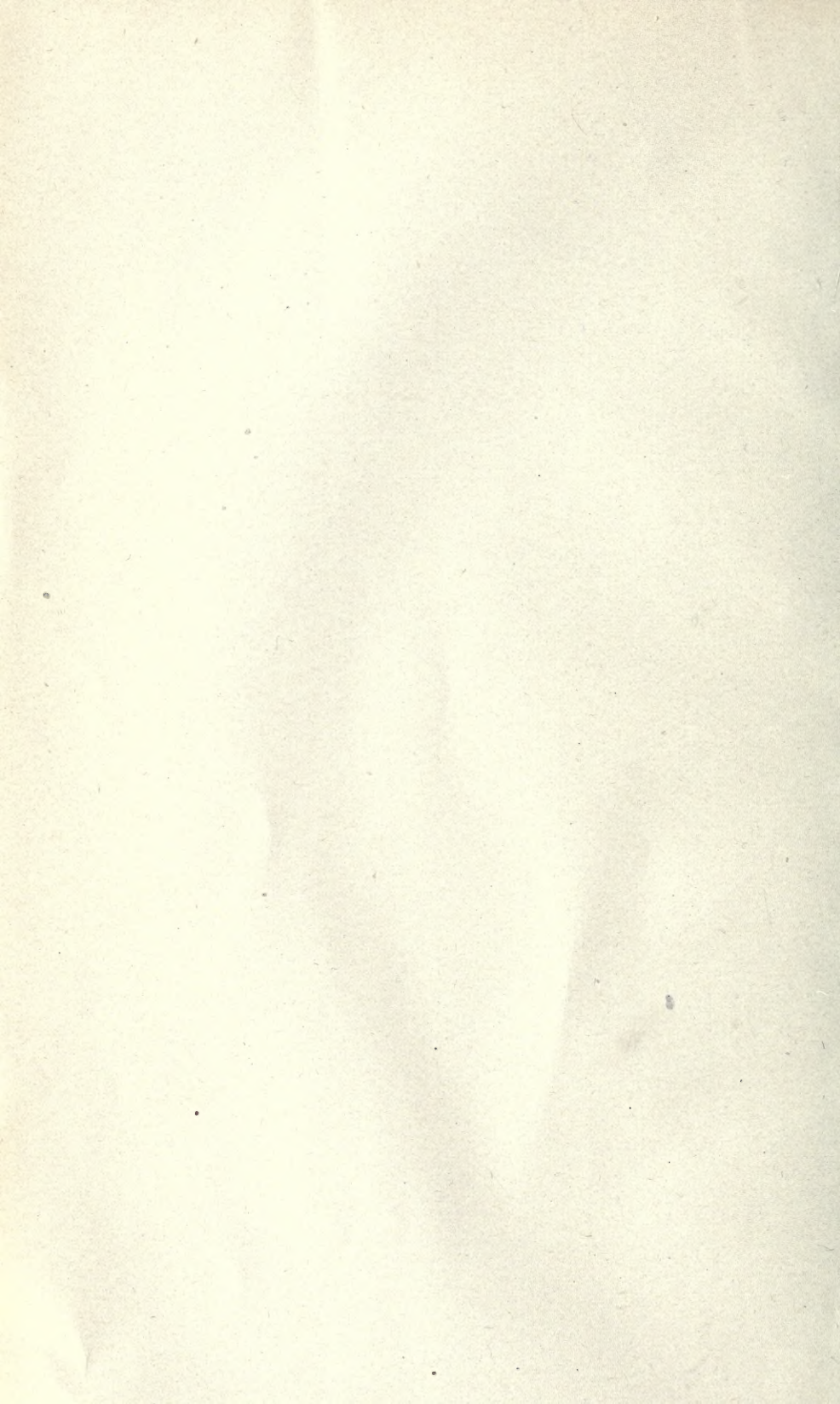


Sister Perpetua



6071

SAINT JOSEPH LILIES



JUNE, 1912.

SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA.

CONTENTS.

Advertisements	I, to X.
Psalm	1
Allegiance	2
Our Papal Blessing	3
Rev. Dr. Kidd's Letter	4
Alumnae Officers	5
Board of Publication	6
Editorial	7
Our Colours	10
Our Constitution	11
Alumnae Items	17
City Members	21
Out-of-Town Members	23
Diamond Jubilee Banquet	25
For Alma Mater	26
To a Friend in Religion	29
California and Its Missions	30
Wanderings in the East	34
Graduates of 1911	37
College Department	39
Advertisements	XI. to XX.

Psalm xxxii. 3, 4, 5.

Sing to him a new canticle, sing well unto him with a loud noise.

For the word of the Lord is right, and all his works are done with faithfulness.

He loveth mercy and judgment ; the earth is full of the mercy of the Lord.





The Fragrance of our Lilies—
Allegiance fond and true—
We, Daughters of Saint Joseph,
Here waft afresh to you,
Our Sovereign Pontiff!

“Rector ad exemplum, fingenda pube peritus
Florere hanc studiis, hanc iter atterere,
Se duce, virtutis docuit.”



His Holiness, Pope Pius X.

Our Papal Blessing.

Mrs. Ambrose J. Small, our Recording Secretary, had an audience with Our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., at Eastertide. His Holiness granted a Special Benediction with a Plenary Indulgence at the hour of death to every member of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto, now existing, and, also, to every actual member of the Saint Joseph's College Alumnae Association. On the eve of the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the President of the Alumnae Association received, from the Secretary of His Holiness, the precious document conferring the cherished Blessing.

The Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Saint Joseph's College Alumnae Association are deeply indebted to Mrs. Small, and humbly grateful to His Holiness.

ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE,
Head Wellesley Place, Toronto,

Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph,
April 28, 1912.

Dear Rev. Mother Irene,—

It is my very great pleasure to offer every encouragement to the ladies engaged with Saint Joseph Lilies Magazine. There is always a great need for more of the truly good and beautiful, which we shall find in Saint Joseph Lilies. Therefore, that the magazine may have the widest diffusion and every success, is the sincere wish of

Yours faithfully in Christ,

† JOHN T. KIDD,
S. V. Administrator.

REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR,
St. Joseph's Convent,
Toronto.



The Right Reverend Monsignor McCann, V. G.,
Patron of Saint Joseph's College Alumnae Association.

The First Officers
of the
Saint Joseph's College Alumnae Association.

1911---1912.

Honorary Patron—Right Reverend Monsignor McCann, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Toronto.

Spiritual Director—Reverend Father Fraebøn, C. S. B.

Honorary President—Reverend Mother M. Irene, Superioress of the Community of the Sisters of Saint Joseph.

President—Miss Gertrude Lawler, M. A.

Vice-Presidents—Miss I. Dwyer, Miss Elmsley, Mrs. J. F. McLaughlin, Mrs. H. Nerlich, Mrs. M. Weir, Miss M. Ryan.

Counsellors—Miss Hart, Mrs. G. F. Madden, Mrs. W. McKeown, Miss Teefy.

Treasurer—Mrs. W. R. Houston.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. A. J. Small.

Corresponding Secretaries—Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, Mrs. L. V. McBrady, Mrs. J. E. Day.

Historians—Miss Jennie Smith, Mrs. Wm. Petley.

Saint Joseph Lilies.

This magazine is published quarterly—June, September, December, March—by the Saint Joseph's College Alumnae Association, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 30 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to Mrs. M. Weir, 22 Maitland Street, Toronto: Telephone North 153. Advertising rates may be obtained from Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, 45 Bloor Street East, Toronto: Telephone, North 544.

Board of Publication.

MANAGING EDITORS.

Reverend Mother M. Irene and Miss Gertrude Lawler, M. A.

BUSINESS EDITORS.

Mrs. J. J. Cassidy,
Advertising Department.

Mrs. M. Weir,
Subscription Department

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Local.....Mrs. J. J. Cassidy and Miss Jennie Smith.
Out-of-Town.....Mrs. L. V. McBrady and Miss Teefy.
Literary.....Miss Hart and Mrs. A. J. Small
Music.....Mrs. Petley and Mrs. Houston.
Art.....Mrs. Nerlich and Miss Ryan.
College.....Miss Dwyer and Miss Elmsley
Social.....Miss E. Gillies and Mrs. Madden
Exchange.....Mrs. Weir, Mrs. Day, and Mrs. McKeown
College Representatives.....A Sister of the College and Miss I. Cassidy

Saint Joseph Lilies.

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOLUME I.

JUNE, 1912.

NUMBER 1.

Editorial.

“To-day a pupil, to-morrow a member of the great world; to-day confined to the lives of the Saints, to-morrow thrown upon Babel!”

—Cardinal Newman.

The distinguished Prelate was not referring to the Alumnae of St. Joseph's College when he wrote those words, but his statement is an eminently correct diagnosis of our condition. To-day, we are children fostered in a beloved convent home; to-morrow, we are women in the wide world. To-day, we are housed where the sunshine may not wither us, where the storm may not wreck us, where the dew of righteousness forms imperceptibly, and where the zephyrs blow continuously; to-morrow, we are alone on the high seas, and are as liable as the Titanic suddenly to sink to destruction.

To-day, to the Alumnae of St. Joseph's College, means, also, the last sixty glorious years, wherein the noble Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph have been teaching in the City of Toronto; and, to mark the close of that auspicious day, a number of alumnae assembled at the College and formed our Alumnae Association. To our request to be allowed to establish the association, Reverend Mother Irene, the Superior of the Community, replied that she was willing that the Alumnae Association exist, if its serious endeavour was to work for God and Alma Mater. Her inspiring words form our motto—Pro Deo et Alma Matre—For God and Alma Mater! Our late beloved Archbishop McEvay blessed us on the first day of our existence, and we have waxed strong. We have now three

hundred and thirty-four actual members in close touch with one another and with our Alma Mater, and we are one year old.

This little Magazine—Saint Joseph Lilies— is indicative of one of our efforts. We wish to unite our alumnae with one another, to keep them united in a truly Catholic bond, and to bask in the light of Alma Mater. Our literary aspirations are not feeble, but they are secondary to our chief aim. In all reverence, we repeat, “Consider the Lilies, how they grow!”

The stately lilies stand fair in the silvery light,
Like saintly vestals, pale in prayer;
Their pure breath sanctifies the air,
And its fragrance fills the night!

