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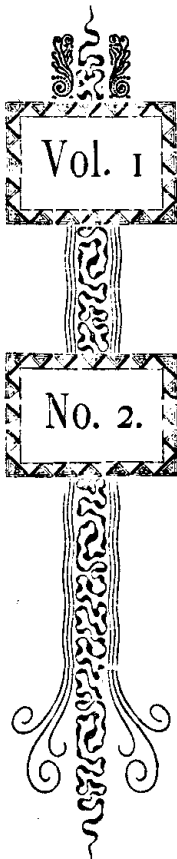
"ONLY LOVE YE TRUTH AND PEACE."

THE MONTH

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

CONTENTS:



	PAGE
No other alternative.....	21
A Child of the Church.....	23
The Haunted Spring (poetry).....	25
Father Faber as a Hymn Writer.....	26
The Flight into Egypt.....	27
The Captives in Babylon (poetry).....	29
Rev. Fr. Horris.....	29
Art Treasures in British Columbia.....	32
EDITORIAL:—The First Step—A Word to Subscribers—Our Great Dead—Only a Difference of Opinion.....	33
Calendar for February.....	35
Obituaries.....	36
News:—Miscellaneous.....	36
St. Peter's Cathedral—Personal—St. Louis College Notes.....	38
St. Ann's Academy—Our Lady of the Rosary, Vancouver.....	39
St. Louis Mission, Kamloops—Our Thanks—Meteorological Observations.....	40

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THE MONTH.

"ONLY LOVE YE TRUTH AND PEACE."

VOL. I.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., FEBRUARY, 1892.

No. 2

NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE.

"Every kingdom divided against itself will be made desolate."

THESE words one day fell from the lips of the Divine Founder of Christianity, yet strange to say, we behold division carried to its last extremities in what seems to be His own kingdom. Christianity at present is more than ever torn up into sects without number, into denominations whose only link is the belief in Christ and a common opposition to a church against which they protest.

These societies are tormented with a craving for unity which finds vent either in repeated efforts to remodel themselves on fundamental articles of belief, or in common works of charity and moral reform, or again in a "brotherly exchange of pulpits," or what is still more surprising, in the striking off from the varying professions of faith the points of difference in order to realize the ideal society that might truly be called "undenominational. Useless efforts! For there are only two logical meetings possible for those who stand on the ground of partial negation: either in the flood of total unbelief or on the shore of entire and absolute faith in all the truths revealed by Christ. Now where lies this fortunate shore? Many would be horror-stricken were they told.

Everyone will admit the principle that a work must bear the impress of the workman; hence the church must manifest the image of her founder. Now there are in the per-

son of the Divine Founder certain traits which stand out in bold relief. The first of these is unity. Christ Jesus is the center towards which all things converge; He unites the human with the divine, the created and the eternal, the mortal with the immortal, the old testament with the new, heaven with the earth; He brought peace to those whom sin had severed that He might bring them to God. Did He not pray on that solemn evening that "all who were His should be one like the Father and He are one," not the unity of denial and error, but in the unity of truth! The church then must be stamped with the character of unity in doctrine, for she, like her founder, must be the link connecting the human and the divine, heaven and earth, the past and the future, the Greek and the Barbarian. She must solidly fix the intellects in a common belief in order to inflame the hearts with the same charity, so that men being guided by the same discipline and the same moral principles will reach the same goal.

Again, Christ is the saviour of all men. He is the center that radiates to all the points of the circumference; His redemption extends to all; His church also must be for all—that is, she must embrace all times and all places: she must be universal.

Another striking feature in the Divine Founder is His infallibility. Unlike poor mortals who grope in the dark in their search for truth, He dwells in truth, He is truth, and

therefore does He teach with authority and certitude. Speaking to the Jews, he said, "Which of you shall convince me of sin?" That is, which of you shall give the lie to my teaching? His mission would have been a signal failure but for His infallibility: to guide men whom He came to redeem He had to know the road to life in order to avoid the abyss of eternal damnation. Having established His church to guide men to heaven, He must have given her His infallibility, and He must maintain her in truth and enable her to teach as He Himself has taught. True is it that he could have granted the privilege of infallibility to all the members of His church, but nowhere do we see that He did so. This prerogative, refused to each member, He bestowed upon the church as a body, and infallible she is.

No lengthy argumentation is required to prove that, the Founder of the church being holy, His work must be holy. The church must also be apostolic, because the apostles were the channels by which He watered the earth with his pure doctrine.

In Christ's church the characters of unity, infallibility, holiness, universality and apostolicity must shine out resplendent as the noonday sun. Now, in which of the many churches that claim to be the church of Christ, do we behold those signs? At our bidding the one that can step out boldly, bearing on her brow the divine im-

press, is the Catholic Church. She alone has a teaching immutable as God Himself, firm as eternity towards which she leads. The doctrine taught by Christ, repeated by His Apostles, submissively accepted by the first Christians, is the same that was proclaimed by the Catholic Church throughout all ages.

Vainly will the friends of progress taunt her with being stationary. Can they ignore that what is perfect from its origin cannot progress?

The Catholic Church knows no limit of time or place: she links together all nations to bring them to a common end. Bold in her claim for infallibility, she rests on a rock, and, inspired by the spirit of truth, she hurls anathema against those who presume to reject her teaching, whilst she solidly establishes in truth and unity her children, who listen to the voice of the Vicar of Christ on earth, the only center of unity in whom dwells infallibility.

"How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Jacob, and thy tents, O Israel!"

Either nations shall listen to the teachings of this church or drift down the abyss of doubt and infidelity. "There are," said late Cardinal Manning, "only three indestructible elements in the history of man: the people and the faith of Israel, the Catholic Church sprung from it, and the world which has persecuted both."



A CHILD OF THE CHURCH.

SO nearly allied are the Beautiful and the True, that it is not surprising to find Art flourishing most luxuriantly where Religion is. Whether turning to poetry, sculpture or painting, we see that within the shadow of the Rock of Peter, genius finds encouragement and assistance. Especially is this fact perceived in regard to painting and music, for these are the sisters the Church has called to her aid the more frequently, the former, in educating the soul by the sense of sight, the latter by that of hearing.

In the middle ages Europe possessed two kinds of music, that of the Troubadour, the patriotic, impulsive, often warlike and always unwritten lyrical popular sentiment of the hour and country, and that of the Church, encouraged since the time of Constantine, or even earlier, and which in an especial manner owes much to the patronage of Saint Ambrose and Saint Gregory. When abuses crept in and degenerate composers and choristers stooped to debase the art they should have striven to have elevated, there arose the father of church music as we now know it—Palestrina—who “established a type which has been more or less adhered to ever since” in the *Missa Papae Marcelli*.

