

PEN-PICTURE OF A PARISIAN CLOISTER.

One day, about a year ago, writes a Hartford correspondent in the "Sacred Heart Review," I visited a quaint, dingy, old convent—seemingly lost and forgotten, shut in and hidden from view by immense new edifices on every side—of cloistered nuns, in one of the older quarters of the city of Paris. I found myself—chance did it—one of the army of ubiquitous and unceremonious sight-seers, with my Baedeker in my hand, inside the door of the chapel in a small space left to the outside world, and cut off from the choir by a high framework of thick, cold, black iron bars, suggestive of the awful majesty of the law.

I have no remembrance of the architectural style or beauty of the place, although the study of lines, and arches, and columns was the object of my excursion. For as I put my hand upon the big, old-fashioned knob, a cadence of voices fell upon my ear; and, when I entered, I heard and saw what disturbed the heretofore even tenor of my pet pursuit. I heard a symphony of soft, sweet, low voices, voices such as the cherubs of Michael Angelo ought to have, music that was ethereal, and filled the sacred edifice like incense. And I saw the nuns were there, two hundred of them, and this was the office hour.

I slipped in, feeling half-guilty, in silence, on tiptoe, dreading as a sacrilege to make one discordant sound to mar that heavenly harmony. I crept, all eyes and ears, in a flush of surrexcitation, as near as possible to the grating, and falling on my knees, feasted my eyes on a sight that was new, to me, at least.

Two hundred holocausts, virgins that follow the Lamb whosoever it goeth, robed in white, like their souls, from head to foot, with those long, loose, flowing, immaculate veils. That presence and that music seemed to charge the atmosphere to saturation with holiness, sacrifice and purity. There was nothing else to see or hear for me. I was spell-bound, hypnotized, intoxicated; and as I slowly recovered from this first trance, a thought flashed across my mind: "Was I ever so near heaven before?" And I whispered to myself that this choir was fit to be transplanted hence at this very moment before the throne of the Almighty there to continue their anthem forever and ever.

I could not see the faces, only the forms, those two hundred forms, snow-white, and I listened to that divine melody and inhaled that incense of prayer. I looked and listened, praying, and drinking in that scene; for the first time since I was a little boy, my prayers ascended with theirs, were carried up with theirs, to God's throne of mercy.

The spell thrown over me was almost complete. One thing achieved its completion, and that thing I shall never forget, for it is indelibly painted on my mind just as it occurred. It was simply the bowing of those two hundred heads at the name of

Jesus. It recurred constantly, that name; and each time those heads, all alike (and the hearts, too, for no proud heart could bow like that,) bowed slowly, in measured time, as it were; slowly, while the two syllables were uttered more softly and more reverently, and slowly they arose, only to bow again in the same cadence. And thus the swaying went on as the name of Jesus came to their lips. And I thought of a field of ripe wheat bending to and fro before a gust of wind; and they were the wheat, the ripe wheat of sacrifice, living, immaculate hosts of the altar.

God's good; and He accepts the little we offer Him. But my philosophy of life went to smash, shivered into a million little pieces without, on my part, a resistance, an objection, an apology, or a regret. And I stood, or rather knelt, there on the ruins of my pride and passions, wondering at it all, and at myself, knelt humble, submissive, repentant and happy, the veriest child, while I learned over again from this living book of innocence, heroism and prayer opened out before me, the long forgotten and discarded lessons of my catechism, and solved the riddle; the whence, the why and the where. I did not philosophize; or, at least, it was not the cold, heartless, skeptical philosophy with which I had been imbued; but the philosophy of goodness, of loveliness, of heroism, the philosophy of grace and love, whose ultima ratio is "God says," and whose syllogism need only a clean and honest heart to be understood. And this dearest, sweetest, divine lesson was taught me by the brides of Christ.

Thanks to God, the lesson then learned I have not forgotten or unlearned—nor shall I ever. I had been undone and done over again, and when I arose to go, a desire seized me to stay and see once more the "swaying of the ripe wheat;" and I stayed and stayed, as long as the name of Jesus was pronounced, stayed till the office was over.

Then I left, in silence, as I came; I left them silently praying, perhaps for me; left a lighter and a better man. And when I reached the door—it was ridiculous, perhaps a sin, but—I turned around, and I, full of wickedness, I blessed those Brides of Christ, and went out with a lump in my throat.

