made to the demand of the Government of the Dominion. We hope that it may come to a more rational conclusion than it seems ready to adopt; but if not, all the methods supplied by the Constitution for the protection of minority rights must be used to secure a just and peaceful solution of the problem; and that solution must include the complete restoration of the rights which have been violated in defiance of the solemn promises made to the people of Manitoba to induce them to become members of the Canadian Confedera-

THE KNOWNOTHINGS.

We have much pleasure in publish ing the following article, copied from the Boston Herald. Although it treats of the condition of affairs prevailing in the United States, brought about by the A. P. A. movement, it is also applicable to Canada, as we have in the Dominion a prototype of that peculiar organization.

We are somewhat surprised that our American friends have not ere this sung the funeral obsequies of the Know-nothing creation, as we in Canada have already given it a very respectable burial. This might be accounted for by the fact that Uncle Sam possesses in his territory a much larger quantity of the unlovely element which has left European coun tries, bearing away with it the fond hope on the part of the better classes of those countries that it will never return. Canada, too, has supplied its quota, in the shape of North of Ireland Orangemen: to which fact the States of New York, Michigan and Illinois

can bear witness. There is a very comical aspect to this movement in Canada. Not long since a large number of individuals were to be found craving for an opportunity to shed their blood for Protestantism. These same people, now that the political weathercock has veered in another direction, are willing to swear by all that is holy that the Pope is not such a bad man after all.

The following is the article from the Herald (edition of March 29):

The assurance of some individuals and newspapers in arrogating to themselves in a pharisaical manner a special amount of virtue, and by comparison consigning all others to condemnation, is receiving present exmovement. It takes a number of phases. For example, one of our New York contemporaries advertises the fact that it defends "the American constitution, the American idea the American spirit—these first last and all the time, forever." I might be assumed from this emphatic declaration that the other New papers were defending the Chinese constitution, the German idea and the Mexican spirit, and that the only simon pure national journal was the one making this claim.

This is, as we say, only one phase of the proverbial "Codlin, not Short," spirit, which elsewhere exhibits itself in the gathering of a few hundred individuals who are seriously disturbed lest some unknown invaders, headed ordinarily by the Pope of Rome, shall come into this country and overthrow its institutions. These excited in dividuals have discovered a vast con spiracy; they have found out in some occult manner that they are the only devoted friends of their country, and that the rest of their fellow-countrymen are, in the main, traitors to its constitution and eager workers for its over The governments, local and national, seem to be mainly in hands of emissaries of the Pope; the newspapers, except one or two that have received esoteric enlightenment, are controlled and edited by Jesuits. and, in fact, the whole body politic is diseased from the crown of its head to the soles of its feet, with the exception of this little saving remnant of pure and undefiled patriots.

Of course, these individuals, journal ists as well as preachers, who take themselves with this astonishing amount of seriousness can hardly be expected to realize that if matters have come to such a pass that the great mass of our people, the government and the organs of public opinion are hopelessis. of public opinion are hopelessly foreignized, are no longer American, but are anything that one pleases other than American, then logically they might as well accept the fact that this is no longer America, but some other country. We are living under what are assumed to be free and representative institutions, and in the long run the opinions and wishes of the majority are certain to prevail or, to look backward, may be said to have prevailed, so that the country and nation, such as it is and as it finds expression through its government, its news papers and its public men generally must be what the majority of the people desire. If this condition, what-ever it may be, is un-American, and and the only pure American ideals those entertained by recently formed secret organizations, then the entire community, from Maine to California, must be a good deal like the little old woman who discovered when her dog did not recognize her that she was not herself, but somebody else.

As a matter of fact, no movement which seeks to set one class of our

ld

ne

he

er

people against the other, no leaders who assume an extra and uncalled-for degree of holiness, can have with us any permanent force in shaping events No section, no class and no religion is above reproach, and fortunately in all can be found those virtues which, if properly utilized, may be fairly called redeeming. We are here in this land to make the best of our opportunities, not by endeavoring to discover points of antagonism and by fighting each other, but by trying to find, if we can, points of resemblance and causes for united service. Now and then a time comes when the love of country de mands the utmost sacrifices that can be made, when life and fortune have to be freely offered if national existence is to be maintained. But professions of high devotion-which are so easily made when there is no demand for anything but lip service-count for nothing, and at the present time the ones who best love their country are those who exhibit their devotion to welfare by doing all that in them lies to aid the cause of efficient and hones government, and to improve the social and industrial well-being of the too often unregarded millions of their fellow-countrymen

