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tant lands the streams of spiritual graces and blessings, which induce Irish mission-aries of the faith to labour for the salva-tion of souls and the eternal welfare of their fellow men, in the remotest regions of the earth. This intensity of faith is also shown by the numerous vocations to conventual life that there exist. The daughters of the best families as well as of the middle classes crowd the convents and charitable institutions, eager to be the chaste spouses of Christ, to imitate him in his voluntary poverty, chastity and obedi-ence, and to expend their lives in the service of the poor, in attending the sick, and in bringing consolation to the suffer-ing and the afflicted. There is no form of human misery no matter how repulsive and loathsome, no great sorrow of the human heart, no matter how crushing and hopeless, that an Irish nun, like some sweet angel of charity is not found ready to devote her life to its alleviation and its assuagement. This spirit of fervor is always noticeable in the regular and devout attendance of the people at the services of the church, and in their fre-quentation of the Sacraments. The Irish people are an eminently religious people, and even though when writhing under bitter sufferings of great wrongs or amid the wild excitement of political agitation they may seem for the moment to swerve from the path of strict religious duties, they return again, the excitement over, true as the needle to the pole, to the teachings of the church which during the long night of their sufferings and sorrows shone like stars of hope and happiness to comfort, to cheer, and to sustain them. It is true that during the recent agitations great crimes, such as maiming of cattle, injury to persons and property, and shocking murders, dishon-ored Ireland, and brought the blush of shame to her cheek. For such crimes there can be no valid excuse, no just apology. They were simply atrocious and shocking, and deserve the reprobation and abhorrence of every honest man. Besides, in point of fact, they worked irreparable injury to the just cause of the people. But, nevertheless, it is only common justice to state that apart from these, she is and has been comparatively free from crime and compares favorably with countries that hold up their hands in holy horror at her wickedness. Even on the score of murders, Professor Leone Levi, at the social science congress held a few weeks ago at Southampton, England, maintained that in proportion to population, more crimes of violence were committed in England and Scotland than Ireland. Pro-fessor Levi was discussing facts in the in-terest of civilization and the spread of science, and for his facts he appealed to the annual volumes of judicial statistics for England and Wales, Scotland, and Ire-land respectively. Not one of these re-ports is complete for the purpose of the economist, but notwithstanding their de-fective method of compilation, they abun-dantly exhibit the relative criminality of English, Scotch, and Irish peoples. "Ac-cording to the statistics issued," says Mr. Levi, "the number of indictable offences within the last ten years in England, Wales, and Ireland, indicated a slight increase of crime. In recent years, both absolutely and relatively to population, it would be seen the number of crimes re-ported to have been committed was uniformly smaller in Ireland than in Eng-land and Wales." Balancing the returns of the ten years from 1871 to 1880 inclu-sive, he finds that the average of the two periods of five years had been per 1,000 in England and Wales, 1.36; Ireland, 1.36. From 1876 to 1880—England and Wales, 2.09; Ireland, 1.37. Calculat-ing crime on the basis of population Mr. Levi gives the following figures:—In pro-portion to the population the offences against public order were 5.13 in the 1,000 in Scotland, against 1.16 in Eng-land. The offences against morals were in the proportion of 0.21 to the 1,000 in England, against 0.04 in Ireland. Offences against the person 11.58 to the 1,000 in Scotland, against 2.82 in England; and the offences against property 6.6 per 1,000 in Scotland, against 2.27 in Ireland. But I have before me other statistics taken from a recent work, which, in justice to the moral character of the Irish people, I deem it my duty to cite. The following table compares the more serious offences committed in Ireland in 1878 with those committed in 1877 in England and Scotland, dividing the Eng-lish criminal statistics by 4.5 and multi-plying the Scotch statistics by 1.5, to equalize populations:

OFFENCES.	IRISH, ENG. & SCOTCH 1878.	1877.
Against prop'ty, with-out violence.....	700	1,774
Against prop'ty, with violence.....	458	1,014
Suicide.....	93	291
Attempts at suicide.....	69	135
Forgery, etc.....	90	182
Offences against purity	142	200
Perjury.....	15	33
Totals.....	1,567	3,664

