

fundamental or reconcile what we those passages of salvation is prom- believe, or who be- to this we answer is insisted on in- of everything and it is only the wing the truth in some persons from ot believe all that not from lack of use they are in a gnorance, and do w exactly all that But the Church of en commanded to has revealed, can- bargain, even for gloss over or keep and any doctrine inculcated.

INDICATED.

lo, or Colli, the ho shot and killed astillo, the Spanish Sunday, the 8th, prison on Thurs-

which announces this tragedy states the news that he soon; and though aware that the ence would not be ment to this effect the week, it is said he was surprised when he learned that on the morrow.

him who offered their him for death, he a deep resentment, that they annoyed they would obtain s he would die in He refused to be declared he was in his cell. This ado to show that had lived, without

is done by garrot- tishment often em- operation being ical from Burgos. place, a priest for him reconciliation g him to repent- refused the offer, no cannot get me me in peace. I

ith God." In this mth he was sum- We are not, how- at the obtuse- by this assassin, as hardened his heart of God long before e, the resolution to be declared at his at Barcelona more namely, on May 4, anarchists were ex- ing in the throw-

the ranks of the session of the pre- causing the death en and children. iolillo was known antos, and, accord- ments, he planned Signor Canovas as e on account of the Anarchistic friends it is known that he in their plot. As d the management ed the revolver in time. At his trial illo's counsel pre- he was demoted the murder. The audiated this plea, not on the ground of it, but because

that he was a fa- es of Anarchy, it is not insane to the xcuse him from re- ded.

pted to justify his Court by a political arraigned the Gov- ternment manage- ing on Cuba and s, but the presiding attempted speech, no relevance to his as no justification. he judge and his ing to the accused view of the excite- les throughout the of the atrocious mitted.

ned a bearing of before his ex- this appearance itself at the close sentence was pro- m. He is said to

have become deathly pale, and he had to be supported by the bystanders.

The promptitude of the proceedings in vindication of law and order, and their judicial character, are highly creditable to Spain and its institutions.

It is seemingly a sign of hard heartedness to express gratification at the infliction of the supreme penalty of capital punishment on a fellow creature, but we cannot refrain from doing so on the present occasion, as this penalty is the only restraint the fear of which will keep the Anarchist wild beasts of Europe from preying upon mankind. For self-preservation society must inflict this penalty.

Angiolillo declared that he had no accomplices in his crime, but the police profess to have certain information that the deed was ordered at an Anarchist meeting, and several arrests have been made of suspected conspirators, among whom is an intimate friend and companion of Signor Canovas' murderer, named Isidoro Ricci.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"New Protestantism" is the name adopted by Professor Harmack, a German teacher of theology, for the system of interpretation of scripture which he advocates; but on investigation it is found to be nothing else than the old atheism of Epicurus.

An esteemed clerical friend writes that he considers it an excellent plan to give the CATHOLIC RECORD, after a subscriber is through reading it himself, to a Protestant friend or neighbor; and asks us to remind our readers not to neglect this opportunity of "co-operating in spreading the light."

