Catholic Record,

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."-"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."-St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL. 3.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, NOV. 12, 1880.

NO. 109

REMOVAL

WE have removed to our new store opposite Market Lane, and have the largest and most attractive stockof Cloths, Shirts, Scarfs, Underclothing, &c., in the City.

N. WILSON & CO.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER, 1880. Sunday, 14-St. Deusdedit, Confessor (8 Nov. Double.
Monday, 15-St. Gertrude, Virgin. Double.
Tuesday, 16-Octave of the Dedication of the
Basilica. Double.
Wednesday, 17-St. Gregory Thaumaturgus,
Bishop and Confesso. Double.
Thursday, 18-Dedication of the Basilica of
SS. Peter and Paul. Double.
Friday, 19-St. Pontianus, Pope and Martyr.
Double. urday, 20—St. Felix of Valois, Confessor. (Consecrat. Archbishop.) Double.

Reverie.

BY FATHER RYAN. Only a few more years!
Weary years!
Only a few more tears!
Bitter tears!
Bitter tears!
And then—and then—like other men,—
I cease to wander,—cease to weep,—
Dim shadows o'er my way shall creep,—
And out of the Day,—and into the Night,—
Into the Dark, and out of the Bright,—
I go,—and Death shall veil my face,—
The feet of the years shall fast efface
My very name, and every trace
I leave on Earth;—for the stern years tread,—
Tread out the names of the Gone and Dead!
And then,—ah! then; like other men,—
I close my eyes,—and go to sleep,—
Only a few, one hour, shall weep,
Ah! me!—the grave is dark and deep.
Alas!—Alas!—

Ah! me!—the grave is dark and deep.

Alas! Alas!—
How soon we pass!
And ah! we go—
So far away?—
When go we must,—
From the Light of Life, and heat of strife,—
To the Peace of Death, and the cold, still
Dust,—
We go—we go—we may not stay,
We travel the lone, dark, dreary way;—
Out of the Day and into the Night,—
Into the Darkness,—out of the Bright,—
And then! ah, then! like other men,
We close our eyes—and go to sleep—
We hush our hearts—and go to sleep—
We hush our hearts—and go to sleep.
Only a few, one hour, shall weep,
Ah, me! the Grave is lone and deep!

saw a flower, at morn, so fair,— passed at Eve,—it was not there,— I saw a sunbeam, golden, bright, I saw a cloud the sunbeam's shroud. And I saw Night

And I saw Night
Digging the Grave of Day,—
And Day took off her golden crown.
And flung it sorrowfully down,—
Ah! Day! the Sun's fair Bride!
At twilight moaned and died.—
And so, alas!—like Day we pass,—
At Morn we smile!
At Worn we weep—
At Morn we wakeIn Night we sheep.

We close our eyes and go to sleep— Ah me! the Grave is still and deep

But God is sweet, My Mother told me so;— When I knelt at her feet,— When I knelt at her feet,—
Long-so long ago;—
She clasped my hands in hers,—
Ah me! that memory stirs
My soul's profoundest Deep—
No wonder that I weep,—
She clasped my hands,—and smiled,
Ah! then I was a child,—
I knew not harm,
My mother's arm
Was flung around me;—and I felt—
That when I knelt
To listen to my Mother's prayer,—

That when I knelt
To listen to my Mother's prayer,—
God was with mother.
Yea! "God is sweet,"
She told me so;—
She never told me wrong,
And through my years of woe
Her whispers soft, and sad, and low,
And sweet as Angel's song,—
Have floated—like a dream.

Have floated—like a dream.

And, ah! to-night I seem
A very child in my old, old place,
Beneath my Mother's blessed face;
And through each sweet remembered word,
This sweetest undertone is heard;—
My child!—my child!—our God is sweet,
In Life—in Death—kneel at His feet,—
Sweet in gladness—sweet in gloom,
Sweeter still beside the Tomb.—
Why should I wai!?—Why ought I weep?
The Grave,—it is not dark and deep;—
Why should I saip?—Why ought I woen?
The Grave,—it is not still and lone;
Our God is sweet,—our Grave is sweet,
We lie there sleeping at His feet,
Where the wicked shall from troubling cease.

