



# The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddite que sunt Caesaris, Caesaris; et quae sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday Feb. 20, 1892.

No 2

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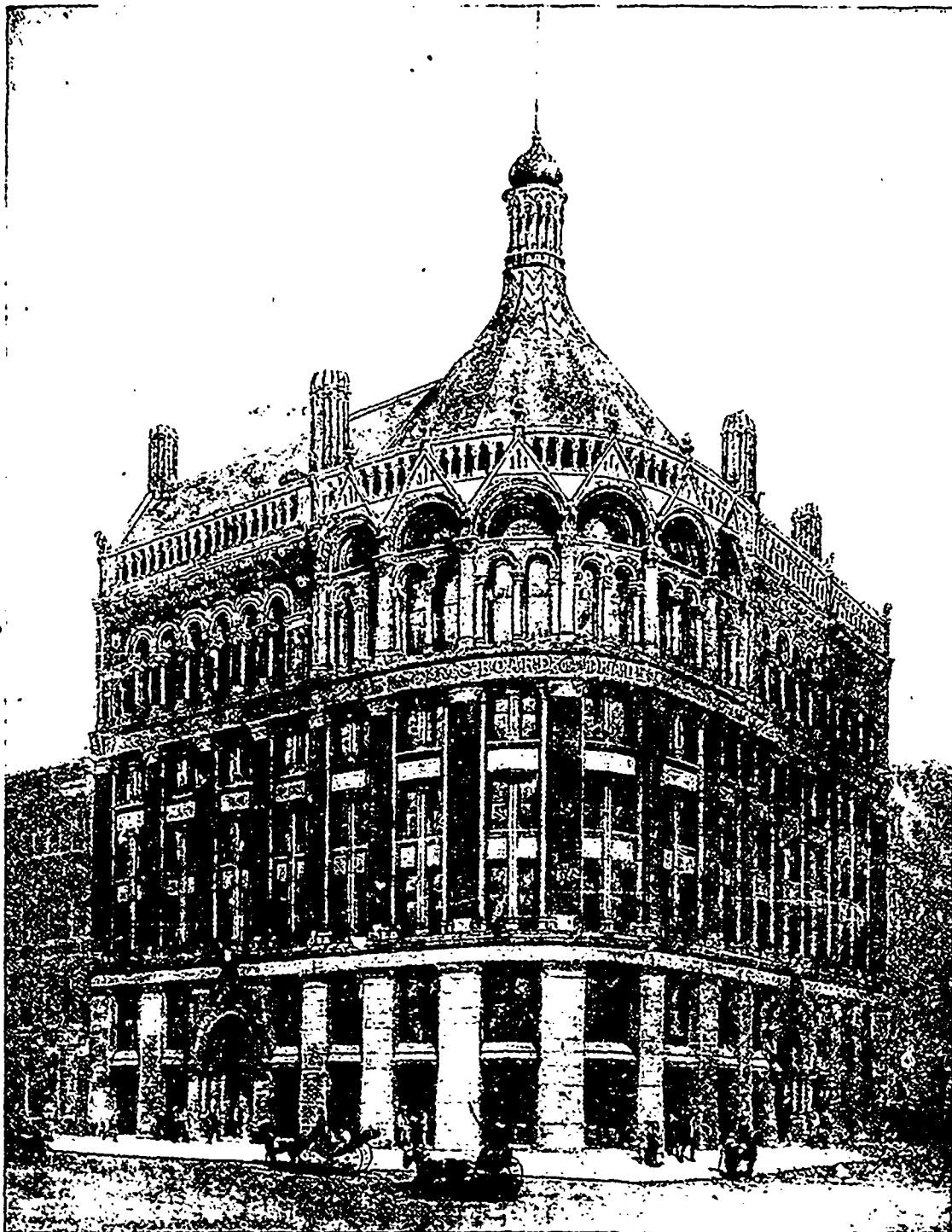
*Reddite que sunt Cesaris, Cesaris; et quae sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.*

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday Feb. 20, 1892.

No 61

ONTARIO'S CENTRE OF COMMERCE.



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## THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS--AN ORDER OF SCHOOL-MASTERS.

From a late number of *Merry England*  
VII.

The servant of God was as a man dead to all things, a man in whom nature no longer dared to show itself, nor put forward the least claim, a man whose life was wholly supernatural, celestial dyeme, who thought, spoke, and acted as if he had been of a higher nature, a man to whom virtue had become his natural element, whose life was God, whose soul and centre was Jesus Christ. In prayer he looked like an angel, at the altar like a seraph, in his conduct he was truly an Apostolic man, in tribulation he was another Job, in poverty a Tobias, in abandonment to Providence a Francis of Assisi, in the rigours of penance a second Abbe de Rance, in the practice of obedience a new Dositheus, in the exercise of every virtue a perfect disciple of Jesus Christ. Such was Venerable de la Salle, such is his true portrait.

Until 1734 the body remained in its first resting place, when it was exhumed and placed in the church Brothers had built at their house at St. Yon. In 1793 a revolution mob broke open the tomb, but left the remains almost intact. They were again exhumed when the Cause of Canonisation was begun, and finally, in 1881, they were removed to the chapel of the Brothers' boarding-school at Rouen, where they will remain until the final Canonisation.

Between the date of the death of its Founder and 1873 the Institute had nine Superiors. During the administration of the first, it was sustained, during the administration of the second, it was extended over France, and recognized by the throne and the Papacy; during the administration of the third, it was continued; during that of the fourth, its educational scope was enlarged, its administrative system improved; during that of the fifth, it was cut down; under the provisional rule of a Vicar General it revived; during the administration of the sixth Superior, it fought the Government and triumphed; it was centralised at Paris; during the administration of the seventh, it developed quietly; during that of the eighth, it again widened its educational scope; during that of the ninth, it once more withstood the Government, spread over Europe, into Asia, Africa, and the New World, weathered the Commune, and was transmitted in flourishing condition to our own day. In the course of this period it originated the principle of the boarding-school, the commercial and technical school, the free library, and the evening school. Such is the skeleton of the Brothers' history in modern times.

On Brother Bartholomew, who had been appointed Superior during the Founder's life, fell the sole responsibility of the Institute after his death. He seems to have been a kindly, gentle soul, with no very conspicuous administrative qualities, or, for that matter, defects; under whom the Institute remained stationary. His chief title to remembrance is that he guarded it against Jansenism; and his death, after a rule of only fourteen months, transferred the Superiorship to Brother Timothy. The new Superior proved a very able administrator. His first achievement was to obtain from Louis XV. the official recognition of the Congregation; and this was followed by recognition from the Holy See. The Bull of January 26th, 1725, included the Institute among the Religious Congregations, and approved its Rule. After these recognitions the Institute extended its network all over France. Between 1728 and 1751 no fewer than seventy-two fresh foundations were made in various parts of the kingdom. Brother Claude, the next Superior, had an uneventful rule of sixteen years, and his successor, Brother Florence, distinguished himself principally by removing the Institute to Paris, and dividing it into three Provinces. When, in 1777, he was followed by Brother Agathon, that Revolution was approaching amidst which the whole eighteenth century, rotten artificial structure that it was, may be said to have crushed into flames. With the old order which then yielded place to new, the Brothers of the Christian Schools neither disappeared nor changed; and the better to appreciate this, let us here note something of what they had accomplished when the age was nearing its impenitent end.

To the primary schools, for which the Institute was founded, had been added boarding schools. To the boarding school, indeed, the Brothers gave a larger and more intelligent form. They had simply invented technical education, which we are nowadays acclaiming as if it were a new discovery. At Bordeaux, for instance, in 1741, they had opened a commercial school for teaching everything connected with trade. At Vaunes the Brothers taught mathematics and hydrography, trained sailors in navigation, and gave special instruction to pilots. At Cahors they taught architecture and planimetry; at Castres practical geometry, surveying, and double-entry book-keeping; at Cherbourg horticulture and gardening. At Paris they opened a drawing class for children destined to professions requiring skill in design. All this in an age when classical study was as tyrannical as it is now in danger of being neglected. They published school books of a practical and unpedantic kind; indeed, at Montauban they established a free circulating library of school books. This is the first assertion of that principle which has developed into the Free Library movement of our own day. As regards their methods: they insisted on the importance of combining mere instruction with training, observed the rule of moder-

ate work and avoidance of overstudy, and relied for the preservation of discipline as much as possible upon persuasion and kindness. Blessed de la Salle had wished to minimise the use of the rod and the ferula, his successors had carefully restricted and regulated it, finally in 1777, corporal punishment was abolished in the Christian Schools. We have not quite managed that yet, even in these days of humanism, the days which have seen a Don Bosco. But that of it then, in a century when flogging was almost a branch of professional learning, when Sir Roger spoke with bated breath of the great one who had flogged his grandfather, and the Bally Bowyer was always superstitiously revered by the "inspired charity boy" whom he had so often thrashed! They instituted also public examinations before the distribution of prizes. At these examinations, which began in the first year of Brother Florence's superiorship, the children were questioned by priests in religious knowledge and by laymen on secular subjects. Here we see anticipated the modern system of lay ecclesiastical inspection, and the effect is described as excellent. I finish this review of the Institute on the eve of the Revolution, numbered, in 1778, 760 masters, under whom were 114 houses, 14 classes, and 31,000 children. Brother Agathon, the new Superior, was obliged to double his assistants to four, and added to the six students at Rouen three others of which the one at Angers is first in the illustration.

