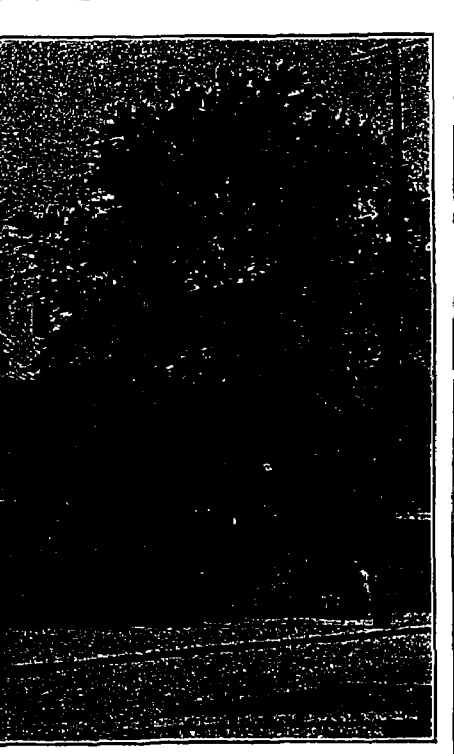


THE OLD SEMINARY GATE.

The accompanying illustration represents one of the most historic and highly interesting scenes in Montreal. The old Seminary gate and the ancient wall that extends on either side of it, form the subject of this engraving. Situated under the shadow of the great towers of Notre Dame, in front of the Place d'Armes—that throbbing and ever fluttering heart of this commercial metropolis—these gray stones look out upon all the electric activity of this rushing generation. Could we supply them, as did Ruskin, "The Stones of Venice," with

sought to overthrow, down to the last, sad journey of the great, good, and never-to-be-forgotten pastor of St. Patrick's—the late Father Dowd—a hundred tender memories cluster around and cling to the time-battered walls that still stand to preach mightily, but silent sermons to all who will pause and listen.

We could fill every column of our paper with details of events important in the religious as well as the social and political history of Montreal, that were enacted within sight of that gray relic of the past. Happily the old walls and the antique gateway are not ruins, nor yet are they visibly impaired by the passage of time, yet they are to us what monuments and ruins are to older nations; that is they are the preachers of the past, the links binding us to the bygone, the reminders that we too have a history, and that great and good men have lived and died, that we might reap the fruits of their labors. Therefore, as we pass along the busy street, and gaze upon those relics of another age, we are instinctively reminded of the glowing words of the "Poet Priest."



ENTRANCE TO THE OLD SEMINARY.

a thousand tongues, what strange, wonderful, pathetic, and inspiring tales might they not unfold. They have stood there for more than a century; the winter storms and the summer suns of ten good generations have beaten against them or have scorched them without mercy; and yet—emblematic of the institution within—they have remained unchanged, immutable, and apparently endowed with the gift of perpetual existence.

Through that gateway how many thousands of missionaries have not passed! Even the Irish Catholics of Montreal can read—written by the hand of memory in the invisible letters of tradition—the story of scores of priests whose lives were consecrated to the glory of God, and to the service of the Irish Catholics of this city. From the days when good Father Richards entered there a Protestant—coming in his zeal to bring a knowledge of Christ to the Superior of the Seminary—and passing out an ordained priest of the Church he had

ply the old walls and the antique gateway are not ruins, nor yet are they visibly impaired by the passage of time, yet they are to us what monuments and ruins are to older nations; that is they are the preachers of the past, the links binding us to the bygone, the reminders that we too have a history, and that great and good men have lived and died, that we might reap the fruits of their labors. Therefore, as we pass along the busy street, and gaze upon those relics of another age, we are instinctively reminded of the glowing words of the "Poet Priest."

"Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the graves of the dead."
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb;
There is grandeur in graves, there is glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn."

MGR. GAUTHIER IN BROCKVILLE.

