

AUGUST 2, 1913

found to exist there by a grand jury working under Governor Sulzer's State Prison Commission, were described as "barbarous and incredible." "As sure as I am alive," said James W. Osborne, foreman of the jury, and one of the best known New York lawyers, "if the people of New York knew what has been going on up there, they would go and tear the prison down." In face of the revelations described it is some consolation to know that the prison is doomed, and that the new one in course of erection at Comstock, N. Y., is approaching completion. But even this will be too small to accommodate the convicts of the State, and consequently Sing Sing, with all its horrors, must continue to house a portion of them. It remains to be seen how long the people of New York will still tolerate what their own grand jury has condemned as "the worst prison in the world."

THE EXISTING conditions at Sing Sing, as described by Mr. Osborne, may well be called "incredible." The prison was built more than eighty years ago, when the population of the State, outside of New York City, was small and widely scattered. What may well have served the requirements of that time must necessarily fall far short of those of the great commonwealth of to-day. Yet, with all its great wealth and boasted progressiveness, New York, while becoming the backwardness of nations abroad, has been content to shut its eyes to the festering sore within its own bosom. The sanitary appliances of eighty years ago are still in use, and the furniture of the prison then remains the furniture to-day. This, however, is the mildest indictment in the jury's finding. We may be pardoned a glance at the others.

FOR MANY years past, says the report, there have been more convicts than cells, and the result is that at present practically every cell contains two convicts, some of them three. Let the Mail's contributor summarize the result for us:

"When there are three in the cell the face of the man sleeping in the upper bunk is just six inches from the ceiling. That the herding of men together in this way should be responsible for the spread of disease, both moral and physical, was to have been expected, and the investigations have revealed a state of affairs that cannot be printed by a newspaper. Into the cells little light enters. The bottom cells have never had a ray of sunlight since the day they were built. In damp weather water drips from the walls. The cells are infected with vermin. Even the hospital was found to possess other than human inmates. The prison laundry was shown to have been an agency in the spread of disease. Men entered Sing Sing in excellent health. Hundreds left it suffering from diseases that eventually claimed their lives."

Each cell, it may be added, is 7 feet long, 3½ feet wide, and 7 feet high. In these cramped quarters it is the practice even now to shut the men on Sundays and holidays, which, to hundreds of them means spending the day in utter darkness. Cases have been reported of men leaving their cells on Monday morning and walking into a wall, so unaccustomed were their eyes to the light.

OUR PURPOSE in referring to the matter is simply this. We are so accustomed to homilies in papers of the Mail and Empire type on the backward condition of the Latin countries, and of their barbarities in regard to just such matters as prisons and the treatment of criminals. We are on such occasions pharisaically reminded of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon in this as in every other respect. Our older readers may recall the wave of indignation which swept over Europe and America when Gladstone denounced the horrors of the prisons of Naples fifty years ago, just as the world has stood aghast in our day over the Putnam affair. These revelations were perhaps not overdone, nor Gladstone's arraignment too severe. But we doubt if in the worst Neapolitan prison of that age of transition and as described by apostles of the Revolution, conditions were any worse than in the Sing Sing of to-day, according to the authentic revelations of State commissioners. The world has advanced, materially at least, a great way in fifty years, but that in what is known as the Empire State of one of the richest countries in the world, conditions should exist in its most famous prison which stagger the imagination and shock the moral sense, should surely give occasion for the exercise of a little modesty in regard to themselves as contrasted with

other and older nations. It is time to set their own house in order.

ATTENTION HAS recently been drawn to the old Scots College in Paris, and to the part it bore in the education of priests under the Penal Laws. A project is on foot to acquire the old building from its present holders and restore it to its former uses. Unlike the colleges at Rome, Valladolid and Ratisbon, the Paris institution was long ago secularized, and while its endowments remain, and the revenue provides for the ecclesiastical education of a number of students elsewhere, it is a matter of regret that a structure of such venerable and hallowed memories should remain alienated from its intended uses. A few incidents in its history may prove acceptable to our numerous Scots readers.