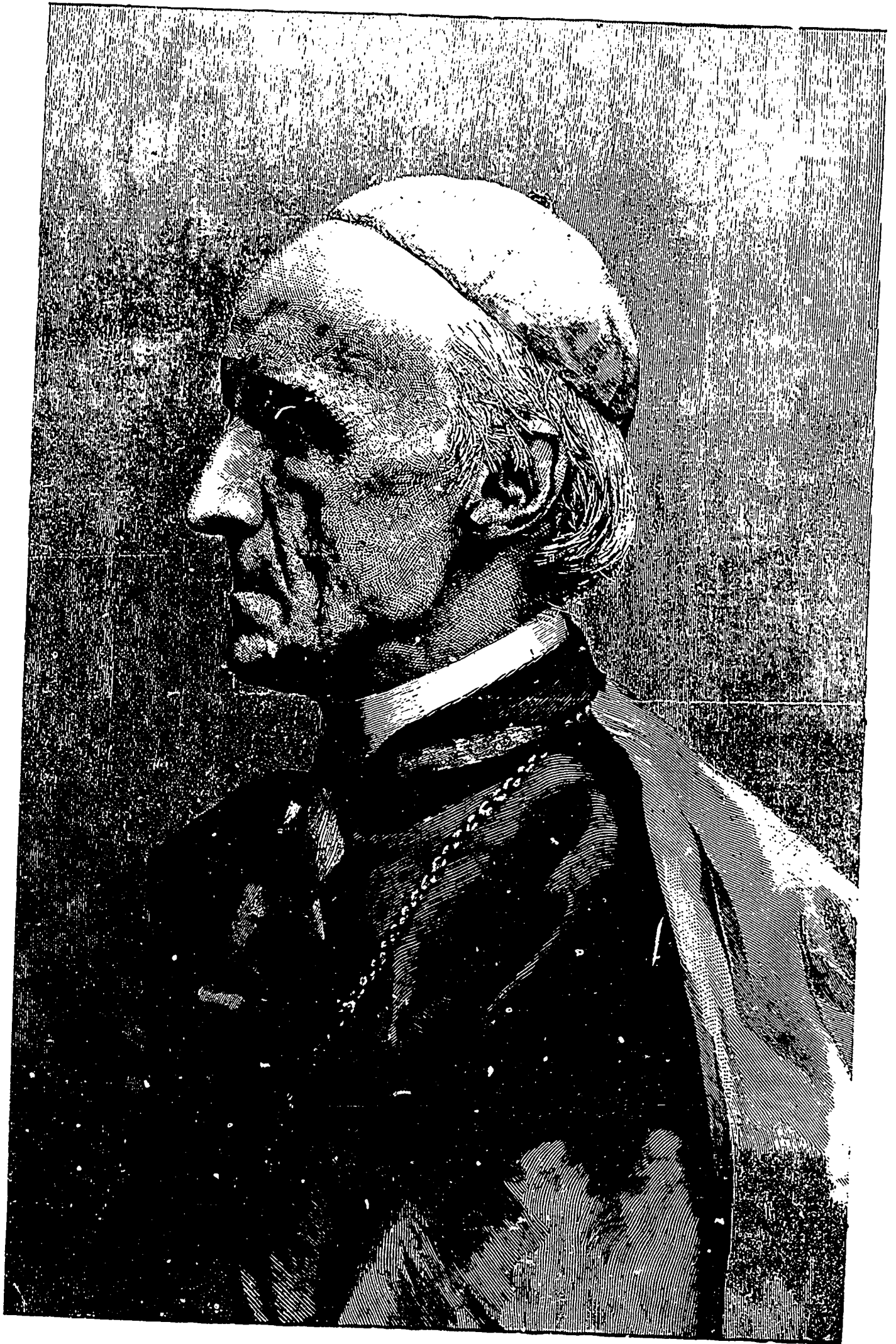
The Revolution began. The mob rushed to the Bastille, and the history; the Minister rushed to the King, and made a phrase as he hurried, we English might, perhaps, have made the history could hardly have made the phrase. George III. under such circumstances would probably have said "Eh, what? What? What?" The Minister have replied "Deuced awkward business, Sir!" and there an end. But across the Channel actors in great historical events always say the dramatically right thing at the dramatically right moment, even if someone has to invent it for them afterwards. That *Thou, France!* all the men and women are indeed players in a play to a circle of nations, and make their points with unflinchingness. So the revolt which was more than a revolt began, and it should the Brothers of the Christian Schools need to fear from. We needed the free educators of the people to fear from the champions of freedom and the people. The precursors of the Revolution had shown the Institute why it had to fear. Voltaire, the Apostle of Equality and Fraternity who sard of the people. "They are like oxen they only need a spur, a yoke, and some hay"—Voltaire and his disciples had aroused public prejudice against popular education. Chalotais, *procureur general* to the Parliament of Rennes, friend of D'Alembert, and author of the notorious *Compte-rendu des constitutions des Jesuites*—La Chalotais distinguished the Institute by his enmity. "Men," said he, "who are only intended to handle the plane and file ought not to be taught to read and write. The brothers by giving education, are ruining everything." De Langourla, another *doctrinaire* at Rennes, had exclaimed: "We must, as I said to the King hunt out those *ignorantins*, those Brothers with the long sleeves, to Jesus rebukes in the person of the Pharisees; for the rascals teach people to handle the pen, which is such a dangerous weapon in certain hands." And on similar grounds had a magistrate of Arles opposed their foundation there, "If once the Brothers begin to teach reading and writing gratuitously, all the inhabitants will send their children to them; and these children, instead of being accustomed to hard work from their tender years will grow up unfit for it." Has not this strangely familiar sound? By such arguments has popular education been opposed in our own day. With such arguments it was then opposed by the preachers of equality, when the educators happened to be Christian Religious.

Yet the Revolution, when it broke out, did not at once proceed to attack the Christian Schools. The new authorities lacked seen schoolmasters, and accordingly houses charged with public education were at first exempted from the decrees against the Religious Order.

But in March 1791, professors engaged in public education functions were required to take the civil oath; which, of course, the Brothers were bound in conscience to refuse. At Rennes they were consequently thrown into prison; while in many places the mob rose against them, and the schools were taken from them. At other places the popular feeling protected them. "Without the Brothers," said the Municipality of Chartres, "what will become of the children of the poor? Who will teach them?" They pleaded that they were not public functionaries; but in August, 1792, a decree of the National Assembly decided their fate. On the ground that "a really free State cannot suffer in its midst any corporation, even that which, devoted to public instruction, has deserved well of the nation," the Brothers of the Christian Schools were formally suppressed. Their schools were broken into, the Brothers turned out, their books torn to shreds, alphabets destroyed, the children let loose, the lights put out, and with this putting out of lights, physical and figurative, was the end.

The King: "but—but this is a revolt!" The Minister: "Sire, it is enlightenment and knowledge inaugurated. The Congregation ceases to exist. The Brothers dispersed, and engaged in secular callings, mostly as public or private tutors. Brother Agathon, the Superior under a secular disguise gained his scanty living in Paris as teacher.





WITH COMPLIMENTS OF CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, TORONTO

of mathematics. Not for nothing had one of their enemies called them "these amphibious ecclesiastics." Some of them were imprisoned, some transported, some killed. The best commentary on it all is the speech of Brother Martin at Rennes before the judges who condemned him to death: "I direct a free school. If your protestations of love for the people are sincere, if your principles of fraternity are not a vain and hypocritical formula my functions justifying me; and far from being imputed to me as a crime, they give me a sacred claim on your gratitude."

### IRISH WORK IN LITERATURE.

KATHERINE TYNAN, herself a well-known writer, has lately given a brief sketch of some poets of her own sex within the past few years, which shows that the seed of literary culture sown by the *Nation* has not withered away. The following is an extract from Miss Tynan's article:

Since '48 we have heard but little of women in poetry till within the last few years, and if the renaissance in little has come now it is not because the times have any special inspiration, but because women are learning their own powers and cultivate them. We move very slowly in Ireland, and it is noticeable that while anterior to '48 we had Irishwomen who were acknowledged poets in England, as Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, and others, and we may even claim that great and lonely genius Emily Bronte, women in Ireland had not attempted to sing. Now that we have begun they come quickly, and perhaps it may be that the first comers will soon begin to lose their first prominence, which is as that of the early drops in a shower.

A little volume published a few years ago called "Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland" contained, with some remarkable poetry, contributions from two or three women who belong to the latter-day Irish poetry. Of these two are since dead, Ellen O'Leary and Rose Kavanagh.

Both were my dear friends, but it is not friendship makes me think of them that they are amongst the most beautiful personalities of any time of literature. Ellen O'Leary was a truly noble woman, masculine in heroism and truth, feminine in purity and tenderness. She was the only woman I ever met of the distinctly heroic type, incapable of fear of anything which meant merely injury of the body or the life of the body. She was strongly unselfish, living a life quite outside herself in the human beings she loved and the country she would have died for. She was a royal woman by nature, one who wore a crown of dignity and nobility patent to the dullest sight. It was a noble face. Watts would have painted her beautifully. She had regular features with warm-colored skin, which kept its satin smoothness to the last. Her gray eyes looked at you straight; you could well believe they were never strained in all her life by fear or dishonor. Scarcely any other woman could be what she was in the Fenian days—tried, trusted, strong of heart and cool of head, though the conspiracy had for a mainstring the brother who was her life's love. James Stephens sent her with a confidential message at the very moment that brother was being tried for his life. She had the steely courage and implicit obedience of a Russian Nihilist, with her own moral sense and Christian training. The religious nature in her, which was highly developed, made her very hopeful as well as giving strength in many other ways. She had got cheerfulness from that security that Browning expresses—

God's in His heaven:  
All right's with the world—

and she looked at life so loftily that she somehow overlocked the evil. Her eyes were so steady that she saw only daylight and clearness.

The poetry of this great soul could scarcely express her adequately—beautiful as it is. It is such Irish poetry as Mary of the "Nation" yearned after—"songs a child or a peasant could sing." They are limpid in thought and expression that one sees through them as through a crystal without facets, and this artlessness has often the perfection of true art. Some of her songs, "Home to Carriglea," "To God and Ireland True," and "My Own Galtees" will live in Irish ballad literature with the poetry of Kickham and Keegan.

I have placed Miss O'Leary's poetry in our own time, though she was writing on the "Irish People" under her brother's editorship in the '67; but she reached the highest poetical development, I think, in the latter days of her life, and in those latter days her poems were first snatched from a dead newspaper to be preserved in a book, which, unhappily, only saw the light when she was gone. Rose Kavanagh, whose name I have linked along with hers, belonged more correctly to our day. She was still a girl when death took her in the February of last year. I find that people who had only met Rose casually speak of her in superlatives, her charm was so overwhelmingly evident. To me it is not easy to speak of her at all. When she went she went altogether. There is not even a good photograph of her in the world. Her poetry I have praised so often that I need not dwell upon it here; but, beautiful and artless as it is, it does no injustice to Rose. She was but finding the way to her literary expression, and in her poems

and stories she has left, I find little enough trace of her. Her letters are best of all, perhaps; out of a phrase, a word, a bit of experience, her dear face sometimes looked as it did in life. There are vivid little bits which recall Eugenie de Guerin. Sometime I will gather her letters, if I can, and try to construct from them, and my knowledge of her, something of her exquisite personality. Rose of the World I called her, because she was so sweetly human; and the Wild Rose, because her sweetness was of the open air, and the wind and the sunshine. Consumption never set its mark before on one so fitted to represent health of body and mind. A gracious woman truly, and a noble woman, and to more than one life a well-spring of health and comfort, which one longs for now in vain. Mrs. Gilbert, whom we all know as Miss Mulholland, is one who kept the lamp of Irish literature alight in somewhat dark days. Her work has been mainly in prose, but it is prose of the most poetical. No wonder it has delighted fastidious critics Dickens and Ruskin, and Mr. Gladstone, whose judgment, however, is somewhat discounted by his over-praise of such poor work as "Mademoiselle Ixe." Since it happens his dictum can confer a vogue on books, one wishes (for the sake of literature) that he used it as legitimately always as he did in the case of "Marcella Grace." I think in this book Mrs. Gilbert reached her highwater mark. There is strong and passionate life in it, and it shows us another side which we knew to be so gifted in depicting the dreams and fantasies and characters and stories so delicate and ethereal that they are like the visions of an exquisitely attuned imagination rather than anything we recognize in every day life.