The Sunday before last was truly a day of rejoicing in Brockville. Our Kingston contemporary referring to the event says amongst other things:

"His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston, accompanied by Rev. Father Men, paid his old parish of Brockville a visit on Sunday last, where he celebrated Mass at 8 o'clock a. m. At High Mass, which was celebrated at 10.30 a. m., His Grace was present on the sanctuary, and after the gospel, the pastor, Rev. Father Stanton, ascended the pulpit and after making the announcements of the day, he expressed the great pleasure felt by both himself and his parishioners, at having, with them, the great, the good, and the noble-hearted prelate, who had done so much for the parish of St. Francis Xavier's, and whose presence among them, was like a gleam of sunshine to their hearts. As Father Stanton, in most touching language paid this tribute of homage and love to the beloved Archbishop, many a tear might have been seen quietly stealing down the cheeks of both young and old, and many a silent prayer ascended to the Most High, that long life, and health, and strength, might be bestowed upon his Grace.

"After communion, at which all the members of the C. M. B. A. and Catholic Order of Foresters received the Bread of Life, his Grace addressed the congregation. He began by saying that it afforded him a real and genuine pleasure, to be present again with his loved people of Brockville, of whom he had heard so many kind, and even great things lately. He reminded them of the words of which he made use when he had given them Father Stanton as their pastor, viz:—That he was giving them a priest, good and true—a priest who would leave nothing undone for the good of the whole parish of Brockville, and for each individual in it—a priest, zealous and active—in fine, a priest, would guide the parish through all its difficulties, and bring it to a prosperous condition; and he could now say that he had been right, and that the hand of God had clearly directed him in the appointment of this good priest to St. Francis Xavier's. He spoke of the great improvements which had already been made in both the church and presbytery, and of the hearty co-operation, which not only the church committee, but also the members of the whole congregation had given to their pastor."

ENGLAND'S CATHOLIC CHIEF JUSTICE

When we consider the disabilities under which the Catholics of Great Britain suffered, ever since the Penal Laws were enacted; when we reflect upon the then miraculous achievement of O'Connell, in 1829, when he secured emancipation; when we reflect upon the barriers of ostracism, that perpetually closed the path of preferment to the Catholic lawyer in England; we must certainly feel that "Old times are changed, old manners gone."

pying the position of Chief Justice of England. We reproduce, in full, a very significant and appropriate article, that appeared in the last issue of the "Catholic Columbian." It speaks volumes for the advance of Catholic influence in the land of such recent Catholic exclusion. The article says:—

"Sir Charles Russell, who has been appointed the successor of the late Lord Herschell on the British American-Canadian and Anglo-Venezuelan arbitration commissions, is well

known on this side of the water, as it is not so long since he was over here on a visit and charmed all who came in contact with him by his delightful personality and many social graces. His son has been here even later than Baron Killowen, for the younger Russell brought over last year Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge to the American yachtsmen for another international race.

Charles Arthur Russell, Baron Killowen, and Lord Chief Justice of England, was born at Newry, County Down, Ireland, in 1833. His preliminary education was acquired in the schools of his native town. Then he entered the Vincentian College, Dublin, where he did not, however take a degree because of the few facilities given Catholic students at that institution. He began the practice of law at Dundalk, in the county Louth, as a member of the Irish Bar; in 1859 Solicitor Russell was called to the English Bar from Lincoln's Inn, but he had a hard time of it for several years and his practice was so limited that he had to resort to writing for the papers, in which work his good wife, a sister of the novelist, Rosa Mulholland, and a writer of renown herself, is said to have aided him materially. After a while, though his fine presence and abilities won him practice on the northern circuit, which he had sedulously followed, and at length he found himself in receipt of an annual income of 2000 guineas. Then he was made a Queen's Counselor and privileged to wear a silk gown; and from that time his progress was rapid. There is scarcely any important case that came before the English courts in the last 30 years in which Sir Charles did not figure prominently. He was leading counsel in the Crawford, Dilke and Mrs. Maybrick cases. He defended O'Donnell, the man who shot the informer James Carey, and he covered himself with renown in the famous Parnell commission case by the way in which he cross-examined Le Caron the spy and trapped Pigot. He sat in Parliament in 1880 and the following years as the member for Dundalk, and during those years he wrote a series of remarkable articles on the Irish famine for the London Telegraph. On the death of Lord Bowen he was made

judge of appeal in ordinary and created a peer; and on the death of Lord Coleridge, 1893, he was chosen Chief Justice of England, a post which he still occupies, and to which is attached the comfortable yearly salary of \$50,000.

