

daughters or Sisters of Charity, number to-day 1,080 professed, their different novitiates counting 141 novices and 88 postulants; they direct 102 establishments, work in 23 dioceses, sustain 1,484 old and infirm persons, act as mothers to 2,585 orphans, instruct in their boarding schools, academies, schools and refuges 18,884 children, and to this we must not forget to add all the good accomplished in their hospitals and refuges, in their distribution of alms, their innumerable visits to the houses of the afflicted, the number of children rescued and placed in families. If the logic of figures is implacable, let us confess that here their irrefutable conclusions are full of sweetness, and draw irresistibly from the soul this exclamation of adoration. — "God is holy in all his works." For it is evident that all this is the work of God; that it is a work which has begun, increased and multiplied for the sanctification of souls. We should need to know the secrets of those souls to tell all the good which has been done and which the world does not see. We should need to know the secrets of the Sacred Realms themselves to know the number of children, youths and persons of every age who are in heaven and who would not have been there if the work of Madame Youville had not been accomplished, or if the generous continuers of that admirable work had not been animated by the spirit of their well-beloved foundress.

We need not be astonished if, after this, the Vicar of Jesus Christ has deigned to take this noble institution under his special protection, approving it, approving its rules, and placing its constitutions under the protection of the Holy See itself.

Here is what the last fifty years have developed in the undertaking which God in his wisdom had kept, for a century, in obscurity and isolation which could not pre-empt such a result.

There, Sister, is what you have seen since your profession.

(To be continued.)

#### MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Edifying certainly, but none the less comical, was the aspect of the eleven hundred and odd pilgrims who sat down to breakfast the other morning upon the steps of the Notre Dame, upon the sidewalk, and upon the turf of Place d'Armes. Very contentedly they ate their bread and meat, and very placidly they put up with the staring and interrogating which was their portion. After all, country folk do live happily in their own quiet sphere, and the ways of the outer world have not much power to ruffle them. These good *habitants* had accomplished their pilgrimage, had enjoyed the greatest privilege of the Catholic faith, had venerated the relic of la bonne Ste. Anne, had been consoled by two marvellous cures at her shrine, effected on the persons of two poor sufferers among their number, and were satisfied to wait under the shadow of Our Lady's great sanctuary until their train should be ready to receive them. What was it to them that the fashionable town-folk who, though they have paid the "tuppence" extra for 'manners' do not always practice them, should peer into their baskets and into their faces—and rudely comment on their frugal repast? So long as Monsieur the curé of Rougemont, their leader, was there to give the correct information they were content.

When we encounter Mr. Mankow, of the King-Tsi-Ching Company, taking his walks abroad in a dainty summer suit consisting of grass green silk trowsers, and a pink brocaded satin jacket, green silk socks, white shoes, a black satin cap with a red tuft, and a plait of hair some four feet in length, it is difficult to realize that so gorgeous an individual was obliged to arrive in bond, and this Canada of ours charged him fifty dollars for the privilege of living amongst us.

Mr. Mankow is a very good looking young man, and one who speaks English remarkably well.

He has opened a shop in Notre Dame Street, in the premises formerly occupied by Wiley's China Hall, where he, his bookkeeper and a lady assistant are always busy disposing of their rich stock of merchandize to a curiosity-loving public. Shops containing the exports of the Flowery Land are now so

common that were it not for the unmistakable genuineness about Mr. Mankow in his satins and the book keeper in garments fashioned like his master's, but made of a stuff resembling the "linsey woolsey," always connected in my mind with the "poor basket" of a "Dorcas Society," one might be disposed to pass the King-Tsi-Ching Company's store by without entering. Once enter, and you linger. There is the faint sweet odour of the burning joss sticks, and of the scented woods, there are silks of strange colours and curious texture, papier-maché, delicate china, carved ivory, bronze—in fact, all the usual trappings of a Japanese store. There are Chinese ladies' shoes, remarkably suggestive of club feet, there are photographs of delicate, intellectual Japanese faces, and of cunning Chinese ones. There are boxes of the delicious fruit *litchi*, of which you can purchase one containing ten *litchi* for twelve cents. There are Satsenna dragons, and cloisne urns, and all the various foreign fancies in bric-a-brac that one finds collected from various climes, and grouped in a Japanese store.

The other day I had the privilege of a peep into one of the registers of St. Patrick's Church, one wherein is kept a record of conversions to the Faith—abjurations of Judaism, Protestantism and the like.

From the year 1859 to the year 1886, the number of entries is *eight hundred and eighty-six*, a marvellous number surely for one parish, and of those the greater number have been brought into the fold within the last twenty years. The Father told me a pretty little story of one man, who late in middle life had come to solicit instruction. "Father," said he, "I've been married to my wife fifteen years, and I've watched her closely all that time, and I respect her so much that I respect her religion, and I want to belong to it. She is not one of the nagging kind, Father, not she, but she's up before daylight and off to church, and back before we're awake, to get everything comfortable for me and the children, and never a cross word nor a duty neglected. She don't know I've come to you, Father, but please God I'll give her a surprise by going to Mass with her on Easter Sunday."

Have you noticed in the Quebec papers an account of the little statue of the Holy Heart of Mary, so marvellously preserved during the recent fire at Levis?

The family Forgues, who were burned out last Friday, lost absolutely everything, but returning next day to the scene of the conflagration, one of them discovered in the ruins, under the broken pieces of a stove, a statue of the Holy Heart of Mary in a little glass shrine.

The glass was intact, and only a few stains on the sides of the frame gave evidence of the fiery ordeal through which it had passed. The humble little statue, so wonderfully preserved, will probably be hereafter especially venerated in the Forgues family. May not the incident be quoted in support of what so many of us believed regarding the project of placing Our Lady's image on our mountain—that, let the enemies of religion do their worst, the Blessed Virgin would have taken care of herself.

OLD MORTALITY.

#### IRISH RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSIALISTS.

A LECTURE BY MR. EDWARD MURPHY, K. H. S., OF MONTREAL.

The following is a condensed report of a lecture delivered by Mr. Edward Murphy, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, before the Catholic Literary Academy of Montreal, on "The Irish Religious Controversialists of the early part of the present century." Mr. Murphy, after introducing his subject, said:—I propose in this lecture to offer to the Catholic Young Men's Society a few recollections of the Irish religious controversialists of the early part of the present century, and thereby to call their attention to the important work done by them in enlightening and influencing the public mind of that time in favour of the Catholic religion. I may here remark that in my humble opinion due credit has not yet been given to these devoted men. It is true that notices of them and their works may be found scattered in the various publications of the day, and incidentally in the history of the "Catholic Association of Ireland," but no monograph on *their work* has as yet appeared in print which is much to be regretted, and I earnestly hope that the want may be soon supplied. To get some faint