

THE URSULINES IN IRELAND.

An English writer, whose name is not given, but who evidently has made a careful study of the progress and influence of the noble Order of St. Ursule, in Ireland, has contributed to a London paper a splendid article, from which we deem it well to take a few extracts. In our country we are blessed with the presence, of the Ursuline Community, and all who have read the history of Canada must associate with our greatest ones of the past the venerable Mere Marie de l'Incarnation. To us—as Irish Catholics in Canada—the article in question is of the utmost interest. It thus commences:—

"During the past year a startling historical contrast has been forced upon us, as our thoughts were turned to the darkest period of Irish History, the deep night of the Penal Laws in the 18th century. The pictures of then, and now, as they rise before us, tell us, too, of the vast work done in the silent years between when the Irish Catholics toiled up to the intellectual position they occupy to-day. Before 1771 not a single public Catholic school existed in the whole land—in 1899 the colleges and convents of men and women devoted to education, are countless. Our Catholic girls are Fellows of the Royal University, and who could write the list of our B. A.'s and girl 'Masters of Arts?' In those days the Penal Law ran simply—'No one may employ a Catholic teacher for his children, and if he send his child abroad for Catholic education the parent or guardian is subject to a fine of £100, and the child so sent loses all civil and political rights.' In brief, the privileges of civilization did not then exist for English or Irish Catholics. There is another than human justice—and our fathers were not slow to believe 'that the highest crime may be written in the highest law of the land.' For the souls and minds of their children they despised, defied, and evaded the law. While among the lower and middle classes, the priest and schoolmaster passed secretly from house to house, the sons and daughters of the higher classes were sent to foreign schools. From France, Belgium and Spain the light came back, and diffused itself as best it could. Reading the story of the Revolution in France one comes to think that there surely for long years before 'the salt of the earth' had lost its savour, though saintly deaths by the guillotine are numerous implying the life of Faith behind. Yet in those years our Irish priests were trained at Douai, and our future educators formed in quiet cloisters of that generous and sympathetic country.

"With 1773, faint gleams of dawn showed through the darkness, a little toleration crept in, and widened, while a great literary and religious force was generating with none to foresee or take note.

"On May 9, Ascension Thursday, 1771, five ladies landed unostentatiously in Cork; they came at the call of a great and noble woman who saw like a second St. Angela, the needs of her time, and who fearlessly cast aside all hindrances to supply the wants that appealed to her most. These five women were the first Ursulines of Ireland, and Nana Nagle was their first foundress—hers was the head and heart that planned their coming. The great Ursuline house of the Rue St. Jacques in Paris was then in the height of its fame. The Order founded by St. Angela, at the beginning of the 16th century, had spread soon into France; before the Revolution there were over a hundred separate convents settling from the beginning into two different branches, according as the exigencies of the work or place demanded, but uniting in spirit and aim. The cloister and solemn vows marked one—the other consisted of simple congregations which did great service before and after the Revolution. In the general history of the Order, the Paris House—'Les Grandes Ursulines' as they were called—holds the chief place. Founded in 1610, they were the first to adopt the strict cloister and solemn vows, adding a fourth vow of 'Instruction of youth.' Marie de Medicis and Anne of Austria were the patronesses and frequent visitors in both school and monastery. From the Great House in the Rue St. Jacques came the little band of Irish women bringing with them the 'double spirit' of the Ursulines, their traditions, and devotedness so characteristic of the French. Having passed their novitiate they returned now to Ireland, under the superiority of an Irish Ursuline from Dieppe, to give back to their country-women all that God had given them. The Abbe Moylan, afterwards Bishop of Cork, was Nana Nagle's devoted co-worker in the establishing of the Ursulines in their first home in the city.

Part of their work, the teaching of the poor, they entered on at once, their higher school being opened on the Monday following the Feast of the Holy Name, January, 1772—a day on which the memory of the first twelve pupils is recalled in Irish Ursuline Houses.