And weary hearts shall rest in peace!

CATHOLIC PRESS.

ONE of the beautiful Catholic customs of Catholic countries is suggested to us during the month of November. It is the lisping of a prayer, ever so short, for the of Purgatory, whenever they are souls of Furgatory, whenever they are named in ordinary conversation. The "God rest his soul," spoken from the heart, is a prayer that will not go unheeded. Do not let these Catholic customs lose themselves in the cold indifference of our age. Let us keep them up.-Catholic Columbian.

WHAT a wondrous similarity there is between Protestantism and Mohammedanism. Protestant England took away the Cathedrals and Parish Churches from the Catholics and at length as a great privilege allowed them to build small cha-Turks after the capture of Constantinople obliged the Christians to give up their stone churckes and build wooden ones for themselves. Protestantism by a ones for themselves. Protestantism by a pious euphuism calls this scularization, the decalogue of Moses perversely calls it rebery. But 'twas a glorious reformation e of Moses perversely calls it reb-t 'twas a glorious reformation bery. But 'twa withal. - Harp.

TRADE in the "cure" of Protestant souls is represented to be full of late. A Mr. Emery Stark has just published a list of "livings" for October, from which some instructive information is to be gleaned. It appears from this list that what is

chased, which will yield a money profit of from 5 to 7 per cent. interest, after deducting £150 a year, the estimated value of a clergyman's services. A very business-like transaction truly; but what a sad, what a shocking thing that per centages of money profit should have such a close connection with what ought to be the most sacred and the most spacetified the most sacred and the most sanctified of all mortal things!—London Universe.

The following noble sentiment on Truth is from the gifted pen of a distinguished convert, Dr. Kent Stone (now a Passionist Father), in his justly celebrated work, "The Invitation Heeded," which every Catholic should own and read: Is it any reflection upon Truth that she surrenders herself quickly to a soul, whose every nerve is strained in her pursuit? Is it any argument against the church of God that it is easily identified? Surely, if there be a kingdom of heaven upon earth, it must be known by marks which cannot be mistaken. Yes! I knew it when I had found it. And I found it as in the parable, like a treasure hidden in a field—in the self-same field up and down which I had wandered years, and where I had often trampled it under my feet. And when I had found it, I hid it, scarce daring to gaze at its splendor, and crying, as St. Augustine cried: 'Too late, alas! have I known thee, ch, ancient and eternal reflection upon Truth that she surrenders I known thee, ch, ancient and eternal Truth! And then, for joy thereof, I went and sold all I had and bought that field !"-Philadelphia Standard.

DIEC :DITO A FRENCHMAN named Reveillaud made a speech, in this city this week, under the auspices of nearly all the Protestant ministers. He was extensively advertised before his arrival and likely drew as much of an audience as any other sensation. His subject was "God's work in France,' and of course, he claimed for God, the glory of sending out all the Religious or-ders from France. One of his "epigram-matic" sentences is said to be "The Frenchman is a born Protestant." French wit is very sparkling, but this man is gulling all Protestants by such a declaration. He tells the truth in that epigram, but those who applayed do not know it. The these the truth in that epigram, but those who applaud do not know it. The Frenchman is worse, when he is born. He is a little heathen with no more right to Heaven than the diminutive Indian papoose, or the offspring of a South Sea Islander. In fact, we are all born heathens, so, Monsieur Reveillaud and your worthy manager Mr. Dodde who by the thens, so, Monsieur Reveillaud and your worthy manager Mr. Dodds, who by the way is not a born Frenchman, but a Yankee, you are truthful, after all.—Catholic Columbian.

depended altogether upon what they read in the *Times*. The schoolmaster has been abroad of late years—very generally and very successfully abroad. The result is a strong suspicion in Continental political circles that Ireland is and has been for centures to England nothing much more creditable than Poland has been to Russia. Just see what the Cologne Gazette said the other day: "Ireland," writes the editor of that journal, "is a disgrace to England and a scandal to foreigners. Mr. Gladstone has shoved all remedial measures on one side until he has saved Augusia Mon. side until he has saved Armenia, Montenegro and Greece. He talks much about the honor of Europe. Pity he does not think of the honor of England instead of threatening the sultan with English canecause Turkey cannot do in Armenia what England has failed to do in Ireland. True -very true! Let it be circulated throughout the whole of civilized Europe.

