

## BISHOPS IN GREENLAND.

In 1121, Erik Upsi, first Bishop of Greenland, departed for Vinland. He was Bishop of Gardar, but was replaced in 1124, on the demand of the Greenlanders, united in General Diet. America and Greenland, in particular, paid *Peter's Pence*, and the Crusades were preached there by Olaf in 1261. The donation was made in 1282, and was founded on letters dated Viterbo, December 4th, 1276. In 1279, January 21st, Nicholas III. confirmed the powers already conferred upon the collector of the ecclesiastical tax. When "the wise and discreet person" selected, returned with a large number of hippopotamus teeth, whale-bone and skins, he was at a loss to know what to do with them; this was the class of tax he had collected. Martin IV. answered by letter, March 4th, 1282, that they should be sold. In 1325, *this Peter's Pence* in merchandise, realised twelve livres and fourteen *sole tournois* (of Tours). In 1841, Greenland annually paid the Holy See *Peter's Pence*, which consisted of 2,600 hippopotamus teeth.

Now, perhaps a list of the Bishops from 1121 till 1537 will interest your readers. Here it is: Ericus, 1211; Arnaldus, 1124; John Knutus, 1150, died in Greenland in 1187; John II., 1188; Helgius, 1212, died in 1230; Niclaus, 1234, died in Greenland, 1240; Olafus, 1246; Theodorus, 1288, died in Greenland, 1314; Jon Calvus, 1343, named while Arnus lived, his whereabouts being lost; Alfus, 1376, died in 1378; Henricus, 1389, whose seal has been found and published by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians; Andreas, 1406, sent to replace Henricus, if dead; Jacobus, 1417, whose seal has also been found and republished; it contains the inscription: *S. Jacobi de gru. epi. gardar*; 1433, a Bishop whose name is unknown, was nominated by Eugene IV.; a letter of Nicholas V., in 1448, to the Bishops of Skalholt, would fill a column of the 'Standard'; suffice it to say that it was discovered in the Vatican, and an extract is published by Beamish in "The Discovery of America by the Northmen in the Tenth Century," pp. 152-154. Gregorius, 1450; his seal is also republished; Jacobus, 1487; Vincentius, 1537. Here is a happy coincidence! The last on my list brings me exactly to its namesake, St. Vincent de Paul, whose three hundredth anniversary is to be celebrated with immense pomp on the 24th inst., and I have made arrangements to be present, when his Lordship Monseigneur Dupanloup, will deliver one of his masterly panegyrics. On the 30th, the forty-sixth anniversary of the translation of his relics will be celebrated and Pere Chocrane, the distinguished Dominican prior, and the biographer of Lacordaire is to deliver the oration. I promise your readers a full account of those two great occurrences, and reserve all my ideas on that subject for the occasion. This will really be a rich harvest for your correspondent, and may, I trust, interest your thousands of readers.

## A PROTESTANT EULOGY ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

REV. MR. STROBEL, a Lutheran missionary of Holy Trinity Church (German), Baltimore, who has once before defended the immortality of the soul in an erudite lecture against some of his infidel countrymen, preached on the 9th March a splendid sermon of which the following is the substance. The preacher premises by calling Mary "the Mother of the Lord," and praises her as an humble handmaid of God, blessed daughter of David, faithful friend, and the severely tried Mother of Sorrows, worthy to be a shining model to her sex. The Protestant preacher who thinks he should revile our Blessed Mother he calls a pseudo-Protestant, with regard to him he exclaims: 'Poor Mary! couldst thou have foreseen this, thou wouldst have chanted a wail of lamentation instead of a hymn of glory.' He further says of the Blessed Virgin: "She is the true ideal of noble womanhood, of which Goethe at the conclusion of his 'Faust' remarks: 'Woman's eternal grace will elevate us.'" The Minnesingers of mediæval times called the Blessed Mother by no other name than our Lady—"Unsere Liebe Frau,"—and Schiller in his "Bride of Messina," one of the ablest of his tragedies, in speaking of Mary, pays her a beautiful tribute, saying that "even the Church, always divine, presented nothing more beautiful for the heavenly Throne; no art could soar higher, though divinely born, than to the Mother and her Son."

"History glorifies Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, on account of her noble sons; the history of the Church justly praises St. Monica, the holy mother of the great St. Augustine; but what is the honor of a Cornelia, of a Monica, to the honor of Mary, who bore the only ONE, to loose whose shoe-latches neither the greatest statesman, nor the most celebrated churchman could ever be found worthy. And yet Mary is called the Mother of Sorrows—*Mater dolorosa*. And she is justly called so, because since upon earth there is no dignity without weight, and no joy without sorrow, the highest dignity of a woman, and the greatest joy of a mother, united in Mary's person, have been united with great woe and grief. Already in the days of Christmas, the venerable Simeon, when blessing her, told her that "a sword should transpierce her soul. . . . She must have certainly suffered much at the thought that from her Child's Blood should come forth salvation to the world. But to her resignation of faith were added the pangs of a mother's heart when seeing her Divine Son in agony, bleeding and suffering, on the martyr's pole at Golgotha. David exclaimed once, with tears: 'O Absalom, my son! would to God that I could die for thee.' David's daughter Mary, said nothing when her Son, Jesus, was dying, since there is a woe too great for words and tears, and such was Mary's woe at Golgotha:

'At the Cross her station keeping,  
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,  
Close to Jesus to the last,  
Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,  
All His bitter anguish bearing,  
Now at length the sword had passed.'

