The Senate Reading Room OTTAWA.

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

TESTIS·IN·CŒLO·FIDELIS

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

"If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the "True Witness" one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work

"†PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal."

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"FUTURE OF THE BIBLE." — An English Protestant clergyman writes in the "Contemporary Review" an article headed "The Future of the Bible." It is not necessary to follow him through all his speculations regarding what the years to come have in store for the Book of Holy Writ. The entire subject may be expressed in one quotation from an eminent Catholic pen: "One Church will preserve the Holy Book in the future, as it has done in the past; the other churches will develop into 'higher criticism,' and will have no use for or belief in the Bible, except for its mere literary value." Were we to write columns we could not convey more than does this simple paragraph; and the most important consideration is that it is exactly true, both as concerns the past and the future—the present proves both.

PIUS X. AND THE NEGROES. — It is characteristic of the Catholicity of the Church that she is on earth for all the human race, and she knows no difference of color, language climate or other accidents. And her Pontiffs have ever displayed the same spirit as that which belongs to her and came to her from Christ. Nicholas Chiles, editor of a negro paper, called the "Plain Dealer," in Topeka, has received a letter from Sardinal Merry del Val, who writes in the name of the Pope. The Western Negro Press Association, of which Chiles is president, at its aanual meeting, adopted a resolution urging the Pope to use his good offices for better treatment of the negro race in America. The resolution was sent to Rome through Cardinal Gibbons. The letter in reply also came through the Cardinal. The negro population of the South is highly pleased and honored, and wide circulation is being given to the letter, which reads thus:

"The Sovereign Pontiff is well aware that there are many Catholics among the negroes of the United States, and this knowledge increases his interest in the welfaee of your race.

"His Holiness, as the Vicar of Christ, extends his loving care to every race without exception, and he must necessarily use his good offices to urge all Catholics to be friendly to negroes, who are called no less than other men to share in all the great benefits of the redemption.

"The life and example of St. Peter Claver and of so many other Catholic missionaries are there to show that this is no new conception of the Apostolate intrusted to the Church of Christ.

"While frankly admitting that crimes may often be committed by members of the negro race, His Holiness advocates for them the justice granted to other men by the laws of the land and a treatment in keeping with the tenets of Christianity.

"I am confident that these sentiments are shared by the vast majority of the great American people and by those who are responsible for the custody of the principles underlying the American constitution."

A GENEROUS GIFT. — Mr. J. J. Hill, the millionaire President of the Great Northern Railway, has added one more to his many gifts to the Catholic Church. This time he and Mrs. Hill have combined to do more than any other individual Catholic is known to have yet done—if we except the Rev. Mother Drexel. They have contributed one million, five hundred thousand dollars to assist in building a Cathedral—that is expected to cost three million dollars—and that will be composed of the two richest parishes in the city of St. Paul. The other wealthy citizens will subscribe the other half of the cost. It will be the grandest and richest Cathedral in the West. It will stand on the summit of St. Anthony's Hill, in the heart of the aristocratic section of the city. The work of construction will commence this summer. Certainly, if ever there were an object worthy of the millionaires attention, it is that of erecting temples to the glory of God. No doubt the people of St. Paul will highly appreciate this gift and that Mr. Hill's generosity will have the effect not only of adorning the West with a glorious Cathedral, but also of contributing largely to the workingmen's incomes—for necessarily such an edifice will demand an immensity of labor.

ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR. — Soon the press of America will be filled with accounts of the great World's Fair now open at St. Louis. It has been suggested that the names and historical associations connected with this great event are so fully and thoroughly Catholic, that the Catholic element should be greatly represented there. There has been talk of a Catholic Congress to be held at St. Louis during the course of the summer, but we have not been able to ascertain whether or not any practical steps have been taken towards the realization of that scheme. At all events, there should be some very good Catholic exhibits there, as the scope of the Fair leaves room for the same. And in the guides, or books of reference, there is ample opportunity of quietly bringing before the public a great deal of what has been done by Catholicity for the civilization and subsequent development of that grand state.

ST. ANTHONY'S LAWN CARNIVAL.

Plans are being prepared on an elaborate scale for the festival and summer carnival to be held on the spacious triangular lawn of St. Anthony's Church, on June 13th, 14th and 15th, for the benefit of the Church fund. The occasion of this gigantic enterprise is the celebration of the patronal feast of the parish, and judging from the number of persons interested and the extensive preparations now under way, the affair will eclipse anything of the kind ever attempted in this city.

There will be a gorgeously illuminated lawn dotted with attractive booths, floral pagodas, soda fountains and ice cream pavillion; there will be Japanese tents, and entertainments by proficient musicians in gaudily decorated tents; stereoptican trips through Rome, and Venice, and scenes of life and activity on the Pike at the World's Fair; there will be a candy booth, a fish pond, and a reed rack for the smaller boy and girl, and popular music by a brass band. Finally there will be many unique and high class side attractions, which will furnish up-to-date and healthful amusement for all.

Admission to the Lawn Carnival will be twenty-five cents, and for a smaller coin the visitor can obtain admission to the brilliant, useful, instructive and pleasing shows.

LOCAL NOTES.

ST. AGNES PARISH. — On Sunday last, the first parochial Mass was celebrated in the new parish of St. Agnes. Rev. Father Casey, the parish priest, sang the Mass, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. The large hall of the Olier school, on Roy street, was fitted up as a temporary chapel, or Church. The choir was led by Mr. P. McCaffrey, and the music was of a very fine character. It was a novel scene that Father McPhail, C.SS.R. looked out upon when he stepped to the altar rail to deliver the first sermon to the new congregation. He referred to the great difference there is between faith and opinion. He spoke of supernatural faith, that special gift of God to man, and then of practical faith, which is the hand-maid of the former. This moment, in the life of a new parish, when every effort must be put forth to build up the structure both spiritually and materially, is one in which persons who enjoy the blessings of supernatural faith have an opportunity, and a duty, of practising faith in its practical form. In the course of the afternoon a committee of parishioness was formed to select a site for the new Church. Several are spoken of. It will be either on St. Denis street, Laval avenue, the corner of City Hall and Duluth Avenues, or on Esplanade avenue. A report is expected on next Sunday.

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ST. JAMES THE GREATER. — Last Sunday, at the Cathedral, during the High Mass, Rev. G. Gauthier, as parish priest of the new parish of St. James the Greater, was proclaimed as such to the congregation, and in consequence made his public profession of faith. The Mass was celebrated by Rev. Abbe Lecoq, the worthy and beloved Superior of St. Sulpice. His Grace the Archbishop preached a sermon, in which he clearly set forth the reasons for the erection of the new parish. He said that he had hopes that within the near future the Cathedral would be erected into a Basilica. In a city like Montreal, in view of the rapid growth and development of the city, it would be impossible not to change with the times, and to arrange affairs to correspond with the increasing population. Heretofore the faithful had little to pay, as the Sulpicians built their churches and administered the parishes. The Cathedral itself, is a work due to the entire diocese. The ordinary revenues, from pews, collections and such like sources, will suffice to keep the parish and to pay interest on the $100,000 debt still due. As His Grace simply lends his Cathedral for parish purposes, it will not be necessary to elect churchwardens. It is firmly believed that, from the start, the new parish will be a great success.

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AT ST. ANN'S. —The young members of the Society of Perseverance of St. Ann's, held an entertainment in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall on Monday evening, which was unique from many points of view. The attenhance of parishioners was large, and much interest was manifested in the programme, which included musical selections, vocal and instrumental; declamations, exhibitions of physical culture, and the ever new and inspiriting Maypole dance. It was an evening when the rising generation displayed some of the training they are receiving in the parochial establishments within the shadow of the old Church, and all interested are to be congratulated on the result of the performance.

The programme was as follows:

PART I.

Instrumental Duet, "Come to the Feast," Miss K. Forrester and Miss M. Kenehan.

Chorus, "Welcome."

Song, "Always in the Way," Miss S. O'Brien.

Cantata (in two scenes) "The May Queen," Princess Goodwill, Miss K. Forrester; May Queen (Charity) B. Rossiter; Flower Maidens, Katie Clarke, G. Downs, M. Kenehan, F. McDonald, W. Merriman, M. Munday, M. Peterson, B. Slattery, E. Wilkinson.

Fairies—G. Campbell, A. Gallagher, V. Gallagher.

Maypole.—G. Campbell, M. Christian, K. Fitzgerald, A. Foley, A. Lynch, Agatha Lynch, D. McMillan, M. E. McMorrow, M. O'Brien.

Chorus —M. Barry, E. Belware, G. Boyle, R. Burns, N. Caniff, A Carey, C. Considine, F. Conquest, M. Kindellan, P. Klock, K. Leonard, E. McGown, M. O'Donnel,, N. Ryan, L. Welsh, M. Cooney, M. Christian, M. A. Craig, M. Dempsey, M. Donnelly, K. Fitzgerald, B. Fitzpatrick, A. Foley, M. J. Lappin, M. Leonard, M. Lavin, M. O'Brien, G. Pitts, E. Thompson, L. Wyer, J. Gregory, S. Guinea, L. Harkins, M. Harrigan, M. Healey, S. Hughes, A. Kearns, A. Lynch, L. Mitchell, S. O'Brien, F. Reddy, A. Webb.

PART II.

Instrumental Duet, "Irish Airs," Miss A. Siviers and Miss M. Kenehan.

Song, "Savourine," B. Slattery.

Song and Tableau, "Ora pro nobis," Miss M. Cooney and Miss J. Gregory.

Dumb-bell Exercises—M. Callaghan, M. Campbell, M. Dewar, K. Finlay, A. Fitzpatrick, M. Hagan, N. Higgins, M. Hyland, S. Kannon, M. Kearns, A. Manning, M. McCarthy, R. McMorrow, A. McArthy, C. Meehan, E. O'Brien, M. Peachy, M. Power, A. Riley, N. Rossiter, R. Scullion, N. Stewart.

Chorus, "The Dear Little Shamrock,"

Bar-bell Exercises.

Instrumental Duet. "Dance of the Sunflowers," Miss M. Dewar and Miss B. Slattery.

Recitation and Tableau, "Joan of Arc," Miss Annie Manning.

Song, "Spirit of Love," Miss M. Munday.

Fann Drill—Misses B. Slattery (captain) G. Campbell, M. Cummings, M. Donnelly, B. Fitzpatrick, A. Foley, M. A. Gallagher, L. Harkins, S. O'Brien, A. Siviers, L. Wyer, M. Hughes, M. Lavin, P. Klock, Agatha Lynch, Alice Lynch, E. McGown, D. McMillan, M. O'Brien, N. Ryan, A. Webb.

Chorus, "Away to the Fields."

Song, "Where the Swanee River Flows," Miss Ella Wilkinson.

Farce—"No Cure no Pay." Mrs. Languish, Fannie Reddie; Alice (her daughter) Stella Guinea; Aunt Midget, Mary Munday; Lucy Aiken, E. McGown; Susan Dean, P. Klock; Jenny Carter, L. Wyer; Bridget, M. A. Gallagher.

Chorus, "Good Night."

"God Save Ireland."

The Redemptorists At Brandon.

Referring to a recent visit made by Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., to Brandon, Man., the Northwest Review offers a tribute to the stalwart Redemptorists whose missionary and parochial work, in that thriving centre, as elsewhere, have always been so productive of untold benefits. Here is what our contemporary says:

"Father Drummond was the guest of the Redemptorists Fathers and preached in their beautiful new Church three times, twice on the two Sunday evenings, and once in the evening of the 27th to the Children of Mary.

The new St. Augustine's Church is the finest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in Brandon, and one of the finest in the West. The acoustic properties of the building are admirably suited for singing; for preaching they are also very good, provided the preacher does not speak too loud; else the resonance makes the articulation indistinct. The Redemptorist Fathers are doing excellent work here and in all their missions. The praise of the late Father Godts for his kindness, generosity and cheerfulness is in everybody's mouth. Father Gerard, the new Superior, built the fine Redemptorist residence in Brandon. He is also a journalist of long experience, having been the first Redemptorist to edit the Annals of St. Anne de Beaupre, a very successful pious periodical. Father Bongonie preaches every Sunday in Polish for the benefit of the Poles and Ruthenians who form the most numerous element in the parish. It is very interesting to hear the Polish Vespers sung by all the congregation on Sunday afternoon. Father Lietaert and Father Decoene attend outlying missions.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

(By Our Own Correspondent)

This has been a broken week in Parliament. The new batch of amendments, brought in at the last moment, by the Opposition, to the Grand Trunk Pacific Bill, were not considered until Wednesday. Thursday being a holiday, there remains only Friday. And it can easily be understood that little or nothing in the way of a general advancement of business can be attempted in a week so badly cut up. Some progress was made with private legislation, but, after all, in the mass of matter before Parliament, it was not "a drop in the bucket." Meanwhile society is at its gayest—in fact the entertainments were never more numerous. Every Monday night there is a gala reception in the Speaker's apartments and every week Hon. Mr. Belcourt gives a dinner. And while all these gay things are taking place, there is a shadow of another character over the place. The Angel of Death has hovered around the Senate and Commons for two weeks or more, and a third victim has fallen. Last week it was Senator Reid, of British Columbia, and Mr. McCreary, member of Parliament from Winnipeg, who died. This week the Hon. Senator Dever, of St. John, New Brunswick, was the one to go. While the bell was ringing, on Monday, that summons the legislators to duty, at three o'clock, the hearse was under the main tower awaiting the remains of the dead Senator. It was a cross-topped hearse, which told that a Catholic had departed. As deceased was a man of very exceptional importance, your correspondent will devote a special paragraph to his life.

LATE SENATOR DEVER. — The late Senator James Dever was 79 years of age at the time of his death, having celebrated his birthday on the 2nd May this year. He was appointed to the Senate of Canada in 1868, and was, consequently, with the exception of Senator Wark, the oldest member of the Upper House. James Dever was a native of Ireland, a Catholic, and a splendid type of the true Irish gentleman. He was born at Ballyshannon, on the 2nd May, 1825. At an early age he came to Canada with his parents, who settled at St. John, New Brunswick. There he made a very brilliant course of studies, especially in the commercial line. At a comparatively young age he launched into business, and soon built up quite a fortune. He was called to the Senate on the 14th March, 1868; and, what has not been remarked by any of the press, he was selected at the suggestion of Hon. T. D. McGee, then a member of the government, and within three weeks of his own tragic death. Senator Dever had married, on the 25th November, 1853, Margaret, daughter of Daniel Morris, of Lancaster, New Brunswick. As a result of this happy union nine children were born to them. The name of the Dever family is historical. At the time of William the Conqueror, an officer named Paul Eugene Dever came over to Ireland and settled there. This officer was drowned in Lough Erpe, near Ballyshannon. He left one son, also named Paul, who married a niece of Sir Anthony Cohen, of Higginston. These had also only one son, named James, who was married to the only daughter of Daniel Gallagher and Margaret O'Donnell, of Tyrconnell. These were the parents of the late Senator. On his mother's side the family name and residence recalls the olden Irish war-song. "O'Donnell Aboo," and that special reference in it:

"On with O'Donnell then;
Fight the good fight again;
Sons of Tyrconnell the valiant and true."

A family so essentially Irish could not have been other than profoundly Catholic.

HIS SUCCESSOR. —While nothing positive has yet been settled, there is every probability that Hon. John Costigan, will be called to the Senate to replace the late Senator Dever. There are many reasons why the choice should fall on him. Since Confederation he has represented the county of Victoria, N.B., in the Commons. He is a New Brunswick man in every sense of the word: then he is an Irish Catholic. Besides, he has given the main part of his life to active politics, and the retirement to the Senate would be but a fitting termination of such a career. If the choice falls upon Mr. Costigan, it is not likely the appointment will be made until after this session, as it would be undesirable, on the part of the government, to open a constituency so near the general elections.

A MEXICAN ENVOY.— When the Postmaster General, Sir William Mulock, was recently in Mexico, he had several interviews with President Diaz in connection with lines of steamers between that country and Canada, postal regulations, and other matters of international interest. As a result the Mexican Government sent Senator Santiago Menday to Ottawa, with his secretary, to study the subjects on the ground here. He had interviews this week with Sir Richard Cartwright, Minister of Trade and Commerce, and with Sir William Mulock. The Mexican government asks for a subsidy of $50,000 for a line of steamers to start, one mouth, from Montreal, and the next month from Vancouver for Mexico; thus giving a service on the Atlantic and the Pacific. Timber, fish, coal, wheat, and such like Canadian products find a ready market in Mexico. A two cent postage rate is also under consideration. The Mexican visitors find Ottawa one of the most beautiful, clean and picturesque cities on the continent.

