A poem commemorative of college days and dedicated to the Professors and students of St. Michael's College, Toronto.

O hallow'd scene of boy hood's morn
when hope held high her lamp above,
And dreams of manhood flushed the days
Bright-ringed like sun-lit skies of love;
Through vistas clad with purple toil
I view the honied hours once more,
And clasp the hand of comrades fond
And greet each heart at memory's door.

plume;
plume;
plume;
plume;
you've nestl'd long 'mid sun and gloom,—
Within my heart your cherished forms
Have graced the hours of long ago.
When flowers of spring in fragrance

n'd at of winter's cruel snow.

Across the years that bind my brow Fall glints of sunshine from the past, As sailing swiftly thro' iffe's sea Morn's crimson streak lights up the mast. The onesisters in the grove I hear,—A unreful choir of other days, Whose notes of rapture stir my heart Like chords of old medieval lays.

Ah! morn so bright of long ago
When first I sought that classic hall,
Where Faith and science shed their light
And duty hearken'd to each call,—
Where hearts are taught a love of truth
Nor filled with anxious gain nor care,
Where toil is but the seal of heaven
A psalm of love—a rounded prayer!

Sweet rosarv of the days gone by Your beads I tell in memory's cell— A pilgrim kneeling at a shrice. Where Feace and Virtue love to dwell: A pilgrim sandall'd with the hours That erst while filled my heart with cheer, Within St. Michael's storied walls Whose memories pulss thro' smile and

O sweet-lipped hours, O golden days,
That light with Joy my darling noon,
O roses set with petals bright
That dream in amber light of June,
Fill up my heart with star-clad thought,
With kindly flames which gleam and burn
That in the eventide of life
May glow anew from fragrant un !
THOMAS O'HAGAN.

ORIGIN AND ADVANTAGES OF THE MONTH OF MARY.

1. Origin of the Month of Mary. The Church, ever attentive to procuring glory for Mary, has multiplied devotions and feasts in her honor. She invites her children to honor her three times a day by the recitation of the Angelus, she consecrates the Saturday of each week to her, and calculate one of her festivals almost secrates the Saturday of each week to her, and celebrates one of her festivals almost every month. But this was not enough for the piety of her children. All hearts filled with the love of Mary wished to pay her their homage in a way more notable still. A holy priest filled the void which all acknowledged, by making them. for the piety of her children. All hearts filled with the love of Mary wished to pay her their homage in a way more notable still. A holy priest filled the void which all acknowledged, by making them consecrate a month in the year to celebrating the greatness and studying the virtues of the august Virgin. "Now," well says Father Lalomis, "when one makes an offering, he should choose what is best and most pleased: this is why the most beautiful month of the year has been selected, which by the renovation of nature and the agreeable variety of flowers wherewith the earth is covered, seems to invite the soul too to recognize grace, to cloth itself with most beautiful acte of virtue, to make of them as it were a crown for the Queen of the Universe." The author of so holy a practice remains unknown, all researches can lead only to uncertainty. God, doubtless, wished to preserve the humitty of His servant from the praises of men, reserving an infinitely more precious reward for him in heaven; but He has blessed His work. Its development and spread strike the most prejudiced minds with astonishment, and compel them to recognize the finger of God therein. A holy priest whose name is so well known and so justly revered, by all children of Mary, thus explains this wonder to us: "Remember that touching story of the prophet Elias who after three mortal years of drought, retires on the summit of Carmel and implores God to remember His mercies of old. Six times in succession he sends his servant to look towards the sea, and he anxiously asks him if he does not behold any favorable sign. Only on the seventh time does the young man tell him of a little cloud the young man tell him of a little cloud the size of a man's foot." Truly it is very little it is enough to make the Prophet size of a man's foot." Truly it is very little it is enough to make the Prophet size of a man's foot." Truly it is very little it is enough to make the Prophet size of a man's foot." Truly it is very little it is enough to make the Prophet size of a remember His mercies of old. Six times in succession he sends his servant to look towards the sea, and he anxiously asks him if he does not behold any favorable sign. Only on the seventh time does the young man tell him of a little cloud the size of a man's foot." Truly it is very little; it is enough to make the Prophet hope that his prayers will be heard. pe that his prayers will be heard. A coment more and the heavens grow dark, moment more and the neavens grow dark, the clouds pile up, the winds are unloosed, and the rain falls in torrents. That little cloud was the size of a man's boot. The origin of the month of Mary displayed still less, only a child's foot. It was in Rome, towards the end of the last century on a heaviful againg in the month tury, on a beautiful evening in the month of May, a child of the people assembled his companions around him before a statue

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO.