Mrs. Gilbert had her place in literature before as the creator of those hauntingly beautiful idyls, but "Marcella Grace" put her among the dramatic makers of men and women. I am treating of her prose, but it is because so much of her prose is true poetry. Her poems have often the same pictorial quality as the descriptive passages in her stories. One understands, remembering that she is one of the dually gifted artists and had fine prophecies of her at South Kensington in days when she was an art student, before she knew that her pictures were to be made in pen and ink. Her poem, "Irene," which so captivated Sir John Millais that he sat down and made a picture of it for "Cornhill," has this pictorial quality. The great artist was so enraptured by the work of the young girl, newly arrived from Connemara and calling herself Ruth Millais, that he made handsome offers to help her in her career as an artist, but so wonderful a chance was not availed of. Connemara, did I say? It was Inisbofin this young poet and dreamer spent her early girlhood in. Born in Belfast, fate carried her to Inisbofin at an age when she was most impressionable. Who can measure the difference it may have made, this transference from the starkly prosperous Northern town to that wild place in the ocean—bronze and purple amid the amethyst or Atlantic seas, or drenched in scarlet in the frequent stormy sunsets and dawns. Her short stories are often about Inisbofin, and they take on the melancholy and beauty of the place. Her poems have been contributed in many places since that day of immense triumph when a very young girl found herself an accepted contributor to the great "Cornhill." A volume of her poems was published in 1886 by Keegan Paul and Trench, London, and was received with eager applause; but she has not made poetry the serious business of her life.

Miss Frances Wynne is a young Irish poet who gained a hearing in "Longman's" a couple of years ago through the ready appreciation of Mr. Andrew Lang. She was not at all of those who lisp in numbers, but she obtained mastery of her instrument with sudden and remarkable speed. Her first poem, "The First Cuckoo," was published in the *Irish Monthly* early in 1887, and I believe in its first shape it was badly in need of polishing and correction. Her little book, "Whisper!" was the poetry of a quiet young girl, naive, saucy, charming. The poems are all love poems, and the singer, so to speak, laughs at him from behind a fan and flies away. The fancy is so delicate and the workmanship so admirable that we may well look to Miss Wynne for finer things. To reach them she may have to pass through glorious failures, but she will remember that

"He who aims a star  
Shoots higher far than he who aims a tree."

Miss Wynne is a girl in her early twenties. The landscapes of her little book are the quiet landscapes of Louth, where she was born and lived. With wider experience and other scenes her poetry will no doubt enlarge and expand. As it is, one is thankful for the youth of her poems, their espièglerie, their candor, their petulance, their charm of gaiety—though the latter quality one does not praise the gods for quite so much as does Mr. Lang. Miss Wynne, it will be remembered, is another of Father Russell's pets—as which of us is not? The *Irish Monthly*, I may say, has done far more to keep literature alive in Ireland than any agency during the years that have been so beset by politics, and so barren of all that is not political.

Miss Charlotte O'Brien is another of our poets who has tried her fortune with a book, nay, with two books. Her deafness has perhaps been to her what the blindness has been to one or two others, a seclusion in which her imagination and love of beauty have grown strong. There are few lines in her poetry more sweet than the lines

in which she laments her deafness. Yet the best poetry I have seen from her pen was poetry inspired by her country and her deep patriotism. A number of such poems appeared in the *Nation* perhaps ten years ago, and were full of strength and inspiration. Her poetry is noble poetry. She could scarcely fail to be a noble woman, being Smith O'Brien's daughter, that beloved Smith O'Brien for whose sake we have long ago forgiven "Murrough of the Burnings." Miss O'Brien lives in Limerick, amid lovely scenery. Adare, where her home is, is as lovely as its sweet name. She was for ten years the neighbor of Sir Aubrey de Vere, that ideal poet, of whom Sir Henry Taylor wrote that if he were divided into two parts each would make a saint; and yet again, that his wealth of affection might be split up into many fortunes. Miss O'Brien's poetry is of the most sincere, and there is scarcely a line of it which does not carry conviction with it. She is a novel writer of great merit. And who can forget her labors for the emigrant, and the immense work accomplished when her exertions forced the Government to take action, and the steamship companies to remedy the old shocking abuses. Miss O'Brien brings one naturally to Miss Una Taylor, Sir Henry Taylor's daughter, whose impassioned poetry will be familiar to all readers of *United Ireland*, wherein she has written for many years. Miss Taylor is Irish through her mother, who was the last Lord Monteaule's sister, and in this way she is also a young kinswoman of Aubrey de Vere. She is as much steeped in Biblical literature as Swinburne, and, like him, she owes much of her vehemence and fire to the great poetry of the Old Testament. Miss Taylor lives at The Roost, Bournemouth, where her famous father lived for many years. She has literary sisters—one, Ida Ashworth Taylor, is author of *Venus' Doves* and "Snow in Harvest"—but if they have Irish convictions they do not express them. Miss Una Taylor does little in general literature. She broders as beautifully as a mediæval lady or Miss May Morris, and her work gains much praise at the exhibitions of the Arts and Crafts at the Regent street New Gallery. Many people will recall the banner she worked for Mr. Parnell, all in faint colors and silvers—the banner he was to unfurl above the Irish Houses of Parliament. Alas!

There are many young Irishwomen who would be discoursed upon in an article of larger scope than the present, and some of whom will have articles to themselves one of these days, but I have kept from being invidious by dealing with performance rather than with promise, "Printing Women," as Aurora Leigh calls them, will, no doubt, multiply, and especially in Ireland.

#### A GREENHORN AT THE CONCERT.

ONE evening last week there was present in Toronto a gentleman who came here for the express purpose of playing upon the piano, for the satisfaction of the greatest number of persons that could be induced to hear and see him do it. We, that is the musical public and some few others, went to appreciate his forethought. When every one, except the ultra fashionables, had come in and been properly seated, and almost before the ladies of the musical world, as also their less wise fellows, were able to properly observe and compare the appearances of their familiars, the particular object of the gathering came quietly forth, and drew unto himself an attention as nearly as possible undivided. For weeks his portrait had been staring at us everywhere. We had become reconciled to the mass of hair that obscured his forehead, and now at last he had come forth to our vision, quietly and unheralded.

Paderewski, for it was he, is one of the persons whom we know to be great, because nobody except those who are or would be their peers, ever bother with more than the surname. This may be always set down as a testimony of admiration. Out from behind the wall paper screens he came and walked quietly and gracefully to the front of the stage. There he stopped an instant and bowed, just giving one time to observe the parting in his hair, that there were enormous quantities of it as was expected from the pictures, and that it was very nearly yellow, and then he stepped back to the high-backed chair and sat down to the piano, with as much composure as another would to a choice evening dinner. Just think of the years of exertion that have been required to effect that composure. Then he ran his fingers over the keyboard, looking, perhaps, to see that everything was all right before he began. Somehow he seemed to make music out of that test. Only now comes the painful sense, not felt then, that perhaps at some time or other he was given to drumming out those interminable chords and finger exercises, which, coming as they do now from the attached house, whence they have come every day these six months or more, bid fair to mar the symmetry of this description. The deepening silence of a second was broken by the first notes of one of Beethoven's Sonatas. Perhaps everyone knows that Beethoven probed further down into the depths of sympathy than any of the other great composers. Such generalised assertions, made on good authority, constitute the musical lore of many an one who would not admit it as readily as we uninitiated may. However that may all be, the hands of the magician began their work and everybody listened, drinking in the melody that seemed to float about on an undercurrent of passion,

like a cork on the tide. One's spirits became immersed in the rhythmic sound, now rising to the verge of ecstasy, now sinking to recesses of consciousness: now it was a sound as of passion struggling in the breast; now a wave that seemed to burst all barriers, to overflow and rush on defiant and uncontrollable.

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute,  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be mute.

While he played it was only the music that appeared, unless at such times as the marvellous motive power of his hands attracted attention, but as soon as the last note was struck and the player was again remembered, acclamation, loud and prolonged, burst out. He only rose, bowed, and sat down again, looking as if he considered that a very superfluous part of the performance. Now, how comes it that a man will spend his whole life time, up to his thirty-first year, in the effort to deserve this very applause. And now, having won what is due him, which is a circumstance vastly beyond deserving, he makes no more ado than he might if one passed the sugar bowl at breakfast. Is it consistent with the moods of human vanity? Certainly not.

When the artist began the next number, which was by Schumann, the fashion had all arrived. This music of Schumann's has never been furnished with a descriptive adjective that might serve to baffle one's expectations, but certainly under the hands of the master before us melodies and harmonies soared and passed in such manner as to satisfy those of us who were not engaged in measuring the rapidity of his fingering with our own.

Then came Chopin. This was the part of the programme every one was waiting for. Everybody has been playing Chopin music in Toronto of late, and everyone present was anxious to hear his compatriot. The composer was a Pole, and brought so much originality to aid his composition, that Schumann himself once introduced him with the salutation, "Hats off, gentleman; a genius." Some time ago Toronto had an opportunity of hearing Mr. DePachmann play Chopin, and his admirers made the modest announcement that he is the only pianist who interprets the music as the composer himself did. Under his nimble fingers the piano certainly gave forth wild sweet, birdlike songs. The rendering was graceful and poetic, but there seemed to be an evidence of the man's physical nature in it all. As Mr. DePachmann came on the stage the observer was reminded of the fabled son of Vulcan and Minerva, who was perfect in part but very shaky below. He did not seem capable physically of appealing to humanity. He might have spent his life on the piano stool for all his muscular developments displayed to the contrary. Paderewski in this respect answered the expectation. His reading was more manly. Perhaps the music should have the elfin tone that most players give it. Mr. Arthur Friedheim recently played two funereal marches, one each from Beethoven and Chopin. The first was full of the solemn tread of slow-paced procession, mourning for the mighty dead. Chopin's number, on the contrary, opened with a plaintive-griefflike tone, less sombre, but perhaps more touching, and in the middle of it there arose a song sweet as flowers that grow on graves. Mr. Friedheim is, from appearance, one who appreciates the depth and passion of Beethoven to a greater extent than most others, and from the standpoint of the impressive in music, there was more solid delight than in the perfection of technique we heard the other night.

In the two numbers of his own composition, Paderewski proved his claim to the title of musician. Each was as exquisite as a gem of perfect cut, and in the minuet, especially, the mind could picture the beaux and belles of other days swaying and bowing in the drawing room of the manor. The performance closed, all too soon, with a couple of Liszt's tours-de-force, as they have been called. The name seemed well applied. So, with it all ringing in our ears, those who play on the pipes of Pan, and those who only listen, came away like all humanity when nearest satisfied, pleased with what we had and sorry it was not more.

CYRIL.

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## Catholic News

### An Evening with John Boyle O'Reilly at St. Alphonsus' Club,

A very enjoyable treat was given by the friends and members of the St. Alphonsus' Club on Tuesday night in their hall on McCaul st. After the routine business President Cottam introduced Mr. J. I. Travers, who read an essay on the life of John Boyle O'Reilly. This was the *meurcu* of the evening, and Mr. Travers received well-merited applause for the masterly manner in which he depicted the leading traits and characteristics of the author and poet. Following Mr. Travers, Mr. J. Day recited "In Bohemia" in a manner calling for hearty marks of approval from the audience. Mr. Gerald Griffin dealt with the author as an Irishman and referred feelingly to the work carried on by Mr. O'Reilly while editor of the *Pilot*. Mr. Griffin's paper showed careful preparation and a thorough mastery of his subject. President Cottam then read an essay on the merits of John Boyle O'Reilly as a literary man, giving selections from his works both as a poet and prose writer. Following Mr. Cottam came a recitation by Mr. Wm. Barron "A Nation's Test." He recited in his usual credible way. "Released," a reading by Mr. J. C. O'Donohue, was next in order, and that gentlemen acquitted himself very ably. "O'Reilly as a lover of Nature and Manly Sports" was the subject of an interesting essay by Mr. W. C. McCarthy. A recitation, "Bone and Sinew and Brain," by Mr. J. E. Murphy, who recited in a manner highly creditable to himself, concluded a very enjoyable evening.