We, therefore, have planted our “Lilies” under the most favourable conditions. Saint Joseph guards them! Our Holy Father has blessed them! The Administrator of the Archdiocese of Toronto has wished them prosperity. Our Patron and our Chaplain guard them. The Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph watch them day and night. Many friends surround them. A zealous band of Alumnae is working strenuously to keep the ground properly nourished, to bring the necessary fertilizers, to keep out all noxious weeds, to let in all life-giving sunshine. A College of enthusiastic children is watching and waiting and praying and working, to be able to enjoy the ambrosial fragrance of our Lilies. There are Alumnae who have not yet heard of our work. We hope that they may soon scent our fragrance and come to labour with us in our garden.

We thank all who have encouraged us. If our Lilies are smaller, are less fragrant than was expected, we ask all to remember that the first product of the soil is only a promise of future growth.

We hope and pray that when Time shall be no more, that when to-day and to-morrow become eternity, our Alma Mater lily-crowned may sing:

“My work is done,
My task is o’er,
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleluia
For evermore.

My Father gave
In charge to me
This child of earth
E’en from its birth,
To serve and save,
Alleluia
And saved is she.

This child of clay
To me was given,
To rear and train,
By sorrow and pain,
Alleluia
In the narrow way,
From earth to heaven.”

G. L.



Our Colours.

Yellow, Brown, and Blue.

I.

From our convent-college home,
 Where we learnt to love our duty,
 Life's demands have made us roam
 Through a world replete with beauty:
 For under the yellow and brown,
 Our emblems of Faith and of Love,
 What care we if the welkin frown?
 We know that the blue is above!

II.

Our sunshine yellow, one colour dear
 Of the Vicar of Christ in Peter's Chair,
 Calls our alumnae from far and from near,
 To reduce to practice the Faith we share:
 For under the yellow we build a bridge
 That crosses the awful chasm of death!
 What matters then the mordant ridge?
 For pure-eyed Faith we spend our breath!

III.

Our sober brown, one symbol meek
 Of dear Saint Joseph's Sisters holy,
 Tells us that young and old must seek
 To assuage the heart by grief bruised sorely!
 For under the brown, mild, debonair,
 Reigns the chief among the blessed three,
 Divinely nourished Charity rare,
 From whom all Selfish Creatures flee!

IV.

Our hallowed blue, one token true
 Of Alma Mater's loyal friends,
 Kindles within our hearts anew
 The blessed doctrines that she commends!
 For under the blue, we shall work and win;
 We shall fight the good fight in the battle of life;
 We shall keep our faith, we shall shun foul sin;
 We shall gain our crown with lilies rife!

G.L.

Constitution of the Saint Joseph's College Alumnae Association.

Article I., Name.—The name of the society shall be The Saint Joseph's College Alumnae Association, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Article II., Patron Saint.—The Patron Saint of the Association shall be Saint Joseph, Foster-Father to Him by whom all creatures live.

Article III., Invocation.—

“Help us, Saint Joseph, in our earthly strife,
That we may lead a pure and blameless life!”

((Indulgence of three hundred days, once a day. Pope Leo XIII., March 19, 1882).)

Article IV., Motto.—The motto of the Association shall be Pro Deo et Alma Matre—For God and Alma Mater.

Article V., Flower.—Our flower shall be the Saint Joseph Lily, whose queen-like whiteness is an emblem of a pure life, and whose fragrance typifies eternal peace.

Article VI., Colours.—Our colours shall be yellow, brown, and blue—faith, charity, and loyalty.

Article VII., Objects.—The objects of the Association shall be, first, to unite the Alumnae of Saint Joseph's College; second, to prove the loyalty of the Alumnae to their Alma Mater in every way possible.

Article VIII., Membership.—Section 1. Any ex-pupil of Saint Joseph's College, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, may become a member of the Association.

Section 2. After the adoption of this constitution, any ex-pupil of the said College may apply for membership. The Executive Committee shall accept or reject the application; but such acceptance or rejection shall be submitted to the

Honorary President, and from her decision there shall be no appeal.

Section 3. Honorary membership may be conferred by unanimous vote, at any meeting of the Association, upon any person or persons that the Association may desire to honour. An honorary member shall neither hold any office nor vote.

Section 4. All members are requested to offer a daily prayer for the success of the Association.

Section 5. As soon as possible after the decease of a member, the Association shall have a mass offered for the repose of her soul, the said mass to be offered in the Convent Chapel.

Article IX., Annual Dues.—Section 1. Annual dues for each member shall be one dollar, payable in advance.

Section 2. The annual business meeting shall be the beginning of the financial year.

Section 3. Any member admitted during the year shall pay dues for the full year.

Section 4. No notices of meetings shall be sent to members that fail to pay their dues.

Section 5. The names of members that fail to pay their annual dues for two consecutive years shall be dropped from the roll.

Article X., Officers.—Section 1. The officers of the Association shall consist of a Patron, a Spiritual Director, an Honorary President, a President, five Vice-Presidents, four Counsellors, a Recording Secretary, three Corresponding Secretaries, a Treasurer, and two Historians.

Section 2. The officers named in the first section of this article shall constitute the Executive Committee.

Section 3. No officer shall hold more than one office during the year.

Section 4. No elected officer shall hold the same office

for more than one year; but, after the lapse of a year, she may be again elected to the same office.

Section 5. Each officer shall serve until the adjournment of the meeting at which her successor is elected and installed in office.

Article XI., Duties of Officers.—Section 1. The Patron and the Spiritual Director shall be chosen by the Honorary President.

Section 2. The Honorary President shall be the Reverend Mother Superior of the Community of Saint Joseph, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Section 3. The Honorary President shall be an ex-officio member of all Committees.

Section 4. To the Honorary President, the President shall submit all decisions of the Executive Committee for her approval; and, from the decision of the Honorary President, there shall be no appeal.

Section 5. The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association and of the Executive Committee, and shall be an ex-officio member of all Committees.

Section 6. Any one of the Vice-Presidents shall perform the official duties of the President at her request.

Section 7. All the Vice Presidents and the Counsellors shall render all possible aid to the President.

Section 8. The Recording Secretary shall keep the minutes of the Association and of the Executive Committee, the names and addresses of all Honorary Members, and shall be responsible for the publication of the Annual Report.

Section 9. The First Corresponding Secretary shall conduct all the city correspondence of the Association other than the Press.

Section 10. The Second Corresponding Secretary shall conduct all the out-of-town correspondence of the Association other than the Press.

Section 11. The Third Corresponding Secretary shall conduct all the correspondence of the Association relative to the Press.

Section 12. The Treasurer shall receive the funds of the Association and shall disburse them at the discretion of the majority of the Executive Committee voting. The Treasurer shall be ready at any time to make a report of the finances of the Association.

Section 13. The First Historian shall keep a record of the names and addresses and any special items of interest of all city members.

Section 14. The Second Historian shall keep a record of the names and addresses and any special items of interest of all out-of-town members.

Article XII., Meetings.—Section 1. The Executive Committee shall manage the affairs of the Association, and shall meet at such places and times as it shall by vote direct. The President may call a meeting of the Executive Committee at any time. Five members shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the Executive Committee.

Section 2. The Annual Meeting of the Association for the election of officers, and for the transaction of business, shall be held during June, the exact date to be fixed by the Executive Committee.

Section 3. Special meetings of the Association may be called at any time by the President.

Section 4. All other meetings of the Association shall be held at the discretion of the Executive Committee. Members in good standing shall be notified of the time, place and purpose of the meeting.

Section 5. Ten members shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the Association.

Section 6. At the Annual Meeting of the Association, the Association may make any by-law not in conflict with this constitution, or may alter any part of this constitution, pro-

vided that notice of such by-law or alteration has been sent to a Corresponding Secretary at least three weeks before the Annual Meeting, and provided that the said by-law or alteration is carried by a two-thirds majority of all votes cast.

Article XIII., Elections.—Members of the Executive Committee shall be nominated at the Annual Meeting, and shall be elected by ballot at the same meeting. In every case, the candidate receiving the greatest number of votes shall be declared elected. The Executive Committee shall fill any vacancies that may occur during the year.

Article XIV., Expenditure.—Any motion which involves the expenditure of money, and which would bind the Association for more than one year, shall be voted upon only at the Annual Meeting, and must receive a two-thirds majority of all votes cast.

Article XV., Committees.—Section 1. The Standing Committees of the Association shall be the Executive Committee, an Academic Committee, a Programme Committee, a Social Committee, a Spiritual Committee, and a Cemetery Committee.

Section 2. Each of the Committees except the Executive Committee, shall consist of three members of the Executive Committee.

Section 3. The Executive Committee shall nominate the members of the other standing committees and elect them by ballot at the first meeting of the Executive Committee after the Annual Meeting.

Section 4. Each of the Standing Committees except the Executive Committee, shall elect its own Convener.

Article XVI., Order of Procedure.—When it is possible, and as far as it is possible, committees and the association shall observe the following procedure:

1. An appropriate hymn, or the following prayers:

“O blessed Saint Joseph! We consecrate ourselves to thy honour and give ourselves to thee, that thou mayest always be our Patron, our Protector, and our Guide, in the way

of salvation. Obtain for us a great purity of heart and a fervent love of the interior life. After thy example, may we do all our actions for the greater glory of God, in union with the Divine Heart of Jesus, and with the Immaculate Heart of Mary! And do thou, O blessed Saint Joseph, pray for us, that we may share in the peace and joy of thy holy death! Amen."

Our Father, etc. Hail Mary, etc. Glory be to the Father, etc.

May the divine assistance remain always with us. And may the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

2. Reading of the Minutes.
3. Communications.
4. Reports.
5. Business.
6. Programme.
7. Adjournment.



Alumnae Items.

The Alumnae met for the first time in the beautiful new auditorium of the College, Sunday, March 19, 1911—the Feast of St. Joseph.

* * * * *

Since its organization, the Association has held sixteen general meetings—all interesting and profitable.

* * * * *

Our First Annual High Mass was sung in the College Chapel on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, 1911. Our Second was offered on the same Feast, 1912. The Mass is the gift in perpetuity of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph to the Alumnae. On both occasions, the celebrant was the venerable and beloved Chaplain, Reverend Father Frachon. Eloquent Sermons were preached on both occasions; the first by Reverend Father Mulheran, C. SS. R.; the second by Right Rev. Monsignor McCann. The exquisite flowers on the altar were the gifts of the Alumnae Association. An informal reception of Alumnae preceded both masses.

* * * * *

Mr. Henry Barber and some of his friends—notably Messrs. Dineen and Gough—presented St. Joseph's College with a glorious flag of Ireland. It was unfurled for the first time over the new buildings on the Feast of St. Patrick, 1912.

