

# St. Laurent College Boys At Hospital for Incurables.

A Lesson of Charity and an Acknowledgment of what our Priests are Doing Both Religiously and in Higher Education for our Young Men.

Have you ever visited an hospital for incurables? If so, did you not leave its doors weighed down with the thought of how utterly forgotten the poor bed-ridden inmates are? How the busy world rushes on in its race, thinking only of itself and stopping so seldom to help the shattered vessels that can run no more? Such thoughts as these were mine on driving to the Hospital for Incurables on the afternoon of March 18th.

A kindly nun met me. "You would like to visit us? Very well! How fortunate you are. Our poor people are to have an entertainment this afternoon. Of course you will stay for it. Plenty of time to visit the building after."

Only too glad I was to see these entertainers who would lose a Sunday to give a moment of pleasure to those who lead a life of pain.

Following the nun upstairs we came to a sort of hall. Here were those who would walk God's earth no more! The blind and the maimed! The consumptive and the cancerous. Yet not one seemed sorrowful. On all sides were faces beaming with an eager expectancy that would melt the hardest heart. "Who are to give the entertainment, Sister?" I questioned after I was seated.

"College boys from St. Laurent. They are here with Father Broughall, who directs their dramatic association, I believe."

I intended another question, but some one had begun to sing "Kathleen Mavourneen." A magnificent, manly voice it was. Whether the environment, the poor helpless souls about me, or the mood I was in made it so, I know not, but I felt very much inclined to drop tears as an old lady near me was doing.

The song finished, we were hurried from the sorrowful to the blithe some by a jig done to the tune of the "Irish Washerwoman." Well stepped out it was, and so heartily applauded that the Reverend Father with the boys persuaded the young man to come forth again. Here, indeed, was another surprise. Producing a pair of "bones," he "rattled" them so well that many a poor one laughed that had not done so for months.

A sweet, touching violin solo was followed by the song "A Handful of Earth," sung very pathetically.

Then a young man stepping forth sang with a vim that put everyone in accord with the sentiment, "They're Proud of the Irish Now."

A little break at this point added a touch of curiosity to me. "What now, Sister?" I asked.

"I think they are going to play a scene from the Merchant of Venice—the court scene."

Could it be possible! Indeed this was the kind of philanthropy that reaches. Shakespeare! in costume, too! and in an hospital!

I could hardly find breath to gasp—"Sister, to have missed this would have been a sin." For when one is not in a position to give, yet wishes to, what can be more pleasing than to stand by and see the needy receive.

It was a magnificently played rendition of Shakespeare. Never have I seen amateurs put the expression into so difficult a work as these college boys did. The Shylock was a masterpiece for one so young. The Portia was as sweet in delivery as the words of the "quality of mercy." Each and every one of these actors seemed to feel that with the:

"The quality of mercy is not strained, It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest; It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

These young men are admirable actors. It was with a sigh we saw the scene draw to a close. I will welcome the first opportunity to see them on their college stage with lights and scenery. From what I have seen there would be no disappointment.

There was now an unmistakable titter running through every one. A big manly fellow, over six feet, strutting out. He swung a black-thorn and wore an old-fashioned "stove-pipe." His appearance was brimful of fun. He kept those poor men and women roaring with a side-splitting delivery of (as a patient dubbed it) a "funny piece."

A song, "Sing Me to Sleep," sung very sweetly, and with expression,

was joined in by all the boys. This ended the performance.

Oh! if the smiles of gladness on every withered and distorted countenance; if the looks of unmistakable pleasure could reach our would-be "philanthropists," would they not too, following their priests, as these talented college boys did, enter our hospitals to find there the place for their millions; that it is there the wail of unpeppable suffering comes from, that there alone can they help those from whom it comes by better and loftier things than cold libraries and schools with the donors' names in bronze over the portals.

"Well, Sister, this has been an enjoyable afternoon. Those college chaps are grand. How your poor people have enjoyed it."

"But this is not all," was the reply, "you must come to the chapel. They will sing Benediction."

It was there I heard again my singer of "Kathleen Mavourneen" in the awe-inspiring words of "O Salutaris." The pathetic voice of "A Handful of Earth" floated out in Gounod's beautiful and difficult "Ave Maria."

It seemed to me that Jesus and Mary were smiling sweetly from their thrones, side by side, on these young men in their efforts to please Him.

After the last strains of the "Ave" faded away, the boys sang inspiringly "Tantum Ergo," and as the Sacred Host was raised on high, it seemed to need but a "touch of nature to make us all akin."

Benediction over, they sang "Faith of our Fathers." It was evident memories of St. Patrick's Day were still with them.

Many a visitor resolved on leaving the chapel to herald the praises of these worthy young men and the priests who train them.

