

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE PROPRIETOR, JOHN GILLIES, AT NO. 195 FORTIFICATION LANE.

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TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE

To all Country Subscribers, Two Dollars. To all City Subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, Two Dollars and a half.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, May 26, 1876.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR

MAY, 1876.

Friday, 26—St. Philip Neri, Confessor. St. Eleantherius, Pope and Martyr.

Saturday, 27—St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, Virgin. St. John, Pope and Martyr.

Sunday, 28—SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE ASCENSION.

Monday, 29—St. Gregory VII., Pope and Confessor (25).

Tuesday, 30—Of the Octave. St. Felix, Pope and Martyr.

Wednesday, 31—St. Angela Merici; Virgin. St. Petronilla, Virgin.

JUNE, 1876.

Thursday, 1—Octave of the Ascension.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

A petition has been presented to the British Parliament by Mr. Butt signed by one hundred and thirty six members praying for the release of the Fenian prisoners. If they are successful the history of the future will have chapters on English magnanimity (!)

The London News states that the Government has decided to entertain favorably the memorial for an amnesty to the Irish political prisoners.

Advices from Bagdad state that from the 22nd to the 29th of April, inclusive, the deaths from the plague numbered 399; at Hillah during the same period they were 148.

The English Mediterranean fleet has been ordered to Smyrna, in readiness for any additional trouble in the East.

The Daily Telegraph in an editorial says—"If we are not mistaken the English Ambassador at Constantinople has informed the Government that the situation is critical. A violent outbreak, of which the Christians will become the victims, may occur in any moment throughout Turkey and even in Constantinople. We would not be surprised, therefore, if the English Mediterranean squadron were ordered immediately to Beskir Bay, at the mouth of the Hellespont, the same as on the eve of the Crimean war."

The excitement in Europe over the complications of the Eastern question has not by any means subsided. Our transatlantic exchanges are full of rumors of the increase of Mahometan fanaticism. Notwithstanding the pacific conclusions endorsed by the three surrounding powers, the rescue of the Greek girl and the subsequent massacre of the Consuls, is to be the torch that will most probably set fire to the wood pile. A letter from Constantinople to the London News, under date of 12th instant, says the excitement during the last three days has amounted to a panic: the demand for weapons both by Sofias and Christians is so great that most of the shops in Stamboul have sold out all their stock. The Sofias, that is all persons attached to mosques in any capacity whatever, are practically masters of the situation; they number about 10,000 persons, and their influence over the Proletariat is supreme; they utter threats against the Sultan and his Ministers, and sometimes against Christians, although at present they profess to be friends to the latter. A great number of them went to the palace and demanded the dismissal of the Grand Vizier, Mahmoud Nedim Pasha, the Cheikh Ul Islam, and the Minister of War. The Sultan resisted for an hour, but the clamor of the mob finally induced him to demand the resignation of Mahmoud Nedim Pasha, the Grand Vizier. The scene was most riotous and disorderly. Constantinople contains only 1,800 regular soldiers, the remainder being "redifs" and recruits. The Turkish officers openly admit their inability to control the latter in case of an outbreak, and it is generally believed they would obey the Sofias. Mobs of Sofias have been parading the streets during the last three days, demanding the dismissal of Mahmoud Nedim Pasha, whom they accuse of being under Russian influence. Threats have been made against Christians generally, and two or three murders have occurred, which the police are doing their utmost to hush up. Constantinople, in fact, is in revolution. The Sofias are not satisfied with the appointment of Mehmet Rashedi as Grand Vizier, and clamor for Midhat Pasha; they want Mehmet Rashedi, as President of the National Parliament.

The afternoon express on the G. W. R. west, met with an accident at Sifton's Cut, on the 17th inst. The switch being left open at that point, the train ran off while going almost at full speed. The locomotive upset, and the steam chambers burst, the escaping steam scalding the engineer, Geo. Irwin, and the fireman, Joseph Pringle, his son-in-law, in a horrible manner. The former has since died in terrible agony, and the latter is failing rapidly. The passengers escaped with a severe shaking up. A relief train was at once despatched from London, and the injured men brought there. Irwin's body was scalded from head to foot. Both men belonged to Windsor. The deceased, Geo. Irwin, was a man of considerable wealth in Windsor, his rents bringing upwards of \$200 per month, yet he worked on the line from habit. An inquest was immediately held. The facts elicited were that the section men were working a gravel train in the neighbourhood, and at the switch at Sifton Cut, "Hyde Park" found a tight rail caused by the sun's heat; they got their train through all right, and sometime after proceeded to fix the switch properly. To get some iron for this purpose, the men went some distance off; while they were so occupied the Express came along when one of the men hearing