The Club will hold a Smoking Concert on Tuesday evening, March 1st.

### The Grey Nuns.

La Semaine Religieuse of Montreal states that besides the regular staff there are at present in the different establishments of the Grey Nuns, in that city, 1,403 poor, all, or almost all, getting gratuitously their lodging, food and clothing. At the Hospital General, Guy street, there are 200 old persons, 266 orphans and 53 helpers; at the Nazareth Asylum, 100 blind inmates and 72 orphans; at the St. Joseph Asylum, 142 orphan girls; at the Bethlehem Asylum, 95 orphan girls; at the St. Henry Asylum, 40 orphan girls; at the St. Charles Asylum, 155 aged persons; of the St. Bridget's Asylum, 122 orphans; at the St. Patrick's Asylum, 157 poor. Besides these are the dispensaries where remedies are distributed, the special asylums where hundreds of young children are daily left with the nuns while the mothers go to work; visits to sick persons which are almost always accompanied with substantial help, the Houses of Refuge and the Notre Dame Hospital. The 1,403 poor persons above mentioned are simply those who receive from the Grey Nuns complete and permanent hospitality. Reckoning at \$100—and who will find this too much?—the value of the maintenance of each of those persons, the sum of \$140,360 given annually in charities by one single religious community, is reached. *La Semaine Religieuse* claims that, with such figures, which apply, in proportion, to the other charitable institutions, it is difficult to say that the nuns are not doing what they can and that more can be asked from them. It then adds that this is a reply to a malicious insinuation published in some newspapers last week.

### Catholic Truth Society, Ottawa.

The Catholic Truth society held its second entertainment on Thursday evening Feb. 6th in the music hall of the Rideau Street convent, which was filled with an appreciative audience. The vice-president, the Rev. Father Whelan,

occupied the chair and delivered the opening address, in the course of which he made touching reference to the death of Cardinal Manning, whose names was closely linked with such work as the C. T. S. aims at doing. He called attention to the various publications which the society had imported, ranging in price all the way from one cent to ten, and which have been placed on sale at Durie's Guillaume's, Sussex street, and W. P. Batterton's Bank st. These extremely cheap publications are the products of some of the noted writers of the day, and deal with a variety of subjects under the general heads of doctrinal, devotional and controversial literature. The society offers them at cost, its object being rather to have circulated than to make money by them. A pamphlet has been brought out by the society giving an account of its formation and containing a report of the address on its aims and objects delivered by Sir John Thompson at its first entertainment. In a few days Mr. Pope's paper on "Tradition" read at the same meeting will also be brought out and placed on sale.

J. A. J. McKeena, in a paper entitled "The Apostolate of the Press" gave an account of the convention recently held in New York in which Prof. Robinson, of Yale university, Prof. Snell, of Washington, Mr. Richard Malcolm Johnson, the foremost southern writer of the day, Mr. George Parson Lathrop, Judge McGlein, of New Orleans and many other well known literary men and women took part. The object of the convention was to bring together Catholic lay workers in the apostolate of the press to lend and borrow the fruits of experience, and to confer as to the best methods to adopt in using the printing press for the refutation of error, the spreading of truth, the destruction of vice and the propagation of virtue. The convention was called by the Paulist Fathers of New York. It was attended by over three hundred persons from different parts of the continent, and was eminently successful.

The musical portion of the programme consisted of three songs, My Lady's Bower, by Mr. F. Belleau; Come to Me, by Miss Taschereau; and Give Me Thy Love, by Miss Aumend, the latter with violin obligato by Mr. W. L. Scott, the names being a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the numbers. Miss Taschereau and Miss Aumend were each obliged to respond to an encore. — *Ottawa Free Press*.

### Death of Mr. J. H. Harwood, Woodstock.

On Tuesday last the Catholic church in Woodstock was literally packed with people, anxious to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of the late Mr. J. Henry Harwood, Town Councilman. The early and unexpected demise of Mr. Harwood, caused much grief to his stricken family, and a widespread feeling of deep regret at his almost sudden departure from the midst of friends and citizens, by whom he was universally esteemed and beloved. About ten years ago he was married to Miss Fury, daughter of a wealth merchant of Woodstock, and three years later became a member of the Catholic church, at the hands of Rev. Father Plante, S.J., Guelph. He was but 31 years of age when he was called away to receive the reward of his ardent faith and his ennobling virtues. Only four weeks ago he was elected the first Catholic councilman who ever was allowed to take part in the administration of the municipal affairs of Woodstock. He went to Detroit City, lately, to place himself under treatment of the most eminent physicians of Ann Arbor University, for the removal of some old complaint, which was removed by skilful operation. But blood poison set in, and he died on last Saturday. His remains were conveyed in solemn procession to the Catholic church on Tuesday morning, where High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. Father Brady, having for deacon Rev. Father Flannery

of St. Thomas. Rev. Fr. O'Leary of Freelon, and Rev. Fr. Traher of Simcoe, assisted most effectually, both vocally and instrumentally, in the choir. The Dies Irae was sung alternately by the choir and the priests in the sanctuary. Some beautiful selections were rendered at the offertory and communion by the choir, under leadership of Miss Minnie Murphy, organist. Rev. Father Plante preached from the text "He who believeth in Me hath life everlasting," and was listened to with breathless attention by the large congregation.

Among those present were the Mayor and members of the Town Council, the members of the Woodstock Athletic Association, who walked in procession to the Church, and representatives of almost every family in Woodstock and vicinity. The Libera was sung in solemn tones by choir and priests alternately, and the last absolution pronounced by the Rev. Pastor.

### Mr. Gladstone's School Days.

In 1830, Bishop Wordsworth, then a private tutor, had for his pupils James Hope, William E. Gladstone, Henry E. Manning, Francis Doyle, and Walter K. Hamilton, and till he ceased to take pupils in 1833, Lord Lincoln, Thomas D. Acland, and Charles J. Canning Hope (afterwards Hope Scott), who finally became a Catholic—it was said through studying, as counsel in a case in which he was retained, on the subject of Papal aggression. As regards Mr. Gladstone, it is interesting to learn that the talents and learning of which he gave early evidence was so remarkable that Wordsworth fully anticipated, and often expressed his conviction that sooner or later he would rise to be Prime Minister of England. The ex-Premier has maintained cordial relations with his tutor until this day. Mr. Gladstone's father had a less hopeful opinion of his son.— "The year after Mr. Gladstone had taken his degree at Oxford, and was about to stand for Newark, his father, Mr. John Gladstone, was dining at the house of Mr. Belton, the great Liverpool merchant, where my uncle the poet, was one of the company. After dinner my uncle took occasion to congratulate Mr. John Gladstone on the remarkable success of his son William at Oxford, and added an expression of opinion that he would be equally successful in the Commons, to which the father replied: 'Yes, sir, I thank you; my son has certainly distinguished himself at the University, and I trust he will continue to do so when he enters public life; for there is no doubt he is a man of great ability, but,' he added, 'he has no stability.'"

*Donahoe's Monthly Magazine* for March, is full of articles on most every subject. Among the articles are The Great Anti-Popery Scare; Points About the Irish Crisis, by an Irish priest, Cardinal Manning's Career, Irish Literary Men of New York; If the Know-Nothings Keep On, Behring Sea Dispute, Thomas Davis, A Sketch, Irishmen in Chili, George Washington and Catholics; Portrait of Cardinal Manning, with account of his death and burial. These are but a few of the numerous articles in the present issue. Buy the *Magazine* and see for yourself.

The rumor concerning the establishment of a Catholic hierarchy in Egypt is gaining consistency. The Pope will, if not hindered by political complications, nominate English bishops to the new sees, as desired by the English Government; but it is said that he makes it a condition of this concession that the British Government will establish full and open diplomatic relations with the Holy See. Mgr. Virtue, Bishop of Portsmouth, is in Rome with the object of negotiating on this matter.

## The Catholic Weekly Review.

JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA.

Commended by

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Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 20, 1892.

### THE MAIL'S THEORY ON THE RESULT OF THE BYE-ELECTIONS.

It is really astonishing how so many people of sound intellect and judgment continue to read the *Toronto Mail* and put faith in its theories about changes in the political atmosphere. Its nonsensical editorial of last Monday's issue, although opposed to fact and contradictory in every third line, will be accepted by many as the outcome of direct inspiration. It insinuates that an order has gone forth and that all good and faithful sons of the Church must obey, hence we have arrived once more at the stunning power of the solid Catholic vote. Peel is mentioned as an instance where a small Catholic population rolled up a larger Liberal majority than before, and Elgin is adduced as having done the very contrary, viz., changing a Conservative majority of 46 to one of 494. How could the same order that went forth, and the same solid vote produce contrary effects in two counties? The *Mail's* fanaticism has rendered it incapable of giving any rational explanation of current events or of passing judgment upon the solution of any political problem. However, or how far, it may be astray in regard to the Conservative victories lately achieved in Prince Edward and Lennox, we know not, but we are very certain from personal experience and knowledge that there is not an atom of truth in the statement that clerical influence or orders gone forth, if such ever had being, affected in the least the political complexion of East Elgin. The large majority of 362 secured for the Conservative candidate in St. Thomas was due to the solid vote of railroad employees, who, in that city, almost outnumber the rest of the population. Mr. Ingram, the nominee of the convention, was a brakeman on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a prominent man among the Knights of Labor. Three great railroads centre in St. Thomas, Mr. Ingram was supported and voted for *en masse* by the employees of the Grand Trunk, the Michigan Central and the road he worked on, the Canadian Pacific. This statement of facts ought to be sufficient explanation for Mr. Ingram's large majority without stretching for one in a suppositious order that went forth. In the township of Bayham, which constitutes one fourth of the county of Elgin, Mr. Ingram received a majority of 101 votes. Now, it is a singular fact that there is not one Catholic family in this whole township. The people of this locality have, whether deservedly or not, acquired a reputation for lawlessness. They are called the Bayham lambs. They would be the last people in the world to whom an order would be sent such as the *Mail* supposes and hints very broadly. No, the *Toronto Mail* must look for some other county besides Elgin to build an argument upon that would be conclusive of a power behind the ballot box, or a mysterious ORDER of any kind.