Ox Last Saturday evening, again, at the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, Beecher, having made a speech, continued by referring to "Bob" Ingersoll in language blasphemous in itself, attributing to him what is applicable only to God .-

"On the ground of a true patrtioism, of On the ground of a true patritoism, of a pure humanity and of a living faith in liberty, I give to him the right hand of fellowship. (Mr. Beecher and Mr. Ingersoll grasped hands amid thunders of applause.) Now, fellow-citizens, let me introduce to you a man who, I say not flatteringly, but with sincere conviction, is the nost brillant predicate fit. is the most brillnant speaker of the English tongue in any land on the globe. [Applause.] I introduce to you Colonel Ingersoll."

There is a fitness in this. There are men who cherish words they have heard from holy men-speaking of the goodness, or the mercy, or the love of God, as the most striking eloquence they have ever heardthough, in point of mere rhetoric they may have heard grander displays. So, for the fagged out, and despairing, Beecher, though a horrible confession, it seems na-tural that he considers the manipulator of the trite gabble of the "fool that says in his heart there is no God"—no heaven, no hell, as "the most brilliant speaker of the English tongue in any land!" The poor wretch in the filthy gutter does not any longer ask even for whiskey. "Give me some chloroform!" "I will neither conference and a run!" will neither conference were the state of the s ess, nor do penance! Amuse me with our foolerie s, if even for a few moments, that I may try to forget, while I repeat with you your gabble:—there is no God, no heaven, no hell!"—N. Y. Freeman's

Dr. Allen, of Philadelphia, speaking of missions among the freedmen, in the an advowson can generally be pur- Presbyterian Synod in Philadelphia, said

that the Catholics last year spent \$400, one in the work of converting them, while the Presbyteri ins gave only about one-eighth of that sum A colored minister added that the Catholic Church had done added that the Cathone Church had done more for the freedmen in this way than all the other churches combined. The progress the Church made among the freedmen of the South has been the result of the zeal of men, not the influence of money. It does not require much money to support a missionary priest. Without wife or child, he does not need a constant flow of cash from the missionary boxes. With \$400,000 and their usual zeal, the Catholic spices and the cash is the constant that the state of the cash of t With \$400,000 and their usual zeal, the Catholic priests could change the condition of things among the freedmen of the South; but \$400,000 has never been forthcoming from Catholics for any such purpose. The colored people have been left, so far as the great body of Catholics are concerned, to work out their own salvation. If it were not for that divine restlessness to says souls which processes tion. If it were not for that divine restlessness to save souls which possesses good priests, Dr. Allen need not have used the progress of the Church as a means of reproaching his brethren. The Methodists are fond of boasting that the colored people have been well cared for by them. And yet the results of their care have scarcely been edifying. Most of the colored people of the South who profess anything are Methodists. They how hallelujahs and make prayers, but their morality is heathenism. On some of the Southern plantations managed by con-Southern plantations managed by consouthern plantations managed by con-tractors, they are absolute savages, who have accepted the forms of Methodism, but who, nevertheless, hold all the worst superstitions of their African ancestors.— Brooklyn Review.

COOL Orange impudence passes all other impudence, and we therefore note without astonishment the resolution yesterday adopted at a special meeting of the Central Committee of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland, held in the Orange Hall, Dublin This resolution set forth that having heard statements from "several brethren" belong-ing to the Irish disturbed counties disclosing "a most alarming state of things and a system of terrorism and threatened murder and insurrection," the Committee murder and insurrection," the Committee pledged itself to protect to the utmost of its powers their loyal brethren in these districts, and assures them of the support and sympathy of the tens of thousands of the Orangemen of Ulster, who will be prepared to defend the lives of those endangered, and take such steps as may be required for the purpose." All this is only in keeping with all we have recently heard from Orangemen, who are loudly clamourning for coercion and denouncing clamourning for coercion and denouncing agrarian crime. We do not know of a EUROPE is being gradually educated up to the mark of reading and judging for herself as to the real condition of Ireland.