When, on leaving, I heard the strains of old college songs floating through the corridors, while those who could get no further than their doors hummed slowly to themselves, memories of such days long ago welled up in my heart; and feeling a suspicious lump in my throat I bade the Sister a hasty farewell, wishing I were a college boy once again and one among such as the boys of St. Laurent.

Assuredly did they go back to their halls thrice blest. For God, who is all mercy, can not fail to bless those who imitate Him.

JUST A VISITOR.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### AT VILLA MARIA.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi presided on Sunday afternoon at a reception into the Sodality of the Children of Mary at Villa Maria Convent.

### ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 25th March, 1906:

The following people had a night's lodging and breakfast: Irish, 157; French, 57; English, 11; other nationalities, 7. Total, 232.

### REOPENING OF CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DES ANGES.

The Church of Notre Dame des Anges, corner of Lagachetiere and Chenneville streets, which had been closed ever since the fire which took place there a few months ago, has been thoroughly renovated and will again be open for worship on the first Sunday after Easter.

### BLESSING OF CHAPEL AT TERMINAL PARK.

On Sunday last the blessing took place of the new chapel built at Terminal Park, on a lot given by the St. Lawrence Construction Company for the erection of a church, school and presbytery in that new centre. The district was in gala attire, with flags flying, and decorations of bunting. The Rev. Abbe Lecours, parish priest of Longue Pointe, celebrated Mass. There are about 52 families at Terminal Park, and every Sunday there will be Mass at 8.30 o'clock.

### BISHOP BERNARD VISITS HIS NATIVE PARISH.

On Saturday last Mgr. Bernard, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, paid a visit to Beloeil, his native parish. His Lordship called at the different educational and religious institutions of the village, and on Sunday officiated in the parish church. After the service he was presented with an address by the citizens. In the afternoon His Lordship visited the old homestead in which his father still lives, and also called on his brothers and other relatives living in the parish.

## The Poor Little Orphan Lad

(Written for the True Witness, by Cecile Murphy.)

Shall happiness come, or shall it stay away;

A loving friend be close to me some day;

To dry my eyes, to press my parched lips,

And place a loving hand upon my finger tips.

I often sit and gaze upon the deep,

And sigh and sigh and sigh myself to sleep;

To dream those flowery dreams of sweet content,

Upon whose light my aching heart's so often bent.

But only then to wake and weep again;

To spill those precious tears, to call in vain

For those I love, for those I wish to see;

For those lost ones that never, never call to me.

I often wander through the woodland still,

And listen to the nightingale's sad thrill,

I often stop and watch the brooklet flow,

Whose dancing playful moods bring to my soul but woe.

I have no home, I have no friends at all,

I've often slept within the prison walls,

No one will smile at me when I am sad,

For everybody knows I'm but an orphan lad.

My mother died when I was little yet,

My father left without the least regret,

His only child for other pleasures dear;

He left me, heartless father, left without a tear.

I have no sister to be kind to me,

No brother still to whistle merrily

Into my ears and with me gaily talk,

Asside by side and arm in arm like friends we walk.

No none of those sweet joys shall e'er be mine,

I'll live and die with woe's cruel arms entwined

Around my heart, and no one will be sad,

Or e'er regret the little ragged orphan lad.

## Entertainment at St. Laurent College.

On Friday evening the members of St. Patrick's Literary Association of St. Laurent College gave a very interesting and quite instructive entertainment before a large and choice audience.

The following programme was executed:

Overture—"All Hail to Our Idol"..... Orchestra.

Tableau—"The Harp Unstrung"..... A. C. Griffin

Address—Daniel O'Connell..... F. A. Lamar

Selection—"The Kerry Dance"..... F. McKeon

Song—"Ireland, I Love You"..... C. A. Maher

Address—John Boyle O'Reilly..... F. X. Asselin

Song—"A Handful of Earth"..... T. A. Murphy

Declamation—"The Irish Philosopher"..... T. J. Broderick

Song—"They're Proud of the Irish Now"..... S. Gallagher

Medley of Irish Airs—College Band.

Trial Scene from the Merchant of Venice.

Shylock..... T. A. Murphy

Duke..... D. Regan

Antonio..... J. Dolan

Portia..... F. Baker

Bassanio..... H. Meglaughlin

Nerissa..... F. McKeon

Gratiano..... C. A. Maher

Salerino..... P. Griffin

Clerks—G. J. Hafford, J. Mulcair.

The addresses were highly creditable, as were also the other numbers of the programme, and elicited deserved applause. In the trial scene from the Merchant of Venice, Mr. Thomas Murphy, as Shylock, sustained his reputation as an amateur actor of ability; the others who took part did well.

The St. Patrick's Literary Society has much to be proud of this year's record. Under the able guidance of Rev. L. A. Broughall, C.S.C., the members have made steady and marked progress in lines literary, musical and dramatic.