The impetus thus given to the use of music devoted to sacred purposes resulted in the birth of the Oratorio. Crescembini, quoted by Sharp, writes: “The Oratorio, a poetical composition, formerly a co-mixture of the dramatic and narrative styles, but now entirely a musical drama, had its origin from Saint Philip Neri, who in his chapel after sermons and other devotions . . . had hymns, psalms and prayers sung by one or more voices. Among these spiritual songs were dialogues, and these entertainments becoming more frequent and improving every year, were the occasion that in the seventeenth century

oratorios were invented, so called from their origin.” These brief facts sufficiently justify the statement that the Church has ever been solicitous in fostering the beautiful wherever found, for “Music is the true type or measure of consummate art.” It is not remarkable, then, that the greatest of composers have found delight in setting the liturgies and hymns of the ancient faith to the most ennobling flights of their almost inspired genius, genius which has not infrequently consoled where all else has failed. Many are there, many there yet will be, who in perplexity, with Du Maurier cry:

“I am sick of idle words past all reconciling;

Words which worry and perplex and pander and conceal:

Wake the sounds which cannot lie for all their sweet beguiling—

The sounds which one need fathom not, but only know and feel.”

In the list of those great men who have reproduced for the church militant the echoes of the hosannas of the Church triumphant, the name of Mozart (the centenary of whose death has recently been celebrated) is pre-eminent. Haydn said, “I consider him the greatest composer I have ever heard.” To praise Mozart would be to paint the lily, and gild refined gold, yet it is pardonable for THE MONTH to bring its tribute of admiration in the train of the eulogies of Weber, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Wagner, and others of lesser fame perhaps, but equal sincerity. It is proper to remember him with affection whose mere name never failed to excite the loving tears of Meyerbeer, that composer whose works fill so large a place in French music, for which Mozart himself had, curiously enough, a deep-seated abhorrence.

Mozart is an exceptional instance of extravagant and phenomenal youthful talent maintained to the end of life. He was a musician born, and from his cradle days almost, gave

signs of his genius. At the age of 3 years he shared his elder sister's lessons on the harpsichord, at four he was composing minuets, and a year later a concerto for the piano, which his father declared to be too difficult for general use. "It must be practiced until it is learned," replied the baby. "This is how it goes," and he played it with correctness. We are told that he performed second violin at a chamber concert with ease at the age of six years, and without ever having learned that instrument. Taken to the court of Vienna, he delighted everybody with his childish innocence no less than his phenomenal musical capabilities. He at once ran to the arms of the Empress and kissed her on both cheeks. Falling one day in the palace, Marie Antoinette, afterwards Queen of France, hastened to pick him up. "Thank you," said the child, "you are very kind, and when I grow up I will marry you." In Vienna, as at other capitals, the elder Mozart found that, whilst he was courted and flattered, of money there was little to be expected. "I am positively poor," he wrote. Wherever young Mozart went he caused a profound sensation. While yet a boy he was loaded with honors by the Academies of Bologna and Verona. At Rome he went to the Sistine Chapel and wrote the score of Allegri's great Miserere from the memory of that single hearing. At Bologna he formed a deep attachment to Padre Martini, and the Pope conferred upon him the Order of the Golden Spur, a distinction which some time before Gluck had been honored with. In Paris he lived unhappily. He detested the veneer of frivolity, which he found but thinly covered, sensuality and coarseness. In his anger he wrote, "Friends who have no religion cannot long be my friends." In 1779 the composer returned to Germany, and it is prior to this event that he must have composed the greater number of his masses. In 1782 he married, being at the time miserably poor. His reasons for marriage show an ingenuous nature. "I have no one to take

care of my linen, I will not live dissolutely like other young men, and I love Constance Weber." From this time the spectre of want ever pursued him. He received endless gifts which he too frequently had to pawn to purchase a dinner. In 1791 Mozart's health broke, and with this came a deep melancholy. At this time a stranger arrived to him with an order for a Requiem Mass to be composed by a certain day. He became convinced that the stranger (who maintained a certain air of mystery) was a visitor from the other world. When his wife returned from Baden, where she had been seeking health, she found Mozart working at the Requiem until he swooned. The end was near and the great work yet unfinished. Kaulbach has familiarized us in his picture with the closing scene. Friends were called to the room where the dying man sat propped up in a chair. The Requiem, incomplete as it was, was performed, Mozart every once in a while correcting, so that Sussmeyer, who stood by, might have aid in finishing the composition. "His last efforts were to imitate some peculiar instrumental effects as he breathed out his life in the arms of his wife and his friend Sussmeyer. "Who can think of the frantic widow in her poverty, seeking aid for the burial of one of the world's greatest sons, denied a kreutzer by those whose future he had made; who can recall the fact that to-day his actual burial place in the paupers' quarter is uncertain; who can imagine the scene of the lonely hearse wending its way from the cathedral to the grave unattended by any save the driver of the vehicle, who grumbled that "not a kreutzer of drink money have I had;" who can hear of these things without a blush of shame for the land and the men who permitted them?

Rockstro declares that "the well-considered symmetry of Mozart's work reaches technical perfection, and true genius is the soul which animates this body." His individuality of style is unmistakable invariably, and "the boundless melodies of his

productions are governed by a refined touch." His fertility of invention was as remarkable as his beauty of form and exactness of method. Never in any of these respects has Mozart been surpassed, and he has had but one or two rivals. His Masses are standards in the service of the Church, and of him nothing more truthful can be written than the

words of a well-known critic: "Mozart was a king and a slave—king of his own beautiful realm of music; slave of the circumstances and conditions of this world. Once over the boundaries of his own kingdom and he was supreme; but the powers of the earth acknowledge not his sovereignty." A. C. S.

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

IN a lovely valley, darkling and weird,
 Where the flowers never bloom,
 Where the song-birds' swell is never heard,
 And all is as the tomb;
 Where the foot of man has never trod
 Since murder-stains first marked that sod,
 The haunted spring is found.

At midnight from this spring arises
 Shapes fantastic, odd,
 Uttering weird and horrid noises
 With many a woeful nod:
 And shrieking, jabbering, laughing wild,
 While one 's caressed and now is riled—
 The carnival goes on.

And lonely wayfarers oft do tell
 Of this weird place the tale,
 And say there hangs a murder spell
 About the haunted vale.
 I saw the place and wandered there
 Till round me blew the even air,
 Then place gave to the ghouls.

—PAUL REIMAN.



FATHER FABER AS A HYMN WRITER.

IN ALL ages and among all nations mankind has ever employed poetry to express the deepest and noblest of its thoughts, and the men who compose the Holy Catholic Church have followed this universal rule, clothing in form of verse the most touching parts of the gospel story. As the *Adeste Fideles* tells of the birth of the Infant-Saviour, so the *Stabat Mater* paints in heart-rending colors the last dread scene on Calvary; or it may be some great theological mystery is brought nearer to our comprehension by the sweet song of an enraptured saint; and what more beautiful example than the *Pange Lingua* of St. Thomas can be quoted?

Now we in these latter days have been blessed by three hymn-writers in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, of whom we may dare to say that, as long as the English language is spoken, their names will be held dear the world over. Cardinal Newman, whose *Lead Kindly Light* has taken hold of both continents, Father Caswall, the compiler of so many exquisite translations from the Breviary, and, thirdly, Father Faber, who for many years was Superior of the London Oratory. It is to the hymns of this last one we would call particular attention.