* * * * *

The Rev. Dr. Tracey, Dixie, entertained the Sisters, the Alumnae, and the Students with a lecture on St. Theresa, on her last Feast. The Reverend Lecturer dealt very happily with his subject. He left on the minds of his hearers an almost photographic presentation of the characteristics of St. Theresa as a woman and a saint.

* * * * *

The President of the Alumnae Association entertained the Members of the Executive Committee at luncheon. Covers were laid for eighteen. After cordially greeting each guest,

the President asked each to choose a number, which corresponded to a place card at the table—a very happy idea. The table was decorated with a beautiful basket of fragrant St. Joseph Lilies. A chou of roses tied with our colours was at the place of each guest. Everything was elegant, but charmingly natural. All were well acquainted and happy. The delightful repast was concluded with a merry “Bon Voyage” to one of the guests, who was going abroad.

* * * * *

Mrs. Anglin, wife of the distinguished Hon. Justice Anglin, has become an out-of-town member, and has gone to Ottawa. We hope, however, to see her again at some of our meetings.

* * * * *

The Reverend Dr. Teefy, who was so cordial at our initiation meeting, was by the Divine Will called to his Eternal Home. The Alumnae Association gathered around his grave in Mount Hope Cemetery, and prayed and praised and wept.

* * * * *

Mrs. Manning Doherty, of St. John, N. B., a former pupil of great talent, visited her mother, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, in February. Mrs. Doherty has promised a literary contribution for our next issue.

* * * * *

Mother M. Annunciation, Superior of the Community of St. Joseph, Lindsay, has translated from the French, “The Life of the Reverend Mother Sacred Heart of Jesus.” It is a most interesting work. Our members should read it.

* * * * *

Dr. Agatha Doherty, one of our Alumnae, is now a full fledged physician. The Doctor is making quite a success of her chosen profession. Success to her!

* * * * *

Our President was recently again elected President of the Alumnae Association of the University of Toronto. We offer her our hearty congratulations.

* * * * *

Miss Elmsley, a member of our Executive Committee,

has gone abroad, and is accompanied by her mother and her sister, Miriam. The voyage over was very stormy; but we have heard that the travellers were amply recompensed by the greeting that they received from a beautiful cherub.

* * * * *

Mrs. Ambrose J. Small gave a lecture, "A Trip Through Mexico." She made us acquainted with the people and the resources of that great country. Mrs. Small is a clever lecturer and delighted everyone.

* * * * *

Mrs. Nerlich, who has been very ill and whom we missed exceedingly, is rapidly recovering. We hope to have her with us soon again.

* * * * *

Miss Henry, one of our brilliant alumnae, is to give us a "Lecture on Russia" after the summer holidays.

* * * * *

Mrs. J. F. McLaughlin, an esteemed Vice-President of our association, passed to her heavenly reward on Sunday, May 12, 1912. R. I. P.

* * * * *

Mrs. Ambrose J. Small, with Mr. and Miss Madeline Small are in Egypt. We have heard from her often. One photograph shows her happy as usual, but on a camel at the base of the great pyramid. We expect a glowing account of her travels on her return.

* * * * *

Our President presented the College Library with a morocco-bound set of "The Catholic Encyclopaedia." The students have found it extremely useful.

* * * * *

The Alumnae Association has presented several valuable books to the College Library.

* * * * *

Mrs J. E. Day, a busy member of our Alumnae Association, is much engrossed with the great work that she has successfully undertaken in the establishment of Rosary Hall.

Miss Dwyer, Mrs. Madden, and Mrs. J. J. Cassidy are three able workers in Catholic Extension.

* * * * *

Miss Sarah Bolster is sojourning in California.

* * * * *

The Sisters, the Alumnae, and the Students of the College enjoyed Mr. Williamson's eloquent Lecture on "Charles Dickens." It was an educational treat. We hope to hear Mr. Williamson again.

* * * * *

Mrs. M. Weir and Miss Jennie Smith have been indefatigable and enthusiastic workers for our Association.

* * * * *

Mrs. F. P. Brazill and Mrs. Wallace have been appointed Auditors of our Association. They are most zealous alumnae.

* * * * *

Miss Eugenie Gillies kindly acted on the Executive Committee for Mrs. Nerlich, and rendered valuable assistance.

* * * * *

Miss G. McGoey, President of the Catholic Women's Club of the University of Toronto, is a prominent alumna, who has worked well for us.

* * * * *

Miss Hart, President of the Catholic Ladies' Literary Society, is another excellent worker of ours.

* * * * *

Many out-of-town alumnae cheered our out-of-town Secretary, Mrs. L. V. McBrady, by sending good wishes for our success.

* * * * *

Miss C. Charlebois and Mrs. Warde delighted the alumnae with their superb voices on more than one occasion.

—A. A. C.

Toronto Members.

The following are the City Members of our Alumnae Association. Members whose names arrived too late for this issue will see their names in the next issue. All City Alumnae that have not yet become members should send their names and membership fee of one dollar to the City Secretary, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, 45 Bloor Street East, Toronto. Members will please notify the City Secretary of any change of address:

Miss Isobel Abbott, Mrs. E. D. Almas.

Mrs. P. Bailey, Miss Olive Beer, Mrs. F. Belton, Miss A. Benning, Miss J. Benning, Miss Margaret Bigley, Miss S. Bolster, Mrs. F. P. Brazil, Mrs. J. Breen, Mrs. J. Bryan, Miss N. Byrne, Miss Madge Burns, Miss N. Burns.

Dr. Mary B. Callaghan, Miss Carolan, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, Mrs. T. Cassidy, Mrs. W. Cassidy, Miss C. Charlebois, Miss Ethel Clark, Miss Kate Clark, Miss M. Clarke, Miss K. Cleary, Miss Gladys Cleghorn, Miss Marjory Cleghorn, Miss Florence Cochrane, Miss Kathleen L. Coghlan, Miss Maud Collins, Miss Corcoran, Miss Corigan, Mrs. S. G. Crowell.

Mrs. J. Daley, Mrs. J. E. Day, Mrs. J. Dee, Miss A. De Laplante, Miss L. Devine, Miss M. Devine, Mrs. Dickson, Dr. Agatha Doherty, Miss M. Doherty, Miss A. Donley, Mrs. A. Dubois, Mrs. J. Duggan, Miss M. Duggan, Miss C. Dunn, Miss I. Dwyer.

Mrs. D. J. Egan, Mrs. W. J. Ellard, Miss A. Elmsley.

Mrs. C. Flanagan, Miss Katherine M. Flanagan, Miss S. Flanagan, Miss Faye.

Miss A. Gallenger, Miss C. Gearin, Miss E. J. Gillies, Miss Jessie Gordon, Mrs. W. Graham, Miss Mildred Gurnett.

Miss I. Halford, Miss Hart, Miss Rita Healy, Mrs. M. Healy, Miss Anna Heck, Miss A. Henry, Mrs. J. Henry, Miss B. Heydon, Miss Higgins, Miss Jennie Higgins, Mrs. W. R. Houston, Miss L. Hynes, Miss N. Hynes.

Miss M. Jaffray, Miss O. Jaffray.

Miss A. Gertrude Kelly, B.A., Mrs. G. Kelly, Mrs. W. J. Kelly, Miss K. Kennedy, Miss N. Kennedy, Miss R.

Kenny, Mrs. N. Kidd, Miss A. Kilman, Mrs. W. H. Knox, Mrs. J. Korman, Miss Koster.

Miss Lizzie Lalonde, Miss Lawler, Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., Miss M. Lawrence, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Lehane, Miss B. Leonard, Miss H. Leonard, Miss Katie Leorden, Mrs. J. Loftus, Miss Lysaght.

Mrs. G. F. Madden, Mrs. L. V. McBrady, Mrs. McBride, Miss McCabe, Mrs. J. W. McCabe, Miss L. McClandish, Mrs. J. A. T. McCarron, Miss K. McCrohan, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Miss G. McGoey, Miss N. McGrath, Miss M. McGuire, Miss A. McLaren, Mrs. J. F. McLaughlin, Mrs. T. McMahon, Miss F. Meehan, Miss L. Meehan, Mrs. J. P. Melady, Mrs. J. J. Menton, Miss Kate Menton, Miss Middleton, Mrs. L. G. Mickles, Mrs. H. E. Moore, Miss K. Moore, Mrs. M. F. Mogan, Miss R. Morreau, Miss N. J. Moylan, Miss H. Mullins, Mrs. Mulqueen, Mrs. W. Madigan.

Mrs. H. Nerlich, Mrs. Northgraves.

Mrs. E. O. O'Connor, Miss J. O'Connor, Miss Minnie O'Connor, Miss P. O'Connor, Miss T. O'Connor, Mrs. M. J. O'Hearn, Mrs. E. O'Sullivan.

Miss Patton, Mrs. W. Petley, Miss Pickett, Mrs. E. W. Pratt, Mrs. F. P. Pujalas.

Miss Bernadette Real, Miss Mary Regan, Miss Roche, Mrs. A. M. Roesler, Miss L. Rosar, Miss B. Rose, Miss E. Rose, Miss K. Ryan, Miss Mary Ryan, Miss J. Rush.

Miss Madeline Sheerin, Miss Simoni, Mrs. A. J. Small, Mrs. D. Small, Miss J. Smith, Miss E. Sullivan, Miss I. Sullivan, Miss Stormont, Miss Stuart.

Miss F. Tobin, Mrs. O. Teening.

Mrs. A. Wallace, Mrs. H. Walsh, Mrs. W. Walsh, Mrs. J. Warde, Mrs. W. Way, Mrs. M. Weir, Mrs. T. Winterberry, Miss G. Woods.



Out-of-Town Alumnae.

The following are the out-of-town Members of our Alumnae Association. Members whose names arrived too late for this issue, will see their names in the next issue. All out-of-town alumnae that have not yet become members should send their names and membership fee of one dollar to the out-of-town Secretary, Mrs. L. V. McBrady, 86 Charles Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Members will please notify the out-of-town Secretary of any change of address :

Mrs. Frank Anglin.

Miss Hattie Bauer, Miss Rose Bauer, Miss Sophia Bauer, Miss K. Bergin, Miss Irene M. Bishop, Miss Anna Bourke, Mrs. J. M. Bourke, Miss Lily Bourke, Miss Mamie Bourke, Miss Mollie Bourke, Mrs. F. S. Bourns, Mrs. S. B. Bowes, Miss Harriet Boyle, Mrs. J. P. Brennan, Miss Lena Brophy, Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mrs. J. A. Burns.

