ETHAN ALLEN'S DAUGHTER.

MANAGAMANA MANAGAMANA

THE FIRST AMERICAN NUN.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

In the town of Burlington, Vermont, 1785, was born Frances, or Fanny, Allen, daughter of the celebrated American revolutioners here Gan Ethan American revolutionary hero, Gen. Ethan Allen, and of his second wife, Mrr. Frances Buchanan, whose maiden name was Montresor. General Allen, dying when his daughter was but four years old, his widow shortly afterwards remarried and went to reside at the home of her husband, Dr. Jabez Penniman, at Colchester. This primitive but very beautifully situated little town was part of what was known as 'the Hampshire grants,' a long disputed territory. The society there was charmingly genial and unaffected, but the people were of simple and somewhat austere habits, with a genuine, old-fashioned

HORROR OF POPERY.

Fanny Allen, who even in childhood gave evidence of the powers of mind hv which she was afterwards distinguished, must give myself entirely to my

was early imbued with skepticism. It seemed to have come to her as a direct inheritance from her father, who had been famous as an unbeliever. When Fanny was about twelve years of age, an incident occurred which had an important bearing on her future life.

She was in the habit of going, whenever weather permitted, to a beautiful stretch of beach, where she amused herself by the hour with shells and flowers. One day when she was at play a fearful monster arose, or seemed to arise, from the sea quite near her. She knew not what it was, having never seen the like before. Paralyzed with terror, she could not move. Suddenly

AN OLD MAN, IN A BROWN CLOAK,

carrying a staff, stood beside her. She had not seen him approach and knew not whence he came. He touched her gently on the shoulder, saying: 'Little daughter, what are you doing here?" The spell thus broken, she arose and fled. Reaching home, she enquired if any stranger had been there. Mrs. Penniman answered in the negative, but, on hearing her daughter's account, sent out to know if any such person had been seen in the neighborhood. But without result. Fanny, the first fright over, often revisited the exquisite spot by the sea, but she never again saw any trace of her mysterious visitor.

Meanwhile as Fanny grew older and her character developed, she was both self-willed and self-reliant and often dis tressed her mother, who was herself a woman of superior attainments, as well as of religious sentiments, by her

DOOMED SKEPTICISM.

Yet notwithstanding her expressed dis belief in the fundamental doctrines of Christian faith, the young girl was so true, so honest, so rich in all womanly qualities, that her mother could not feel seriously alarmed for her future.

But the quiet, legical mind was at work on one point. Why, in the calumnidid all denominations unite in reviling that particular form of Christianity, unless it were stronger, purer, truer than their own? Why did they persecute her as of old the Gentile world persecuted the first Christians? Why did the nor her earnest and her religious mother could answer to her satisfaction. When she was about twenty years of age,

A BOOK FELL INTO HER HANDS, which, in the then less advanced state of civilization and amongst simple people was read with avidity. It was one of those pretended disclosures of Convent life which make Catholics laugh by their absurdity, or grow indignant at their scandalous mendacity and their open violation of decency and decorum. It was one of these libels upon what is best and holiest in our humanity, the religious Orders, that fell into Fanny Allen's hands and filled her at once with a great longing to know the Catholic

It must be the Church of Christ if there be one, she thought, for it bears the sign of suffering and reproach like its master. She made up her mind to go to Montreal and spend some time in a convent. She asked her parents permission, saying that she was anxious to learn French. They hesitated, being fearful of Catholic influence for her, but finally consented on condition that she should be first baptized in the Presbyterian Church by Rev. Daniel Barber.