Time was—not long ago—when the French, German and Austrian journalists depended altogether upon what they read in the Times. The schoolmaster has been already and agitation commenced were to be agrarian crime. We do not know of a more disgusting example of Satan reproving Sin. It is too good to see the Orange Society, red as it is with innocent acts of violence. Far be it from us to in the slightest degree palliate or justify the swift of nurder, but if the victims who have lost their lives since the present land agitation commenced were to be class so lavishly, so steadily, so unreserved-lived and the reading and the proving Sin. It is too good to see the Orange Society, red as it is with innocent acts of violence. Far be it from us to in the slightest degree palliate or justify the awful crime of murder, but if the victims who have lost their lives since the present land agitation commenced were to be already and their nominees filled every post in the public service. Never elsewhere in all history did a great empire endow a class so lavishly, so steadily, so unreservedmultiplied a hundred-fold, they would not represent half the number of the victims of Orangeism. The Orange Society is making a most characteristic use of the present crisis. It is using it to lash the minds of the members of the Society into a state of fury so as to stir them up to new acts of "zeal." The offers of the Orangemen to help in keeping the peace are a simple insult. Their organisation never has been, never can be, anything but the deadly foe of the peace of Ireland. -Dublin Freeman.

THE Times, in a very clever and what it would call a "Jesuitical" article, makes the following admission which no doubt seriously snocked many of the devout members of sewing circles who read the

"Then there is the story of Pope Joan, which, in its present form at least, was a forgery by one Martinus Polonus. For many years this story was declared by Protestants to be a conclusive proof of the falsity of the claim that the Bishops of Rome have every claim in the Apostolic succession. It was an intelligent Protes-tant writer who finally tore the story of Pope Joan to pieces, and showed that it was a forgery from the beginning to end, but nine Protestants out of ten still cling to their belief in the existence of a female Pope. The forgery is far more painful than the exposure of it, and for some centuries to come we shall find Pope Joan referred to by Protestant preachers and writers as though she were as real a person as Pope Pius IX."

But there are many readers of the Times who will never give up the Pope Joan story. Nine out of every ten of its readers will still allude with much satisfaction to story. that mythical pontiff. The Times had better make a strike at the Inquisition or induce Eugene Lawrence to contribute to its pages, in order to counteract the effect of his assertion which, it is rumored, has already occasioned a fear that the staunchly Protestant Times has gone over to Rome. The Pope Joan lie is only one story which Protestants hug to their hearts. almost useless to point out these lies, Protestants like to believe them. Joan, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Inquisition, will continue to add rhetorical ornament to Protestant literature until there shall be no Protestant literature. - Brooklyn Review.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, the zealous Bishop of Meath, on last Sunday, in the Church of Mullingar, referred to outrages which had been committed in Westmeath, and called on the people to do all in their power to put them down. His lordship said that he believed that such outrages emanated from a very different source from that from which they were supposed to proceed. Each of these outrages (he added) strengthened the cry made by the landlords against justice, and it would not be surprising if it were found out that the uniques of the landlords were guilty of minions of the landlords were guilty of many of the threatening notices!—London Universe.

IRISH LANDLORDISM.

A. M. Sullivan's Definition of the Curse of his Country.

The following letter has appeared in the SIR,-At a moment when, even amid the darkening shadows of foreign affairs, the public mind is anxiously fixed upon the public mind is anxiously fixed upon Ireland, the Irish landlords have assembled for conference in the Irish capital. In numbers exactly equalling the parliamen-tary representation, gathered from every corner of the kingdom—peers, and baron-ets, and esquires, men of wealth, men of culture and ability; actually and histori-cally the ruling and administrative class. cally the ruling and administrative class; can't the runing and administrative class; from such an assemblage assuredly the English public might expect wise pro-nouncements, safe guidance to really necessary reforms, practical suggestions for the statesman and the legislator. Hitherto we had heard only the voice of of passion, the headless projects of un-balanced minds. If only the landlords came together, the men of reason and moderation, men with a stake in the counmoderation, men with a stake in the country, men with creative and administrative abilities, we should have guidance and light—some sound and practical proposals for a solution of that Land Question which