GENERAL NOTES. — Rev. Pere Delor, the Dominican preacher, who held the pulpit of Notre Dame, in Montreal, during the last Lenten season, is here and gave a splendid lecture on Monday night, in St. Patrick's Hall, under the auspices of the Institut Canadien of Ottawa.

An old citizen named John Canty has just died, at the age of ninety. His wedding, which took place in 1846, was the first ever held in the Basilica—the Cathedral in those days. There had been considerable rivalry for the honor of being the first to be married in the new Church. They then called it the "French Church," to distinguish it from St. Patrick's Church that was in Centre Town. As Mr. Canty had had all the formalities, of publication of bans and so forth, done beforehand, he secured the distinction. He was one of the oldest of Ottawa's Catholic pioneers.

The Dillon Company, of Montreal, began last Monday to have the repairs done to the asphalt pavements in the different streets of the city. Mr. Normand Champagne is superintending the work. The work of construction on the new Arts building of the Ottawa University has commenced. Mr. Lyall, of Montreal, is the contractor, and has now over one hundred men at work. It has not yet been decided who will preside at the laying of the foundation stone on the 24th May.

Rev. Father Candide, of the Franciscan Monastery here, has received a letter from France announcing that several members of the Order are leaving that country for Ottawa. There is a large field for their missionary zeal here, but it is too bad that the tyranny of the French government should compel them to go into exile.

A JESUIT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(NOTES BY "CRUX.")

The United States Catholic Historical Society has published in book form the autobiography of the late Rev. Father Augustus J. Thebaud, S.J., in which a story of his experiences in the second quarter of the last century are given. His observations on life in America in the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century are very interesting and most highly instructive. This priest was a native of Nantes, where he was born in 1807. At the age of twenty eight, when a priest, he went to Rome, and was admitted to the Society of Jesus. He completed his ecclesiastical and religious training at the Roman College. He went to Paris in 1838, and was sent thence to be a professor at St. Mary's College, in Kentucky. He had scarcely any knowledge of English at the time. For six years he taught chemistry in that institution, and in 1846 he was made rector of Fordham College. The rest of his life was practically spent in New York State. In 1869 and 1870 he was in Montreal and for a brief time was pastor of a secular parish at Hudson City, N.Y. He died at Fordham on the 17th December, 1885.

Here are a few extracts from his autobiography as summarized by the Sun. It was in Oct., 1838, that he sailed for America.

NEW YORK SIXTY YEARS AGO. —"New York at that time had about 300,000 inhabitants and Brooklyn about 25,000. He recalls how different was the outward aspect which the city of New York then presented from that which it exhibits to-day. What struck him most in 1839 was the exterior appearance of neatness and comfort visible everywhere in the streets and squares. He admired particularly the white linen of the butchers and milk vendors who came from the suburbs of the city every morning during the week. All were shaved clean and the custom of wearing thick beards or whiskers was yet unheard of. He remarked that the incidents criticized by English travellers had been invested with too much importance. No doubt the Americans smoked in places where the habit might give offense to ladies; it is also certain that they chewed tobacco, and the consequence of both habits may have been rendered more unpleasing by the scanty use of handkerchiefs. Father Thebaud also noticed that in conversation Americans gave each other ridiculous titles, captain, colonel, doctor, etc., and were addicted to questioning strangers about their names, occupation, and place of origin. He points out, however, that such external defects cast but little light upon fundamental questions, such as: Were Americans ready to oblige, charitable toward the poor, moral and just in their dealings? Experience quickly taught him that the few outward blemishes just mentioned were insignificant compared with their admirable qualities of heart and mind. Simplicity of manners was in those days almost universal. There might be occasionally a roughness in the exhibition of simplicity, because their exterior refinement was confined to the small circle of the educated. Early risers, New Yorkers then seldom prolonged their evening relaxation beyond a moderate limit, a fact which Father Thebaud looked upon as a voucher for their morality. They avoided extravagance in dress only on rare occasions would they indulge in costly finery. Few of them had carriages, and when etiquette required the use of a vehicle they would send to the nearest livery stable. Of course, one never saw in New York in the 30's and the 40's the endless procession of private carriages that now meets the eye every afternoon on Fifth Avenue. Broadway, which then was the great thoroughfare, was filled with stages. The same simplicity was observed at dinner. Scarcely had French and Italian cooking begun to penetrate the most opulent dwellings. The best families were served a l'anglaise, with only roast beef and fowls for meat, and sherry, port or maderia for drink. Some West India fruit or peaches would end the meal."

ARISTOCRACY AND STAGES. —"Father Thebaud soon discovered that all along the Atlantic coast there was an aristocracy of birth. In New England it comprised the descendants, real or pretended, of the Puritan founders of the Eastern colonies. In the State of New York it embraced the Knickerbockers, i. e., the posterity of the Dutch founders of New Amsterdam and Fort Orange. In the South, from Maryland to Georgia, it consisted of the descendants of the cavaliers or of the large land owners who might be of Puritan or Huguenot descent.

"Having spent three days in New York, Father Thebaud started for Philadelphia on his way to St. Mary's College in Marion County, Ky. The only means of quick communication between the two great cities was the Amboy and Camden Railroad. From the South Ferry landing, near Castle Garden, a kind of steam ferryboat took the traveller around Staten Island to Amboy, where he found a train ready to start for Camden. From Philadelphia the line of railroad running westward did not, in 1839, go further than Lancaster, Pa. Thenceforward stages only were available. From Pittsburg Father Thebaud might have descended the Ohio in a steamboat, but he had heard so much about steamboat explosions on the Western rivers that he was unwilling to risk his life.

"There was no means of warming the feet, and the pouring rain could not be excluded from the interior of the stages. Then, again, the roads, even between towns, were so imperfectly built and graded that occasionally the roadbed itself would be obstructed by huge stones and stumps of trees. His vehicle was always behind time, and once it was upset. From Maysville, at which point, having recrossed the Ohio, he entered Kentucky, he proceeded to Lebanon, and although he traversed the richest part of the State, he found the roads as bad in Knetucky as they were in Ohio, with rhe exception of one turnpike forty miles long between Lexington and Nicholasville.

SLAVE OWNERS AND SLAVES. —Very much of these interesting notes we must skip, for lack of space, but there are a few remarks that deserve special attention; those concerning slavery and those touching on religious prejudices.

"Father Thebaud foresees that he may be asked whether slave masters could properly be called "good natured and charitable." He testifies that in the main the slave owners treated their human chattels kindly, and that no correct impression of the facts is given by "Uncle Tom's Cabin." That book he pronounces an ex parte statement, which leaves unmentioned countless facts opposed to those Mrs. Stowe presents and leading to a very different conclusion. Father Thebaud, indeed, would not deny that in the extreme south, where the plantations were much larger than they were in Kentucky, and where, consequently, the task of supervision had to be confided to an overseer, there may have been some men like Mrs. Stowe's "Legree." They must have been few, however, for two obvious reasons: First, such men would have been despised and shunned by all the other planters in the neighborhood; secondly, no one could see in the Southern Negro any signs of the frightful treatment and degradation described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." On the contrary, they were everywere healthy, well-formed, and, what was even more significant, jolly and full of fun. Evidently they were not subjected to the tyranny described by Mrs. Stowe."

RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE.—"When Father Thebaud came to this country there were comparatively few Catholics here. Moreover, although in theory they had all the rights of citizens, yet in practice they were excluded from nearly all public offices. All public institutions—prisons, hospitals, poorhouses and academies for naval and military officers —were in the hands of Protestants. Has the prejudice against Catholics so obviously felt by Protestants sixty years ago entirely vanished at this moment? Father Thebaud, writing in 1882, replies that personally he has found Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists well nigh as prejudiced against Catholics as were their Puritan ancestors. There is always, he said, amongst them a lurking fear of Catholics, and for many of them "Papists" are worse than pagans. "It is only among the High Church Episcopalians—ministers and people—that a kind feeling towards us seems really to exist, and during the whole time of my ministry I have often been under great obligations to them, fully persuaded that they were sincere friends. It was before Ritualism arose and when Tractarianism was prevalent among them. As to Low Church Episcopalians, they had, I thought, few prejudices against us, yet would have spurned the idea of having any dealings with us."

A Trappist Monastery In Japan.

Japan is hardly the sort of country in which one expects to find a Trappist monastery, yet there is such a monastery near Hakodate, the principal port of Hokkaido, the most northerly of the five large islands which go to form the main part of the Japanese empire. Hokkaido is bleak, cold, covered with primeval forest (at least for the most part), and inhabited not only by Japanese settlers, but by the aboriginal inhabitants, the hairy Arno, a most singular people. The Japanese government consequently looks upon it in much the same light (to compare great things with small) as the Russian government looks upon Siberia, or the British government upon Canada; that is, regards it as a country which, when developed and colonized, may prove to be a very valuable possession,

On the occasion of a recent visit to this outlying port of the Mikado's empire, I went from Hakodate to the Trappist monastery above mentioned. It is reached in a few hours by steam launch, being situated at a little distance from the little fishing village of Tobetsu and at the foot of a forbidding-looking mountain called Maruyama (Round Mountain). The monastery is a white, barn-like, one-storied structure about two hundred feet in length and facing the sea. This main building is flanked by two other structures which are somewhat higher and whose gables are turned towards the approaching visitor.

In the centre rises a church steeple sixty or eighty feet in height, bearing on the summit a cross, and in a niche near the summit a large terra-cotta image of the Madonna and Child.

It is almost unnecessary to say that the appearance of this severely plain edifice with its bleak background is not exhilarating; and, to heighten the dismal effect, there was on the occasion of my visit an entire absence of life and movement in the surrounding landscape—not a living thing being in sight except a large raven perched motionless on one arm of the cross on the steeple.

It is generally known that all over the world the Trappists make a special point of receiving visitors and entertaining them gratis as long as they wish to stay. This hospitality I and a friend who accompanied me (a gentleman friend, for no lady, unless she be a sovereign or a princess, is ever admitted into a Trappist monastery) experienced to the full; in fact the Hokkaido monks seem, perhaps on account of their isolation to be unusually hospitable.

Into a detailed description of this monastery I need not enter, as all the internal arrangements are the same as in Trappist monasteries in England and elsewhere. The monks tell me that in winter-time the cold is excessive, so that it is almost impossible to prevent the water which is used in the ceremonies of the Mass from being frozen. Moreover, in order to withstand the winter hurricanes, the windows in the hotellerie, or guests' quarters, are double.

The lay brother who had charge of myself and my friend was, strange to say, a Dutchman, and he told me that there are two other Dutchmen in the community. He seemed to know all about the Transvaal war; but tactfully avoided any discussion of it, saying (in French, the language in which he ordinarily converses to guests) that there was no use in talking of it now, it was all over, and the Boers and British were fast friends. Besides these three Dutchmen there is one Italian and eight Frenchmen in the community. The Japanese monks outnumber the foreigners, there being no less than thirteen of them, eight of those thirteen being novices, and all very recollected, devout and almost angelic-looking.

The Trappists had no difficulty in obtaining thirty-seven hectaires of virgin soil from the Japanese government, and they have brought the most of it under the plough, their principal crop being corn. In their byres they keep about thirteen Japanese cows, two fine Holstein cows, several calves, and one fine Holstein bull. There are also seven or eight horses, all of them Japanese; that is to say, by no means famous, and mostly used for ploughing. I have, however, seen Japanese boys employed by the monks ride about on them while driving home the cattle; and this fact is sufficiently striking, for in Japan proper a farmer's boy has very seldom a horse to ride on and does most of the horse's work himself. There is nothing remarkable about the collection of domestic fowl kept by the monks, save that, perhaps, the only other collection of the same kind is at the Sapporo Agricultural College, a government institution. Besides their agricultural pursuits, the Trappists have a school and an orphanage.

Here in Kokkaido the Trappists lead the same severe life as they lead in Europe, living only on vegetables, fruit and bread; working six hours a day with their hands, and getting up at two in the morning to pray.

Their winter is, as I have already remarked, extremely severe, as may be judged from the fact that near Aomori, which is further to the south two hundred soldiers were lost in the snow exactly a year ago, and all of them frozen to death. The monks manage, however, to survive their six-months' winter; and perhaps the excitement of sallying forth occasionally on snowshoes in order to collect fuel on the mountain side is a wholesome break in the monotony of their lives. The monastic museum, which also contains a few snakes, preserved in spirits, and a number of severely religious books, among the latter the ponderous tomes of Cornelius a Lapide,

A final touch and I am done. While walking with the guest-master on the day of my departure among the waving corn-fields I came suddenly on the cemetery. It is as yet only twelve feet square, for it contains only one grave, at the head of which in planted a wooden cross, painted white, with a low fence running around it. — Francis McCullagh in the Catholic World.

POPE AND PILGRIMS.

When the members of the English pilgrimage and several British Catholics in Rome, numbering in all about 300 persons, were received in audience by the Pope recently, His Holiness walked along the line of kneeling pilgrims, giving each his hand to kiss, and addressing a few words to some. His Holiness also blessed the religious objects which the pilgrims had brought with them.

Patent Report.

Below will be found a list of Canadian patents granted to foreigners through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Nos.

85,885—Jules Dansette, Paris, France Process for manufacture of ceramic articles.

85,888—Samuel G. Coburn, Hawthorn, Australia, Imp. in field gates.

851923—Dr. Stephan and Dr. Hunsalz, Berlin, Germany. Process of making camphor.

85,999—Messrs. Seguin and R. de Sales, Paris, France. Method of manufacturing artificial caoutchouc.

86,160—Emma Homann, Berlin, Germany. Method of destroying canker and of protecting trees against damage.

86,249—Guido Ferrahino, Dusseldorf, Germany. Feed regulators for steam boilers.

86,327—Messrs. Loffler and Weidle, Vienna, Australia. Filters in which the liquid to be filtered is sucked through filtering bodies.

86,840—James Purdie, Dunedin, N. Z., wave motor.

86,870—Heinrich Zoelly, Zurich, Swit zerland. Elastic fluid turbines.

86,889—Johan A. Holmstrom, Roma, Italy. Etching apparatus.

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER

ON "FIFTY YEARS HENCE."

As I am not a politician I am open to correction should I make a mistake in speaking of anything that belongs to that domain. In glancing over the debates in the House of Commons upon the Grand Trunk Pacific project, I find a great deal has been said for and against the fifty years clause; that is to say, the fifty years of control that is accorded the Company over the proposed new line. I am not sure whether the balance is in favor of those for or those against it; but I know that many long hours have been taken up in discussion of the point. Amongst those who spoke the strongest and with the most determination upon what was to be done, in fifty years hence, with the road, was Mr. McCreary, member for Selkirk. It was very late on a Tuesday night that Mr. McCreary's strong voice raised the echoes of Parliament. On Wednesday morning a few hours later he was dead in his room at his hotel. I am recalling these facts, which I have gleaned from the press, in order to accentuate what I have observed and what I have been led to think regarding the matter of fifty years hence.

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QUID PRODEST? —St. Paul's question, "What availeth a man?" is strongly suggested by these facts and reflections. In the "Immitation" a like question is asked, and the "Quid bono" of the old Latins has its Christian significance. What matter does it make to you, or to me, to one set of politicians or to the other, to the man who died yesterday or the one who will die to-morrow, what is to be done in fifty years hence? It is true we ase here for a purpose, for many purposes; and we must not forget that we have to act for posterity, that we are the custodians of our children's interests, and that those to come after us will either bless or blame us for their lot in the world. But as far as any of the men who are so deeply interested in a great national scheme are concerned, what difference will it make to them in fifty years from now, whether they are blamed or praised, whether the work is a success or a failure?. This may appear a very selfish and narrow way of looking at the matter; but it is not so, I am merely drawing attention to the fact that our lives, our energies, and all we possess are devoted to the realization, or the safefguarding of that which—great as it will be in importance to those of fifty years hence—is very insignificant compared to that which we neglect and which will really affect us. Not one of the names of the men who are worrying themselves to death over this special subject will be known, remembered or even mentioned when the fifty years come about. This may seem an exaggeration; but I will simply recall a few facts.

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NAMES UNMENTIONED — Not fifty, but only twenty-five years have gone past since the projection of the now famous line of the Canadian Pacific was on the tapis. It had been the source of unending debates; it had upset one government, apparently powerful, and had again upset the rival party that it had placed in power. For fully fifteen years after one of the great men whose names were identified with that gigantic struggle absorbed the entire attention of the Dominion, and a goodly portion of the attention of the Empire. Since then events have rolled on. This new scheme has come up; the debates on it, last year and this, have filled over two thousand pages of Hansard. In all that mass of speeches, I find that the name of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, once Premier of Canada, was mentioned twice, that of Sir John A. Macdonald, seven times; and those of Sir John Abbott and Sir John Thompson—subsequent Premiers—not once. And were it not for the contrasts and comparisons drawn and instituted between these two great railway projects, the name of Mackenzie and Macdonald would have been enshrouded in the same oblivion as that which hung around those of Abbott and Thompson. And yet all these men (especially Macdonald and Thompson) filled the eye and the press of the country in a manner suggestive of immortal memory amongst men, and above all amongst political men.