She agreed, frankly stating, however, both to her parents and officiating minister that she had no belief what ever in baptism nor in any of the dec trines which he taught. The minister, though having to reproach her for her levity, nevertheless performed the cere mony. Little did he guess that this unwilling neophyte was to lead him, in the alter time, to the truth. Fanny Allen now became a boarder at

THE OLD CONGREGATION CONVENT. on Notre Dame street, which is so in timately associated with the memories of the past, of the pioneer days of Ville Marie and the noble, gentle, yet com-manding personality of Sister Marguerite Bourgeoys, foundress of the Congrega-

tion de Notre Dame. Fanny Allen gave such scandal during the first weeks of her Convent life, by her open profession of unbelief, that, fearing the effect upon the other pupils, the religious had determined to dismiss the young girl had attached herself, beg

close, this nun requested Fanny to carry a vase of flowers to the chapel for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, calling after her "to be sure and adore Our Lord when she was there." Fanny laughed, making up her mind that she would do no such thing, and inwardly chafing at this instance of the very idolatry with which her New England friends used to charge the Catholics. When she reached the sanctuary and attempted to enter, she felt herself suddenly deprived of the power of motion.

THREE TIMES SHE STROVE TO ADVANCE

and on each occasion was held back by a mysterious power. Awe-struck she fell upon her knees in adoration, making a genuine act of Faith in the God Tabernacle. Letting down the vase of chapel, where she wept and prayed.

'After such a miracle,' she said, 'I Saviour.

She did not at first tell what had happened to her, but very soon afterwards asked to be instructed in the doctrines of the Church. She approached for the first time the Sacrament of Penance and as her former baptism was null for want of consent on her part, she was

BAPTIZED BY THE CURE OF NOTRE DAME. M. Saulniers. Scarcely had she made her First Communion, when her parents, indignant at her conversion, arrived to take her home. She went back with them, full of a new docility and gentleness, totally at variance with her character. In everything; save that one matter of religion, she deferred to them

The time that she spent in her old home was very bitter to her. She had to endure the

INTOLERANCE OF THE DISCIPLES OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT,

by whom anyone who logically exercises that prerogative is anathematized. Estranged from her mother, treated with severity by her stepfather, who was most bitter of all, ostracized by her former associates, she had to endure a thousand and one petty persecutions, which but strengthened her faith. ties. One lovely spring afternoon, she tandine. entered the chapel of Mrs. T

THE HISTORIC HOTEL DIEU,

which was, then, upon St. Paul street, adjoining the Convent of the Congrega tion. Above the altar was a printing of the Holy Family. Scarcely had she reous books relating to the Catholic garded it a moment, when the young Church, which were freely given to her, convert fell upon her knees, saying at the same time:

'You see, dear mother, that St. Joseph wants me here; it was he who saved my life by delivering me from the monster who was going to devour me.' For she had recognized in the dress and figure of State laws make it an offence punishable | the Saint the mysterious protector of by banishment or death to profess the Catholic faith. These were questions sought in vain. This episcde of the apwhich neither her scholarly stepfather, pearance of St. Joseph to her and her deliverance from the monster, presumably a figure of the dragon of unbelief, must, indeed, have been a supernatural one. For it must be remembered that it occurred in New England to a precocious American child, who had no belief in the Saints, no tradition to inspire her with such an idea, and who was, indeed, already infected by the poison of infidelity. Nor had the strong minded, intellectual, highly endowed young woman of twenty any doubt concerning the reality of the apparition of the miraculous intervention in her behalf.

'The story is traditional in Vermont,' wrote a gifted Vermont lady,* who has since passed away, herself a convert to the Church, 'and in Chittenden County, with people who knew the Allens and Pennimans-a few of whom, the aged,

yet live. On presenting herself for admission to the Hotel Dieu, the Superior, Mother de Celozon, advised her to return to the Congregation Convent, perfect herself in French, study the religion she had just embraced thoroughly and reflect upon the important step she meditated. Follewing this advice, Fanny Allen became for the second time an inmate of the Congregation Convent, where she remained until the following September. On the feast of St. Michael, 29th of that

*Miss Abbie Maria Homenway, editor of the Historical Chazeteer, Vermont, who gave considerable a-sistance to the present writer, when the latter was engaged upon a more extended sketch of Sister Allen, contained in her "Women of Catholicity," published by Benziger Bres., New York.