Baron Killowen has a country house at Epsom, near the Derby course, and he is fond of a good horse. He has as near neighbor there Lord Rosebery and between them the pleasantest relations exist. He is fond of snuff and whist, and his bandana as was our own lamented Old Roman's, is always red. He is a thorough and practical Catholic. His brother is Rev. Mathew Russell, S. J., the well known editor of the Month, and the author of a book of graceful verse. A sister of his was Mother Russell whose death occurred on the Pacific slope the scene of her labors, a few years ago. His uncle was Very Rev. Charles W. Russell, one of Maynooth's most famous presidents, who so Cardinal Newman often said, contributed more by the mildness, gentleness and suggestiveness of his Christian life, to make him a Catholic than any other agency. At the time that he was defending Mr. Parnell, a reporter who watched him closely, said, "Sir Charles' eloquence is equalled by his delivery. He has a well known trick of driving a point home to the jury which is inimitable by any other counsellor. He begins to lead up to it by his right hand in his tall pocket under his gown. Thence he extracts a snuff box, transfers it to his left hand, opens it, takes a pinch between the finger and thumb of his right hand, and with the box still in his left hand, and the pinch still in transitu, he makes his point so unerringly that it always reaches its destination. Then with an inimitable flourish of his red bandana, the oratorical effort is completed but to be appreciated properly the performance must be seen."

During one of his tenures of the premiership, in the early eighties, Mr. Gladstone made Sir Charles Russell attorney-general for England, the first time since the Reformation that a Catholic was named for that office. A warm welcome awaits the eminent jurist here.

PRESENTATION TO MISS CRONIN.

On Friday last, Miss Cronin's Academy, 257 St. Antoine street, was the scene of a very interesting and delightful function, when an address was read to that lady, by Miss Clara Hammill, on behalf of the pupils, and several souvenirs of Miss Cronin's birthday were presented to her, in the form of a portable gasalier, a silver-mounted umbrella, and two beautiful bouquets of flowers. We regret that lack of space prevents us giving the whole address, which was most gracefully read, and which, as a literary production, reflects the highest credit both upon Miss Cronin's Academy and upon her talented pupils.

Amongst the lady teachers of Montreal we know of none who have gained a great popularity than has Miss Cronin. We cannot refrain, however, from reproducing a couple of extracts from the address, which, in itself speaks volumes. The following paragraphs are touching and illustrative of the sentiments created by Miss Cronin in the hearts of her young care:—

"You have taken most of us almost from the cradle, and with a truly motherly care, have guided our infant steps with unbounded patience, until at last, some of us at least, are now sufficiently advanced in the journey of life to appreciate your goodness and your devotion in our behalf, and seek to thank you for the

same. Yes, dear Miss Cronin, we thank you and love to think of you and look upon you as our best friend, you are more to us than a friend; you are a guide—our model—our teacher, and to-day on the happy anniversary of your birth we, one and all, beg to bear a willing testimony, that right loyally we have fulfilled these qualities to the uttermost in our regard."

"For these and many other things we are grateful and we beg of Him, through whom all good and precious gifts come to us, to spare you long to your noble task, the education of mind and soul. And on this happy day, for we all rejoice with you, we ask you to pardon us for the faults of the past and be assured the origin of the faults is in our youth not our hearts. And we, on our part, promise that we shall every day try to profit more and more by your Christian example, and become better children, less prone to violate silence, less angry moments, less lazy, less jealous, less childish, spats, more attentive, more studious, more patient over our tempers.

"We wish to thank also your devoted staff of teachers for their goodness on all occasions to us.

"Dear Miss Cronin, we all wish you a long life, a happy life, but especially a good life."

Your devoted pupils of 1899.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT GLOUCESTER STREET CONVENT.

Ottawa, March, 23. Although the semi-annual exams had been going on for the past two weeks, yet some of the older pupils of the Congregation de Notre Dame, Gloucester street, determined that St. Patrick's Day should not pass unobserved. Accordingly, and independent of any assistance from their teachers, they resolved to get up a little entertainment for the benefit of their companions in the Convent.