ALTHOUGH THE college, in embryo, dates back to the year 1325, when David, Bishop of Moray, purchased the farm of Grisy en Brie, situated in Champagne, about twelve leagues from Paris, and devoted its revenues to the maintenance of four burses in the University of Paris, Archbishop Betoun of Glasgow is generally regarded as its real founder. The Archbishop was in exile in Paris in 1573, the year in which died the last Catholic Bishop of Moray. The care of the foundation then devolved upon him, and when in 1586 the emoluments of his See were restored to him, and with them the dignity of Scottish Ambassador, he (1602) made a second foundation in the purchase of a house in the Rue des Amandiers, close to the Rue des Ecoles, where the Scots students were in the habit of lodging. At his death a year later all his possessions were left as provision for the Administration of this and the earlier foundation. Thus came into existence the Scots College of Paris.

In 1640 the French Parliament incorporated the funds of these foundations for Scots scholars making provision of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman religion, and in attendance at the Rue des Amandiers College, and in 1688 confirmation of all former benefactions was granted by Louis XIV. The new Letters Patent defined the objects of the institution to be the education of ecclesiastical missionaries for Scotland and the instruction of the youth of that country in knowledge and virtue.

THE THIRD PERIOD of the College dates from the erection in 1662 of the building which still stands in the Rue des Fosses St. Victor. Father Barclay was Principal at that time. The structure is described as a substantial one of five stories, with the words "College des Ecoles" cut in the keystone of the arch over the main door. The balustrade, panels, and other furnishings bear designs with St. Andrew's cross as the distinguishing feature. Looking down the Rue Clovis, the college fills the vista not unattractively. The interior, to which we may refer again, with the still existing chapel, is reminiscent of its departed glories as the shrine of Scots Catholics in Paris and the rallying ground of the Jacobite exiles.

THE FOURTH and last period of the college as a distinct institution came to an end with the Revolution. Father Alexander Innes, whose memory is dear to Scots Catholics, was then in authority, and, remaining heroically at his post, did all he could to secure the property and the valuable MSS. under his care. He was, however, cast into prison and was saved from execution only by the death of Robespierre on the day fixed for the event. A considerable part of the property was lost altogether, but when in 1821, Bishop Patterson laid the matter before the authorities, all that portion of the two foundations at Paris and at Douay that had not been sold under the Revolutionary Government, was restored to the Bishops of Scotland. The building in Rue des Fosses St. Victor has, however, remained in other hands, and the college, therefore, as an institution does not now exist, but a number of students continue in Paris supported at other ecclesiastical seminaries by the funds of the Moray and Betoun Foundations. At present there are twenty in the colleges of St. Sulpice, Paris, Issy, Versailles and Bourges.

SUCH, briefly, is the history of the Scots College of Paris. The Franco-Scottish Society is interesting itself in the old building, and it is incumbent upon Scottish Catholics to fore-

stall any project it may have towards acquiring the property. "Historically, legally, and traditionally," says Father Gillon, its latest historian, "the Catholic origin and destination of these Scottish foundations in France cannot be contested, but it is expedient at a moment such as this that the Catholics of Scotland should realize that their proprietary interest is coveted by gentlemen whose forbears in Betoun's time repudiated the auld alliance with France, and by their savage Penal Laws forced Betoun to found the Scots College in Paris in the same spirit as Clement VIII. founded that of Rome in 1600, and Colonel Semple that of Madrid in 1633, to educate young Scotsmen to serve as Catholic missionaries in Scotland."

A TOUCHING SCENE

FOND FAREWELLS TO NUNS WHO HAVE SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES FOR LEPROSERS IN CHINA

The following affecting incident is related in the Montreal Star:

Sobbing mothers and sisters, moist-eyed fathers and brothers, gazed through their tear-dimmed eyes for the last time this morning into the smiling faces of the three black-robed young Sisters who stood waving a last loving farewell from the observation platform of the Imperial Limited as it throbbed out of Windsor station to-day.