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In making reference to the by-elec tion in Quebec West the Chronicle of that city observes that that division having been always represented by an Irishman, it hopes there will be no departure from that custom. Regarding this the Toronto Mail and Empire says that an Irish party is something the existence of which the ancient capital would have difficulty in justifying. It would indeed be a lovely condition of affairs were all our people to go to the poils and vote as Canadians; but for the existence of such class distinctions as now prevail amongst us the Irish, we feel bound to say, are less responsible than any other element in the Dominion. Throughout the whole of Ontario, but more especially in the cities, to be an Irishman (unless of the Belfast type) is a very great source of weak ness at the polling booths. Our Torofito contemporary must surely know that there is no city in America in which an Irishman, unless of the Orange type, stands so little chance of being elected to any position of prominence as in Toronto. This being the case, it ill becomes it to criticize the remarks of the Quebec Chronicle.

PROVINCIAL rights has become a fet ish with the Toronto Globe in discussing the Manitoba difficulty. We cannot fairly say that our contemporary is actuated by any unfriendly motive towards Catholics, in view of the course it has taken for some years past in Ontario politics. So firmly wedded is our Toronto contemporary to what it calls provincial rights, that one would suppose there could not possibly be any such thing as provincial wrongs. The whole question resolves itself into this: The Province of Manitoba has broken, deliberately and without cause, the agreement which it solemnly made when it was organized into a province of the Dominion. If nations are justified in breaking treaties, if corporations and privat individuals are justified in receding from solemn obligations when it appears to them advantageous so to do, then the province of Manitoba is justified in its course in regard to the Catholic schools. Our contemporary must surely recognize the fact that there must be a point at which provincial rights end and provincial wrongs begin. The Globe has all along argued, when attacks were made upon the Separate school system of Ontario, that the Confederation compact should be adhered to. An equally binding agreement was made by the Province of Manitoba. If that Province, then, were within its right in violating its obligations, would it not, by the same course of reasoning, be a provincial right were Ontario to follow in its footsteps?

> AN A. P. A. conspiracy has been detected in the Post Office of Savannah, Georgia, wherein the sharers in the plot signed a document pledging them selves to stand by each other, and not report each other's errors. They were to support each other in every way possible, and to secure the dismissal of Catholic employees by clandestine methods and hostile reports. Colored employees were to be attacked by similar methods, and it was the say ing among the conspirators that "Cath olics and coons must go." But the plan did not work smoothly, and the conspiracy was discovered accidentally through hints let fall by one of the employees whose case of dereliction of

Catholic employees into trouble, through complaints to be made to the postmaster-general. The result has been the dismissal of a clerk named E. S. Payge, who drew up the document which the plotters signed, and sought to obtain signatures thereto. A society which is known as the Junior Order of American Mechanics, which has the same objects as the A. P. A., is implicated also in the infamous conspiracy. Would it not be well if our Canadian postmaster general were to keep his eyes open for deviltries of this kind? If an investigation were set on foot it would not take him long to discover that some of our Candain postoffices are honeycombed with this vagabond-

It is stated that the Holy Father expresses great confidence that the political obstacles which prevent the reunion of the Eastern and Western Churches will ultimately be removed and the desired union brought about. He exhorts Catholics to pray earnestly for this object, which will be of great benefit to religion, and will give to all nations a new religious life.

THROUGH the intervention of Mgr. Satolli, the Pope's Delegate to the United States, cordial relations have been re-established between the Holy See and the Government of Nicaragua, an envoy having been sent by the Nicaraguan Government to Rome, and a better understanding having been established between the civil and religious authorities of Nicaragua. There had been considerable friction between the two authorities, and a number of priests and many members of religious orders had been exiled by the Government; but under the newly established arrangement there is good ground for believing that the proscription will be shortly removed.

Dr. Joseph Zemp, the President of the Swiss Republic, is a practical Catholic and not merely a Catholic in name. An interesting fact has been authentically related of him recently which proves this. He came to the church of Berne to go to confession, and as the other penitents recognized him, they offered with one accord to make room for him, but he requested them to retain their places, and waited patiently for two hours till his turn came to enter the confessional. During the time while he was thus waiting he recited the rosary with great devotion setting a good example to other prominent Catholics.