Miss May Carey, Miss Mary Cassidy, Miss Elizabeth Clark, Miss Kathleen Clark, Miss Marguerite Clark, Mrs. George Clifford, Miss L. Coffee, Mrs. E. Conroy, Miss Margaret Considine, Miss Rosemary Conway, Miss Lily Cottom, Mrs. R. E. Cox, Mrs. W. Crosland, Miss Isabel Curtis, Mrs. Clancy.

Mrs. T. C. Denis, Miss M. M. Devine, Miss Edna Devlin, Mrs. Manning Doherty, Miss T. Donnelly, Mrs. J. J. Doyle, Mrs. M. J. Doyle, Miss A. Driscoll, Miss Pauline Dudley, Miss Agnes Dunne.

Miss M. Eckart, Miss Egan, Mrs. F. Ellard.

Miss Margaret Feeney, Mrs. W. Fisher, Miss Agnes Fitzgerald, Mrs. A. Forster, Miss Irene Frawley, Miss Mary Frawley.

Miss R. Gettings, Miss Alida Gendron, Miss Nellie Gillyan, Miss M. E. Glavin, Mrs. M. J. Glavin, Miss Doretta Gordon, Mrs. W. Gordon.

Miss Loretto Hanley, Mrs. J. Hannifan, Miss Edna Hartnett, Mrs. Ernest Hector, Mrs. W. R. Hees, Miss Elizabeth A. Henry, Mrs. Allan Hills, Miss Ethel Hinds, Miss Ethel Hogan, Miss Margaret Hogan, Miss Nanno Hughes.

Mrs. Fred Johnston, Miss Minnie Jonson.

Miss Phyllis Kellett, Miss Annie Keogh, Mrs. Fred Keogh, Miss Mary Keogh, Miss Kathleen Kidd, Miss Mary Kidd, Mrs. D. G. Kilburn.

Mrs. J. Lahey, Miss Celia Langan, Miss Ina Larkin, Miss T. Lavalley, Miss Mary A. Lawlor, Miss Agnes Leonard, Miss Helen Lunn.

Mrs. H. J. Mackie, Miss Elizabeth Maher, Mrs. M. Malone, Miss Marie Malone, Mrs. W. Malone, Miss E. Maloney, Miss Loretto Marren, Miss Anna McCarthy, Miss J. McCarthy, Mrs. H. McCormack, Mrs. R. McDonald, Miss Jean McDonald, Miss Mary McDonald, Mrs. McDonough, Miss Mary McDonough, Miss Mary McDoughall, Miss Mina McGrath, Miss J. McGregor, Miss Agnes McIlwain, Miss E. McKay, Miss Cassie McKinnon, Miss Kathryn McNamara, Miss Genevieve McNulty, Mrs. H. R. Miles, Miss Mary Miley, Mrs. Morey, Miss M. Morgan, Mrs. S. M. Morgan, Miss Christine Morrow, Miss Francis Morrow, Miss Marie Morrow, Mrs. J. F. Moses, Miss K. Mulligan, Miss Agnes Mundy, Miss Elizabeth Mundy.

Mrs. D. O'Brien, Mrs. Charles O'Connor, Mrs. J. J. O'Connor, Miss Marie O'Connor, Miss K. O'Leary, Miss Anna O'Rourke, Mrs. C. Osborne.

Mrs. Fred Porter, Miss Hattie Porter, Miss Flora M. Post, Miss Lollie A. Post, Mrs. Fred Potvin, Mrs. M. S. Plunkett.

Mrs. Oliver Quinlan, Miss Queenie Quinlan.

Miss Mary Rathwell, Miss R. Reath, Miss Loretto Roach, Miss L. Roche, Mrs. Rodigan, Mrs. James Ronan, Miss G. Rudkins, Miss Ethel Ryan, Miss Pearl A. Ryther.

Mrs. P. J. Scallon, Miss Mary Schrader, Miss Christine Scully, Miss Tena Servais, Miss A. Sexton, Mrs. Wm. Shea, Miss Edith V. Smith, Mrs. Charles Sullivan, Miss M. Sullivan, Miss Irene Swift.

Miss Alice Teefy, Miss Hope Thompson, Mrs. Guy Toller, Mrs. J. Traynor, Miss I. Tuffy.

Miss Ella Ward, Mrs. J. C. Walsh, Mrs. W. Walsh.

The Diamond Jubilee Banquet.

What was conceded on all sides to be the finest and most representative gathering of Catholic women ever assembled in Toronto, was that of the Diamond Jubilee Banquet, which took place in the beautiful auditorium of St. Joseph's College, on Thanksgiving Eve, Saturday, October 28, 1911.

The banquet had been arranged with such regard to detail and such forethought on the part of the President and her committees, that from beginning to end, the feast and its accompaniments remain in the memory as one harmonious and beautiful episode in which bright and intelligent women appeared at their best, when appropriate addresses and speeches were made by members of the Alumnae Association, and exquisite music varied the programme, when tables adorned by all that good taste could suggest were surrounded by the flower of Toronto's Catholic womanhood, and the whole was one great tribute and testimony to the work of the college which all were proud to claim as their Alma Mater.

The particular guests of the evening were Right Reverend Mgr. McCann, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese and Honorary Patron of our Alumnae Association; Rev. Father Frachon, C.S.B., who for nearly forty years has officiated as chaplain to St. Joseph's; and the Presidents of various sister organizations of the city. The most pleasurable moment of the evening was undoubtedly that in which Reverend Mother M. Irene and the Sisters of the College entered the Hall just before the toasts were given. Reverend Mother and those with her were received by the whole company rising and remaining standing until the Sisters had distributed themselves among their former pupils and friends. All felt that then nothing was wanting. The statue of St. Joseph rose just above the head table. His lilies adorned the tables. Statue and flowers bespoke the tender patronage under the guiding care of which the work of the College has prospered conspicuously during the sixty years of its existence in Toronto. All praise is due for the manner in which every particular in connection with the Diamond Jubilee Banquet was carried out.

—M. L. HART.

For Alma Mater.

They are the noblest benefits, and sink
 Deepest in man, of which when he doth think,
 The memory delights him more, from whom,
 Than what he hath received.

—Johnson.

One of the brightest memories of the Diamond Jubilee year of our Alma Mater will always be associated with the evening of December 28th, the Feast of the Holy Innocents. Then, adamantine Time turned backward and there reigned a few golden hours of joy, which had to be experienced to be realized. Absent Alumnae were present in spirit with those who were fortunately able to participate in the delightful festivities.

Santa Claus had for beloved Reverend Mother M. Irene a timely little gift, which, during its normal existence, will minutely and hourly whisper sixty, and remind her of the sixty glorious years during which the Community of St. Joseph has been harvesting the wheat of life. For every Sister of the College, Santa Claus had an affectionate little token. Nor did he forget our Honorary Patron, Monsignor McCann, our venerable Chaplain, Reverend Father Frachon, and our Friends, Reverend Fathers R. McBrady and W. McCann, all of whom made us happy by their gracious presence on that unique occasion.

The Committee that worked with Santa Claus desires to express gratitude and thanks to the following ladies, whose voluntary contributions enhanced the success of the evening:

Mrs. F. Anglin, the Misses Beer, Miss Bolster, Mrs. I. B. Bowes, Mrs. F. P. Brazill, Mrs. Bryan, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. John Cashman, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, Mrs. W. Cassidy, Mrs. Clancy, Miss E. Clark, Miss Cochrane, Miss R. Conway, Miss Corcoran, Miss Cosgrave, Miss Cottam, Mrs. Crowell, Mrs. J. E. Day, Miss Delaplante, Miss I. Dwyer, Mrs. E. Egan, Mrs. W. J. Ellard, Miss Elmsley, Mrs. N. Fisher, Mrs. Flanagan, Miss K. Flanagan, Mrs. Forster, Mrs. J. Foy, Mrs. McLean French, Mrs. Fulton, Miss C. Gearin,

Miss A. Gendron, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Gillies, Miss E. Gillies, Mrs. Glavin, Miss Hart, Mrs. Hees, Miss Heydon, Miss Higgins, Miss Higgins, Miss Hills, Miss Hoskin, Mrs. W. R. Houston, Miss Hughes, Miss Hynes, Mrs. F. Johnston, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Kavanagh, Mrs. Keenan, Miss A. G. Kelly, Miss N. Kelly, Mrs. W. J. Kelly, Miss Kidd, Miss I. Larkin, Miss Lawler, Miss G. Lawler, Mrs. Latchford, Miss Leorden, Mrs. Loftus, Mrs. T. Long, Miss Lysaght, Mrs. J. B. Macdonald, Miss Mackay, Mrs. G. F. Madden, Miss G. Mallon, Mrs. Maloney, Mrs. J. Mason, Mrs. Melady, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. H. E. Moore, Miss Morrow, Miss Moylan, Mrs. L. V. McBrady, Mrs. McBride, Miss McCabe, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. J. J. McConvey, Miss McDonald, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Miss McDougal, Mrs. J. F. McLaughlin, Miss Northgrave, Mrs. O'Brien, Miss O'Connor, Mrs. O'Loane, Mrs. O'Sullivan, Mrs. E. O'Sullivan, Mrs. Pajalas, Mrs. W. Petley, Mrs. Roesler, Miss Rosar, Miss M. Ryan, Mrs. P. J. Scallon, Mrs. Shea, Mrs. A. J. Small, Mrs. D. Small, Miss J. Smith, Miss M. Smith, Mrs. Sullivan, Miss M. C. Sullivan, Miss Taylor, Miss Teefy, Miss Thornhill, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Warde, Mrs. Weir, Mrs. T. B. Winterberry.

The following letter accentuates the success of the evening:

St. Joseph's College, Toronto,
December 30, 1912.

Dear Madam President,—

The evening of Holy Innocents' Day shall not soon be forgotten by the Community of St. Joseph. We desire that you and all the other members of the Executive Committee should know how truly the Sisters appreciate the efforts to make that evening one of rare joy. We think that you can hardly realize what it means to us; not so much the material kindness shown by labour and time spent in the preparation of numerous gifts, but the tender feeling, the loyalty, the love that the gifts demonstrated—the gifts of the heart.

Surely, no other Convent teachers are so happy in their Alumnae Association as are St. Joseph's!

That the New Year may bring each one of our ex-pupils God's choicest blessings, and that St. Joseph's College

Alumnae Association may be the one par excellence of all the Societies of Catholic women, not alone in Toronto, but in Canada, is the Community's New Year salutation.

—M. M. IRENE.

The same Committee, from the same fund, presented the Community with a beautiful candelabrum for St. Joseph's altar, and received the following touching acknowledgement:

St. Joseph' College, Toronto,
St. Joseph's Day, 1912.