the steam reversed, exclaimed, "My God, that switch is open." The section boss, David Spence, admitted his responsibility for the open switch; by saying that "if it was open he must have left it so." The jury retired shortly before 12 o'clock, and at 1.30 returned a verdict, placing the responsibility for the death of George Irwin upon the Great Western Railway Company, and the section foreman, David Spence; the latter has been taken into custody on the charge of manslaughter.

The report of the Minister of Justice presented to Parliament before the close of the last session, gives full details concerning the Penitentiaries of Kingston, St. Vincent de Paul, St. John, Halifax, and Manitoba, also Rockwood Criminal Lunatic Asylum and the convicts in British Columbia. Mr. J. G. Moylan, the Inspector, in his report to the Department, states that the gross cost for maintaining the Penitentiaries in 1875 was \$191,323.16, and in the same period the earnings of the convicts amounted to \$100,999.26, or \$127.17 per head on the average number of 785. The net cost of the Penitentiaries, after deducting the value of the convicts' labor, amounted to \$90,323.85, or \$113.61 per head. As compared with convict prisons in England and the United States, these figures are favorable. In English prisons the average cost of each convict was \$167.10, in Auburn State Prison, \$194.94, in Illinois State Penitentiary, \$169.70, and in Massachusetts State Prison \$178.80.

The most powerful ironclad steamer ever built was launched at Portmouth on Thursday, the Princess Louise presiding at the ceremony. The new vessel, the "Inflexible," is an immensely strong ship, but the 57-ton Krupp gun can pierce her through and through at 2,000 yards distance. When is this thing to stop? Even if it should be found possible to build a ship which would withstand the heaviest guns—and guns of 100 tons with 19 inches calibre, are now being made for the Italian navy—every vessel is still liable to be sent to the bottom by a wretched little torpedo. The "Inflexible" is 320 long and 75 feet wide; she has engines of immense force; she will have four guns of eighty-one tons each. She may be described as a monitor, 75 feet wide and 110 feet long, with walls 41 inches thick, floated by the addition of an unarmored bow and stern. The monitor, or citadel, is 12 feet high, half above and half below the water; within its walls are the engines, the boilers the base of the turrets, the hydraulic machinery for loading the guns, and the magazines. Her guns will carry projectiles weighing 1,650 pounds and measuring sixteen inches in diameter. The launch was perfectly successful, and when the immense vessel took the water, she was not half so bad-looking as she seemed to be when on the ways.

The latest about the Irish political prisoners is to the effect that in the debate on the subject in the Imperial Parliament on Monday, Mr. Disraeli stated that under the circumstances, he could not recommend Her Majesty to grant them amnesty.

IS THE "GLORIES OF MARY" A BAD BOOK?

To our utter astonishment we find in the pages of our esteemed contemporary, The Ottawa Citizen, a glowing account of the diatribes of an anti-Catholic lecturer of the vilest and most lying character. The pervert Chiniquy is said to have proved that we Catholics, make a Supreme Being of the Blessed Virgin. He would prove it from the Glories of Mary written by St. Liguori, a book according to this lying impostor, said to be approved of by the Holy Father as an infallible guide to happiness. "If then proceeded" writes the Citizen, "to give another extract from the Glories of Mary," illustrating the powers of Mary, but which is unfit for publication." We have read the Glories of Mary from cover to cover, millions of the most learned and holy have read the work, and have never found one expression that could wound the most sensitive. Either the impostor concocted a diabolical or immoral sentence, and read it as a passage from the "Glories of Mary" or the Editor of the Citizen (perhaps the reporter) has allowed bigotry to master his judgment and honesty, in branding as immoral a work universally esteemed and loved by Catholics. We would not sully our pages with noticing the wretched man that is living, or the awful imposture the impiety of man is capable of; but, when the Editor of a contemporary journal endorses his misrepresentation of our faith, we are reluctantly forced to denounce his bigotry or his ignorance.

HONEST TESTIMONY.