### OPPOSITION TO CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IN PRUSSIA.

The more we analyze the opposition made in the Prussian Empire to the Education Bill, now proposed for general acceptance, the more we must admire the liberal and truly Christian principle on which the Emperor and his Chancellor Herr Von Caprivi—rest their decided determination to have it become a finality. The despatches received last Saturday, on the question now agitating all Germany, point to the fact that the most strenuous opposition to its religious clauses, emanate from the municipal authorities in the Protestant city of Berlin. When we consider that even Protestantism is not very highly regarded in that city, where scarcely ten per cent. of its population attend any place of divine worship on Sundays, and where secret societies and beer gardens monopolize the attention and general attendance of its citizens, it is not to be wondered at that public funds would be considered as thrown away that were devoted to religious education. Besides, the great majority in that city being Protestant, at least in name, can not be expected to differ in opinion from Protestant majorities in Canada, the United States, or other non-Catholic countries, where godless education is always preferred before denominational, and where the Latitudinarian principle is upheld, viz: Let the children grow up in indifferantism, and when old enough they will be able to choose for themselves. The Catholic Church has always acted upon the knowledge learnt from the inspired and from experience. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he shall not depart from it."

Therefore has she always insisted on training the youth in the knowledge and practice of every Christian principle and heavenly virtue, and in the moulding and fashioning of the tender hearts of the children born within her jurisdiction, and for whose present and eternal welfare her ministers shall be held accountable before God. The ways of the Church, then, are diametrically opposed to the ways of Latitudinarians, and all well-disposed Emperors and wise legislators who seek not the gratification of personal passion, but the common good are, without exception, on the side of the Church, and in favour of training up self-respecting, God-fearing generations.

Besides the municipal authorities of the Protestant city of Berlin, we find the professors of the German Universities holding out against the Bill. At Halle, Bonn, Göttingen and other university towns, the professors have convened a congress, with the object of passing an appeal to the Government to withdraw the measure. It is well known that religion is of no account in those universities. The men of science know too much, or rather too little, and this little, Pope infirms is, a very dangerous thing. How could the disciples of Voltaire, of Kantz, of Tiedman, Schwegler, *et hoc genus omne*, accept a system of primary education that would unfit the rising generation for their Atheistical vocation, and probably lead men, in due course of time, to abandon their halls, when, like Othello, their occupation would be gone. It is very natural to expect from this class of unbelieving free thinkers fanatical opposition to the Government's attempt at raising in Germany a generation of believing Christians.

School teachers, who for the last twenty years, since the Franco-Prussian war, have been managing the schools without let or hindrance from priest or parson, are now stirred up to the point of open opposition to the government which employs them. At Frankfort on Main, the teachers, says the despatches, have been disseminating fierce attacks on the school Bill—quoting Professor Virchow's phrase that "it is a disgraceful aberration of the human intellect." Nothing could be adduced to prove the necessity of the new law so clearly and so convincingly as this action on the part of the National teachers. When those who have charge over the training of the olive branches of the nation, are professed infidels, and followers and admirers of the Atheist Virchow, and consider with him that a religious education or teaching a child the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer is a "disgraceful aberration of the human intellect," it is time that a change in the whole demoralizing system should occur: and that those masters should be taught to acknowledge on earth or in heaven a Being at least the equal of Prof. Virchow. Those teachers, it appears, have been warned from high quarters that they will be "put under the discipline of the law, if they continue their aggressive criticisms." As their appointments and salaries come directly, as in England, from a Government Board, we apprehend that their belligerent spirit will

calm down very soon, and in submitting to the inevitable, even in points of public morality and Christian decency, they will be consulting their own personal interests as well as the peace and good order of their country.

### HOW IRISH ELECTIONS ARE WON.

A person styling herself Mrs. Adela E. Orpen, wrote recently to an English paper an article on the Kilkenny Elections, under the heading of "How Irish Elections are Won". This has been reproduced by the *Orange Sentinel* and other papers here. It purports to show how intimidation was used by the priests at this election, and is substantially as follows:

Men were threatened with what they most dreaded in case they refused to vote for the anti-Parnellite candidate. It seems almost incredible, but it nevertheless is a fact, that these political pastors threatened to withhold absolution on their deathbeds from those men who were known to be Parnellites if they voted according to their own opinions. . . . In order that no loophole of escape might be left for the coerced voter, the priest promised to leave a list of the recalcitrants to his parochial successor, in case there should be any doubt of the vengeance not being duly and properly carried on and executed, should the priest then in possession be either dead or removed elsewhere. "The priest stands at the polling-booth and marks the voting paper for each illiterate voter."

A gentleman having written to the Archbishop of Dublin, calling his attention to Mrs. Orpen's statements, the Archbishop replied as follows:—

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, DUBLIN.

January 2, 1892.

DEAR SIR—The newspaper cutting you have sent me is a very wild production. But it is only a specimen of a class. The statements, of course, are outrageously false. Any priest, acting in the way described would, as a matter of course, be at once deprived by his bishop of the power of again bringing disgrace upon his ministry. But as to refuting the calumnies, I see no way of doing it. No clue of any kind is given which would enable any individual to say that he personally was the subject of the charge. The writer has cleverly aimed at forestalling the effect of any merely general protest by the statement that the terrorism in question is as efficacious in preventing exposure as it was in influencing votes! If you can suggest any feasible plan by which the matter can be effectively dealt with, I shall, of course, be happy to give any help in my power. But to me the case seems just as hopeless as it would be at the other side, if any one were so unscrupulous as to circulate any infamous story about "a Primrose Dame" without in any way indicating the individual he referred to. With best wishes for the New Year, I remain, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

† WILLIAM J. WALSH,

Archbishop of Dublin.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, DUBLIN.

January 5, 1892.

DEAR SIR—I thought it right to send your letter and its enclosure to the Most Rev. Doctor Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory, the diocese in which the County of Kilkenny lies. For, as I ought perhaps to explain to you, though I have no direct jurisdiction in that diocese, I naturally take a special interest in it and in the good name of its Bishop and clergy, inasmuch as it is one of the suffragan dioceses of the ecclesiastical Province of Dublin.

I have now received the enclosed letter from the Bishop, with a request that I may use it in any way I deem most likely to be of use in repelling the shocking slander. As a matter of course I send it on to you. With many thanks for the interest you have kindly taken in this matter, I remain, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

WILLIAM J. WALSH

Archbishop of Dublin.

Following is the letter of Bishop Brownrigg referred to by Archbishop Walsh:—

KILKENNY, January 4, 1892.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP—I have read carefully the clipping from the *North Star* headed "How Irish Elections are Won," and signed at foot "Adela E. Orpen," which your Grace kindly sent me, and which I received on yesterday.

I do not profess to speak to any of the charges made in this precious bit of election literature except those that are leveled at the priests of the County Kilkenny. The Bishops of the other parts of Ireland whose priests are incriminated will, I feel confident, be quite capable of speaking for them.

As far, then, as those charges affect the priests of this diocese I beg to give an unqualified contradiction to each and all of them and to each and every part of them. Furthermore, in defence of my priests, whose sacred character is naturally very dear to me, I feel bound to brand those charges as one of the vilest and most atrocious pieces of malicious slander which in my long experience has ever been sought to be cast upon the priestly body in this or any other country.

In order to bring this good lady effectually to book, I now formally challenge her to prove even one of those charges, and, if she should succeed in establishing it, I hereby undertake to visit with condign punishment the guilty party. Moreover, in order to save herself and her informants from any of the dreadful consequences which she so artfully insinuates as awaiting any one who tells the truth about priests, I undertake to conduct the whole investigation in such a way that the witnesses brought forward by her shall never be revealed—at least by me.

Anyone with the most elementary knowledge of the Ballot Act in its provisions for taking the votes of "illiterates" must be aware that what this lady states about the fraudulent marking of the voting papers by the priests is an utter impossibility, inasmuch as the "illiterate" is required to sign in the presence of the representatives of the different candidates.

In conclusion, I think it due to Mrs. Orpen to say that she used a very wise and prudent discretion in not mentioning the name of any priest in this part of the world in connection with the charges she makes, for had she done so she, her aids, and abettors, would have learned, to their cost, that even an Irish jury knows how to discharge its duty in assessing damages for libel.

I remain, my dear Lord Archbishop,

Most faithfully yours,

† A. BROWNRIGG,

Bishop of Ossory.

MOST REV. DOCTOR WALSH, Archbishop of Dublin.

We need hardly add that Mrs. Orpen has not thought proper to accept Bishop Brownrigg's challenge, neither has the papers which originally published her statements had the courage or fairness to give the above letters to their readers. We now ask those of our Canadian contemporaries who reprinted the malicious statements to, in common fairness and justice, give the same publicity to the refutation as they did to the charges.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP will preach a charity sermon at St. Basil's church on Sunday evening. Musical vespers will also be sung.

THE Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association of this city, with that energy and spirit which is characteristic of their Society, have in preparation a literary treat, by which they will confer a lasting favor on those fortunate enough to be present. On Monday evening, Feb. 29th, Hon. Daniel Dougherty, of New York,—widely known as the silver-tongued orator, and probably the most eloquent speaker on this continent,—will lecture in the Pavilion under their auspices. The name of Daniel Dougherty is sufficient at any time to bring multitudes to hear him, and that the citizens of Toronto will be given an opportunity to listen to his most famous lecture, "Oratory," and partake of the rhetorical treat provided, is a source of gratification. Judge McMahon will preside, and His Grace the Archbishop and prominent

clergy be present upon the platform. The members of the Ladies' Association have gone to considerable expense in bringing the famous lecturer to Toronto, it now remains for the public to show their appreciation of these efforts, by doing all in their power to make success a certainty.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP preached an eloquent sermon on Sunday evening last in aid of the local conference of St. Vincent de Paul. The known eloquence of His Grace caused a large congregation to assemble, many of them being Protestants. The musical portion of the service was under the management of Father McBride, this being sufficient in itself to say that it was of a high order.

Is it not rather a singular fact that whilst so much has been said, and continues to be said, on the subject of Equal Rights to Catholics, that so few of them are able to obtain positions under municipal or departmental control. We are assured that it is not on the ground of lack of ability or integrity. It must, therefore, be on religious grounds that they are excluded. This is not as it should be. As Catholics we ask no favors not accorded to others. We do not wish, nor would we have, our religion used as a stepping stone. At the same time, we must protest against being dobarred from any position on account of religious convictions. Equality should be the rule, ability and fitness the standards.

The *St. John's, Quebec News* last week contained the announcement that a gentleman well known in Toronto military circles, had renounced the Anglican communion and became a member of the true fold. The *News* in making the announcement said:

Much surprise was expressed when it was announced in military circles here a fortnight or so ago that Major Vidal, formerly of B company, R. S. I., St. John's, now of Company C, Toronto, had joined the Roman Catholic Church. Major Vidal was widely known among the militia officers of Montreal, and known, too, as a staunch Church of England man of the uncompromising evangelical type. He was also a devoted Freemason, and when the story that he had "turned" was first told it was not generally believed. It is, however, quite true. The major went through the usual form of renouncing the Anglican faith and was afterwards admitted to the communion of the Roman Catholic Church.

From a Montreal source we have learnt that the Rev. Herbert Boothby, late of Oxford University, who until recently was attached to the Protestant Church of St. John the Evangelist in Montreal, has become a Catholic, and will soon join the Jesuits.

