

second probation than I did during my first retreat, and consequently it is unutterably dull. My director speaks a little more than he did at first, seeming inclined to listen to what ever I may say, and I do all I can to gain his confidence. I had been lamenting that eight days had to be wasted, but have gained grace for one of the eight, so that to-morrow I am to make my election. You are already acquainted with the Jesuit signification of that term.

I have written down the principle heads of what motives have influenced me and the document bears the stamp of Machiavelian diplomacy. If all the Jesuits in the world were to read my statement they could not fail to believe in my sanctity, and, unless they are more clear sighted than we take them to be, would pronounce my *dignus intrari*.

S o'clock.

It appears that the reading of my statement did not suffice, and Father Carrey I only knew my director's name this morning came for me and took me to the Rector's room where I was questioned at some length. I assumed a modest and reserved demeanour, and, changing the terms, I repeated all I had written down. I was then taken to another experienced old Reverend Jesuit, Father Jorandea, who, after two or three commonplace interrogations, pronounced me to be eminently fitted for becoming a perfect Jesuit. He added that he had seen this at a glance, and was never wrong in his decisions. Amen, reverend sir. Nov. 5th.

Father Carrey has announced to me the good news of my having been accepted, and the good man was so overcome that he embraced me.

A cassock and the rest of the Jesuits' paraphernalia were at once brought to me, and whilst putting them on I had to listen to the old Jesuit's explanations of how my putting off worldly attire was symbolical of laying all worldly ideas aside for ever, etc. etc. Poor man! if he only knew how hard it was for me to keep from laughing!

My cassock has seen much service, and as for my old velvet nether garments the less said the better. My black stockings have been mended in twenty places, my shirt is coarse, and has neither collar nor cuffs, and my shoes! well, I doubt whether I shall ever be able to walk in such machines.

I am disguised as a monk at last, and had to make my own worldly clothes into a packet, after writing a detailed list of what there was so that the packet could be restored to me intact should I leave the novitiate. I am now awaiting the arrival of the Father who is to take me to the community.

Nov. 7th.

The wolf is in the sheep-fold! I had just finished my letter yesterday evening and was hiding it in my pocket when the *Admonitor* of the novices came for me. This Brother has a certain authority as regards minutiae of the Rule, and is a sort of assistant officer. He took me to the refectory, which we entered simultaneously with about forty Jesuits, or apprenticed Jesuits, without counting some five or six serving-brothers called *Coadjutors*. Each one of these men took his place in a long single file around and within the horse-shoe table. After the Rector had recited the *Benedicite*, each one moved off to the right or left with military precision, taking his place between the table and the wall. The inner edge of the horse-shoe remained free for serving the repast. The meal was taken in silence, every one listening to what was being read aloud, which lecture was about as amusing as those which used to be read in the strangers' refectory.

Supper being finished, the Rector gave a signal, all rose and ranged themselves in file as before, whilst the *Grace* was said. Then, they went up to the interior chapel, plain, unornamented room with an altar and some benches. Afterwards and still keeping silence, we all adjourned to the recreation room.

The large ground-floor room is reserved for the novices' use, and here took place a most touching and time honoured scene.

The *admonitor* presented me to the gowned band, gave me welcome in their name, and then gave me the fraternal embrace. About five and twenty or thirty monklets followed his example, and then two of them, one of whom I recognized as my marine engineer, took possession of me, and I really passed quite a pleasant recreation.

(To be continued.)

## JESUIT MISSION IN PERTH.

The week just closed has been one of extraordinary stir in the large parish of Perth, of which Father O'Donoghue is the zealous pastor. A mission was begun in the parish church on Pentecost Sunday by Father Connolly, S.J., of Montreal. The preacher in his opening sermon said that coming into a Province where the air was rife with charges and condemnation he might be expected to seize the opportunity to say something in vindication of the Order to which he had the honour and unspeakable happiness of belonging. He would, however, do nothing of the kind. The truths he should teach during the mission, the maxims he should inculcate, the work he should accomplish, would prove his own and his Order's best apology. It was accused of being mysterious and he admitted the charge for he came to preach to them "the truth of God hid in mystery which none of the princes of this world knew, else they would never have crucified the Lord of glory."

Three times a day was there a full gathering in the church to hear the instructions and sermons. At five o'clock the bell rang out on the still morning air of the quiet town and straightway was heard the noise of many feet on the planked sidewalks leading to the church. A short instruction following the Mass permitted the working classes to go home and breakfast in time for the seven o'clock whistle. The women filled the seats at the nine o'clock Mass and sermon, while at each evening service fresh benches had to be provided to seat the mixed multitude that poured in from all sides.

The children, to the number of two hundred, assisted at an afternoon instruction for the first three days and going home spread the news abroad through town and country that the mission was "a week of holidays," which all should keep and celebrate. Teams full of country folks in holiday attire drove in town from a radius of nine miles as though it were a provincial fair that was going on. The number went steadily increasing till Sunday. Not a few Protestants followed the mission throughout, attracted, no doubt, by the curiosity of hearing a Jesuit. One, a business man of the town, when asked as he was going away from an evening sermon what he thought about them, "Why," said he, "if the rest are like that one what is all this d - fuss in the country about."

Towards the middle of the week five rev. clergymen from the adjoining parishes assisted the missionary in the confessional and were kept constantly busy outside of the service hours. Fourteen hundred, as many men as women, not including the children, approached the Sacraments. The most consoling fruit of the mission was the return to duty of very many who had long been leading careless and sinful lives. This was more noticeable on the last days, and several came in from outlying districts the morning after the mission closed.

Another feature of the mission was the large number of scapulars, crosses, pious books, beads and pictures that were blessed and distributed. At one of his instructions the preacher recommended the "Following of Christ," as a little book that contained all the secrets of Jesuitism. That evening not one remained. Five hundred were enrolled in the confraternities of the scapular, and on the closing Sunday after Mass a large meeting was held of the men of the parish when the Missionary Father founded a Society for the promotion of temperance and the frequentation of the Sacraments. At an afternoon meeting of the ladies of the parish the Altar Society extended its membership to the whole parish, adding, in addition to its other duties, the practices of monthly Communion and a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament when possible. Clergy and people are all of one mind that the mission has been productive of unspeakable blessings. Monday morning, after the closing ceremony of consecration to the Sacred Heart and Papal blessing, a large number assisted at the parochial Mass as though they were loath to discontinue the exercises of the mission.

D.

Twenty-four years ago last week, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster was consecrated by the late Lord Bishop of Birmingham. His Eminence was created a Cardinal Priest on March 15th, 1875.