Dear Madam President,—

The last lovely gift that the Alumnae Association presented to the Community, adorns St. Joseph's altar to-day. The most ardent wish of our souls on this beautiful Feast of Feasts is that St. Joseph may bless each member of the Executive Committee and every member of the Alumnae Association. May he keep all in his love! May he obtain treasures of grace for all from his Divine Foster-Child!

Always gratefully yours,

—M. M. IRENE.

M.W.



To a Friend in Religion.

(Presented to a Sister of St. Joseph's College, Toronto.)

Behold, my longing heart would seize upon
Whatsoe'er good and sweet on earth may be,
 The faith of childhood, welling full and free,
All things of Heaven human mind hath won,
All selfless deeds, true charity hath done,
 Love, faith and hope—all these it seemeth me
That I together love in loving thee,
Thou bride eternal of the Sinless One!
 O gentle Friend and dear! whose fervent prayers
Mount like white doves unto the Throne Divine,
To me it means a lightening of life's cares
 To quaff thy friendship's amaranthine wine;
Oh, may it be the promise at life's end
Of heaven's Eternal Love of God and Friend!

FLORENCE T. ROBINSON.

California and Its Missions.

When our President intimated that my impressions of California would be acceptable for the first volume of "Saint Joseph Lilies," I shrank from the idea of becoming a literary contributor, for I have well-defined ideas of my own shortcomings; but, in my journeyings through California, I have been so impressed that I now consider it a privilege to place on record my humble tribute to a saintly body of men—the Franciscan missionaries of early California.

Prior to the advent of the missionaries, California was an uncultivated country inhabited by the lowest type of Indian, whose chief characteristics were laziness and cruelty. In 1769, the first mission was opened at San Deigo by Padre Junipero Serra and his little band of devoted assistants; and, from that date, other stations were opened in quick succession, twenty-one missions being the aggregate number established.

Besides the difficulty of coping with the lazy and thievish propensities of the Indians—at one of his inaugural services, Father Serra was relieved of his spectacles, his little altar bell, and other portable articles—the Fathers had bitter tribal animosities to overcome. One tribe living nearest the water would allow no one else the use of it for fishing or for travelling; and, by way of Indian reciprocity, those living near the hunting grounds reserved to themselves exclusively the ranging of the forests; but the self-sacrificing missionaries by reiterated precept and example overcame those and many other difficulties, and transformed the land and its benighted people.

Upon locating a site, the first procedure was to hang a bell on a tree and to ring that bell to attract the natives. By various means suggested by different conditions, the missionaries would interest the natives in the proceedings and gradually teach them. Many a man of God fell a sacrifice to Indian butchery, but the survivors continued their work undaunted. Little by little, barbarous dress and customs were abandoned.

The cultivation and manufacture of the requisites for food and clothes were next considered, and it was no light task that resulted in the establishment of looms. The men became weavers, and the women expert tailors and dressmakers. At the San Gabriel mission, there were at one time four thousand Indians all of whose clothes were made by the women from the wool of sheep raised on the place. The women were taught to dye the fabrics, to make lace, to do fine embroidery, and even to make candy.

Special attention was directed to the boys, who were thoroughly grounded in reading, writing, and arithmetic. That instruction entailed much labour, for the devoted teachers lacked the present educational aids, and endless transcribing was necessary in order to furnish their thousands of pupils. The boys were taught to serve mass and to sing, and were gradually brought under the sweet influences of religion, and rendered love and obedience to their parents.

Nor was the work of the good missionaries confined to the savages. The governors of the different provinces of Mexico were petitioned to give to the missionaries the care of the inmates of the prisons, and criminals were taught useful trades.

Nothing was let go to waste. The hides of all slaughtered animals were either tanned for home use or shipped to the East. Many saddles, bridles, etc., were required for mission work; and, as the ranches grew in number, the demand increased for leather articles. Even the horns of the animals were converted into drinking cups, spoons, ladles, etc., often embellished with designs of great beauty. The carved leather work done under the mission regime has never been surpassed. Shoe-making was extensively carried on, the products of the trade finding a ready sale on the ranches. Tallow was dried out and run into underground brick vaults. Candles were made for local use or for sale. A flourishing trade was done in sun-dried meat, both salted and unsalted. Until 1814, all the meat used at the missions was ground by the women with meal stones. Soap was made on a large scale; and, at the present day, many of the old soap kettles may be seen at many of the missions. Lumbering

was extensively carried on, the wood being used for fences, buildings, boxes, tubs, barrels, etc.; and many of the Indians became expert carpenters and cabinet-makers. In the Coronel collection in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce are exhibited many specimens of iron work, such as bells, hoes, chains, locks, keys, spoons, scissors. There are, also, some specimens of hammered copper. Wine was made in large quantities; indeed, some of the old grape arbors may still be seen. All the mission houses were constructed of adobe, or clay bricks, in the old Mexican style of architecture, beautiful and quaint. Tiles were made at every mission, and lime and cement were used extensively.

At the end of sixty years, more than 30,000 Indian converts lodged in the mission buildings; but, during those years, there were times of great discouragement and trial. Small-pox and pulmonary diseases were epidemic; famine stalked through the land; hostile Indians frequently attacked the missions, and killed the priests; indeed, the atrocities committed by the savages are too horrible to record. The ecclesiastics carried no weapon, the Bible and the Cross being their all sufficient and constant companions. It is almost impossible for us in this twentieth century of comfort, to realize the sacrifices made by those devoted missionaries in alienating themselves from home and country. All the returns from the numerous industries were spent for the Indians; the priests were vowed to poverty and retained no money; and the mother house in Mexico neither desired nor received any of the dividends. Moreover, during the revolution, the missions practically supported the militia, although the priests, their wards and the churches suffered the consequences of a splendid hospitality.

The flourishing condition of the religious colonies attracted the jealous attention of the secular authorities; and, in 1832, the refusal of the authorities of San Gabriel to loan \$20,000 was used as a pretext for the commission of legalized crimes that began in the looting of San Gabriel and ended with the banishment of the priests and the appointment of an agent of the Mexican government as head of all the missions. The scheme was disastrous and proved to be the dis-

integration of the Californian organization. Californians are awakening to the fact that immediate and forcible steps must be taken if its most interesting landmarks are to be preserved. Two societies exist which strenuously urge the restoration wherever possible of the historic buildings; but, as both societies lack funds, there is the truly deplorable possibility that, with the exception of a few churches, the mission buildings will exist only in history.

The church of San Gabriel, twelve miles from Los Angeles, is the only building where once were many. Moreover, the present church is but a part of the original. Two violent earthquakes have necessitated considerable patching. Under the church and buried five deep are the remains of many distinguished Spaniards and missionaries. In the very small cemetery at the back of the church are interred 7,000 Indians. That cemetery is still used by the local Spanish families for the burial of their loved ones. The church is parochial, and mass is celebrated daily. It contains several very old statues and paintings; in the baptistry is a font of hammered copper. The famous belfry of San Gabriel contains a fine chime of bells, the ropes of which I manipulated under the guidance of a kindly padre, who permitted me, also, to pick a large orange and a lemon in his garden. The priests are Spanish and asked me many questions about Canada.

This land of the Golden Gate is truly beautiful. Its climate is balmy. Its fruits and flowers are abundant. Yet, with all its advantages, it lacks many possessed by my grand native country, Canada—where the sun also shines; where fruits and flowers grow to perfection; where history has its heroic martyrs; and where winter lends a particular charm. Yes, California is delightful for a time; but, for me, it is "Canada forever!"

SARAH BOLSTER.

Los Angeles, May, 1912.

Wanderings in the East.

Many Alumnae have visualized the Egyptian sun as it sets in a sky suffused with rays of the most brilliant green; have quailed at the thought of the iron despotism that prostrates the energy of the people of the Turkish viceroyalty and makes them contented with a beggar's lot; in imagination have entered Egypt with King Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon, have lived under the dynasty of the Ptolemies when Cleopatra gave it brilliancy, have seen the country mastered and relinquished by the Romans and seized by the Saracens, have watched Napoleon debark at Alexandria, fight at the Pyramids, enter Cairo in triumph, and win Aboukir. Many times have the Alumnae, in fancy, watched Moses leave the land of Egypt, conduct his people across the Red Sea, preserve them in the desert, and give them God's laws promulgated from Mount Sinai. Many times have the Alumnae worshipped in spirit the Divine Infant of Bethlehem; sympathized with Blessed Joseph and Mary in the flight from the fury of Herod; received inspiration in thinking of the model home at Nazareth, of the annual feast of the Passover, of the preaching in the temple; and reverently studied in detail the public life of the Redeemer of the World. Alumnae have, in hours of quiet revery, scaled the walls that Herod built around Jerusalem, or entered the Jaffa gate and ascended the one fragment that remains—the Tower of David; looked down from the rugged building on the open space through which circulates the life of the city; counted the long files of sheep following the shepherds dressed in striped horsehair cloaks; numbered the strings of heavily laden donkeys; listened to the jingling bells of stately camels in charge of Bedouins; glanced surreptitiously at the handsome, but pert Syrian clerks tricked out in poorly fitting, poorly selected European clothes; gazed stealthily at the round felt hat of a Shylock, at the tall black hat of a Grecian priest, at the scarlet costume of a consular kavass guiding visitors to the mosque of Omar, and at the hidden faces of shapeless women from the Moslem

quarter or the pleasant features of the shapely and graceful women from Bethlehem; and delighted especially to watch the gaily clad children holding up their chubby hands for bakshish.

Very few of the Alumnae have actually visited Egypt or Palestine. To many, therefore, the following extract will be interesting. It is part of a letter written in March to one of our alumnae by Mrs. A. J. Small, who will, no doubt, generously tell us on her return to Toronto of her delightful sojourn in foreign countries:

“Here we are, thousands of miles from home and beloved Alma Mater! We are in the deserts of Africa. We are stationed at Bedrechen on the Nile, and have just returned, after spending eight hours in the saddle, from a visit to the site of the ancient city of Memphis, now covered with shady groves of picturesque palms, among which recline the two famous colossal statues of Rameses the Great. We visited the tomb of Tih, one of the most interesting tombs on the Nile, and containing a series of paintings faithfully depicting life in Egypt five thousand years ago. It seemed very strange after having ridden over the desert for miles, suddenly to come across an oasis of roses, fruits, and palms. About the desert, there is a fascination that I cannot yet define. Perhaps it is the solitude that leads to reflection or the sunsets that excite the imagination.