At a moment when the Protestant Press, endeavors to throw contempt on the Catholic Institutions of this city, it is with pleasure we recognize the honest defence of those institutions, by one out of many of our separated brethren, who could likewise, if they were courageous, from their own knowledge, bear testimony to the self-sacrificing efforts of the Sisters to relieve suffering humanity. The following letter has been addressed to the Gazette and will prove interesting to our readers:—

To the Editor of the Gazette. Sir,—Latterly the fashion has arisen, both in the public press and in private Protestant life, freely to denounce everything bearing the title of Catholic, whether it be in benevolent works or in public service; and the old war-cry of ancient Jerusalem has been again revived. "That no good thing could come out of Nazareth." Some portions of the daily press reiterate their diatribes from day to day with such persistence that even should their readers not become utterly nauseated, in time they begin to think there must be some truth in the matter so often before their eyes, and blindly become bigots from want of knowledge. The Christianity of love and charity of these men seems to have departed. Among these latter, the writer was fast falling into the general vortex, not from any knowledge, but from the influence of surrounding circumstances and reading. But it will be seen from the context how the scales have fallen from his eyes, and, although as firm a Protestant as ever, he charitably believes and undoubtedly knows that his Catholic co-religionists in Canada are doing a great and good work in our midst, to an extent no Protestant has as yet attained to.

It so happened, in the providence of God, whose dealings with the children of men are verily past finding-out, that a very dear relative of the writer's became alienated in mind to an extent that removal from home was a necessity for security. Advice was sought and places visited—Quebec, Toronto, Boston, Hartford, Brattleboro, &c., &c.—but distance, and in some instances great expense, proved

barriers to any one of these being chosen. One day a friend said, "Try Longue-Pointe Asylum; the nuns are very kind." This institution was then visited, and at once it was apparent that the internal arrangements and beauty of location, added to nearness to the city, were all that could be desired. But, before deciding, the matter flashed across his brain, "Am I right in placing this dear one under the care of these people—people of antagonistic creed, and against whom all our associations are at variance, especially at a time when such strenuous efforts are being made to prevent their gaining possession of many of our charities?" However, it was settled to remove the patient there, and she was accordingly taken. The introduction was strange, and the peculiarity of the other bodily ailments were supervening, and that notwithstanding the unremitting medical attendance, the patient would not be long in this world. Then it was to be seen the kind nurses those ladies were; not of that hiring class so well depicted by Dickens, the Sarah Gamps and Betsy Prigs of society, whose first thought on entering a sick room is their own comfort and ease, and their patient's a minor consideration, but were the educated, refined, gentle ladies of the best society, whose consideration, sympathy and kindness find no parallel in Protestant organizations, and who, for the love of God alone, minister day and night to the sick, infirm, and dying, seeking—looking for no other recompense than a Saviour's love. Go when one might, as the writer has been—midnight or noon, early morning or late evening—unremitting attention and soothing tenderness were apparent at the patients' side. Sleep or rest appeared quite secondary to the comfort of the afflicted; from the Lady Superior down to the youngest Sister, they seemed to vie with each other in lavish attention. The other inmates seemed also to share a like care. And then in sick room delicacies the wealthiest mansion of Montreal could not excel them—beef tea, milk, sage, jellies, ice, oranges, &c. &c., all prepared and served in small tempting quantities nearly every half hour, in a manner few homes could provide.

But when the trying hour arrived, and the spirit prepared to depart to happier shores, then the true Samaritan Christianity of these ladies shone out more prominently. An English Bible was laid on the table for our use, and no sectarian peculiarities were present near us; and as the poor soul was just about winging its flight, sisters and relatives, Protestants and Catholics, knelt around the dying bed, and offered up their prayers for the spirit's happy flight to join its Saviour. And think ye not, ye bigots, that the prayers of these gentle, righteous Sisters would not avail before the Throne of the Eternal? The chaplain too looked on the scene, and, with moistened eyes, silently offered his prayers. So it is that the writer has found by sad experience that there dwells in the land a power for great good, far more than Protestants ever can conceive of, in the self-denying work of those ladies—a power Protestantism as yet possesses not and has yet to organize. What is the lesson derivable? Before attempting to take out the mote that dwells in the eyes of others, cast out the palpable beam so apparent in your own.

Do not imagine the writer is smitten with Roman Catholicism—he believes it to be wrong, and none would more earnestly denounce priestly assumption than he, whether it came from Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, or Romanist, for the news of the day tell us from time to time they more or less, are tainted with the same spirit, had they the opportunity. In conclusion, the subscriber would say, all praise to these noble Sisters for their self-denying work, and may their good influence yet be extended to other fields, for no more sternuous supporter can they rely on in the future than

AN ULTRA PROTESTANT.