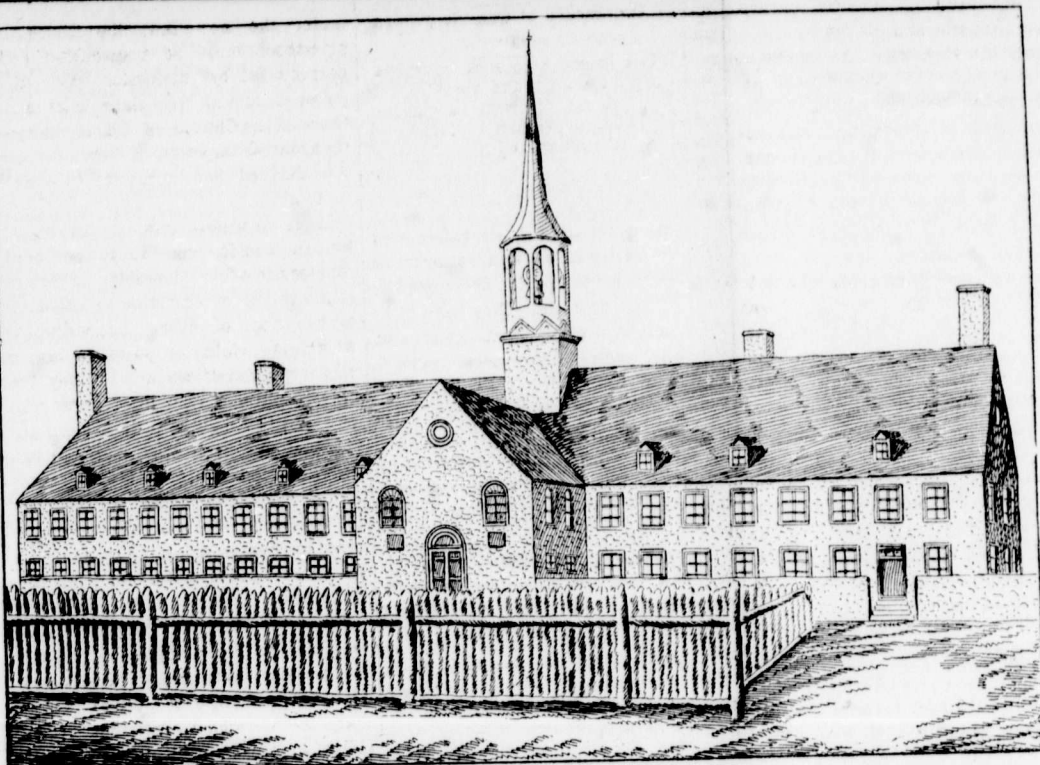
In the Church of England parish of Lumbury, in Wales, the patron who has the power to appoint a rector left the choice in the hands of the rate-payers whose tithes maintain the Church. As the dissenters by far outnumber the Churchmen, the candidate of the dissenters was elected by a large majority and duly installed, and in this way the Church is now practically in the hands of the dissenters, who pay the piper. The event is one of the curiosities in the history of a Church establishment which depends entirely upon Parliament for its doctrine and disciplinary laws.

UTAH has been recently celebrating the semi-centennial feast of the establishment of Mormonism in that territory under Brigham Young. It is reported that the most earnest participants in the celebration were the women—rather a surprising fact when it is considered that woman is grossly degraded by the Mormon practice of polygamy. It is claimed that within the past year there have been 10,000 converts to Mormonism. If this be true it demonstrates what a slight hold religion has on the majority of the so-called Christian settlers in the State.

It is stated that recently at Chrystal Falls, Michigan, a Pinkerton detective, disguised as a priest, induced a tramp to make a confession of murder, which was overheard by witnesses who had been purposely placed in an adjoining cell. This story has been published in the American daily papers, and so far it has not been contradicted, but if true, a most unjustifiable method has been adopted to find evidence. The office of a priest, whose duty it is to administer the sacraments of Christ, and to reconcile the repentant sinner to Almighty God, is most sacred, so that there should be no simulation of it for any secular purpose, and such a simulation is sacrilegious. The legal authorities should prohibit such an abuse as the detective in question has been guilty of, and the evidence gathered in such a way should not be made use of for the purpose of securing a conviction. The crime of the detective who employed such a device is, at least, as great as that of the criminal who was subjected to such a deception.

Regarding the religion of Edmund Burke, it is a curious fact that the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in a paper in the Dublin Nation in 1851, stated that the distinguished statesman died a Roman Catholic, having been attended in his last illness by a priest. It is strange that such a circumstance should not have been mentioned by any of the many biographers of Edmund Burke, but it would be stranger still if McGee should make the statement without any warrant. We are certain he did not do so, and we think if the matter be further inquired into our belief will be found to be justified.—Catholic Standard and Times.