Among those present at the entertainment were: Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C.S.C., representing the Very Rev. Gilbert Francis, C.S.C., who by reason of his many occupations, was prevented from attending; the

Rev. B. Lecavalier, C.S.C., President of Cote des Neiges School; the Rev. Edward Mahan, C.S.C., vice-president of St. Laurent, and many other distinguished friends of the institution.

The members of St. Patrick's Society offer their sincere thanks to their Moderator, the Rev. L. A. Broughall, C.S.C., and to Father Clement for their many acts of kindness, whereby the success of the entertainment was assured.

## St. Patrick's Day in Buckingham

The morning of March 17 dawned bright and clear. Under fair skies and a mild atmosphere, the sons of the Gael, stirred to patriotic action by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, turned out to do honor to their great patron saint.

Promptly at 9.15 a.m., the members of the A.O.H., escorted by representatives from the different French and Catholic societies, marched to the church where seats had been reserved for them in the main aisle. The sacred edifice was beautifully decorated for the occasion, Ireland's green banner and streamers of green being everywhere in evidence. The statue of St. Patrick standing at the sanctuary entrance, banked with flowers and shamrocks and garlanded with green drew many a word of praise from the Catholics of all nationalities who had flocked with their Irish fellow-citizens to do honor to Erin's glorious Apostle.

Rev. Father Croteau, P.P., officiated as celebrant at the solemn High Mass, being assisted by his curates, Fathers Desrosiers and Chenier, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. A special musical mass had been prepared and was executed with great success, and both before and after Mass the young ladies of St. Lawrence Convent and the boys of St. Michael's College sang with telling effect the national and sacred hymns which every Irishman delights in hearing and without which no St. Patrick's day celebration would seem complete.

Rev. Father Cox, of Loyola College, Montreal, was the preacher for the occasion. Taking for his text the words of Tobias: "Speak not so. For we are the children of saints and look for that life which God will give to those that never change their faith from him," he showed how this had ever been Ireland's answer to the foes who would have torn her from her allegiance to the God whom St. Patrick had taught her to trust and love. The Rev. gentleman concluded his interesting address by a stirring exhortation to the Hibernians to continue with ever increasing zeal the good work they had inaugurated, and while remaining staunch sons of Ireland ever to look to the life which God will give to those who never change their faith from Him.

In the evening, at the Alexandra Hotel, the members of Division No. 1, A.O.H., tendered a reception and banquet to the clergy of Buckingham parish, to the representatives of the French Catholic societies, to the fathers of the members and to the early Irish settlers of the district. The hotel, more particularly the dining hall, was tastefully decorated for the occasion; no effort was spared by the proprietors, Messrs. Cunningham and Bernardin, to make their guests feel as if they were at home in dear old Ireland for the evening. The meal was a triumph of culinary skill, the menu and toast card being especially artistic and appropriate to the occasion.

When justice had been done to the excellent dinner provided, toastmaster J. L. O'Neill, in a few tactful and neat remarks, dwelt for a moment on the object of the banquet, and of the observance of St. Patrick's day, and then proceeded to propose the various toasts in the order in which they appear on the appended list: The See of Peter, responded to by F. M. Gorman; The Day We Celebrate, J. H. Farnand; The Sorrows of Ireland, R. J. Cameron; Our Fair Dominion, M. H. Martin; The Glories of Ireland, D. B. Lahey; The Ancient Order of Hibernians, H. F. McGurn; O'garth Aroon, Rev. Father Cox; Our Guests, Dr. Costello and Mr. Lamontagne.

The answers to these gave excellent proof of the fact that every Irishman is a born orator, and that in this respect the Buckingham Irishman is not a whit behind his countrymen of more pretentious towns. Messrs. Farnand, Cameron, Martin, Lahey, McGurn, Lamontagne and Dr. Costello deserve special mention for the painstaking and able way in which they acquitted themselves of the difficult tasks allotted to them, while Rev. Father Croteau was particularly happy in his remarks about the Irish members of his flock.

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After the singing of that grand old ballad, God Save Ireland, the gathering repaired to the parlor, where a pleasant hour was spent in music, song and story, after which the Hibernians and their guests dispersed for home with the feeling of a day well spent. The observance of the day was an unqualified success, and reflects much credit on the gentlemen who so devotedly and generously undertook to make it worthy of St. Patrick and the dear old Emerald Isle.

"OWEN ROE."