An analysis of the above figures shows how well Ireland stands in comparison with her neighbors, especially as regards purity; but we may add more testimony. Ac-cording to a report to the House of Com-mons on August 6, 1880, there were 20 murders committed in England and Wales in 1878, and but 5 in the same year in Ireland; in 1879 there were 34 murders in England and Wales and but 4 in the same year in Ireland. In another report the number of aggravated assaults on women and children is stated to be—in 1877 England and Wales 2,374, Ireland 311; in 1878, England and Wales 2,243, Ireland 282; in 1879 England and Wales 1,989, Ireland 533. These figures are more than sufficient to show that the Irish are as law-abiding, and much freer of crime than their neighbors. They will stand comparison equally well even with America. Take, for instance, the said Quaker City (Philadelphia)—popula-tion 846,984, and in 1879 it had 49 homici-des, while Ireland (population 5,159,839) in the same year killed but 4 per-sons!

It is in agrarian "outrages" however, that Ireland is just now made to appear at her worst. In the year 1870 the num-ber of such "outrages" was put down at 1,320; from January 1, 1879, to January 31, 1880, it was but 977. This was the best showing against Ireland the English government could make of a period of great distress and agitation. In 1880, at the summer assizes, there were in Wexford just

three cases to go before the Grand Jury; in Galway, four; in Derry, five; in Wick-low, one; in Donegal five; in Louth, two; in the city of Cork, none. Of 149 "outrages" in Ulster, in 1880, 77 consisted in the sending of threatening letters; in Leinster, in the same year, 151 were threatening letters; and many of these missives were probably written and dis-patched by agents, bailiffs, and others of that ilk, in order to excite the moral sen-timent of the world against the Irish people.

What, then are the present wants of Ireland? What the remedy for her political ailments?

I venture to think that Home Rule, such as we enjoy here in Canada, is what Ireland wants to make her a prosperous and contented country. Every free people ought to have the right to manage their own affairs, and to make the laws that govern them. Neither in legislative matters, nor in county government, nor even in municipal institutions, does Ire-land enjoy the right of governing herself, and she never will be happy without it. As long as Englishmen and Scotchmen, no matter how well intentioned and dis-posed, insist on making laws for the govern-ment of Ireland, so long Irishmen will chafe against the arrangement, and will continue to protest and to agitate. Give Irishmen a home legislature for local affairs such as we enjoy in Ontario, throw upon them the responsibility of enforcing the observance of law and the maintenance of order, make them feel that it is their interest as well as their duty to protect the sanctity of life and the rights of property—that they have the honor, the fame and the welfare of their country in their own hands—and, take my word for it, that there will not be amongst civilized nations a more orderly country, or a more peace-loving and law-abiding people.

Such are the hasty and imperfect obser-vations I have had to make this evening. I consider the present condition of things in Ireland as big with hope for its future prosperity and happiness. The people are intelligent, politically educated and more united and patriotic than ever. Such a people cannot long be refused the rights to which they have a just and inalienable title. Intelligent Englishmen are just, and love fair-play, and when con-vinced that the demands of Ireland are not more nor less than what she is entitled to, that the rights she asks were once held and were wrested from her by foul and wicked means, that her demands are founded on right and justice—that if con-ceded they would not injure the integrity of the empire, but would make Ire-land contented, prosperous and happy—that they will not, I am confident hesitate to grant those demands, and thus help to bind Ireland to the throne by bonds stronger than steel—the bonds of justice and loyalty. When this day comes, and come it will, and I hope, before long, we can salute our mother country in the words of the immortal poet:

"The nations have fallen and thou still art young
Thy blood is rising when others are set
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning
Yet the full dawn of freedom shall beam round
Thy head."
Ere, Oh! Erin, though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest
Shall fade.

A WORD ABOUT THE CARMELITES.

ANNA T. SADLER.

"If there are not men enough to save the world," cries Mgr. Dapandou, "there are still Carmelites and children. Yes, the world can be regenerated by Carmelites who pray, and children who are growing up in holiness to become men."

The following passage occurs in the life of Blessed Marie des Anges:

"O Carmelite, do thou therefore sacri-fice, sacrifice without regret, the sweetest allurements of earth, shed the tears of thine innocent soul, for sinners, pour over the feet of thy Master the rich per-fumes of thy loving heart. Thou art doing the grandest, the most fruitful, the most divine work ever given to man to accomplish."

"A Convent of Carmelites," says the Abbe Durand, "is Calvary with its im-molation and its crucifixion. The hours are equally divided, the hours of that new passion or rather that passion perpetuated upon earth, for the Carmelite Virgin in her flesh 'fills up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ.'"