“The sunsets are gorgeous. I have never seen anything like them. A huge ball of fire hangs in the west and radiates great streaks of yellow and blue. The colours fade away into softer tints, and then comes the wonderful afterglow.

“In passing a little Bedouin village, we were quite surprised to see a cross towering over the huts. A Catholic church, very small and very poor! It was, however, quite touching to meet that symbol of our faith in the midst of Mahomedism. We visited the priest and invited him to dine with us in our tent. Fortunately, he spoke Italian, for we have not yet mastered the Arabic, and was pleased to hear news from the world outside. He has a very hard and lonely life, but delights in carrying the cross into the wildest parts of Africa.

“Cairo is a magnificent city and may be called the Paris of Africa. It is an abode of sunshine and balmy air. It is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. As I sit on the hotel terrace and watch the ever-changing scene, I hear ten different languages in as many minutes. At frequent intervals, the Khedive and his body-guard pass by heralded by the sais, or carriage runners, who clear the streets for their master. An Arabian funeral passes, the corpse wrapped in bright shawls and rugs, and carried on men’s shoulders. Relatives follow on foot. The women are thickly veiled and wail pathetically. A few minutes later, there passes an Egyptian wedding procession. The bride and groom are in a sort of canopy decorated with bright colours and borne on the back of a camel. The attendants and friends go before, dancing and singing.

“Then come the ultra-fashionable tourists from London and Paris in beautiful carriages. But it is almost impossible to picture this panorama where East mingles with West.

“We assisted at mass in the new cathedral, a most magnificent edifice. Mass is celebrated every hour and the sermon is in a different language at each mass. It was edifying to see many great, strong Arabs making the sign of the cross and assisting devoutly at mass. Two priests were in charge of some school; most of the pupils were ‘little blacks’ learning to know and to love God, and they reminded us forcefully of Father Vaughan’s ‘little blacks.’ We are surprised in the character of these Arabs. They are not vicious, as are the Turks. On the contrary, we find them most docile and even-tempered; but, unfortunately, most of the Arabs are in the grip of a fanatical religion.

“We are going to Palestine for Holy Week, and expect to make the stations of the cross on Good Friday through the Via Dolorosa, where our Divine Lord made them. When we kneel on the streets made sacred by His sufferings, we shall not forget the Alumnae and the dear Sisters of Saint Joseph.”

G. L.

The Graduates of St. Joseph's College, 1911.

Miss Elizabeth B. Clarke, daughter of Mr. W. Clarke, of Brooklyn, New York, was awarded graduate honours. With her two sisters, Miss Elizabeth entered residence at an early age, and was preceded to graduation by Miss Kathleen, who won honours in the Senior Music examination at the University of Toronto, in 1909. Miss Elizabeth wrote the Junior Matriculation examination in 1909, and continued her studies at St. Joseph's during the two succeeding years. Miss Clarke now resides in Brooklyn.

Miss Anna Heck, daughter of Mr. B. Heck, of 505 Markham Street, Toronto, made her entire course at St. Joseph's, where she began her studies at a tender age. Her progress throughout was marked by success easily attained. The young lady completed her entrance to the Normal School and her matriculation course in 1910, and continued her studies at St. Joseph's during the year following. Miss Anna acquired a considerable degree of proficiency in fancy needle-work, point lace, and instrumental music, and won the bronze medal for English literature, presented by His Excellency Earl Grey.

Miss Helen M. Mullins, daughter of Mrs. Catherine Mullins, of Beverley Street, Toronto, received her entire education at St. Joseph's, and was in residence during the last two years of her course. Miss Helen passed the Junior Matriculation examination in 1910, and has since continued her studies at the College with the view of proceeding to a degree from the University of Toronto. Besides attaining General Proficiency in the Academic Course, the young lady has devoted much time to music, lace, and fancy needle-work.

Miss Ethel C. Ryan, daughter of Mr. W. H. Ryan, of Batavia, N. Y., entered residence at St. Joseph's College in the fall of 1906. For the first two years, Miss Ethel pursued eclectic studies. Then, Miss Ryan took up the collegiate studies and completed her matriculation in Arts in 1910. The young lady returned to St. Joseph's in the autumn of that

year, and continued her chosen accomplishments of art, needle-work, lace, painting in oils, water-color, and on china, and attained great proficiency. In 1911, Miss Ethel was awarded graduation honours and the Gold Medal for deportment and general proficiency. Miss Ryan is at present sojourning in Mexico.

Miss Henrietta Phillips, daughter of Mr. P. Phillips, of Merritton, has been a resident student at St. Joseph's since September, 1908. Miss Phillips passed the examination of Normal Entrance in 1910, and remained in residence while she took the Normal School Course, where she won the highest encomiums and final success. During her academic course, Miss Phillips won, in addition to many class prizes, the distinction of carrying off the Gold Medal for Science.

Miss Edna Hartnett, daughter of Mrs. Hartnett, of St. Catharines, Ontario, came into residence at St. Joseph's College in September, 1908, and completed her entrance to the Normal School in July, 1910. In the following term, Miss Edna began her Normal Training at Toronto, but still continued in residence at St. Joseph's. On account of ill health, Miss Hartnett was obliged to discontinue her studies before the close of the term. The young lady was awarded Graduation Honours in 1911, and has again returned to St. Joseph's and to the Normal School, where she has made a very successful record.

Miss Nina McGrath, daughter of Capt. D. McGrath, of Port Dalhousie, Ontario, entered in residence at St. Joseph's in the fall of 1909, pursued her class studies and obtained honours at the Senior Music examination at the University of Toronto in that year. The following year, Miss Nina returned to St. Joseph's to pursue the Licentiate Course in Music. Miss McGrath is a highly accomplished Musical Artist, and is skilled in both theory and practice. Miss McGrath was awarded the Gold Medal and highest graduation honours in Music.

Miss Blaid Leonard, daughter of Mr. C. J. Leonard, of Toronto, was a pupil of St. Joseph's since passing the Entrance Examination from St. Peter's School. Miss Leonard passed the Junior Matriculation in 1910, and returned to continue her studies the following year.



Bland Leonard.

Helen Mullins.

Elizabeth Clark.

Anna Heck.

Mina McGrath.

Edna Hartnett.

Henrietta Phillips.

Ethel Ryan.

St. Joseph's College Department.

Editorial Staff.

Editor-in-Chief.....	Miss Isabel Cassidy.
Assistant Editor	Miss Loretto Rathwell.
Exchange Editor	Miss Teresa Burns
Local Editors {	Miss Nora Warde
	Miss Gertrude Heck.
Music Editor	Miss Sheelah Mulcahy.
Business Manager	Miss May Casserley.

Greetings to the Alumnae.

The zealous devotion and enthusiastic loyalty of you, dear Alumnae of St. Joseph's College, in promoting the interests of your Alma Mater, awaken no little admiration in us, the present pupils. We are, therefore, pleased to have this opportunity of greeting you and of congratulating you on the signal success of your undertakings. Assuredly, your example is a powerful stimulus to greater exertion on our part.

We desire to thank you for the privileges that we have enjoyed at your hands. Not the least among those privileges is the joy with which we now hail the rising of a new constellation in the firmament of current literature—not the "forget-me-nots of the Angels," but the "Lilies of St. Joseph." We love the sweet purity and the modest dignity of our cherished emblem, with its heart of gold and its incomparable fragrance; and we welcome with the same tender affection "St. Joseph Lilies." From its pages, we hope to take into our hearts and minds, both sweetness and light. Ours is but the feeblest expression of what every St. Joseph girl feels, when we say that we fervently wish the St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association and its new undertaking a glorious success!

NORA WARDE.

To Alma Mater.

To thee, sweet Mother, hearty greeting;
My childhood's guide in days now fleeting;
Fond ideal of my dawning youth;
Thou who hast made me strong in Truth;
Sweet Mother, greeting!

Thou hast given to me the key
Of knowledge and of purity;
Hast taught me in thy blessed way
To lift my heart to God, to pray,
My Alma Mater!

And I do love thee more and more
For teaching me thy blissful lore,
For leading me in paths of right,
For showing me faith's healing light,
My Alma Mater!

And to thy halls my memory clings,
And thoughts of thee glad fancy brings,
To draw me with a power divine,
To breathe thy life, to call thee mine,
My Alma Mater!

Whate'er my lot in coming years,
In griefs, in joys, in hopes, in fears,
My heart will always turn to thee,
To wish thee all prosperity,
My Alma Mater!

My debt is great! O to reveal
To thee, dear Mother, what I feel!
Yet, stand I to thy teachings true,
Then may I always sing anew,
Sweet Mother, greeting!

ISABEL CASSIDY.

A Glimpse of Life in Saint Joseph's.

To the ordinary passer-by, St. Joseph's impressive exterior seems symbolic of that quiet uneventfulness associated with convent life. No pupil, however, can pass without vividly recalling the bustling activity of the life of that little world behind the tall board fence

"Ding-dong, ding-dong," from that brazen throat announces another day. Was ever night so short!

"Benedicamus Domino," from the zealous Sister in charge, and from drowsy heads still buried in their pillows, comes with quavering faintness the response, "Deo gratias." After a hasty toilet, blessed sleep often heavy on our eyelids, we find our places in the line for Chapel, having glanced enviously as we passed drawn curtains, at some fortunate or daring companion who either "has a sleep" or "has taken one." Then comes the morning offering in accents more prayerful for their pathos than for the words however touching. How plaintive the voice of a really happy school-girl in the cold grey dawn!

As the great hall-clock chimes the half hour that follows six, the never-failing venerable Chaplain, now white-haired, but with step still marking the footprints of forty years, ascends the altar steps, and Holy Mass begins—"our Mass," we call it, for our dear, kind Father Frachon, who would have each of us "Try to be a good child, and not bother the Sisters" is our intercessor before the Altar Throne.

Mass over, if we are so inclined, we may take a few turns in the open air of the playground, and then descend to a silent breakfast, silent unless, in honour of some great saint's feast, we are permitted to chatter. Late-comers whose originality or versatility cannot improve the time-worn excuses for over-sleeping, are advised by our good Mistress to "Report at the office." That means, "Make out your defence if you can." We are truly grateful if, after breakfast, by some good fortune, a few minutes intervene before the Mistress of Study taps her silver bell on that elevated level where we always breathe rare fresh air. Those minutes, if few, are precious, for they suffice for exchanges of confidence

as to the day's prospects, as to plans for escaping punishment, as to hopes for the arrival of a letter or of a box from home. The morning period, whether spent in the Study Hall or in the Music Hall, is one of close application, for the nearness of the nine o'clock classes sobers the most giddy.