At the conclusion, Mr. Strobel exhorted his hearers to place images of Mary in their houses, since the Lord's own Mother is a true type of noble womanhood.—'Ave Maria.'

## WHAT WILL THE END BE?

You will ask me what will the end be? What it has always been. The enemies of the Catholic Church will be baffled as usual, and the temporal power will be restored. But you will say—"Have you a friend on earth?"—Not a friend. "Have you a hope on earth?"—Not a hope. "On what, then, do you build your hopes?"—On God, who has promised never to forsake us, and who has kept His word up to the present. We have not a friend, we have not a hope on earth; yet our hopes rise from earth to Heaven, and twine themselves around the feet of God. It has never been defined, as an article of faith, that the temporal power is necessary; but in the present economy of God's Church it is indispensable; and we believe that God will rather confound the wicked than change the economy He established; that He will again (and again, as often as necessary), "show might in His own, and scatter the proud in the conceit of their heart, and that He will put down the mighty from their seat, and exalt the humble." (St. Luke i. 51, 52). If you think this belief fanatical and illusive, recall to mind that it is now only six years since he actually did "put down from his seat," a mighty one, who had betrayed His Vicar; and that this unhappy prince was actually the *second of the name* punished in the same way for the same crime—for having assailed the Vicar of Christ. If this does not convince you, at least reflect on the singular firmness of our hopes, and when they are realised do not imagine their realization was merely an accident, but recognise the fulfilment of what had been foretold, when there was not a human hope of its accomplishment. And recognise in its fulfilment the hand of God. The European powers count their soldiers by hundreds of thousands and even by millions, yet no one would venture to affirm that the very strongest of them might not be swept away in an hour. The Pope has not got a soldier or a gun, and yet Catholics look upon it as quite a matter of course that he will not be swept away, even though all the other "kings of the earth should stand up, and the princes meet together against the Lord and against His Christ."

I conclude with the words so full of a noble faith, of the illustrious Cardinal Manning:—

"Do not think me fanatical, or blind, or senseless, if I affirm that the temporal is not ended yet; but the Roman question is now only *once more* begun. We have had to repeat even to weariness, that some five and forty Popes before now, have either never set foot in Rome, or have been driven out of it. Nine times they have been driven out by Roman factions; times without number by invaders. Why not, then, a forty sixth time? Pius VI, Pius VII were prisoners, why not Pius IX? Pius IX has been already once in exile, why not a second time? Nine times has Rome been held by usurpers, why not a tenth? Seven times has Rome been besieged, why not an eighth? Twice has it been nearly destroyed, and once so utterly desolate was it, that for forty days, we are told, nothing human breathed in it, and no cry was heard but of the foxes on the Aventine. Warfare, suffering, wandering, weakness, with imperishable vitality and invincible power, is the lot and history of the Pontiffs, and Rome shares their destiny. There has happened nothing now that has not happened, and that often, before. The end which has been often predicted has not come; why should it now? Men are always saying—'Now, at last, is the end.' But the end is not yet."—Rev. Father O'Malley, S.J.

## BLUCHER IN ENGLAND.

The 'Kölnische Zeitung' has published a series of letters, which Marshal Blucher addressed to his wife during his campaign of 1813-14, and during his visit to London in the latter year. Blucher's orthography is curious, and might convey some useful hints to the advocates of a phonetic system of spelling; of grammar he has not the least notion. On the 3rd of June, 1814, he writes from Boulogne (or Boulouge, as he spells the name):—"Yesterday I dined with the Duke of Klarents on board the ship-of-the-line *Imprenabele*. I am still deaf from the thunder of the canon, and almost upset by the marks of honour bestowed upon me. If things continue like this I shall turn mad in England. . . . The English come to this place in hundreds to see me, and I am obliged to shake hands with every one of them. The ladies quite make love to me. They are the most crack-brained (*nerrischste*) people I know. I bring a sword and a sabre with me, which have 40,000 thalers' worth of jewels on them. The City of London has likewise presented me with a sword, the Clubs of London have admitted me without ballot, and at Edenburg, in Scotland, they have made me honorary member of their learned society. It will be a wonder if I don't turn mad." His first letter from London is dated 6th of June, 1814:—"Yesterday I landed in England, and I hardly know how it is I still am alive. The people almost tore me to pieces. They took out my horses, and carried me, and thus I came to London. Against my will they took me to the Regent's Castle. The Regent received me in a manner not to be described. He hung his portrait, richly set with brilliants, and attached to a dark blue ribbon, round my neck, and said, 'Be sure you have no truer friend on the earth than myself.' I lodge with him. I must also tell you that the King, in spite of my resistance made me a Prince yesterday. . . . Your brother is with me and witnesses all that happens to me. The people carry me upon their hands. Whenever they catch sight of me they shout, and 10,000 of them are together in no time. In uniform I cannot appear at all." On the 12th of June, he writes:—"Unless constantly surrounded by guards and attendants they tear me. If I ride in a carriage they take out the horses. I am being fatigued in an inhuman manner, am sitting to three painters at the same time, and have hardly been able as yet to look around me."