We in the world for whom this con-stant sacrifice is going on should remem-ber that if we cannot be called upon to imitate these holy religious in all their austerity, we are at least bound to pro-vide them with the means of existence as far as in us lies. We are earnestly re-quested by the Carmelite nuns of Louisi-ana, in their appeal which has already ap-peared in this journal, to send them alms, offerings however trifling to enable them to keep a roof over their heads, let us raise their touching appeal. It may occur to us that institutions so far away are not the proper objects of our charity. But this is an exceptional case. These poor Carmelites are strangers, and their prayers are going up constantly to heaven for this continent, which is favored with their presence. Though they are far from us, their prayers will rise none the less surely to Heaven, and bring down a rich reward on all who have contributed to what is called the "Commemorative Fund." That is to commemorate the Tri-Centen-ary of the great St. Teresa, which is on October 15th. We celebrate the anniversar-ies of our national heroes, let us not fail to celebrate one of the greatest of Christ's heroes, and whose glory we hope to see one day in Heaven. The wearers of the Brown Scapular earnestly request us to honor their great mother, St. Teresa, by sending some offering to her daughters. Address Rev. Mother Prioresse, Carme-lite Convent, 141 Barrack St., New Or-leans, La.

Confession Made Easy.

To St. Alphonsus, more than to any other saint of these later times, is due the glory of having made the Sacrament of Penance sweet to penitents. He was wont to say, against the rigorism of those who made the way of absolution difficult, "O poor blood of Jesus Christ!" and these great words contain a whole treatise of theology. They are a warning to the priest to be generous of that which was given to the last drop so freely for our salvation, and to the penitent to be gen-

erous in the use of the liberty which that most precious Blood has purchased for us.—Cardinal Manning.

A PEDDLER OF PATRIOTISM.

Career of "Mister Mooney," Ex-Re-penter, Ex-Fenian and Irish World Correspondent.

Catholic Citizen.

We glean the following spicy history from two of our contemporaries. We publish it chiefly as a warning against other impositions of the kind.

1848—THE REPEATER.

When the old Repeal agitation was at its height, there appeared in New York a book-peddler and *so diant* "lecturer," his name, now, were inhabited by a patri-otic community of Irish-Americans. The offer was all too confidently accepted, and the lecturer started on his mission. He made noise enough on the rostrum and in the papers; but the results, as far as producing the "showers of war," appeared ridiculously small. Pretty soon how-ever, and while the excitement was at its highest mark, complaints began to reach the Directory in New York that large sums of money had been subscribed for the cause, and entrusted for transmission to the "spread the light" orator, and for which no consequent acknowledgments had been received. These statements at last came so thick and fast the Directory took action on them, and dispatched the late Patrick Lynch of the Irish-American, as their representative to investigate and check the swindle. When Mr. Lynch reached the scene of operations, however, the acute Mr. Mooney had levanted for pastures new; no trace of the collected money was ever got; nor was the great expounder ever heard of till he turned up in a little mining town called Folsom, in California, soon after the outbreak of the gold fever; and there he again en-barked in his old blood and thunder spec-ulations, in "patriotism, politics and pub-lications," till the escapee that sent him flying from a vigilance committee between two days.

1860—THE FENIAN BANKER.

The Mr. Mooney of San Francisco no-toriety was a restless, irrepressible little scamp who managed to keep the city in an uproar for years. Mr. Mooney started a paper which rivalled *Ross's* as an advo-cate of all kinds of atrocities. As a speci-men of Mr. Mooney's style of writing, which by the way, very much resembles the "Transatlantic" in the Irish World, we quote a few passages from Mooney's Ex-press:

"I am thoroughly of opinion that words or grass are not of the slightest avail against England. Nothing but bullets will avail, and therefore I commend my countrymen to shoot the landlords as we shoot robbers or rats, at night or in the day, on the road-side or in the market-place! That I offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the head of Major Babazon (a landlord who had been shot) is most true. True, I declared that the killing of Babazon was patriotic, noble and righteous. Bah! I say, shoot them!"

Well, this will do as a specimen of Tom Mooney's logic. Tom, on account of his loud vapors and fierce denunciation of England, became the idol of the Irish in San Francisco. He even started a bank on the principle of the "Emigrants' Sav-ings-Bank of New York," and the poor Irish generously invested their savings in Mr. Mooney's bank. He was now a man of importance, and though, then old, he married an Irish girl of sixteen against the wishes of her family, and then enter-tained the readers of the Express with a full history of the elopement.