MEMORIES OF HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Rome has become an unholy spot Lent is as gay as possible; and majority of folk one meets in the in-numerable churches of the city have Bradshaws in their hands in place of I positively read the prayer-books. bills of eight theatres open on the night of Ash Wednesday! It is thus that the modern Roman humbles himself, and the spectacle has ceased to stonish me. Mask by the innumerable itinerant artists, are placarded all over the town. short, Lent is a trifle gayer than the Carnival,—and that is saying some-thing. But for the almanac I, for one, would never have suspected that it was

a season of penance. Finding it utterly impossible to real ize the solemnity of the occasion, or to follow the faithful who every day dur ing the forty days of penance some one of the churches, that in their turn receive the worshippers with special services, I went my way lamenting my too late pilgrimage to the Capital of Christendom; and thus lamenting stumbled upon Holy Week with a delightful thrill of surprise. Now, I thought, we shall reform for a few days at least, and then Rome may do what it pleases without danger of

shocking any one.
But not so. The celebrated Miserere was given at the Sala Dante in concer form, and it was not sung at the Vati Then it was repeated can as of yore. by request, and the operatic troupesthree of them-ran a heavy opposition The theatres were also open, even on Good Friday; and this is one of the results of the "liberation of Italy." is liberal, in the fullest sense of the word; and I realize it more and more the longer I stay here and the later chance to be in the streets at night.

I don't propose to say anything abou "World's Cathedral," thorne calls St. Peter's. I may per-haps be allowed to suggest that when anybody pronounces it a disappoint-ment, the fault lies in his eyes or his heart, and not in that fascinating shrine of light and color and form and piazza, with its horizon of stone columns, that seemed to melt one into but columns as far as the eye of the plan consisted in mixing up could see; when I saw those two great of the plan consisted in mixing up dates back almost to the beginning of

certain mails, and thereby bringing time; when I began walking across this wide arena, it didn't seem so very far up to the gates of St. Peter's--you can hardly call those triumphal en-trances mere doors. But as I walked the building grew and grew, and kept receding; and I thought it would end by filling that side of the earth, and I should never get there, or perhaps fear to approach so vast and majestic

That was the first impres an edifice Then came the moment when sion. in under the curtain that hung at one of the entrances; and 1 saw nothing but space, musical with the harmony of form and color - space that didn' waste itself in deserts, or grow monot onous, or fatigue the eye; but rather space that enriched itself and strength ened itself and glorified itself with infinite art. There was the sweetest subtlest odor of incense pervading it it was like the visible prayer of a multitude that no man might number was the only element that could pos sibly fill that fixed firmament. And it passed like a cloud from aisle to aisle it faded away in hidden chapels, and returned again on the soft currents of air that love to visit every remote re

cess of the heavenly temple.

It was impossible to face all this and not feel awed. Yet there was neither nook nor corner to hide in ; for on the one hand is a marble saint, who belittles the greatest man who ever lived, with the white and silent splendor of its face and form; and on the other hand is a tomb, over which angels watch or beside which mourners weep and everywhere there are pale doves, with calm, wakeful eyes, and cherubim and seraphim; and above all the domes -not the one dome that crowds up into heaven itself, but smaller domes, full of gold and silver and jewels, such as one dreams of and none hope to see. Chapels everywhere come into view rom serene and sacred seclusions. Lights twinkle like stars - lights that eem to float in the air and feed on it. Here is a priest at Mass, with his little cluster of worshipful souls kneeling about him; and then a procession of seminarians pass slowly down the nave, in their long, dark robes. In the distance, black objects are moving to and fro; they seem like little shadows thrown upon the marble floor of the "World's Cathedral;" but they are in reality men and women, stalk ing about with eye-glasses and guide books, and proud, shallow hearts, and evil tongues, who come hither for an hour or two and look about, and then go hence to talk glibly and foolishly of their disappointment.