We blame little things in others, and pass over great things in ourselves.—The Imitation.



URSULINE CONVENT, THREE RIVERS, 1896.

THE TWO HUNDRETH CELEBRATION OF THE THREE RIVERS URSULINES.

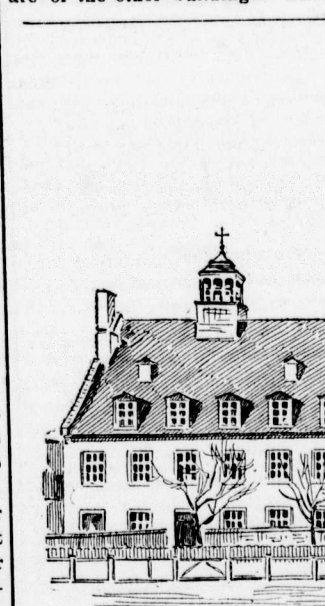
The close of the scholastic year, and the commencement of the midsummer vacation, was this year celebrated by the Ursulines of Three Rivers with a grand festival of three days duration, commemorative of the two hundredth anniversary of their existence in that city. For nearly a year preparations for this event have been going on, foremost of which was the pulling down of the old chapel, the massive walls of which have been built in the time of Louis XIV., and the erection in its



Mgr. St. Valier, S.D., Bishop of Quebec, founder of the Ursuline Convent in Three Rivers.

place of a fine edifice in grey stone capable of seating five hundred persons.

This church, which is between two ancient portions of the monastery, one the community, the other the chapel's house, has been so arranged, as regards the tinting and ornamentation of the stone, that it does not clash with the different styles of architecture of the other buildings. The in-



URSULINE CONVENT, THREE RIVERS, 1897.

terior has been delicately and appropriately frescoed by Signor Capello—now of Montreal,—and does credit even to the brush of that clever artist. The statues and appointments are in perfect harmony with the whole, and over the high altar is a remarkably beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, under whose invocation the chapel is.

On Wednesday morning the fête began with a High Mass sung by Bishop Laflèche, the music of the Mass being rendered by the choir of the school, consisting of nuns and pupils. At this Mass the entire body of the church was filled with priests—priests not only of the diocese of Three Rivers, but of the neighboring dioceses in Canada, and also from the French Canadian parishes in the United States. The academic hall is a very fine one—and was appropriately decorated with wreaths, portraits, palms, potted plants, coats of arms and mottoes. At the entrance two "sweet girl graduates," dressed in the pure white uniform of the school, distributed programmes, and pretty commemorative medals to the guests.

Within the hall about two hundred white gown girls in a simultaneous "curtsy" greeted the entrance of the

Bishop and the priests, who had dined at the monastery.

The first item on the programme, after the musical overture, was a very well-delivered address by Mademoiselle Marie Mothot—an address which spoke of the early days of the now flourishing institution, of its foundation by Mere Marie Drouet de Jésus in 1697, of the fostering care given to it by Monseigneur de St. Valier and of how that fatherly care had been handed down through the succeeding Bishops of Quebec and of Three Rivers until the present time when the community laid their grateful thanks at the feet of Monseigneur Louis François Laflèche. "Les Ursulines doivent tout à l'Épiscopat Canadien" was the refrain of the address.

A very pretty scene followed, when three dear little girls dressed as troubadours, before the scenic representation of the town of Grenoble, the native town of Monseigneur de St. Valier, played the part of crusading ancestors of the great Bishop. After this came St. Jean Baptiste, who delivered an address, the refrain of which was taken up by two angels—the angel of Canada and the angel of the monastery. Their recitations over a charming tableau vivant of a group of angels was shown, after which more music. The musical selections were well chosen and well rendered, causing many flattering comments on the style of teaching in the monastery. In this section of the programme came also a very fine tableau representing a naval combat, and Monseigneur de St. Valier taken prisoner of war. More music and then an English poem extremely well recited by Mlle. Alice Boire. A very beautiful tableau was one which represented the well known "Vision of St. Angèle. An address by Mademoiselle Claire Vanasse was delivered admirably. More music and then the gem of the programme—The Concert of the Flowers.