The *New York Catholic Review* has the following, of still another convert to the faith: "Mrs. Alexander Throup, the wife of the editor of the *New Haven Union*, was formally received into the Catholic Church on Jan. 31 by baptism and profession of faith. The ceremony was performed privately in St. John's Church by Father Bray, who has been Mrs. Throup's instructor. Mrs. Throup was born in New York and was educated in the Brooklyn Heights Seminary and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville. As Miss Augusta Lewis she was well known in New York twenty years ago. She was formerly engaged on several New York dailies. Miss Lewis was at one time president of the Women's Typographical Union, an organization which has gone out of existence. She is still a member of the International Typographical Union, and was its corresponding secretary for one term, having been the only woman officer which the organization ever had."

The *Dublin Freeman* also tells of the good work going on amongst the educated classes in England. Its London correspondent furnishes the following writing:

"It is announced that among the latest converts to the Catholic Church is the Baroness Sherborne, widow of the third Baron Sherborne and daughter and co-heiress of James Block, Esq., of Charlton, Wilts. She was recently received by the Rev. Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne,

at the Oratory. Another notable convert is the Countess Somers, widow of the third Earl Somers, daughter of the late James Pattle, of the Bombay Civil Service. The Countess Somers has two daughters, both of them distinguished for their earnest and practical interest in charitable work, the eldest being Lady Henry Somerset, whose efforts in the cause of temperance are well known, and the other, the present Duchess of Bedford, a lady who devotes practically all her time to benevolent undertakings of different kinds."

THE handsomely printed picture of Cardinal Manning, which accompanies the REVIEW will, we are sure, be valued by our subscribers. It is an excellent likeness of the deceased prelate, and suitable for framing. Every Catholic household should possess one, as a lasting memorial of one of the most eminent prelates of modern times.

Writing of Cardinal Manning, Mr. Gladstone gives an history of their personal friendships saying of the departed Cardinal: My relations with Manning were very peculiar. At first they were those of a mere acquaintance between two under-graduates, and lay wholly on the surface. Then came a close and intimate friendship of fifteen years, founded entirely upon interests in religion and the Church. Then came his change, simultaneous with that of my yet closer friend, Hope Scott, which was altogether the severest blow that ever befell me. In a late letter to me the Cardinal termed it a quarrel. My reply said it was not a quarrel, but a death. That was truth. Tuera had since been vicissitudes, but I am quite certain that to the last his personal feeling never changed and that he kept his promise made in 1851, to remember me before God at the most solemn moment.

SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, does not mince words, and when administering denunciation none can make the pill more bitter than he. Speaking recently at Southampton he took occasion to bring Lord Salisbury to book for what he well characterized as his "unjust reference to the Catholic Irish, in his speech at Exeter, Tuesday last. He pronounced the Premier's remarks under that head as disgraceful, and worth a violent drunken Orangeman, adding that such an appeal to the wicked passion of national hatred was, not only shameful, but mischievous, on the part of a statesman in Lord Salisbury's position. Sir William declared that, if the Premier had indulged in such remarks with regard to Canada or Australia, those dependencies of the Empire would not remain twenty-four hours in allegiance to the Queen unless British claims on their fealty were supported by cannon and bayonet.

In response to numerous inquiries, the following statistical chronicle is given of the names and nationalities of the various Generals of the Jesuit Order, eighteen previous to the suppression of the Order, and five since its re-establishment.

Ignatius of Loyala	Spaniard, elected in	1511
Giacomo Laquez	Spaniard,	1558
Francesco Borgia	Spaniard,	1565
Everardo Meruviano	Belgian,	1572
Claudio Acquaviva	Italian,	1580
Muzio Vitelleschi	Italian,	1615
Vincenzo Caraffa	Italian,	1648
Francesco Piccolomini	Italian,	1649
Alessandro Gotifredo	Italian,	1651
Gozuino Mickel	Swede,	1652
Gian Paolo Oliva	Italian,	1664
Carlo di Noyelle	Belgian,	1681
Tirso Gonzalez	Spaniard,	1686
Michelangelo Tamburini	Italian,	1708
Francesco Retez	Bohemian,	1730
Ignazio Visconti	Italian,	1750
Luigi Centurione	Italian,	1755
Lorenzo Riccio	Italian,	1757

The following were the Generals since the Order was re-established under Pius VII.:

Taddeo Borzogowski	Pole,	elected in	1605
Luigi Fortis	Italian	"	1620
Giovanni Roothaan	Dutch,	"	1829
Pietro Beckx	Belgian,	"	1853
Maria Anthony Anderledy	Swiss,	"	1887

# Western Canada Loan AND SAVINGS COMPANY

The twenty-ninth annual general meeting of the Shareholders took place yesterday at the offices of the company, No 76 Church street. A number of stockholders were present. The Hon. George W. Allan presided and Mr. Walter S. Lee, the manager, acted as secretary. The following report and financial statements were read and adopted on motion of the President, seconded by the Vice-President, George Gooderham, Esq.

**TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.**  
The Directors beg to submit to the shareholders the twenty-ninth annual report of the Company's affairs:

The profits of the year, after deducting all charges, amount to \$177,994.69, out of which have been paid to half-yearly dividends, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, amounting, together with the income tax thereon, to \$152,512.54.

The Directors, being of opinion that the Contingent Fund is amply sufficient to meet all the purposes for which it was created, have appropriated the balance of profits, after payment of dividends, as follows: \$20,000 has been carried to the Reserve Fund and \$5482 has been written off Office Premises.

The payments on Mortgage Loans during the year have been very satisfactorily met, amounting altogether to the sum of \$1,198,422.

The abundant harvest of last year had a most favorable effect, both in enabling the farmers to meet their engagements and in creating a renewed demand for land at improved prices.

The amount received by the Company during this year on debentures was \$343,843.26. The amount paid off was \$325,599.61, leaving a total at the end of the year of \$8,308,986.94.

The Balance Sheet and the Profit and Loss Account, together with the Auditors' Report, are submitted herewith.

G. W. ALLAN,  
President.

Financial Statement for the year Ending 31st December, 1891.

## LIABILITIES AND ASSETS.

### LIABILITIES.

#### To Shareholders.

Capital Stock .....	\$1,500,000 00
Reserve Fund \$750,000 00	
Added from profits.....	20,000 00
	770,000 00
Contingent Account.....	100,652 07
Dividend Payable 8th January, 1892.....	75,000 00
	\$2,445,652 07

#### To the Public.

Debentures and interest..	\$3,345,427 05
Deposits and interest .....	1,132,198 37
Amounts retained for Loans in course of completion .....	29,426 01
	\$4,507,051 43
Sundry Accounts .....	410 62
	\$6,953,114 12

### ASSETS.

Investments .....	\$6,699,965 25
Office premises, Toronto and Winnipeg .....	\$121,314 18
Less written off out of profits.....	5,482 19
	115,931 99
Cash in Office and in Banks.....	137,216 88
	\$6,953,114 12

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Cost of Management, viz.:	
Salaries, Rent, Inspection and Valuation, Office expenses, Branch Office, Agents' Commissions, etc.....	\$ 50,110 78

Directors' Compensation..	3,820 00
Interests on Deposits....	14,710 91
Interest on Debentures ..	136,631 54
	\$235,273 23
Net profit for year applied as follows:	
Dividends and tax thereon	\$152,512 50
Carried to Reserve Fund..	20,000 00
Written off Office Premises Account .....	5,482 19
	177,994 69
	\$413,267 92
Interest on Mortgages and Debentures, Rents, etc.....	\$413,267 92
	\$413,267 92

WALTER S. LEE,  
Managing Director.

Toronto, 1st February, 1892.

To the Shareholders of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company:

GENTLEMEN,—We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the books of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company for the year ending on the 31st December, 1891, and certifying that the above statements of Assets and Liabilities and Profit and Loss are correct and show the true position of the Company's affairs.

Every Mortgage and Debenture or other security (with the exception of those of the Manitoba Branch, which have been inspected and examined by a special auditor, has been compared with the books of the Company. They are correct and correspond in all respects with the schedules and ledgers. The bank balances and cash are certified as correct.

W. R. HARRIS, | Auditors.  
FRED J. MENET, |

The President then said: "In accordance with the usual custom, I rise for the purpose of moving the adoption of the Report which has just been submitted to you, and I do so with the most pleasure, because I ventured to think that the statements which it contains and which you have just read, of the results of the Company's operations during the past twelve months are entirely satisfactory, and indicate a thoroughly sound financial position.

"The Company, like all other monetary institutions in the country, has felt the favorable effects of the magnificent crops with which the province was blessed last year, and which have enabled the borrowers among our farmers to meet payments which had fallen more or less into arrear during the previous years of deficient harvests, and have also had a marked effect in the improvement which has taken place in the value of farm lands, the demand for which has steadily increased during the past year. Sales have been effected at greatly improved prices, and the Company has thus been enabled to dispose of properties which have from time to time come into its hands on favourable terms and set free the money which these represented for active and profitable employment.

"It will be observed from the statement in your hands that, instead of adding anything to the Contingent Fund this year the Directors have carried \$20,000 to the Reserve and have written off \$5482.19 from office buildings.

"The Directors have every reason to feel assured, from their knowledge of the position of the Company's business and affairs, that the Contingent Fund as it now stands is amply sufficient to meet any demand that is at all likely to be made upon it and that at present there is no object in adding anything further to it, whilst it was desirable to continue to strengthen our Reserve.

"In regard to the office buildings the Directors consider that both here and at Winnipeg our office buildings are fully worth all that they are set down at, but it was considered desirable to reduce that item as it now stands by the

sum mentioned and so strengthen it as asset in the Company's books.

"With reference to our debentures it will be observed that there has been a very considerable amount, \$325,599.61, paid off during the year.

"In the early part of the year more money was offered for investments than the margin allowed by the Company's Act would permit the Directors to accept, but the large amount of debentures which matured during the year, and were paid off, having enabled us to receive offers as usual, and we are now continuing to replace these paid off by debentures bearing only 4 per cent.

"The Directors feel that they are fully warranted in saying that the Company now about to enter on the 30th year of its existence stands upon a thoroughly sound and stable financial basis, and that the outlook for the future is in all respects most satisfactory and encouraging. The Company's securities continue to stand high in the favor of investors—there is no difficulty in obtaining all the money we require on the most favorable terms. Our mortgage loans are well secured, and are bearing a remunerative rate of interest, and the repayments are generally well and punctually met. Lastly the Company is well served by a most capable and efficient staff of officers under the wise and experienced direction of our able Managing Director, Mr. Lee, and I have pleasure in alluding also to the energetic conduct of our business in Manitoba by the Local Manager, Mr. Fisher."

Scrutineers having been appointed, a ballot was taken, and the retiring Directors, the Hon. G. W. Allan, Thomas H. Lee, Esq., and Sir David Macpherson, were re-elected. These gentlemen with Messrs. George Gooderham, George W. Lewis, Alfred Gooderham and Walter S. Lee, constitute the full Board.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors the Hon. George W. Allan and George Gooderham, Esq., were re-elected President and Vice-President respectively.