The following is a copy of the programme which the writer has been able to obtain, and which the young spectators who have been seen, declared was carried out to perfection. As there is "no rose without a thorn," however, the young people are full of regret that their parents and friends could not be present, but they are also full of hope, that when

the reasons which existed exist no longer, Rev. Mother will permit of a repetition for the benefit of the outside friends.

Programme. — Music, Fantaisie; Chorus, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old"; Comedy, "Pride goes Before a Fall"; Harp Solo, Irish melodies; English recitation, "A Present to Grandma"; Chanson, "Le Printemps c'est L'Armour"; French Recitation, "Friedburg."

Part II.— English Recitation, "The Shamrock"; Song, "I'm Leaving Old Ireland"; Scene Historique, "Les Derniers Heures de M. Stuart"; Harp Solo, Irish Airs; English Recitation, "Erin"; Comic Scene, "The Train to Mauro"; French Recitation, "Le Coeur de Jeanne D'Arc"; Song, "The Exile of Erin."

Remerciement. "Erin go bragh."

Craftiness is a Mr. Facing-both-ways, waiting to throw himself on the stronger side.

Malice is a sharp pointed sword which penetrates the soul of its entertainer to the quick.

CATHOLICS, WAKE UP!

Here we are hundreds of thousands of good easy-going Catholics in this Catholic city of Montreal. We go quietly to church, we say our daily prayers at home; we talk Catholicity in the family circle.

We observe the regulations of Holy Church, and while we do our duty faithfully as practical Catholics in this quiet way, no doubt the purity of our lives makes an impression on those, who through honest ignorance differ from us in faith. But sad to say there is another element led on by a silly set of religious leaders who never lose an occasion to criticise, misrepresent and vilify us.

To Catholics the conduct of these privy ministerial empires is a ludicrous farce. Of course they are beneath notice, and because they and their malicious inventions against Catholics are seldom noticed they imagine themselves masters of the situation.

They the great sanctimonious Moguls with herculean ideas. Rome trembles at their tread, they will have the gospel as it is in Jesus enlighten poor priest-ridden Quebec.

The danger is not great; nevertheless, we Catholics should be men and women of action. When the inky contents of this kind of religious cuttlefish is squirted rather profusely over the columns of an unfriendly press, it is high time for us to shake a little salt on the suckers of this ultra Protestant Octopus. For this purpose we require the Catholic daily paper now more than ever. To get this paper, we require action and unity of purpose. May heaven hasten the time when every day shall see a Catholic journal in our homes. We are met every hour with the bitter taunt "you have no 'daily' of your own." No, we are not united, nor clannish, nor bigoted enough, save the mark, to work for our own dear Catholic and material interests. We need a little more goading. We support papers containing articles that grossly insult us, directly and indirectly as occasion offers. It is a deplorable deference and to a certain extent degrading on our part to take a paper with whole columns devoted to everything Protestant, and a few condensed paragraphs or lines to anything Catholic, and these lines stamped with ignorance regarding the offices and ceremonies of Holy Church.

Sometimes we enjoy compensation for the sale of indulgence, performing of Mass towards evening, etc., by reading of evangelical synods discussing the great dogmatic question of smoking. The journals of the F. C. M. S. ranters are good after dinner lectures. Intelligent Protestants are ever and always ashamed of these gospel warriors. Even Josiah Allen's wife as a P. A. and a P. I. vividly portrayed the buffonry of which such characters are capable. These are the men who are to spread the gospel and carry on the reformation in Que-

bec. The bold ignorance of such reformers is disgusting. Only the other day in the press one of these creatures boasted that French Canadians went to him with their secrets, they would not trust the priests. O, Jerusalem! Some places whales are used for bait!

Is this reformation akin to that of which Cobbett said: "It was engendered in beastly lust, brought forth in hypocrisy and perfidy, and cherished and fed by plunder, devastation and by rivers of English and Irish blood. We hope its consequences shall not be so dire."

Cry out Mr. Preacher Man; but rest at intervals during the cry and contemplate the picture of disruption in England to-day! What is of human construction has a limit! Macaulay's New Zealander may soon get his baggage checked! See the thousands in old Albion crowding to the old Rock against which the gates of hell shall never prevail.