At 8.50, all assemble in the Gymnasium, where after marching in double rank by class, with a bow to the Mistress and a cheerful "Good Morning!" we separate to face what seems to be an endless stretch of lessons. After the Angelus, the welcome dinner-bell relieves that gnawing sensation familiar to even the most aesthetic.

In the classes, competition is of the most friendly nature. Each knows the other's weaknesses as well as her excellences, and gives help or receives it with equal temperament. One dislikes mathematics and flounders through the morning periods, but is consoled to think that she may redeem herself later when her friend happy in mathematical problems, will have a dark hour in dead languages. The Latin, French, and German exercises at the board are a delightful break in the monotony, for excitement attendant on the teacher's distribution of the Sentences is as intense as in any game of chance—so slim are the chances of being allotted the Sentences especially desired. Science periods, too, are interesting, often exciting, when a loud report reveals the nature of a gas.

The noon hour is one of pleasant recreation, all too short, alas! At regular intervals, however, come breaks in the routine of afternoon lessons. There are choral classes, piano recitals, and the reading of the marks. The latter is no longer the formidable function that it used to be, when we stood by class, in line across the stage in the old Distribution Hall, and faced the rest of the school and our teachers; when the clearest voiced read out the marks and pronounced our worthiness to receive that little blue cord which showed whether or not we had observed the rules or had come up to the recognized standard of ladylike deportment; and when, over what seemed an endless expanse of polished floor and down three awful steps we glided as stricken creatures aware that our friends were watching us, aware that we were awkwardly swinging our arms and turning in our toes, quite

painfully aware that our curtseys were not all elegance and grace. Now, we hear our names read out, it is true, but we sit still, very still, very, very still, in the blissful security of our respective class-rooms, while the Superioress and the Directress go the rounds and hear the reports. That saves time, for our school rank now seems interminable, and the distance from class-rooms to the auditorium is very great. However, we are the gainers thereby, for the new method is vastly less nerve-racking to all concerned. Even a dissatisfied teacher's icy censure and Reverend Mother's reproachful glance are easier to bear than that distressful journey across the stage.

In the afternoon is one longed-for interval—sweet collation period! Then, cupboard and pantry doors swing open, and whatever toothsome dainty the shelves afford, is eagerly brought forth. What a flush of excited satisfaction when we uncover a carefully packed box from home, and invite our friends to partake of its savory contents!

Once a week, we receive Religious Instruction from one of the learned members of the Faculty of St. Michael's College. Of course, we are glad when the day comes. Though it imposes rigid stillness the while, and temporary isolation, too,—for, by a triumph of discipline, some of us are placed beside very good girls, who serve as bulwarks to our virtue—it has its compensation as an intellectual feast, appreciated most particularly by the senior pupils, whose knitted brows indicate superior wisdom.

On long winter evenings, piano or vocal pupils often give recitals in the beautiful auditorium, where, at short notice assembles a large and attentive audience. Occasionally, we enjoy a special treat when a celebrated lecturer or entertainer visits the school. Our regular programme calls for brief study followed by our charming evening recreation—the best part of the day. Work is over. Sleep is close at hand! Games are over, busy needles are placed aside, orderly squadrons are broken up, encircling groups are scattered, black veils are donned, and we pass through the "Glass Alley" to the Chapel for night prayers. Then are heard the sweet responses of the Litany, the Acts, and the Confiteor, and each penitent

head is bowed in sweet prayer. Again, St .Joseph's children sing in full chorus :

“Holy Joseph, dearest father,
 To thy children's prayer incline,
 Whilst we sing thy joys and sorrows,
 And the glories which are thine.”

LORETTO RATHWELL.

A Chaplet of Sonnets.

I.

TO THE INFANT JESUS.

Jesus, the loving Saviour of mankind,
 Who came on earth like us, a little child,
 A Son of Mother, meek and undefiled,
 Who was to God's most holy Will resigned,
 In this a lesson of the rarest kind,
 To us has taught. He needs nor book nor word,
 His wisdom to impart. No voice is heard,
 Save that of weeping babe. Yet there we find
 The Wise Men of the East on bended knee
 In worship meek. They are the first to learn
 This rarest lesson of humility.
 Teach me, dear Lord, this lesson in my turn,
 And make me wise alone in knowing Thee,
 And loving Thee for all eternity.

ROSE MORRISSEY.

II.

TO THE REDEEMER OF THE WORLD.

'Mid shades of night, illumined by the moon,
 Beneath the olive boughs a Man prostrate,
 Bowed down to earth beneath sin's heavy weight,
 We see our Jesus suffering there—alone.
 On Head Divine a crown of thorns is placed,

On shoulders bleeding lies the heavy cross,
 Up mountain side He toils with anguish tossed,
 And on the cross is nailed—a holocaust.
 Dear Jesus through the chalice of Thy woe,
 Thy holy thirst and agony suppressed,
 Look from Thy cross upon us here below,
 Forgive our sins, grant us eternal rest.
 O agonizing Heart of Jesus hear,
 When death is drawing nigh, do Thou be near.

MAE FARRELL.

III.

TO THE SAVIOUR OF MANKIND.

Dear Lord, Thy love for weak humanity
 Has prompted Thee to leave Thy Heavenly Home,
 To give Thy Virgin Flesh for us alone,
 Thy woes our comfort and our strength to be.
 Those hands were nailed upon the bitter Tree,
 That side was pierced, blood flowed that we might come
 And bathe our wounds at this redeeming Throne,
 On which Thy Soul breathed out in agony.
 Oh! shall our cold ungrateful hearts despise
 This pure unselfish love, this pledge of grace?
 And shall Thy pains make no contrition rise,
 Shall not the pleadings of Thy woes erase
 Our every sin; the memory of Thy Passion bring
 Repentance deep, that we to Thee may cling?

MAYME DONNELLY.

IV.

TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Jesus! how oft Thou waitest here alone,
 A pining Captive, Prisoner of love?
 The angels hover round Thy throne above,
 And Thou art here neglected by Thine own;
 Behind the lattices alone, Thou art
 No thought can fathom, and no tongue express

Thy love, Thy mercy, which is measureless,
 Sweet Jesus, of Thy own dear Sacred Heart.
 My Saviour! when we know that Thou art here,
 Could we not come one moment every day?
 Thou would'st our lonely pathway fill with cheer,
 And help us o'er the thorns that strew our way;
 Dear Jesus, take this lonely heart of mine
 And make it more and more like unto Thine.

FRANCES KEOGH.

V.

TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

O Jesus, Thou are ever watching there!
 With all the strength I have, I worship Thee:
 On Calvary, Thou didst die for love of me,
 For love, with which none other can compare!
 I place my soul within Thy loving care:
 Let me in burning fondness, come more near
 The Tabernacle of Thy Heart, to me so dear:
 O Lord, this is Thy child's most earnest prayer.
 Thou art, dear Lord, a thousand times more kind
 To me, than of myself I could deserve.
 By prayer, Thy grace bestowed, I shall preserve
 Thy priceless gifts. I know that I shall find
 In Thee that peace the world can never give,
 In Jesus' Sacred Heart, oh let me live!

LEONIDA LAWLESS.

VI.

TO MY LOVING JESUS.

O Love most wonderful! O Love Divine!
 Thou Light of Life for sinners here below,
 The blessed source from which all grace doth flow,
 And countless blessings come. O Sacred Shrine,
 O Sacrament, whose form is bread and wine,
 Give me a heart, such love as Thine to know,

And grace to profit by gifts Thou dost bestow.
 The very Bread of Life! May I be Thine,
 For Thine I wish to be. In Thee to live.
 Make Thou my soul, in Thee my love to store,
 And, but a taste of heavenly sweetness give,
 That I may ever love Thee more and more,
 O Sacred Heart of Jesus hear my cry,
 And bless us all, whose souls on Thee rely.

MAE CASSERLY.

VII.

TO OUR VIRGIN MOTHER.

Mary, the Virgin Mother of our King,
 The one Bright Creature free from sin conceived!
 Thou joyously the Angel's Word received,
 And at the Will of the Most High didst bring
 The Incarnate Word, Whose praise the Heavens sing,
 Into this vale of tears. Thy love relieved
 His baby pains; thy heart full sore was grieved,
 To find Him in the Temple lingering.
 O Mother, by the sorrow thou didst bear,
 When thy dear Saviour took His cruel Cross,
 Grant us new grace the Cross with Him to share;
 By penance may we compensate thy loss.
 Thou glorious Queen of Saints in Heaven most blessed;
 Ah, sweetly hear the prayers to thee addressed.

MAYME DONNELLY.

VIII.

TO OUR MOTHER OF SORROWS.

Mother of Sorrows, standing 'neath the Cross,
 A sword of cruel sorrow wounds thy heart,
 For Jesus thy dear son and thou must part,
 And thou in grief alone must bear the loss.
 The trace of every scourge that fell across
 His tender body, sends a cruel dart

Of pain into thy soul. The hot tears start,
 But fall not, for thy soul displays no dross
 Of human weakness. Let me share thy grief
 O Mary, with a valiant heart like thine.
 O Mater dolorosa, Mother mild,
 May I with thee, in sorrow, find relief.
 In crosses make me see God's gifts divine,
 He thou my love and I thy faithful child.

MAE FARRELL.

IX.

TO THE MOTHER OF MY REDEEMER.

Beside the Cross on Calvary she stands,
 Her upturned eyes fixed fondly on her Son:
 It is consummated, Redemption's won,
 For Jesus has fulfilled all God's commands:
 The sins of men, she knows, in many lands,
 And future time, have cost her Holy One
 His life, yet she forgives what they have done,
 And for them gently pleading lifts her hands.
 O Charity sublime! Her Mother's love
 Has set a priceless value on each soul
 Her Son Divine has purchased with His blood:
 She'll bring me safe I know to Him above;
 My soul and life she keeps in her control,
 Her Jesus gives His Body for my food.

GERTRUDE HECK.

X.

TO THE VIRGIN OF VIRGINS.

O Spotless Maid! above all angels bright,
 Whose Virgin bosom was by sin uncrossed;
 More pure than foam on briny ocean tossed,
 Enthroned beside her Son in dazzling light,
 She reigns a Queen, in Heaven, the Saints' delight,
 And pleads with God for us lest we be lost;
 Us, who the life of Mary's Son have cost,
 For whom, His blood was shed on Calvary's height.

Virgin of all Virgine dear, 'tis thou who art,
By virtue of thy fair and spotless life,
The dearest far of all to God's own heart,
Thro' all temptations of this world of strife,
Keep pure and chaste my soul, my safety be,
True bliss to share, with Jesus and with Thee.