Born and bred in the Establishment, for many years Father Faber officiated as a clergyman of the Church of England, but when in early middle life he was led into the fold of the Church, then it was that he used more especially his fertile poetic gift to the greater glory of God, in composing those beautiful songs of praise which are heard from ocean to ocean and from pole to pole.

The late Cardinal Newman stated to a friend of the writer of this article that of all this gifted author ever wrote, the hymn *Mother of Mercy* appealed to him the most.

“ Mother of Mercy, day by day,
My love of thee grows more and more;
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way,
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

Though poverty and work and woe
The masters of my life may be,
When times are worst, who does not
know
Darkness is light with love of thee!

But scornful men have coldly said
Thy love was leading me from God;
And yet in this I did but tread
The very path my Saviour trod.

They know but little of thy worth
Who speak these heartless words to me;
For what did Jesus love on earth
One-half so tenderly as thee?

Get me the grace to love thee more;
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead;
And, Mother, when life's cares are o'er,
Oh, I shall love thee then indeed!

Jesus, when His three hours were run,
Bequeathed thee from the cross to me;
How can I rightly love thy Son,
Sweet Mother! if I love not thee!

It has been remarked that no one but a convert from Protestantism could have composed the above verses; it may be so, for in England, where in the last half-century very many have entered the fold, *Mother of Mercy* is known and sung by every devout and loving child of our Blessed Lady.

But Father Faber has left behind him so many beautiful hymns addressed to the mother of God, that it is impossible to single out any one as superior to the others. *Immaculate!* *Immaculate!* and *Hail Queen of Heaven* are among the best known, but they are very closely followed by *O Turn to Jesus*, a hymn-prayer in behalf of the holy souls. *Jesus Our Love is Crucified*, a passion hymn, was, we believe, especially written for the Oratory Church, where on

Friday nights, week after week, at the end of the Stations of the Cross, before the unlighted altar, priest and people chant its mournful verses. It is indeed a wondrous dirge for the sufferings of God and the sins of men, and the eyes of many are wet as they slowly leave the house of God, where for a little while they have been trying to realize with what a heavy price our redemption was bought. This hymn appears in various forms in most collections of hymns used in Protestant congregations, showing plainly, in spite of many and deep differences of creed and belief, that Father Faber expresses the longing and desires of all who truly yearn after their Saviour and God.

O Paradise! O Paradise! and *Hark, Hark, My Soul!* are without doubt the most popular and most widely known of all that Father Faber has ever written, but, though very beautiful, we cannot fail to dissent from what seems a universal opinion. *Jesus is God* surely ranks far higher than either, both from a devotional and metrical point of view.

There is hardly another writer who is so much in touch with the trials

and aspirations of the people. Father Faber knew the human heart as few understand it, and in that lay his success. He has been called by his more ardent admirers the "Apostle of London," and though hesitating to give such an august title to him, lest we should seem to detract from the great merits and labors of his fellow-workers in the fruitful field of the modern Babylon, nevertheless, it is not too much to say that it was chiefly through his instrumentality that English Catholics had the courage to worship once more with the full pomp and ritual of the Church, to set up again the holy statues for the veneration of the faithful, and to inaugurate processions both of the Blessed Sacrament and our Lady; supported by cardinal Wiseman, he boldly revived stations, *soutane* and congregational singing, and as hymns were almost wanting in the vernacular, he set himself the task of giving the English world, especially the Congregation of his own Oratory, words of prayer and praise at once deep and heart-stirring.

JOSHUA HEPWORTH.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

IN THE "Apocryphal Gospels," notably the "*Evangelium Infantiae Salvatoris*" and the "*Prot-evangelium of St. James*," are related many marvellous tales of the first years of our Saviour's earthly life; tales which erstwhile were told in the harvest field, when the reapers rested during the noontide heat, at the camp-fires of the caravans, in the tent, and in the bazaar, and, in later days, at the bivouacs of the soldiers of the cross.

These legends the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, in her divinely-directed wisdom, has re-

fused to sanction, but they are nevertheless of great value, inasmuch as that they exhibit to us the boundless, unquestioning faith of the children of the primitive Church in the divinity of the Founder, and that they witness as well the devotion of the early Christians for the Mother of God, as their appreciation of the incalculable value of her intercession, prerogatives which have never been denied her, until the revolt of the sixteenth century against both the Church of God and the divinely appointed Shepherd of nations, his office and person. A few, perhaps the most inter-

esting, of these legends are appended.

It is related that while the Holy Family was flying from Herod, it came to a field where a man was sowing wheat. Lady Mary said to him: "If any shall ask you if we have passed this way, you shall answer, 'they passed while I was sowing wheat,'" Next day Herod's officers came to the place, and lo! the grain was ready for the harvest. They asked the husbandman if an old man, a woman and a child had travelled that way. He truthfully replied, "they passed when I was sowing wheat." The tyrant's soldiers thereupon turned back. Allusive to this legend a curious superstition exists in the Scottish Highlands to the effect that, after Herod's officers had had their answer, a black beetle thrust up its head and said, "the Son of man passed here last night." Hence the Catholic Highlanders, whenever they come across one of these heretical insects, stamp upon it, saying, "Beetle, beetle, last night."

As the holy family continued on its way a forest was reached. All the trees save the aspen bowed down before the infant Saviour, who thereupon cursed the rebellious tree. For this reason, and because the aspen, so tradition has it, furnished the wood whereof the cross was made, its leaves have trembled ever since. It is a fact that its leaves are never at rest. The palm tree was more reverent, for one evening, as our Blessed Lady, wearied with the day's long journey, was resting beneath a date palm, she beheld fruit upon its branches, and besought St. Joseph to get her some. Her divine Son, mindful then, as he is now, and ever will be, of the behests of His Mother, commanded the tree to incline its branches so that its fruit might be within Our Lady's reach. The conscious tree knew its God, and at once obeyed.

One day the Holy Family encountered a band of robbers, one of whom called Damaschus, proposed to despoil and maltreat the wayfarers, but

his companion, Titus, came to their rescue, and by the gift of his girdle and forty groats, induced his fellow bandit to desist. Titus safeguarded the travellers to a shelter for the night. On parting on the morrow Our Lady said to their protector: "The Lord God will receive thee to His right hand and grant thee pardon of thy sins;" a gracious promise which thirty years afterward, in the awful hour of the crucifixion, was fulfilled when Titus, the penitent thief, hanging on the cross beside his divine Lord, was assured that that night he should enter paradise.

Of the subsequent wanderings of the Holy Family tradition tells us little. The Copts have a very old tradition that this notable company dwelt for a time in old Cairo, at the entry to Memphis, where there is an ancient church containing in its crypt three arcades sacred to Jesus, Mary and St. Joseph, which were built in memory of the Saviour's abode. The Coptic Christians still worship in this church.