Come, reformers, you, who in so many long years, have accomplished so little in this province; Come back to the old barque of Peter as hundreds of your co-religionists have done in this city.

Come back with the shreds of religion and the now mutilated Bible you took from us intact over 300 years ago, the Bible that dear old Mother Church preserved for you for 1500 years. Beg of God to turn wrong to right, you will only blush for a moment and be happy forever.

If this grace is denied you, for having fostered such degenerate hypocritical sanctimony, persevere in prayer! Cease proclaiming that the Church established by Jesus Christ erred, the Church with which He promised to abide forever! What Christianity! Better be born and bred in heathendom than shifting and sinking in the quagmire of such a creed. Leave the Catholics of the Province of Quebec alone, leave them to the care of God's anointed—devoted men of whom your great Gen. Gordon said: he found none but the Roman Catholic who came up to his ideal of the absolute self-devotion of the Apostolic Missionary—men of whom a great English Protestant Lord, familiar with Canada, said—"I know of no parochial clergy in the world whose practice of all Christian virtues has been more universally admitted and has been productive of more beneficial consequences than the Catholic priesthood of the Province of Quebec." These are the men the religious weather-cocks rush to supersede. For shame, leave them and their flocks alone.

Go attend to your hollow modern conventicles! And when you come to the light of reason then of Catholicity—or in fidelity, take your choice. There is no alternative.

FIDELITAS.
N.B.—How many dailies will copy this.—F.

DOMESTIC READING.

When we listen willingly to a detractor we are guilty of the same sin as he is. The detractor is a coward; he never has the courage to strike his enemy an open blow; he dare not stand before him face to face; he is like the sneaking assassin.

The most notable characteristic of childhood is its slavish subservience to custom—to "what the other fellows do." This is also a characteristic of adult children; but adult children strive to ennoble that baseness by calling it wisdom and prudence.

The only remedy, if we would not be guilty of this great sin detraction is not to assist in circulating stories calculated to harm our neighbor. Neither should we as much as listen to such stories, but should show by our manner, if not our words, that we do not wish to hear them.

There are people who, when we meet them in the street, pass us like the passing of sunshine on an April day; who, if we spend an evening in a room where they are, make us understand something of the warmth which Nature intended to be universal, but has somehow only made special; whom it is a pleasure to serve, whom it is a duty to reverence; who can bring purity back to the brain of a rogue, and make a young man's heart blossom like a rose in June.

There is a flower called heart's-ease which flourisheth on the meanest soil when fed with good deeds and kindly thoughts, and 'tis worth a king's ransom to its possessor. That same flower hath its roots deep in the heart of God, and its fruits unto eternity, where every good shall reap its unfailing harvest of weal, and every ill deal find its meed of woe.

We need not think to cheat ourselves with the fancy that God's law can fail. Here and hereafter we shall reap as we have sown.

The Point of Rest is an important factor in art and life. The imagination is a point of rest between the extremes of soul and body; marriage is a point of rest between solitariness and gregariousness; Kent in "Lear," Horatio in "Hamlet," Cassio in "Othello," as Coventry Patmore showed, are the points of rest between players in these tragedies. The Grecian Nemesis in art and life was a bitter point of rest. Between the world with its littleness and our longing with its infinity God is the only point of rest.

There are two ways of looking at life. One undoubtedly is to imagine oneself clever, as if we were clever to suspect every man, and to make up one's mind not to be taken in. "I am not going to be done" is the favorite phrase of such people. Prof. Drummond says that "in an atmosphere of suspicion men shrivel up." If you suspect a man, you rob him of his self-respect. You may wonder what is the use of being honest, and then you open the door to lawlessness and many other sins besides. We are all strong to do the right, come what may, I know. Many are easily led by precept and example, so consequently, none of us are free from the responsibility entailed upon us by being more or less "keepers of souls." Moreover, we should be very chary of hasty suspicion; we ourselves are not infallible. Men have been hung for murders, and years afterwards have been proven innocent.

Hope is a star of silver glitterance—the brightest lamp to man.