Montreal, May, 18, 1876.

THE SORROWS OF THE CONQUERED.

One of the marks of barbarism in the past, was cruelty and outrage to the conquered people. The Romans plundered conquered cities, seized the manhood and comely youth of the subdued territory and dragged them to Rome to be slaves and harlots; tyrants were placed in power over the remnant of the fallen nation, to continue in injustice and spoliation, the curse of their defeat. But this dark side of the pagan character still exists in nations that consider themselves civilized. For several hundred years, poor Ireland felt the humiliating crushing power of a conqueror, she was robbed of her lands, an alien church was forced on her, her commerce blighted, her schools closed her people driven before the bayonet to exile or starvation. Poland has writhed under all the terrors of subjugation and as in Ireland, a thousand years of the mildest rule, would not erase the indignation that hangs around the memories of a tyrannical subjugation.

There are two provinces just now undergoing the lash of a proud conqueror. Alsace and Lorraine are groaning under the scourge of their Protestant conquerors. Our enemies may rant on intolerance, and pour forth stereotyped abuse against supposed Catholic illiberality, but the heart of Jew or Turk would pity the cruelties exercised under the intolerance of Germany towards these two Catholic provinces. Although in the terms of the treaty of Versailles, (1870) the religious convictions of those provinces, were to be respected, the persecution is carried on with a hatred of the Catholic church, more virulent than in Prussia itself. The expulsion of the Christian Brothers under various pretexts, was but a step to introduce a system of diabolical effort to corrupt the youth of the country. We will make reference only to one requirement of the new system which will surprise and startle the admirers of German piety.

It has been nearly universally admitted there is a prudence and even a necessity of keeping boys and girls schools separate. Wherever Catholics have the control of the youth, they insist on this salutary separation for the mutual advantage of both sexes and the system is adopted throughout France. The German Government is determined they shall be educated together. The nuns and good Religious whose schools have not yet been closed, may keep girls until their ninth or tenth year; after that they must go to the boys' school. The German theory in support of this arrangement is that as the two sexes are destined to live together, they should be brought in close contact as soon as possible. From this fatal system the immorality of the government schools, is commencing to blast the innocence of a country famous for its unsullied youth. Besides the suspicion of exaggeration we should incur were we to bring forward facts of recent occurrence, we have to remember the delicacy

of our readers. It is not unusual to hear inspectors when inaugurating these schools address the astonished pupils, blushing with childish innocence—"You will love one another and make choice of each other."

In places, where the poor people try to resist this iniquitous system the inspector enters the girls' school with a posse of police; the children are called up and asked their age, all that owned to nine years were ordered to stand aside and then marched off to the boys school with the conquering hero at their head.

No wonder the banners of Alsace and Lorraine are draped in the deepest mourning as they hang in the sanctuary at Lourdes; no wonder the cry of the people rolls with indignation around the chamber of deputies at Paris, urging on another war! No wonder 40,000 have emigrated into the heart of France during the last two years!

Besides these diabolical efforts to ruin the morality of the children, there are reported some ridiculous contro-tempes that make us smile at the baffled pride of the conquerors. Ladies were summoned to the police court for the high misdemeanor of leaving a seat in the public gardens which a Prussian officer presumed to share with them, and the poor ladies were in every case heavily fined. The same august tribunal visited with a severe rebuke, (with the threat of magisterial penalties in case of relapse) the delinquency of certain ladies who had been too loud in their merriment at the peculiar taste in millinery displayed by their fair sisters from the fast circles of the German metropolis.

As in Ireland in the penal days—as in Italy in this hour of triumph for the powers of darkness, the education and the morals of the country, and the administration of justice, are in the hands of a few proud and unbelieving men whose mission of ruin and sorrow, seems to come from the prime minister of an infernal kingdom!

MONTLAMBERT.

