

COMTE DE MUN

Delivers Another Masterly Address.

THAT was a magnificent address delivered by the Comte de Mun, in the Chamber of Deputies, the week before last. How grandly, how powerfully he demolished the theories of godless socialism and unfolded the imperishable principles of the Gospel. Read the following passage:

"What! you have driven God out of your institutions; you have done your utmost to destroy every religious idea and influence; you have ordered that the youth of the nation should grow up in ignorance of the necessary foundation of morality; you have obliged your teachers and instructors to ignore even the very idea of a God; you have broken up the family by divorce, and you ask who are responsible. What! you have decreed the contempt of the divine law, and you dare to call us to account for the general lawlessness which has resulted! The Church does not conspire; she pursues her eternal mission in the world. [Interruptions]. She is the only government which neither passes away nor changes. She accomplishes her destiny, which is to exercise her beneficent action on every age and on every society. She will fulfil it towards the democracy, as in time past she fulfilled it towards Kings and Emperors. That is the secret of what you call her evolution. I can perfectly understand that you are dismayed to see Catholic priests mixing with the people, speaking to them, defending them, showing them in the Gospel the guarantee of justice, aiding them to organize themselves and thus to withdraw them from socialistic tyranny. Ah, I understand, for you know well enough that the future of society depends on this supreme contact between Christianity and socialism. Little wonder that the radicals who for so long a time have made anti-clericalism and the persecution of cures the foundation of their politics, and which to-day is the bond which binds them together, should be astonished and overcome at seeing priests and people meeting together once more."

CONFIRMATION

AT COTE DES NEIGES COLLEGE.

Monday was a gala day at Cote des Neiges College. This really splendid institution is under the care of the Fathers of the Holy Cross, and it serves as a preparatory school in connection with their grand classical college at St. Laurent. Boys ranging from six to fourteen years of age are drilled in the elementary classes at Cote des Neiges before passing into the higher grades of the larger institution. We know of no institution of education that occupies a more magnificent and healthy site than this college. It is a superb building, made of cut-stone taken from the quarry on the college grounds. It is surrounded by immense fields—broad and goodly acres—and it looks out upon the vast valley that stretches from the foot of Mount Royal to the rapids of Lachine and the broad St. Lawrence. Interiorly the house is large, clean, well lighted and airy. Its recreation, study and other halls are on a very extensive scale. Two complete preparatory courses are given; one in French—under the direction of Rev. Father Remi, C. S. C., the other in English—under Rev. Father Kelly, C. S. C.

On Monday the healthful breeze that came around the mountain, and careered on over the valley to the St. Lawrence, paused to rustle the million leaves upon the trees around the college, and caress the three flags that floated from the spires of the edifice. In the center waved the Papal flag—telling to all who assembled there that here was a Catholic institution, a shrine of sanctity and an abode of religion. On either side of the Papal banner floated the flags of Canada and Ireland—the French Canadian's tricolor, and the Irish Canadian green and gold. A grand and eloquent lesson to our people. These festive ensigns told that the children of the two great Catholic races of our country met there under the standard of one Faith, and partook—in loving fraternity—of the draughts of knowledge and the food of instruction.

But why all this display? It was Confirmation day, and His Grace, the good and venerable Archbishop of Montreal,

had come to administer the fortifying sacrament to fifty young boys; the glad parents of these happy children had assembled in the beautifully frescoed chapel to witness the ceremonies; the devoted teachers and members of the community had assembled to take part in the grand event.

At ten o'clock His Grace entered the chapel, preceded by the usual attendants. The rich organ pealed forth a joyous march while the sacrament was being administered to upwards of fifty boys, the *Veni Creator* was sung in good style by the choir of the college. After the ceremonies, which were concluded at half-past ten, His Grace held a reception for the members of the community and then started upon his pastoral tour. The refectory of the college was the scene of great enjoyment, from half-past ten until after eleven o'clock. A magnificent breakfast was prepared for all the guests and pupils, parents, visitors and the members of the community sat down to a most sumptuous repast. There was joy on all sides, and particularly was it visible in the bright faces of the boys, whose hearts had been made happy by the reception of a great sacrament in the morning.