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month, 1808, she entered the Hotel Dieu as a novice. In the following spring she was visited by her father and mother, who were so delighted with their first glimpse of a convent, with the order and regularity, the calm and peace, the cheerfulness and self-devotion, the holy atmosphere of forgetfulness of self and of sublimest charity, that they congratulated their daughter upon having chosen the better part. One of the most

IMPOSING SCENES EVER WITHESEED in the conventional chapel was the ceremony of Sister Allen's profession. The place was literally thronged, and amongst the audience were numbers of Americans, Miss Allen's former asso-ciates or admirers of the hero of Vermont, the far-famed leader of the Green Mountain boys, Ethan Allen, of whom the daughter was now about to renounce the world, with all its allurements. To these outsiders from the faith it was a wondrous sight. The young, fair, gifted girl—for she was described as of uncommon beauty, rare charm of manner, in addition to her intellectual ner, in addition to her intellectual endowments-was thus voluntarily immuring herself in a cloister. For long after curious visitors made their way to the quaint old building to catch a glimpse, if possible, of

THE LOVELY AMERICAN NUN.

At Sister Allen's request, the Superior was finally forced to refuse them interviews with their country-woman. During the eleven years of Sister Allen's convent life—she died at the comparatively early age of thirty-fiveshe edified everyone by her zeal. whom she now knew to be hidden in the her regularity in the observance of the rule and her absolute submission to flowers, she retired to the back of the its requirements. The 'loveliness and refinement of character' which had been conspicuous in the world she had quitted shone in the hospital wards as in the recreation room. She was a general fayorite, while her fervor, her charity and her 'truly apostolic spirit' made her conspicuous even in that abode of the holy.

In her last illness she was attended by a Protestant physician, who was at her request present when the last prayers of the Church were said. So impressed was he that he wrote an account to the papers, declaring that Catholics upon their deathbed experience a consolation unknown to others. But he had secretly registered a vow at the moment when the priest said:

'COME TO HER ASSISTANCE, ALL YE SAINTS

He had solemnly promised to renounce everything and become a Catholic. Shortly afterwards, he came to take leave of the Nuns, saying that he was going to make himself worthy to meet them in heaven. Departing from Europe, he entered a religious order.

Amongst the first to follow in the way, which the daughter of Vermont had pointed out, was the Rev. Daniel Barber. A few months after Sister Allen's conversion he was received into the Church, with his wife, his daughter Rachel and his son, Israel. Shortly afterwards, an-When spring came she announced to other son, a minister, the Rev. Virgil her disconsolate parents her intention Horace Barber, became a Catholic, with to become a nun. This was the last drop in their cup of bitterness, but the went to Rome and obtained permission mother, who was sincerely anxious for that he should become a Jesuit and his her daughter's happiness and who per-ceived that her health was becoming daughters were placed in the Convent at impaired, consented to accompany her Georgetown, their son at the Jesuit to Montreal. Fanny had, as yet, no College there. He became in his turn a definite idea as to what religious rale Jesuit, three of the daughters entered she should embrace. She spent some the Ursuline Community and the fourth days in visiting the various communi- remained in the Alma Mater, as a Visi-

Mrs. Tyler, a sister of the elder Mr. Barber, also embraced the faith, with three sons and four daughters; all of the latter were afterwards Sisters of Charity and one of the sons a priest and first Bishop of Hartford.

REV. VIRGIL HORACE BARBER, S.J.,

built the first Catholic Church in the State at Claremont. Most of his parishioners had formerly attended the little meeting house across the river, where his father, the Rev. Daniel Barber, had so long ministered. When Bishop Kenrick came to administer Confirmation, twenty one of Mr. Barber's old parishioners received the Sacrament.

The Barber family had stood very high, socially, intellectually and religiously, not only in their native State but in the adjacent cities. Through the instrumentality of Rev. Daniel Barber, the Rev. Mr. Kierley of

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, became a Catholic, as well as the Rev. Mr. White, of Waterbury, the Rev. Mr. Noyt, with his family, and some others. Amongst these was the son of a wealthy Boston merchant, to whom Fanny Allen had been betrothed, and a certain Captain Bela Chase, who had first been Post No. 569. This post, as our readers attracted to the faith by the State laws are aware, is composed exclusively of

discriminating against Catholics. And so the chain of graces extended through all that lovely region, where the Church of Christ had been so long unknown. Meantime in the cloister of Ville Marie, in the time-honored Hotel Dieu, which had its beginning in the miraculous revelations to M. Olier and M. de la Dauversiere, in the herosam of the saintly Jeanne M. nce, and which has been forever a source of benediction to Montreal, lived and died in the obscurity she had voluntarily chosen, and in the odor of holiness, the first link in that glorious chain, Ethan Allen's Daughter.