Their undertaking had to be carried on with the utmost secrecy, and every outward sign of religious life avoided; still they did not stay without observation, and the risk they ran was prison and transportation. The 'City Fathers' sat in Council, and though they, as those others of old, cared little to know if the work were of God or not, one voice of reason prevailed, and the nuns were unmolested. Not for eight years did they dare to assume the religious dress, and the doing so in 1779 was a bold step. Many exiled French women of different Orders, flying from the horrors of 1793, found a refuge in the new convent.

"Meanwhile their schools and their own community grew; our century began for them in peace, and their roots struck deep among a people who honored them. In 1825, they left their first home in the City of Cork, and then removed three miles distant to what has since become their stronghold, the house of Blackrock. Their first superior had long since returned to her convent in Dieppe, and the four companions of Nana Nagle lay around their foundress in the little cemetery in Douglas-street, now belonging to the South Presentation Convent. In the space between 1787 and 1834, Colonies went out from the Mother House to Thurles, Sligo, and two to the United States; the third Irish House, in Waterford, being founded from the Thurles Community, and the fourth in Sligo, from Waterford. The religious life is a hidden one, otherwise, fame and high literary distinctions would have fallen to the lot of many an Ursuline. The friend and school-fellow of George Sand, 'the beautiful and accomplished Eliza Anster,' as she calls her, Mother Ursula Young, the impartial historian of Ireland—the writers and translators of our most valuable spiritual books, with many others no less gifted with intellect and power, lived and died in that quiet home. They did not appear, but their lives were all the steeper and deeper, and as their lives so their work.

"Education is, as Matthew Arnold says, an atmosphere, a discipline, a life; the atmosphere, that is the environment that surrounds the child; the discipline, that is the direct training brought to bear upon him; the life, that is the example set before him." Now, conventual education is, above all things, character forming. This is not a hasty work, nor is there any 'royal road to it'—time, tradition, atmosphere of all must tell."

We pass over the account given of the Mother House, and the various branch houses of the Order in Ireland to-day, and take the closing paragraphs of this highly instructive article. It thus continues:—

"The honor rolls of the Royal University, and of our other public examinations, the great prizes and distinctions, which have made St. Angela's a household word in Ireland, speak to those who crave for facts and statistics of the purely intellectual side of the Ursuline work.

"For the rest, the story of the Order is not an external one; it runs where we cannot easily read it, in the unwritten spaces of history, where the webs of influence are woven round the hearts of men.

"Since 1771 other educational bodies of women have come to share the toil, the field has gradually filled with workers, and the Ireland of a century ago is only a sorrowful memory; to-day she is not prosperous, but she has gone far from what she was in 1798. Not only is this due to her patriots and political leaders, but to the great men and women all over the land—those others who rose, too, in dark and evil days, whose names are not commemorated in song or history—the religious educators of Ireland."

ECHOES FROM KINGSTON.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Plans have been prepared by Mr. Smith architect, for a new surgical amphitheatre in connection with Hotel Dieu Hospital. It will be erected on west end of main building, and is to be a modern structure in every detail; no expense will be spared to make it one of the best equipped and most perfect operating surgeries in Ontario.

The committee appointed at a recent meeting held in St. Mary's Cath-

edral for the purpose of devising plans and means for beautifying St. Mary's cemetery, visited and examined it thoroughly and submitted their views at another meeting convened for the purpose after High Mass, on Sunday, 23rd inst. His Grace Archbishop Gauthier presided. He assisted and encouraged the good work and is most anxious that it should be proceeded with immediately. \$1200.00 were subscribed at the meeting, His Grace contributing \$100.00 and turning the entire revenue for three years into the hands of the committee.

Portsmouth and Cusheandall, who are also interested in the cemetery are expected to give assistance. Collections are to be taken up in the Cathedral and both of these places. The Catholics of Kingston and vicinity will have the gratification of seeing their cemetery an ornament and credit to their city.

Rev. Father Bridennoan of Railton, has arrived in France, his return to his parish will probably be in May.

The C. M. B. A. Concert and Lecture, which were given last week in honor of the Grand Organizer, Mr. Killackey, had the desired effect of greatly increasing their membership. They are to be congratulated upon having secured fifty new members for

was elected Supreme Recorder at Niagara Falls in 1879, and re-elected continuously at each succeeding convention. Twenty years he held that most important office and wisely guided the young and growing Association which was always nearest his heart until it grew strong, and took and held for years the foremost place in the fraternal organizations of the country.

