

whom she talked of Canada, and of the loyal family, the sons whereof had fought so well for the Crown of England.

The interview was so purely private, that I, perhaps, have transgressed in writing even this much of it, but the honour accorded to the daughter of the noble house of d'Arbury de Salaberry is an honour in which every patriotic Canadian must feel a pride; for, does not the memory of the Hero of Chateaugay belong to us all?

The military spirit still lives in the descendants of our good Canadian families, and shews itself at an early age too—witness the good impression made by the two corps of cadets of St. Mary's College, at the Review on the Queen's Birthday. One hears compliments for them in all directions, and Major-General Middleton and Lieutenant-Colonel Houghton, D.A.C., have congratulated them, by letter, on their fine appearance.

The month of May was closed and the month of June opened on that feast which is a sort of connecting link between the devotions of the Rosary and the Sacred Heart—Our Lady of Lasse. The Miraculous Statue, which has a strange history of its own, was given by the Jesuit Fathers in France, to the Province of Canada, and has now for many years been exposed to the devotion of the faithful in the Lady Chapel of the Church of the Gesu. Here, on Saturday, tapers burned, fairy lights gleamed, and sweet flowers threw out their fragrance as the college boys sang the praises of Her who was all fair and sinless, ere they knelt for the Benediction of the Heart that has so much loved men.

OLD MORTALITY.

A RECEPTION AT CARDINAL MANNING'S.

Nine o'clock was the hour named for the beginning of the Cardinal Archbishop's Annual Evening Reception last Tuesday; and never did guests at any entertainment begin to arrive with more perpetual alacrity. All the Bishops were present except the Bishop of Leeds, whose illness causes serious anxiety; and the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, whose health is so much improved by Sussex air and complete rest that he hopes, when fine weather comes, to return to his diocese. The Bishop of Plymouth, infirm with age, descended early the great staircase, to escape the fatigue of the gathering crowd, of which the clergy from near and far formed a large portion. By half-past nine the rooms were already filled. At that hour Mr. Wilfrid Blunt arrived, looking all the better for his recent travels. Closely following came Sir William Butler; and then Sir Charles Russell, the latter accompanied by his son and colleague—Mr. Arthur Russell. His Eminence kept the great counsel beside him for some minutes, and many of the onlookers wished that Mr. Justice Day might arrive at that moment to make the group complete. Near to the Cardinal stood the Archbishop of Dublin, whom Sir Charles had already seen that day in the Commission Court. Many a friendly welcome had His Grace in that house of peace—some from old friends, some from new ones. Sir William Butler's tall form bent to the short, indomitable figure of his old schoolfellow, with whom, indeed, he had crossed the channel on Sunday night; and when, a little later, the Cardinal Archbishop captured Sir William in the crowd, and brought him to Archbishop Walsh to introduce him, the laughter of the old friends sufficed to explain the position. Very cordial, too, was the greeting which passed between the patriot Prelate and the first Englishman (and a Catholic too) imprisoned by Mr. Balfour; for Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and His Grace needed no introduction. But they were not all of His Grace's way of thinking, for the Cardinal had the happy thought to bring the Duke of Norfolk to his brother of Dublin; and a little later Mr. Edwin de Lisle was presented by a member of our own staff; and for twenty minutes there followed a most instructive conversation, in which His Grace begged the Member for the Loughboro' Division of Leicestershire to use his influence with his Tory friends to bring arbitration to bear on vexed questions between landlord and tenant, after the manner of Colonel Vandeleur. The group, which the Bishop of Southwark had joined as an intent listener, became still more piquant when

augmented by Mr. Cox, whom the Bishop of Salford presented; and reached its climax of picturesque interest when the Cardinal Archbishop, with a smile and with outstretched hands, approached, bearing the benison of a peacemaker. Mr. Philip Stokes—his father's son in sturdy Liberalism, and a rising member of the junior Bar, was presented to His Grace as "an antidote to Mr. de Lisle."