186 Dundas Street,

Tailors and Gents' Furnishers,

FINE AND
MEDIUM WOOLLENS
A SPECIALTY.

Written for the Catholic Record.
Memory's Urn.

A poem commemorative of college days and dedicated to the Professors and students of the Memory to the Memory to Mary.

A poem commemorative of college days and dedicated to the Professors and students of the Memory to Mary.

INSPECTION INVITED.

A poem commemorative of college days and dedicated to the Professors and students of the Memory to Mary.

A poem commemorative of college days and dedicated to the Professors and students of the Memory to Mary.

A poem commemorative of college days and dedicated to the Professors and students of the Memory to Memory

a practice which she rewards by the most glorious advantages.

2. Advantages of the Month of Mary.

"I am," the Most Blessed Virgin tells us, "the mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope. In me is all hope of life and virtue." These words are a source of consolation for the just, of strength for those who are wavering, and of light for the sinner. Pharauhad put all his confidence in the virtuous Joseph and made him the depository of Joseph, and made him the depository of his treasures, and his power, so he sent to his faithful minister all his subjects who came to ask him for bread to maintain their life and commended them to do whatever he wished. God, father better whatever he wished. God, father better than this, has put His power and His treasures in the hands of Mary; hence no grace flows and descends from the throne of God unless it has passed through the hands of Mary. "O Mary," cries out a holy bishop, "thy greatness is infinite, thy protection is mighty, O Mary! Thy benefits are many, they are numberless, for no one, O Most Holy Virgin, is saved unless through thee, no one is delivered from the evils of this life unless by thee, O most pure Virgin! No one, O most chaste Virgin, receives grace unless through thee, and grace is merciful to none unless through thee, O Virgin deserving of all honor." Let the just then gladly enter upon the holy exercises of the month of May, the moment has come for ing of all honor." Let the just then gladly enter upon the holy exercises of the month of May, the moment has come for him to increase his merits, and to attain a higher degree of perfection He is already dear to the heart of Mary, his virtues which recall those of the august Mother give him most precious rights to her maternal affection. Let him pray to Mary, and he will obtain for himself the abundance of divine treasures; Mary will grant him to push out his branches, and his branches will be of honor and glory, she will make him send forth flowers of pleasing odor, and his flowers will be fruits of abundance and glory. Let him pray to Mary. And his prayers will obtain the perseverance for the just, strength for the weak, and the grace of conversion for sinners.

sinners.

If you are among those whose heart is divided between God and man, those who fear, on the one hand, to enter the ways of virtue whose charms captivate their heart; but whose difficulties affright their weakness, and, on the other hand, fear to follow the vagaries of the world, because they understand all its dangers, and are not ignorant of the fact that the broad road on which it keeps its victims leads to

Bernard:
"Let us all gladly fly beneath the standards of Mary. Let us all fall prostrate at her feet, let us all implore that heart inflamed with divine charity to be moved by our miseries, let us perseveringly im-plore her aid, and let us not cease groan-ing and praying until she has granted us her protection and adopted us as her children."

MEETING OF SEPARATE SCHOOL TEACHERS.

his companions around him before a statue of Mary, where, according to the custom of the holy city, a lamp was kept burning. And there those pure and innocent voices sang the litanies of the Virgin. Next day this lovable little band returned to the feet of the Madonna, followed by other children. The mothers came of themselves to join this meeting; then other groups were formed and soon became popular. The month of Mary was founded.

Soon the little stream became a great river which brought fertility and abundance to the whole earth. The mustard seed has produced a great tree whose branches offer a sure refuge for birds of the air; that is, devotion to the month of Mary, so weak and limited in its origin,

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1886.

DEATH OF REV. ABRAM J. RYAN AT LOUIS-VILLE.

PRIEST AND POET.

Boston Republic.

