiety; of taming the cruel and instructing the ignorant.

"If," said he, "the world could appreciate your conduct, it would proclaim your actions as heroic, sublime. But these vain praises are only invented by human pride. I cannot lavish them upon you. I can only say, 'Daughter, glorify God who has enlightened you, and may he keep you humble in your own eyes, for without humility and submission even virtue cannot be practiced.' You have chosen a bold and arduous path. In the tangled forests of the New World we will find no temples, no altars; but God will not abandon us—he will allow us to found there monuments in every way worthy of the grandeur of his name; we will sanctify with the voice of prayer the course of the mighty rivers, the ripples of the vast lakes, and the clashing of the majestic branches of the trees will accompany our hymns of praise. We will there practice our faith in all its sublimity. There we will teach humility and self-sacrifice to the red men of the desert; we will teach them that the height of true piety is but the enthusiasm of reason—it is useful in its motives, generous in its ardor, just and moderate in all its principles."

As the ceremonies closed, the bevy of girls that surrounded Josephine drew near to give her the kiss of peace. The organ ceased to vibrate, the lights were extinguished one by one on the altar, and she was left with the stern duties, the practical realities, of her new life. Yet there was no gleam of regret on her fair brow for the world she had left; but a ray of perfect bliss seemed to illuminate the upturned gaze.

As the procession filed from the church, the figure of a chevalier might have been observed kneeling behind one of the massive columns. Although his face was partially muffled in one of the quaintly cut cloaks worn by the gentlemen of that period, it was easy to recognize Eustache de Breman.

CHAPTER IX.

It was about the 14th of July when the little fleet of the Chevalier Robert de La Salle set sail from La Rochelle. It consisted of three ships and about two hundred and eighty men. The vessel under the immediate command of the Chevalier de Tonty contained one priest, Father Gabrielle, and three Sisters of Charity—Josephine was one among the number.

La Salle was accompanied by Eustache de Breman, as his secretary. His recent disappointment had animated rather than abated his courage and zeal. The chastened expression on his noble countenance proved that disappointment had thrown its darkening shadow only to refine and lend new dignity to the sufferer.

He followed on in this expedition, where others went to achieve conquests. For him the great conquest was achieved—he had conquered self. He had realized in the very prime of life that earthly happiness is too precious a boon to be within the grasp of mortal power. He felt truly, when he commenced his wanderings, when the future spread before him her uninviting realities, that henceforward his watchword must be "Vincere est vivere." He now enjoyed the beauties of nature with a keener zest. The sea became a new source of pleasure—he would stand for hours on the deck contemplating the sky above, and the immeasurable depths of the waters below. At these moments his soul seemed relieved of every weight and care, he enjoyed that delightful calm which is ever the reward of virtue. After a prosperous voyage the fleet anchored at Quebec about the 15th of September. They recruited there for some days, and then proceeded on their journey.

We will not attempt to follow them in their long and perilous journey to the mouths of the river Colbert, (Mississippi.) They toiled on, undismayed by danger, undeterred by difficulties. They proceeded on their way, exposed to the capricious shifting of the weather—during the winter enduring the northern blast, laden with hail and snow, and in the summer suffocated by the extreme heat and the vapory infection of the malaria. Sometimes being obliged to carry on their shoulders their canoes and provisions, and at other times halting to cut down trees to make rafts, to enable them to proceed with greater facility. Very soon they were obliged to abandon the few horses and other beasts of burden, as it was impossible to retain them on account of the great inundations. At length it was thought advisable to send back a company of men to Quebec, under the command of De Breman, to procure winter provisions, as their present stores were nearly exhausted.

Two of the Sisters of Charity returned with this little band, finding it impossible to endure any longer the extreme fatigues. "Sœur Josephine" remained, bearing, enduring, suffering, with that true energetic devotion, that great moral courage, which, had it been developed through more conspicuous channels, would have been productive of deathless renown. But silent and unseen, her ministrations are embalmed in Heaven, or only kept in the vague traditions of the Indian.