Meanwhile in all three of the great rooms the crowd grew denser and denser. One after another a familiar face came forward, and, after the customary salutation to His Eminence (who delighted all by looking so well), was lost in the throng. Lord Arundell, of Wardour; Lord Herries, who stood talking with Mr. Frank Langton, the Postmaster-General's private secretary, who laughed and chatted all the evening just as if Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., were not alive; the Hon. B. Maxwell, Mr. W. Dalrymple, Mr. A. J. Blount, whose political conversion was ardently taken in hand for two minutes; Mr. George Blount—in no need of conversion; Mr. Walton, Mr. Oswald Walmsley, Mr. Nicholas Symott, Sir James Marshall, K.C.M.G., Mr. Ford, Mr. John Kenyon, with whom Mr. Wilfrid Blunt was talking when the author of *Proteus* and the proto-martyr of England under the Balfourian persecution was borne away to be presented to the Bishop of Newport—"the most literary-minded of the Bishops," as he was recently called by the *Saturday Review*; Mr. Guy Ellis, Mr. Gilbert Ellis, who brought the bad news of Father Douglas Hope's severe illness at St. Vincent's Home; Mr. Edward Bellasis; Mr. Brand, from the Poor School Committee; Mr. Langdale, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Petre, of Whitley Abbey; Count Lubinski, Mr. Leonard Stokes, still radiant from the experience of the previous day—"Varnishing Day" at the Royal Academy, when he found four of his drawings on "the line"; Mr. Peter Paul Pugin, who might well take his professional brother to task for recently expressed opinions of extreme heterodoxy to the Goth; Mr. Hansom, Mr. Joseph Hennessy, surrounded by authors; Mr. Alderman Stuart Knill, (will he wear his Lord Mayor's robes on these occasions in a year or two?) Mr. Paul Strickland, the successful organizer of testimonials; Mr. William Keane, an equally successful organizer on a wider field, and Mr. John Humble—with similar successes in Catholic registration; Mr. Cagney, Mr. Casella; Colonel Prendergast and Mr. Chapman, from the School Board; Mr. Costelloe (the last to come), from the County Council; Mr. Willis, Mr. Lewis, the Chevalier O'Clery, Mr. Conder, Mr. Edward Lucas; Mr. Wegg Prosser, who ceased to be a member of Parliament in Herefordshire when he became a member of the Church; Mr. Philip Witham, Mr. Robert Harting, Mr. T. H. Meynell, Mr. Roskell, Mr. Austin King and Mr. Dudley Leathley, among many other men of law; Mr. Edmund Harting, Mr. Herman Lescher; Mr. Charles Kent, who brought his son, Mr. Henry Kent—a young journalist who has profited by the hints of an old and far-famed one; Sir Paul Molesworth; Mr. Orby Shipley, who was welcomed back to town by troops of friends; Mr. James Hope, Mr. John Wallace, Mr. Orlebar Payne; Mr. Lister Drummond and Mr. Emery, who had the countenance of the Father General of the Ransomers; Mr. Kearney, Mr. Devonish Walsh, Mr. A. Guibana, Mr. E. de Trafford, and Mr. T. C. O'Brien, of cricket-field fame—but, as Lord Beaconsfield said of another interesting assemblage, "the list is too long, or good names remain behind."

The Marquis of Ripon, away from town, was much missed; so was Sir Charles Clifford. Mr. Knowles, too, of the *Nineteenth Century*, was down at Brighton, and a familiar figure at the receptions at the Archbishop's house was consequently wanting last Tuesday. A Catholic journalist, who presented a young colleague of literary distinction, described him as a Protestant, a journalist, and a friend, and expressed the hope that the third qualification might modify and condone the criminality of the other two. Mr. George Russell, M.P., also received a hearty welcome from His Eminence, and this promising statesman had afterwards a short but earnest talk with the Archbishop of Dublin.—*Weekly Register*.

On Sunday next, before High Mass, Mgr. Fabre will bless the new sacristy of Notre Dame Church, Montreal. In the evening, after Vespers, there will be a general consecration of all the mothers of families to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.