I don't know how many times I have journeyed over the Tiber and into the dge of Rome, where stands St. Peter's. I am glad that I have lost my reckoning; for it is pleasant to think I have done it again and again, until it is hard to stop away from the ever-new, ever - increasing beauty. For the seven days of Holy Week I went daily; but the last day of the seven and the Easter Sunday that followed were in nowise less lovely than the first hour of my communion there. It is not this chapel or that monument, nor the gorgeous shrine of the revered saint, nor the awful and splendid dome, that attracts chiefly. It is the inexhaust-ible resources of the marvellous place that make one loath to leave, for fear that one has missed something, or is about to miss something. And, then, the atmosphere of the cathedral is so delicious. It is said the temperature never changes: that in summer, when Rome is sweltering, the unhappy ner who is not able to go into the hills may come hither and get something of the sweetness and the freshness of the mountain air; and in winter, there is hail and sleet and a bitter wind out of doors, within there is peace and the mellowness of And there is ever the throng of those who go up into this sacred hill to pray, mingled with the chant of sweet and far away voices, that seems to awaken a chorus on the marble lips of these singing and praiseful faces. And the swinging censer throws out a little cloud of fragrant incense, that passes lightly from column to column, sanctifying all it visits, and slowly making the circuit of the magnetic girdle that

hems this holy hall. Dickens didn't like St. Peter's. Poor Dickens! who, like so many other tourists, rushed in and rushed out, and was tull of disappointment because it hadn't staggered him within the few minutes he allotted it for that very purpose. But who expects these people to like it? Bless their hearts, that great curtain at the portals of St. Peter's flaps to and fro perpetually; and the marble sky of the dome, that looks as light as air and as fine as spun sunshine, soars over the marble floor, where these thousands of little crawling creatures are clustering like ants. Can a mind in a body of that size com prehend so awful a miracle as this at one sitting? I should say not. As for me, I have learned that St. Peter's is the one solitary magnet that can ever hope to draw me back to Rome, and I believe it might. For it, and it alone, I would sink every other object in this suffocating museum of antiquities. Yea, I would throw in a half dozen dreary, dingy, dusty Coliseums, if I had them, and feel that I had made bargain.

I began this letter intending to say nothing about St. Peter's but I have music. I don't know how to express betrayed myself. I meant to say somemyself, and I won't try. I do know that when I entered the great Holy Week, but I will not. I prefer betrayed myself. I meant to say something concerning the ceremonies of to be consistent, and here the matter ends. Crowds of people flocked daily another until there was nothing left to the cathedral, and still the place seemed comparatively empty; I cannot conceive of its ever being full, under

guages talked in voices that sounded unnecessarily loud; but there is little use in feeling shocked at anything in

While the Masses were being celebrated in the various chapels, while the confessionals wherein all Christian tengues are spoken were being visited by penitents, while the sacred relics were being exposed in one of the gal leries under the great dome, the forestieri stalked about and regarded every thing with indelicate, not to say im I wonder why pudent, curiosity. gentlemen are always so ill-bred and why ladies are so vulgar? I have seen a woman with a loud American accent sit on the steps of an altar in St. Peter's and study her guide-book with an eye-glass; while her companion made wild gestures with his brella, and smiled a superior smile that grew unpleasantly like a grin as the muscles of his face began to harden. Meanwhile a priest who was kneeling at the altar in prayer was driven from his post, and the foreigners were left to their diversions.

Again and again I have seen a small party of tourists gather about the statue of St. Peter, looking with ill disguised disgust at the faithful who were kissing the toe of it. I am afraid I took a sinful pride in kissing that toe whenever I saw this sort of thing coming on. You can usually tell it by the eyes-glass if it is a male, or by a travelling dress and a camp stool if it is a female. A fellow with excessively bad legs stalked before me on one occasion during the exposition of the relies; and when I desired him to stand a little to one side — for as I was kneeling it was but just that he should have shown this considerationhe deliberately eyed me for a moment. and then ignored me. Had it been other than a church that we were in, I

might have expressed an opinion. Perhaps these people don't consider that it is not the custom of others who differ from them in any point of faith to go over the land haunting, like pestilence, the sanctuaries that of course they cannot reverence. Probably this distressing class is not troubled with much reason or rever ence or religion. This is the unavoidable nuisance that stinks in the nostrils of every man who comes to Rome, or to any foreign city, for the purpose of seeing it as it is and enjoying it to the best of his ability. On one occasion I happened to be

resting in St. Peter's, when I was attracted by the lusty lungs of a small baby who objected to infant baptism. There were a half dozen spectators watching the ceremony with con-siderable interest; and as the priest anointed the eyes and touched the lips of the youngster with oil and salt, a sallow and withered specimen of the forestieri, who stood by me, with her arm in the arm of one of her kind, turned about with a jerk and said, in an audible voice—they nearly all talk too loud: "The nasty thing! He put oil in its eyes and salt in its mouth. I'd teach him better, I guess! And I thought to myself, my unfortunate friend, God is merciful. The softest glance from your ill-favored eyes is not so soft as that drop of oil, and salt is probably sweeter than your smile. We had no conversation after that .- Ave Maria.

