

OPENING OF LENT IN ROME.

The carnival, in Italy is one of the characteristic poor times of the country; and the more brilliant its enjoyment is the more solemn is the opening of Lent.

It was more marked in former times, of course, but even to-day the passing from Carnival to Lent in the Eternal City affords a striking contrast. Until the middle of last week we had been treated to such horrible weather, the ravages of the influenza were so widespread, the presence of thousands of pilgrims added such a penitential air to the Holy City, that King Carnival seemed to be dead and buried forever. On Thursday, however, the sun came out with real Roman splendor, the newspapers announced that the troublesome epidemic was rapidly abating, and as if by magic the streets became thronged with merry-making Romans; puttinella was abroad in his traditional baggy white dress and half-mask with gigantic nose; here and there might be seen a group of maskers, cabs passed by laden with youths garbed fantastically, the organ-grinders was in evidence at the street corners, accompanied by a man dressed in woman's clothes who sang some popular ditty to a little knot

of curious bystanders. This aspect of the carnival, though a mere shadow of the public spectacles of former days, is really pleasing, and promotes general good-humor. It has unfortunately its objectionable features, however; men dressed as nuns and rollicking through the public thoroughfare do not present a very edifying sight, especially to the strangers who are now so numerous in Rome—and there were many cases of this visible last week, in spite of the law, which forbids such displays. But far and away the most objectionable feature of the modern carnival consists in many of the balls which, barely cloak the most glaring immorality. In preparation for this the devout people of Rome make devout visits to the Blessed Sacrament, exposed in many churches throughout the city.

But the last carnival of the nineteenth century ended in the small hours of this morning, and a little later the hundreds of churches were crowded with penitents. About an hour before mid-day the churches where the Lenten course of sermons is preached were literally thronged, and one had no difficulty in recognizing even in the streets that the penitential season had begun in earnest.

FATHER CALLAGHAN SPEAKS TO THE BOYS.

The following is a full report of Father Callaghan's admirable address to the pupils of the Catholic High School on the occasion of the St. Patrick's Day entertainment, which was received too late for our last issue. "I am sorry Father Callaghan is not on hand. He has missed one of the rarest treats, and you must forego the pleasure of listening to what he would like to tell you.

Your programme is something splendid. All the items met with an unequalled success—with a success which should be attributed not less to the manner in which you were trained than to the manner in which you responded. We have enjoyed your entertainment as you might wish us to enjoy it. I consider it a compliment which you have paid to the Apostle of Ireland, and to all the descendants of those whom he Christianized. I thought you were competent to pay such a compliment, and I see that you did not fail. From what I have heard and seen with my own eyes, you have been proving yourselves to be a credit to this institution. Your professors are equal to their task. Besides being skilled in teaching their respective branches, they show themselves zealous in promoting all that concerns your welfare. You form amongst yourselves a perfect unit, though you do not belong to the one and same nationality. You have applied yourselves to your studies, and won by your behavior golden opinions for yourselves. Religion is like an oak around which you have been twining the ivy of learning. You should be proud of the education which is imparted within the walls of this magnificent structure. Is it not calculated to confer the greatest blessings to which you might legitimately aspire? Will it not fit you to catch in your grasp the most exalted honors from which you may have imagined you were debarred, and which can be obtained in the length and breadth of the British Dominions—wherever the English language is spoken? Will it not qualify you to walk in the footsteps of the literateurs, statesmen and warriors whose memories are enshrined in every Irish heart—perhaps to rise to the level of a Deane, a Moore or a Gerald Griffin, an O'Connell, a McEneaney or a Parnell, an O'Sullivan or a Malachy, "who wore the collar of gold," a Wellington or a Marshal McMahon, a General Cery, Kelly-Kenny, a White, a French, a Lord Roberts, or a Lord Kitchener, whose names should be pronounced only with the mingled feelings of the warmest affection and the deepest respect? Will it not rank you amongst the patriots of the highest order and the worthiest of citizens?