## Two Historical Characters.

In a recent lecture on Charlemagne and Napoleon, at Sydney, Cardinal Moran concludes in these words: "The remains of Charlemagne were interred in the Church of Our Lady of Aix la-Chapelle, which he had erected and adorned with imperial munificence. When the shrine was opened three hundred years after his death, he appeared to still hold sway. He was found seated erect on a throne of solid gold, his diamond crown upon his head. He was arrayed in the richest imperial mantle, clasped with precious stones upon his breast. The sword, 'Joyeuse,' which he had borne on so many battle-fields, was at his side, his right hand held the sceptre, whilst the left rested on a richly-encased copy of the Gospels. Thus even in death were his triumphs linked with the triumphs of religion. Gentlemen, I have sketched for you in the rough outline the relative merits of men who represent the mediæval times and our own age. The one built up his mighty empire on the foundation of religion. The enduring blessing of Christian civilization marked the course of his victories. The other great emperor's power was built on sand. His war-brought nothing but ruin and desolation in their train. His fame and laurels, like Dead Sea blossoms, yielded no pleasant fruit, and all his victories well nigh led to the ruin of the great nation which he ruled. You have assisted at the tournament. You will form your own conclusions as to the merits of the combatants in friendly strife. For my part I think I am justified in asserting that from the careful study of mediæval history you may glean many lessons to guide you in the paths of progress, and enlightenment."



## CARDINAL LEDOCHOWSKI CARDINAL SIMEONI'S SUCCESSOR AS PREFECT OF THE PROPAGANDA.

A SKETCH OF THE FAMOUS CONGREGATION.

*Concluded from last issue.*

walked in the Vatican gardens, and whom he consulted on all questions affecting the condition of the church in Prussia, Poland and Russia. On the occasion of the late Kaiser's memorable visit, while he was still crown prince, to the Vatican, the Pope managed to make the relations between the Prussian government and the cardinal archbishop somewhat more amicable, and he also opened negotiations for the nomination of a new incumbent for the Gnesen and Posen see, it not being deemed advisable to request that Archbishop Ledochowski be permitted to return there. These negotiations proving successful, though Bismarck held out for and secured the appointment to Posen of a German prelate, Cardinal Ledochowski was appointed to a high position in the Cancellaria, and thus post he held up to the otherday, when the Holy Father promoted him to the office vacated by the death of Cardinal Simeoni, making him prefect of the Propaganda. Cardinal Ledochowski resigned the see of Posen and Gnesen six years ago, and that archbishopric is now governed by Monsignor Stablewski, who was consecrated last month. His titular church is *Sta. Maria in Ara Celi*, and a couple of years ago, owing to the premature report of his death, obituaries of his eminence appeared in all the Catholic papers.

The Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, the highest office in which the ex-captive of Ostrowa now holds, was established by Gregory XV., who reigned from 1621 to 1623, with the view of systematizing the missionary work of the church, at that period actively carried on in various parts of the world, in consequence of the discoveries made by Spanish and Portuguese navigators.

It consists of fifteen cardinals, three prelates and a secretary; into its coffers go the collections made throughout the Catholic world for the propagation of the faith, and it is charged with the disbursement of these funds and the regulation of all ecclesiastical matters in what are known as missionary countries, the United States, for instance, coming in that category at Rome. The congregation was created June 22, 1622, by a bull of Pope Gregory XV., who gave largely of his private funds for its establishment; the cardinals composing it hold their positions for life, and they meet once a month for the transaction of business, though the cardinal prefect holds weekly conferences with his secretary and consultors. All business done by the congregation has to be submitted to the Pope for approval before it can be made public, and this submission of the congregation's doings to the Holy Father is usually attended to by the cardinal prefect in person. The funds necessary for the carrying on of the immense work this congregation superintends come to it from all parts of the world, chiefly through the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, an organization founded at Lyons, France, in 1822; the Leopolder Verein, a similar institution organized at Vienna in 1829, and the Ludwigs Missions-Verein of Bavaria. Statistics are not at hand to state how much the two latter organizations collect for the propagation of the faith; the French organization, however, leads the list, and the amount collected and disbursed every year by the congregation, over which Cardinal Ledochowski now presides, exceeds a million of dollars.

Pope Urban VIII., Cardinal Maffeo Barberini, "the Attic Bee," who succeeded Pope Gregory XV., enlarged the work of the Propaganda by establishing at Rome, in 1627, the Urban College for the propagation of the faith, or the Propaganda, as the institution is usually called, a school which has supplied the Catholic world with an uncountable host of zealous missionaries. Therein over 200 youths from all quarters of the world, representatives of all races, are educated, gratuitously, from the beginning of their studies to the completion thereof, for the priesthood, and then sent to their destined missions to preach the gospel and propagate the faith. There is the famous polyglot printing press, whence emanate books, pamphlets, etc., in all languages known to men, and there, on great festival days, are held *accademias* in which addresses are made in a multitude of tongues. The Epiphany, or the feast which commemorates the manifestation of Christ to the Gentile nations, is one of the great holidays at the Propaganda, and another is the feast of Pentecost, when the apostles received the gift of tongues.

And around this famous institution there have sprung up in the Eternal City a number of national colleges, the students of which attend the lectures that are given at the Propaganda, wherein the best procurable professors are always engaged. To American Catholics the cardinal Ledochowski

2  
most interesting of these colleges is the one that was established by the late Pope Pius IX., in co-operation with the bishops of the United States, for the education in the Eternal City of American ecclesiastics. The visit which Cardinal Bedini made to this country, some fifty years ago now, probably gave the late Pontiff the first notion of establishing this American college at Rome, the project of whose foundation he submitted to the prelates who assembled at Baltimore in council in 1855. These dignitaries having warmly approved the es-

tablishment of such an institution, collections were instituted throughout all the American dioceses to pay for the property which Pius IX. secured, at a cost of \$12,000, in Rome for the proposed institution. These collections proving ample, the college was formally opened Dec. 7, 1859, by Cardinal Alessandro Barnabo, prefect of the Propaganda, in the presence of a large number of dignitaries, the United States minister and consul and some visiting Americans. The American minister at the time was Hon. John V. Stockton; the consul was Horatio Glentworth, and the late Bishop Bacon of Portland, who happened to be in Rome on a visit, took a prominent part in the dedicatory ceremonies. At the outset the American College had but thirteen students; the first pro-rector was Dr. Bernard Smith, now the right reverend abbot of St. Callistus, Rome, and his successors, all of whom were full rectors, have been Dr. McCloskey, present bishop of Louisville; Dr. Chatard, the diocesan of Vincennes; Monsignor Hostlot, deceased, and the present incumbent, Monsignor O'Connell.

In his new position Cardinal Ledochowski, whose extensive travels and missions in many lands would seem to give him an especial fitness for the performance of the duties that devolve on the cardinal-prefect of the Propaganda, will have the valuable assistance, in dealing with American affairs, of Monsignor Persico, who holds the post of secretary to the Propaganda for matters affecting the church in this country. Monsignor Persico is thoroughly acquainted with the needs and exigencies of the American church, as he held a bishopric here for a couple of years, and, after his resignation thereof, travelled extensively through the country. In these days of rapid communication, the cardinal-prefect can readily consult the prelates of any nation themselves whenever any subject on which he wants their advice comes before his congregation, and the deliberate and methodical manner in which Rome always transacts official business will give him ample opportunity of doing this whenever he wishes to do so. His selection by Leo XIII. for the important position he now occupies is an evidence of the great esteem in which the Holy Father holds the Polish prelate and of the high value he places on his abilities and services. — *Boston Republic*.

## HELEN'S SACRIFICE.

HELEN Howard stood at the window of her home watching Dr. Hastings's carriage as it whirled rapidly down the street. Her face wore a troubled look, which deepened as she caught sight of her father coming up the sidewalk. As he drew near he coughed slightly, and she noticed with pain that he was pale and thin, and that his hair had grown gray very fast of late.

"What is Dr. Hastings' verdict?" he asked, anxiously.

"He orders rest, freedom from all care, and all kinds of delicacies to tempt the appetite. He says that two months in Florida would accomplish wonders."

"He might as well order a trip to the moon and a diet of greenbacks; one could be accomplished as easily as the other," said Mr. Howard bitterly, as he passed into the house.

Helen looked after him in astonishment, it was so unnatural to hear him speak bitterly or harshly. For the first time she seemed fully to realize what it meant to be poor.

The tinkle of a piano came from the open, lace-curtained window across the way, and Helen forgot her troubles for a moment as she listened to the merry tune. She was passionately fond of music, and the one absorbing ambition of her life had been to have a piano and to receive a course of thorough instruction in the one art for which she felt in her soul she had a special talent.

Her father was bookkeeper in the factory at the other side of the town.

He received a liberal salary, but with a family of six to be fed and clothed, there was little margin for extras.

He had given her the advantage of a three years' course at St. Mary's Academy, from which she had been graduated with honors, but he had never seen his way clear to gratify the desire of her heart. She had been employed as a teacher for the past two years, and although she had supplied the family with many little luxuries, she had economized closely on her own account that she might save every penny toward her cherished scheme.

She was near the realization of her hopes, for she had been engaged for another year, and had deposited so large a sum in the bank that she felt that it would be safe to purchase, although she could not pay down the entire amount. So it is not strange that she was interested in the music across the way, and wondered if she would ever be able to play like Carrie Kimble, and if her piano would have so fine a tone.

Some geraniums were in bloom near the window, and as Helen turned to leave the room she picked them from their stem. A pale lady reclined upon a sofa in the sitting-room. Helen placed the flowers in her hand, shook up the fir pillow, gave the thin cheeks a loving caress, and bidding her to "try and sleep," she coaxed the children to her favorite retreat, in the library. She kept them there for nearly two hours, and when she went down stairs again she was pleased to find that the invalid had just awakened from a most refreshing nap. Her father had long ago returned to his office. Helen

brought her mother some preserves, a slice of bread and a cup of tea, daintily arranged upon a tray.

"Ah, Helen, you are always my good fairy. Whatever could I do without you! I feel quite rested—thanks to your fir pillow and the perfume of your flowers."

This step-mother of Helen's was only ten years older than herself, and although devotedly attached to her, she seemed more like an older sister than a mother. Over work and the care of three little children, had reduced Mrs. Howard to her present state of nervous exhaustion.

Helen went about two or three days in a brown study. Her mother noticed her unusually quiet manner and she said to her one day:

"You are working too hard, I fear; bearing my burden as well as your own. It seems very hard to lie here so helpless when I am needed so much. I feel very anxious about your father, too. Have you noticed how poorly he is looking?"

"The weather we have had of late is severe on him and the confinement of the office is killing him. He ought to have a vacation. It is a shame that Forest & Wakem do not give him one, after he has worked for them so long—and—am going to tell them so this very minute," she exclaimed, hastily leaving the room.

That evening, after the children had gone to bed, she spoke suddenly:

"Well, father, well, Alice, when will you be ready for your trip South?"

"Trip South!" they exclaimed, simultaneously. "What are you talking about?"

