

LA VILLA MARIE.

Sketch of a Famous Convent.

In no other city of North America are there to be seen so many churches and so many religious institutions and communities as in the city of Montreal. To a stranger from the United States the number of edifices and immense houses dedicated to the service of God seems almost incredible, and the size and solidity of them is most striking—for it bespeaks the wealth of this world's goods as well as the treasure in the heavenly one.

Dedicated to the work of God in whatever form it presents itself, whether ministering to the orphan child, the aged poor, the poor unfortunate outcast who has stepped aside from the path of virtue, or to the higher education of those whose lives lie in pleasanter ways, and blessed by riches they each and all find abundance work and do it well.

Among these many notable communities of religious stand out in bold relief one of the most ancient of the religious orders in Canada—that of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, who devote their lives to the education of young ladies.

This noble order was founded by the Very Reverend Margaret Bourgeoys of France. Coming to this country at that remote period when it was peopled with savages, she was one of the "pioneers of civilization." Taking as it were "her life in her hands" she devoted herself to the comfort and consolation of the few settlers around Montreal, and it is most worthy of note that through her exertions the first stone church, that of Bonsecours, was built.

Thus a woman's frail hand reaches through three centuries of time to touch our own. From her day to the present time the Sisters of the Congregation have carried on their work without interruption, and with a zeal and single-heartedness worthy of their venerable foundress. With many institutions in the city of Montreal their Convent *principale* is the Villa Marie, three miles from the heart of the city.

Here was built the Mother House and the Church of the Rosary—but two years ago they were burned to the ground, and only the Convent boarding school is left—but this deserves a visit from the most critical. The site of the Villa Marie is at the summit of an elevation, no less than one thousand feet above the St. Lawrence river. It commands an extensive view of the river and the country for miles around, and no more beautiful place could be had for those devoted to the house of God.

The original convent de Villa Marie was the house of the Governor-General of Canada in years long past, but immense additions have been made until now it accommodates nearly four hundred inmates; three hundred of which are pupils from every part of the United States and Canada. There are several large dining rooms, halls and reception rooms—and the dormitories can be better imagined when one realizes that each one of the three hundred pupils has her own bed.

The school equipment in every division is of the best and most modern improvements—although the Sisters hold to the old that has been *proven good*. The musical department is very perfect—there are twenty pianos, each in its own room that the many may practice at once without disturbance to others.

The excellence of the work done in the studies is worthy of more than this brief mention. Oil, pastel, crayon, water colors, drawings—all show the careful and excellent training of the Sisters—and the work showed not the mere correctness of mechanism, the hand imitation of a thing, but the true work of unconscious art which is genius. The chapel is large, and is beautiful in its simplicity and chaste-

ness, and its absence of over-decoration. One breathes holiness from its quiet beauty. In the salon, a reception, we were presented to the Reverend Mother Superior, a woman of more than ordinary interest. Skilled in conversation, a brilliant class talker, conversant with the leading topics of the world; she who might have held and graced any position in life, fills with honor the highest place in this great community. I longed to ask her history, but I restrained my curiosity for whatever position she may have held in the world—now she would have answered "I? I am the bride of the King."

Going to the gallery we gazed at the ruins lying before us ruins that involved not only the work of hands but of brains—for not only the magnificent buildings had been reduced to ashes, but valuable books, manuscripts, paintings, choice gifts from beyond the sea—gifts laden with the blessings of those now gone, and hallowed by age.

At present all that remains is a mass of gray rock and one wall left to show what had been there—and I thought is it all gone—the work of years of merry heart, hand and brain. As I looked a gleam of sunlight from the rapidly sinking sun shot from out the west and flooded all with golden glory and then sank from sight—and I thought no it is not all lost not all gone forever. Perish stone, vanish the work of hands, but whatsoever has been wrought of good to mankind, if work for God can not perish. Whatsoever has been done to raise the veil of ignorance and superstition from the eyes of men, whatsoever has been done to bring a soul into the clearer light of God's love and God's truth is not lost, cannot be lost, but must live forever. ELLA WILLARD ROWELL.

Value of Royal Crowns.

Regal crowns are an expensive luxury for the people of the backward countries which still prefer to have kings to presidents. One of the most costly crowns in existence is that of the King of Portugal. The jewels which ornament it are valued at \$8,000,000. The crown which the Czar of Russia wears on special occasions is also one of the most precious in the world. The cross which surmounts the crown is composed of five magnificent diamonds resting on a large uncut but polished ruby. The small crown of the Czarina contains, according to authorities, the finest stones ever strung. The crown of the Queen of England, which is valued at \$1,800,000, contains a great ruby, a large sapphire, sixteen small sapphires, eight emeralds, four small rubies, 1,360 brilliants, 1,273 rose diamonds, 4 pear-formed pearls and 269 of other shapes. In his state clothes, including the crown, the Sultan of Johore wears diamonds worth \$12,000,000. His collar, his epaulets, his girdle and his cuffs sparkle with the precious stones. His bracelets are of massive gold and his fingers are covered with rings which are almost priceless. The handle and the blade of his sword are covered with precious stones. The most costly insignia of princely dignity, however, are those of the Sultan or Maharajah of Baroda, in India. The chief ornament is a necklace of five strings containing 500 diamonds, some of which are as large as hazel nuts. The upper and lower rows consist of emeralds of the same size.

THOUSANDS LIKE HER.—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter." In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL thrice a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary.

Agents Wanted

To canvass for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. A liberal commission allowed. Write for particulars.

Welcome to T. D. Sullivan.