CONTINUED FROM EIRST PAGE.

NOTES ON CATHOLIC NEWS

The feast of St. Patrick was celebrated with more than usual solemnity in Rome in the chapel of the Irish College. From an early hour in the morning Masses were being celebrated in the sacred edifice, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and continued without interruption up to twelve o'clock. His Eminence Cardinal Satolli celebrated Mass at 7 a.m., and at halfpast ten o'clock High Mass was sung by the most Rav. Dr. Passerini, Vice Chamberlain to His Holiness Leo XIII. The sacred ministers were students of the National College.

The Cistercian Order, which is celebrating the testivities of its eighth cen. Butt. but that it owes its origin to the tenary, numbers about 4 150 in its late Rev. Joseph Allen Galbraith, a dis-

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phenomenal, and its steady progress keeps pace with its good works. His Holiness Leo. XIII. has granted a special indulgence to all those who pray for the conversion of England in the Chapel of St. Paul of the Cross, in the Church of the Passionists, in Paris. The Holy Father has thus given a further token of his great interest in the movement, as well as an appreciation of the labors of the sons of St. Paul for an object which they have promoted with such untiring zeal.

The Rev Edward L Buckey, until recently rector of the fashionable Zabriskie Memorial Church, which many summer residents attend, has been converted to the Roman Catholic faith. He left Newport last autumn, resigning his charge there with the statement that he had begun to entertain doubts whether the Protestant Episcopal Church was the true church of God.

His parish, holding him in high regard. offered an extended vacation that he might have full opportunity to consider the matter and return, if he wished, at its expiration. He answered that his conscience would not permit him to do that, and he left for Rome.

Last week he wrote some of his Newport friends that he had embraced the Roman Catholic faith and would enter its priesthood. He came to Newport six years ago from Baltimore, where he was assistant rector of St. Paul's Church. In Newport he was very largely instrumental in bringing about the erection of Zabriskie Memorial Church, which Mrs. Sarah T. Zabriskie of New York, a well known cottager, gave in memory of

her mother.
The late Mrs. William Waldorf Astor was one of the best friends of the parish. and after leaving Newport to reside abroad she sent large sums of money to the Rev. Mr. Buckey for the uses of the

The Catholic Church, says the Freeman's Journal, N.Y., has received two more converts in ex-Mayor A. Oakley Hall, and his wife. Mr. Hall was for four terms District-Attorney and three terms Mayor of New York. Mr. and Mrs. Hall formally embraced Catholic ism on Friday, March 25, the Feast of the Annunciation, in the Church of the Paulist Fathers, the officiating priest being Father George M. Searle. They authenticated. Having reached Mr. were baptized and declared their belief Henderson's residence the reporter found in the tenets of the Catholic Church

Mr. Hall was originally baptized in the Murray Street Presbyterian Church, and brought up as a Presbyterian. Mre. Hall was an Episcopalian.

Mr. Hall's three terms as Mayor of New York were in the seventies. He became a newspaper man later, and acted as London correspondent for the New York Herald from 1883 to 1888. He was London correspondent for the New York Journal during 1890 and 1891. Mr. Hall is a picturesque figure now. His hair is white and his face is ruddy with health. His reminiscences of New York in its early days would fill a book. He can recall every incident in the history of the city from his early boyhood with fidelity to dates and details, which does justice to his newspaper training.

An interesting ceremony took place in the little chapel attached to the Univer sity of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind. Rev. Thomas J. Kennedy, one of the assistant rectors of St. Malachy's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., was admitted into the Grand Army of the Republic and is nows member of Notre Dame Post No. 569. This post, as our readers priests and Brothers who saw service in the late Civil War.