When I reached the street I saw a big, burly, brutal "cocher" belaboring his jaded horse. As I passed him he uttered a most infernal blasphemy. It never sounded like that to me before; and before I knew it I was in the middle of the street with uplifted cane, ready to brain the miserable wretch. But just then the thought flashed across my mind how I heard them pronounce that name, and I saw the "swaying of the ripe wheat." The uplifted hand dropped, the "cabby" looked astonished, and I went home.

Perhaps some day I may again see the Brides of Christ.

made in accordance with the provisions of this document were always and everywhere faithfully carried out. No laws are. Even in our own country salutary enactments are evaded or permitted to become a dead letter. But the general result of the laws was to stop the destruction of the Indians. The natives were protected, brought to the knowledge of Christianity, were set on the way to civilization and to-day form the overwhelming majority of the population from the Rio Grande to Patagonia.

The following figures, taken from the Encyclopaedia Britannica, will show how the Indian race has been preserved. In Mexico 54 per cent. of the population are of pure Indian blood, 27 per cent. of mixed white and Indian and 19 per cent. of Spanish blood. In Guatemala 52 per cent. are Indian, 28 mixed and 20 Spanish. In Peru 57 per cent. Indian, 23 mixed and 20 white. When, therefore, we compare Mexico with the United States we should remember that out of 12,000,000 of people only 2,280,000 are of the same race as the people of the United States, while 9,720,000 are of Indian descent. The wonder will be not that in some respects Mexico should be inferior to the United States, but that she has advanced so far in so short a time.

"Everyone admits that races, like individuals, need time to develop. The education of an individual is counted by years. The education of a race is counted by centuries. Our ancestors have been going to school for the past 1,500 years. The ancestors of the Mexicans have been going to school only 300 years. If, therefore, they should be far behind us, we should not wonder, but as a matter of fact they are not so backward as people imagine.

"Mr. William J. Bryan, Democratic candidate for President in 1896, paid a visit to Mexico lately. He gave his impressions of the country in an article published in the "New York World." He said: "The public men of Mexico are not inferior to our own in intelligence and general information." This is the more surprising as Mexico is ruled by men of the same race as the Montezumas. Juarez, one of the early presidents, was of pure Indian blood. Mr. Bryan continues: "Mexico is making substantial progress in education. The public schools are free, and the attendance is compulsory." With these words we may close and leave it to our readers to judge if all they hear about Catholic ignorance be true."

A GIRL WHO WAS SAVED.

HAD SUFFERED FOR NEARLY 12 YEARS WITH ANAEMIA.

Severe Headaches, Heart Palpitation, Nervousness and Extreme Feebleness Made Her Life Miserable—Her Doctor Told Her She Could Not Recover.

Doctors have given the Greek name anaemia, meaning "bloodlessness," to a disease which is much more prevalent among young women than is generally believed. In its early stages the disease is not marked by any decided symptoms, and often makes considerable advance before its presence is noticed. A feeling of fatigue after slight exercise, breathlessness and pallor of the face are the first noticeable signs. Unless there is prompt and effective treatment the disease then makes rapid progress, and the victim presents every appearance of going into a decline or consumption. The only successful method of treating anaemia is to build up the blood, and the best medicine in the world for this purpose is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Miss Adeline Dumas is one of the thousands of young ladies who can testify to the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of anaemia. Miss Dumas resides with her parents on a farm near Liniers, Beauce Co., Que. To a reporter who called upon her for the purpose of getting the particulars of her illness and cure, Miss Dumas said: "Since I was about sixteen years of age I have been ailing more or less, but for a long time, from periodical headaches, the trouble did not seem serious. About two years ago my case began to assume an alarming nature. The headaches came with greater frequency, I became very pale, and the slightest exertion would leave me breathless. I tried several medicines, but instead of finding benefit I was steadily growing worse, until at last I was unable to do any household work, and had to sit in a chair almost the entire day. I had now become extremely nervous, and the least noise would set my heart wildly palpitating. I had neither desire nor relish for food, and the doctor who attended me finally said the trouble was incurable, and that he could do nothing more for me. I did not despair, however, but tried other medicines, but still without relief, and then I began to feel that death only would release me from my suffering. At this time a friend brought me a newspaper in which was the story of the cure of a girl whose symptoms resembled mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and urged me to try them. I sent for a box, but they did not seem to help me, and I was afraid they would prove like other medicines, not suited to my case. My parents insisted that I should continue their use, and my father got two boxes more. Before these were all used I had no longer any doubt that they were helping me, and I procured another half dozen boxes. They completely restored my health, and I am able to go about and do work with an ease I have not enjoyed for years before. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a great blessing to the sick, and I always urge my friends who are not well to take them, and I will be glad if this statement is the means of bringing new courage and health to some other sufferer."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

THE CHANCES OTHERS HAVE.