is once more convulsing the country.
I will own, sir, that even among Irish popular representatives, even among men called agitators, there were some, howso-ever few, who clung to the idea that if the landlords of Ireland got together they might, on this occasion at all events, rise to the level of the situation and formulate to the level of the situation and formulate some sagacions proposals for the termination of a struggle, which, years ago, was called by one of themselves a smouldering civil war.' Am I wrong in saying that the English people, that her Majesty's government, had a right to expect some such guidance and assistance at a moment like this from a class that has hitherto cost the empire millions and millions of money? the empire millions and millions of money Hitherto, for nearly 300 years, they have had for the asking whatever they required from England to strengthen their position to endow them with authority, to enforce their views, to remove their adversaries. The wealth and power of a great empire have been freely spent on them. They ly, throughout so great a space of time in e prosecution of a great experiment.

Well, sir, the Irish landlords, the ruling

class, have met in council. They have deliberated, they have spoken. The sum of all their statesmanship, all their council, all their reforms, all their conciliation, is a bold demand on England for more coercion. In the third year of the experiment, in the third year of the ex-periment, in the thirtieth year, nay, in the hundred and thirtieth year, such a de-mand might, perhaps, not be so startling. But, at the end of three centuries, it seems to me many Englishmen will start and be inclined to ask these gentlemen what they have to show for all these three hundred years and all the millions of money and which they have had. Upon their own testimony let the answer be heard. Today-as in 1701, as in 1713, as in 1770, as in every generation since the last confis-cations gave a start to this class and their system in Ireland—they protest that they are unsafe in the country if not guarded by bayonets; that they are hated by the people; that anarchy prevails; that society is dislocated; that terror abounds, murder stalks abroad, and crime commands the sympathy of a lawless population. This is their own picture. If overcolored, how wicked is exaggeration designed to back up a cry for coercion! If true to facts, what a terrible confession of failure!

Of course, we know what those gentle-men will say. It is what has been said at every inch of the dreary way that stretches from 1691 to 1880. They are just on the point of succeeding. Great progress has been made, and a final settlement of the Irish difficulty is at hand. It is only this one Coercion Act more, and all will be one coercion Act more, and an win be tranquil. Merely these few rapparees, or whiteboys, or croppies, or Land Leaguers, who are deluding a people otherwise ready to love and confide in their estimable landlords. Let England only 'stand firm' and maintain law and order and the right of property, and another hundred millions of money and a few more Arms Acts will bring everything to a happy issue. No doubt we shall hear all this; but I rather think the intelligence of the English people will, at the present time of day, grasp the true conclusion. The commercial mind will run up the ledger account of this Irish landlord class with the British nation; will survey its cost in money, in blood, in prestige, in credit; and study its product in the dismal confession of those gentlemen themselves. In ten years the hated Prussians have accomplished more towards winning the people of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany than the omnipo-tently endowed Irish landlords have done for England with the Irish people in three

social system-a landlord or gentry class is meant to be something more than so many rent-spenders, fox hunters and grouse shooters. If, in the course of a reasonable space of time, such a class do not accomplish the useful and necessary work of attaching to themselves the con-fidence of the population—if they are not found to fill the function of natural leaders of the people around and dependent upon them, alive to their interests, responsive to their needs-that class is a failure, and to their needs—that class is a failure, and is a peril to the social and political system. Contemplate the relative positions of the Irish landlords and the Irish people, es-pecially as illustrated in this recent meeting and its remarkable pronouncement. One hundred and five Irish landlords have assembled in a great council. For what purpose? In whose interest? At what crisis of public danger to the people, to the millions, did they ever so assemble? What grief of the Irish nation, what aspiration of its hopes, what sentiment of its peril, what assertion of its rights, ever brought them thus together, in grand council, in the national metropolis? Alas! there is no need to write the answer. And does any one think that these are not keenly noted and brooded over by the Irish population? Is it any wonder that, in the face of circumstances like that, in the face of circumstances like these, the Irish people to such a large degree regard this class as a garrison in the country, not of it, thinking only of their own class interests, powers and privileges? Truly, it is no pleasure to any thoughtful Irishman to discuss this disheartening theme. Yet, in view of what is passing around us and of what is perhaps before us, I would appeal to the people of England to give serious attention to the crisis which has come to pass in the career of land to give serious attention to the crisis which has come to pass in the career of Irish landlordism—or, rather in its long protracted and unhappy conflict with the trish people. Life and property must, indeed, be protected, and the laws must be enforced—nistoric formulas long used to cover a contract on the laws must be enforced—nistoric formulas long used to cover every shortcoming of misgovert-ment and to new-license every oppression. Yet, all this being said, there remains for the Government and the people of this country to ask themselves whether the present system of Irish landlordism has not had a patient, yea, an exhaustive, trial, and what it has to show for itself to-day,