"Farewell," in its deepest, most tragic sense is the one word that describes that touching scene in the railway station this morning, for these three smiling Sisters, bending over their weeping relatives, are the three Nuns who eagerly volunteered to bury their young lives for ever in the leper colony on Sheeklung Island in China, from which there is no return.

"My daughter, my God, my daughter!"

With a wail of despair, an aged mother, who had borne the strain of parting to the very last moment, was led away, almost in a collapse. Happily in the excitement, the black-robed daughter did not notice her mother's condition and bent over to kiss the cheek of the Superior of her convent, for whom she was parting forever.

Then at the last moment a shrill voice shrieked in the sober crowd around the train, and strong arms lifted up the tiny form of the five-year-old sister of Miss Clara Hebert, who will work among the lepers under the name of Sister St. Francis. The young nun clasped the little girl in her arms for one last moment, pressed a last kiss against her cheek and let her down again in the crowd, while the little girl sobbed bitterly, though she did not realize the poignant tragedy of the moment.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, but although the train started to move, another woman in the crowd, rushed for the car steps, ascended them and kissed the three Sisters for the last time.

As long as the black-robed nuns could be seen standing on the rear platform as the train rapidly gathered speed, the crowd stood in the station gazing at the three who stood so little of leaving everything behind them forever. There were few dry eyes in that crowd. The sobs of heart-broken mothers and sisters pierced the air and many a stern business man attracted by the scene, to whom this was not a personal question, felt the tears gather in his eyes when he realized what it meant to see those three Sisters, far away from the station now, but still waving to the crowd on the platform.

"For the three heroic young women—Sister St. Francis (Miss Clara Hebert), Sister St. Raphael (Miss Melvina Biron), and Sister Mary Bernadette (Miss Alma Leger)—it was not a tragic moment. No tears dimmed their eyes as they said farewell; they smiled cheerfully while consoling their weeping kindred, and for ought anyone could tell from their bright faces, they might have been just starting out on a pleasure trip instead of going on the last time upon their loved ones.

Before the train left when the three brothers of Sister St. Raphael (Miss Melvina Biron), ascended the car steps and kissed her on the cheek in turn. They were strong men, but they were also brothers, and it was no disgrace because their eyes were wet with tears.

There were two mothers in the crowd which watched the train disappear and for mother-love to stand the trial of this departure, was the hardest task of all; both of them bore up till the last moment, and then broke down, and who could wonder?

"When will they return?" asked a by-stander, looking up at the three nuns on the train platform.

"They will never return," replied a priest near-by. "They are going to live in a leper colony for the rest of their lives."

"For their lives," echoed the astonished by-stander. "I did not think there was that much courage and heroism left in this age."

Leaving the little convent of the Immaculate Conception, Outremont, where they have spent months of training the three Sisters left early in the morning for the Church of St. Viateur, where Mass was celebrated in their honor. They sat in the front seat, where their sorrowing

relatives were grouped behind them, and in the rear of the church there sat a unique choir, consisting of the twelve other Sisters from the Convent of the Immaculate Conception. These Sisters had also volunteered to go to the leper colony, and it was not their fault that they were not chosen, and as their clear voices rose in the solemn music of the Mass, it could be understood easily how full were their hearts with the solemnity of the occasion. More than anything else connected with the service, these sweet female voices touched a tender note on the solemn occasion.

Behind the three Sisters sitting in the front row, a noise was heard and a young woman fell fainting to the floor. She had been a close friend of one of the departing nuns, but the three in front did not turn around as the young woman was being carried out of the church. Their thoughts were not fixed on the things of this world as they knelt in that solemn moment.

Rev. Father Charbonneau, parish priest of Outremont, addressed a few farewell words to the three Sisters at the close of the service.