Efforts have been made both in this country and the old to drag Montlambert into the camp of Dolinger and the pseudo liberals of latter days who shelter the pride of heresy under the mockery of a Christianity which they have built up for their own tastes. Although, of the great departed whose genius shone brilliantly in the century they adorned, few were found altogether without blot or blemish; the blots on the character of the great Count are magnified to favor a sinister purpose. A writer on one of our exchanges exposes a dishonorable transaction in which the great writer is made to appear in the judgment of posterity otherwise than he really deserved. In moments of indignation, Montlambert penned fiery articles on current topics; in cooler moments he refused to give them to the press. Finding night in which no man can work pressing around him he made arrangements in his will that his literary executors should select from his MSS. those which would serve the cause of religion and morality and destroy those that might give umbrage to Catholic feeling or Catholic principles to which he adhered with fidelity to the last. His desires have not been respected, his private confidence has been abused, and certain papers have been published which were written years ago, and which seem to tarnish with heterodox teachings the fair name of the great French Catholic Champion. In these recent publications, Montlambert—the defender of the Jesuits—the author of the *Monks of the West*, attacks with virulence some members of the Society of Jesus, supposed to have written articles in the *Civiltà Cattolica* displeasing to him, and he indulges in invective totally foreign to his real nature, and to the sentiments which he entertained in his prime. Immense capital has been made out of these posthumous productions from the giant of French literature, and it will be long before the Protestant Press will cease to harp on the supposed bias of his Catholic pen.

A very satisfactory explanation of the Count's *lapis penna* is given in the *English Catholic Times*, which shows the circumstances under which those articles were written in 1868:—

At the time he was a martyr to the painful disease which eventually killed him early in 1870, and have now before us a most depressing letter which he wrote at the end of the first-named year, to the most intimate friend of his whole lifetime, M. Leon Cornudet, in which the great Count tells of his confinement to his pallet, of his forced idleness, of his doleful leisure, of his long hours of forced idleness, of the bitter darkness of his existence. Its whole tone is one of the deepest dejection. Then it was that his own work was in part questioned in the columns of the *Civiltà*, and it is to be much wondered at that, considering his state of mind when he took up his pen to reply, his high pressure nature got the better of him, and he indulged in the fierce and almost relentless diatribe now delighting the hearts of all the enemies of religion throughout the Continent? In it he says he is "a good way beyond the age of mistakes and passionate emotions," but his miserable state may be accurately estimated from the continuation of the sentence wherein he says, that he is blushing with anger and trembling with rage. Are opinions, penned in such a physical and mental state, worth the paper on which they are written? Certainly not; but even if they were, Montlambert was by no means infallible; spite of the grandeur of his Catholic work as a whole it was by no means without a flaw; he was not the sort of man to commit only one fault in his arduous career; and it is the simplest justice to the whole tenor of his life to regard this essay on *Spain and Liberty* as the cruel mistake of a moment of passion, which no one would have been so ready to rectify as himself were he now alive. He provided indeed, so far as he could against its publication; but his confidence has been violated, and in the session of an attack which does gross injustice to a grand memory, which certainly was never meant to see daylight in the black and white of the printer's page.

THE FAILURE OF BISMARCK.

A rumor has crept into the Press of Germany that Bismarck has expressed in private his conviction of failure in his persecution of the Catholic Church. He is shrewd enough to notice the contrast between the inflexible and dauntless position of the Catholic hierarchy with the pliant and obsequious character of the Protestant Church. The latter had Caesar for its God and moved in cowardly submission to his beck. Having nothing definite to lose they had nothing to stand for; and now the firmness and zeal of those who have been faithful to their trust wins the admiration of their enemies. "Truth is

great, it must triumph." A German Catholic paper in commenting on the "egregious failure of the Bismarckian persecution" makes the following happy remarks, which we could almost reproduce in reference to petty persecutions and unjust efforts made amongst ourselves to interfere with Catholic liberties and Catholic faith.

"The enemies of the Church imagined that they had acted in a specially cunning manner by building their hopes (for success) on the evil passions which lie dormant in every human creature. Above all did they rely on avarice, hoping, on the one hand, that the prospect of money and that which can be procured with money would lead to apostasy and confidently expecting, on the other hand, that the robbery of earthly possessions would destroy fidelity to the Church. But these calculations have been proven false. Love of their Church has proven itself stronger among our Catholics and their priests than the lust of Mammon, and seeing that everywhere earthly possessions are sacrificed out of love for the Church, a less love of the goods of this world has taken possession of the hearts of our Catholics. No longer are all thought and aim directed toward the heaping up of (earthly) treasures, but what has been laid by is spent, with open hands, for charitable works. The consciousness of the Christian duty of dividing with the needy has been vastly increased, since Pope, bishops, and priests of every grade no longer possess an income, and are thrown on the charity of our Catholics. The more the Church is robbed the more freely are the gifts of her benevolence bestowed, and this lobest of all deeds of benevolence exerts a most powerful influence on the life of her children, as inspired by faith. The pious sons of St. Francis have been driven away, but the result is that all of us have become a kind of Franciscans; i.e. that we esteem money and worldly possessions as valueless, and renounce luxury as unworthy of a Christian.