"I might be rich, I might be great," I heard one sadly say. "Could I have had my master's chance to start upon the way? Had he been placed where I was placed men would not praise his name, Had I been favoured as he was I would have greater fame! They that ignore me now would all be sycophants, to dance Attendance on me here if I had only had his chance."

The wires whereby men's messages are sent beneath the seas, The gleaming rails o'er which men speed what time they loiter at ease, The graceful domes that rise until they seem to pierce the sky, The mighty ships that cleave the main as fast as eagles fly, The discs and tubes through which men see o'er space's broad expanse Are not the works of him who sighed to have some other chance.

The songs that live through centuries are not the songs of men Who longed for favours others knew and tossed away the pen; The names upon the noble arch that makes the artist glad Are not the names of men who yearned for chances others had! Of all the wonders of our age that rise at every glance None came from him who might do much had he some other's chance. —S. E. Kiser.

No matter how degraded or misfortunate a human being may become, there has certainly been some period—possibly very brief—in his (or her) career, when the charms of happiness were experienced. The lengthier such period the harder is it to bear the memory thereof; consequently, the more numerous the steps in the social ladder that a human creature has descended the more worthy of pity is he. A writer signing La Vega Clementis (we know not who he may be) in the "Midland Review," puts this subject most beautifully thus:—

"The legend goes that a harp once hung on the walls of an old castle. Its strings had grown rusty with age, and were broken, and the old instrument hung silently and alone with no friend, to bring it back to life. One day a stranger entered, took it from its place, reset the strings and swept his hand across them again and again, bringing tones as soft and sweet to the listeners, as though they heard angels playing in realms far away. And we might say in all lives, like the old harp, it matters not how bleak, desolate or dreary, there must be some sweet thoughts, there must be something to encourage, elevate and comfort, and that must be the cheery sunshine of nature that ever sparkles and glistens like the dew."

And how delicately, yet truthfully does the same writer bring before us another contradictory phase of life. It might be classed as a comment upon the old saying: "He asked for bread and they gave him a stone." He writes:—

"Through life how selfish we are with our sunshine. Acts of kindness that would brighten the lives of others we never perform. Words that would cheer and encourage some despondent friend in some dark hour are never spoken. Never casting an inquiring glance to see where a chery 'hello' might bring a pleasure, we silently go our ways unconscious that any but us live. But ah, the change when that friend is no more! Then we weave chaplets of flowers for the grave—roses, pansies, and forget-me-nots woven and interwoven, that deck the coffin-lid, to brighten the end. We speak words of comfort, and console if we can by our tribute, and the broken hearts left behind. In the grave is buried every error, and by its dust every resentment is extinguished, and from its cold bosom comes only a flood of regrets and tender recollections. Eulogies are spoken, virtues dwelt upon, tears of sorrow course down the cheek, and he sleeps beneath a wilderness of flowers.

"But pause for a moment and think how much happier, brighter and better perhaps that life might have been, had these friends not waited until those lips were dumb, those eyes sightless and those ears deaf, to have spoken kind words and covered the last resting-place with nature's flowers. After one is dead, eulogies and flowers reflect no brightness back over life's weary pathway."

THE CONFESSIONAL. — At this particular season, when the great duty of Easter confession and communion should be considered, it may not be untimely to take a few extracts from an admirable article upon "monthly confession for young men," which we recently read. Every line of that article is worthy of reproduction, study, and comment; but our space will only permit of the following extracts:—

"It is a very bad sign when a young man begins to shirk the duty of monthly confession and Communion which, as a boy, he fulfilled as a matter of course. This generally happens when, having left school, he secures a position in some store, shop or factory, and begins to rub elbows with the various kinds and conditions of men and women who go to make up the work-a-day world."

"The most insidious form of attack upon the faith and morality of Catholic youth is ridicule. The covert sneer of a non-Catholic fellow workman or companion has too often a most deplorable effect upon a Catholic young man; and it is generally found to do more damage to his con-

PROPAGATING THE FAITH.