I am wearing on my breast a favor which has seen some thing of the world. It has just travelled all the way from the County Kerry in Ireland. The Shamrock has had a history of its own with which you should be familiar. The last pages of this history are not yet written. It reminds you of a past which will never bring to your cheek the blush of shame. It recalls the figure of a saint who was the first to pluck from the soil of Erin a dear little plant of a similar nature, and who with this plant illustrated the mystery of the Blessed Trinity before the princes, chieftains, bards and druids that assembled on the hill of Tara. It speaks volumes for all the intervening ages since the conquest of our national Apostle down to the present century when the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle posed as confessors, virgins, martyrs and missionaries. What does this Shamrock prefigure? A future, I trust, which will eclipse the past. Never was it brought into such prominence as in these days of ours. We cannot but be impressed with the Providence of God. He is directing the course of all the events which may be read in the columns of the daily newspapers. He is ruling all individuals, nations and peoples. We are only His agents in the realization of His designs. Queen Victoria could not have given expression to a happier thought than to add fresh lustre to the sacred emblem of Irish Catholicity. We rejoice in what she did. She should be praised for having lifted from comparative obscurity into the blaze of the noon-day sun this our symbol in which we glory, for holding it up to the admiring gaze of the whole civilized world. What Heaven wished her to do, she did, and she did it most creditably. Is she not deserving of being lauded to the skies for proving so worthy an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence? Now do the stirring notes of "The Wearing of the Green" blend in the sweetest harmony with the majestic strains of Britain's National Hymn. Soon must all political disabilities disappear from the theatre of public affairs. Soon will all Irishmen, whatever may be their creed, be called upon to wield a most potent influence upon whatever affects the countries swayed by the British Parliament. Cling to your ancestors. Imitate them. Preserve and perpetuate the spirit prevailing in your homesteads. Then may you pursue with safety and honor any calling assigned you—then may you engage in any profession or employment. Your career will be the brightest of records. You will tread the path of glory. On your flag, you will emblazon the words: "Onward and upward forever."

AN HISTORICAL RETROSPECT.

"From Peter to Leo" is the title of a wonderful historical retrospect of the Rev. Robert Kane, S.J., which formed one of his Lenten conferences. It would not be possible for us to reproduce the whole discourse, but we will give our readers three passages—one from the opening, another from the heart, and a third from the conclusion. We must leave out the numerous links between each of these which go to make up the splendid chain constructed by the learned Jesuit. So remarkable and beautiful are these three passages, that we cannot overlook them. The first deals with Christ, the second with Peter, the third, with Leo XIII. Father Kane said:

"He stood by the Galilean shore, a man without a past and without a future. More narrow and more steep than the hills which shut in His cottage at Nazareth, the stubborn cliffs of social tradition and the impassable peaks of political exclusiveness had, until His thirtieth year, wall'd up His life within the mental darkness and torpor of a village, sneered at even by the country folk for the dullness of its people. No vibration of great ideas could come to Him from Rome; no spark of intellect from Athens. The world's lore was closed to Him. The story of His own race He must have heard; of its unflinching and ceaseless struggle to remain alone amongst the nations, untaught, untouched, unaided by the cul-

side world. But no book had ever brought to Him from beyond His intellectual horizon the wisdom of the philosopher, the song of poet, or the craft of statesman. "Is not this the Son of a carpenter?" men said; and again: "how knoweth this Man letters having never learned?" He was only a tradesman, unknown, and therefore without history; untaught, and therefore without promise. Was it a dream that He dreamt, as He stood by the Galilean shore? What? He, isolated, obscure, without power, without wealth, without honor, without education, without influence, He, unaided and alone, without help from the strong or warrant from the wise, proclaims that He has come to teach a doctrine which shall fulfil or supersede the Testament of the Jew and the Philosophy of the Gentile. Yet! He proclaims His own Kingship over an empire which shall stretch in one wide hold all the nations of the earth, and which shall wax still stronger and stately mid the decay and death of the ages, nor fall till time be done. With a boldness that monopolised the history of the past, with a courage that challenged the present, with an audacity that defied the future, He promulgated His claim to a Kingdom that should be stopped by no frontier in space, nor be outstripped by the steps of time.

"Now, Christ did not found a republic, nor an aristocracy, nor a con-

stitutional state, nor a communism. He made His Church a Monarchy, with Peter as its visible Head and under Himself, its King. So it was in Peter that was Simon, and so it is in Peter that is Leo XIII. That this was not an usurpation of fraud or pride is evident from the holiness of the long line of Popes, all of whom, for the first five hundred and thirty-six years—fifty-eight in number—are recognized by the Church as saints. Look back to trace Peter's footsteps through the centuries. Without Peter's sanction no General Council has ever been held to be valid. Two very ancient historians, Socrates and Sozomen, relate that this law was always, from the first, in force. Peter has always been the one consulted in matters of Faith, by every Church of the Christian world. Peter has always been acknowledged to have the supreme charge even of every individual Church. Peter has always been the supreme Court of Appeal in Faith, in morals, in questions of jurisdiction or of Order, not only for the Western Churches, but for the Eastern also. Peter has summoned before his tribunal not merely the appellants, but their judges of whatever rite or rank. Peter has always been wont to send representatives to exercise his own supreme authority in the churches of the East and West. Time will only allow me to mention some few instances."