One would expect that Mr. Mooney would be happy now in the enjoyment of a bank, a newspaper, and a pretty young wife. Alas! the next morning the bank was found closed. Mr. Mooney was found missing, and by a strange coincidence, the sprightly wife of Mr. Job, a small dealer in the town, disappeared at the same time. Poor Mrs. Mooney was left penniless and disconsolate, the bank depositors dis-tracted, while the erring pair fled to parts unknown.

AFTER HIS second financial exploit, in San Francisco, he fled to Australia; but thanks to the Irish press his character was too well known there, and at his first at-tempt to thrust himself again into the public notice he was promptly hoisted down. He then transferred the scene of his operations to London, where he has since carefully hidden his real identity under various aliases. His locality how-ever was discovered, and he was impor-tuned, to return to San Francisco, and settle up his affairs, as by doing so he could have saved to his victims a portion of what they lost through his rascality. But he was too careful of his neck to trust it within reach of a second possible *posse* of Judge Lynch; he refused to ap-pear or even make any sign; and his un-fortunate dupes lost everything of which his knavery could deprive them.

The New York Tablet in an article on "Apostles of Nationalism," thus speaks of "Transatlantic" whom it is correct in be-lieving to be the Tom Mooney of San Francisco malodorous "fame":—

The real blood-and-thunder, double dis-tilled dynamite hero of the "nationalists" is "Transatlantic," the London corres-pondent of the Irish World. For fiery diatribes, spread-the-light appeals, and whole-sale massacres on paper he even discus-ses *Ross* or *Crowe*. His writings are those of a Communist of the most advanced kind, and he justifies assassination as a remedy for political grievances and the right of all men to an equal share of the world's goods. We are informed that this fiery contributor and would-be regenera-tor of Ireland is Mr. Tom Mooney. As we have an unpleasant recollection of a Mr. Tom Mooney who figured prominently in some disreputable transactions in San Francisco, we ask ourselves, can they be one and the same person. If so, God help the cause that has such a man even as an advocate!

A NOBLE PROTESTANT MINISTER.

Philadelphia Standard.

It is refreshing to meet with instances among Protestants of true generosity and willingness to do justice to the Catholic religion and clergy, such as we are about to record. The readers of the Standard will readily recall the fact that some time ago the small-pox was epidemic in South Bethlehem. We need scarcely say that numbers of Catholic families (poor as re-gards this world's goods) were among the sufferers. And—what made the distress still greater—in many instances members of households into which the pestilence entered, who escaped its assaults and were able to work, were virtually im-prisoned in their houses and shut out from employment by the rigid quarantine which it was thought necessary to estab-lish.

It is needless to say that the Catholic clergymen, Rev. Philip McEnroe and Rev. Hugh P. McGovern of South Beth-lehem, and Rev. Henry Badde, of Beth-lehem, remained heroically at their posts and faithfully did their duty in visiting the pest-stricken dwellings, comforting and encouraging the sick, and conducting the dying with the last Sacraments of the Church. They are Catholic priests, and knew what, under the circumstances, was required of them as Priests, and did it. Their conduct was heroic, yet it was that heroism which the world when it hears of wonders at, but which excites scarcely a remark or thought, on the part of priests themselves, being a duty which often de-volves upon them in the discharge of their duties and from which they would be faithless if they shrink.

No soldier, at the order to charge, moves forward more readily in the face of shot and shell, than do Catholic priests when the call is made to visit those who are stricken with deadly pestilence. Sit-ting, or, if needs be, lying down, at the side of the pest-stricken sufferer, with ear to his lips, inhaling his fetid breath, the priest calmly hears his confession, absol-ves him from his sins, places the Viaticum upon his tongue, and the holy unction upon the different organs of sense, when the more touching of them may infect him with the fatal disease. Such is the duty of Catholic priests whenever pesti-lence stalks abroad in a community, and such was the duty which the Catholic clergymen above-named performed. So far as they could they ministered also to the temporal necessities of the sufferers, but the demands in respect to this far exceeded all help that they could give.