The beautiful legend of "La Befana," as she is called by the Italians, may be deemed not unworthy of recital here. It is as follows: When the three Magi were on their way to Bethlehem "that they might worship also," they passed a woman cleaning her house. She asked them whither they were going. When they told her their errand, she begged them to wait until her work was done so that she might accompany them. They replied that they might not tarry and went their way. When her task was finished the woman set out to follow them, but she saw them never again. Ever since that day she has been wandering about the earth, looking for the holy Child. On the eve of the Feast of the Epiphany she descends the chimneys of houses, bringing gifts to the little ones, hoping ever, trusting ever, that among them she may find Him Whom she seeks. Of this legend the Santa Claus myth is doubtless a variant.

C. E. H.

THE CAPTIVES IN BABYLON.

WE SAT by the rivers of Babel and wept,
 When we thought on the land where our forefathers slept;
 Our sad hearts were breaking, our harps were unstrung,
 As on the green willows they silently hung.

For they, who in triumph had led us away
 From the land they had pillaged and left in dismay,
 With laughter and jest, added insult to wrong,
 And bade us be mirthful and sing them a song.

No! never, proud heathen, these valleys shall ring
 With the music of Zion, for how shall we sing
 The songs of the Lord, while the hill and the vale
 Are profaned by the temples and worship of Baal?

In the day I forget how the Gentile defiled
 The city of God and His people reviled,
 Let the skill from my right hand forever depart,
 And my tongue fail to utter the wish of my heart.

Ye daughters of Salem! O weep for our race,
 The exiles afar in this desolate place;
 O weep for our kindred who fell by the sword,
 O weep for the Temple, the House of the Lord!

Proud Princess of Babel! the Lord hath declared,
 By the mouth of His prophet, thou shalt not be spared;
 The crown from thy brow by the Mede shall be torn,
 And thy beauty shall vanish like dew in the morn!

—H. M. STRAMBERG.

REV. FATHER HARRIS.

ONLY a few months ago a friend,
 living in New Westminster,
 returned from a trip to the Em-
 erald Isle. After the first
 shaking of hands and the welcoming
 was indulged in, he was invariably
 asked: "And did you see Father
 Harris?" or "How is Father Hor-
 ris?" We were all glad to hear that

the good father is doing fairly well.
 He is taking a much-needed rest, for
 he is unable to attend to any priestly
 duties; yet he is resigned to his posi-
 tion, seeing that it is the will of God,
 and he thanks kind Providence that
 has given him good friends in his old
 days. Surely he deserved to have
 them, for he has been the friend of

all who came to him when he was parish priest of St. Peter's in New Westminster and performed missionary duty in his adopted land of British Columbia. We are sure of not displeasing the readers of *THE MONTH* by giving a few reminiscences of the good Father.

When Mgr. D'Herbomez had been consecrated Vicar Apostolic of the Mainland in 1863, and had left Esquimalt, his former residence near Victoria, where he had been the Superior of the Oblate Missionaries, he chose New Westminster as the headquarters of the new diocese. His first concern was to obtain laborers for the immense field placed under his charge. Accordingly he made an appeal to Ireland and to France for missionaries. Amongst those who responded was Rev. Father Horris, who arrived in 1865. After a short stay in Victoria he came to New Westminster, where a mission had already been founded by Father Fouquet. Father Horris was given the charge of the incipient parish, and from that time until he left New Westminster, a few years ago, he was most zealously engaged in fulfilling his duties with the flock committed to him.

In 1866 he was appointed director of the school which Mgr. D'Herbomez had opened; this position he retained until 1880. He was also chaplain of St. Ann's Convent, the Jail, the Penitentiary, and he had to fulfill at the same time the responsible duties of Procurator of the Vicariate. The numerous occupations which these positions brought with them would have satisfied an ordinary man, but Father Horris was endowed with no common zeal; his desire to do good, and to do all the good possible, always prompted him to answer any calls from far and near. These calls were frequent, for in these early days the population was scattered, and New Westminster was the only center to which the Catholics from twenty and thirty miles around could come for a priest. The difficulties of the road or the inclemency of the season could not damp his

ardor. A soul in danger or in need of spiritual help and consolation, would draw him forth and nothing could stop him. He was often known to have left after dinner to answer a sick call, when the snow was twelve inches deep and the roads bad, with no other companion than his walking stick. He would travel to Hastings, cross the Inlet in a canoe, administer the sick or dying person, and be back before bedtime. On one occasion he had a hairbreadth escape from a watery grave. He never related this incident of his life without expressing gratitude to the Almighty for his preservation. It was soon after his arrival into the country. He got orders to go to Yale. As it was winter, and as boats did not run so far, he hired a canoe. Towards the end of his journey the canoe struck a rock and split its sides. He scarcely had time to throw out his valise, which contained the sacred vessels and vestments for the celebration of holy mass, when the canoe went down. Having reached the shore, he managed with some difficulty to hire another canoe, and it was only after experiencing several hard shocks that he finally reached Yale, where kindly people received him well and cared for him until his return.

The dangers he had run could never deter him from undergoing new hardships, and he never lost his good humor. He allied in a singular way the greatest attention to duty with the frankest cheerfulness. This cheerfulness he communicated to all around him, and it gained him a host of friends amongst all classes of society, without distinction of creed. By all he was known and loved as "Father Horris". His duties often brought him in contact with all sorts of people and with all his influence for good was felt. On an errand of charity, or in the interests of the parish, he could call on the generosity of the whole community and never would he leave a house empty-handed. The children and young people, especially, were always glad to meet him; for all he had a kind word, an encouraging tap on the

shoulder, and a "God bless you." It was remarked that when his brisk step was heard on the sidewalk the gay barking of the dogs would greet him on his passage. He would clap his hands and the little curs would come out and there would be a scene. The children would then gather around him, and the old folks, curious to know what was going on, would exclaim, "Oh! it's Father Horris that's passing."

He had a witty way about him that would puzzle those who were not accustomed to him. Strangers coming to the house he would invite to take a walk; naturally they would accept; but to their regret; for the next morning their sore limbs forced them to take a prolonged rest, while Father Horris laughed in his sleeve over it. A walk of twenty miles was a mere trifle for him, and he took a long walk as a remedy for a pain in the back, the consequence of a fall from a horse while fox-hunting in Ireland in his young days. In summer, after his Office, or his labors of the ministry, towards evening, he would take a six-mile run on foot to Port Moody, take a few sommersaults in the briny deep, and would return in time for supper, and would glory in the feat. Of course he had to be alone, for no one else could keep up with him.

When the boys at the college would ask him where he was born or whether he was an Irishman, he would ask them if they knew where Kamtchatka is, or Tombouctou, or some other outlandish place. Then the young fellows would be searching over every map to find Father Horris's birthplace. When asked if he was not afraid of bears when alone on his journeys through the thick and wild forests, he would answer, "Bears!

why, I would knock them all to pieces with my stick."