"An old man lives in the city by the Tiber—a strange figure, to be found at the close of the 19th century—a teacher whom science scoffs at, a law-giver whom statesmen ignore, a warrior without a weapon, a judge without a court, a ruler without a nation, a king without a crown. The world is weary of him. Historians chronicle him as belonging to ancient days. The unanimous vociferations of innumerable sects proclaim that he is out of date, his influence long since dead. But, Peter has often been heard all that before. Peter is not dead. He is the reigning monarch of a dynasty that

counts the empires of Europe as children of a day. His next birthday will bear the date of twenty centuries. Upon the throne have sat, in one unbroken line, 258 men that were the personality of Peter. Of them, nearly one-third were saints; all of them for over 300 years, martyrs. Their history is the history of civilization, of men come and pass, while Peter remains the same, the Fisherman. Weather-worn, war-worn, world-worn, Peter the Fisherman looks and listens. He has seen and heard all that before. All that is human. But he has also seen and heard a Face, a Voice that is Divine, when, standing by the Galilean shore, Jesus said: "Thou art Peter."

To these three passages we will add the powerful words of the great Napoleon—words quoted by Father Kane:—"I think," wrote Napoleon the Great, "that I know something of human nature. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and I myself have founded great empires. They were men. I am only a man. While I was with them the electric influence of my look, my voice, my words, flashed in a flame of enthusiastic devotedness through the multitudes whom I swayed. But, when we passed, there was left nothing but the empty echo of a name. Upon what were our empires founded? Upon force. One conqueror there is who founded His empire upon love, and, to this very day, millions would die for Him. His empire He built within the souls of men, winning them to live in a world unseen beyond the barriers of time and space. None else was like to Him, Jesus was more than man. His name is now a living power. Across a chasm of eighteen centuries he still makes a claim that which none is so vast, so hard. He demands what a friend often vainly asks for of his friend, a father of his child, a bride of her husband, a man of his brother. He demands our heart. He demands it absolutely. He demands it for ever. He obtains it. Christ is Conqueror. Christ is King."

PARAY-LE-MONIAL.

In the "Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart," appears a very timely article from the pen of E. J. D., which we reproduce.

The great pilgrimage of Associates of the Sacred Heart, from all quarters of the globe, which will reach Paray-le-Monial in June next, brings again into prominence that little town in Burgundy. It was there our Lord appeared seventy times, between 1674 and 1690, to Blessed Margaret Mary. It was in the little monastery of the Visitation, still standing there, that He revealed the admirable devotion which is bringing back among Catholics the fervor of the primitive ages.

The name of Paray is of Celtic origin. A legend is extant which tells that an immense conflagration once swept away the forests of central and southern Gaul. The population, terror-stricken at the sight, and fleeing from destruction, halted for a moment in a beautiful valley. A Druid priest met them and ordered them, if they valued this safety, to offer a sacrifice. The victims were burned on a sacred stone and the conflagration ceased. Paray (par, fire and aid, stone) was the very place where this marvellous event took place. Modern writers see in it a presage of the future destiny of the spot, whence a sacred fire bursting from the Heart of Jesus should quench the universal conflagration of impurity and sensualism.

It was not till the tenth century that documents begin to give precise data of Paray, although it is certain that it was prominent long before that time, for when Lambert de Chalon founded the Benedictine monastery there in 973, the hamlet had already a civic organization. The Virgin Mother of God was even then recognized Patroness of the place: Our Lady of Romay having been the object of special veneration there from the first centuries of Christianity.

The establishment of the monks of Cluny was the beginning of a new era for Paray-le-Monial, (as it began to be named) and for the world; for the Burgundian Abbey harbored within its walls, and formed for the Church, men who have left their mark on the history of the world. The names of the Hildebrand, Gregory VII., Urban II., Pascal II., and a multitude of other saints and scholars, justify the claim of the Burgundian abbey to the title, shared by so many other monasteries at the time, of cradle of modern civilization.

The basilica of the Sacred Heart attached to the abbey is one of the noblest specimens of monastic churches which dot that portion of France. It was there that the holy monks adored God in their favorite devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, and chanted their psalms, during the long centuries down to 1789, when the Revolution savagely drove them from their beloved cells and closed their home to them forever.

BOSSUET'S CONVERT.