Among the Catholic clergy of eminence there is none who enjys a wider reputation, perhaps, than what the late Abram J. Ryan, who died last week at St. Boniface's Church, Louisville, Ky., possessed, and which came to him from his eminent poetic abilities, which long since won him the appellation of "The Poet Priest of the South." Father Ryan was born in Virthe appenation of The Fost Priest of the South." Father Ryan was born in Virginia in 1840 of Irish parents, who came from the county Limerick. Having early evinced a disposition for the priesthood, he was sent, after his classical studies, to he was sent, after his classical source, to the Barrens, the Vincentian Seminary at Cape Girardeau, Mo., where he made his theological course, remaining a brief while a member of the Vincentian order, we believe. At the outbreak of the late civil war, Father Ryan sought for and obtained the position of chaplain in one of the southern regiments, and, in his ecclesiastical capacity, he followed the fortunes of the stars and bars until their fortunes of the stars and bars until their final eclipse at Appomattox Court House. One of his brothers, Daniel L. Ryan, was a captain in the Confederate service, falling in battle, and his death furnished the poet priest with the subject of one of his finest poems. Father Ryan was an enthusiastic southerner; his heart's affections were wrapped up in the southerners and

were sung in eulogizing it. In fact, it may be said that it was that cause which made were sung in eulogizing it. In fact, it may be said that it was that cause which made him a poet, for, although there is no question but what has other songs, which treat mainly of religious or mystical subjects, which have won his renown, it is as the poet of the "lost cause" that he will be most remembered. As it was the same thing, viz, his singing of southern war lyrics, that made him so dear to the southern people. High above the din of the conflict, appealing even to northern sympathy by their force, beauty and plaintiveness, his songs rang and won their author fame. Naturally, the Irish blod in his veins inspired Father Ryan to sing of the wrongs of Innisfail, and his magnificent address to "Erin's Fiag" will long be remembered and quoted. Father Ryan's poetry, which he himself declared was always written in a hurry, bears on marks here at d there of imperfect finish, it is true, and, weighed in a strict standard, it would show many technical imperfections. But nobody can deny to his verse many who grieved when they heard that it would show many technical imperfec-tions. But nobody can deny to his verse the true poetic thought and the passionate fire, which, despite its imperfections, stamp its writer, a true poet. Had he taken the time to polish his lines, they might read more smoothly than they do. but they might also forfeit much of

THAT STRONG INDIVIDUALITY they certainly possess in their present shape. About six years ago, when Father Ryan was in Mobile, a young legal friend, Mr. Harmis Taylor, who was a great ad-mirer of the priest's poetic powers, and who lamented that no collection had ever who lamented that no collection had ever been made of his poems, which, up to that time, had appeared only in the columns of the newspapers or the pages of the magazines, prevailed on him, by offering to share the cost of publication, to gather them together, which the author did, and they were then brought out in book form by the firm of J. L. Rapier & Co., Mobile. The book has had a fairly good sale, but nothing at all like what its merits should give it. In this volume appear all the give it. In this volume appear all the best of Father Ryan's poetic writings, and best of Father Ryan's poetic writings, and we regret that the brief space at our command does not allow us to quote from it at greater length than to reproduce here one stanza of his impassioned apostrophe to the southern banner. Without discussing in any way here the rights or wrongs of the cause which "The Conquered Banner" typified, no one can deny that Father Ryan's poem on it is

A SONG OF SURPASSING SADNESS and tender sweetness. The poem is, indeed, a wail of sorrow from the broken heart with which the South saw its hopes die out when that banner was furled. Here is the first stanza of the poet priest's

poetic voiceing of that wail

"Furl that banker, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it. fold it—it is best;
For there's not as man to wave it,
And there's not one left to lave it.
And the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes may seorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest."

Shortly after the war Father Ryan Shortly are the war rather hyan became attached to the diocese of Mobile, the bishop of which at that time, the late Right Rev. John Quinlan, D. D., whose heart was as big as his frame was massive welcomed the sad singer to his see an welcomed the sad singer to his see and appointed him to an important trust, at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. Prior to going to Mobile, Father Ryan had been located at Nashville and Clarksville in the diocese of Nashville, and he also did duty for a while at Natchez, Miss. During his stay at Mobile, Father Ryan became in a manner the preacher of the cathedral, and whenever it was known that he was to occupy the pulpit the church proved insufficient to hold the vast audiences which always gathered to listen to

his eloquence.
THE POET PRIEST'S SERMONS and, for that matter, his lectures may be described as poetic discourses in prose form. The whole nature of the man seemed imbued with lofty thoughts, and whother he spoke in prose or wrote in verse, one could not help recognizing that it was a true poet who was speaking. After some years of duty in Mobile, Father Ryan, who was deeply engaged then in literary work, asked and obtained his superior's permission to retire from the more active ministry, in order that he might be able to give more time to his books, on one of which, "The Story Runneth thus," he was engaged at the time of his death. He first assumed pastoral charge of the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Eufauls, Ala, but finding even that too burdensome, he retired to Biloxi, Miss, where he made his residence for