It has been held that consumption is hereditary, and the fact that one person of a family had died with consumption was considered a sure sign that others of that family could not escape it. This is partly true and partly untrue. A man with weak lungs is likely to transmit that weakness to his children. But there is no reason in the world why the weakness should be allowed to develop. Keep the lungs full of rich, red. wholesome blood, and the weakness will disappear. Decaying tiesues will be thrown off, and new material will be added until the lungs are well and perfectly strong again. This is the thing that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery does. This is what makes it cure 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption where it is taken according to directions. It searches out disease germs wherever they may be in the body and forces them out of the system. It supplies the blood with rich, life giving properties. It makes the appetite good, digestion perfect. Send 31 cents in one cent stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's 1008 page "Common Sense

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GREAT AU BON MARCHE 1883 and 1885 NOTRE DAME STREET.

founders of the Home Rule Association | never found without the other; one i in 1871. Mr. Galbraith used the term Home Rule ' at a meeting in Wicklow street, Dablin, in 1870, and further Mr. slone is simed at. They are together, Butt never laid claim to have first used the happy phrase.

FROM PAIN TO HEALTH.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF JOHN HENDERSON OF DESERONTO JUNCTION.

LMOST HELPLESS FROM SCIATIC RHRUMA-TISM, THE EFFECTS OF WHICH SHATTERED HIS CONSTITUTION-HE THOUGHT DEATH NOT FAR OFF WHEN PRIENDLY AID PLACED WITHIN HIS REACH THE MEANS OF RECOVERY.

It will be remembered that during the

past winter reference was several times

From the Descronte Tribune.

made in the 'Personal' column of the Tribune to the illness of John Henderson, a well known and respected farmer of the Gravel read, township of Richmond, about half a mile from Deseronto Junction. It was said that but very little hope was entertained of his recovery as he continued to steadily sink under the disease with which he was afflicted. Farmers coming into Descronto market, when asked how he was, shook their heads and stated that the worst might soon be expected. That he should have subsequently recovered was therefore a cause of joyful surprise to his many friends in this district. Hearing that his recovery was alleged to be due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Tribune set out to discover if this rumor could be no one at home except the hired boy, who informed him the Mr. Henderson had gone with a load of grain to the flour mill at Napanee. This was evidence in itself that Mr. Henderson must have greatly improved or be would not have undertaken such a long drive in the raw weather of early spring. The boy having said that his master would be back about two o'clock the reporter waited for a personal interview. In a short time the team was observed coming along the road. When it drew up at the house Mr. Henderson, being told the object of the reporter's mission, stated that the rumor was correct, his recovery was undoubtedly due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said that about a year before he had been taken ill and the disease assumed a form of sciatic rheumatism of a most painful and distressing character. The physicians in attendance did their best and would for a time succeed in alleviating the pain and he would for a short time regain stre gth. But the disease would reassert itself and he was worse if possible than before. His whole system seemed to be permeated with the disease, which sapped his vital energy. He tried ever so many remedies prescribed by doctors or suggested by friends and neighbors. All in vain-he grew weaker and weaker and at last despaired of life itself. He was completely worn out, found it very difficult to go as far as the barn, and was only able to move about a little when not confined to his bed. At this juncture, Mr. Ravin, the station master at Deseronto Junction, who no doubt recalled the wonderful cure of Mr. Wager by the use of the famous medicine, as reported some time since in the Tribune, recommended Mr. Henderson to try Dr. Williams' Pick Pills, and volunteered to send for a quantity if Mr. Henderson would permit him. The sick man consented and Mr. Ravin procured for him a half dezen boxes. He tried a box, but with little discernible effect. He. how ever, kept on using the pills, and after taking six boxes, found that he was much improved. He got another supply and continued to improve steadily. the pain disappeared, he regained strength, and, as he expressed it, 'I am now able to be about, feel quite strong, can attend to all departments of my work as well as ever, and I attribute it all to the use of Dr Williams' Pink Pills.' To

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the Tribune reporter Mr. Henderson ap-

peared a strong, vigorous man, whom to

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