The Supreme Recorder was one of the earliest, most forcible and logical advocates of the Reserve Fund. He devised and wrote a plan and laws for the same, and his very last act at the Grand Council in New York and the Supreme Council convention in raising the withdrawal from the beneficiary to the Reserve Fund to ten per cent., thus doubling the accumulations to the Reserve Fund, will long be remembered as the best legislation for the protection and perpetuity of the C. M. B. A. since the Reserve Fund law was adopted.

At an early age Mr. Hickey took an active interest in politics, and before he had reached his thirtieth year had served several terms as a supervisor of his town in Cattaraugus county, being at one time the chairman of the Board of Supervisors, and its youngest member.

In the early portion of President

ing others. In his death the C. M. B. A. has lost a faithful officer, and his family a kind and indulgent father. MICHAEL BRENNAN. Detroit, April 17, 1899.

FROM GRAND CHANCELLOR HYNES.

I cannot find words to give proper expression of my deep sorrow at the death of C. J. Hickey, my personal friend. Every member of the Association deeply mourns his death, for in him we all recognized a zealous, efficient and faithful officer, a trustworthy friend, and a true and honest man—"God's noblest work."

I use those words in all their sense implies, for never in my life did I meet his equal as an earnest, candid, straightforward man.

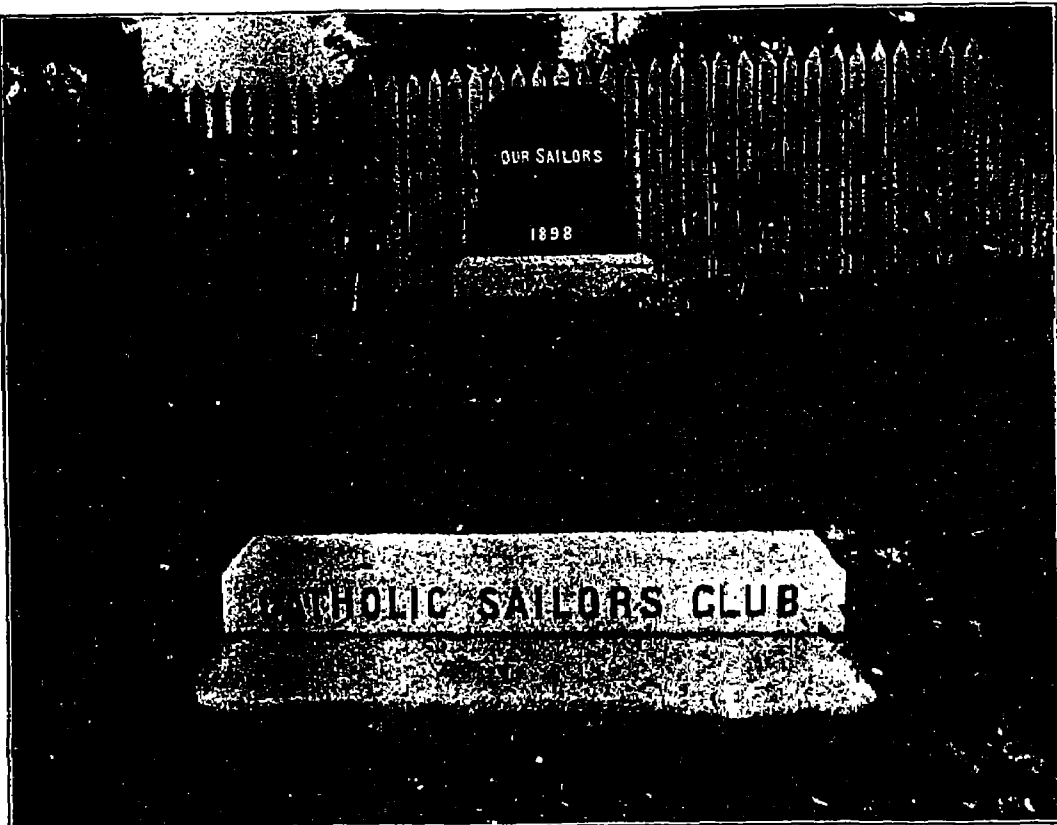
It was my pleasure and privilege to have placed him in nomination for the office of Supreme Recorder at each Supreme Council Session since 1884—an office he so ably and conscientiously discharged the duties thereof.

His memory will live forever in the hearts of his old colleagues and be always a part of the history of the Association he loved so well.

JOHN J. HYNES.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral train left Brooklyn on Tuesday evening and arrived at Alle-



CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB—Lot in Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

their laudable and praiseworthy work besides having organized two new branches, one at Kingston Mills, the other at Deseronto.

It is to be hoped many others will help the cause and swell the number which has for its object the welfare of the widow and orphan.

At 4 p.m. Sunday, His Grace baptized the infant son of Mayor Ryan.

SUPREME RECORDER HICKEY DEAD.

Thousands of members of the C. M. B. A. were inexpressibly shocked on Monday, when they learned of the death of Supreme Recorder Cornelius J. Hickey, at his home in Brooklyn.

Mr. Hickey was so much to the Association—practically its foundation stone for many years—that every one of the forty thousand members felt a personal interest in him and considered him a friend. Few were aware that Mr. Hickey was ill, so that the suddenness of the announcement of his death was overwhelming. The Union and Times and many prominent Buffalo members were notified by telegram on Monday, and at once took steps to attend the funeral. The Buffalo delegation, consisting of Supreme Trustees Rev. M. J. Keane and M. J. Healy, Supreme Chancellor C. J. Drescher, Grand Chancellors John J. Hynes and Chas. J. McDonough, E. Bertrand, C. J. Fitzpatrick, John G. Cloak, W. E. Corcoran, John J. Clahan, D. Landergan, Thos. P. Crowley and others left on Tuesday evening for Allegheny, where the funeral was held on Wednesday morning.

Already several have asked if the Union and Times would have a portrait of Mr. Hickey. We have made every effort to get one, but regret that we have not succeeded. One close friend of deceased said: "Mr. Hickey had few photographs taken. He was too busy a man to bother with such trifles." If any of our readers has a good photograph of deceased and will send it to us we will reproduce it in next week's paper. Thousands would like to preserve it as a souvenir of their esteemed friend.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES.

FROM SUPREME PRESIDENT BRENNAN.

The news of the sudden and unexpected death of C. J. Hickey, Supreme Recorder of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, came to me as a personal bereavement.

I have been associated with Mr. Hickey in the C. M. B. A. affairs for a dozen years, and I have always found him to be an able, upright, intelligent and conscientious man. His greatest pleasure in life was in help-

Cleveland's first term. Mr. Hickey received the appointment of chief of the seized and unclaimed goods department of the U. S. Custom House in New York City, and served with much success through the different administrations up to the day of his death.

If there was one thing more than another for which Mr. Hickey was distinguished, it was for his big-heartedness and genial, broad mind. He had no enemies and more friends than it is usually given to man to claim. It is safe to say that not one of those friends will fail to breathe a prayer for the repose of his soul.

Mr. Hickey leaves a wife and three children. The death of his son a year ago was a hard blow to this devoted father, and he never ceased to grieve over the boy's loss.

The death of its Supreme Recorder is a sad blow to the C. M. B. A., and his place will be hard to fill.

One of Mr. Hickey's most devoted friends was Grand Secretary Cameron of Hornellsville. Mr. Cameron spent a few days with Mr. Hickey when he was taken down with pneumonia about two weeks ago, but no one looked for a fatal termination. Immediately on notification of his death Mr. Cameron went to Brooklyn, and accompanied the funeral to Allegheny, arriving there Wednesday morning.

There is nothing that a man can less afford to leave at home than his conscience and his good manners. We must be as careful to keep friends as to make them. The affections should not be mere "tents of a night."

All one's life is music if one touches the notes rightly and in time.

gany on Wednesday morning. It was met at the depot in Allegheny by Supreme and Grand Council officers and Bns. 41 of Allegheny and 53 of Olean, as well as a large number of friends and relatives. A procession was formed headed by the Olean cornet band, and proceeded to St. Bonaventure's Church, where solemn requiem High Mass was celebrated at eleven o'clock. The celebrant was Rev. Pamphilus Eunis, O. S. F., deacon, Rev. Father Anthony, O. S. F., subdeacon, Rev. Father Alexis, O. S. F., master of ceremonies, Rev. P. J. Grant, of Buffalo. The sermon was by Father Pamphilus. Mr. Hickey's old pastor, and was an eloquent eulogy, deceased being especially held up as a model for young men. The New York Grand Council departed from its usual custom of furnishing flowers for the funeral, deciding to appropriate a generous sum for masses for the repose of Bro. Hickey's soul. Every officer of the Supreme Council and New York Grand Council as well as officers of Pennsylvania and Ohio Grand Councils were present, together with hundreds of members of the C. M. B. A.—Catholic Union and Times.

Several of our neighbors in Toronto knew how sick she was, and ran corroborate every word I have said. Either myself or my wife are willing to swear to the truth of these statements.

Mr. Copeland has been laughed at for the enthusiasm with which he has sung the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but he believes that anything so valuable to mankind should get all the praise it deserves.

Mrs. Copeland was seen at her residence on King street, Harrison, and she corroborated every word her husband has said. She reluctantly gave consent to have her name published, but said that she thought it proper that the efficacy of these pills should be made known. She was led to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through seeing the accounts of cures in the newspapers.

Meekness is a rarer virtue than charity; it is more excellent than this virtue, being the fulness of charity, which is in its perfection when it is meek and beneficent. Meekness is a virtue which supposes a noble soul; those who possess it are superior to all one may say of them or do to them. Though they may receive indignities from others in word or action, they preserve their tranquillity and lose not their peace of soul. We must, then, have a great esteem for meekness and labor to acquire it.

With rudeness suffered to reign at home, impoliteness must necessarily be the rule abroad.

It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits.—Stanislaus.

It is not enough to be a man, the responsibilities of manhood must be discharged.—Dr. Parker.

THE EDITOR'S WIFE.

THIS LADY SUFFERED TERRIBLY FROM RHEUMATISM.

Her Joints Began to Swell and Twist Out of All Shape—Death Would Have Been a Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore Her to Health.

From the Harrison Tribune.

After long consideration and much hesitancy about having her name made public, Mrs. John A. Copland, wife of the editor and proprietor of the Harrison Tribune, has resolved that the world should know how wonderfully her health was restored by the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Our representative interviewed Mr. Copeland and the following is the statement of the case:—

"Whilst we were living in Toronto, at No. 99 McGill street, my wife took ill in the autumn of 1894, and had such racking pains that she could hardly stir. One of the best specialists in Toronto was called in and he diagnosed the case one of acute inflammatory rheumatism. His prescriptions were given and he said that the case was a very severe one and it would be a wonder if her joints did not become misshapen. What this eminent physician predicted came true. At the end of a month my wife was worse than ever, and her wrists and her knuckles were twisted greatly out of shape. She was so disheartened that she would weep at the slightest provocation. She was loath to stay in bed, and had to be assisted to arise and dress, every movement giving her intense pain. During all the ensuing winter this state of things continued, she gradually becoming worse in spite of the strong medicines and the lotions that the doctor prescribed for her. We tried in vain the massage treatment and the electrical treatment. My wife would mean nearly all night with pain. She was unable to hold the baby, and even could not bear to have a person point a finger at her. I feared that the spring would see my wife under the soil, and you may be sure I was terribly affected by it. All this time we continued to give her the doctor's treatment and medicines, until finally my wife stoutly refused to take any more of the drugs. From that out she began to improve, and one evening I was astonished to see her coming to meet me when I arrived home from the office. 'Why?' I said. 'The doctor is doing you good after all.' 'Not at all,' she said and smiled. 'Then she produced a little round wooden box and held it up. 'I have a great secret to tell you,' she laughed. 'Unknown to you I have been taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this is the seventh box. They are rapidly curing me. Naturally I was overjoyed and almost wept at the thought of how very near I came to losing her. She continued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before she had finished the eleventh box, she was quite well again and today her wrists and knuckles are as supple as ever.

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