ton, was invited to visit this city, and in compliance with that request he came here a few years ago, stopping at Boston College, as the guest of the Jesuit Fathers. During his stay here he frequently preached at the Church of the Immaculate Conception and he delivered a certain number of lectures in Boston and vicinity. Returning to the Southwest, his time of lets years has been mainly occupied in occupied in late years has been mainly preaching missions and giving lectures, and his journeyings have been mentioned and his jurneyings have been mentioned from time to time in the religious columns of this paper. It was only a few weeks ago that we mentioned the fact that he was visiting clerical friends in Ohio. His last visit, previous to going to Louisville to die, appears to have been to Reading, O, of which place the Rev. Charles McCallion, a brother, by the way, of the worthy Rev. Michael McCallion of Warren, R. I., and formerly located in this city, accompanied him to Louisville. It was Father Ryan's intention in visiting Louisville to make

tions with all of his old-time eloquence.
The end was near, however, and death
came at last to claim the sufferer and
bring the weary spirit rest. The news of
Father Ryan's demise caused universal
corrow in the South, where he was best
known and consequently most loved,
and throughout the North there were
many who grisved when they heard that many who grieved when they heard that the poet priest's tuneful voice had been stilled forevermore.

ON LAST SATURDAY the remains of the dead singer lay in state at the Franciscan Convent, Green street, Louisville, and were viewed by a constant stream of friends. At 10.30 they were removed to St. Boniface's Church, where funeral services were held. The ex-Confederate soldiers of Lonisville attended the funeral in a body, and a committee of their number body, and a committee of their number, among whom were many distinguished ex-Confederate officers, judges of the United States and state courts, and prominent citizens, acted as pall bearers and a funeral escort. They carried with them a firal cross and crown to which was attached a card inscribed, "Love and sympathy of the ex Confederate soldiers of Louisville." The body was borne to the denot and shipped to borne to the depot and shipped to Mobile, where it was interred. Before removing the remains from the monasat the bier, where General Alpheus Baker read resolutions expressive of the deep sorrow occasioned by Father Ryan's death, and of the love and veneration in which he was held by his old comrades.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

A VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE. As familiar to all of our readers as their own names is the saying "that charity begins at home." And right here in Dundas a charity has

not only been begun, but has been carried on for some years with an energy and directness of purpose that have placed it in the foremost rank among the many well managed and successful Canadian charitable institutions.

We refer to the House of Providence which while perfectly familiar to nine tenths of our readers as to its externa appearance, and its reputation for doing good work well, is not at all familiar a good work well, is not at all familiar as to its interior arrangements and the scale on which within its walls the poor, needy and helpless, are fed, clothed and ministered to, and even those in fairly good circumstances are provided with bright cheerful apartments and perfect attendance, such as their means could never secure them in their own homes or those of friends.

secure them in their own homes or those of friends.

The visitor entering the grounds at the handsome gateway finds that the choice of two pathways is given him, by which to reach the entrance door. One leads directly from the gate across a grassy orchard, and by a stairway up the face of the slope, while the other winding a way to the right, leads by an easy slope and a way full of pretty glimpses of the town below and the grounds of the institution, to the same goal as the more direct pathway. To the left of the entrance gate a well kept carriage drive circles around the grounds and leads to the neatly laid out plot in front of the main entrance. Ringing at the front door and proferring a request to be conducted through the house, the visitor is cordially received and shown to a handsome reception room on the second for the new chapel which is at the extreme west of the north wing which is at the extreme west of the north wing which is at the extreme west of the north wing which is at the extreme west of the north wing which is at its conditional preceived and shown to a handsome reception room on the second floor, reaching it by the main staircase and a bright hall, where many house plants put forth their greenery, and make even the now present spring seem tardy in giving us bloom and green leaves to look upon, outside.