Amidst his many successful labors and honored with the universal esteem, he never ceased to be humble and unassuming. When in latter years, one of the Fathers, playing on his credulity, told him that he had to prepare himself to be appointed and consecrated Vicar Apostolic for Alaska or some northern district, Father Horris became thoroughly alarmed. To be "Father Horris" had been his only ambition; and a father he truly was in every sense of the word; a spiritual father looking after the interests of the souls of those who were confided to his care, and he was even interested in the temporal affairs of his children. His great desire was to see peace reign amongst all, and he scrupulously avoided whatever would cause discord. When there was question of sin, however, he could not be controlled, and his earnest zeal made him severe for the greater honor of God.

No wonder that, with his many religious and social virtues, Father Horris was beloved by all who knew him. He truly "possessed the land", that is, the affection of those with whom he lived, and we may well understand how universally he was regretted when, for the sake of his health, he had to go to his native Erin and it was no subject of marvel to see a rich spontaneous offering made him by all the citizens of New Westminster, before his departure. The affection for the good Father Horris, who was consumed by the true zeal of an Oblate missionary, accompanied him to the green isle beyond the seas and often do the people of New Westminster speak of him with gratitude and recall his many noble and disinterested deeds.

B. A.



ART TREASURES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

WHEN travelling, a few months ago, on one of the "Observation Cars", lately added to their trains by the far-seeing wisdom of the C. P. R. managers, I had the good fortune to come in contact with a talented artist, who was even then on his way to California, to see and use for himself the far-famed glories of that country. But after entering the Rocky Mountains his attitude grew less buoyant, and at times he even sighed.

"What now my friend," said I "is weighing on your spirits!"

"The feeling" said he "of the majesty and greatness of this wonderful corner of God's earth, which is too stupendous for me to grasp."

And though I had spoken lightly, I could not but feel that his answer was right. It was exactly that "God's earth", and painted in colors which God himself alone could produce. For what pigments could ever give the clear softness and radiance of that azure sky, the sharp crisp and glittering whiteness of the snow as it lay on the mountain heights, and brought forward into striking prominence the lights and shades of the rugged peaks, and over all the sunlight playing till the little cascades, falling down the mountain sides, appeared to dance for very joy in the presence of their Creator?

Even as my friend spoke, we crossed a foaming river, the waters of which were of a strange blue-green, though so clear were they, that the pebbles in its bed could be seen shining clean and white.

When the wilder regions had been left behind, how much of beauty was there still in the scene; what lovely effects of grey, green, rose and

yellow mingled together on the horizon, contrasting yet blending, and again repeated in the depths of a noble lake, as in a mirror, while ever and anon a bright winged bird appeared like a flash, only to vanish as quickly and thus enhance the quiet sweetness of the hour.

And a longer knowledge of the country has only further impressed me with its manifold beauties, and the wide field it opens for artists, for no side of nature is left unrepresented.

Low lying prairie land, rich in the coloring of the red clover, and later in the season the golden corn fields; orchards showing trees laden to the ground with rosy-cheeked apples or purple plums, while in the background a gabled house and quaint barn form altogether, an almost perfect picture of British Columbian rural life.

Go a little further to the capital with its rockbound shores and noble waves, surely one would be tempted to linger here, and daily find fresh impressions and new charms. Nor must the birds of this country be overlooked, Wood-peckers of almost tropical coloring and many varieties, blue jays with their inimitable pose and expression of saucy independence, robins, snow-birds, and many others too numerous to mention.

We feel that the native Indians, with their canoes, rancheries and various other charms, have not received due attention, but when space is limited much must of necessity be omitted in speaking of the art treasures of a country where they are almost inexhaustible. Perhaps at some future time we may again refer to this subject.

D. M.



The Month.

"Only love ye truth and peace."

THE MONTH is under the distinguished patronage of Mgr. Durieu, O. M. I. D. D., Bishop of New Westminster, B. C., and is published in the interests of the Diocese and its institutions.

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THE FIRST STEP.

To say that the first number of the THE MONTH was given a good reception everywhere is a trite repetition of what we hear around us, and to mention that the editors are proud of the cordial welcome extended their nurseling, is but a feeble expression of the sentiment uppermost in their heart. In our introductory we pleaded "youth" and "first efforts," and, although we were assured of the good wishes of many, we could not dispel certain misgivings as to the manner in which strangers would greet the new comer when left to speak for himself. Happily we could lay our fears aside, for in spite of several errors which slipped into the first number, the readers of THE MONTH were favorably impressed with its literary merit, and they have even praised its neatness of form. We gladly record the kindly words that have appeared in the various journals of the Province. We trusted in the blessing of our good Bishop, and we were not disappointed. The present number is a proof of the sincerity of our endeavors, and it amply shows that a healthy enthusiasm has taken hold of some contributors whose literary attainments, while beneficial

to THE MONTH, entitles them to no small share of appreciation from our readers, and to the cordial thanks of the editors.

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Copies of THE MONTH have been addressed to a number of people all through the Province, with an invitation to subscribe. A good few have promptly answered; their subscriptions we gladly received, and we have no doubt that many more will send in their names. We would ask these to do so without delay, so that we may place their names on our register, and that they may receive every number. They have simply to fill up the blank that accompanies the circular which is sent with the sample copy, and to return it to us with the amount of subscription. Those who do not wish to subscribe, we would kindly ask to pass the copy with the circular to others of their friends who perhaps would gladly become regular readers of THE MONTH. Our desire is to have numerous readers, and of course many subscribers. We have faith enough in the future of our monthly to justify such a wish.

OUR GREAT DEAD.

England has lost a noble hearted son, the Empire an illustrious friend, the world a great citizen and the Church on earth one of Her most saintly princes by the death of his Eminence the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Dr. Manning. Last month a writer in this magazine paid an utterly inadequate, but sincerely devoted tribute of affection to him who fittingly was Archbishop in the land where Anselm, Augustine, Thomas of Canterbury, Fisher, Wise-

man and others labored. The loftiest panegyric of such a man would be at fault. He was not of this world. His appearance, the words which fell from his lips, the very atmosphere in which he breathed, the mere influence of his name, all these things proclaimed the simplicity and humility of the man, no less than the zeal and fervour of the sacerdotal office. Lord Beaconsfield dreamed of an ideal,—neither monk nor schoolman—and he and we lived to find him in the deceased Prelate, who in the open air, and with a cart for a pulpit, talked with the people as his Divine Master did of old from a fishing boat.