When man quits the scenes of this world's active life, he not only continues his existence in the world beyond, but he leaves behind him his influence—be it for good or evil—in the workings of which his life is actually prolonged on earth. The one who writes a book with immoral or infidel tendencies is responsible, not only for what evil he may have done during his short span of years, but equally for all the harm his work may produce for generations after his death. It is equally true that the good done by an eminent and saintly man, even when his sun of life has

set, leaves a trail of glory that lingers over the earth. We know of no more striking example than that of M. Ferdinand Brunetiere's conversion by Bossuet. The influence of the mighty orator's logic and perfection of expression was such that the very reproduction of his works has caused the conversion of the most brilliant lecture of France. The account before us is most interesting, and we can only best illustrate our idea by its reproduction. It runs thus:—"He who two hundred years ago changed the beautiful La Valliere into a penitent Magdalen and brought

the great Tournelle into the fold of Catholicism has just made another convert. This is no other than M. Ferdinand Brunetiere. The eminent academician and 'conferencier' has just said in public that he is a Catholic, that his conversion has been going on for four years, and that it is Bossuet who has converted him. This public confession of faith was made the other day at Besancon. The occasion of it was a festival, religious and literary, one of the attractions of which being a conference by M. Brunetiere. The Archbishop of Besancon, the Archbishop of Sens, and the Bishops of Monaco and Quimper were present. The head of Brunetiere's discourse, delivered before the most intellectual element of Besancon Society, was "What do we learn at the School of Bossuet?" After telling his hearers what was to be learnt at that school, he told them what he himself had learnt at it, viz., to become a Catholic. Thus one of the leaders of the mind of his time stood forth not as an apologist of Bossuet's intellectual greatness, but as a proof that patient study of the "eagle of Meaux" leads to Rome. This avowal of his Catholicism came after his lecture. Before this he had brought in to relief certain points in the rugged grandeur of Bossuet's genius. "Pascal and Bossuet," he said, "are the two who have had the most incomparable mastery over the French language. With this, Bossuet attached more importance to thinking justly than to writing elegantly. He had a horror of dilettantism that is of art for art. Thus we learn from him not to wrap up emptiness of thought in fine language. He proves to us, moreover, that the greatest orator is not necessarily the most correct, agreeable, and accomplished, but rather he who best leads human action into the paths of truth and justice." M. Brunetiere had never been the object of such enthusiastic applause as the other day at Besancon. His conversion as that of a man representing the advanced intellect of the day is a host in itself.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, A.O.H.

What promises to be one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the season is now being organized by the Ladies' Auxiliary, Div. No. 1, of St. Patrick's parish, in the form of a concert and social, which will be held in the Victoria Armory, Cathcart street, on Friday evening, April the 20th. One of our city's most favorite artists, Miss Fannie Pringle, who has under training many members of Div. No. 1, will render two choruses, assisted by the leading male voices of St. Patrick's parish; also one of Montreal's favorite orators will give a short address. It is needless to guarantee the patrons of the Auxiliary what a success it will be socially.

During intermission, refreshments will be served by the good ladies, who are indefatigable in their efforts to make this their fourth annual entertainment one of the most enjoyable of the Easter attractions. Tickets can be had from members and from Mr. B. Smith, caretaker of St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, and at the "True Witness" Office.

C.M.B.A. SOCIAL.

Beaman's Conservatory Hall, St. Catherine street, on Easter Monday evening, will be the scene of another of the popular progressive euchre and social parties, to be held under the auspices of that well-known and popular Branch No. 232, of the C.M.B.A., Grand Council of Canada. The past entertainments of this branch have been most successful, and as this is the last of the series—the committee intend to surpass all their previous efforts.

The Committee of Management are working hard, and all arrangements are being completed with despatch. The committee intend to limit the number of tickets for the forthcoming entertainment, and it would be well for the friends of this branch to obtain their tickets without delay, which may be had from any member of the committee.

RE-UNION AT MOUNT ST. LOUIS.

On Sunday evening last the former English-speaking students of Mount St. Louis College, held a re-union in the Academic hall; and gave a most interesting entertainment, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The Aristophanes Quartette, composed of Messrs. H. Hayes, of Ottawa, W. Warren, Wm. Kearney and Thos. Hewitt, was a special favorite; and their several selections were well received. Among the others who contributed to the evening's programme were: Jos. St. John, E. Cummings, Thos. Kearney, Jos. J. O'Brien, Robt. Quigley, Chas. J. O'Brien, A. O'Neill, Jas. Connolly, J. O'Brien, and Thos. Whelan.

NINETY-EIGHT PER CENT.