towards the end of the nineteenth ce tury. Yours very truly.
A. M. SULLIVAN, 3 Dr. Johnson's Buildings, Temple, October 11.

THE RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS IN QUEBEC CITY.

THE URSULINE MONASTERY-ESTAB-LISHED 1639.

A M. D. G.

COURAGE IN ADVERSITY—DEATH OF ONE OF THE FOUNDRESSES-THE SECOND MONASTERY

Mother St. Joseph, extended upon her humble couch, from which she was never more to rise, lingered from the 2nd of February to the 4th of April. The picture of that sick-room is too sad

to retrace, were it not all radiant with the glow of celestial visitors,- Angels of peace and consolation, flitting around the death bed of a saint! That sick-room was the common dormitory; that dying couch, one of those beds arranged one under another, which even a person in health would not willish the course of the course of the course of the course of the common transfer of the common transfer of the course of the cour

willingly accept.

Let Mother Mary of the Incarnation tell

"The altar where the Divine Sacrific

She congratulated herself upon the privations she endured: "Oh! how happy I am," she would say, "to die in this poor place, deprived of the comforts and delicacies I would have enjoyed in France! Tell our good Mothers of Tours, tell my dear parents that I die happy in the sacrifice I have made. Tell them I have never regretted coming to Canada, God has ven me the promised hundred-fold in is life, and I now look forward with confidence to the crown of eternal life in the next, according to His word.

After this dying message to her dear parents and Mothers in France, she had many things to say yet to her beloved Sisters around her. They must not fatigue themselves at the burial, nor attempt follow to the letter the Ceremonial, let the workmen bear her body to the place of interment. She has a word of encouragement for each, and a smile that told of the utter peace of her soul.

The sacred Viaticum was brought to the

dying Spouse of Christ; the consoling sacrament of Extreme Unction administered; the last three days of her holy life were such a foretaste of heavenly bli all impression of physical sufferings; and the separation of soul and body was gentle as the parting of the sunset glow from the summer cloud.

The funeral ceremonies were performed in the new Monastery, and were attended by a great concourse, both French and Indians. Mother St. Joseph was universally esteemed, and universally regretted. The Governor, who was present at the funeral, caused himself to be recommended centuries.

All this is bad enough, but worse remains. In the design of statesmanship—nay, in the elementary conceptions of a factress, a mother, their "Sainte Fille;" her

loss left them inconsolable. Faithful to the pious lessons she had taught them, although the tidings of her death had filled their hamlet with lamentations, they did not fail on the following morning to have the requiem service performed for her, on the requiem service performed for her, on their Island, (Isle of Orleans,) before they came to assist at her burial.

Before retiring from that lowly tomb in the garden of the Monastery, which is still regarded as consecrated ground, although the mortal remains of beloved Mother St. Joseph no longer repose there, let us trace her monumental inscription. Three words will suffice:

INNOCENCE,—FIDELITY TO GRACE,—UN-

BOUNDED CHARTY.

