

Some One.

Never a wind that blows,
From the soft southwest,
But blows across the grave
Of one we loved the best.

THE BROKEN HEART.

THE PATHETIC STORY OF ROBERT EMMET AS TOLD BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I never heard
Of any true affection, but I was told
With care, that like the catbird,
The heart of the spring's sweetest note,

It is a common practice with those who
Have outlived the susceptibility of early
Life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat
The tales of romantic passion as mere fictions

of novellists and poets. My observations
On human nature have induced me to
Think otherwise. There have been characters,

that have been chilled and frozen by the cares
Of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles
By the art of society, still there are dormant
Fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom,

which, when once
Kindled, become impetuous, and are some-
times desolating in their effects. Indeed,

I am a true believer in the blind deity,
And go to the full extent of his doctrines.
Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken
Hearts, and the possibility of dying of dis-

appointed love. I do not, however, con-
sider it a malady often fatal to my own
sex; but I firmly believe that in an early
stage, it is the creature of interest and

ambition. His nature leads him forth
Into the struggle and bustle of the world.
Love is but the embellishment of his early
Life, or a song piped in the intervals of

business, and he seeks for fame, for fortune, for
the traffic of affection; if shipwrecked, her
case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of
the heart.

To a man the disappointment of love
may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds
some feelings of tenderness—it blunts some
prospects of felicity; but he is an active

being—he may dissipate his thoughts in
the midst of varied occupation, or may
plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the
scene of disappointment be too full of

painful associations, he can shift his abode
at will, and taking as it were the wing of
the morning, can "fly to the wings of rest."
But woman's life is comparatively a fixed,
a secluded, and meditative life. She is

more the companion of her own thoughts
and feelings; and if they were turned to
ministers of sorrow, where shall she look
for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed

and won; and if unsuccessful in her love,
she is like some fortress that has been
captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and
left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how
many soft cheeks grow pale—how many
lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and
none can tell the cause that blights their

Three Quarters of a Century in the Cloister.

At the Ursuline Convent, in Quebec, on
Saturday morning, March 25th, 1898, Rev.
Mother Gabriel, nee Planie, amid the
deep regret and unfeigned emotion of her
Sisters in religion, passed to a better life,

in the ninety-second year of her age, and
the seventy-third of her profession. The
decease of this venerable Ursuline removes
another of these Christian links which cannot
but deplore, yet will name long con-

tinued to revive sweet memories, not only
among her spiritual daughters in the
Monastery, but far abroad, wherever a good
word needed the succor of prayer or co-

operation of a good will, for the basic
finesse of this venerable religious knew
no other bonds than those of impossi-

bility. Especially in that first of good works,
the pious education of youth, it was the
privilege and the delight of Rev. Mother
St. Gabriel to contribute directly or in-

directly during several successive genera-
tions. Rarely was there a poor child,
noblest mark of a generous heart, a soul
devotedly devoted, full of charity

towards God and towards all mankind,
blind only to her own merit, severe only
towards herself. The Ursuline Commu-
nity esteems itself happy in having had at

its ranks a Superior during the past
century, whose piety and especially
blissful memory to dwell on that
could soothe the pang of separation—none

of those tender, though melancholy circum-
stances, which endear the parting scene—
nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed
tears, sent like the dew of heaven, to

revive the heart in the parting hour of
anguish. To render her widowed situation more
desolate, she had incurred her father's
displeasure by her unfortunate attach-

ment, and was exiled from the paternal
roof. But could the sympathy and kind
office of friends have reached a spirit so
shocked and driven in by horror, she

would have experienced no want of con-
solation, for the Irish are a people of quick
and generous sensibilities. The most
delicate and cherishing attentions were

paid her by families of wealth and distinc-
tion. She was led into society, and
tried by all kinds of occupation and
amusement to dissipate her grief, and wear

out the tragic story of her love. But it
was all in vain. There are some
strokes of calamity which scar and
scorch the soul—which penetrate to the

vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never
to recover. She was again to put forth
her object to acquire the haunts of
pleasure, but was as much alone there as

in the depths of solitude; walking about
in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious
of the world around her. She carried with
her inward world that mocked at all the

INFIDELITY.

REV. FATHER DRUMMOND'S LECTURE ON
SOME PHASES OF UNBELIEF.
North West Review, March 15.
Albert Hall was densely packed last
Wednesday evening with an audience of

Catholics and Protestants of various de-
nominations assembled to hear Rev.
Father Drummond, S. J., discuss some of
the absurdities of infidelity. The
lecture was introduced in a neat
speech by Hon. J. E. P. Prondgast.