From a circular which we have received we learn that, in the United States, "there is a movement on foot among the converts of the country to organize into an association for the purpose of propagating the Catholic faith by personal example, by social intercourse, by the establishment of Catholic libraries, by the circulation and distribution of Catholic literature and by the financial maintenance of missions to non-Catholics." By the examples given of these missions, in various states of the union, it is clear that a wonderful, yet quiet work is being done. The true knowledge of the Church's doctrines, teachings, discipline and methods is becoming more and more widespread amongst those outside the Church, and while each mission is being attended with considerable practical results as to converts, the spirit of honest enquiry into the principles of Catholicity is growing daily stronger.

While the movement is largely due to converts to the Faith, still a great number of born-Catholics take part in it.

We take the following extracts from the circular:— "This movement has crystallized leagues in Chicago and Philadelphia. In Philadelphia the leading spirit is Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly. In Chicago there is quite a coterie of bright

converts who have already met and adopted a constitution under the secretaryship of Stetson Merrill. The plan is to have the league a national one in the form of a federation of local leagues. Each one of the centre of missionary effort in the town or city in which it is located. The movement is entirely spontaneous in its growth, and more than anything else it indicates the depth and extent of the missionary feeling.

"In the articles of incorporation of the Catholic Missionary Union provision is made to affiliate to itself just an organization. The certificate of incorporation reads that 'the particular object for which the corporation is to be formed is to procure the services of clergymen and laymen of the Roman Catholic Church to teach and preach as missionaries of their faith, and the by-laws adopted at one of the earlier meetings provides that 'besides the directors, there shall be associated members.' The directors of the Catholic Missionary Union are Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Ryan, Father Doherty, Father Dyer, Father Taylor, Father Elliott and Father Doyle."

The recent mission of this class, preached in Montreal by Rev. Father Younan, is as good an example as could possibly be given, both as to methods of procedure, and as to results.

IGNORANCE IN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES.

Coming again to that old argument of certain bigots, that Catholic countries display more ignorance and backwardness than Protestant countries, we find that "Spanish America" seems to be one of their leading examples in support of their historically false theory. In this connection a recent writer gave some very broad and direct evidence of the contrary, as far as regards this continent. The whole article is not pertinent to this phase of the question, but we would advise our non-Catholic friends to read the following few paragraphs:—

"By Latin America is meant Mexico and the countries to the south of it which were colonized by the Spaniards and Portuguese. When we compare those countries we must bear in mind the fundamental fact that the manner in which those countries were colonized is entirely different from the manner employed by the English in colonizing the United States.

"In this country the newcomers found a large population of natives. They treated those natives as if

they were wild animals. They stole their land, sold them into slavery, shot them down on sight. The only good Indian is the dead Indian," was their motto. The result is that the Indians have been nearly swept off the face of the earth. The survivors are cooped up in reservations as wild beasts are confined in cages.

"In the countries south of the United States the newcomers found tribes of the same stock as those that inhabited the territory now occupied by the United States. The first adventurers treated the Indians just as the first of the English did. They made slaves of them, hunted them like wild beasts, shot them down. But this reign of terror did not last long. The Catholic Church interfered. The first priest ever ordained in America, Las Casas, devoted his life to the protection of the Indians. He carried their case to the King of Spain and the Pope of Rome. The Pope issued a document, in which he said that the Indians were free men and should be protected in their life, liberty and property. It is not to be supposed that the laws

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victions than an open and undisguised tirade against the teachings and practices of the Church.

"This is the time for that young man to turn to the Church for help and guidance; and many a one has developed into a well-read and highly intelligent Catholic by the studies which were prompted by attacks upon his faith. Constancy in religious duties, frequent reception of the sacraments, together with heartfelt prayer, are the sovereign means to enable him to hold the faith unwavering and unweakened."

"We have heard of many apostates from the Church who boasted that their intelligence would not allow them any longer to subscribe to its doctrines, but, were their cases examined, it would appear in almost every instance that they were carried beyond the confines of faith not by intelligence, but by unbridled passion.

"The remedy for all this lies in the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, frequent reception of which will lead to a greater loyalty to God and the Church, and a consequent strengthening of the heart and will against the attack, open or covert, of the enemies of the soul."

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