Her ancestors, the feudal lords of St.
Germain and Savonnieres, had never been
more nobly represented than in her father,
M. de la Troche; her mother, Jeanne Raoul, M. de la Troche; her mother, Jeanne Raoul, was of the highest nobility; yet it may be safely asserted that in herself culminated the glory of an illustrious family. The sweet odor of piety breathes from her very cradle, and her first tottering footsteps bear her on errands of charity. Idolized by her parents, and returning their love with all the tenderness of her youthful heart, Marie de la Troche, at the age of thirteen, already meditates the sacrifice of her immense wealth, her noble name, all the advantages the world offers her, in order to become the Spouse of Him who, for her love, had given His life on her, in order to become the Spouse of Him who, for her love, had given His life on Calvary. By her importunities and by arguments a over her years she triumphed over the opposition of her parents and obtained their consent to enter the Novitiate of the Ursulines of Tours, where she had been placed for her education. The postulant of fourteen was a child in years only. In independing aparity in falling only. In judgment, in capacity, in fidelity to the duties of the religious life, she was mature as a person of thirty. At sixteen she pronounced her vows with the fervor of one who fully appreciated the grace of her vocation: grace of her vocation

Her first apostolate for the conversion of the poor Indians, was that of prayer; of the poor intends, was that of provided uniting herself in spirit with the mission-aries, and offering her labors and sufferings to God in their behalf. Her desire to devote herself to their instruction she had regarded as chimerical, until the moment when the way was opened so providentially. Her demand to be allowed to accompany Mother Mary of the Incarnation was met by an intimation to be in readiness to take the office of another sister who would be appointed to go. But neither the opposition of her Community, unwillthe opposition of her Community, unwill-ing for many reasons to part with her, nor the justly expected refusal of her parents to consent to her going, disturbed the equanimity of her generous soul; con-fiding in the protection of St. Joseph, she awaited the result of the deliberations of the various parties interested. That result, as we know already, was most fortunate for the foundation of the Ursulines

of Quebec. The name of Mother St. Joseph is next to that of (Venerable) Mother Mary of the Incarnation in their hearts. never forget that the first of her three stant demands to Heaven w fication of her Community. The second was the conversion of all the pagan nations of America; the third, the preservation and America; the third, the preservation and prosperity of the French Colony in Canada.

The central building of that pile which constitutes, at the present day, the Ursu-line Monastery, is the one that was erected in 1652 by Mother Mary of the Incarnation. Those walls, cemented by Charity, it would seem, over which our Mother passed so many times, conversing in the intimate recesses of her soul with the Blessed Virgin, as with the principal Directress of the enterprise, were not dissolved by the flames, which, for the dissolved by the flames, which, for the second time, some thirty years later, con-sumed the Monastery.

After a fifteen months' residence in the

After a litteen months resident, the Ursu-lines were enabled to remove to their new Convent. Mother Mary, with that forethought which marked all her plans, had provided additional class-rooms by extending the walls to the length of one hundred and eight feet, instead of ninety-two.— Glimpses of the Monastery, Vol I. TO BE CONTINUED.

SUDDEN DEATH.—A very sudden and melanchely death of a young Irish girl named Mary McGovern, daughter of Mr. Patrick McGovern, of the County Cavan, Ireland, who landed in this country about Ireland, who landed in this country about the first of September, occurred on the 23rd ult. She had only been at her brother-in-law's, Mr. James Duffy, Oliver, Nissouri, about three weeks, when she was taken with typhoid fever, and notwith-standing the best medical aid was imme-diately precured, it foll-d iately procured, it failed to restore he

to health, and she passed away on the morning of the date mentioned, in peace and tranquility, fortified by the sacraments of the church and with a hope of eternal life beyond the grave. Her sorrowing friends in this country, and particularly her bereaved family in Ireland, have our fullest sympathy, in their affliction.

Canada Health Journal.—We have received the November number—No. 2, of vol. V—of this most useful and nicely gotten up little magazine, edited by Dr. Playter, Toronto. This is purely a health magazine and treats upon all subjects per-taining to health—air, water, food, cook ery, exercise, bathing, sewerage, ventila-tion, &c., &c. It contains 28 pages of interesting and highly instructi and is published monthly at the instructive matter of \$1.50 a year, in advance. It advocates prevention rather than cure, and receives the patronage and high recommendations of the first physicians in the Dominion. It should be received and read in every household. Wm. Reynolds, Esq., Guelph, Treasurer Co. Wellington, says of it, as noticed in the journal, that, "one article