CHAPTER X.

At last they had reached the very channels through which the river Colbert discharges itself into the sea. They then reascended the river, and having found a beautiful location on a slight elevation within about two hundred miles of the Gulf of Mexico, they determined to halt and repose, after their almost incredible fatigues.

Owing to the prudent and conciliatory manners of La Salle, who was both feared and respected by the natives, they had met with no hostilities from the Indians. They had been favorably received by three of the tribes, and the others, though they made no offers of friendship, evinced no enmity. These favorable prospects decided the Chevalier de La Salle at once.

He called a counsel, and after due and mature deliberation, it was resolved to take possession of the country in the name of Louis of France. The scene was calculated to impress with feelings of grandeur and sublimity. The immense forests, which appeared to have continued undisturbed from the creation; the solemn silence which reigned through these vast regions, and which was interrupted only by the rustling of the leaves, or the waving of the branches by the wind. No trace of cultivation appeared—the earth had never been turned.

The great river, the "Father of Waters," was particularly calculated to keep alive these impressions. Forests as far as the eye could reach, covered the face of the country, and descended to the very edge of the river, laving their festoons of beautiful white and gray moss in its reflecting waters.

The Chevalier de La Salle presided at the counsel. At his right stood the Chevalier de Tonty, and around the rustic seat were disposed the other gentlemen of his suit. To the left of this group, near a temporary altar adorned with the indigenous flowers of this virgin soil, stood the priest, vested in the robes of the Church. At the foot of the altar knelt Sœur Josephine, and with her many of the women and children from the neighboring tribe, whom she had already induced to join in their beautiful worship, preparatory to receiving the rites of baptism. Very near the altar, leaning against a majestic oak, stood a beautiful white column and a simple cross. And in the background of this great natural tableau were scattered here and there groups of Indian warriors, with various expressions of wonder, astonishment and ferocity plying over their dusky features.

La Salle then addressed the assembly: "I, Robert, Chevalier de la Salle, in the name of his Majesty of France and his successors, do take possession of this country of Louisiana, with all its seas, harbors, ports and straits; also of the immense territory watered by the great river Colbert or Mississippi. And as his Majesty of France is a true son of the Church, he can annex no country to his crown without making it his chief care to establish the Christian religion therein. Therefore the Cross, the holy symbol of our religion, must now be planted." La Salle then delegated four of the gentlemen nearest his person, and the cross was firmly planted on the soil of Louisiana. Near it was placed the column to which was affixed the arms of France, with this inscription, "Louis le Grand, Roi de France et de Navarre, regne; Le neuvieme Avril, 1682."

The whole party now chanted the *Te Deum*, the *Exaudiat* and the *Domine salvum fac Regem*. And thus stood Louisiana under the shadow of the cross, majestic and lovely as she came from the hands of the Creator. Long before avarice had emboweled her in quest of gold—before the axe had defiled her forests—before Northern invaders had ravished her soil.

CHAPTER XI.

Two months after this La Salle returned to France, leaving a small temporary fort, under the command of De Tonty. All things now seemed to prosper—already the earth was beginning to yield her rich harvests to superior European culture. The fall of the great trees of the forest under the sturdy strokes of the axe, announced that the work of civilization had commenced. A small church, temporary in material and slight in structure, but well suited to present exigency, was in progress of construction.

Father Gabrielle and Sœur Josephine were winning many by the blessed efficacy of their words, but more by the force of their generous examples. The good Father was endowed with that perfection of grace and manner, that personal address so peculiar to the Catholic clergy, and he enjoyed the heartfelt satisfaction of bringing many of the women and children, and even some of the men, to the holy waters of baptism.

Sœur Josephine, too, was commencing to acquire an almost unbounded influence among the natives. The children would assemble night and morning around her for instruction; already they were beginning to understand the first principles of our holy religion and some few words of the French tongue; but she was not at fault when language failed her, for the beautiful symbolism of the Church scarcely needs words to impart its soothing influence to the human heart. It is common to all ages and all climes, and may be read in any language.