I am only recalling these facts to emphasize the statement that fifty years hence the very names of the most prominent men associated with the project will be entirely unknown and unmentioned. What does it matter, then, how things will be in fifty years hence? Yet it matters a terrible lot, for each individual, how he will be situated in the world to come in fifty years from this; still that does not worry him, it is the railway's future that occupies his mind.

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TIMELY VERSE. — In this connection I have come upon a few lines, from the pen of Teresa Beatrice O'Hare, in the Boston "Pilot," and they seem to very appropriately convey the thought that was suggested to me on reading all about this "fifty years" clause? They run thus:

"What will matter in fifty years...
Care or laughter, joy or tears?
Who will wonder, who will care
Whether our days were dark or fair,
Whether we smiled or whether we frowned,
What we sought or what we found?
Wisdom, folly, hopes or fears—
What will matter in fifty years?

"Who will care for our gold or dross,
Whether we shirked or bore our cross?
Who will know if our hearts were kind,
Or of the dull or the brilliant mind,
Whether our days were wild or tame,
Whether we longed for love or fame?
Praise or blame, or critics' sneers—
What will it matter in fifty years?

"What will matter? Oh, Christ above,
What will matter save thy dear love?
Earthly friends who share our gain
Fly when comes our woe or pain.
Pure of heart and strong of will,
Falling, struggling, climbing still,
Eyes raised heavenward, penance, tears—
These will matter in fifty years."

SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

While the month of May is specially dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, still each particular day has a special saint whose invocation is always a source of blessings. Although we have now reached the middle of the month, it may not be untimely to mention those saints whose memories are recalled on each day. The first of May is dedicated to Saints Philip and James, the latter being the Apostle; the second to St. Athanasius; the third to the Finding of the Holy Cross; the fourth to St. Monica, mother of St. Augustin; the fifth to St. Pius V., a Pontiff of Rome; the sixth to St. John of Lateran; the seventh to St. Stanislas, Bishop and Martyr; the eighth to the apparition of St. Michael; the ninth to St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop and Doctor of the Church; the tenth to St. Antonius, Bishop; the eleventh to St. Francis Jerome, a Confessor; the twelfth, the Ascension —a feast of obligation; the thirteenth to St. John the Silent, Bishop; the fourteenth to St. Boniface, martyr; the fifteenth to St. John Baptist de la Salle; the sixteenth to St. Ubald, Bishop; the seventeenth to St. Pascal Baylon, Confessor; the eighteenth to St. Winaud, martyr; the nineteenth—the Octave of the Ascension; the twentieth, to St. Bernardine of Sienna; the twenty-first, the vigil of St. Hospitius, recluse; the twenty-second, Pentecost; the twenty-third, to Blessed Andrew Bobola; martyr; the twenty-fourth to St. Vincent of Lery, Confessor; the twenty-fifth to St. Gregory VII., Pope; the twenty-sixth to St. Philip Neri, confessor; the twenty-seventh to St. Bede the Venerable; the twenty-eighth to St. Augustine, Bishop; the twenty-ninth to the Most Holy Trinity; the thirtieth to Our Lady Help of Christians; and the thirty-first to St. Angela of Merici, virgin.

Thus have we on each day a particular saint or a special great feast to commemorate or observe, and all serve to add zest to the general devotion of the month in honor of the Mother of God.

Three Centuries of Irish Education.

From the time of Elizabeth up to 1778 the Irish Catholics were, save during a brief period in the reign of James II., beaten utterly to the ground. I do not know that I can give a better picture of their state in the middle of the eighteenth century than by quoting the words uttered in 1758 by an Irish judge in his judicial capacity. A young Catholic lady who had been pressed by her Protestant friends to conform to the Established religion, took refuge from their importunities in the house of a Mr. Saul, who braved the law and sheltered her. For so doing Mr. Saul was prosecuted, and on the occasion of his prosecution, the judge, addressing him, said that "the laws did not presume a Papist to exist in the Kingdom, nor could they breathe without the connivance of the government."

In such a condition of affairs I need hardly state that there were no Catholic schools worthy of the name from Elizabeth's time until the relaxation of the penal laws. Prior to the reign of William and Anne one of four courses had been usually resorted to by Irish Catholics, for educational purposes. Those who were rich enough sent their children abroad —others furtively sought instruction from fugitive priests, or laymen on the roadsides, by the hedgeways, and in mountain passes. Many assembled at a neighboring gentleman's house, where a tutor was engaged to teach the children of the family, and whose services were frequently given, and eagerly accepted by the youth of the district. A few attended such of the Protestant government schools as offered some guarantees (as, for instance, the appointment of Catholic teachers) that their religious convictions would not be tampered with. But after the Revolution, government resolved to make the resort to any one of these expediments impracticable in the future. One of two alternatives was thenceforth to be presented to the Irish Catholics, viz., they must enter the Protestant schools to be educated as Protestants or remain in ignorance. It was decreed by Parliament that no Catholic should, under heavy penalties, go abroad himself or send another abroad, to be educated, or in any wise aid or assist in the maintenance of foreign educational establishments or of those who had gone to them. At home no Catholic was to be permitted to keep a school himself, or to instruct in private houses any children other than the children of such houses. Finally, without risking the venalties of high treason, for the second offence, no Catholic copld act as usher or teacher in any Protestant schools in the country. In order that "no pretence" might be given to Papists for saying that there were not sufficient educational establishments in the country, for their needs, it was provided that additional means should be taken to render the schools of Henry and Elizabeth more successful than they had hitherto proved.

* * *

These statutes were effective in excluding Catholic assistant-teachers and pupils from the Erasmus Smith schools, and kindred institutions; but they were not effective in the accomplishment of their main object, namely, the destruction of the faith and nationality of the Irish people. They shrank en masse now more than ever from English educational establishments, and resorted to every expedient in their endeavors to evade or brave the laws that proscribed their religion and took away their liberties. Many a time, in those dark days, the smuggling craft which frequented the Irish southern coasts, carried as part of their freight, over the seas, Irish youths, who went to be "educated and brought up" in the "Popish" seminaries scattered throughout the Catholic countries of Europe. At home Catholic priests risked life and limb to stand by the faith and fatherland; often wandering through the country; sometimes disguised in the garb of herds, tending the flocks of Catholic farmers in the day, and, when evening came, seated by the fireside under the shelter of tome friendly and sympathetic roof, teaching the peasants of the surrounding neighborhood to read, write, spell, and, perchance, telling them, —what they were ready enough to believe, and had too much reason for believing—that Rome was their friend and England their enemy.

Coercion had done its work. At no period since the landing of the Normans down to our own times had the seeds of disaffection been so plentifully sown in Ireland, as during the reign of William III and Anne; and we are all even now reaping the bountiful harvest which sprang from them. The history of the Revolution which to Englishmen brings back glorious and happy memories, still after the lapse of centuries, only stirs up bitter recollections in the Irish mind.

* * *

In 1781 the first step was taken towards the relaxation of the penal code with reference to education. An act was then passed, allowing Catholics to keep a school on condition of obtaining the license of the Protestant Bishop of the Diocese. But this act proved a dead letter. Catholic schools practically under the authority of the Protestant Bishop of the diocese naturally did not work.

In 1792 another Act was passed, allowing Catholics to keep schools without obtaining the license of the Protestant Bishop of the diocese and removing other restrictions. In 1793 the first Catholic College was founded in Carlow by Dr. O'Keefe, the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. The college was divided into two departments, one for the instruction of students intended for the Church, and the other for lay pupils. This college always enjoyed a good reputation.

In 1795 Maynooth College, entirely devoted to the education of students intended for the Church, was established and endowed by Parliament.

In 1802 a system of primary schools was founded by the Christian Brothers. The Christian Brothers, it may be stated, compose, not a monastic order, as is sometimes thought, but a congregation united by vows of poverty, chastity and obedience to superiors. In addition, they take a vow to teach children gratuitously, during their lives. Mr. Rice, the superior of this congregation, submitted to Pope Pius VI. a plan for the education of the Irish poor, and the Pope approving it, a number of schools were quickly opened for the instruction of "poor Irish boys." With reference to the principles on which these schools have been based and the manner in which they have been worked, I cannot, I think, do better than place before my readers the opinions of the Royal Commissioners of 1854-58 and 1878-81. "The knowledge communicated in these schools" says the former, "embraces not only reading, writing and arithmetic, grammar, geography and book-keeping, but also an acquaintance with such branches of mathematical science as are suited to the tastes and talents of the pupils, and to the stations of life they are destined to occupy. Geometry, mensuration, drawing, and mechanics, become special objects of attention. As to the manner of communicating knowledge, the most approved methods have been carefully reduced to practice. But it is to the communication of religious knowledge that this institution is chiefly devoted. To this object the members direct their main energies. The teachers are all under religious obligations; they are, in the first instance, carefully selected and trained, and they are placed under a strict system of organization and discipline."

In 1881 there were 170 Christian Brothers' schools in Ireland, attended by 31,614 pupils, of whom 31,596 were Catholics, fifteen Protestant Episcopalians, and two Methodists; there was one Presbyterian pupil.

As to the state of efficiency of these schools, the Royal Commissioners of 1878-81 say: "While the Brothers devoted their principal energies to elementary education, they gave advanced instruction to boys showing special abilities, and many of their pupils were thus fitted for higher positions in after-life. . . . The programme of instruction, though differing in detail, was very similar to that of the National Board, where advanced subjects were taught, (Mr. Moore) found the boys, as a rule, well and intelligently instructed, especially in Euclid and algebra, which were much better taught by the Christian Brothers than in the National schools. The reading books contained extracts of a religious nature, unfitting them for use in a mixed school The school buildings by far were the best which Mr. Moore inspected. The Brothers seemed to have studied the science of teaching. Their abilities as teachers were of the highest order and the discipline maintained was almost perfect."

* * *

From the days of the Tudors to the days of the Guelphs, the Ascendency party in Ireland had practically their own way on the subject of education, and indeed on every other subject, and the consequence was that the people were left in a state of woeful ignorance. Nor was this all: intense hatred of English rule, and of Protestantism, as an appendage of that rule, had been the unlooked-for result.

> In 1811 there were Protestants in Ireland who not only regarded this result with regret, but strongly condemned the policy which had been instrumental in bringing it about.

Sufficient, they thought, had been done for conscience's sake in attempting to worry the Irish into the Protestant religion. The alternative of Protestantism or ignorance had been, they reasoned, presented to the Catholic quite long enough. Was it just? Was it wise it should be presented any longer? Was there the slightest chance that, having held out so long and in days when their fortunes were darker, and their hopes more overcast than now, the Irish Catholics would ultimately succumb to even the most sustained proselytizing efforts? And if they did not succumb, was their lot to be one of perpetual ignorance? The result of the liberal spirit shown by these enlightened Protestants was the establishment of the "Kildare Street Society"—an organization formed for the education of Catholic and Protestant children on the principle of combined moral and literary instruction, coupled with the reading of the Bible "without note or comment." This society received a grant of £30,000 from Parliament in 1815. O'Connell joined the society, Lord Cloncurry joined it, one representative Catholic denounced it from the beginning—Father McHale, afterwards, "John Archbishop of Tuam." He said that with a fair exterior the Kildare Street Society was at heart a proselytizing institution. Subsequent events justified his suspicions.

In 1820 it associated itself with three notoriously proselytizing societies—the London Hibernian Association, the Society for Discountenancing Vice, and the Baptist Society. Then O'Connell withdrew from it, Lord Cloncurry withdrew from it, the Catholic children withdrew from it, and it perished, and deserved to perish.

* * *

In 1831 another attempt was made on a larger scale, to establish schools for the education of Catholics, without outraging their religious sentiments,—the so-called National schools were founded. These schools afforded an excellent example of the hopelessness of English statesmen trying to force upon the Irish people a system of education to which they objected. The Irish people, —Catholics, Protestants, Presbyterians, — demanded denominational education. They got mixed schools. These schools —supported by Parliamentary grants —were to be open alike to Protestants and Catholics. Four days in the week were to be devoted to moral and literary, and one or two days to separate religious instruction. A board, composed partly of Catholics and partly of Protestants, was to have the entire management and control of the system.

The system, objectionable from the fact that it was what the people did not want, was made still more objectionable to the Catholics by being unfairly worked. To begin with, the board was composed of four Protestants and only two Catholics —in a country where the Catholics were to the Protestants as five to one.

Next the control and management of the system was practically entrusted to a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman without knowledge or experience of the country, or sympathy with its people. With one exception, all the books were prepared by Englishmen or Scotchmen, and pains were taken to exclude Irish history and suppress all national or patriotic sentiments.

In one of the books we find this statement about Ireland: "On the east of Ireland is England, where the Queen lives: many people who live in Ireland were born in England, and we speak the same language, and are called the same nation." Let us see how in another book Scotland was dealt with: "Edward the First annexed the Principality of Wales to his Kingdom A.D. 1283. He afterwards attempted to do the same with Scotland, but was successfully resisted, particularly by Sir William Wallace. This celebrated patriot drove his troops out of the Kingdom. He was ultimately taken and basely executed by Edward, and a new effort projected to subdue the Scots. But before the army of Edward entered Scotland he died, leaving his crown and enterprise to his son Edward II. This prince followed up the intention of his father, but was defeated at Bannockburn, and there the independence of the Scots was established." It was allowable to speak of Sir William Wallace as a "celebrated patriot," to think with pride on the struggle of the Scots for independence but it would have been treason to mention the names of Arte McMurrough or Hugh O'Neil, to tell how Sarsfield fought, or Emmet died. "Lines on the Irish Harp" by Miss Balfour; Campbell's poem, "The Harper," and Scott's "Breathes there a Man," etc., were suppressed by Archbishop Whatley. But His Grace kindly allowed the use of the following hymn:—

"I thank the goodness and the grace,
That on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A happy English child."

This boycotting of everything national or patriotic was accompanied by the gradual removal of amendment in deference to Protestant opinion, of the rules originally framed to reconcile the Catholics to the scheme.

The result was a popular agitation against the schools, which kept alive the memories of old wrongs. This state of things lasted until 1860, when, after thirty years of intermittent agitation, the system was reformed on popular lines. The schools have now become practically denominational.

The great blot of the national system was the neglect, and indeed discouragement of the national language Irish was not taught in the schools. Of course the object of these English institutions—for such they were—was to Anglicize the youth of the country, and the use of the Irish tongue would be an effective obstacle to that policy. Indeed the Irish language faded away under the national schools. But it has been revived in our own day by the Gaelic League. It is not, however, yet taught as a rule in the "national schools." Any master who chooses can teach it, but many masters do not choose. Of course the study of the language ought to be made obligatory. The thin edge of the wedge, however, is in. A tablet with Irish characters is now, I believe, hung up in the schools, so that the children and masters are at all events reminded that English was not the ancient language of the country; and the duty of mastering the ancient and national tongue is kept constantly before their eyes. I visited one of the national schools in the County Tyrone last summer, and I was glad to see a voluntary class learning Irish, on a Sunday afternoon. Several of the masters in the district were present; the manager (the parish priest), was present; and his curates were members of the class Nothing scarcely was spoken for an hour but Irish: it was an Irish atmosphere; and the scene brought back memories of the days when the O'Neils were masters of Tyrone.

There is a possibility that the present "National Board" will be broken up, and that the schools will be handed over to the County Councils. In some respects this would be a good change, for the County Councils would be more under the influence of Irish national opinion than a board appointed by the government of England ever can be.

* * *

The next educational institution to which I shall refer, is the Queen's University, established by Sir Robert Peel in 1845. In connection with the University three colleges were founded, namely, in Cork, in Galway, and in Belfast. The Queen's University is another instance of the hopelessness of forcing on the Irish people the things they don't want. The Irish wanted a denominational university; they got a mixed university. O'Connell denounced the institution; the Bishops and priests denounced it; Protestant Episcopalians denounced it; and after an inglorious career it perished utterly. One incident in connection with the Queen's University is worth recording, the plan was placed before Prince Albert, he saw that no provision was made for the teaching of Irish; he asked why was there not an "Irish chair?" He could only be told that there was not; he insisted that such a chair ought to be founded. It was founded. But it was "starved." A miserable stipend of only one hundred a year was given to the professor of Irish, and of course the language ceased to be taught.

In 1854 the Catholic University was founded under the presidency of Dr. Newman by the Catholic hierarchy, and it continued for a period of nearly thirty years to be supported by public subscription, and attended by many of the Catholic youths of the country. Like the Queen's University, it, too, has passed away, or rather become merged in the Royal University, of which more later on.