"Your example," he declared, "will shine all over the world. Such devotion as yours to your faith has never been surpassed—that three young virgins should tear asunder all human ties, and place themselves entirely in the service of the Saviour. You, in truth, are bearing the Light with you into the shadow of death. Yours is an example stronger than words. And yet you are happy in your sacrifice, you have been prepared for the call, and although everyone is astonished by your self-sacrifice and obedience, it is a glad occasion, and occasion for the happy singing of a *Te Deum*."

And when you reach that far-off land and start your life's work of tending to the suffering ones and bringing them to the knowledge of the Saviour, think and pray for those whom you have left behind. Let your thoughts often be with us, as ours will be with you throughout the long years to come."

That note of finality, of sweet resignation was characteristic of the whole farewell scene. That it was unusual or in any way uncommon for three young women in the twentieth century to sacrifice their lives, their home and kindred, for the suffering, never seemed to strike these young women, who started forth so cheerfully for the far-off leper colony, from which, when they once enter, there can be no hope of return.

THE SACRED HEART ACADEMY

FAREWELL VISIT OF THE ALUMNAE AT THEIR BELOVED CONVENT HOME

Last Monday afternoon all the members of the Alumnae of the Sacred Heart gathered at the Convent on Queen's avenue, London, and spent a few hours visiting their former mistresses. Many were the regrets expressed by those present at the decision made by the Mother General of the Order to discontinue their good work in this city. The news came to the former pupils as well as to the present school children with great surprise, and caused the deepest sorrow amongst those who had the special privilege of knowing and loving the dear Religious who guided and guarded them in their younger years. The President of the Alumnae, Mrs. Robert M. Burns, read an address on behalf of the Alumnae to the Religious of the community, expressing their heartfelt regret at the coming departure of the devoted mistresses. It was indeed a touching incident in the life of the Sacred Heart Religious and a touching incident also in the lives of those who had come to bid adieu to those who had forged links of love binding the pupils of the old days and of the later period which will never be sundered.

There were present those advanced in life, some who have for half a century kept green in their affections the blessed ties of long ago, and whose periodical visit to their Alma Mater was every joy unalloyed—some who held prominent place in the world's work, and whose children had now taken their old places in the class-room, all deeply touched as the words of loving farewell fell from the lips of the President. Following the address Mrs. M. P. McDonald presented Reverend Mother, on behalf of the Alumnae, with a purse of gold. Reverend Mother gave expression to words of deepest affection for the former pupils of the Academy, and in the most appreciative terms thanked them for their generous gift. Their loyalty to their school day home touched her very much indeed, and after giving them a beautiful instruction regarding their future lives bade them a mother's fond farewell.

THE ADDRESS

Rev. and dear Mother, devoted Mistresses and kind Sisters.—It is well over a century since the saintly foundress of the Order of the Sacred Heart conceived the sublime purpose of establishing schools for the education of the young, modeled on the Divine Ideal. In time branches of the parent tree were planted and bore blessed fruit in the countries of Europe, and in time also spread to the continent of America. It is well over half a century since London was blessed with the introduction of a house of this order. Three or four generations have passed through this sacred and beloved sanctuary and now circumstances have rendered it

necessary to close the school in this city. Because of this decision the Alumnae of the Sacred Heart have gathered to say a sad farewell. It is God's will that this separation should take place, and we bow in obedience, but our hearts, dear Rev. Mother, are distressed beyond measure at the thought of separation. We realize that your departure will be a painful event in our lives and a deprivation for coming generations. It becomes all the more grievous when we realize what noble endeavor has been yours in the cause of Christian education, when we realize what a benediction your counsel and instruction have been to our families, when we realize how heroically you have labored to stem that tide of Materialism which is corroding so many hearts and how successful you have been in implanting and nourishing in the hearts of God's little one those lessons of love for the Eternal One which should be the foundation of all education. Yes, dear Rev. Mother, we are sore distressed, and would it were in our power to postpone the parting day. We will miss the dear faces of other days, but memory will cherish them whilst life endures. When far away we will ask you to remember that there will always abide in the Alumnae a place for you in their affections and a prayer will be said that God will be with you and bless your work. May it be that in other lands the same graces and worldly success will flow from it. We will miss the continued good counsel of our former mistresses, which we found so helpful in our worldly affairs, but what is our loss will be a gain to others wherever you may go. We will ask you to accept this small testimonial of our regard. It is a trifle, but our hearts' warmest love go with it. Again we say farewell and may He Whose exemplar you are be ever with you to guide and guard and bless in all your undertakings.