"I mean that Forest & Wakem have made arrangements to give father a six weeks' vacation, and that in deference to his long service his pay is to continue as usual. I have planned that you and Alice are to start on next Tuesday for St. Augustine, where you are both to find health and strength and are to grow young and happy, while I, your obedient servant, remain at home and keep the household machinery running smoothly."

"You talk in enigmas, Helen. How do you know that Forest & Wakem are going to give me a vacation? They have never mentioned it to me."

"Mr. Forest told me so himself, this afternoon, in his office."

"But, Helen—"

"There, now, don't be angry with me, father! I could not bear to see you dying before my very face and eyes without trying to help you. I only went to Forest and Wakem and asked for the vacation that you would not ask for yourself. I told them of your poor health, and of Alice's illness, and they were very kind. So you see I have everything arranged."

"There is one thing that you seem not to have considered: travel and sojourn at seaside resorts take money. Where are the funds for our expenses?"

"Here, father," and Helen placed a roll of bills in his hand.

He turned pale and his voice was husky with emotion when he spoke. "Where—"

His wife interrupted him: "Helen Howard, you have not drawn your money from the bank!" and she started up excitedly.

Mr. Howard drew his daughter lovingly to his side. "I feel grateful for such a loving, generous spirit, my daughter, but I cannot accept such a sacrifice."

"What would all the pianos in the world be worth without the two that are dearest to me. Only use the money in trying to get well and strong; I can wait for the piano."

"Helen," exclaimed Mrs. Howard, in rapturous admiration, "where are your wings?"

"They have not even begun to grow yet," she answered with a faint smile, as she thought how hard it had been to give up her cherished scheme.

So it came about that Mr. and Mrs. Howard were soon established in a comfortable cottage in the quaint old Florida town, where they began to gain health and strength with the first whiff of the sea breeze, and the first breath they drew of air made sweet by the odors of the pines and the orange-trees.

It was no easy task Helen had assigned herself. She had worked hard during the fall term of school and really needed rest and quiet; but her hours of leisure were few, and she often wondered as she took ceaseless steps in pursuit of mischievous Bess, combed Carrie's tangled curls, or darned the knees of Harry's stockings, how her mother's strength had held out so long. But every letter she received from St. Augustine and Tampa, gave her new strength and courage. Such bright, cheery letters Mrs. Howard wrote.

"Your father," she said, in one of these, "looks ten years younger, and acts as wild as a school-boy in vacation. He has just returned from a fishing excursion, and such an appetite as he has! you would be scandalized could you see him. I must say in justice to him, however, that I am not far behind. I have found an old fishing boat in a sheltered cove, in which I sit for hours, half buried in cushions, with an umbrella for an awning. I am getting brown as a gipsy, and have taken a new lease of life. Father says every day: 'God bless our Helen,' and so say I. There is a great deal here that would interest you, but I have felt too tired to do anything but rest."

"You have heard me speak of an old school friend, Isabel Evans—

now Mrs. McAlstynne, of Cincinnati—have you not? I met her the other day and we have renewed our old intimacy. She is warm-hearted and generous as ever; wealth has not spoiled her. I never could keep a secret from her in the old days, and yesterday, before I realized what I was about, I told her of your sacrifice. When I had finished, she exclaimed with tearful eyes: 'Alice Howard, you are far richer than I. Willingly would I give my fortune for such a daughter!' Don't be angry, Helen dear, for I really couldn't help it."

Later in the season, when the rested ones were at home, everything and everybody at the Howard's wore a festive air; for had not father lost his tired, anxious look, and was he not ready to romp with the children to their heart's content? And had not mamma grown rosy and strong—able to preside over the household once more?

As Helen looked upon the happy faces, she felt repaid for her self-denial, and that she could not possibly be one atom happier.

But when an express wagon drove to the door, and a huge box was deposited which contained an elegant piano, and when said piano was placed in the parlor amid exclamations of wonder and surprise, and doubts as to its belonging in there at all; and when she found from a tiny note laid upon the white keys that it was really and truly for her, she felt that her cup of happiness was overflowing.

"Do not hesitate to accept the piano, dear Helen," wrote Mrs. McAlstynne. "for although I have wealth and ease, I am lonely and childless, and shall expect you to come often to my sombre old house and brighten it with the sunshine of youth and happiness. I have arranged with Prof. Bohm to give you a course of instruction, and shall be made happy to hear of your advancement."

Father said: "Thanks be to God;" and mother said: "Amen!" But as for Helen, her heart was too full for utterance!

#### ST. LUCY.

Sicily! Mountains and bays of blue water—  
Earth's fairest features, I own it, are thine.  
Yet I forsake thee: Saint Lucy, thy daughter,  
Calls me to Venice to visit her shrine.

Who could pass by dear Saint Lucy, whose story  
Preaches what torment her sex can endure  
Strengthened by God to win heavenly glory—  
Teaches what succor God gives to the pure?

Happy Catania! whose Martyr victorious,  
Slept there in peace, with the palm-branch and crown—  
Syracuse pined on her sea-shore inglorious,  
Sending her pilgrims to Agatha's town.

Lucy of Syracuse, with a sick mother,  
Went to Catania for Agatha's aid;  
Oft by the way they detailed to each other  
Miracles wrought by the Martyr and Maid.

Hopeful and ardent, Saint Lucy prayed kneeling:  
Trance stole upon her, and Agatha came  
Just like a sister, with tenderest feeling  
Sweetly she greeted Saint Lucy by name.

"O Virgin Lucy, my sister, why ask me  
That which thine own prayer would equally gain?  
Curing thy mother would not overtax thee—  
Thine own request her relief would obtain."  
"Sister, thy vows give our Saviour such pleasure,  
That His divine love hath made this decree—  
Thou art to be Syracuse's blest treasure,  
As my Catania rejoices in me."

Merrily flew the skiff over the water,  
Playing with white wing on wave and on wind,  
Health cheered the mother, and glad was the daughter,  
Visions of martyrdom filling her mind.

Foes to the Cross were not slow to betray her,  
Hating a maiden so pure and so good—  
Blithesome before, she grew brighter and gayer  
"When she was called to resist unto blood."

"Keen is thy wit, but my scourge will prove keener"  
Said the rude Perfect with insolent boast,  
"Nay," she retorted, "nor words nor demeanor  
Fail those replenished with God's Host Ghost."

"Virgin, beware! I can make Him desert thee;  
One word from me, and thy pride is undone."  
"Nay," she replied, "cruel force cannot hurt me—  
That would but double my chastity's crown."

Safe from his threat as the heavens above her,  
Firm as the Bride-Church Christ built on the Rock,  
Temple of purity—none could remove her,  
Wolf never mangled this lamb of the flock.

Flames might not harm her, Saint Lucy stood fearless,  
Still as a statue the neck which they smote:  
Scarcely another save Lucy was fearless,  
When the sharp dagger was plunged in her throat;

Torturers left her, the faithful drew near her,  
Foremost came he who had charge of Christ's sheep,  
Bringing the Manna of Heaven to cheer her,  
And raise her to life from death's virginal sleep.

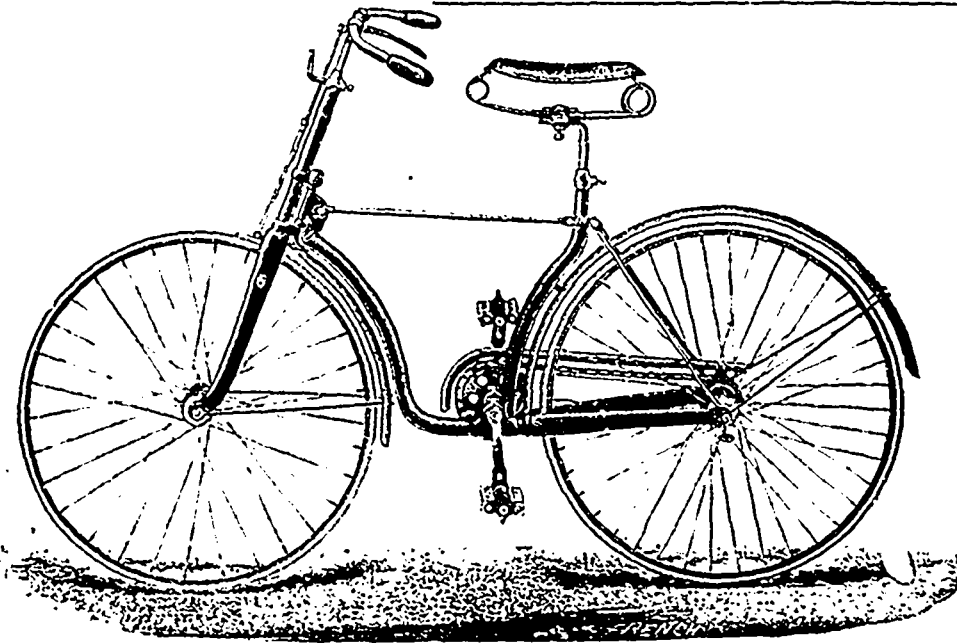
We who are tempted and heavenly laden,  
Think of St. Lucy's heroic fight—  
Call on this blessed Sicilian Maiden—  
Darkness and sin flee away from her sight.

—D. B., in *Irish Monthly*.

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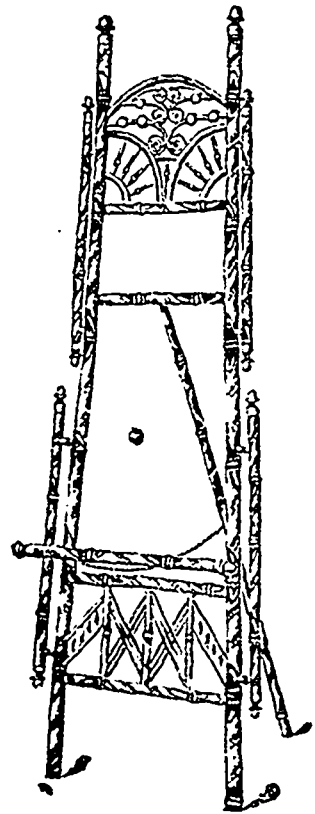
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and 1910 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and can be seen at their warerooms at either of these two cities. We ship them prepaid to any destination in Canada or the United States. We have no hesitation in saying that this is an unprecedented offer, and our reputation, we think, is sufficient to warrant the prompt fulfillment of obligations, and a guarantee that goods are as represented. We wish to double our circulation during the next six months, and take this as the most effective way of so doing, at the same time remunerating those who work on our behalf.

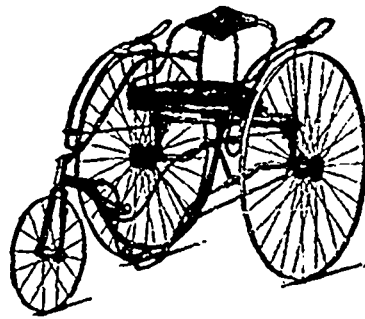


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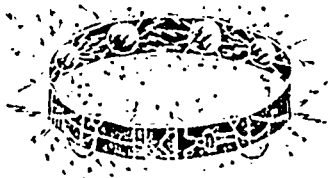
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