Throughout the century, several schools, Protestant and Catholic, primary and intermediate, sprang up. Among the Protestant schools may be mentioned the following: St. Columba College, County Dublin, founded in 1843; Coleraine Academical Institution, founded in 1868; and the Methodist College, Belfast, founded also in 1868. Among the Catholic schools the most famous are Clongowes Wood College, County Kildare; St Stajnslaus College, Tullabeg; St. Jarlath's College, Tuam; St. Patrick's College, Armagh; St. Colman's College, Fermoy; French College, Blackrock, Dublin; St. Brendan's Seminary, Killarney; St. Colman's College, Newry; Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, Dublin; St. Patricle's College, Thurles; St. Ignatius College, Galway; St. Kipan's College, Kilkenny; Diocesan College, Limerick, St. John's College, Waterford; St. Peter's College, Wexford; St. Mel's Longford; St. Vincent's College, Castleknock, Dublin and Belvedere College, Dublin.

Reviewing the whole history of intermediate education in Ireland, it is clear that some schools did good work—eminently, I think, the French College, Blackrock, the Academical Institution, Colerain; the Jesuit College of Tullabeg and Clongowes; the Methodist College, Belfast, and St. Coleman's College, Fermoy; yet upon the whole secondary instruction throughout the country was, as someone — I believe Lord Cairns — said "Bad in quality and deficient in quantity."

* * *

The fact seems incredible, but there can be no doubt of its authenticity, viz., that out of a total population of 5,500,000, there were only 10,814 boys in Ireland learning Latin, Greek, or modern languages, in 1871. Or, to put the matter in another way, while in England about ten or fifteen in every 1000 were instructed in these languages, only two in every 1000 were instructed in them in Ireland; and what was yet more serious, things were growing from bad to worse. Thus, while in 1861 the total number of secondary schools in the country amounted to 729, in 1871 the number fell to 574. Impressed by these facts, and believing that the lamentable situation which they revealed was caused by want of generous and general state aid and support, the Government under Lord Beaconsfield took up the subject of intermediate education in Ireland.

The result was the Intermediate Education act of 1878, whose chief provisions were as follows:

(1) A sum of £1,000,000 was taken from the Dis-established Church Surplus Fund, and devoted to the purposes of secondary education in Ireland.

(2) A board was formed called the "Intermediate Education Board of Ireland," seven members of which were to be appointed by the Lord Lieutenant.

(3) Provision was made for the establishment of a system of exhibitions and prizes for students, and the payment of result-fees to their teachers.

(4) Examinations were to be held by examiners appointed by the Board at convenient centres throughout the country, in the months of June and July, in every year; the subjects in which candidates were compelled to pass being—

(a) The ancient languages, literature and history of Greece and Rome.

(b) English language, history, and literature; French, German and Italian languages, history and literature.

(c) Mathematics, including arithmetic, and book-keeping.

(d) Natural science.

(e) Such other subjects of secular instruction as the board might prescribe.

(f) The maximum ages at which students were allowed to compete were fixed at sixteen, seventeen and eighteen years respectively.

(g) The board was not to take upon itself any responsibility with respect to the management and control of any of the schools, but the three following rules were to be in all cases observed:

(1) Students were bound to belong to some intermediate school from the 15th of October of the year prior to the examination, and to have made at least 100 attendances.

(2) Students prepared by private pupils only were not to be eligible.

(3) No result-fees were to be paid to the managers of schools where religious instruction was imposed contrary to the sanction of parents, or where the hours of such instruction were so arranged as to trench upon the time allotted to secular study.

This act has been in operation for nearly a quarter of a century; but it is doubtful if its operation has upon the whole been as beneficial as was expected. It certainly tends to a system of cramming, a process which is not productive of sound knowledge. However, the Act, like so many English Acts of Parliament passed for Ireland, will probably have to be thrown into the melting pot again. Indeed, the chances are that before many years have passed the whole system of Irish education, —primary and intermediate—will have to be seriously and thoroughly revised.

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Lastly, I shall deal with the question of university education, which calls for proper attention. The Queen's University having proved an utter failure, this subject was also taken in hand by the government of Lord Beaconsfield in 1878. The Catholic demand at that time was for a charter and for the endowment of the Catholic university; but the Parliament of England would not listen to it.

Lord Rosebery once said: "There is no principle, gentlemen, which seems so simple, but which seems somehow to need so much instilling into some of our greatest statesmen, as the fact that the potato that one knows and likes is better than the truffle that one neither knows or likes. And, therefore, when you wish to give a benefit to a nation, it is better to give something that it likes and understands, rather than something that it neither likes nor understands" England has never recognized the principle of giving the Irish nation "what it likes and understands." Instead aof justly and freely establishing and endowing a Catholic University in 1879, Lord Beaconsfield's government "tinkered once more at the old tin kettle," and founded the "Royal University." The Queen's University was abolished and an examining board with power to confer degrees upon all approved candidates irrespective of their places of education, was established. In addition, and rather as a second thought, the duty of framing a scheme of exhibitions, prizes, scholarships, and fellowships—for which Parliament was to supply the funds— was entrusted to the Snate of the new establishment on which every religious denomination was represented. Like the "national schools," and the Queen's University, the Royal University is a "mixed" institution; and mixed education the Irish people will not have. After a trial of twenty-three years the Royal University has really proved a failure, and its end is not far off.

The Irish people are the most persistent people in the world. But self-complacent stupid John Bull will not see it. In all the arrogance or power he thinks that he can force his will upon the Irish on this question of education. The experience of nearly three-quarters of a century ought to satisfy him that he cannot. But, the walls of John's skull are almost impenetrable; they have, however, to be penetrated.

The question of a Catholic University will, in all probability, be pressed upon Parliament in the next session, especially if the present government remains in power. What is likely to be done? At the present moment three plans are under discussion, among those who are interested in the subject:

(1) The establishment of a Catholic University. This is obviously the just and wise course to take; Ireland will never be satisfied with anything less; and in the long run, England will have to give away. Except among the most bigoted Orangemen, there would be no effective opposition to this course in Ireland. There are, I believe, many liberal-minded Orangemen who would not object, and in any event the strength of Orangeism is broken. The bulk of Protestant Episcopalians will

(Continued on Page 4.)

Random Notes and Gleanings.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING. — A report says that a movement has been initiated in Italy for the promotion of congregational singing by men.

This practice is one which should be encouraged in our local parishes. The influence which it exercises has been made manifest at our Lenten missions.

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AN OBJECT LESSON. —The fervent spirit which has urged the Holy Name Society of Brooklyn to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the definition of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception by holding pilgrimages to various parish Churches of that city on four Sundays during this month, is one which is calculated to inspire wavering hearts with a sentiment of loyalty and devotion to our holy religion. Unity, Christian charity and good will must follow such examples of true Catholic spirit. There is pressing need in our Catholic homes and in our parishes for kinder hearts and generous thoughts.

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CATHOLIC SPIRIT. —It is stated that Frau Krupp, widow of the one-time great manufacturer of implements of warfare, has given a donation of $25 to each one of the 2000 workingmen who had been employed by her late husband, and also the sum of $125,000 to an hospital for workingmen. If all Catholics contributed in proportion to their means to good works, what a magnificent position they would occupy in temporal affairs.

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CATHOLIC SOCIETIES. — For some time past rumors have been in circulation that an effort would be made in Canada to unite the various national, religious and quasi-insurance societies in Catholic ranks. A Catholic American contemporary says that steps are now being taken in a sister province under the patronage of a well known prelate to carry out the idea. To Catholics who have watched the trend of events during the past decade in this country and realized the heavy cost resulting from a lack of solidarity in our ranks, the effort to organize a Federation will meet with the most sincere approval.

LOUBET'S ROMAN VISIT. — It had been long rumored that the present Pope, being of a quiet and conciliatory character, would eventually and in a peaceful way come to recognize the sovereign rights of the Quirinal, and thus, forfeiting the traditional Papal patrimony, would bring about an era of peace and mutual understanding, and even friendship, between the Church and the Kingdom of Italy. If any person seriously entertained this idea, it should now entirely vanish in presence of the attitude of Pius X. in regard to President Loubet's Roman visit. No matter how kind, mild and forgiving the Pope may be, he will never sacrifice the claims of the Holy See to the rights of which it has been deprived.

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THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.— The Sacred Heart Review says: —The servant girl problem is bothering a great many housewives nowadays. They blame the servant girl for every thing, and they assert that it is next to impossible to find servants who are good and reliable. Not among such fault finders may be counted Miss Cornelia Nash, a lady prominent in the Baptist church in Brooklyn, N.Y. The New York papers contained a report this week that Miss Nash had given to Father Healy of Lakewood, N.J., (where she is at present staying) the sum of $100 for the benefit of the Church of St. Mary of the Lake, "because of the edifying example set by the Catholic servants employed in one of the hotels of that place." Father Healy announced Miss Nash's gift, and her reason for making it, at all the Masses last Sunday, and asked his parishioners to remember such good Christians in their prayers.

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NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS. —In the neighboring Republic this work is being carried on with marked success. From week to week we note in the columns of Catholic exchanges the announcements indicating that the number of converts is increasing. It was stated last week that in the last twelve missions to non-Catholics in Chicago 799 converts had been received by the Paulists.

THREE GREAT FEASTS

(By a Regular Contributor.)

This beautiful month—beautiful from the natural and from the religious points of view—presents us with three great and solemn feasts, One of them has passed, but we are yet within the octave, the other two are yet to come, they are the Ascension, which was celebrated on Thursday last, and Pentecost and the Trinity, that are to be celebrated on the next two succeeding Sundays.

The Ascension, which may be rightly styled the last action in the drama of Redemption, is held as a solemn feast of obligation. Forty days after our Lord had arisen, in the hour marked and foretold, in presence of His faithful followers, having clearly proven His divinity and His Resurrection, from the summit of Mount Olivet, He ascended, body and soul, into Heaven. There are three hills, three mountains, that stand forth in the life of Our Lord on earth as special landmarks of prominence and great importance—they are Tabor, Calvary and Olivet. These three summits represent the Transfiguration, the Crucifixion and the Ascension. These represent the three most important events in the public life of Christ. With the last of the three He disappears from amidst men, and leaves behind Him the Church which He founded to continue unto the end of time the work of salvation. And He promised not only to remain with that Church until the consummation of the world, but He also told His disciples that He would send them the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, to be their Sanctifier, Guide, Teacher, Comforter and Inspiration.

And one day—it was the day of Pentecost—the Apostles and Disciples were assembled in conclave in a room in Jerusalem. Suddenly a great wind was felt to sweep through the room, although the windows were all closed; then fiery tongues came down and settled on the heads of those present, and they were filled with the spirit of wisdom and began to speak in divers tongues. The promise of Christ had been fulfilled; and from that moment forward an Infallible Church commenced its mission on earth. That is the great event celebrated on Pentecost.

We have thus, in this month, the Ascension of God the Son, the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, and the descent of the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the same Holy Trinity; and, in addition, we have the feast of the Holy Trinity itself. This is the culminating feast of the ecclesiastical year. All other great events that are commemorated flow from that one source and all return thereto—for, after all, the Holy Trinity, the Three Divine Persons in one God, is the central mystery of Christianity. It is the most inconceivable—if there could be degrees in mysteries—of all the infinite wonders that surpass the understanding of finite minds. And on that occasion, the grandest act of Faith is demanded of us—faith absolute and unquestioning in the revelation of God. And in addition to these three great feasts, May also presents us with the commemoration of the Finding of the Holy Cross. And with all these sources of devotion and consequently of graces, we have the constant dedication of the month to the Mother of God. May this year should, therefore, be a month of untold blessings for every good Catholic, and we trust that they are numerous in this land.

THREE CENTURIES OF IRISH EDUCATION

Continued from Page 3.

not object; the bulk of Presbyterians would not object. Trinity College would not object. So far as Ireland is concerned, a Catholic university could be established to-morrow, without serious opposition from any quarter. But England objects—above all, the Nonconformists of England object, and it is probable that no English Government—certainly not a Liberal government—could propose such a measure with impunity. The present government, which has burned its fingers over the educational question in England, will be timid about taking a bold line, on the question of education in Ireland. It may therefore be taken for granted that the present Government—whose existence is precarious—will not support any proposal for the establishment of a Catholic University.

(2) A Catholic College within Dublin University.

This plan, which means the establishment of a Catholic College in Dublin, affiliated to Dublin University finds favor with many Catholics and Protestants. Were it carried out there would then be one university for all Ireland, and probably three Colleges within that University; namely, Dublin University, consisting of Trinity College, a Catholic College in Dublin, and a Presbyterian College in Belfast. But to secure the acceptance of this plan by the Catholics, it is essential that the governing body of Dublin University should be reformed on a thoroughly representative basis, and to this the present governors of Trinity College would never agree. They would infinitely prefer a Catholic University. And it would be very difficult to carry a scheme affecting Trinity College against which Trinity College would protest.

(3) A Catholic and a Presbyterian College within the Royal University.

This plan would merely be temporary. It might be accepted by the Catholics as an instalment. It would never be accepted as a final settlement, and would not probably be proposed as a final settlement, for everyone knows that the Royal University is doomed. What this scheme if carried out would come to in the end would be this: the Catholic College in Dublin, established and endowed by the State, would ultimately develop into a Catholic University. The Presbyterian College in Belfast, similarly established and endowned, would ultimately develop into a Presbyterian University. Then there would be three Universities in Ireland—a Protestant Episcopalian, a Presbyterian and a Catholic; and so the cause of denominational education in Ireland would, in spite of all the past efforts of the English people, triumph all along the line.

Which of these plans has the best chance of being accepted by Parliament? In the present whirligig of English politics, it would be a bold man who would prophesy—unless he knows, and I do not know. I shall, however, return to the subject on some future occasion. But for the present I close the story of Three Centuries of Irish Education. — R. Barry O'Brien in the May number of Donahoe's Magazine.

OBITU ARY

MRS. WILLIAM KENNEDY. — On Sunday last this well known and highly esteemed resident of St. Ann's Ward passed to her eternal reward. Although ailing for a long period and having been obliged to spend many months last year in the Northern district of this province in the hope of recovering her health, Mrs. Kennedy was always hopeful that she would be spared to her family for many years to come. But it was otherwise ordained.

When, a few years ago, the hand of death deprived her, without a moment of warning, of her husband, Mrs. Kennedy, with that spirit of courage and business tact frequently noticeable in her sex under such circumstances, undertook to continue the business of her late husband with the aid of her sons, with results which were most gratifying. Although living on William street, within the boundary line of St. Patrick's parish, she attended St. Ann's Church as a rule, and was prominently associated with the sodalities and organizations of her sex in that parish. Mrs. Kennedy was in the truest sense a practical Catholic, a woman of generous and kindly dispositions, and devoted to all that concerned the spiritual and temporal welfare of her family. Her loss will be most keenly felt by her daughters and sons, and to them we offer the sincere expression of our sympathy in their great bereavement.

The funeral was held on Wednesday morning to St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was sung. The attendance was large and influential, citizens of all classes were present. Rev. J. Killoran officiated, assisted by Rev. P. J. Heffernan and Rev. Father Polan, as deacon and sub-deacon, respectively. The pupils of St. Ann's School rendered the musical portion of the service in an impressive manner. In the body of the Church were representatives of religious communities and pupils of local schools. After the service the remains were transferred to Cote des Neiges cemetery, where they were interred in the family plot. May her soul rest in peace.

Notes From Quebec.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

THE HARP OF BRIAN BORU. — According to a despatch from Washington, an effort will be made to have the historic harp of Brian Boru placed on exhibition at the St. Louis World's Fair. The great Irish monarch was killed in the battle of Clontarf in the year 1014. His harp was left with his son Donagh, but the latter being deposed by his nephew, went to Rome, taking with him the crown, harp and other regalia of his father, which he presented to the then reigning Pontiff. These regalia were kept in the Vatican for some time, when the Pope sent the harp to the then reigning King of England, but the crown, which was a massive gold, he retained. The harp was given by the King to the first Earl of Clanrickarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came through a lady of the De Burgh family, into that of McMahon, of Clenagh, in the County of Clare, after whose death it became the property of Commissioner MacNamara, of Limerick. In 1782 it was presented to the Right Honorable William Conyngham, who deposited it in the museum of Trinity College, where it still remains. It is 32 inches high and of first-class workmanship. The sounding-board is of oak, the arms of red sally, the extremity of the uppermost arm in part is capped with silver. It contains a large crystal set in silver and under it was another stone, now lost. The buttons or ornamental knobs at the side of this arm are of silver. On the front arm are the arms of the O'Brian family chased in silver, and the bloody hand supported by lions. On the side of the front arm, within two circles, are two Irish Wolf Dogs, cut in wood. The holes of the sounding board where the strings entered are very neatly ornaments with an escutcheon of brass, carved and gilt. The larger sounding holes have been ornamented, probably with silver. The harp had 28 strongs, as there are that number of keys and as many string holes. The foot piece is broken off and the parts round which it was joined is in poor condition. The whole harp bears evidence of having been made by an expert artist. Should the harp cross the ocean it is certain to prove a very interesting exhibit, especially to the exiled sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle.