"Our enemies have tried to excite religious fanaticism against us. They are endeavoring to arouse old prejudices, old hatreds, old oppositions, hoping thus to unite all non-Catholics in a solid phalanx against the Catholic Church. And to a certain degree, this attempt has been successful among the ignorant classes of our Protestant population. But these results have been supplemented by others favorable to us Catholics. The better informed portion of Protestants are more and more laying aside many prejudices which had made them unfavorable to the Catholic Church. The open confession, the fidelity, the self-sacrifice of Catholics, and their brave opposition to the oppression of their Church by political and ecclesiastical 'liberalism' have primarily aroused the astonishment of the more serious and reflecting non-Catholics, and have afterwards produced wonderment, and finally induced them to examine the doctrines of a Church which produces results so glorious. Already do we behold joyful effects of this growing true knowledge of the Church. People are beginning to see that what they believed themselves entitled to find fault with in the Old Church was partly based on false premises, partly on misrepresentation. Wherever this knowledge is possible, wherever truth is spreading its light, sincere people are returning to the Church. Numerous conversions have already taken place, and there is a well grounded reason to hope for a greater extension of them. Thus has it been at all times. Every persecution of the Church extends the limits of her Dominion, and increases the number of the faithful. In martyrdom lies victory."

THE FIRST COMMUNION.

There are moments when the happy reminiscences of the past flow on us like a tide of joy. The joys of religion leave a lasting impression on the heart; when billows of disappointment and worldly anxiety surge around our manhood, we look back with a sigh to the happy morning of early and virtuous joy, when, with the companions of youth, we knelt at the altar rails to receive the Holy of Holies for the first time. To the child making its First Communion, the future is a long bright vista of sunshine and joy—he does not see the lurid clouds that lie in the distant horizon, nor the rugged and stony path to be crossed midway in the brilliant-avenue fancy has created. But it is the innocent and guileless joy that beams on the young heart that makes us—for whom stern reality has burst the bubbles of early hope—to bend in sincere congratulation over the scenes presented to us in the churches of St. Patrick's and St. Ann's during the last week. Nearly a thousand Irish children after long and careful preparation assembled in these churches to receive their First Communion. At an early hour they were gathered in the churches under the care of the Brothers and Sisters; the girls in the emblematic white of innocence, in the veils of modesty, and the wreaths of maiden joy—and the boys in tidy outfit with rosettes and the badges of their various sodalities. Many a fond mother's heart beat with a pulse of joy as she looked on the happy scene; many a fervent prayer floated like angelic incense on its way to the Sacred Heart; many a vow was registered in the book of life for little ones who in the morning of their days, and on this auspicious morning of their First Communion consecrated themselves to the service of God.

In the afternoon, His Lordship Bishop Fabre administered Confirmation to all the children. In St. Patrick's the children of the school rendered the *Veni Creator Spiritus* with organ accompaniment in such a manner as not only to elicit the warmest congratulation, but the surprise at the great efficiency and training they displayed. On the whole Thursday was a happy day for us all, for who was there who had not amongst the happy recipients of the highest favors of God, some little pet, some little hopeful whom we love and bless.

FIRST COMMUNION AT VILLA MARIA.

On Friday, the 19th, several of the youthful pupils of Villa Maria had the happiness of receiving their first communion in the beautiful chapel attached to the Convent. The ceremony was marked by all the solemn pomp which adds so wonderful a charm to Catholic worship. His Lordship Bishop Fabre officiated on the occasion, conferring also on the children the Sacrament of Confirmation. Subsequently, the pupils of the institution assembled in the large hall into which his Lordship soon entered, accompanied by several distinguished clergymen, and followed by a number of ladies and gentlemen. Music as sweet and as perfectly rendered as that which had been heard in the chapel a half hour previous, again charmed the auditors. Two young lady graduates then came forward and read to the Bishop, French and English addresses, in which touching allusion was made to the late Villa Maria and sustained in the death of the late highly gifted and beloved Directress, Sister Theodora. To these addresses his Lordship replied in both languages, in terms elegant and well chosen after which the assembly dispersed.