The fort was distant about three miles from the slight eminence on the banks of the Mississippi, where the cross had been erected. Frequently, towards the close of a long summer day, when the calm waters of the river were reflecting the changing beauty of the clouds above, and the whole of this vast domain of nature lay in deep repose, the good priest and the Sister might have been seen wending their way towards the little nook which had now assumed in the infant colony the title of "Coteau de la Croix," or "Hill of the Cross."

The good priest generally carried some implements of agriculture, and Sœur Josephine's hands were filled with rare flowers and beautiful creeping vines, for which she had searched the depths of the American forest. So great had been the care of the two in cultivating and adorning this spot that the most brilliant flowers already bloomed here, and the vines planted at the base of the cross extended their pliant tendrils, as if clasping it in a loving embrace.

As the church was not yet completed, the good Father was accustomed to assemble his dusky audience and celebrate the divine mysteries here. The spot had grown dear to all, and it was most attractive to the imagination to look up to the lofty branches of the majestic trees obscured by the deep veil of shadow, and dream that you knelt under the dim arches of some vast Cathedral.

CHAPTER XII.

One evening, Sœur Josephine was busily engaged with her needle, and many of the young Indian girls around her, each one engaged with some of those little arts which make up the occupation of the women in all countries. Some were weaving mats, others plaiting their brilliant baskets of cane, and others were feathering or pointing the arrows of their brothers or lovers. Presently two of the oldest men from the village were seen hastily approaching. They wished to see the Chevalier de Tonty immediately, to inform him that four of the young Indians, accompanied by one of the Frenchmen, had been out at some distance in the woods, on a hunting expedition, and that they had seen and recognized some Indians from a warlike tribe in the far West, who were their greatest enemies. The small party had secreted themselves among the thick reeds of a swamp, and had thus escaped unseen. They had just arrived at the village with the alarming intelligence. They described in their native eloquence this Western tribe as the most ferocious among those who inhabit those vast prairies. They were said to worship the sun, and in their fiendish rites they paid idolatrous homage to the god of fire. When questioned by De Tonty as to their numbers they were said to be as numerous as the pigeons in the woods, or the stars in the heavens. They proceeded to give an account of a disastrous invasion from these formidable savages about five winters previous, when their plantations of maize had been entirely destroyed, and many of their women and children had been butchered or taken prisoners. So deep an impression had this former massacre made on their fears that they were now almost wrought to desperation. They assured De Tonty that the sagacity and cunning of these men was not to be matched, and that the only way to secure their safety was to lay waste with fire a considerable space around them, so that they might be aware of the stealthy approaches of the enemy, who, under cover of the long grass and under-wood, and the gigantic shield of the oak and cypress, were able to advance unperceived, and rise up at their very doors. De Tonty immediately doubled the guard, and sent out scouts with two of the most experienced chiefs and a guide. These returned after an absence of three days, and reported that they had seen nothing.

The extensive clearing was immediately commenced, and as both the French and Indians labored for their mutual safety, a great deal was accomplished in a short time.

Three months had now elapsed; it was late in the fall; the little colony was at the height of its prosperity, and nothing more had been seen or heard of their enemies from the West. It was generally supposed by the Indians that they had been prowling about, intending another invasion; but having ascertained the close proximity of the whites, they had been deterred by the fear of the firearms.

This little incident had a beneficial influence on the Indians. It knit more closely the bonds of friendship which always existed between them and the French. And indeed it was most beautiful to witness the daily intercourse between those two little hamlets. They lay side by side in the depths of the vast forest, so near together that the silvery laughter of the maiden and the joyous prattle of the child might have been heard echoing from one to the other. And frequently in the first light of the early morning, groups from both settlements might have been seen making their way towards the "Hill of the Cross," where they all knelt in common before the same altar. The Indians, as they retraced their steps to their wigwams, would say, "That they were the favored children of the Great Spirit, for he had given them this blessed resting-place."

CHAPTER XIII.