In this emergency temporal help came from an unexpected source. Rev. Wm. B. Morrow, an Episcopalian minister, Secretary to the Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Episcopalian "Bishop of Central Pennsylvania," aware that there was, at the time, no Episcopalian minister in South Bethlehem, and informed that "no Protestant minister whatever was visiting the sick or burying the dead," offered, in the words of Bishop Howe, "to go (and went) into the infected district, and separating himself from family and friends, devoted himself day and night to the suffering and sorrowful." Subsequently two members of an Episcopalian Sister-hood in Boston came to Rev. Mr. Mor-row's assistance, and were "hailed as angels of mercy in every stricken household."

The heroism of Mr. Morrow and the two "Sisters," Bishop Howe very pro-priety commended in his annual address, and in the same time speaks of their services in a way which is open to the construction that "Romanists and Pro-Testants of every name" alike availed them-selves of Rev. Mr. Morrow's spiritual as-sistance.

Thereupon Rev. Mr. Morrow, as a man loving truth and justice, published a card, which we take from the Reading Times, of September 14th, explaining that his ministrations to Catholics were exclu-sively for their temporal relief, and that Fathers McEnroe, McGovern and Badde were ever at hand discharging their duties as priests.

Rev. Mr. Morrow's noble, manly letter, however, speaks for itself, and, without further explanation or comment, we re-publish it from the Reading Times:

THE CATHOLIC PRIESTS AT SOUTH BETH-LEHEM.

MR. EDITOR: In your to-day's issue I observe that you print a portion of Bishop Howe's annual address in the late Con-vention, concerning ministrations in the epidemic at South Bethlehem. One ex-pression contained in it is, I fear, likely to be misconceived, and so to fail of justice to others, namely this: "His ministrations (the Bishop's Secretary's) were most kindly received alike by Romanists and Protestants of every name." Now, the Bishop's intention, I am quite sure, was only to state concerning the suffering members of the Roman Catholic Church, that they gladly received our ministrations to their bodily necessities.

It was our good fortune to be enabled to care for both soul and body of all the afflicted people in Bethlehem who were not under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Philip McEnroe, with his assistant, the Rev. Mr. McGovern, and the Rev. Mr. Badde (the German priest), but I never presumed to offer spiritual service to a people who were so happily and abun-dantly cared for already in the concerns of the soul by their own loving and courageous priests. In private houses and in the hospital, the Rev. Philip McEnroe and the other priests were ever meet-ing standing night and day at the post of duty.

In God's ordering of the estates of men, the afflicted members of that great com-munion were blessed with very little of this world's goods, and when the sturdy bread-winners of a family were shut up in quarantined houses, went speedily appeared. Hence their pastors readily and gladly consented to receive help for their temporal needs; but in the ministrations of the Church their people received the constant and faithful care of the priests appointed to their souls' cure and with that sacred duty none other ever thought of interfering.

If the point of this note should seem to any to be but a small matter, I can only say that having been enlisted in the same kind of service with myself, and, knowing full well the quality and abun-dance of their labors, I am jealous with a great jealousy for the due honor of those

noble priests for whom I cherish an en-during love and admiration.

W. B. MORROW.

READING, Sept. 12, 1882.

HOW THEY LOVE IRELAND.

The following is the concluding portion of T. P. O'Connor's last letter to the New York Sun. It emphasises the sarcasm of those who would have the world inno-cently believe that Englishmen cherish none but the kindest feelings toward Ire-land. Mr. O'Connor says:

I have kept to the last what I regard as one of the most potent factors in the de-velopment of the Jingo spirit in the Lib-eral party; that is the attitude of Ireland and of the Irish people in America. The English have awakened to the fact that the fight in which they are now engaged is very different from the thing it was long ago; they know now that it is not a na-tional conflict only, but that it is a race struggle as well. The incidents of the last few years have roused feelings in the country the profound depths of whose bitterness, and even ferocity, nobody can even imagine without living in the coun-try among the people. You see English hate of Ireland and Irishmen in nearly every eye; it meets you in the railway car, in the restaurant, in the drawing room. Among the lower orders it has shown itself in savage outbreaks in several towns against the Irish population; among the better educated you perceive it by the estrangement of old friends or by the steady boycotting of everything Irish. Irish authors have ceased to sell their books. Irish journalists are locked out of the newspaper offices; the representatives of Irish factories are ordered out of the stores where they used to obtain in hap-pier times remunerative contracts. I don't know whether it is that they feel that the old and supreme ascendancy of England in Ireland is doomed, or that they are caught up by that spirit of cynic violence which Bismark has so successfully taught to his age. Whatever the reason, Englishmen now entertain projects with regard to Ireland which they—at least those of them who belonged to the Rad-ical party—would have shrunk from with disgust and horror a few years ago. It is quite a common thing to hear the wish expressed by Liberals, so called, that Par-nell, Dillon, Healy, and the rest could be hanged right away, and so got rid of finally.