## OBITUARY.

MASTER WILLIAM DUNNIGAN. An unexpected death occurred in this parish on March 13th, the victim of the stern reaper being the son of James Dunnigan, William, whose age was but fourteen. The little fellow was apprised of his danger in due time to make preparation for death. He was sustained in his last moments with all the consolations that our Divine Saviour has left us in the rites of holy religion for the soul about to take its departure for the realms beyond the grave. His life, though short, had been an exemplary one; though young, the vacant place by the bedside will oftentimes be noticed by those who are left behind, and the willing hand to help in many ways will call up sorrowful recollections to those at home; above all his little schoolmates will miss his companionship. He was an altar boy and will be missed from the number. His funeral was an unusually large one. The family have our sympathy and with them we will pray that God be merciful to his departed soul. The circle is broken, one seat is forsaken, One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken, One heart from among us no longer shall thrill With the spirit of gladness, or dark-en with ill. Mayo, March 26, 1906.

## TO THE SHAMROCK

Far dearer than gold are my treasures, They have come from my home in the west, And were planted by Patrick and nourished With blood from young liberty's breast. They are Shamrocks, dear Shamrocks, from Erin; Culled from her bright sunny soil; My heart's every pulse will caress them Sharing to-day my exile. How oft thro' the green fields I wandered, Radiant with childish glee, In search of the dear little Shamrock, The Shamrock to-day has sought me. Then, speak, little pilgrim from Erin, And tell me in my native land, Do they oft wait a prayer o'er the ocean, A prayer for their wandering band? Are her sons as chivalrous as ever, As true and as ready to stand, As her sires of old, who shed true and bold, Their blood for that dear old land? For thy sake, then, my country, I'll cherish Those emblems of my native shore. On my heart they will lie till they perish. Erin, can I do aught more? And I'll wear them to-day and forever, I pray that kind Heaven may smile, And shower choicest blessings upon thee. Mavourneen, my own green isle. P. McE.

A thought we live by, however simple, a desire which fills the heart, however humble, is enough to make life rich and fair.—Bishop Spalding.

## Since the Catholic Teachers Were Driven Out.

An article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," by George Goyan, describes the condition of the Government schools in France since the Catholic teachers have been driven out. The rules of attendance are not enforced; there is a steady decline in numbers, and many pupils leave without knowing their alphabet, so that illiteracy, which was almost unknown in France, is now becoming common. The teachers are inferior and are not respected. As they are not exempt from military service, the supply is inadequate. Of those who are employed, many are used as electioneering agents, their promotion depending upon their anti-Catholic zeal. The teachers have lately formed a union for an increase of salary, which will mean an additional burden of forty-four million francs, besides the extra expense to which the Government is put by the suppression of the religious schools. Many of the teachers are regarded as Anarchists.

## FRENCH NUNS IN BROOKLYN.

A branch of the Catholic Order of the Infant Jesus, hitherto confined to France, will soon be established in Brooklyn with the approval of Bishop McDonnell. Five months ago three nuns of the order arrived in Brooklyn, and have since been stopping with the Little Sisters of the Poor in their home in Bushwick avenue. The brownstone house at 266 Clinton street has been rented as the headquarters of the order, and in a few weeks a dozen or more of the nuns expelled from France will be settled there. They will devote themselves exclusively to nursing the sick poor.

## A Famous Gaelic Poet Dead

Colm Wallace, the patriarchal Connemara Gaelic poet, died Feb. 28. He was born in Lettermullen, on May 2, 1796. He distinctly remembered hearing the news of the battle of Waterloo; whilst the election of O'Connell for Clare was in his reminiscences a comparatively recent event. Colm was a child of two when the French landed at Killala, in '98; a bare-headed gossoon of seven when Robert Emmet sailed from the depot in Marshalsea lane; a man of 31 when Catholic Emancipation was achieved; already past the prime of life in the famine year; well past the three score and ten limit in the Fenian days; an aged man on the verge of a century when the Gaelic League was founded. Of all these movements ripples found their way into his placid life, and more than one of them finds an echo in his poetry.

The funeral of Colm Wallace took place on March 1, from the parish church, Oughterard. The local members of the League selected and purchased a suitable plot for a grave in the local churchyard, acting under instructions from Mr. P. H. Pearse, B.L., the Editor of An Claidheamh Solais, who holds the balance of the fund collected a few years ago.

An Claidheamh Solais says:—"We shall always remember with pride and gratitude the spirited answer of our readers to the appeal which we made three years ago for a small fund for the support of Colm. For nearly two years he found a home with a good Gael in Uachtar Ard. About twelve months ago it was felt that he should receive hospital treatment. He was accordingly removed to the hospital of the Oughterard Union, the editor of An Claidheamh, arranging with the Union authorities that he should not be treated as an ordinary pauper. Nor will his grave be a pauper's one; for there still remains enough of the little fund collected three years ago to pay for the modest funeral obsequies of the singer of "Cuirt an Strothain Bhuidhe" and "Amhran an Tae." Neighbor's hands will lay him in the grave; in time, perhaps, a simple stone will mark his resting place.

"Go b-faiciuid uile e ar dhéan an Athar!"