ORIGIN OF A DEVOTION.

Practice Inaugurated by Mary Deve-lops Into the Way of the Cross.

Tradition tells us that after Christ's ascension the Blessed Virgin was won daily to travel from Pilate's house to Calvary, along the way over sne paused at those spots made memorable by some insult, injustice, or cruelty inflicted on Christ. Who can form an idea of the Queen of Martyrs as she thus, amid those silent witnesses of the passion, meditated on the sufferings of her Divine Son? Must not every sight of the pillar at which He was scourged, of the tribune whereon He was mocked, of the spots whereon if the province, and will add materially to the known Catholic history—or particularly to the known Catholic history—of the province, and will add materially to which Jesus bore the cross, and that He was mocked, of the spots whereon He fell, of the way marked by His blood, of the nails that transfixed Him and of the cross whereon He died, of the grave wherein He was buried, have been a sword which pierced her loving heart? How must her bleeding heart have melted in symher suffering Son! pathy with oh, how she must have prayed that His sufferings and His death might not be for sinners in vain!

These pilgrimages were noticed The sorrowful Mother was not permitted to make them alone. The holy women and disciples of our Lord ac companied her, praying in the spirit

Fount of love and holy sorrow.
Mother! may our spirit borrow
Somewhat of thy woe profound;
Unto Christ with pure emotion
Raise our contrite hearts' devotion—
Love to read in every wound!

Thus the practice inaugurated by Mary grew into a devotion which has led Christians to hold in veneration every place in Palestine identified with our Saviour. The devotion spread until every one who had a favor to expect or a transgression to explate vowed to visit the Holy Land. Pilgrimages to Jerusalem became daily more frequent and numerous. piously inclined resolved to spend their lives in the practice of mortification and prayer, where the very surroundings would constantly speak to them the events in their Divine Master's life and death.

With the growth of Christianity the remoteness of certain peoples rendered for them a journey to Jerusalem so fraught with expense, difficulty, danger and sometimes disorder that many pious souls found it inadvisable, if not well nigh impossible, to make a pilgrimage there.

that were called into the vineyard at the eleventh hour received as much as those "who bore the heat and labor of the day," so the same just Lord decreed that those who could visit Jerusalem only in spirit should receive the same graces as those who were privi-leged to do so in person, and by the erection of the Stations of the Cross (or pictures representing our Lord's journey to Mount Calvary), every Catholic church became a Jerusalem to all souls who there sought the graces and Indulgences of the Holy City. - Very Rev. D. I. McDermott in Our Lady of Good Counsel.

The Long Ago.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time, As it runs through the realms of tears. With a faultiess rhythm and musical rhyme, And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime, And blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of And the summers like buds between, And the years in the sheaf so they come and they go. On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow, As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There is a magical Isle up the river Time, Where the softest of airs are playing; There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime, And a song as sweet as a Vesper chime, And the June's with the roces are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago, And we bury our treasures there. There are brows of beauty and bosoms of

There are fragments of song that nobody sings. And a part of an infant's prayer. There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings. strings.

There are broken bows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy

shore By the mirage is lifted in air. And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar. When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for awa be the bleased isle,
All the day of life till night
When the evening coines with its beautiful
smile
And our eyes are challed to slumber a white.
May that "greenwood" of soul be in sight.

-Editor's Drawer, Marper's Monthly, July 1851.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

IN ST. JOHN, N. B.

At St. JOHN, N. R.

At St. John, N. B., in all the Catholic churches on Sunday, there was special reference to the feast of St. Pusrick.