"It was not ever thus" with him. He had been once "a parliamentary Christian," but fearing the rationalistic tendency of the age, and firmly holding the doctrines of Baptismal Regeneration, the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, and Apostolical Succession, he naturally found rest in the bosom of the Catholic Church. English Protestant posterity will probably think of him as a great social and temperance reformer, Catholics will recollect his zeal for the cause of Education, the protection of their poor, and his devoted love for the Irish race, but the everyday public, what of them? They will think of his Eminence as their friend at all times, but more especially in the season of their darkest need. They will recall that in his ardour for their spiritual welfare, he did not forget they were *men of flesh and blood*, having temporal rights withheld and bitter wrongs unredressed. He was a priest and therefore the sympathiser with sorrow, the father of the fatherless, the comforter of the afflicted, and the refuge of the broken hearted. It is said that he reconciled numerous Magdalens to the Church, and that almost as many Protestants as Catholics came to him for counsel. Mar-

tyn Williams, the greatest pleader in the criminal courts, and now a magistrate, declared: "Although I am not a Catholic, if the time should come when I should be in need of spiritual advice, I would send for you." He was speaking to the Cardinal. Of him Mr. Stead has written: "London would be a very different city to me if the Cardinal were not at Westminster keeping vigilant and loving watch," and if he a Nonconformist, feels this, how much more do we. Many of us have heard his voice some, perhaps, have felt his touch or received his blessing. Never again in this life will he be seen or heard, but knowing that "blessed in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," we can watch him as he disappears through the portals of Death, and can almost hear his Guardian Angel sing: "O happy suffering soul! for it is safe Consumed yet quickened by the glance of God."

ONLY A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

The Holy Father held a Consistory on Dec. 14 last. He again protested, as he ought to do, against the accumulated insults offered him, either openly or stealthily, by the barefaced usurpers. He deplores the depravity of morals, and expresses the desire that the heads of governments should turn more serious attention to what alone can insure the solidity of states and empires, namely, that virtue and religion should flourish. In thus raising his voice the Vicar of Christ fulfills a part of his exalted mission. We find it very natural that the Holy Father should protest against the usurpation of 1870, but not so Signor Crispi. This interesting individual, in an article contributed to the *North American Review*, forcibly brings to mind the picture of a highway robber who, with one hand throttles his poor despoiled victim, and with the other raises a dagger, ready to strike at the first complaint. Truly such shameless, brazen-faced cynicism can only be found in a bandit of the Crispi and Garibaldi type.

Calendar of the Feasts of our Lord and the Saints

FOR FEBRUARY, 1892.

Mon.	1	St. Ignatius, Bish. and Mart.—D.
Tues.	2	Purification of the B. V. Mary.—D., second-class.
Wed.	3	St. Blasius, Bish. and Mart.—Semi-D.
Thu.	4	St. Andrew Corsini, Bish. and Conf.—D.
Frid.	5	St. Agatha, Virg. and Mart.—D.
Sat.	6	St. Titus, Bish. and Conf.—D.
SUN.	7	Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.—Solemnity of the Feast of the Purification.
Mon.	8	St. John of Matha, Conf.—D.
Tues.	9	St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bish. and Doctor.—D.
Wed.	10	St. Scholastica, Vir.—D.
Thu.	11	The Seven Holy Founders of the Order of Servites—Conf.—D.
Frid.	12	St. Raymond, Conf.—D.
Sat.	13	St. Catharine of Ricci, Vir.—D.
SUN.	14	Septuagesima Sunday.—About seventy days before Easter Sunday.—St. Valentine, Priest and Mart.
Mon.	15	S. S. Faustin and Jovita, Mart.
Tues.	16	Commemoration of the Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden of Gethsemani.—D. maj.
Wed.	17	St. Fintan, Abb.—Semi-D.
Thu.	18	St. Simeon, Bish. and Mart.—Semi-D.
Frid.	19	St. Barbatus, Bish. and Conf.—Simple.
Sat.	20	St. Cuthbert, Bish. and Conf.—Semi-D.
SUN.	21	Sexagesima Sunday.—Semi-D.
Mon.	22	St. Peter's Chair at Antioch.—D. maj.
Tues.	23	Commemoration of the Sacred Passion of Our Lord.—D. maj.
Wed.	24	St. Peter Damian, Bish. and Dr.
Thu.	25	St. Matthias, Apostle.—D., second-class.
Frid.	26	St. Alexander, Pope and Conf.
Sat.	27	St. Margaret of Cortona, Penitent.—D.
SUN.	28	Quinquagesima Sunday.—Semi-D.
Mon.	29	Votive office of the Holy Guardian Angels.—Semi-D.

N. B.—On the Feast of the Purification of the B. V. M., the blessing of candles will take place before Mass. Every home should be provided with blessed candles, which are lit during the administration of the sick and also during storms.

OBITUARIES.

Death has dealt heavy blows of late. Princes of the church and distinguished Prelates have been laid low. Three Cardinals: Manning, Agostini and Simeoni, Bishop Laughlin of Brooklyn, Monseigneur Freppel of Angers, France, Bishop Marango of Athens, and Father Anderledy Superior General of the Jesuits at Rome, have been called to their reward.

The death of His Eminence Henry Edward Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, removes one of the greatest figures in modern history and closes a career of pre-eminent saintliness on earth. The son of an English member of Parliament, he was born in 1808, and educated at Harrow, and Oriel College, Oxford. In 1830 he graduated and became a Fellow of Merton College. Subsequently he took charge of the Rectories of Lavington and Graffham, and from 1840 to 1851 was Venerable Archdeacon of Chichester. In the latter year he resigned all his honors and preferments and submitted himself to the Church. Going to Rome he was ordained and then founded the Congregation of the Oblate of St. Charles Borromeo at Bayswater. In 1865, on the death of Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Manning became Archbishop of Westminster, and ten years later he became a Cardinal Priest. Throughout his life he was a prominent leader in all philanthropic movements for the benefit of the English people. He founded the League of the Cross, a temperance organization of great strength and influence, and was the main instrument in the hands of Providence by which the Dockers' strike in 1889 was happily concluded before it had wrought irreparable injury to the commerce of the Empire and the world. As a preacher he was widely known, and his published works include several volumes of sermons and dissertations on the relations existing between the Church and civil society. He had a remarkable devotion to the Third Person of the Holy Trinity, and his publication on the "Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost," is well known. His controversial efforts were few, the best known being "The Temporal Power of the Pope," a reply to Mr. Gladstone's "Vatican Decrees." His Eminence, after a short sick-

ness, passed to his rest on Thursday morning, January 14th, surrounded by the Coadjutors of the Arch-diocese.

His funeral was attended by at least half a million people, chiefly composed of the working classes.

Cardinal Simeoni also died on Jan. 14th, aged 76 years. By his death the Church loses an eminent member of the Sacred College. He was in his time, when Secretary of State, a wise diplomatist and as Cardinal Perfect of the Propaganda, a most zealous protector of the missions throughout the world.

Cardinal Agostini of Venice, was 67 years old. He was one of the eight Patriarchs of the Latin Rite.

In Mgr. Freppel not only France but the whole Catholic world lost a most ardent champion of its rights which he upheld with voice and pen against the bitterly hostile Parliament of which he was a member since 1880. As a scholar, an orator, a wise bishop, he was a bright light in the hierarchy of France; as a patriot he had not his peer in the whole French Chambers, whose hatred was not spared him for his scathing censure of their godless legislation, but whose universal applause he won again and again by his impassioned appeals in favor of renewed efforts to restore his humiliated country to its former political and military grandeur. He died Dec. 22 last at the age of 65.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

At the Consistory, held Dec. 14, two new cardinals were created: Louis Ruffo Scilla titular Archbishop of Petra, Papal Major-domo and Louis Sepiacci, O. S. A., titular Bishop of Callinicus, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. The Holy Father also appointed 8 new Archbishops and 9 Bishops for various parts of the world.