FRANCE AT HOME AND ABROAD

Gambetta or some one else, it does not matter much, made current a saying in France that "anti-clericalism" was not an article for exportation, which means when translated that it is good politics to row with the Church in France but bad policy to misbehave in that fashion abroad.

Montreal had an illustration of this contrary the other day, when the French Consul organized a celebration of the fall of the Bastille. The 14th of July was the anniversary of that much misrepresented exploit, but three days more were added to enhance the splendor of the festivities.

The unveiling of a statue of modern France was the chief event around which most of the ceremonies revolved and it went off in the usual conventional fashion. But even the busy newspaper men noted that opposite this bronze presentation of the Republic, at the entrance of the French Consulate in Viger Square, stood the figure of Joan of Arc, the representative of France of the past. They were conflicting ideals confronting each other. The modern figure wears the Phrygian cap, a pagan emblem that often signifies license, whereas the panoply of war with which the maid is clad suggests, along with love of country, love of God. It is not hard to choose between them.

The ceremonies centred chiefly around the lady with the liberty cap, though France of the New World would have preferred the lady with the halo. However, it bravely smothered its feelings and grasped the hands outstretched across the sea, though they had not been outstretched when needed most; and it is doubtful if the listeners in Viger Square were comforted over much by the assurance that to compensate for the loss of Canada a new French colonial empire had been formed of the Congo, Madagascar and the land between the Mediterranean and the African desert. The patches are far apart, and are all black, so that France may have to add a new color to its national flag. But it was a good celebration, nevertheless, and its most significant feature was the unexpected display of faith by the visitors. The Archbishop was to have been one of the chief figures at the unveiling. For some reason he was not present, but, on the other hand, when he went on board the French warship Descartes he was received with honors only accorded to a Minister of State in France. A squad of sailors with fixed bayonets stood at attention on the main deck and presented arms when His Grace came aboard. At his coming the booming of seventeen guns over the great river announced that France recognized the exalted ecclesiastical station of its illustrious guest.

He was conducted with great ceremony through the various sections of the ship, and as he walked along, the sailors, most of them Bretons and Normans, dropped on their knees to receive his fatherly blessing. But the most surprising thing of all was that on the next morning he celebrated Mass on board. As before, he was met by the commandant and officers of the ship and on his departure was saluted by the ship's guard drawn up in line on the upper deck. During the Mass he addressed the crew and with his usual eloquence expounded for them the true meaning of love of country, reminding them at the same time of the glorious traditions of Catholic France. Even if he did not refer to the failure of France



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to remember its famous past, the clever Frenchmen who were listening to him understood the implication conveyed by the Archbishop's words.

The general result of it all was that although the chief purpose of the celebration was to glorify the gory French Revolution, it demonstrated the fact that faith is not dead in the Eldest Daughter of the Church. Her heart is throbbing warmly in the great centres at home, and when the terrible politicians and police are far enough away, she gratifies those religious instincts which her many centuries of Catholicity still seem strong enough to keep even in the hearts of those who have been openly recant. The manifestation of faith at Montreal was not perfunctory and official, but earnest and sincere.