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FIRST COMMUNION. — The children of St. Patrick's parish, who have been receiving instructions from Rev. Father Delargy for the past two months, will receive their first Holy Communion on the 22nd instant. Pentecost Sunday is the date on which the children of St. Patrick's always receive their First Communion. On the 19th the Sacrament of Confirmation will be administered to the children, as well as to all adults who have not received that Sacrament.

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ST. JEAN BAPTISTE DAY. — As the demonstration in Montreal on June 24th promises to be an unusually large one, and in order to allow the members of the St. Jean Baptiste Society in Quebec to attend, it has been decided at a mass meeting of the different sections of that Society to hold the celebration in this city on the 27th June.

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DEATH OF P. SLAVIN. —Another well known and highly esteemed resident of this city has gone to his reward, in the person of Mr. Patrick Slavin. Mr. Slavin had been ailing for the past few months, but his illness only assumed an acute form about ten days previous to his death, which occurred on the 9th instant. Deceased has been connected with the city newspapers for nearly 20 years, and was highly esteemed for his sterling qualities by his associates and a large circle of friends. He leaves a widow and four children to mourn his loss.

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THE PROPOSED REFUGE. — A letter has been addressed by the St. Vincent de Paul Society to the City Council, informing that body of their intention to establish a night refuge and applying for financial aid. About $2500 is required to start the work. As Mayor Parent has always shown a disposition to aid any project likely to be of benefit to the city, it may be taken for granted that the appeal will be favorably considered by the Council.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, recently delivered an address on this subject in the great auditorium in Chicago. In the course of it His Lordship said:

Despite our marvellous success and achievement, we have failed to secure equal opportunities to all, which is the radical aim and master passion of democracy. More than seventy per cent. of the wealth of the United States, it is reckoned, is owned by nine per cent. of the families; while twenty-nine per cent. of the wealth is all that is left for ninety-one per cent of the population; and the tendency of industrial progress under the competitive system is to increase inequality of possession. If the present methods continue, a few individuals and trusts will soon control the means of production and distribution, and this in an area in which money is the mightiest form of social influence and dominion. To these few individuals and corporations will belong an authority and power greater than any history makes known — an authority and power which are incompatible with political liberty and popular institutions.

Capital dictates even now, in a large measure, the politics of our national, state and municipal legislative bodies. It enables the multi-millionaire and the trusts to make or to evade the laws. It controls most potent organs of public opinion, and is able to give to the interests of industralism priority over the rights of man. Much of the evil is due to the competitive system, which involves enormous waste, over-capitalization, panic, strikes and all the miseries which thence flow to the whole social body. Where material goods are the first and paramount aim, human values become secondary, or are lost sight of altogether.

But the evils from which we suffer are not wholly or necessarily due to the competitive system. They are largely the result of the greed of individual capitalists and of the improvidence and wastefulness of working men, many of whom, whether their wages be high or low, their hours of toil long or short, live on the verge of poverty. The money they spend in saloons would make them and their families comfortable, their weaknesses and vices, however, are almost inevitable in the environment in which multitudes of them are compelled to pass their lives. On the formation and preservation of moral character, circumstances are decidedly potent.

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When there is question of methods and means by which social improvement may be brought about, we need not consider anarchism, which is an insanity whose only issue is crime; and in America there is nothing more certain than that whatever it attempts to reduce its theories to practice, it will be crushed.

Socialism is not, or at least need not be, anarchic. Its aims is the transformation of private and competing capital into a united collective capital. As set forth by Marx and its other able exponents, it rests on a basis of materialism and atheism, and is the foe, not merely of the fundamental economic institutions, but of the monogamic family and the Christian Church as well. It may be maintained that socialistic collectivism does not necessarily involve materialism or atheism or irreligion or free love or opposition to culture; but this nevertheless seems to be the attitude which Socialists are driven to take towards the higher activities of man and the spiritual content of life.

The heroic strivings of the bravest and most loving for thousands of years have not made earth a paradise, but they have awakened in innumerable minds such a conception of the worth of liberty, religion, culture and privilege to take up whatever work or calling one's endowments impel him to, that no paradise of comfort and plenty could compensate them for the loss of these spiritual treasures. Socialism has failed even in small isolated communities, and no serious attempt to introduce and establish it as a general scheme can be made so long as the men who mould opinion continue to believe in the paramount worth of the life of the spirit; and should the world lose this faith, it will be driven to accept the autocracy of despots, not the tyranny of collectivism.

The socialistic agitation will not soon cease. It has done good, and will do good by its clamorous proclamation of the wrongs which the toiling masses have suffered. But the socialistic state will remain a theory, a visionary entity, and could it become a reality, the cataclysm which would accompany its speedy overthrow would swallow the priceless treasures which are the gains of thousands of years of heroic struggles and sacrifices. Shall we then rest content with things as they are? This is as impossible as the realisation of the theories of collectivism. No wise or good man can contemplate with satisfaction the actual political, social, educational or religious conditions.

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Our politics are notoriously corrupt and in spite of sporadic reactions the tendency is to still greater corruption. The public conscience is ready to condone successful crime, whether committed by private individuals or by officers of the government. The most fervid advocates of the sacredness of property rights are those who have made fortunes by bribing legislatures and municipalities or by crushing competitors. In our cities laws are enacted which those who pass them, as well as those who are appointed to see that they are executed, have no intention of enforcing. The administrative lie prevails, and transgressors, instead of suffering legal punishment, become victims of a system of blackmail, which enables officials to batten on the sins and miseries of fallen women, gamblers and criminal saloon-keepers.

Our surpassing success in subduing nature to our uses, the still widening boundaries of our domain, our rapidly increasing wealth and population, the wars from which we have never failed to come forth victorious, have made us over-confident and ready to believe that there is no kind of evil over which we may not easily gain the mastery. The mighty conquerors before whose faces defeat had still fled are at length blinded and led to ruin by the splendor of their triumphs; and this has happened also to republics and empires. Industralism is the kingdom of this world, and, whether consciously or not, it asserts itself in opposition to the kingdom of God.

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In the capital and labor struggle disturbance, disorder and suffering, there is small hope of permanent improvement, so long as genuine good will and conciliatory disposition are lacking. Fairness, forbearance and kindliness are the prerequisites of kindliness are the orerequisites of peace and harmonious co-operation in economics as in other human relations. The interests of employers and laborers are inter-dependent, and their attitude towards one another should be that of friends. If warfare is to be persisted in, the final outcome, however the balance may turn in the varying conflicts, must, inevitably, be the ruin of both, involving that of general welfare and of the happiness of millions.

If capital and organized labor will but learn to act in harmony, no harm will happen to any class, for employers and wage earners can live in peace only when they are influenced and controlled by sentiments of justice and humanity, and by a concern for the good of all. Laws and contrivances cannot compose the strife between capital and labor, for the causes from which it springs are elemental and as deep as human nature, and only what raises the mind and touches the heart can reach the fountain-head of the evil.

Our industralism and machinery have wrought marvels, but they have not made us wiser or more unselfish. On the contrary they have promoted the formation of vast centres of population, in which life, physical and moral, degenerates; and consequently they are a menace to the highest interests of humanity. Towns of fifty or a hundred thousand inhabitants are indispensable. Without them there can be no class with leisure to devote themselves to science and art, to the more important functions of government and to the refinements and elegancies of life; but the massing of millions of human beings at a single point makes it the most fitting culture for every kind of infectious germ, a nursery of vice, and a breeding-ground for crime.

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A NOBLE SISTER OF MERCY.

What a throng of memories and old-time associations are brought to mind by the death of the dear and venerated religious was was suddenly called to her well-earned reward the past week?

During fifty years and more Mother Genevieve has been a familiar name and figure in convent life and convent work in Chicago. She may almost be said to have seen the beginning of the Catholic life of the city: ae all events she saw it in its infancy, and how important has been her share and part in the subsequent wonderful growth and propagation of Catholic religious life and Catholic good works within her sphere let it be my office to recall, imperfectly though I shall acquit myself of the task.

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It was on the feast of our Lady of Mercy, 1846, that the little band of Sisters opened the first convent in Chicago under the inspiration and guidance of Bishop Quarter, who from the day of his first arrival as pastor of the frontier town, had nourished the project. The Bishop was signally fortunate in the Sisters selected for the new foundation. The memory of the first Superior, Mother Agatha, remained for long in grateful benediction in the hearts of the early settlers, Protestants as well as Catholic. How often in my boyhood days have I listened to stories of the influence Mother Agatha exercised over all who came to know her. The girls in those days never tired of telling of the charm and fascination in the character and qualities of Mother Agatha—her little community loved her as a tender and affectionate mother; her pupils, I may say, worshiped her, and the people in general who were brought in contact with the Sisters in this first Chicago convent regarded Mother Agatha with respect and I may say wonder, for at that early period few people in the West had any knowledge of nuns and convent life.

Mother Agatha, young though she was—only 24—had the rare capacity of being able to distinguish genuine merit and of employing it in the most fitting sphere. She was favored in her associates and in the novices who early sought admission. The dreaded cholera visited Chicago in 1854. The Sisters of Mercy were the first to offer their services for the care of the victims of the epidemic—they were at the bedside of the sufferers day and night. How devotedly they were employed in this trying emergency is shown by the fact that several of the sisters fell victims to the epidemic by their self-sacrificing devotedness in this sad juncture.

The dearly loved Mother Agatha was one of these. What a trial for the young and struggling community! But there were other brave-hearted Sisters who did not hesitate to go on with the work. Mother Paula, one of the original band, succeeded in authority, but she too passed away within a year. Mother Vincent was the next Superior. After a single term she was succeeded by Mother Frances. Who is there of ante-war times that does not recall Mother Frances? She was, I venture to say, one of the best known figures in the life of Chicago during nearly twenty years of administration as local superior. It was Mother Frances who sent the first band of Sisters of Mercy from the West to minister to the sick and wounded soldiers in the early days of the Civil War. She was an ardent Unionist, and was personally known to many of the leading commanders of the Union armies. President Lincoln and General Grant gave public testimony to the importance of the services rendered by the Sisters in hospitals as well as on the battlefield.

What I have already written is, I may say, a necessary introduction in order to make plain the character and importance of the work to which Mother Genevieve succeeded, more than thirty years ago. That work had been pioneered by other Superiors, nevertheless from the earliest days Mother Genevieve may be said to have had an important share and influence in guiding the fortunes of the community in Chicago. Mother Genevieve was a "born counsellor." From her earliest days as a novice and Sister she was accounted wise and thoughtful beyond her years.

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The gravity and solidity of her character was signally demonstrated by her early appointment as "mistress of novices," perhaps the most weighty and responsible office in community life, since so much depends on the prudence, discrimination and judgment of the nun who has the future of the community, thus in a sense, committed to her powers of discernment.

In this capacity Mother Genevieve it is acknowledged, showed the rarest judgment. She was a model of firmness, wisdom and capacity. When at length the reins of government were placed in her hands, following the transfer of Mother Frances to Independence, Iowa, Mother Genevieve quickly demonstrated her high fitness for administration.

Up to the period of the Chicago fire the sphere of work of the Sisters of Mercy had been gradually and steadily enlarging. The familiar Convent on Wabash avenue had gone down in the wreck of October, 1870, a great Academy at Twenty-ninth street, the finest building of the kind in the city, took its place. The hospital at Calumet avenue and twenty-sixth street had grown from a small foundation, to meet necessary conditions, until it subsequently covered the block with newer and superior appointments.

Meanwhile the work of the Sisters of Mercy in the parochial schools had gone on widening out and extending on every side. What shall I say of the great academy, Saint Xavier's, which was distinctively Mother Genevieve's work? Who that has seen it but must have marvelled at the ability and capacity brought to bear in planning and carrying to completion this splendid educational and convent edifice? And greater still would be the marvel were it known the financial and other difficulties and obstacles which had to be overcome in carrying forward this great undertaking It was a woman who planned and accomplished this arduous task, and that woman was Mother Genevieve! In these days of great buildings and stupendous undertakings in business, the erection of a large convent may not impress the average reader as an affair of magnitude or involving difficulty. But if we stop to consider that in the case of a religious community the resources come, not from stockholders nor from the general public, but from the savings and economies of the nuns, we can readily see how wonderful must be the management in these communities to bring about the results accomplished. Non-Catholics, as I know, often believe that "the Church" does these things, that it is the Pope or the Bishop who provides the means! Catholics in general know that the religious communities here and elsewhere are and must be self-sustaining, each relying on its own resources of income; and the income is usually meagre enough.

Without outside assistance Mother Genevieve, by her orderly management, was enabled to carry on the various educational and charitable works in charge of the Sisters of Mercy in this city. But after all it was not in building or in the acquisition of land that the lamented Superior's highest and best capacity is demonstrated. No, it is seen in the community she governed so long, and in the fruits of the religious training and the educational qualifications of the thousands of girls who have gone forth from the academies and schools of the Sisters of Mercy. These constitute the highest and most effective testimony to Mother Genevieve's capacity and fitness for her office and mission.

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The life of these holy women, consecrated to the service of God, is one of the prodigies, miracles of religious vocation with which the history of the Church has made us familiar, but which is nevertheless an enigma, a mystery to the worldling. That life is one of prayer, of incessant labor, of self-sacrifice; so it is with all the religious communities. Within the calm security of her happy convent home, the Sister of Mercy pursues her heavenly mission of charity and good will undisturbed by the passions and commotions of the busy restless world, training the young in principles of religion, virtue and honor, and sheltering the orphan and the foundling, comforting helpless old age, nursing the sick, reclaiming the wayward and the erring. Such is the routine of the nun's daily life, and this is the mission of the religious orders.

These orders of holy women have covered the earth with shining testimonies of their zeal and peopled heaven with saints. It was to this service Mother Genevieve consecrated her life more than fifty years ago in our own city, and here in our midst may be seen some of the precious fruits of her self-sacrificing labors. How effective those labors have been her sorrowing Sisters and children will testify. Archbishops and Bishops in authority over her and her community have given repeated proofs of their confidence and their respect for her judgment and capacity. Priests were won to esteem her as an ideal Mother Superior; and even hard headed men of affairs, who were brought into business opportunities with the convent or the hospital marvelled at her unfailing shrewd business judgment and her methodical, orderly methods which won their admiration. Mother Genevieve's word was as good as a bond, passed into a proverb.

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Her life—the life of a Nun or Sister is a hidden life of which the world knows little. It is an obscure life—even in the case of a Superior—because her appointed work is removed from the public gaze. She scrupulously avoids notice. Newspapers do not chronicle her doings. Even her very name is commonly unknown. Her identity is hidden under the title of "Sister," or "Mother," as the case may be.

The story of Mother Genevieve's religious life and experience, barring the burden of authority borne by her so many years, is that of every religious. She left the world and its allurements, family, friends, society, ambitions—all these she freely surrendered and laid at the altar of God in her youth to devote herself to this service and to the welfare of others.

The memory of that dear reverend Mother, I am sure, will long be cherished in Chicago, and a shining chapter in the "annals of the Sisters of Mercy" will be the one devoted to the life, the character and the service of the venerated Mother Genevieve.—William J. Onahan in The New World.

DEVOTION TO BLESSED VIRGIN.

With faith disappearing from the earth, men seem to be relaxing their grasp of the fundamental principles of truth, and their respect for all that is noble and pure and most worthy of reverance. Christ has been levelled in some minds to our own degree, and all that His teaching had consecrated, womankind most of all, is fast losing the distinction with which Christendom had learned to invest it out of regard chiefly to the surpassing spiritual beauty of the Mother of Christ.

This is one of the reasons why we should pray for a love of the Mother of Christ. With it one can never lose a sense of regard for the creature of God's hands, whom God has destined to do so much to keep our race pure and reverent and chivalrous. In proportion as this regard possesses men they are less grovelling less conceited, less selfish. It is enough to inspire the true man with awe, and the false with fear, to consider the effect it must have on all good women to look upon Mary, the Mother of Jesus, as their only worthy ideal. We often speak of women as being naturally religious, and even call them the devout sex. It is true, too, particularly of Catholic women; but it is not because they are more capable of religious sentiment and observance than men. It is rather because they cultivate their attachment to the Virgin Mother, and through her to all that this attachment implies, chiefly to Christ. Who cannot be so well or so fully known by any other means as by devotion to His Mother. It is not too much to say that it is through our mothers and sisters, by our perception of the influence of Christ's work in them, that we are led to discover and appreciate at its best the beauty and power of His teaching.