It is officially announced that the successor to late Bishop Wadhams of Ogdensburg, N. Y., will be Very Rev. H. Gabriels, S. T. D., president of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y.

THE RUSH ROMEWARDS.

A correspondent in the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes of the recent converts to the Catholic Church in England: "The rush Romewards," which seems to have marked this year, has by no means spent its force, if one may judge from recent conversions among the various classes of the community. Prominent among them are to be noted those of Mr. George Skeffington Usher, a lineal descendant of the famous Archbishop Usher, Protestant Primate of Ireland; Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, the well-known author, and his wife, who is a daughter of Nathan Hawthorne; Major-General and Mrs. Whinyates; Mr. Basil Lechmere, son of Henry Lechmere, Bart. At a time when all England is, as it were, venerating a new memory of Nelson, it is interesting to find that Hon. Edward Horatio Nelson has become a Catholic, making the third of the present Earl Nelson's sons who has taken that step. Viscount St. Cyres, the eldest son of the Earl of Iddesleigh, and a popular student at Oxford, whose conversion was prematurely announced a year ago and denied by his father, has now openly declared his adhesion to the old faith by taking an active part in the formation of Newman House, in South London, which is to be worked by Catholic members of Oxford University, on the social religious lines laid down in the Papal Encyclical. Among the ladies occur the names of Miss Stewart, of Ascog Hall, Bute; Mrs. Thornton, superintendent of Mysore College; Miss Charlotte O'Brien, daughter of the late W. Smith O'Brien, M. P.; and of no fewer than three matrons of the London hospitals, as well as several in the provinces. The latest clerical recruit is Rev. Thomas Gate, M. A., of Oriel College, Oxford, making the twelfth minister of the Established church who has "gone over" within a comparatively brief period.

To this list we may add the name of James Knowles, editor of the *Nineteenth Century Review*.

Mgr. Durieu paid a ten days visit to the Squamish; on his return he suffered from the influenza. We are glad to inform our readers that he is in good health again.

Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, N. J., blessed the corner stone of the Trenton battle Monument, which will commemorate the defeat of the Hessians, Dec. 25, 1776. He was called upon to say grace and to speak at a banquet held after the ceremony was over. Quite liberal minded the Trentonians!

Rev. Father Morice, O. M. I. of Stewart's Lake Mission, is the editor of a monthly published in the Dene language for his Indians. The Rev. Father is the inventor of a new alphabet which will considerably lessen for the northern tribes the study of reading and writing their native tongues. An ardent linguist, Father Morice has added considerably to the knowledge of the Dene languages by several technical essays published in the Transactions of the Canadian Institute.

Cardinal Ledochowski has been named Cardinal Prefect of the Propoganda, Cardinal Vannutelli becomes Prefect of the Briefs, and Cardinal Ricci Prefect of Memorials.

Just when going to press we learned that Rev. Father Horris, O. M. I., so well known to all the old residents of the city and surroundings, and of whom we publish a few reminiscences in the present number of THE MONTH, has received a severe stroke of paralysis, and lies dangerously ill at Waterford, Ireland, where he has been enjoying the hospitality of the Brothers of St. John of God. The dear Father has the sympathy both of his brother Oblates and his numerous friends.

Rev. Father Fox, O. M. I., of Winnipeg, whom many learned to cherish when on his missionary errand here in 1890, passed through a very severe illness at the St. Boniface Hospital, lately. We all rejoice at his recovery and wish he may live many a year to come.

From accounts brought by visitors from Victoria, St. Andrew's Cathedral is quite a gem. Exteriorly the edifice is imposing, while interiorly the elegant arches and artistic ornamentations make a harmonious whole most pleasing to behold. We understand that it will soon be consecrated and then may the Catholics of the capital justly pride themselves in the possession of the finest church in British Columbia.

The friends of the veteran Father Chirouse will learn with regret that the good Father had a light stroke of paralysis in the left side. He is receiving every attention at the hands of the Sisters of St. Mary's Hospital.

THE MONTH was well received at William's Lake, if we are to judge from what Rev. Father Carrion writes. Subscriptions are coming in from up there and we have no doubt that the Rev. Fathers of the Mission will speak a favorable word for THE MONTH.

ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

The solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of His Eminence, the late Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, took place on Tuesday morning, Jan. 19, at 10 o'clock. It was largely attended. His Lordship, the Bishop, was prevented from attending through sickness. Rev. Fr. Fayard was the celebrant, Rev. Fr. Jacob was deacon, and Rev. W. Whelan, sub-deacon.

On the 5th of January a Libera was sung over the body of Joseph Lazaro Magnone, who had died on the day previous. The deceased was only in his 17th year, and leaves a sorrowing mother and brother. R. I. P.

ST. JOSEPH'S SOCIETY.

The semi-annual meeting of the above society took place on the 3rd of January, when the following officers were re-appointed: President, W. H. Keary; Vice-President, Rod. McDonald; Secretary, W. J. Farmer; Asst.-Sec., T. Jones; Treasurer, Jas. McDonald; Librarian, Ronald Mc-

Donald; Guard, Leo. Gregory. Rev. Fr. Morgan remains the chaplain.

It is proposed to re-furnish, at an early date, the hall and make various improvements. Steps will also be taken by the Society to get up an entertainment on St. Patrick's Day.

The members of St. Joseph's Society held a smoking concert in their hall on the evening of January 26th, when there was a large attendance and a very pleasant time was spent. Messrs. R. J. McDonald, R. C. McDonald, McConvey, McLaughlin, Lee, Williams, J. Leamy, Jr., and others assisted, Mr. Shepherd occupying the chair in the absence of President Keary. It is intended to hold these entertainments fortnightly, and the committee will be pleased to receive promises of assistance from members or their friends.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Justice McCreight is on a prolonged leave of absence. He is at present in San Francisco, whence we wish him to return full of health and vigor.

We notice that the city council at their last meeting, reappointed last year's Board of Public Library Commissioners, of which our esteemed friend Mr. Shepherd is a member.

Mr. O'Halloran, who has been in New York for several months, is to return home in March by way of San Francisco.

ST. LOUIS COLLEGE NOTES.

Football at the bat; baseball on deck!

Jas. W. Cates, the student who had his leg broken some time ago while playing football, is progressing favorably at St. Mary's Hospital, whence he will vacate in a few weeks. In this painful accident and through the tedious days of a long recovery he has had the constant sympathy of his fellow students, whose frequent and regular visits whiled away many a moment.