DIOCESE OF CHARLOTTETOWN WELCOME TO THE BISHOP

When Bishop O'Leary visited Indian River, P. E. I., to administer confirmation, the members of Branch 254, C. M. B. A., presented His Lordship with the following address:

Right Rev. Henry J. O'Leary, D.D., Bishop of Charlottetown:

May it please Your Lordship.—On this the occasion of your first visit to our parish, we, the members of Branch 254, of the C. M. B. A. of Canada, embrace the opportunity of extending to you a sincere welcome and hearty congratulation. You have come to us a stranger in person but not in reputation. Years before the episcopal office here became vacant by the death of the late lamented Bishop McDonald, the fame of your talents had spread among us, and the appreciation of those competent to judge was duly evidenced. We trust that you will enjoy a long and prosperous rule in our diocese, and that in every parish your influence for good will be received and exercised. In the discharge of your high office we assure you that you will receive the heartiest and warmest support, and that the church in Prince Edward Island will continue to increase, multiply and flourish with the most delectable results.

To the Throne of Grace will ascend our prayers, invoking the Most High to give you the strength and the grace efficiently to discharge your comprehensive duties of your holy office in the fullest measure of perfection.

Signed: COMMITTEE

His Lordship replied in brief but adequate terms, warmly thanking the members of Branch 254 for their sincere kind and encouraging greetings, and ardently promised that the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association would always receive from him the warmest and most effective support. He highly praised the people in every part of the Province visited by him, and confidently foretold for the Church in Prince Edward Island and for the C. M. B. A. the attainment of the most desirable results.

NEW MIRACLES AT LOURDES

ITALIAN PRIEST TELLS OF WONDERFUL CURES

The Abbe John-Baptist Bert is a zealous young priest, the curate of his native parish of Pragelato. Writing recently of Lourdes, he said: "I am one of 8,000 pilgrims; and I have witnessed three miracles. One is a most extraordinary cure of a little child, belonging to my own parish. A few days later, he wrote: 'I return home with the sweetest memories of Lourdes. There is an immense improvement in the state of the paralytic child from Pragelato. I trust that the cure will become thorough and complete.'"

Afterwards he continues about the cure of a Hungarian nun. "We were

witnesses of bodily cures, pronounced miraculous by scientific men, and, amongst others, that of Sister Rosalia Rimpfel, of the Order of the Saviour, who had lain motionless on her bed for five years, owing to tuberculosis of the bones, and particularly of the spinal column. She was declared to be incurable by the doctors. But she became suddenly sound and healthy as she left the bath. She walked by herself to the Grotto, to give thanks to Our Lady, and left her plaster cast there, as a trophy attesting her miraculous cure."

Dr. Boissarie is the head of the Bureau which examines into alleged cures wrought at Lourdes. Father Bert asked the doctor's assistant for statistics regarding the healed. The answer came: "We cannot obtain such statistics. You know that when Our Lord cures ten lepers, only one of them returned and gave thanks! Many go home from here, are cured, and do not take the trouble to tell us the fact. Others expressly hide their cure because they shun notoriety and even fear it." Of Zola's Lourdes book, this distinguished physician declared that it did good sending a host of learned men to investigate the facts for themselves. He added: "We open our doors to every corner. We shroud nothing in mystery. We hope that conviction will have reached the minds of many enquirers."

AT THE END OF THE ROSARY

Help me to kiss the Cross—
Not lightly—understanding that its pain
Must still be suffered tho' Christ rose again:
Knowing the Cross is mine if I would be
His child, beside Him in Gethsemane:
Knowing the joy and love His coming brings
Means most to those whose souls deep anguish wings
Knowing the radiance of our risen Lord
Glows brighter if our hearts have felt the sword.

Help me to kiss the Cross,
O Christ, Whose heavy burden I may share,
Help me to feel the honor that is there
That I, all stained with earth's despairing dross,
Unworthy, poor and blind, and wayward still,
Knowing Thy love yet working my weak will,
May come so close that I may kiss Thy Cross!

O Christ, Who gavest all that we might live,
Who calls us to Thee that Thou still mayst give
Grant me Thy grace, my cross to bravely take,
To bear it, patient, humble, for Thy sake:

Welcome the hurt because the hurt is Thine
And glad all lesser treasure to resign
To thank Thee for the love, the pain, the loss,
Help me to kiss the Cross!

—JULIA C. DOX

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