It should not be understood, however, that we are to cultivate a love for the Mother of God merely because it inspires us with a high regard for womanhood. This is a great deal, but it is nothing compared to the chief benefit of this love. Love of the Mother of God is itself something worth praying and laboring for even if it should lead to nothing greater. Even were it to do nothing more than actuate men with a supreme regard for the Virgin Mother, what a change would come over the earth! What low and sordid cravings they would abandon, what new and holy purposes they must conceive! What else is there actually moving many a patient, fearless, high-principled soul but this very love of the mother of Christ. In the nature of things such love cannot be spoken of any more than ordinary human love, except to its object; but there are many ways of professing love of the Mother of Christ. When men gather together in sodalities, when whole congregations kneel to recite the rosary, when choirs chant the Loretto Litany, and men and women pause while the Angelus rings to reflect on her annunciation and repeat, even mutely, Pray for us, O Holy Mother of God, that we may be worthy of the promises of Christ—there is no need of further profession of such love. This is why we like to commend sodalities and May services and every form of devotion in which the faithful unite together to practice devotion to the Mother of Christ.

For devotion to Mary, the Mother of Jesus, implies devotion to Jesus Himself, A true estimate of her graces and prerogatives enables us to form some conception of His divine and human nature. By His birth from her we know He is Man like ourselves; by her singular exaltation over all other women we are helped to believe that He is God, to be Mother of Whom she was endowed with fullness of grace and blessed forever among women. This is why it is important that our devotion to her should be simple as that of children, but solidly based on the scriptural revelation of her sanctity and mission. No doubt, to help us to discern aad appreciate her sanctity, there is so very little said of her in Scripture in order that we may meditate it thoroughly, and not be distracted by many details of her life, which could in no way add to her title, Hail, Full of Grace! —Church Progress.

A WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

The week we are now in has a great many notable events to commemorate. Beginning with the eighth and coming down to this day, we find that they cover a very varied field.

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THE EIGHTH MAY. — The first plenary Council of Baltimore was held, in 1852; the battle of Palo Alto was fought in 1846; the siege of Orleans, under Joan of Arc, was commenced, in 1429; and Michael Davitt was released from Portland prison, in 1882.

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NINTH OF MAY—Father Marquette died, in 1675; the battle of Spotsylvania was fought, in 1864; the city of Schiraz, Persia, was destroyed by an earthquake, and 12,000 persons were killed, in 1853; and Cromwell took the city of Clonmel, in 1650.

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TENTH OF MAY.—Alsace-Lorraine ceded to Germany by France, in 1871; Ticonderoga was captured by Ethan Allen, in 1775; the Centennial Exhibition was opened, at Philadelphia, in 1876; "Stonewall" Jackson died, in 1863, and Daniel Shea, the Irish Oriental scholar, died, in 1863.

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ELEVENTH OF MAY—Count Lacy the (Irish) Russian Field Marshal, died, in 1751; Archbishop Troy, of Dublin, died, in 1815; Father Mathew Ricci, the great Chinese missionary, died in 1612; and Pope Leo XIII. gave official sanction to the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., in 1889.

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TWELFTH OF MAY. — Charles O'Connor, the famous American lawyer, died, in 1884; Mrs. Hemans, the sweet writer of verse, died, in 1835; Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, died, in 1888; Killenny surrendered, in 1655; the first regular meeting of the Catholic Association in Dublin took place, in 1823; and the Dublin Industrial Exhibition took place in 1853.

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THIRTEENTH OF MAY. — John Henry Newman, the great convert, was made a Cardinal, in 1879; Pope Pius IX was born, in 1792; and Auber, the great musical composer, died in 1871.

We have just dotted down these events without order and at random. The fact is that each day of the year has its important anniversaries, and it would be an interesting study to select the most noted of them and compile a regular "Year Book."

ON SACRED PICTURES.

"Sacred Pictures in Catholic Homes," is the theme which Katherine Conway, of the Boston Pilot, discusses in an article published recently in "The Holy Family." She writes:

"American Catholics, for the most part, have been woefully indifferent to their glorious heritage of sacred art. It is almost a proverb in New England that you can tell a Unitarian home by the number of Madonnas in it. But in the Catholic home, too often, the sacred pictures are few and unbeautiful, and relegated to these portions of the house not seen by the transient guest.

"Most of the writers on the art inspired and encouraged by the Catholic Church are non-Catholics. The study of such art, especially in its cradle-lands, has to be sure, a broadening and uplifting influence, but it cannot supply Catholic faith and piety; nor completely eradicate inherited prejudices, nor the effects of the anti-Catholic presentation of history. This is evident in the text-books prepared for the schools, in the references books in the public libraries, and in the tone of popular art lectures. We know of one non-Catholic art writer in America, Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement, who had her "Hand Book of Sacred and Legendary Art" revised by a Catholic, divested of readings of history and descriptive terms offensive to Catholics, and republished under the title "Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints." But this event is unique in the history of our art literature.

"We have had one incomparable Catholic art writer, Eliza Allen Starr She was the founder and for long the chief teacher of St. Luke's Conservatory of Art, at the Academy of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, St. Mary's Notre Dame, Ind. She lectured every winter for many years, in her studio in Chicago, on the great painters and sculptors; and in the eighties and ninetys made lecture tours in the East, and gave art courses at our summer schools. She is the author of "Patron Saints," "Christmastide (artistically considered)," "Christian and Shrines," and "The Three Keys" Art in Our Own Age," "Pilgrims a study of Raphael's "Disputa." The two books last mentioned are monumental works, but how many of our Catholics know them? Indeed, so slight is the demand for any or all of these works that Miss Starr's executors announce no further editions will be printed. This is not to the credit of the Catholic community, and it is poor encouragement for later workers in the same field, like Anna Ceaton Schmidt and Mary F. Nixon Roulet.

"We may, however, be near the turning of the tide in this matter. When we grasp the significance of the sacred art-studies of non-Catholics for culture's sake, and of the distribution of prints of Raphael's Madonna of the Chair at Christmastide, in the Boston public schools, perhaps we shall take thought of our long-neglected inheritance.

Fine photographs of the great pictures of Raphael, Murillo, Leonardo da Vinci, Guido Reni, Corregio, Rubens, Titian and the rest, can be obtained at any art store worthy of the name, and at moderate prices; so there is no excuse on the score of expense, or homes bare of them, nor for holding to the gaudy and inartistic lithographs that erst have done so much to discredit pious pictures.

"But some Catholic house-mothers have extraordinary ideas as to the fitness of location for sacred pictures. Yonder Protestant matron hangs the Sistine Madonna over the mantle in her front drwing-room. But her Catholic neighbor sends the like picture up to a bed-room, and puts "The Puritan Maid," or a Japanese landscape in the place of honor downstairs. It may be said that for the Protestant, the Madonna has only an artistic value; it is a mere ornament. And the action of the Catholic may be defended on the ground of reverence; and extreme and scrupulous realization of the sacredness of the subjects.

It was once said to a Catholic who had a large and splendid engraving of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," and several other notable sacred pictures in her drawing-room:

"'I should think they would be a constraint upon you; that you would not laugh and enjoy yourself before them."

The objector was also a Catholic, and her point of view was strange to the stronger faith of her friend.

"'I never had that thought about them,' she answered. 'We can't get out of the sight of God, and we laugh and amuse ourselves, nevertheless. Perhaps, with something to remind us of Him and His claims, there may be—not a constraint—but a restraint that we will be glad to remember after."

But there are Catholics so full of human respect, and so narrow and uncultured, withal, that they exclude sacred pictures from prominence in their houses, lest they be reckoned among the devout, or annoy the non-Catholic or infidel guest. They do not fear to offend pure eyes with dangerously suggestive pagan pictures; nor refined tastes with the banalities of some fleeting fashion in art. They have not sufficient common-sense nor fineness of feeling to understand what they are shutting out of their own lives and those of their children, in banishing the Blessed Mother and the Divine Child.

"Wherever the pictures of the Divine Redeemer and His Blessed Mother and the Saints abound in the household, faith is strong, and the sinful mortal, though as the poet says he trip and fall, yet he shall not blind his soul with clay.

"The veneration of the Russians, schismatics though they are, for their icons, or holy pictures is so great that among lofty and lowly alike, they have the place of honor in the most frequented part of the house. It is said that if a Russian is bent on an evil act, he first covers his icons, as if thus to shut out the idea of the Divine Presence, of which they too forcibly remind him.

An eminent non-Catholic once said in the writer's hearing, before a large gathering of women, also non-Catholic for the most part: "What a sad mistake Protestantism made when it put the Child Jesus out of the nursery!"

"If sacred pictures and images have immense value in the spiritual life of the adult, they are indispensable in the spiritual training of the child. Abstract ideas and mere word pictures are beyond these little minds. But let the little one, even as a babe in arms, learn to rest his innocent eyes on the face of the Christ Child, the pictures or statues of the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph, the Guardian Angel above his crib, and the lamp alight at the shrine of the Sacred Heart, and one marvels to note how much of the work is done by the time he can utter the holy Names.

"How does your little two year old know that the Child in the manger at Bethlehem and the Man in the Garden at Gethsemane are equally Our Lord? But she does know it. Try her: she will never blunder. She has the grace of Baptism, and her favorable environment is rapidly developing the infused faith in her soul to conscious faith. Here is another but little older, who brings flowers for the Sacred Heart; and still another—the dearest child of all—climbing up to bathe the wounds of the Crucified, as she has seen her mother bathe the bruises of the little brother in the nursery.

The ancient Greeks were wont to surround the prospective mother with beautiful pictures and sculptures that through the power of mind over the body, her child would also be fair and symmetrical. Have we not seen young Catholic maidens with the face of the Mater Amabilis or the Mater Dolorosa? If we are let into the family history, we shall learn that before her birth, her mother's eyes dwelt often on the face of the Virgin Mother, while her heart implored her help.

Looking at what is pure and beautiful, and moving to contrite and compassionate thoughts, we cannot but grow in some degree to the virtues symbolled about us.

WILLIAM CHAPMAN'S SUCCESS.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

"Les Aspirations," is the title of a collection of Canadian poems in the French language, from the pen of William Chapman, of Ottawa. The volume, of some three hundred and fifty pages, is issued from the press of Motteroy, Martinet, Paris, and as far as externals are concerned, is one of the finest samples of the publication art, of which these large Parisian houses have the secret. Beautiful though may be the typographical display and the attractiveness of the press work, the externals are but the richness of the alabaster lamp that holds the divine flame lit by the muses.

Some time ago, unknown almost, and with scarcely an introduction save that of his poems, Mr. Chapman crossed to France and stood in the heart of literary Paris to compete with the giants of the hour for the coveted palms, that are accorded to works of genuine merit.

Before touching briefly, for space would not permit of a detailed review, upon the literary merits of Mr. Chapman's poems, it may be well to mention that no writer, during the past fifty years, has ever been accorded such an enthusiastic reception as was given to our humble, but truly great Canadian poet. Column upon column of laudatory criticism was penned; page after page of the leading French reviews told the story of the deep and sincere appreciation which he and his works received—an appreciation that cannot be gauged by any standard of money, for it can only be purchased by genius. That this is no exaggeration we may just recall two facts: that Mr. Chapman was unheard of in France and his poems were absolutely unknown, until, a few months ago, he appeared suddenly, book in hand, in the salons of Paris. Then the press rang out, without one discordant note, in praise of the Canadian poet.

Among the fifty odd newspapers and reviews that fairly bombarded him with honors, we might mention the "Republique Francaise," the "Revue des Poetes," the "Correspondant," "l'Illustration," "l'Art," "Les Livres et les Idees," the "Evenement," the "Mois Litteraire," the "Canada," and the "Paris-Canada." Decidedly this public testimony would suffice to establish the transcendent merits of any new work; but we must add more. Of the scores of eminent litterateurs who received Mr. Chapman with open arms we may mention Francois Coppee, Jose-Maria de Heredia, Gaston Boissier. Victorien Sardou, Andre Theuriet and Sully Prudhomme, all six members of the French Academy. Of the poets and critics of France, who did all in their power to pay homage to the new star that came into their sky from beyond the Atlantic, were F. L'homme, Gustave Zidler, Louis Maigue, Maurice Prox, Achille Pay sant, Jean Lionnet, Lucien Pate, Leonce Depont, Miss Helene Seguin, and Miss Marguerite Duportal.

Another celebrity who hastened to honor the Canadian poet was the great painter, Gaston Roullet, and it was the same with the sculptors Bartholdi and Henri Dubois. Bartholdi presented Mr. Chapman with a precious casket containing a fragment of the bronze used in the creation of the Statue of Liberty—which Bartholdi calls "My big daughter in New York."

The Minister of Public Instruction and of Fine Arts, at a banquet given by the Alliance Francaise, presented him with the Palms of an Officer of Public Instruction. This is not to be mistaken for the Academic Palm. The one accorded Mr. Chapman is the highest honor within the gift of the Minister, as a recognition of literary merit. The Legion d'Honneur may be given to a man who has never written a line, but it is otherwise with the title of Officer of Public Instruction.

The evening before Mr. Chapman's departure from France he was specially received by the Marquis de Levis, who gave a dinner in his honor. Ten literary salons opened their doors to the new-comer, and in each of them he recited, amidst the greatest enthusiasm, some of his admirable productions. Amongst the journalists novelists, professors, and the elite of Parisian society, who flocked to these reunions, we might mention such well-known personages as Hector Fabre, T. Obalski, Eugene Bordet, Jean Steens, Madame Offenheim, Mlle Irma Dreyfus, Leopold Leau. A. Hamel, Jules Carreard, C. A. Guerard, A. de Bertha, Madame the Countess d'Eu de Montigny, sister of Massenet, the great composer, Madame Lacretelle, widow of the famous poet, Madame Treffeu, widow of Offenbach collaborateur, Edmond Montel de St. Jean, Robillard, Buron, Verrier, S. Rocheblanc, E. Leselier, Raymond de la Barre, Virgil Coste and scores of others whose names would constitute a veritable litany of France's most competent critics.

If we have taken the trouble to enter into these details, it is simply to accentuate the fact that Chapman's volume of poems must have been a perfect revelation to France. The idea of a comparatively unknown colonist, emerging from the forests of the New World, appearing unheralded in the heart of Paris, and electrifying the most carping critics with the magnetic flow of his inspired verse, is something that cannot be fully understood — neither by us in Canada nor by the litterati of Europe: yet the cold fact remains and is beyond dispute.

It would be presumption for us to attempt any literary review, especially any criticism, of a volume that has produced such an effect in the impression that we have found such a centre. But, as we are under the secret of Chapman's charm, we will devote a brief space to a revealing of the same.

Apart from the technical perfections of his verses, which must be marvellous to have withstood such a test, there is a spirit in them that is of the soil, that belongs to Canada, that cannot be found elsewhere in the world. The most beautiful passages ever penned by Chateaubriand were descriptive of scenes in the New World—sunset off the American coast; a starry night in the forest; meditations within ear-shot of Niagara, and such-like—and they stand out like fairy islands in the vast ocean of his literary productions. They delighted the Old World, for they had about them the freshness of the New World. If it were so, for a half-dozen pages of Chateaubriand, what must it not be for the one—equally gifted with imagination and powers of expression—who was bo(n here, whose infancy, whose youth, whose more mature years, were passed under the blue of a Canadian sky? Chapman heard the weird moanings of the pines, he rambled along the majestic rivers, he scanned the expanses of our inland seas, he listened to the tumbling of our cataracts, he shivered in the Boreal storms that rush down from the regions of the Hudson Bay, he harkened to the ring of the woodsman's axe on the crisp air of winter, he sat by the fireside of the peasant in his cottage, he floated down the streams on the olden timber rafts and sang songs (like Moore) to the time of the boatsmen's oars, he exulted in the freedom of the prairies, he worshipped God from the summits of our mountains. And in that grand and beautiful volume of the "Aspirations," he poured forth the full tide of his pent-up feelings, and he sang of scenes familiar to us all in Canada, but apparently drawn from the realm of romance, as far as the European is concerned. His poems had about them the odor of the forest, the roar of the cataract, the whistle of the storm, the charms of the golden sunset, the peace that reigns in the homes of the lowly; they had about them the mists that enshroud in glory the heroes of the land, and above that mist, in the glinting sunlight of real patriotism, we catch a glimpse of the bayonets of patriotic battalions and the wheel of swords in the hands of national heroes. Such the charm, such the secret of Chapman's success; such the spirit that has captivated literary France and that has turned a garland of triumph around the brow of our young Canadian nationhood.