Some day we will lead our readers into the College of Cote des Neiges and give them an idea of all its attractions, advantages, and claims to the greatest possible encouragement. The name is suggestive. In the midst of the darkest night the hill of snows is seen rising beautifully from out the shadows; and when the sun flashes upon its summit in day time, it becomes dazzling in its splendor. So amidst the darkest hours of unchristian teaching, the clouds of bigotry and of anti-Catholic principles that seek to shadow our sky, the College of Cote des Neiges—the conservatory of faith and the refuge of a rising generation—appears white and glorious in contrast with more sombre surroundings. But when the sun of Catholic Truth lights up its moral and intellectual aspect, it grows radiant in the fulgence and it sheds a lustre upon the paths of hundreds of the coming generation.

ENTERTAINMENT AT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

St. Mary's College Hall was crowded last Thursday night, the occasion being a grand musical and literary entertainment for the benefit of Catholic orphans. Some of those who assisted were: Misses Ducharme, Hopkins, Hubert, Turcott, Dubois, Hollinshead, Monk, Young, and the Misses Lewis, and the Messrs. Surveyer, Lebel, Clarke, Pelletier, Renaud. The chorus was very good and the charming young ladies who assisted made a very picturesque scene. The entertainment closed with an amusing comedy entitled: "Les Deux Timides," in which the following gentlemen took part with credit: Messrs. Laramee, Dumouchel, Gladu, Mignault and Surveyer.

BRANCH 26, C. M. B. A.

The regular meeting of Branch 26, C. M. B. A., was held at Glenora hall Monday evening and was largely attended. President Reynolds presided, and several new members were initiated. The president reported that the branch would enter the contest for the trophy at the St. Patrick's bazaar and, judging from the manner in which the matter was being taken up by the members, he was assured the branch would make a creditable showing. Remarks in the interest of the association were made by Chancellor Feeley, Brothers Gould, Walsh, Corcoran, Smallshire, McMenamin, John S. Shea, W. Ryan, Kennedy, Stevens, Milloy, Sharkey and others. Brother Morris, of Branch 74, also made a brief address, and extended a hearty invitation to the members of Branch 26 to attend a special meeting of his branch to be held on Monday, 14th June, at which Rev. Father O'Meara, pastor of St. Gabriel's, will be initiated a member of the association. It was also announced that a grand pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre would be held on Saturday, 20th June, under the auspices of the advisory council for the district of Montreal.

The name of our Lord God should lie a precious jewel in the cabinet of our hearts, to be taken out only at great times and with loving awe.—George McDonald.

FANNY ALLEN.

A Legend of Later Times.

BY S. GREATA.

PART II.

Villa Maria!—thou whose fame,
Is sung by every voice;
Villa Maria! sweetest name,
On thee hath fallen the choice.

The mother-tongue comes from afar,
Its accents soft and sweet,
Tempt the young maiden from her home,
To learning's favorite seat.

And hither cometh the proud girl,
With full and firm intent;
She should abide in her own faith,
Nor by the nuns be bent.

To worship God in Peter's fold,
She thinks they strangely err.
They worship in the Roman form,
But cannot bias her.

"To be baptized is nothing worth!
I was, to please mamma;
The minister was full of zeal;
I? Oh, I laughed, ha! ha!"

Such, and such like, was her discourse;
Her teachers were aghast;
"Oh! let us pray for that poor girl,
She may be touched at last."

The spring-time came—and with its flowers,
The happy sisters made,
An offering of love to God,
And thus a Sister said:

"Please take this vase of odor sweet"
The Sanctuary within;
But bow the knee to Jesus there;
Or e'er thou enter in."

I am a Protestant, she thought,
I will not bow the knee;
They tell me Jesus dwelleth there;
How know I that 'tis He?

She opened the gate and would have placed,
The flowers with careless glance;
But some strange power held her back,
She could make no advance.

Once more she tried—"twas still the same,
Her limbs refused their aid;
She stood transfixed and statue-like
A wonder-stricken maid.

Not yet she yielded;—once again,
Again in vain she tried,
Then she burst forth—"Lo! God is here,
'Tis He indeed," she cried.

"And art thou then the God I love
And seek?—Then I adore
Humbly thy majesty divine,
My wickedness deplore."

Lowly she bent the suppliant knee,
And softly placed the flowers,
First watered with hot scalding tears,
Like summer's tropic showers.

Then meekly crept adown the aisle,
To the most distant place;
Where she could weep her bitter tears
And hide her fevered face.

Not yet she spoke of what had passed,
It was too early then;
She would seek grace from God above
And help from holy men:

She would inquire, recant, abjure,
Would be baptized in truth;
That she had mocked that holy rite
Now caused her bitterest ruth.