A few minutes suffices to bring the Mother Superior to great the visitor, and

miles from Beauvoir, where, as it is well known, the ex President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, has of late years had his home, the intimate friendship which existed between the priest and the deposed President naturally led to frequent communication between them, and some of Father Ryan's pleasantest hours were spent at Beauvoir in talking with his host over the sad incidents of the war and recalling the memories of mutual friends who fell in their misguided efforts to build up a southern confederacy. Father Ryan, whose fame was well known here in Boston, was invited to visit this city, and in compliance with that request he came here a few years are stoughent at Ryan, who fact a grant the sad incidents of the whole house on Thursday last. Passing from the reception room a glance is had into the bright and well furnished apartment occupied by Rev. Father Maddigan, who has charge of the spiritual effairs of the inmates of the house, but is at present in ill-health. Across the hall way of the main building, we pass through and

way of the main building, we pass through the room formerly used as a chapel, and to the Sisters' dormitory. Here glimpses are had through the open doors of the plain and scrupulously gumpses are had through the open doors of the plain and scrupulously neat furnishings of each room, and passing farther on to the third story of the south wing the boys' dormitory is reached. It is a pleasant sight indeed, the pure white walls and coverlets of the many little beds, being given a warmth by the supshine coming thereach the many little beas, being given a warmth by the sunshine coming through the windows, the rich color of the waxed floors and the bright wood of the bed-steads; that so white a room could have such a cosy appearance would hardly be believed. A small room off the larger tarminary contain more than a dozen believed. A small room on the larger dormitory contain more than a dozen wee cradles and cots, the little owners of which no doubt sleep as well under the care of the kind Sister who reets in the same room, as with their own mothers in charge. In this room is a beautiful folding screen covered on both sides with colored pictures, and which is a source of unlimited amusement to the wee ones, to whom it was presented by an Ancaster ledy. Descending to the next floor of the south wing the neat rooms another to the seed women are ailotted to the aged women are seen, while in the corridor connecting the wing with the main house are the rooms of number of old women, whose sons or daughters provide for them, and who have each their comfortably furnished nave each their comfortably furnished room ornamented with such comforts and nick nacks as the purses and inclinations of their children will allow them. Each old lady's room is her castle, and she is as cosy and comfortable as her heart could desire. Down another story, and the basement is reached. While nominally a basement, the provi-While nominally a basement, the provi-sions for light and ventilation are so thorough that all the rooms are equal in these respects to those on the floors above. First comes the kitchen, whose mammoth range and complete culinary appliances defy description by an un-sophisticated man, and we leave it for sophisticated man, and we leave it for the ladies to inspect themselves. Suffice to ray that when over two hundred hungry people have to be satisfied three times daily, a well equipped kitchen is necessary—and it is there.

necessary—and it is there.

From the kitchen we pass through a short hall to the boy's schoolroom, where every available seat is taken up, by a sturdy, bright eyed little chap who takes in the visitors with a keen but respectful glance, and all of whom rise as one boy at a slight gesture from the Sister in charge who seems to control them by the wirely who seems to control them by the princi ples of moral sussion and personal regard. There are boys of every age up to ten or twelve, every size, and every disposition, and it is a most interesting study to watch the little fellows faces as they sing for the delectation of the visitors "Jim the Carter lad," all throwing back their shoulders, expanding their chests and opening wide their mouths, in an endeavor to get as much enjoyment out of the song as possible by making more noise than the next one.

In the next one.

In the next room are the toddlers, chubby little fellows just able to talk and walk, all having a merry time over games and plays provided by kind friends. The motherly sister whose face proclaims her just the one for her charge points with pride to the last addition of the family, a stout young fellow in a high chair, so well fed and contented that he is even indifferent to a tickling of the ribs and almost neglects to smile, so per fect is his state of repose, even with his

A door opens and through a short ball access is gained to the bright sitting room in which the old women inmates spend their days. Around the room which is a large one, are chairs and sofas all occupied by old ladies many occupied by knitting or sewing, some too feeble to do either, and happy to be permitted to sit and dream the days away in comfortable quarters and under the kind and watchful care of the Sister in charge of the room. One old women who was

watchful care of the Sister in charge of the room. One old women who was quite blind is 192 years of age. This completes our inspection of the west and south wings, except a view of the covered way which has been built to allow the old women easy and comfort-able access to the new chapel, and which serves also as an admirable fire escape. Retracing our steps to the basement

Retracing our steps to the basement of the main house—the original Colema of the main house—the original Coleman residence seen in the foreground of the engraving—the bake room is opened to inspection. Here as complete an outfit as most bakers can boast of is in place and three times each week, 300 lbs. of flour are transformed into light flaky leaves for consumption in the building. loave for consumption in the building.
Then comes the laundry and ironing room, the drying room, where by a most ingenious device the immense quantity of linen washed in the establishment is dried by steam, the furnace rooms, and dried by steam, the furnace rooms, and coal rooms, and then the furnace room for the new chapel which is at the ex-

their bedrooms in the north wing. One old man boasts proudly that at the last hundred of years he "was twinty years old, barrin' four months" which as can be calculated makes him 105 years old next May day which is his birthday.