This represented a *parterre* in which from behind sheltering leaves of bushes started up living flowers—little girls whose fair young heads were dressed to imitate the flowers they represented and who sang in sweet baby voices songs appropriate to those favored blossoms. This number was accompanied by tableaux of flowers in which the faces of living children looked through the canvas and formed the heart of each blooming rose. It finished with a dance of older children bearing wreaths which they twined and untwined and finally held over the heads of the living flowers in the *parterre*. "God Save the Queen" brought this most successful *seance* to a conclusion.

I must not forget to say that an exquisite bouquet from the hot-houses of the convent was presented to the Bishop, and to the Rev. Canon Rheault, the chaplain of the convent; little Marguerite Desrochers, the baby of the flowers, presented a bunch of Marguerites, the heart of each being a veritable gold piece in current coin.

At the close of the entertainment the Bishop of Three Rivers rose and addressed the community and the children, thanking them for "these

hours so agreeably spent among them."

His educational institutions are very dear to the heart of Mgr. Laflèche, and the evidence of the education and training imparted by the Ursulines of Three Rivers to their pupils must have been very gratifying to His Lordship.

Thursday, the second day of the festival, was devoted to the old pupils, who had come from near and far to do honor to their alma mater. From the chief cities of the Dominion, from its country parishes, from busy centres in the neighboring republic, from even as far as New Orleans, came those whose teachers still speak of them as "Ursulinettes," and for them that day the Mass, the *seance* and then the rare and delightful privilege of visiting the



Rt. Rev. L. S. Rheault, Vicar General, Chaplain of the Ursuline.

monastery, of peeping behind the cloister. And they did not come empty handed. Costly and useful and beautiful gifts were presented to the community. The evening closed in with illuminations, and a general spirit of *fete* reigned in Three Rivers. Friday was the day for the parents and citizens generally to enjoy the *seance* and visit the monastery. Not being an "old pupil," although hav-

home of peace and learning threw its shadow over the first hour of the afternoon hundreds of people might be seen wending their way to the monastery.

The entrance was by the door of the academy—a fine, modern brick building of lofty rooms and modern comforts of all sorts, which is attached to the eastern end of the dear old stucco monastery. One enters a spacious hall and sees reception rooms—already well known on one side of the grating to us all—but to the surprise of many, the other side of the grating shows just as lofty rooms, just as well ventilated corridors, just as many *fin de siècle* inventions in the matter of desks and heating and lighting as can be boasted by any educational establishment in a large city. Perhaps some practical readers will shake their heads when I confess that I did not linger here—not even to investigate a second storey. My little girls spend ten months of the year in that building, their health is perfect, they are well content—why then wait to take a lengthy inspection of what I knew to be perfect of its class and kind, when rooms the walls of which were built in the reign of Louis XIV. were thrown open to me, when I could walk where Governor de Ramesay had walked, where the wife of the courtly Riedeghel had lived, where the daughters of the de Hertels, the Robineau, the de Tonnancours, the Babys had received their education, where the early Recollets and the earlier Jesuits had passed in and out, where Mere Marie Drouet de Jésus had lived her useful life, where the saintly Abbé de Calonne, brother of the Finance Minister of Louis XVI. had breathed out his holy soul to God—rooms like these are not often opened to the profane intruder. The last time that secular foot had trod these precincts was when the gentle and good Philippe de Bourbon, Comte de Paris, came here in 1890. How to describe this old house is difficult, indeed to me it is impossible. Imagine all that is old and quaint, thick, thick walls, so thick that there is generally a very convenient cupboard built into the wall on each side of each door, not along the wall, but sideways with the door, in the thickness of the wall. Some of the floors have been renewed but others are the same floors of the olden time, the knots of the wood worn into little slippery knobs. The halls are narrow, the nuns' cells on either side, small and plain, but very well-lighted and aired. The community room was Governor de Ramesay's; a noble apartment in size, but very low. Here I observed that the religious sit on benches, not on chairs, as in most convents. In the community-room many of the presents were displayed. Some, of course, could not be put there, as, for instance, one hundred and fifty yards of magnificent crimson Brussels carpet, the gift of the old pupils, which is laid in the church. Another very nice present was that of the Town Council of Three Rivers, a large red flag, bearing on its four corners, respectively the arms of the community, those of the City of Three Rivers, a wreath of maple leaves surrounding the date 1697, and one of laurel surrounding the date 1897, which waved over the monastery during the three days of the festival. Here in the community room were a magnificent cope of cloth of gold, a ciborium and chalice richly gilt, a very large Mass gong, a beautiful crucifix and candelabra, books, paintings, embroidery, illuminated addresses—one in French, which had had been read at the *seance* on the "old pupils' day" by one of their number, Mrs. Cooke, the wife of the mayor of Three Rivers; the other in English by Miss Langan, also an old pupil. In the community hangs a painting of the Abbé de Calonne; also one of the second superior, Mere Marie des Anges, who has the face of a very clever woman; and one of Mgr. de St. Valier. Upstairs in the novitiate hangs the crucifix of the Abbé de Calonne. We had a peep into the study of the secretary and archivist of the convent—a lady who has written the history of her community in two octavo volumes, and who has, besides, published several historical works. The walls of this room are lined with books: it is the "Canadian Historical Library" of the convent.