The following are the verses read by Dr. O'Hagan at the Sullivan lecture delivered in this city last week:

Welcome to our hearts and homes! welcome, T. D. Sullivan!
From the land our fathers trod, strong in faith and loved by God;
Where the shamrock dreams of morn,
Where each patriot son was born,
And the hope of freedom's day
Lights with torch the darkest way—
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our happy land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

We have watched your loved career,
Sealed it with an exile's tear;
Pledg'd our faith to Erin's Cause,
To her love and life and laws;
To each cabin in the vale,
Stung by growbar, rent with wall.
Brave in heart and warm in hand, welcome to our joyous land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Here where freedom's rays ne'er set,
"Deep in Canadian woods we've met;"
And with a hearty three times three
We'll toast old Ireland's liberty;
Till high above each hill and dell
Your patriot words will ring and swell.
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our glorious land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

For though the centuries stretch behind
Maim'd by chains that chafe and bind,
We have brought to our bright shore
A "caed mite jailthe" at the door—
A love that lives through every year,
Survives the grave's immortal tear.
Brave in heart and warm in hand, welcome to our happy land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

O, the joy to meet you here,
Hear your words of hope and cheer;
Learn the gains along the line,
Fire our souls with patriot wine,
List to one who loves the Gael
And weaves his life in song and tale.
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our joyous land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

You bring to us a strength of years
Spent in love and hope and fears,
Where O'Connell toiled and planned
To break the chains that bound his land.
Where strong-soul'd and stern Parnell
Led his band of patriots well.
Brave in heart and warm in hand, welcome to our glorious land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

"God Save Ireland!" was your song;
It swept from shore to shore along;
It echo'd o'er the exiled dead
Pillow'd in the deep sea's bed;
It link'd our lives with those above
Who died for Erin's cause and love.
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our happy land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Here where grows the Maple Tree—
Type of life and liberty—
We'll spread a banquet rich and wide
And toast the brave and good who died,
Sing your songs of joy and cheer
That link our hopes from year to year.
Brave in heart and warm in hand, welcome to our joyous land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Welcome to our hearts and homes! welcome, T. D. Sullivan!
Bright the message that you bring,
Sweet the joyous songs you sing;
Every word we'll greet with cheers
Born of love through ripening years.
Poet, patriot, statesman strong,
Welcome with your gift of song!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

The Nature of Man.

Physically considered, there is I suppose, no living creature on earth so weak and fragile, or so piteously helpless, as man. While other animals are born already clothed, with fur or feathers, he creeps out of his shell absolutely naked. While other animals enter upon the stage of the world fully armed and equipped with weapons of offense and of defence—such as claws and talons, strong tusks and sharp beaks—man is as defenceless as the hedgehog would be without his prickly coat, or the oyster without its shell. Again, while the young of other animals can run, or swim, or fly, as well as feed themselves, almost as soon as their eyes are open, the young of man lie helpless and dependent literally for years. In the struggle for existence what chance would have a naked and unarmed child of six months if pitted against a young tiger or eagle or a

shark of of the same age? Even without such savage foes, how could he maintain himself in health in regions of ice and snow, of wind and storm, or live at all amid the warring of the elements?

MASON.

It would be impossible but for one thing, viz., reason. Reason is sole cause of man's superiority. It is, by itself, more than a substitute for fur and feathers, claws and talons, and physical strength and endurance. It at once puts him in a position to clothe himself even more sumptuously than any other animal, to feed himself with greater luxury, to defend himself with greater success, and to enjoy himself with keener relish. By bringing his intellect into play, even the most untractable forces of nature can be subdued and curbed and turned to account. See how, at his command, iron and steel, compounded with enormous engines, will fly with incredible haste over the land, dragging after them trains full of men and merchandise. Or steal into gigantic factories and mills, when the looms are at work, and see how the gossamer threads of common flax and hemp and cotton may be converted by mechanical contrivances into cloth and linen and diaper and other materials. Watch him manipulate the telegraphic wires and converse with his cousins living ten or fifteen thousand miles away—in America or Australia. See him pass over the trackless ocean, and travel with safety into the most distant and unknown regions, guided by that divine messenger, the mariner's compass, steadily pointing out the way. Nor in the experience of generations lost to the succeeding. He can stop up the knowledge and science acquired by the whole race of men in great libraries, and can consult and study the history of development of every people and nation in their own printed volumes, now made accessible to all. And as he has found out the means of nourishing his intellect, in this manner, by putting nations under contribution, so he has also devised means of nourishing his ignobler part—the body—on the produce of both hemispheres, covering his dining table with fruits and viands and luxurious wines of every quarter of the globe—Rev. J. S. Vaughn.

Cardinal Persico.

His Eminence Cardinal Persico, about whose state of health most exaggerated reports have been circulated, is now completely recovered from his slight indisposition. Press representatives do not always realize what serious trouble and inconvenience alarming news of this kind entails upon the person who is made the object of their attention. Cardinal Persico, whose reputation and popularity is very great, has had to answer inquiring telegrams and letters from all parts of the world, where his good work as a missionary for more than half a century had won him the respect and esteem of all classes. His Eminence is one of the most learned and active Cardinals of the Sacred College. He speaks English with such perfect ease and fluency that some of his visitors from America and elsewhere are frequently heard to declare that he must belong to the English-speaking races.

Father Ceresotani, who has invented a process for transmitting by telegraph the handwriting of the sender of a message, showed his instrument recently to the Minister of Posts. The Holy Father, it is stated, has expressed a desire to see the instrument.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.