

## THE CONVENT PORTER.

He was an ancient, bearded man,  
Within the archway seated,  
Who through the summer, lone and long,  
His Rosary repeated.

He rang the bell for matin prayer,  
At noontide for the reapers,  
And when the evening shadows fell  
He rang it for the keepers;  
And sometimes, too, he tolled a knell  
For everlasting sleepers.

From day to day he said his beads,  
Within the archway staying,  
The sun arising found him there,  
And, setting, left him praying.  
On him would little hands attend,  
And little footfalls pattered;  
Around him where the fig-trees bend  
Were purple treasures scattered;  
The whispering cypress was his friend,  
For him the ivy chattered.

But seldom at that convent gate  
A traveller dismounted,  
The outer world of love and hate  
Passed by it unaccounted.  
Monotonous, and quaint, and calm  
The prayerful seasons glided,  
The vesper hymn and morning psalm,  
The lonely days divided,  
That by the dial near the palm  
Were left but undecided.

So years went by, until one day,  
The night-cloud westward rolling,  
Came round the Friar's dim retreat  
Without the vesper tolling.  
The birds still sang on ivy sprays,  
The children still were playing,  
The Porter, as in former days,  
Seemed Rosaries still saying;  
But Death had found his quiet ways,  
And took the old man praying.

CARROLL RYAN.

Archbishop Tache, who has been ill in Montreal for some time past, is recovering, and it is hoped will soon be out again.

Curran had a perfect *horror* of fleas, nor was this very extraordinary, since they seemed to show him particular hostility. If they infested a house, my friend said that, "they always flocked to his bed-chamber when they heard he was to sleep there." I recollect his being dreadfully annoyed in this way at Carlaw, and on making his com-

plaint in the morning to the woman of the house, "By Heavens! madam," cried he, "they were in such numbers, and seized upon my carcase with so much ferocity, that if they had been *unanimous*, and all pulled one way, they must have dragged me out of bed entirely."—*Barrington's Recollections.*

The Chief Seminary of the Order of St. Lazare is in Paris, and thither, we read in a recently published life of the Archbishop of Toronto, are sent students from all parts of the world to go through their novitiate. Except the Propaganda in Rome, the Seminary of St. Lazare is the most cosmopolitan institution of the kind in the world. As missionaries are to be there trained for service in all parts, so there are to be seen gathered together, and mingling in common, natives of almost every nation under the sun. On one occasion, the Archbishop says, he remembers seeing in one of their country houses, to which they were accustomed to resort to spend their vacation, a game of billiards played by a Turkish and a French student against a Greek and a German, while, as a proof of the ubiquity of the race, an Irishman kept count.

THE OLD CHURCH.—Mr. Hubert Hall, of H. M. Public Record Office, in his *Society in the Elizabethan Age*, has once more tendered his mite of history towards the tardy restoration fund of historical research. The contrast drawn by this well-read and candid Protestant of the effects of the Old Church and the New is most instructive. He says:—"The influence of the Church would be the first impression left upon our minds after a searching inquiry into the social history of the Middle Ages. We shall have recognized in the Church the professional peacemaker between States and factions, as between man and man; the equitable mediator between rulers and their subjects; the consistent champion of constitutional liberty; the alleviator of the inequalities of birth; the disinterested and industrious disseminator of letters; the refiner of habits and manners; the well-meaning guardian of the national health, wealth, and intellect; and the fearless censor of public and private morality. We shall have found, too, that even when the Church felt her froward charge slipping from her grasp, when her temporal wealth was confiscated, and her spiritual functions interdicted on pain of death, even in that bitter hour she clung fondly and faithfully to her flock, as though fearful of the moral, and still more of the social reaction to which it would be exposed."

Whoever desires to act and live in peace among men, ought to try, above all, to be good to every one, and injure no one.  
ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA.

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## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE PILOT gives cordial welcome to the *Catholic Weekly Review*, a good-looking and well-edited journal just started at Toronto, Ont. It is devoted to the interests of the Church in Canada, of which it promises to be a most effective auxiliary. Irish affairs will be prominently considered in its pages; for, to quote from its Salutatory, "especially have we at heart the progress of a cause essentially just and sacred and invested, as it seems to us, with something of the sanctity of religion—the restoration to the Irish people of their inalienable and natural political rights." Among its contributors are several well-known Catholic writers. It sets out with hearty encouragement from Archbishop Lynch, and many prominent priests and laymen of the Dominion.—THE BOSTON PILOT.

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