High Mass was e-sebrated in the cathedrah by the Rev. A. Rebichaud, assisted by the Rev. T. Casey and A. O Neill. Bishop Sweeney was prosent. Father Casey ably expounded the lessons to be derived from the life and labors of Irelant's quotile.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Compolly, V. G., preached on St. Patrick, in the church of St. John the Baptist.

preached on St. Patrick, in the church of St. John the Baptist.

At High Mass in 9t. Feter's church, sele-brated by the Rev. These, A. Donahue, C. H. R., assisted by Fathers Cunningham and Krien, the sermon was preached by Father Brien. An unusually large congregation attended the Vesper service in Holv Trinity charch Sunday evening, when the Kev. A. O'Neil, of the cathedral, delivered a panegyric on St. Patrick, church of the Assumption, Carleton,

Sunday evening, when the icev. A. O'Neils, of the cathedral, delivered a panegyric on St. Patrick.

In the church of the Assumption, Carleton, the Rev. J. J. O'Donovan preached at High Mass on Ireland's patron scale.

On Sunday evening a sacred concort was given in St. Patrick's hall, Ghrieton, for the benefit of the orphan asylum. It was a great success, as are all of Father O'Donovan's entertainments. The voral soloists included such intented singers as Misses Funds hawlor, McCarron and slice McAnality; Messrs. 5, Kelly, James McCarron, Hugh Chapbells and F. McCarforty,

County President Ferguson presided at the members and friends of the society sat down of the McCarforty, McMonday evening. About one hundred members and friends of the society sat down of the McCarforty, County President Ferguson presided at the members and friends of the society sat down of the McCarforty, County President Ferguson presided at the McCarforty, L. C. L. Cancron, P. Tole, P. Gallagher, J. F. Ashe, T. Kickham, J. F. Gallagher, J. F. Ashe, T. Kickham, J. F. Gallagher, J. F. Ashe, T. McCarforty, H. McDatt, P. Murphy, W. Hogan, J. Gallagher, J. F. Murphy, W. Hogan, J. Gallagher, J. Mullag, E. Finnigan and Br. Maher, The speeches were interspessed with songs by Windings, J. F. Ashe, W. McCarthy, H. Campbell, C. K. Cameron, 1816 a recitation by Or. Burns.

The Opera House was crowded Monday evening.

bell C. K. Cameron sales at Community when the dramatic slub of the Young Men's Society of St. Joseph presented. O'Rourke's Triumph. The performance was one of the best systematically the club. The play was admirably presented, and the entertainment was very creditable to sli community.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE NIAGARA PENINSULA."

nonnees, will be a valuation administration of the general history—at it is, of course, more particularly to the Roman Catholic history—of the province, and will add materially to the already established reputation of the author. Beginning with the Franciscan triar Daillon, who, in 1628, visited the great Neutral tribes whose hunting grounds stretched from the Genesee to the Detroit narrows, the dean traces, with his characteristic skill and accuracy, the history of the Roman Catholic Church in the Miagara peninsula down to the present day. His description of the Neutral tribe, known as the Attiwandarons, the archaeology of the nation, their domestic habits and forms of government, is perhaps the most complete extant. The book will be profusely illustrated, and will no doubt have a large sale among those who are interested in the history of the primitive tribes of the Dominion. The publisher has done wisely in putting the subject matter into large, clear type, similar to that in Parkman's works and Mrs. Edgar's "Ten Years of Upper Canada."

St. Joseph's Church, Leslieville,

St. Joseph's Church, Leslieville.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the parishioners took place recently in order to make arrangements for the annual concert which takes place on Easter Monday night in Dingman's hall, Broadview avenue and Queen street, east. Mr. T. Finucan was unanimously elected chairman, and the wisdom he has displayed in the selection of his committees angars well for the success of the concert, as none but good workers have been chosen. Father McEntee is making strenuous efforts to reduce the debt on the church, which has been rather increased during the past two years by the many necessary improvements which have been made. Owing to a rather different way of working, the concerts of late years have not been a financial success, so, on the suggestions of members of the committees, it was decided to return to the old order of things, when standing room could hardly be secured at the entertanments. The ladies of the congregation are kindly giving their assistance, and those wishing for a night's recreation could not do better than patronize this concert, as first class talent has been secured, while nothing has been left undone which will in any way contribute towards making this the most successful entertainment yet held in connection with St. Joseph's church.

advisable, to make a As those

He who is not patient with converts to God will forfeit many of his own graces before he is aware.—Father Faber.