I remember, a few weeks before the session closed, I was speaking over this and that phenomenon in English thought in our day to my friend and colleague, Mr. Sexton—who is not merely the eloquent orator, but, what is perhaps of even greater importance, the level-headed and sagacious statesman—and I ventured to make a prophecy as to the immediate future. I said: "In five years' time Ireland will either have home rule or be disfranchised."

I turn again to the speech of Mr. Leath-om, and one of the passages in the re-gard of this same typical Radical says that, though the time has not yet come, it may come soon when Ireland will have to be reduced to the position of a province, and deprived of all representation in the Im-perial Parliament! I had no idea that my gloomy prophecy would so soon find proof of its probable fulfilment.

There is one great and fundamental fact in the struggle between England and Ireland patent to every Irishman with vigils, honesty and the desire natural to advance the cause of his people that to exhibit himself in picturesque attitude and mock heroic pose.

The fact was brought home to my mind when I heard the wild, mad, exultant shout which went up from take Radical benches when the arrest of Michael Davitt was announced by Harcourt in the House of Commons. Scratch the ordinary Englishman, rouse his temper, and you find in Irish affairs a tiger. Men con-scious of this truth have endeavored occa-sionally in the struggle of the last four years, as well as in previous conflicts, to recommend prudence and sometimes a less rapid pace to the leaders of the Irish agitation. Their reward has been the stigma of whiggery and—it would be nothing if it had stopped there—the reali-zation of some of their worst fears for the liberties and the hopes of their country.

RELIGIOUS.

On the fourth of the present month the chapel of "L'Hospital General" in Quebec was the scene of the conferring of the white veil of the Order of Miss Ozeine Caron, eldest daughter of the late Lieuten-ant Governor of the Province of Quebec, the lately received Lady Ozeine Caron, who has left behind him a reputation of un-usual honor and whose memory is and will continue to be revered as well by the citi-zens of the province at large. Miss Caron, dressed in a magnificent robe of white satin and wearing a wreath and crown of white flowers, was led to the altar by her brother, the Hon. A. P. Caron, Minister of the Interior. His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, Mgr. Taschereau, presided on the occasion, assisted by the Rev. Father Laliberte P. P. of St. Mich-ael's, Bellechase and the Rev. Father Caron, brother of the religieuse. There were also present His Lordship the Bishop of Chicoutimi, Mgr. Dominick Racine and Rev. Fathers Lagace, L. Paquet, Marquis F. H. Belanger, and Hamelin, chaplain of the monastery. Also, His Lordship, ex-Judge Taschereau of the Supreme Court and Mrs. Taschereau, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sharples, and Mrs. Charles Fitzpatrick, (the three ladies being sisters of the religieuse) and Messrs. Edward and Pierre DelBlais (her maternal uncles) and their families. After the ceremony all were entertained at *déjeuner a la fourchette* by the reverend ladies of the institution.

LAVEL UNIVERSITY.

On the 4th inst., the formal opening of the courses of Laval University, Quebec, took place and was preceded by the cele-bration of the low *Mass de Spiritu Sancto* by the Rev. Father Methot, Rector. Im-mediately after Mass there was a meeting for the conferring of degrees. Among those so honored were Sir Hector L. Langevin, C. B. K. C. M. G., and Knight of St. Gregory the Great on whom was conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, L.L.D. His Grace the Archbishop was present as were also all the professors in their academical robes.

DEVOTION TO THE HOLY ROSARY.

The Emperor Charles V. considered the Rosary a powerful means to obtain divine protection. So much was he devoted to it that nothing, even the most important affairs of state, could ever induce him to interrupt his beads when once he had begun their recitation. When called upon by his courtiers on such occasions, he would say: "Let me finish my beads first."

Frederic III. ordered the establishment of a Rosary society in the city of Cologne, and inscribed on the register of mem-ber ship his own name and those of his wife Eleanor and his son Maximilian.