As you turn the volume over, page by page, you start with an address to his two mothers—the mother who bore him and who sleeps 'neath Canadian soil, and the mother-land of his ancestors—and you close with a salutation to his father, long since gone to the peaceful majority. The Alpha and Omega of the work are expressions of filial love and veneration. Between these two points he carries you along, from stage to stage of Canadian history, from scene to scene in our varied and inimitable climate, from picture to picture set in frames of the richest language, every detail of which paintings is familiar to our eye, our ear, our very touch. It is this truth to nature and exactness of expression combined that constitute the secret of his success; and in that success, we Canadians, no matter of what nationality, participate—for the glory of Chapman is the glory of the land of his birth and of our mutual affection.

Canada's Centenarian Parliamentarian.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

"Age will come on with its winter,
Though happiness hideth its snows;
And youth has its duty of labor,
The birth-right of age is repose."

No more unique spectacle was ever witnessed in this country, or in any other one, than the presentation in the Senate, at Ottawa, of a picture of himself to the Hon. David Wark. And no more picturesque figure ever graced a throne-seat than did that of the man who has passed his one hundredth birthday. The Senate was crowded with ladies, Senators, members of the Cabinet and members of the Commons. The leader of the House and the leader of the Opposition sat side by side; there was no distinction of party. In the presence of that aged patriarch, all differences of whatsoever character possible vanished.

The address, in which the wonderful and varied life of the Senator was rehearsed, was read by Hon. Mr. Power, Speaker of the Senate. In reply the honored guest stood up and, in a clear, ringing voice, gave expression to his appreciation of the compliments paid him. In that short and pointed speech the centenarian spoke words of humility and wisdom. He said that he did not attribute the honors paid him as much to any worth of his own as he did to the Almighty Providence who had accorded him one hundred years of active and vigorous life.

In their short speeches of congratulation the Premier, the leader of the Opposition, the Secretary of State, and the leader of the Senate Opposition, recalled the wonderful events that have transpired since Mr. Wark was a young man and the wonderful changes the world has beheld in those hundred years.

Apart from the solemnity and uniqueness of the occasion, there was a very solemn lesson preached to the world. It is a great, a wonderful thing, to have seen one hundred years of life, and to be still as fresh and able as the ordinary man at three score and ten. But the fact that Senator Wark had never spent an idle day, from his boyhood down to the present, and never abused nature nor indulged in any vice, or passion, but was ever temperate in drink, in food, and in disposition, goes a long way to advocate the correction of an age that is mad with folly, dissipation and sin.

The Holy Scriptures have promised long life to the child who honors his father and mother—that is to say, who does as they would have him do. And surely these long years constitute a reward for the aged Senator, who, as the Premier said, "must have been a very good boy when young." How many in the world to-day do we find who can be said to deserve a like reward. The honoring of the father and mother is becoming unfashionable now-a-days; the respect due to them is looked upon as childish and out of place. And it is the same with all the other old-time virtues. Men are afraid of them, and seem to imagine that they would be considered too much behind the times if they were to practice them.

It is not at all likely that any of us, any of the hundreds who were present on that occasion, will ever count a hundredth birthday; but we do not, in this age, prepare ourselves for such an event. Our motto seems to be "a short life and a merry one" and we have it short, but there is room for doubt as to its being merry—that is to say really happy. These are but a few reflections suggested by the incident above-mentioned. There are dozens of others lessons that could be drawn from the same—and all of them most salutary. It may be that Senator Wark will yet live to see many of his younger colleagues go down before him. He would appear to be a living illustration of the "Last Leaf upon the Tree," that John Greenleaf Whittier sings of, and in which he tells how the marble rests, "on the lips that he had pressed" in their bloom; and how all the friends he knew are now slumbering in the tomb. It must be lonely, detpite all the consolations of surrounding friends, to feel oneself all alone, the last survivor of thousands that commenced life at the same time and even much later. It shows us that, in God's great plan, it is allotted for each one to go away as soon as his life-work is done. And it is quite possible that this aged man was reserved, as an exception to the rule, to show us the wisdom of the general dispensation.

Business Cards.

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Gallaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, W. P. Doyle; Rec.-Secy., Jno. P. Gunning, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Aallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.SS.R.; President, P. Kenehan; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connel; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized 13th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St, Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, P. J. Darcy; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. C. McDonagh, 139 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urbain street; Treasurer; J. H. Kelly; Medical Advisers Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

THROUGH THORNY PATHS.

By MARY ROWENA COTTER.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

For a few days Cecelia suffered keenly, but she had resolved to be brave, and she was glad that she could go to the chapel and lay before the tabernacle the sorrows which she would not reveal even to her cousin The good nuns going in at times and seeing how devoutly she prayed were deeply touched; they felt that there were choice blessings in store for one so devout, but they did not suspect why she prayed. Agnes missed her home and freedom far more than she had anticipated, but whilst her cousin's mind turned on High for relief, she sought it by trying to win friends among the gayest girls in the school and it was soon proved that the old and tried friendship of her cousin was no dearer to her than the new ones she was continually making. It was noticed that she chose her intimates chiefly among those who dressed best and appeared to be wealthy. Cecelia was slower in making acquaintances, and while she treated all kindly, she was intimate with few; but those few were young ladies of sterling worth, and it mattered not to her that some of them were among the poorest in the school. She made friends to keep them long, but, alas! poor Agnes, many to whom she gave her affection proved in the end not to be as true as she had anticipated. It was a bitter lesson to her, but one well learned and remembered, and the time came when she was glad to take up with the companionship of those her far more wise cousin had chosen.

Both girls were greatly admired, and loved by teachers and companions, but the one flaw in her otherwise loving character, namely, her pride, robbed Agnes of much of the esteem she would otherwise have commanded, and it did not help matters any when some mischievous person whispered about that Agnes Cullen was an orphan whom the Datons were bringing up, Cecelia, overhearing the remark, rebuked it in a manner that prevented its repetition.

CHAPTER IX.

"Sweet sixteen to-morrow," and Agnes Cullen drew herself up proudly standing on tiptoe to make herself look taller, just as her aunt had done years before when she was about to go with Mrs. Daton as a companion. "Sweet sixteen to-morrow, and it hardly seems possible that I am really almost a young lady."

"And so am I," said Cecelia teasingly: "you need not be so proud of being a young lady, for I am at least six inches taller than you."

"What a misfortune to be small. I feel almost tempted sometimes to try wearing thick-soled shoes and high heels to make me taller."

"And make yourself look perfectly ridiculous, too."

"I would not care if I did, because then people would not be always taking me for a little girl and you for a young lady, when I am six months your senior."

"I would willingly change with you if I could, Agnes, for I do not like being called a young lady while I am still in school."

"It is all right here. To appear young makes people think that we are really the more brilliant in our classes, but it is when I am out of there that I feel it."

"You should not care for that, Agnes, for our vacations are so short we do not have a chance to meet many people."

"I wish it was all over, for I am really tired of this school work; the same old thing over and over again day after day. I longa to be free to go into the world to see different things and people."

"You should be more patient, Agnes for we shall have to leave this peaceful shelter soon enough, to be thrown on the world."

"You talk like one of vast experience, Cecelia. Where did you get your superior knowledge of worldly affairs? Certainly not here."

"From the great book of life, Agnes. I have observed different things during my vacations and I have heard much."

She might have said that, young as she was, she had been entrusted with many a secret by her companions which her cousin suspected not, but she could not by even the slightest hint betray the confidence placed in her.

"How very learned you are, Cecelia. I cannot understand it, since we have always been together and you are younger than I."

"Our dispositions differ," laughed Cecelia, "and that is no fault of either of us."

"I think so. My nature calls me forth into the world, but you, Cecelia, why it almost seems at times that your place is right here for life."

"What do you mean, Agnes?"

"That you should be a nun."

"It is certainly a most holy life, but I have never thought of it, and I fear I am not called to such. How do you intend spending your birthday?"

"I shall begin well by receiving Communion in the morning."

"And I, too, Agnes, will receive Communion for your intention."

"Thank you, Cecelia, you are so kind; but I suppose I should not be thanking you, for it is such a pleasure for you that I know you could not sit still and see me approach the holy table without you. How I wish I were a good girl like you, but it is not in me and I could not do it if I tried ever so hard."

"Nonsense, Agnes; you are a good girl and I would ask nothing better of you. If you knew me as well as you think, you might alter your opinion of my sanctity."

"Well, here we are preaching again when time is passing rapidly and I have far more important business to attend to at present."

"What is it, Agnes, may I ask, or is it none of my business?"

"Yes, it is your business, for I have come to ask a favor of you and you must not dare refuse. Promise me you will do it."

"It depends wholly on what it is."

"Something very easy. Will you promise?"

"You know, Agnes, I make no blind promises, and I shall not do it now even to please you. Of course, I assure you if your request is reasonable I shall gladly comply with it."

"I want you to go and ask Sister Katherine if we may go shopping down town this afternoon."

"What for, Agnes?"

"I want to buy some candy and good things to give the girls a treat to-morrow."

"Why not ask her yourself?"

"Because I am afraid she might refuse me, and you know she never refuses you anything."

"I do not know why she should not grant a reasonable request for you as well as for me, and I wish you would ask her."

"Come now, Cecelia, please do, and I will do something for you some time."

Cecelia, unable to resist the bewitching smile and pleading voice of her cousin, went to find the Sister, from whom she obtained the desired permission, and as soon as the afternoon session was closed the two girls started out.

"I intend to let the boarders have enough candy for once," said Agnes, whose great love for sweets had been one weakness she could not overcome, and she proved her statement by buying more pounds than there were girls in school, to say nothing of the store of cake and other delicacies both girls purchased. With happy smiles they returned just as their companions were sitting down to supper.

In the evening Agnes spent her whole time in the recreation hall,, but Cecelia after a little while stole away to the chapel to prepare for to-morrow's communion. The daily Hail Mary which she had promised years ago to say for her grandmother had never once been omitted, and she repeated it now, adding some earnest prayers for her dear father, whose irreligious life was painfully plain to her now. Many a bitter heartache had she suffered for him when she fully realized how blind he was to the blessings of faith which she enjoyed. Only once had she ever known him to enter the church, and that has been on the day of her first Communion, when he had gone simply because she had asked him. She knew it not then, but he had been filled with admiration for her pure devotion.

The boarders had just retired for the night when the door bell rang, arousing no little curiosity as to whom the late visitor might be. The mistress of boarders was called from the dormitory, and Cecelia saw her glance at her on her return, but she did not speak, and the incident was forgotten. In the morning the girls were ready to go to the chapel a little earlier than the others, and told the Sister they wished to go to confession before Mass.

"Go, dear children, and you, Cecelia, prepare yourself well for your Communion, which I wish you to offer for a special intention."

No more was said until after breakfast, when Cecelia was summoned to the mother superior's office. The good nun arose and, putting her arm around her, said tenderly:

"Cecelia, I received a message late last evening saying that your father is very ill, and you must go home at once. We kept it from you as you could get no train until this forenoon and we did not wish to disturb your rest by unnecessary worry. You have half an hour to prepare for your journey, and our carriage will be ready then to take you to the depot."

Cecelia trembled violently. One sad thought was uppermost in her mind—her father might be dead before she reached him. It was hard, very hard to think of losing him, but to have him die as he was seemed most terrible. In obedience to Sister's request she had offered her Communion for her intention instead of for Agnes as she had intended, and she was glad of it now, for it had undoubtedly been for her dear father.

"Does Agnes know; is she going too?" she at last found strength to inquire.

"No; only you have been sent for; but Sister will tell her before you go. You must hurry now, as your time is limited.."

When Cecelia thought of it afterwards she scarcely knew how she had strength to reach the room where her clothing was kept, and she could never have dressed had not Agnes, on hearing the news, hastened to her aid. After the first burst of sympathy she said:

"I think it is real mean, Cecelia, that Sister will not allow me to go home with you, when I know you are not fit to travel alone."

"If you had been really needed, Agnes, you would have been sent for, and the fact that you were not gives me hope that father may not be dangerously ill. As for travelling alone, I can get on very well."

"I think I should have been sent for, Uncle Edward has been like a kind father to me."

"Never mind, Agnes, I shall send for you if he is really very ill, and now please help me to get ready, for I cannot do it alone."

On her way down stairs Cecelia stepped into the chapel, and kneeling before the altar broke into tears. She wiped them away, and gazing fixedly upon the tabernacle, said a silent prayer. She asked God to save her father's life, or, if he must die, not to let him go in the state of darkness in which he now was. She promised to give herself entirely to God if her prayer was answered. As she arose from her knees and hastened with her cousin to the carriage, a peaceful calm took possession of her and not a tear was visible.

"Good-bye, Agnes," she said, "please pray earnestly for father, and I wish you a happy birthday and want you to promise that you will not deny the girls their feast on my account."

"I cannot enjoy it myself, Cecelia, since you have been called away on so sad an errand, but they shall have it all. I shall pray earnestly for your father, and now, good-bye, and give everyone at home my love."

Mr. Daton was very ill. He had been taken quite suddenly the day before, and when Cecelia was sent for his life was despaired of. All night the watchers at his bedside feared that the end was near at hand and that if he survived to see his child it would be the limit. Several times he called for Cecelia and could not be quieted until assured that she had been sent for and would soon be home. His wife and mother remained constantly at his bedside. The former was filled with a terrible fear of losing him and prayed earnestly that God might spare him to her, but she never once thought of his soul's salvation or to ask for his conversion; so careless had she been in learning the doctrines of her own faith that she believed that having led a good life he was safe, and it was now no time to torment him about a religion he did not understand.

At noon Cecelia arrived, and the face of the sick man brightened as she entered the room. Clasping her in his arms he said:

"I knew my darling would come to me, and you will not leave me until I am better. How tall you are growing, and you are getting more beautiful every day!"

"Yes, father, I shall remain with you."

"Where is my other little girl? Agnes I mean. Did she come?"

"No, father; only I was sent for."

"It is just as well, perhaps, not to take her away from her studies, though if I thought there was any danger of my dying I would wish to see her, for she has been almost a daughter to me. But I could never love her as I do my own Cecelia."

"You will not die, father, you must not, for I have come home to help take care of you and make you well again."

"All the care I want from you, darling, is for you to remain here so that I may see you. The sight of yours sweet face ought to be enough to cure me."

Cecelia scarcely left her father's bedside for six long weary weeks, excepting when he sent her away to rest or get a little fresh air. His condition in the meantime remained almost unchanged, and it surprised the physicians that he lived so long in such a weakened state. The only nourishment he took was what his daughter gave him. He would sometimes talk to her until he became exhausted and fell asleep, or he would call on her to read the daily papers, nothing else, for he was interested only in the news of the day. Many times she sought an opportunity of speaking to him on the subject nearest her heart, his soul's salvation, but none came, and she had to content herself for the time being with prayer, said not only by herself, but by Agnes and the Sisters, while novenas were being made, Masses said, and lights burned on many altars.

Once in Cecelia's absence the elder Mrs. Daton had suggested to her son that a minister come and pray over him, but he told her plainly that he had never troubled the ministers much in health and he did not care to be troubled by them in sickness. Still she persisted, and he silenced her by informing her that if ever he needed religious consolation he would be content to receive it from the Church to which his child belonged. The old lady was horrified, but dared say no more for fear he might carry out his threat.

Could Cecelia have heard this she would have felt that perhaps her earnest prayers might not have been wholly lost, but it was scrupulously kept from both herself and her mother.

At last there came a time when the sick man himself began to have fears that he might not recover. His wife had gone out for a walk and he had purposely sent his mother from the room to rest that he might have an opportunity to talk to his child. Taking a bunch of keys from under his pillow, he selected one and said:

"Cecelia, go to my safe and in the little drawer at the top you will find a white plush box, which I wish you to bring to me."

The girl hastened to obey and soon brought back the box, which her father opened. It contained a curl of golden hair and a strange device for a ring. It was a golden serpent, with a pair of emeralds for eyes. Cecelia shuddered slightly as her father slipped on his small finger the little circlet and held it up to view.

"What do you think of that, Cecelia?" he asked.

"It looks like an ill-omen," she said frankly, just as the young seminarian had remarked years before.

"Where did you get it, papa?"

"It is one of the dearest treasures I have, not for its value alone, but it was my mother's engagement ring."

"Grandma's engagement ring! How strange! And why did she not keep it herself?"

"She did, darling," he said tenderly, for he was about to tell her the secret which he wished no other lips to reveal to her, and had he not really feared that his days were numbered, he would have kept her in ignorance until her education was finished. "She did until the day of her death."

"What do you mean, father? Please explain."

"Child, the woman who brought me up and treated me as a kind mother is not my mother. My own mother died when I was an infant, and father married soon afterwards, but I always loved my stepmother most tenderly, and never knew the difference until my father was on his deathbed, when he told me all."