Rev. Father Drummond began by
anticipating a question as to the advan-
tage of lecturing on such a subject in
this country, before a God-fearing popu-

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early fathers of the Church that they
accepted without question the genuin-
ess of the books of the New Testament.

This, he contended, showed that at any
rate the books were historically true, and
this once proved the many references
found in them to the books of the Old

Testament and the language used in these
references proved that the latter books
must also be historically true. Then,

when they had proved the historical truth
of the books, he saw those histori-
cal works announced during a long term
of years the coming of a deliverer. At

first that announcement was vague but
afterwards they found this Redeemer was
to come in the family of Abraham, Isaac
and Jacob, and still further on of the tribe

of Judah. Then it was prophesied
still further that he was to be
of David's race, and the time at which he
was to come was given. This was one of

the lines of argument by which the genu-
ineness and authenticity of Scripture
was proved, but it would be impossible
for any one in the brief space of a lecture

to follow the traces of the argument. He
referred to the history of Christianity,
the way it had influenced the hearts of
men, and those men the wisest, the purest,

and the best in the world. In conclusion the lecturer strongly con-
trasted the claims of Buddhism with those
of Christianity, showing the superiority

of the latter. Father Drummond was heartily
applauded when he resumed his seat, and
a cordial vote of thanks was tendered him,

moved by Rev. Canon O'Meara in a highly
complimentary speech. The lecture was listened to throughout
by the large audience with the most pro-

found attention. The following letter subsequently
appeared in the Free Press, evidently from
a Protestant pen:

Sir,—The Rev. Father Drummond's
lecture last night was remarkable for two
things—breadth of view and sound doc-

trine. The rev. gentleman is probably
the ablest pulpit orator in the Northwest.
Would you allow me to ask him to repeat

the lecture in a large public hall at an
early date? Such discourses are the best
antidote to the evils of Agnosticism and
the teaching of Charles Bradlaugh and his

followers. Yours truly,
M. STUART IN SCOTLAND.
From Blackwood's Magazine.
Knox had resolved that, so far as in

RIDEAU STREET CONVENT.

SUCCESSFUL OPENING OF THE GRAND NEW
MUSIC HALL LAST EVENING.
The grand new music hall recently built
in the addition to the Rideau Street Con-

vent was formally opened last evening,
where youth and beauty, innocence and
gaiety reigned supreme. The dimensions and the structure of the
new chapel which was formally opened

last night has often been described in the
Free Press and it is sufficient to say that
it is next in magnificence in Ottawa to the
chapel of the College of Ottawa, which has

no equal of its kind in Canada, if on
this continent. On the stage were seated
the pupils who took part in the pro-

gramme, and the ladies from the city who
assisted there were with one or two ex-
ceptions graduates of the convent while
the other pupils were seated on a chain of

chairs reaching all around the hall. The
convent faculty were all present and con-
spicuous in the contrast of youth and
beauty was the Lady Superior, the dis-

tinguished teacher and exemplar, who
watched the scene with complacency and
with many prominent citizens were present
and among those who occupied the re-

served chairs were his Grace Archbishop
Duhamel, Rev. Father Nolin, Rev. Father
Chapman, Rev. Father Augier, Dr. O'Brien,

J. L. Down, Dr. Robillard, Dr. St. Jean,
Principal MacCabe, Mayor Sival, and G. Baskerville. The programme was opened by Misses
L. Smith and G. Finley, who played the
Irish airs in exquisite style and were

dearly applauded. Miss G. Robon then
came forward, read an address of
welcome to His Grace Archbishop
Duhamel, which was complimentary and

complimentary in the superlative degree.
It referred to the great responsibility
which his Holiness had seen fit to place
on him by elevating him to the dignity

of an archbishop and also to his services to
the Rideau Street convent by his wise
counsel and his generous gifts for the
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The Old Churchyard.

Nao dreams disturb their sleep
In the audit kirkyard,
They hear the kindred woe
In the audit kirkyard.

The sire wit' silver hair,
The mother's heart of care,
The young, the gay, the fair,
Crowd the audit kirkyard.

The heart's sad beating cease,
In the audit kirkyard,
And aliens rest in peace,
In the audit kirkyard.

Where abbed dark floods of strife,
Dove-like hopes, in promise rife,
Plants the broken branch of life,
In the audit kirkyard.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY
AT TORONTO.
Empire, March 19th.
A large and appreciative an-

sembled in St. Patrick's hall on Sa-
turday evening and enjoyed an excellent
dinner and a lecture by Mr. J. Curran,

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