King Alphonsus V., of Portugal, a devout client of our Lady, spoke thus to his ministers: "Let us ask the Queen of the Rosary to become the guide of our Government." Henry I. of the same country, requested the venerable servant of God, Louis of Granada, to instruct him how to meditate on the mysteries of the Rosary, and was so much pleased with the method proposed to him that he caused it to be printed. The same is related of Duke Ferdinand of Parma (1779). Philip I. of Spain, was also much given to medi-tating on the mysteries of the Rosary; and Philip II., recommending the devotion to his son used to say: "To the devotion of the Rosary I trust my salvation."

King Casimir II. of Poland, once wrote to the Superior-General of the Dominicans: "I pray your Reverence to send me apostles of the Rosary, since they are the true reformers of the people."

When St. Dominic appeared before Louis VIII., of France, to announce to him the triumph of his armies over the Albigenses, the king exclaimed: "O Blessed Dominie! thy Rosary-prayer has become the stronghold of my kingdom!"

Anna of Austria, queen of France, in the register of this Confraternity when he was still in his cradle; and James II., king of England, had the Rosary said publicly at his court, together with an ex-planation of the sacred mysteries.

Every one has heard how much devoted to the Rosary were those three famous musicians of Germany. Gluck never let a day pass without saying it; even in the royal palace of Versailles, he was wont to select a secluded corner where he could offer his favorite prayer. Haydn always had recourse to his beads when the threat of his thoughts seemed to slacken, or a composition was about to fail. Mozart never forgot his Rosary in the deepest misfor-tune, as well as in moments of the great-est happiness; and it was often noticed that, during the enthusiastic applause of a delighted audience, the great artist took out his beads to murmur a prayer of thanksgiving.

The famous Bishop Martin, of Pader-born, penned the following words on his favorite devotion: "I wish I could say to the hearts of all to whom Christianity is dear: Cherish the holy Rosary; study this beautiful prayer, and let not a day pass by without reading in this truly golden guide-book. For my part, the longer and more carefully I meditate on the mysteries of the Rosary, the more I feel convinced of its supernatural origin."

It has often been observed how fre-quently Pius IX., of saintly memory, in the numerous audiences he gave, mentioned the devotion of the Rosary, laying peculiar stress on the necessity of propagating it throughout the world. To the late Rev. Bishop of Laval, that holy Pope once said: "Tell your faithful people that the Pope is not satisfied with simply blessing the Rosary, but that he says his beads every day, and invites all his children to do the same."

At the conclusion of an address to a band of pilgrims from the diocese of Poitiers, in 1876, Pius IX. urged upon every hearer, as a sure means of securing the blessings of Heaven, the daily recitation of the Rosary: "As you are praying for me, so I will pray for you, that God may keep you in His grace. And this is my counsel: Say the beads in common every evening in your homes; father, mother, sons and daugh-ters—all should unite in this simple and beautiful prayer, enriched with so many indulgences. Take this advice, my child-ten, as my last words, and treasure them up as precious mementoes."—Ave Maria.

The Devout Child.

A large soap factory in Berlin was to-tally destroyed by an explosion of gas; by the disaster six persons were killed, and seventeen others were maimed and wounded seriously; the factory itself fell a prey to the devouring flames. On the evening of the day of this unfortunate oc-currence, a young servant girl was observ-ed at the May devotions at one of the Berlin churches. She approached the richly decorated Lady altar, bearing in her hands a beautiful wreath of flowers which she placed at the feet of the statue of the Mother of God. Upon being asked the reason of so costly an offering, she replied in a simple, straightforward man-ner: "This morning I was sent by my employers to the soap factory that was destroyed to-day by an explosion of gas. On my way to the factory I passed a church, and the thought came into my head, 'Go and say one 'Hail Mary,' per-haps you won't have time to go to the May devotions to-night.' So I went in and said one single 'Hail Mary,' and then went on toward the soap factory. Just at the very moment that I came in sight of the factory I heard a fearful crashing noise, the flames burst forth, the factory was soon a total wreck. Had I not said that 'Hail Mary' in the church, I must have been killed with the others, and I should now have been stretched in the morgue, a blackened corpse." The poor little child of Mary added, with tears in her eyes, "Ah! what would my mother have done if I had been killed."—Nord America.

The Catholic Brother of the Author of "Paradise Lost."

A writer in the current number of Mac-millan, among many surprising stories about "Great Men's Relatives," reminds us that one of Rome's Recruits in days long antecedent to those of that great "Tractarian" movement whose nominal leader now lies at the point of death, was Christopher Milton, the brother of perhaps the greatest Puritan in the his-tory of the world.