"Then Mrs. Daton is no more my grandmother than Agnes'?"

"No, Cecelia, she is not. Are you sorry?"

"I am afraid I am," said the girl, "for she has always been so kind to me. But tell me about my own grandmother."

Her father told her all he knew, which was very little; but what would have delighted Cecelia he did not tell—that his own mother had been a Catholic—for that had been kept from him. Cecelia wept for the fate of the young Irish bride who had died so early and left her babe.

"Poor papa, how sad it must be not to have remembered ever having seen your own mother. Did they tell you how she looked?"

"Yes, Cecelia, and I have her picture if you would like to see it."

"I would, papa, so much; where is it?"

"You will find it in my closet, Cecelia; it is in a large frame wrapped in heavy paper, but you may get it and bring it here."

Cecelia opened the door and drew forth the frame, which she carefully unwrapped, revealing an oil painting of one of the most beautiful of faces.

"How lovely, papa, how lovely she must have been, and how sad for her to die so young!"

"Do you know of any one who resembles her, Cecelia?"

"No, I do not; but Agnes has hair much like hers."

"She has, dear, but that is as far as the resemblance goes. There was another Agnes who would have been just like her had she lived, but there is still another who has her face."

"Who is it, papa?"

"Can you not guess?"

"No, never; please tell me."

"Look in the mirror, Cecelia, and you may be able to see the resemblance which I have always seen. True, you have your own mother's hair and eyes, but aside from that you are wholly like your grandmother."

"Do you really think so, papa."

"I know it, or the canvas is very deceiving."

"Quite an honor, papa, to be told that I resemble her. I see now why it was that so many strangers were puzzled to know who I was like; but why have you kept this beautiful picture hidden these years?"

"One reason, Cecelia, it was too sacred for the eyes of strangers to be gazing upon, and besides, it did not quite please my stepmother to have the lovely face of her predecessor continually before her. I think you could hardly blame her for that, as it was not her fault that she was far less beautiful."

"But grandma, I mean the one I have always called my grandmother, is good, which is better than beauty."

"Yes, Cecelia, she is good, and has ever been the kindest of mothers to me."

"Papa, if you think she will not care too much I would like to hang this picture here in your room. It is too bad to keep such a lovely face hidden."

"Do as you wish, Cecelia," said the man, who was glad to think of having his own mother's sweet face to gaze upon during what he believed to be the last days of his life.

The picture soon displaced one of a landscape at the foot of her father's bed, where he could see it very plainly. The sunlight from the window fell full upon the sweet face, and Cecelia stood back to see the effect. Tears came to the sick man's eyes and he gazed in silence for some time.

"My poor young mother," he said at length, "she must have been very beautiful, and how sad that she had to die so soon and leave her pleasant home. I see her sweet face before me now, for my own little Cecelia is so much like her. It requires only the golden hair and blue eyes to make the image complete."

"I wish I could change them to please you, papa," she laughed.

"I do not, for I like you as you are."

"I am glad you do, as there is no remedy I know of."

"I have drifted from my subject, child; now come here and give me your hand."

Cecelia approached the bed and her father slipped on one of her slender fingers the ring he had just withdrawn from his own.

"I am sorry, Cecelia, if it looks like an ill omen to you, but I wish you to wear it always in memory of your grandmother. My father put it on my finger just before he died, and I never took it off until I had outgrown it, then I put it away to be handed down to my eldest child."

"I will wear it, if you wish, papa, and thank you, but you are not going to die. You must not, for it would break my heart."

"I hope not, for your sake, if for no other, for I do not wish to leave you, but I have been ill so long that my case seems hopeless."

Cecelia thought then of how unprepared her father was to die, and she was on the point of speaking to him of spiritual matters when her grandmother entered. The old lady's glance fell at once on the picture, then she looked at Cecelia, who was as dear to her as an own child.

The girl sprang to her grandmother's side, and, throwing her arm lovingly around her, said sweetly:

"I know all, dear grandma; papa has told me; but I love you just the same. I hung that picture up because I knew it would please him."

"You are a good girl, Cecelia, and I do not blame you."

Mr. Daton did not die, but it was many weeks before he fully recovered, and when he did he declared that it was due to the self-sacrifice of his cheerful little daughter. He would hardly trust her out of his sight until she had to return to school, and then it cost him a bitter struggle to part with her.

CHAPTER X.

"All dressed and ready for my first party, Cecelia. I expected you would be ready first. How slow you are!"

"You must excuse me this time, Agnes, for I am not usually behind time."

"This is a time, Cecelia, above all others when you should not be late."

"Not much danger of my being late; it will be fully an hour yet before the guests arrive, and I cannot tell you how much I dread it."

"Dread it, cousin! You are a strange girl. This is to be one of the greatest events in our lives, and as for myself, I can hardly wait for the next hour to pass."

"Only another proof, Agnes, of how our dispositions differ."

"I should say so. We are really different in so many ways, but how strange that we too should always be so happy together."

"I see no reason why we should not have been happy. It would be hard for anyone to be otherwise when you are near with your many winning ways. I often feel that I cannot thank God enough for sending me so loving a sister after my own was taken away."

"It is I, Cecelia, who should be most thankful when I remember that but for the kind charity of your father and mother I would now be a poor factory or office girl instead of a debutante in silk and lace about to be introduced into society. I appreciate it, even if I seldom mention it."

"Speak not of charity, Agnes, I do not like to hear it. It is enough to know that you are happy in our home."

"I could not be otherwise than happy, for this house is a perfect paradise, and never did I feel it more than on my return from boarding school."

Cecelia smiled and looked at her fair cousin, thinking less of her remark than of the admiration she would surely win this evening. Agnes stood before her, rather short in stature and inclined to be a little too plump, said indication being the bane of her life." She was charmingly attired in a reception gown of pale blue silk, embroidered with white lace and set off with a set of brilliant sapphires which glittered in the gaslight. From this fair vision Cecelia turned to look at her own loose dressing sack and plain skirt, but she did not appear to be in any haste to change them.

To be Continued.)

OLD PUBLICATIONS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

THE BRITISH ESSAYISTS. —Last week's contribution closed with Dr. Johnson's appreciation of the field selected by the British Essayists. It had been left for Steele and Addison to rescue the valuable accomplishments of the age from obscurity and abuse, and to unite wit, learning and elegant sentiments, in the service of cheerful piety and decorous manners. Their province was to treat of love, jealousy, marriage, friendship, domestic duties, revenge, taste for expense, gaming and such like. In this Steele acted wisely, in his character of "Censor Morum," and performed a duty which, we are told, was not always unattended with personal danger. Characters like these are at all times the legitimate object of satire, and the shafts of satire were not spared against these reformers, nor were they sparing in making use of like weapons.

Of the works written upon this plan, the first in point of time, and that which prescribed a form to all the others, is the "Tatler." The design of this work belongs exclusively to Sir Richard Steele, concerning whom it may be interesting to dot down a few notes. It is to be regretted that the material is scanty. So much envy existed in his regard that much of the interesting facts connected with his life have been purposely consigned to oblivion by his less able contemporaries. The fullest account given is that in the "Biographia Britannica," and it is often inaccurate. Until Mr. Nicholas published Steele's letters, in 1786, nothing was attempted in justice to the memory of a man to whom the world is so greatly indebted. In one article we could not attempt to tell all about Steele and his contemporaries—for they came in as part of his biography—but we will try and give a fair idea of this first of the Essayists, even if it requires a couple of contributions.

RICHARD STEELE. —Steele was born in Dublin, in 1671. His father who had been for some time secretary to James the first, Duke of Ormond, was of English extraction, and sent his son, when very young, to London, where he was placed in the Charter-house by the Duke, who was one of the governors of that seminary. Thence he was sent to Merton College, Oxford, and admitted a Postmaster in 1691. While in college they say he amused himself writing a comedy, which a fellow student advised him to suppress, as unworthy of his genius. He left the University without a degree, and went into military life, by entering the Horse Guards. This course offended his friends, and he fell into the company of gay and unthinking young men. To counteract the force of temptation he had recourse to a singular expedient. He wrote his book called "The Christian Hero," with a design to fix on his own mind a strong impression of virtue and religion. He soon discovered at least one mistake in this experiment; he found that the support of this little book—published in chapters—was too weak, while his engagement to be virtuous was voluntary and unknown. To render it more binding he reprinted the book with his name, and tried to live as well as he wrote. This had only the effect of making those who had considered him a pleasant companion look upon him as a disagreeable fellow.

It was only after writing several plays, from 1701 to 1707, some of which were ridiculed and others condemned, that he conceived the idea of the "Tatler." He had been a life-long companion of Addison, and they were close friends, and it is believed that Addison had greatly encouraged him in this enterprise.

He commenced the "Tatler" on the 12th April, 1709. During its publication, in 1710, he was appointed a Commissioner of the Stamp Duties, which he retained after the defeat of the ministry that had appointed him. The "Tatler" was almost immediately followed by the "Spectator," and the "Guardian." In the last-named journal he declared war on the Ministers and lost his position. He published "The Spinster" and "The Reader," and, on the death of the Queen, he was appointed Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court He was elected member of Parliament for Boroughbrigg., in the first Parliament of George I. On the 8th April, 1715, he was made a Knight. The next August Sir Robert Walpole gave him 500 pounds for special services. He opposed the famous Peerage Bill, not only in Parliament, but outside in his publication "The Plebian."

With all his advantages he never practised economy, and in 1718 he tried to relieve his necessities by the publication of the "Fishpool." In 1719 he published "The Theatre," anu in 1720 he fought most honorably against the famous South Sea Bubble. It was in this connection that he wrote his celebrated comedy, "The Conscious Lovers," which was acted with great success and advantage to the author. The King, to whom the play was dedicated, presented him with £500. But he was soon again in poverty and obliged to sell his share in the theatre, and was defeated in an action which he commenced against the managers, in 1726. He is now said to have been attacked by a paralytic disorder greatly impairing his understanding; and in this melancholy state he was removed to Carmarthen (in Wales), where he died on the 1st September, 1729, and was, according to his own desire, privately interred in the town chancel of that place. In a note on No. 176 of the "Tatler," (Oct.edit. of 1806) we find this remark: "Steele retired into Wales before he had the paralytic stroke that deprived him of his intellectual faculties, and solely on the principle of doing justice to his creditors, at a time, too, when he had the fairest prospects of satisfying all their claims to the uttermost farthing. His first wife, a lady of Barbadoes, died a few months after their marriage. His second wife was Mary, daughter of Jonathan Scurlock, of Languanor, in Carmarthenshire. They had three children, two boys, who died young, and a girl who married, in 1732, Lord Trevor of Bromham, and whose daughter, Diana, was a remarkable beauty, but unfortunately an idiot. He was not happy in his marriage, for his wife was a miser and a scold, and she led him a life far different from that which is congenial to a man of refinement and letters.

Such the outlines of the life of Sir Richard Steele. We will now turn to his work and its influence upon English literature.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

ST. VINCENT'S BIRDS. — Word reached St. Vincent de Paul one day that preparations were being made for a special festival at the court of Anne of Austria, the pious mother of Louis XIV. As the Saint had frequently been an adviser of the Queen Mother, he had access to the palace at all hours, and on this occasion determined that he would proceed thither during the evening.

He was doubly preoccupied; in the first place, that the Queen should spend so much money merely to please a throng of vainglorious courtiers; in the second, that his little foundlings were in danger of starving unless people continued to be generous.

Without hesitation he set out on his errand and made his way to the grand salon. His shabby costume, his tangled beard and white hair provoked the smiles of the perfumed belles and dandies of the court; but, passing on, he addressed himself to the Queen.

"Madame," he said, "you are going to give a festival. I, too am anxious to procure a feast for some poor little birds dying of hunger in their nests—my abandoned children. My hands are empty, but the misery of these foundlings proves a blessing for you, as you have never refused to help them."

Now, about this time the talk of Paris, and of foreign courts as well, was of a recent occasion when St. Vincent de Paul had presented himself before an assembly of elegant dames and matrons, bearing in his arms two infants that he had picked up on the streets, and had said: "Now, ladies, do you wish these little ones to die? Answer." And suddenly these women had plucked off their jewels and thrown them to the advocate of those who could plead as yet only with their tears.

Anne of Austria, who was possessed of true nobility of soul, had fully understood the lesson of this incident, and now it came to her with redoubled force. Glancing at herself, she blushed for her luxurious raiment as others do for their shabbiness; and detaching her jewels from her hair, neck and arms, she placed them all in the hands of the poor priest.

"But, your Majesty," cried one of her ladies in waiting, "think of what you are doing! Depriving your headdress of those magnificent pearls and on such an evening as this! Why, your coiffure is all disarranged. How are we to repair that?"

For sole answer the Queen culled a beautiful rose from the many bouquets around her, and, fixing it in her hair, said with a smile:

"Is it not worth all the gems cut by the hands of men? Don't mind, 'tis for the little birds of Monsieur Vincent."

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JACK AND THE CHICKENS. — Jack was a beautiful Irish setter that was devoted to his little Mistress, Mary. He had one very bad habit; he would kill chickens. The ranchmen all around threatened to shoot Jack if they caught him, and Mary was much distressed. One rainy day in the early spring a farm-hand brought into the house a number of dear little chickens, just out of the shell, and placed them on the hearth before the fire. The tiny fluffy waifs were chilled through and through, and their little legs were icy cold. Mary, like a good little housewife, suddenly conceived the idea of filling a basket with raw cotton, so as to make the small strangers a nice warm bed, and without thought of leaving them alone, started briskly upstairs to the garret, and soon returned with a hamper padded with warm white cotton. Imagine her horror, however, when, upon entering the room, she saw Jack lying lazily in front of the fire and not a chicken in sight.

The little girl was sick with fright, for she knew they had been hatched from expensive eggs of a particular breed, and that her father would scold her for her carelessness.

"Jack," she cried severely, "what have you done with those chickens?"

Jack merely wagged his tail and looked at her with one ear cocked. Mary slowly approached the culprit, with a deep frown on her face, and said:

"If you have eaten those chickens your master will have to shoot you."

At this terrible threat the dog only wagged his tail the harder and cocked both ears. Just then came a faint "Peep peep!" from somewhere near the fire, and the dog looked knowing.

And where do you suppose those baby chickens were hiding? Between the setter's two great forepaws and all up under his soft, silky hair. When his mistress had left the room Jack thought they needed care and considered it his duty to play nurse during her absence, so he had stretched himself before the fire and gathered the wee fluffy balls together under his warm fur, and now and again a tiny yellow head was thrust forth for a minute, to be withdrawn and tucked out of sight. Mary concluded that the basket was not needed just then and put it aside.

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HUMAN MIRRORS. —Children are wonderful mirrors. If your small brother always answers you rudely, it will be quite safe to review your dealings with him, to see if your own impatience or petulance is not responsible for this condition of things. I remember once seeing a little girl running out to meet a sister who had been uptown on an errand. As both hands of the elder girl were filled with packages, the little one had to content herself with clutching her sister's skirt, and holding it tightly as she ran by her side. But when the piazza was reached, she hastily climbed to the topmost step, from which point of vantage she could throw her arms around her sister's neck, and bestow upon her such a hugging and kissing as would fittingly commemorate a return from Europe after a year's absence. Faithful little mirror! She was reflecting a sweetly unselfish character of which this world can never have too many duplicates.

The treatment we receive from those outside our homes also helps in showing our true selves. When a girl's acquaintances are inclined to take liberties with her, it indicates something more than a lack in them; it proves that she is wanting in the sweet dignity which is an essential to a beautiful girlhood as to womanhood If the friends of another are continually coming to her with gossip, or stories she would be the better for not hearing, it is an evidence of a most unfortunate lack of delicacy in the listener, as well as in the narrators.

Many years ago an Englishwoman of rank half laughingly complained of the profanity a certain acquaintance was accustomed to use before her. "And I scold him for it continually" she added in conclusion. "Madam," was the rather severe reply, "there are ladies whose mere presence would so rebuke the thought of profanity that no unfitting word could cross the lips."

This matter of reflection is, then, a subject for reflection as well. It is not always easy to follow the wise old-time direction, "know thyself," nor the advice of a modern teacher, "Look then into thy heart." A part at least of our self-knowledge must come from the study of our reflections in the things and in the people about us. We must see what we are by the friendships we form, by the attitude of others towards ourselves, by the books we choose to read, by the direction of our tastes, by the ambitions on which we expend the most sincere and earnest efforts. "Look out, not in," is a good motto for those who are trying to understand the mystery of their own wish to "lend a hand" to the weaker and less fortunate. For when we fully realize that our own character is imaged in the lives about us, we become suddenly ambitious that these living mirrors shall reflect only that which is sweet and pure and beautiful. And day by day we find a deeper meaning in the familiar words:

"If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile."