

Weekly Retrospect.

Charity and pity are twin sisters, they go hand in hand dispensing their good gifts among the poor and suffering. In this progressive latter end of the 19th century, when all are striving for his or her social position, we must not forget to cultivate them, and devote a little of our time to good works. Visiting the sick may not always be pleasant to one's refined tastes especially, when they are in poor and uncomfortable quarters. We do not mean the visiting of friends, who are indisposed living in the fashionable part of Jarvis street or Rosedale, but those who have never had any luxuries in life, and whose lives have been spent in pain and toil, striving to keep the wolf away, and now broken down, they are helpless invalids, doomed to spend the rest of their lives in hopeless suffering. We hardly know what good we can do, till we try. Let us bring cheerful sunny faces into these sick rooms, a few gentle smooths of the pillow may do much to show the poor sufferers, there is still a little waft of the air of Paradise in this world. "Heroic Charity in Worldly Garb," in *Donohoe's Magazine* for February tells of the good work a lady in the city of Lyons has been doing for the past fifty years. At the early age of twenty three she was left a widow and childless. She almost sank under her heavy affliction, but she was fortunately possessed with deep religious feelings and a great deal of energy. After the first outbreak of grief, she roused herself and looked round to see if there was anything worth living for in the world, at last, "she chose the poor, the helpless, and the afflicted. From that day she lived only for them, seeking them out wherever they most needed her help." One of her first experiences, and that which outlined her future career was nursing a poor woman afflicted with a loathsome disease, she at once attended to the cleansing of the person and the surroundings of this poor creature. It was said "day after day she returned to this nauseating task, bringing with her strengthening food and soothing liniments, and dressing with a mother's care the sores which covered the poor sufferer from head to foot. When the end was near, the priest, who came to administer the last sacraments, found it almost impossible to bear the stench. By way of encouraging him, the heroic woman sat on the bed and supported the dying woman in her arms."

This led Madame Garnier, for such was her name to enquire into the sad condition of persons thus afflicted, and bereft of all comforts. So many cases considered incurable, the hospitals would not take them in; the refuges for them were overcrowded, and few cared to even approach them unless absolutely necessary. This touched this brave woman, who determined to bring her patients to her house and nurse them with her own hands, and endeavor to get women of courage like herself to assist her in this charitable work.

She succeeded in her undertaking. "One after another generous soul whom sorrow had touched and opened to pity, gathered round her and boldly took their part in the blessed work, some choosing to dwell with her, but most continuing to live amid their habitual surroundings. And from this, the charitable work of this lady grew to such large proportions, that it became necessary to build a regular hospital for the increasing number of patients. From Lyons it spread to other cities and in 1874 it was inaugurated in Paris, here five "noble hearted" ladies commenced the work, before the elapse of the year, 240 others had joined them. "The work has developed rapidly yet silently, little known even in the great city of which it is the ornament."

There is nothing to distinguish these good ladies from others living in the world. They only devote a certain

part of the week to their social duties, the rest is given to poor suffering humanity. This is the work of the "Ladies of Calvary," as this association is called. They not only bring comfort and sunshine to the sick-bed, but many a poor doubting soul is brought back to its faith, and taught to bear its pain with the patience taught by the Divine Sufferer of Calvary.

There are so many young girls growing up among us, who are no doubt very clever at fancy work and do a great deal of that sort of thing, until every drawing room, one enters now a days seems overcrowded, you go stumbling over beautiful ottomans and footstools in the dim uncertain light which "my daughter worked when at school." Is it not time the daughters were taught to do a little of the work, the example of which has been set by Madame Garnier? We are not a bit more tenderly reared here in Toronto, than those good ladies in far away France. True there are some who have the spirit and the will, and who do what they can in alleviating the sufferings of the poor and sick, but these are so few, and every year the numbers are growing less. There is a visiting society in Toronto for the hospitals, but by degrees many have dropped out and now the work is left to comparatively few. This Society does good not only in cheering the patients, but many would have died without receiving the last Sacraments of Holy Church, if it had not been for these good ladies. We hope the Catholic ladies of Toronto, especially our young ladies may yet be inspired with a little of the spirit of the "Ladies of Calvary," and show a little more of that true charity and mercy which inspired the early Christians, surely Society is not so selfish, that it demands all their time. Nothing would please our good Archbishop more than to see the young people of his flock take a greater interest in all these good works, and this one of visiting the sick and making their sufferings more easily borne is one of the greatest.

Cardinal Cullen and the Goat.

Cardinal Cullen used to tell of the following conversation, which took place between him and a country boy:

The Cardinal—"Were you at Mass to-day, my boy?"

The Boy—"No, your riverence, I wasn't."

The Cardinal—"Why not?"

The Boy—"Because I was howld-ing the goat."

The Cardinal—"Were you at Mass last Sunday?"

The Boy—"No, I wasn't your riverence."

The Cardinal—"Tell me, do you ever go to Mass at all?"

The Boy—"No, I don't. Don't I tell you I do be howld-ing the goat?"

The Cardinal—"But couldn't you sometimes get some one else to hold the goat for you?"

The Boy—"No, your riverence, I couldn't. You don't know that goat. The devil couldn't howld that goat; you couldn't howld that goat yourself."

Wit and Humor.

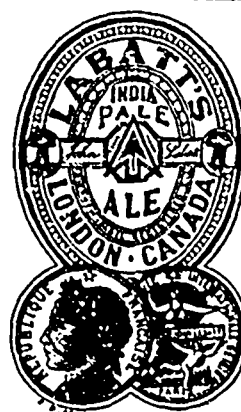
"Zawley was at the club last night." "Was he? Did he talk?" "Yes." "What about?" "About half the night."

Starter—"I met a man this morning who said I looked like you." "Smartly." "Tell me who he is, and I'll go and knock him down." Starter—"I did that myself."

Young Widow—"Oh, yes, he told me he could not love me when I was old." The Other—"How could you have married him after that?" Y. W.—"Oh, I was eighteen and he was seventy-five, you see."

In a boarding-house—Smith—"Where is the knife with this pie?" Landlady (loftily) "We never furnish a knife with pie here." Smith—(unashamed)—"Well, gimme the axe, then."

Ethel—"How did he make all his money?" Charlie—"Smoking! He was the greatest smoker in America." Ethel—"Nonsense, Charlie; you can't make money by smoking." Charlie—"He did. He smoked hams."



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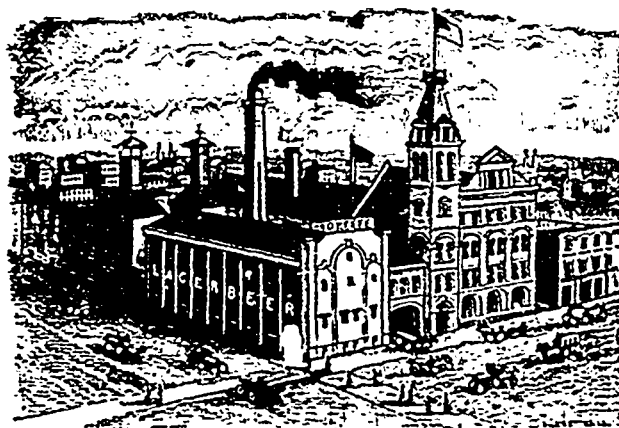
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