

see later on what success attended this strange negotiation. We will here mention that this same Rossi, having remained in Rome, became the friend and Prime Minister of Pius IX., and fell beneath the revolutionists dagger on the steps of the Vatican stair-case.

Such was the state of the Jesuit question, when, on a morning in the month of September, 1844, Mons. Meynaudier was shewn into the private office of the Minister, from whom he wished to obtain an appointment for a very distant cousin.

For the moment the Minister was unable to grant the required favour, but he promised that in the course of a very few weeks some situation should be given to Mons. Meynaudier's relative.

The two friends engaged in conversation, and the existing situation of political parties was freely discussed between them. On the Minister exposing the weakness and hesitation of many of the supporters of the ministry, and lamenting the consequent necessity of making concessions to the opposition, Mons. Meynaudier remonstrated, and pointed out that by acting thus the Government was weakening itself and strengthening its adversaries.

"What would you have us do?" said Mons. —

"I would have you silence your enemies by taking some important step which would meet with public approval; only expel the Jesuits from France and you will see that the Left will unite again with the Centre and thus give your Government a larger majority than it has ever had."

"I am aware that such is your opinion, and that of many others, but we, in the Cabinet, hesitate to rouse the indignation of the Royalist, the Right, the bishops and clergy, and the greater number of the Catholics."

"Do not trouble yourself about those people; if they resist, overcome them; if they accuse you of being persecutors, you must let them talk!"

"Do you then hate these poor Jesuits so very much?"

"Oh! as for me, I never want to hear them spoken of again. They have been accused of every crime; a hundred times have they fallen into the hands of the law: they have been hunted, expelled, destroyed, and yet again and again they have reappeared! An end must be put to this."

"Personally, have you any complaint to make against them?"

"I have never seen one, and I must confess that were it not for the noise that is always being made about them, I should not know of their existence. Personally, I care as little about them as I care for Chinese bonzes or Hindoo brahmins; but I contend that a Government should make use of every means available in order to remain in power. Now, since the Left are at this present moment desirous of feasting on Jesuits, why not serve them up some so as to content and silence them."

(To be continued.)

FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Ottawa, Easter Monday, 1889.

Despite the fact that the House sat on Holy Saturday and is again at work to-day there is very little likelihood that prorogation can take place before next week. Apart from the Supplementary Estimates, which will occupy about three days, at least, there are several government measures which must engender a considerable amount of debate. There is the New Brunswick Railway Act, which will stir up the numerous orators from that land by the sea; and they are fond of debate. Then we have the question of the judges' salaries; the Banking Bill; and a few other measures that necessarily must occupy considerable time. Now that Easter is over the rush will not be so great. But, like all things earthly, sooner or later the end will come and the corridors of the House will be again silent.

There is an idea abroad that the Government intends to enlarge the chamber; not a bad idea! What with bad ventilation, want of light, and constant air-currents, the whole establishment is unhealthy. No wonder that such a great many members are ill. In the hotels, boarding-houses, and even to the hospital they are to be found, suffering from prostration, dipsomania, and other ailments. In fact it is a

wonder that more are not laid up—long hours, gas light, hot air, and poor ventilation must be anything but healthy. The proposed change would be received with general approbation. It is to be hoped that the execution of this work may not be postponed to "the Greek callands."

Would it interest your readers were I to speak of the weather? Perhaps not; so I will merely say that after three weeks of warm sunshine, soft southern breezes and almost August heat, we have a cold snap. The north wind, wandering down from those distant lakes where the ice is firm until May and the snow-flake rests on the pine branch even in late April, has chilled the atmosphere and changed a premature summer into a prolonged winter. But it is the last dying effort of the Boreal giant; his streamers illumined the sky the other night and in the ever shifting beauties, the inconstant variations and kaleidoscopic splendours of the Polar Aurora, we read his fate and witnessed his expiring glories, his ending reign.

There is nothing in the political world of great moment,—there is less in the social world. In the religious sphere, now that Easter is past, a calm has fallen. To-night a grand reception will be given to Archbishop Duhamel, at the College of Ottawa. The celebration has the two-fold object of welcoming back His Grace from Rome, and of giving the students an Easter holiday entertainment. A success is predicted, and surely with reason, for all the entertainments given at the College are so many triumphs in that line.

At the Rideau street Convent an Alumnae Association has been formed, and for the last year or so, during the winter season, weekly meetings were held, at which essays from former pupils were read, musical entertainments given, criticisms expressed, and, in a word, old associations renewed, former attachments cemented and fresh impulses towards self-education imparted. Under the keen and able guidance of Rev. Sister Mary Comper, the literary spirit of the institution, these reunions have become beneficial to the present students, pleasant and instructive to the former pupils and tend to preserve unbroken the chain of connection that binds the present with the past. On next Thursday evening the last meeting for this year will be held in the Convent hall. I refer to this Alumnae Association because I think it would be well had all our Catholic institutions similar organizations. The pupil comes young to the school, like the rough rock that contains the delicate marble, the teacher has to shape it into elegance and chisel it into perfection. The time spent in elementary education is not sufficient to enable the sculptor to complete the work; but the polish of worldly contact, added to these frequent retouchings, even when convent days are past, contribute greatly in perfecting the model. The institution, therefore, follows its pupils into the world, teaches them even in the midst of life's battle, and guides them through the many windings of their existence. It is a self-imposed task, but one which bears the most precious of fruit—at once a blessing to the establishment and a boon to the associates.

There is a certain brightness of thought, loftiness of soul, gentleness of sentiment, and polish of intellect that spring from the contact, more or less frequent, with kindred spirits. And when the communion held is one of an elevating nature, there is a fund of enjoyment and an abundance of good to be derived from it. In these reunions the torch of knowledge is lit up and the dull, dark, and dreary cavern of earthliness is illumined. Before the minds of those young ladies virtue, in all its admirable attractions, is paraded, and nature itself is adorned with rays celestial. For them, "the seasons change, the atmosphere breathes, earth unfolds its fruits, the ocean rolls in its magnificence, the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spectacle of nature arises before them, with its mysteries resolved and its secrets revealed." To such associations one can say, from the fullness of the heart, *esto perpetua*, may no literary Marius ever weep amongst your ruins.

J. K. F.

"We live in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
He longest lives who loves the most,
Who thinks the noblest, acts the best."