The bright, rich American autumn was now well advanced. Already the woods were beginning to change their color and lose their foliage. De Breman and the others who had accompanied him to Quebec were daily expected, and prayers from both villages were offered for their safe return. De Tonty, accompanied by twelve of his men and several of the Indians, had determined to proceed about three days' journey, in hopes of meeting them.

It was the eve of "All Saints." The little church was almost finished; it would be consecrated the ensuing week, on the arrival of De Tonty and De Breman. This happy moment was anticipated by all with pleasure, as the sharp northern breeze was already commencing to be felt. And the next day, the feast of All Saints, the divine mysteries would be celebrated for the last time, at least until the spring returned again, at the Hill of the Cross.

On the morning of the day of All Saints, Father Gabrielle had risen before the sun to prepare for the solemnities of the day. He wished to be first at the Hill of the Cross, that he might make some arrangements about the rustic altar before the little congregation assembled.

The morning was beautiful; the sun had risen bright and clear, but the dreamy haze of the Indian summer lay sleeping on the earth. As he approached the beautiful and secluded spot, it seemed as if all the brightest flowers of spring and summer had revived to do honor to the day. A few maple and sumach trees had been planted at some little distance from the cross, as if in the vestibule of the temple. The good Father paused a moment to admire the yellow flowers and the scarlet berries blending with the deep green of the foliage in the morning light. His attention was attracted by a slight movement. He turned, and beheld Sœur Josephine kneeling near the little altar. She held her crucifix in her hand, and was contemplating the revered image with looks of unutterable pathos and love. As he gazed upon her time, place, all was forgotten. He realized the amphitheatre at Rome, and one of the virgin martyrs giving proof of the power of her faith by the voluntary shedding of her blood. As soon as she was aware of his approach she rose from her knees, and approaching the cross they began arranging the lights and ornaments on the little altar.

Father Gabrielle proposed that the celebration of the Mass should be delayed for about an hour, knowing well that the absent parties would use every endeavor to reach the fort in time for the service of the day. During this interval those who had arrived were reposing in the shade or absorbed in prayer; the good Father and Sœur Josephine were conversing somewhat apart from the rest.

"Father," said she, "on this glorious day I am oppressed with joy—an undefinable sense of happiness rests on my soul. Oh! what bliss it would be to enter heaven on this day, when the Church celebrates the beatitude of so many thousands of her children. Truly it seems as if the portals, spread wide, invite us to enter. Would that we could throw aside all these mortal bonds as easily as the leaves are falling from yonder tree—"

At this moment a cry so loud and shrill rent the air that the dense forests rang again, and the echoes from the deep banks of the mighty river caught the sound and answered with a thousand reverberations. The Indian war-whoop had sounded, and as if simultaneously with the cry, the fiends themselves rushed upon them. With club and tomahawk they felled their defenceless victims to the earth, till the ground was slippery with human gore. Father Gabrielle and Sœur Josephine, with a few others who stood nearest the altar, were the first victims.

The cross had received several strokes from the tomahawk, but it had not fallen to the earth—it lay half supported by the surrounding shrubs, with the vines trailing in the dust. The work of death still continued, when one of the most ferocious of the savages, as if in mockery of the sacred emblem, planted near it an immense club all smeared with the blood and brains of his victims. Already eighty-seven dead bodies lay heaped in bloody confusion, and a shriek now and then attested that another unfortunate had been overtaken as they fled through the forest—when the sharp ringing report of a carbine rang through the woods. It was followed by another and another, in quick succession.

De Tonty, with his men at arms and the little band under the command of De Breman, had returned, but only in time to save the bodies from mutilation.

On the report of fire-arms the savages fled immediately, and when the French came up the stillness of death reigned in this desolate spot—not even a groan broke the dread silence.