"We all come here to die," said my guide, as she led me into the infirmary. The idea strikes one as pessimistic, but the full meaning was that this special infirmary was a specially quiet and retired nook, for incurables. From it led a room in which was an old, old chimney. It is, I think, the refectory or dining room of the sick. In the old chimney an equally old stove, probably cast in His French Majesty's Royal St. Maurice forges, was let in. At one side of this was an odd little niche, built also in the chimney. My guide opened the oven of the stove, and produced a tea pot, from which she brewed me as good a cup of 5 o'clock tea as I have ever enjoyed. Fancy, afternoon tea in the inmost recesses of an Ursuline monastery!—an experience, which, as the saying is in these parts, "only occurs in the week of three Thursdays."

From these peaceful scenes we proceeded, visiting rooms, noting everywhere the great wealth of books, until we arrived at the kitchen. Such a stove! It bears the same proportion to ordinary stoves as the St. James Cathedral, of Montreal, does to ordinary churches. Possibly even its capabilities were tested the day previous, when over seven hundred sat down to dinner.

From the kitchen to the garden—where stands the oldest house in Three Rivers—built before the coming of the Ursulines. The monas-

tory was originally the residence of Governor de Ramesay, and this old cottage was for the soldiers of his guard. Beside it stands another old house in which in the early days the insane of the town were kept under the care of the devoted Ursulines.

The garden of the convent is vast and beautiful. There are arbors and grass plots, and lovely flowers, and a quaint little oratory with a very, very old altar. In one part of the recreation grounds is a statue of the Blessed Virgin, enthroned in a butternut tree, and known as "Notre Dame du Noyer." At 5 o'clock the bell of the beautiful new church of the Sacred Heart rang to call all to Benediction, which was given by Bishop Laflèche, and as the choir sang "et nunc et semper, et in secula seculorum. Amen!" an invisible hand gently closed the iron gratings of the cloister upon the visitors from the outside world.

A. M. P. Berlinguet.
Three Rivers, July, 1897.

Address From the Former English Pupils on the Occasion of the Bicentenary Celebration at the Ursuline Monastery at Three Rivers, July 1, 1897.

WRITTEN AND READ BY MISS AMELIA LANGAN.

Reverend and beloved Superior and Mothers.—We, your English pupils of former times very gladly and heartily join our congratulations with those which have already been so fully and so eloquently expressed.

We esteem ourselves happy in being present with you on this joyful occasion which you celebrate with just pride and thankfulness, the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of your house.