On Monday, January 25th, an Association match was played on the college recreation ground between the Maple Leafs and the Shamrocks. The match, which was well contested all through, resulted in a draw, each side securing one goal. The Shamrocks, though the weaker team in point of numbers, were the first to score,

after an hour and twenty minutes' play. This roused their opponents, whose forwards now made a mighty rush and within five minutes they sent the leather between the Shamrocks' goal posts. In the five minutes which remained both sides tried hard to increase the score but failed. The players were:

MAPLE LEAFS.		SHAMROCKS.	
F. Sciutta.....	} Forwards.	F. Murphy	}
J. Flynn.....		C. Eckstein	
J. Eagle.....		H. Williams	
J. McDonald		R. Bell	
E. Ritchie.....			
D. Cotter.....	} Half backs.	A. McDonald	}
W. Baldwin..		A. Choquette	
E. Madden.....			
E. McLennan }	} Backs.	E. Gerow	}
C. Hagarty ..		G. Marquette	
N. Watkins.....	Goal..	E. Raspberry	

Rev. Fr. De Vriendt writes from Okanagan Mission, where he is now stationed; he wishes his young friends at the college to remember that he still thinks of them and expects news from the band boys. He sends greetings to THE MONTH.

Joseph Murphy, who had to go home last December owing to ill-health, has much improved. He may yet come to take some prizes away or to strengthen the Shamrock team. His smiling countenance is much missed in the classroom and on the play ground.

ST. ANN'S ACADEMY.

School reopened on the 4th inst. with an attendance of some 60 pupils, all intent on beginning a good term.

Names of pupils on roll of honor: Miss E. Laine, Miss B. Laine, Miss A. Henry, Miss M. Roberts, Miss M. Guichon, Miss N. Peters.

The following is a list of those who ranked highest in their monthly percentage for December: Second grade—Miss J. Vachon, 94; G. Netterfield, 92; N. Peters, 90.

3rd Grade, B.—L. Bilodeau, 98; H. Pittendrigh, 97½; G. Mercier, 97.

3rd Grade, A.—M. Campbell, 94½; A. Vachon, 94.

4th Grade.—S. Manuel, 98½; M. Manion, 95.

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY,

VANCOUVER.

Rev. Father Van Nevel, District Deputy Grand President for British Columbia of the Catholic Young Men's Institute, came over from Victoria on Jan. 19, and organized a branch of the Institute in Vancouver. In this ceremony he was assisted by Mr. Thomas Deasy of Victoria, and Messrs. McNeil, McDonald and Callahan, of Nanaimo. The Institute was organized that evening with a good membership and with fair prospect for a successful career. The Institute is a benevolent society, with a sick benefit and a death benefit fund. It is now very strong on the Pacific Coast and is rapidly increasing in strength in the east. It has social as well as benevolent objects, and serves to hold together the young men of the parish. The Vancouver branch will be known as 155. The meetings for some time will be held in a room of the Dunn block which has been engaged, but the Institute intends to secure larger rooms better suited to their needs. After the meeting a social gathering was held, at which songs, recitations and addresses were given. Father Van Nevel is enthusiastic in his work, and has met with good success everywhere he has been. The following are the officers for the Vancouver branch: President, J. D. Byrne; 1st Vice-President, S. McHugh; 2nd Vice-President, John Crean; R.S., F. W. Dowling; F. S., M. O'Neill; C. S., O. F. Conley; Treas., L. Dausereau; Marshal, E. J. McGarrigle; I. S., J. B. Foley; O. S., J. P. Hannafin.

Rev. Fr. Fay has the sympathy of all his friends during the sickness of his aged and respected father, Mr. John Fay. We sincerely hope that the apoplectic stroke may not prove fatal to the well beloved sick.

A second social held by the Ladies' Association was still more successful than the first, both as to the number in attendance and as to the result of bringing the parish people closer together. Much praise is due to the indefatigable officers.

The ladies of the parish intend holding a fancy fair during Easter week in aid of the Sacred Heart Academy. Any donations will be thankfully received.

The confirmation instructions are regularly given in the Academy and at the

Church. His Lordship, the Bishop, is to administer the sacrament of confirmation on the first Sunday of February.

We are much pleased in presenting Mr. William Fagan as the agent of THE MONTH in Vancouver; he is authorized to take subscriptions and we have no doubt that he will be given a good reception by all.

**ST. LOUIS MISSION,
KAMLOOPS.**

Some of the following items came too late for our January number.

The Church of the Sacred Heart was splendidly decorated for Christmas. The manger was placed in a grotto which looked very natural in its imitation of rock. The singing by the convent pupils was very creditable, and Rev. Fr. Bedard's eloquent Christmas sermon was well listened to by a numerous congregation.

On the Indian Reserve, opposite Kamloops, 400 Indians had gathered to follow the exercises of a retreat preparatory to Christmas. They celebrated the feast most devoutly and gave Rev. Fr. Lejeune great consolation.

Rev. Fr. Lejeune is now on a missionary tour in the regions of the Nicolas River, Clear Water, Cold Water, Douglas Lake and Cottle; he is to return to Kamloops in the middle of February.

Rev. Fr. Guertin celebrated Christmas with the good people of Donald, where a neat little church has lately been finished. The Rev. Father pays periodical visits to the localities on the line between Field and Kamloops, namely: Shuswap, Beaver Mouth, Revelstoke. Rogers' Pass, Donald,

Golden and Field. His ministry requires much zeal and devotedness.

At the St. Ann's Academy, the pupils are again hard at work since the reopening of the classes on Jan. 4. During the Christmas Holidays much fun was derived by tobogganing and winter sports in general.

Rev. Father Bedard, the Superior of the Mission, left Kamloops Jan. 12 on a two weeks holiday for his health, which is much impaired. He went to Bonaparte, where he made a happy couple by marrying Mr. Coleman McDonald to Miss Rosa Veasy, of Bonaparte River. He is again hard at work at home.

OUR THANKS.

In an editorial we alluded to the favorable notices of our first number in the journals of the Province. The *Daily Columbian*, *The Ledger* of this city; *The World* and *The News-Advertiser* of Vancouver especially have not spared their praise. We shall always keep a good remembrance of the welcome extended by the elders to the new comer.

THE MONTH hereby gratefully acknowledges liberal subscriptions from the Rev. Father Fay, of Vancouver, and Mr. Henry Kehoe, of New Westminster.

Rev. Father Corneillier, Superior of St. Mary's Mission, deserves our sincerest thanks for the zealous manner in which he has interested himself in procuring subscriptions.

We thankfully acknowledge the reception of the *North West Review*, our first exchange. The *Review* is doing yeoman work in Manitoba.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Quite a change in the atmosphere since December last! With the exception of a few days of frost and snow, the weather has been simply delightful. The daisies are in full bloom and cheer us up by their gay dancing under the light breeze. Old timers, however, hold up their nose and scan the vault above: can it be that spring is arrived?

Here are the observations as taken by the College meteorologist:

Rain	4 days	Sun	10 days
Partial rain	3 "	Partial sun	3 "
Cloudy	20 "	Fog	4 "
Snow	8 "	Frost	9 "
Wind	2 "		

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