There is a fascination about big profits to a business man. But the conservative and cautious trader prefers to have the lesser per cent. of interest and the larger per cent. of safety in his investments. There is no business man who would not consider it a sound proposition to invest in an enterprise in which absolute loss was impossible and which offered ninety-eight chances in a hundred of a rich profit. The statistics of cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery show that ninety-eight per cent. of cases of "weak lungs" can be absolutely cured. Almost if not all forms of physical weakness may be traced to starvation. Starvation saps the strength. The body is just as much starved when the stomach cannot extract nutrition from the food it receives as when there is no food. "Weak lungs," bronchial affections, obstinate coughs, call for nourishment. "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies that nourishment in its most condensed and assimilable form. It makes "weak lungs" strong, by strengthening the stomach and organs of digestion which digest, and distribute the food, and by increasing the supply of pure blood.

LENTEN SERMONS.

A Roman correspondent speaking of the attractive and attracting sermons, of the Lenten season, now being preached by the Right Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan, Domestic Prelate to His Holiness Leo XIII., says:—

Thursday, March 1st, with a familiar discourse on the "Desolation wrought by Worldliness." The church, which has been nearly empty during the regular Sunday sermons since New Year, was now crowded, and for half-an-hour the preacher held the audience enthralled by his earnest eloquence. On March 4th he preached from the text, "Who art thou?" (Ruth iii., 9). This question, he began, it would be well for every one of us to ask ourselves. Man is an animal, as much so as the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. Like them he is made up of bones, muscles, sinews, arteries, veins, and nerves; like them he needs food, drink, and sleep; like them he has to depend on his five senses. It is well that we should remember this; it will serve to humble us. But man is also more than the beast; he has a dual nature; he is the connecting link between the Creator and his creatures; between the visible and the invisible; he is an angel in disguise, a seraph in embryo, a child of God with whom he holds familiar converse. In the human soul is a state of grace God Himself is reborn. Hence man is never satisfied as long as he is chained on earth. Though he gain the whole world, though he acquire fame and learning, yet will he exclaim with the wise King who had never denied himself anything, that "All is vanity," and his aspirations, the longings of his soul, soar ever upwards, higher and higher, till his heart is united with God; while beasts and birds are content and happy in their natural environment, because here on earth they are fulfilling their destiny. The animal man is here but a short period, and his body returns to whence it came, and resolves itself into its component elements, but the soul lives on for ever; and in the great hereafter it makes no difference whether you were rich or poor, learned or wise, honored or despised by the world, for you are not judged by the world's standard of perfection but by God's; and then bear this ever in mind, and detach ourselves, our minds and our desires from the things of this world and cling to that which perisheth not. These two sermons here so imperfectly outlined, formed an introductory to this season of grace that will enable all who listened to them to make better use thereof. Monsignor Vaughan is a charming preacher, whose discourses reflect his own personality. On March 2nd, the first Friday in Lent, the Very Rev. John Baptist, C.P., preached at the Church of St. George and the English Saints on the beginning of the Passion of Jesus Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, and he strongly recommended this subject for meditation during Lent. The Very Rev. David Plouffe, O.F.M., will preach every Thursday afternoon during the Lenten season at the Convent Chapel of the Little Sisters of the Company of Mary, 45, Via Castellidardo.

WISHING



It may be true of virtue that "But to wish more virtue is to gain," but it is not true that wishing for health brings us a step nearer the realization of our wish. Health must be sought and striven for. There are more than half a million people who have found health, each in the same way, and by the same means. That way and means are open to you. If you are suffering with obstinate, lingering cough, bleeding of the lungs, bronchitis, emaciation, weakness, a condition which if neglected or unskillfully treated, leads to consumption, begin at once the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It never fails to help. It perfectly heals ninety-eight out of every hundred who give it a fair and faithful trial.

Sick persons are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely free of all fee or charge. Every letter is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential, and all answers are sent in plain envelopes, bearing no printing upon them. The experience of Dr. Pierce often enables him to suggest auxiliary treatment specially adapted to the individual case. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"About one year ago I began to be troubled with a dry, hacking cough, and a burning through my breast so that I could hardly go about or do my house work for myself and husband," writes Mrs. Alice Holton, of St. Albans, Kanawha Co., W. Va. "I let my trouble go on until about eight months ago I got out of Dr. R. V. Pierce's little pamphlet. I learned of a great remedy for such diseases, and I wrote to the Dispensary Medical Association in a short time after reading the little book. They soon gave an answer and advised me what to do. I followed their advice and I soon found relief by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I have used three bottles of it and now feel like a new person."

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