Would that we could throw a veil over these heart-freezing horrors! But the last sad duties must be paid. Now and then the silence was broken by a sob, an exclamation, as the remains of some relative or friend was recognized. The Chevalier de Tonty and Eustache de Bremen, in silent agony, and as if actuated by the same instinct, sought the foot of the cross. Some drops of the morning dew had fallen from the creeping vines, as they had been rudely shaken, and lay like crystal gems on the cold brow of Sœur Josephine, as if attesting the innocence and deep devotion of her life. At this moment one of the Indians approached, and perceiving the bloody club which had been planted near the cross, he exclaimed, "This is no more the 'Hill of the Cross,' but *Baton Rouge.*"

Father Gabrielle and Sœur Josephine have passed from this earth—they who practiced the sublimity of Christian perfection. And yet this generous charity, this celestial fire, is not extinct, it still lives. It may be more or less brilliant at certain times, but it can never be entirely extinguished.

Preaching in the Roman and English Churches.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has a long article with the above title, a few extracts from which we append. The writer contrasts Catholic and Protestant preachers. The latter he describes as bold in the absence of opposition—who refutes the shallow infidel, and slays many a man of straw. He is the gentleman from Oxford, with hair parted in the middle, who asks you to believe in himself and be saved. He preaches a fair sermon in manuscript from one text, or, armed with the Bible, turns out a dozen texts, and preaches a dozen little sermons as he goes along. In the English Church a man of real eloquence rarely thinks it worth while to study for the pulpit, or a man of great learning who thinks it worth while to preach. But says the writer:

If we turn to France the difference strikes us at once. We find, it is true, less interest in religion, and much less freedom of speech, but Paris can always boast of some preacher who is known throughout the Catholic world; and is sure, moreover, to have been heard by thousands of Englishmen and Americans. Not that the "conferences" at Notre Dame are to be upheld as models for all sermons, but it cannot be doubted that such discourses greatly tend to preserve the Church's intellectual dignity and to promote efficient preaching. Some years ago, the Archbishop of Paris, alarmed at the contempt into which the Catholic faith had fallen amongst the educated classes, summoned Lacordaire to the pulpit of Notre Dame. Ravignon, Felix, and Hyacinthe are amongst his illustrious successors. Crowds of men have been in the habit of attending these conferences, but then the preachers were all remarkable. Some of them were ardent politicians as well as divines. Their experience of life had been wide and varied, and what is more to the point, all of them possessed great oratorical gifts, and had employed all the resources of study, time, and opportunity in bringing them to perfection. The Church had signaled them out and set them aside; she had charged herself with their training, and offered them every advantage and facility. At stated times they might retire to lonely monasteries, surrounded only by a few poor cottages, and there submitting themselves to the austere rules of monastic life, revive something of the fervor and the complete garb of the old monastic orders. Once or twice a year they were summoned to Paris, where they were called upon to deliver from the cathedral pulpit those conferences which it had taken them so many months of labor and meditation to prepare. One of those, lately delivered by Pere Hyacinthe, is now lying before us. It very title seems to separate it from our general conception of a sermon—"Of Civil Society in its Relation to Domestic Society."

It will be easily inferred that this kind of preaching is not merely emotional or moral, but has some pretensions to be called philosophical. The necessity of establishing certain premises in each course puts the orator into direct and satisfactory relations with his audience. This one great evil of our sermons is avoided—we never quite know what the preacher starts from. He has a large number of questionable and unquestionable doctrines, and he mixes them all up together, and flounders about in them for half an hour. This is called a sermon on a text. But the philosophical form of the conference forbids this. From the beginning the premises are stated. What is assumed and what is not assumed is equally clear; and, although you may not agree with a single sentiment, you can listen with interest, because you understand where the preacher starts from and you are able to follow him to the close.

The Church of England produces no Lacordaires, Ravignons, Felixes, and Hyacinthes, and the reason is plain. If we look at the lives and training of her clergy, the wonder is, not that we have no great national preachers within her pale, but that we have any good preachers at all.

Institut St. Charles.—The opening of this institution is announced to take place on Wednesday, the 1st September. The high reputation of this school is well known, and under Mme. Mace-Latrano's management the highest mental attainments as well as personal accomplishment is reached by the pupils. The Rev. Father Chaton superintends the religious instruction of the pupils.