The passage leading to the old man's quarters leads also to a door through which they gain access to the chapel, at the back of which their pews are, that old women occupying a gallery on which their covered way opens, and the boys having the pews on one side of the sisley the Sisters themselves having the front pews. The chapel itself is a model of tasteful arrangement, finish, and display and is a beautiful place of worship.

Returning to the north wing a gimpse is had into a well fitted cosy vestry and passing along the corridor the old men's rooms, bright and neat are seen. On the second flat of this wing are the well furnished rooms of the paying boarders, several ladies having a cosy parlor and

the second flat of this wing are the well furnished rooms of the paying boarders, several ladies having a cosy parlor and bedroom nicely furnished, and all the rooms showing the kind care and attention of friends. On this flat also that choir gallery opens into the chapel high up from the floor of it, and a neat wooden lattice work permits the Sisters to attend to their devotions unseen by these who to their devotions unseen by those who

On the next flat are still more room belonging to the old men, and in a lonely corner room, on the door being opened, is seen an industrious old shaar maker endeavoring faithfully to fill his contract to mend the boots and shoes of the entire establishment, which is no slight undertaking for the little old man, who after a single, giance at the visitory who after a single glance at the visitors, turns with a mild scorn for such inter-

ministering to the wants of a poor old man whose time on this earth is drawing

man whose very rapidly.

Through a short hall off which
the apartments of several of the
Sisters open, we gain the head of the
main staircase and descending find our selves in the front reception room on the selves in the front reception room on the ground floor, where a few minutes of pleasant conversation with the Mother Superior close two of the pleasantest hours spent for many a long day, and with the kindest of good byes we are ushered into the open air once more, where the setting sun is glorifying the fair prospect before us, and reminding us forcibly of the atmosphere of bright content and cheefulness which so evidently pervades cheerfulness which so evidently pervades the whole institution whose inns and outs

we have been so courteously shown.
So much for a description of the interior of the House of Providence.
As its name indicates and as our modest sketch has shown, it provides for the poor a haven of refuge, and for the old men, the all women the hove and the wee the old women, the boys, and the wee toddlers, perfect accommodations are arranged for, all are kept entirely separate arranged for, all are kept entirely separate and all have plenty of room both inside and outside for rest and recreation. A Sister sleeps on every floor in charge of every department, the heating, lighting and ventilation are well nigh perfect, the food provided is plentiful and wholesome, and the whole institution is managed with a care and forethought that result in the greatest possible comfort for the least

greatest possible comfort for the least possible expenditure.

That the expense of the institution is very great can easily be imagined, and while a small proportion of it is made up by Government and municipal graats, the larger proportion comes from voluntary contributions, which are solicited by the Sisters usually in January of each year.

That it is hard to make both ends meet can be well understood, and that a more deserving object for charitable donations does not exist in our district should be as well understood by those who know that "the poor they have always with them;" and who give of their substance to the relief of their less favored fellow-beings. No doubt contributions will be beings. No doubt contributions will be gratefully received at any time by the Mother Superior, and money can never be given to better purpose.

From the excellent training they get From the excellent training they got the boys are almost invariably greatly liked by those who secure them from the institution. Good places are always wanted for them and surely Canadian people will prefer toys brought up in their own country and under the watchful care of the Sisters of St. Joseph, to the waifs picked up on the streets of the great cities of Britain and brought out here untrained and with their vicious instincts unblanted and in full possession of their natures.

There are at present in the institution 101 boys, 98 old men, about 20 paying boarders, and 20 members of the Sister-

hood of St. Joseph.

These noble women accept hard work These noble women accept hard work and responsibility with a cheeriness that can not fail to have a good effect upon all inmates of the house and indeed a great feature of a visit to the piace is the genial and charming manner of all the Sisters, who take a just and proper pride in their beautifully kept house, and make visitors so welcome that there is a regret in one's mind that the visit was not paid sooner, and that it cannot be receated at an explicit and that it cannot be repeated at an earlier

It does not seem to be generally known It does not seem to be generally allow that visitors are made perfectly welcome and that in fact it is hoped that all who feel a desire to do so will visit the institution. On any day in the week except Monday or Saturday, visitors will be most cheerfully shown through the institution, and we most heartily recommend those of