In this world of change, in this new world where changes are so frequent and so rapid, two centuries of continued existence, of constant service, and of steady growth amid many difficulties form a grand retrospect, and we rejoice with you to-day that the crown of well-deserved success rests upon your endeavors. Nothing else has stood unchanged, the test of Time and its ravages, but the Ursuline Convent, in this old city. The little twig, planted with faith and prayer by three brave and devoted women two hundred years ago, has grown into the stately tree whose branches have sheltered thousands. And now we are privileged to sit beneath its pleasant shade for a few hours, and live again the happy days of youth. There is many an absent English heart that joins with us to-day in our congratulations, and in grateful remembrance of the wise and loving counsels and instructions received within these walls we invoke

"The angel of the backward look,
And loosed wings of ashen gray,
And voice of echoes far away,"

bidding her unclasp the brazen covers of her book, and let us read again on Memory's page the cherished record of our convent school days.

And the page is all illuminated with the kind faces of well-loved mistresses, and the bright countenances of merry class-mates. And the other face, grave and reverent, smiles kindly upon us as of old. We feel the touch of the vanished hand, and hear the sound of voices that are stilled:

"O! Death in Life, the days that are no more.
But we must turn from our buried Past, to greet your brilliant Present, all glowing with life and energy."

Surrounded as you are by young and happy faces, busied with the noble task of teaching a new generation and training them in the fear of God, yours is a perpetual youth. With all our hearts we say: Peace be to this house. As the centuries come and go, may the family of St. Angela still gather within these walls, and still pray before their altar, hallowed by so many sacred memories and associations.

May God, who has blessed and protected you in the past, guide and prosper you throughout all your future!

"Two Hundred Years."

POEM WRITTEN BY DR. J. K. FORAN, FOR THE URSULINE CELEBRATION. (WRITTEN BY MADAME ELISE ALICE BOIRE.)

I.
Like St. Lawrence that rolls to Atlantic's fast deep,
Its easiness, unchanging, voluminous might,
Two centuries were seen, by you gray walls, to sweep,
With their burden of years,
With their smiles and their tears,
From the day-light of time to oblivious night.

II.
From that cloister to day, the religious looks out,
And beholds the same stream that the founders admired;
But changed is the scene, since the Iroquois about,
Awakened to life,
All the demons of strife
And terror stood guard, as contempt expired.

III.
These walls have beheld the advance guard of truth,
Raise the cross where the savage and pagan held sway,
They beheld the aged chief, and the warrior's youth,
In the forest hold trust
With the envy of Christ,
And the night disappears in the dawning of day.

IV.
The foundress, her helpmate, no longer are there,
Their places have all been repeatedly filled,
But the soul of community meets them in prayer,
And the cloister's grim wall
Casts its shadowy pall
On the moulds where their true hearts forever are stilled.

V.
Individuals die, the community lives,
Unshaken by time, like the monastery's walls,
And each one, in sacrifice, heartily gives
Her remains to that soil,
Her life unto God,
And in labors and watchfulness waits till He calls.

VI.
Two centuries have gone, but that cloister still stands
Like the Church all unchanged and ever sub-tune,
The same in all ages the same in all lands,
That midst crumbling of Powers,
Most triumphantly towers,
An Arrarat Mount o'er the deluge of Time.

VII.
And that Church will go on 'till the tpeost of years,
Proclaims the last hour of this perishable world,
May the children of St. Ursule, when eternity nears,
Still inhabit these gray halls,
Unshaken till earth into chaos is hurled.

VIII.
Roll on, broad St. Lawrence, your tide to the sea,
Reflect in your bosom the cross on your spire,
Sing the requiem of those who now sleep all-erly,
Beneath this monastery's name,
And the Ursuline's lamp,
Till your waters are dried by the pre-judgment fire!

Montreal, 1897.

He that would well and duly weigh his own deeds, would have no room to judge hardly of others.—The Imitation.