In secret 'twas the Truth she sought,
Stiff-necked but generous mind!
Thou knewest not that thou had'st a call
In days left far behind.

That He who sent Heaven's chosen Saint
To snatch thee from the grave;
Should one day, from the altar call,
The soul he longed to save.

As she had promised—all was done,
A changed and serious girl,
She seeks once more her Southern home;
But not for pleasure's whirl.

Her heart is stirred by higher aims,
And she will take the vow,
Which binds her life to God above,
None else can claim her now.

Spare we to tell how surged the swell
Of opposition's tide;
Fervent and firm she gained her cause
In God's house to reside.

She would return to seek the spot
Wherein to spend her life,
In prayer and God's own holy work—
Thus ceased at length the strife.

With tenderest care then come anorth
Her friends, to help her choose
The order where her vows to make
Nor yet a moment loose.

And in Mount Royal's city fair
They visit many a shrine,
Still she felt not her listening heart
Thrilled by a cord divine.

Till visiting the Hotel Dieu
The Holy Mass to hear,
Her eyes are riveted at once
On what she witnessed there.

The altar-piece—a Sainte Famille †
Where Joseph guards with awe;
Blest Mary and the Holy Child,
This was what there she saw.

A cry of joy, delight, surprise,
Escaped her where she stood:
"Oh, mother, this is He I saw
That holy man and good.

"Saint Joseph! thou hast called me here
And here will I abide,
Here will I serve my God and Thee
The sick man's couch beside."

* On receiving the flowers, Fanny said she would, but determined not to do anything of the sort.
† This picture, which was falling into decay, has since been removed.
(To be continued.)

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B SOCIETY.

A special meeting of the St. Ann's T. A. & B Society was held in St. Ann's hall Sunday evening. The object of the meeting was to receive the report of the excursion committee.

The committee reported that the steamer Rocket, of the Montreal and Cornwall Navigation Co, had been secured for the annual excursion of the society. The society's excursion having always been well patronized by their many friends and the public generally, the society has fixed on Dominion Day this year in order to allow the many friends of the society, who otherwise might not be able to attend, the opportunity of accompanying them on this occasion.

The excursion will be to Lake St. Peter and the steamer Rocket, which is one of the finest on the river, will leave the wharf at 9 a.m., giving a full day's sail, and a fine opportunity to view the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence, and reaching Lake St. Peter so as to return by moonlight. The committee are determined to spare nothing to make this excursion a pleasant and enjoyable one and look forward to meeting many of their friends again on this occasion.

BLESSING THE ROSES.

The ceremony of blessing the roses of St. Dominic was performed at St. Patrick's, on Sunday afternoon. Eight hundred roses were blessed; there was a large attendance of young ladies. As this devotion is becoming more known, it is rapidly becoming more popular. Father James Callaghan, who officiated on Sunday, received the power to bless the roses through the kindness of the Dominican Fathers of the Priory, St. Hyacinthe. The practice takes its origin from St. Dominic himself, who planted a rose tree in the garden of his Monastery, in Italy, more than 500 years ago; this tree, until the present day, has blossomed with different colored roses every year.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

If we take all things as from God, and behold all things as in the light of the brightness of His coming, all shall be well.—Cardinal Manning.

You will never have more than three or four friends in the course of your life; your entire confidence is their right. But to give it to many—is that not to betray your real friends?—Honore de Balzac.

What one cannot know he had better not try to know. A quiet uncomplaining contentment with the limitations of human knowledge, as fixed by God, is one of the marks of true wisdom and also indispensable to intellectual composure.

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch,
Beware the awful avalanche!"
was the peasant's warning to the aspiring Alpine youth. Dangers greater than these lurk in the pathway of the young man or young woman of the present as they journey up the rugged sidehill of Time. But they may all be met and overcome by a judicious and timely use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the celebrated cure for colds, coughs, catarrh, and consumption. Better than hypophosphites or cod liver oil; unrivalled and unapproachable in all diseases arising from a scrofulous or enfeebled condition of the system.

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Miss Backbay (of Boston)—I find it difficult to keep in my mind the thoughts that occur to me. Miss De Paque (of Chicago)—Pshaw! Why, we've always had the notion that cold storage would do everything.—Puck.

About two months ago I was nearly wild with headaches. I started taking Burdock Blood Bitters, took two bottles and my headaches have now altogether disappeared. I think it is a grand medicine. EVA FINN, Massey Station, Ont.