MAE CASSERLY.

XI.

TO THE FOSTER-FATHER OF JESUS.

Protector of the Holy Family!
Chaste Spouse of Mary, Guardian of her Child!
On thee the Heavenly Father deigned to smile;
The home of Nazareth gave in charge to thee.
NAT at the Cross 'twas destined thou shouldst stand,
The woes of thy dear Foster-Child to see.
O happy death, that shielded thee from this,
Within the arms of Mary and her Son.
St. Joseph, Patron of a happy death,
Of Purity and of our Holy Church,
With each throb of my heart, with every breath,
Teach me to love thy sweet humility,
Grant me, O Joseph, in this earthly strife,
Ever to lead a pure and holy life.

MAE FARRELL.

XII.

TO THE BLESSED SPOUSE OF MARY.

O Joseph! Spouse of Mary undefiled!
So just, so holy, pure from every stain,
Thou need'st but ask in order to obtain
Great favors from thine own dear Foster-Child.
He sought, and oft received direction mild,
While aiding thee a livelihood to gain,
In Nazareth's lonely workshop, where He fain
Would make thy labor lighter. When He smiled,
Then thou didst meet His smile, and pat His cheek,

While Mary looked on both with fond delight.
 O Glorious St. Joseph, who can speak
 The privileges which fall to thee by right!
 St. Teresa said thy prayers were always heard,
 The Eternal Father's Son obeys thy word.

MAE CASSERLY.

XIII.

TO OUR BLESSED PATRON.

St. Joseph, Spouse of the Immortal Bride,
 Protector of the Universal Fold,
 Thou didst in bliss and happiness untold,
 Perform thy tasks with Jesus at thy side.
 Then Herod came, and in thy Son descried,
 The great and loving Saviour of the world.
 Thou wert His shield and from this haughty, bold,
 Ambitious prince, didst keep Him unespied.
 Great Saint, thou art our strength and Patron dear!
 Oh grant us thy unfailing love and aid,
 For we are weak and need thy presence near,
 To shield us till the lights of earth shall fade.
 Grant we may praise in Heaven's courts our King,
 With thee and Mary, joy unending sing.

MAYME DONNELLY.



CONTENTS.

Advertisements	i. to xiv.
Editorial	1
Board of Publication	3
Welcome to "Saint Joseph Lilies"	4
An Alumna in New Brunswick	6
Things We Might Have	7
The Bees	12
Venice	14
Final Impression of California	17
A Beloved Alumna	19
A Tribute to the Memory of Rev. Mother Antoinette	20
Alumnae Items	24
Our Annual Meeting	30
Toronto Members	38
Out-of-Town Members	40
Graduates of 1912	42
College Department—Salutatory	45
Eve of the First Friday of June	47
A Distinguished Lecturer	48
Our Lily	49
The Class Supper of 1912	50
Our Chaplain's Feast	51
In Our Commercial Department	53
Our Processions	54
A Vocal Recital	57
Our Dramatic Club	59
The Elocution Class	60
A Botanical Excursion	61
Physical Culture	62
St. Joseph's Lilliputians	63
Closing Exercises	65
Examination Results	68
College Items	71
A Summer Holiday	72
Advertisements	xvii. to xxxii.

Card of Thanks.

The Board of Publication

—of—

“ Saint Joseph Lilies ”

*Is deeply grateful to its many friends for their
generous and substantial support.*



HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL O'CONNELL
of Boston, Mass.

Saint Joseph Lilies.

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOLUME I.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1912.

NUMBER 2.

Editorial.



THE Editors of "Saint Joseph Lilies" are indeed grateful for the signal success of the initiatory number of the magazine issued in June, and desire in this, the second number, to give expression to their gratitude.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord the God of Israel, our father from eternity to eternity.

"Thine, O Lord, is magnificence, and power, and glory, and victory; and to thee is praise: for all that is in heaven and in earth, is thine: thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art above all princes.

Thine are riches, and thine is glory: thou hast dominion over all: in thy hand is power and might: in thy hand greatness and the empire of all things.

"Now, therefore, our God, we give thanks to thee; and we praise thy glorious name."

And thou, Saint Joseph, Patron holy,
Guide us, we pray thee, to the throne of grace!
Offer for us our incense lowly
From lily-censers free from trace
Of earthly dews, but golden-cored
And redolent of the fragrance fair
Of glorious gratitude, and stored
With emanating prayer.

To Our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., we are deeply indebted for the richness of his blessing; to Rev. Dr. Kidd, S. V., Administrator of the archdiocese of Toronto, for his gracious letter of approval; to Right Rev. Monsignor McCann, our Honorary Patron, and to Rev. Father Frachon, our Chaplain,

for their many acts of kindness and encouragement; to His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, Mass., who generously honoured us by permitting us to reproduce his photograph in this number of our magazine; and to Dean Harris, whose gracious letter of encouragement appears in "Alumnae Items."

Our sincere thanks are due to the many friends of the Sisters of St. Joseph and of the alumnae association for words and letters of commendation and for very generous subscriptions and monetary gifts. From all of our friends, we shall always be glad to receive helpful advice, wise counsel, and benevolent criticism. From all of our friends, we shall always be glad to receive one more subscription; for, although our magazine is not published to make money, money is necessary to publish our magazine. Salient advice and hearty wishes communicate a glow to our spirits, improve our taste, expand our hearts, and clear our brains; and gilded with a little of the new gold coin of the Dominion of Canada, they would be extremely potent in improving our circulation.

Among our many warm friends, we count our advertisers, who have proved themselves our able supporters, willingly and liberally. They know that our circulation is limited this year to one thousand copies; but they know, too, that we are able to find purchasers for their goods and realize that an advertising medium is most excellent when the interests of the readers and the advertisers are mutual. The attraction of our pages for advertisers is the buying power of our readers rather than the number of copies per issue, and that attraction is based upon stern business principles. We believe that our advertisers will find our pages profitable; and, in that confidence, we ask others to advertise in "Saint Joseph Lilies."

We are especially grateful to the members of our alumnae association for their promptness in paying subscriptions. It was inspiring to have a few hundred voluntary subscribers before the first number of our magazine was ready for our printer. It was animating to have distant alumnae enthusiastically forward their subscriptions as soon as the little blue magazines arrived. Charming congratulatory letters frequently accompanied the subscriptions, and are now in our

archives of treasured documents. We thank those enthusiastic alumnae who obtained subscriptions from their friends, and who purchased extra copies.

In returning thanks to those who helped make the first number of "Saint Joseph Lilies" a success, the editors desire to mention especially the students of St. Joseph's College. The whole-hearted and substantial support of the young ladies whose to-day is our yesterday is edifying and inspiring. Our lilies cannot wilt, wither, or dwindle, while we are blessed with such ardent and persevering co-workers.

In a word, the Board of Publication of "Saint Joseph Lilies" hereby returns thanks for the success of the first number of the alumnae magazine.

Saint Joseph Lilies.

This magazine is published quarterly—June, September, December, March—by the Saint Joseph's College Alumnae Association, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 30 cents. All who desire to aid by subscribing will please send their subscriptions to Mrs. A. M. Weir, 22 Maitland Street, Toronto: Telephone, North 153. Advertising rates may be obtained from Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, 45 Bloor Street East, Toronto: Telephone, North 544.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

Managing Editors

Reverend Mother M. Irene and Miss Gertrude Lawler, M. A.

Business Editors.

Mrs. J. J. Cassidy,

Mrs. A. M. Weir,

Advertising Department.

Subscription Department.

Associate Editors.

LocalMrs. J. J. Cassidy and Miss Jennie Smith.
 Out-of-TownMrs. L. V. McBrady and Miss Teefy.
 LiteraryMiss Hart and Mrs. A. J. Small.
 MusicMrs. W. Petley and Mrs. W. R. Houston.
 ArtMrs. H. Nerlich and Miss M. Ryan.
 CollegeMiss I. Dwyer and Miss Elmsley.
 SocialMrs. F. P. Brazill and Mrs. Madden.
 Exchange Mrs. Weir, Mrs. J. E. Day, Mrs. Wallace.
 College RepresentativesS. M. P. and Miss Isabel Cassidy.

Welcome to "Saint Joseph Lilies."



ELCOME, welcome, lilies fair,
 Welcome thrice to me :
 Dear Saint Joseph's hallowed air
 Fills my heart with glee !

Years roll back ! A little child
 Bows her head in chapel bright
 Breathes her prayer to Mother mild,
 Watched by Joseph day and night ;

Plays her games in merry band,
 'Neath the well-loved apple-tree—
 Sometimes clasps "dear Sister's" hand,
 Sometimes sits on Sister's knee ;

Learns her lessons, short and long,
 Answers questions quickly, rightly :
 Life to her is one sweet song
 In Saint Joseph's daily, nightly ;

Takes her place in chapel file,
 Veil-clad head from books care-free,
 Softly treads the beauteous aisle,
 Kneels, Saint Joseph, near to thee :

Where thy snowy altar gleams,
 Where thy blessed candles burn,
 Where thy censer's fragrance seems
 Hymns of cherubim eterne !

First communion morn ! All hail !
 Guardian angels hover near,
 Lead us to the altar rail,
 Heart aflame and conscience clear ;

Circle round us while we make
 Acts of faith and hope and love,
 And from priest beloved take
 Manna from the realms above.

Confirmation Day, and lo!

Graces from the Holy Ghost
Strenuthen us and make us grow
Perfect like angelic host.

May-time! Lilies bloom for thee,
Mother of the Son divine!
How Saint Joseph loves to see
Us, his children, round thy shrine!

Royal June, O Sacred Heart,
Strengthens us in love and duty,
Makes our selfishness depart,
Shows us vistas clothed in beauty.

“Sister’s” feast-day! O what pleasure
Study over, books away,
Making known our pigmy treasure—
Booklet, candy, or bouquet.

Time speeds on! My last hour wanes!
Graduation Day is past!
Brief my schooldays, great my gains—
Friends as long as life shall last:

Friends, some striving with me still;
Friends, some parted from my side;
Friends, no adverse frosts can chill;
Friends that will for aye abide!

Friends whose loyal names I read
Under yellow, brown, and blue;
Friends who help me in my need,
Childhood friends sincere and true!

Welcome, therefore, lilies fair,
Welcome thrice to me!
Grow, wax strong, and take no care!
Joseph guard ye! Heaven bless ye!

An Alumna in New Brunswick.



It is with great joy that I hail "Saint Joseph Lilies." How much its pages mean to the out-of-town members, who have not the opportunities of attending the numerous masses, lectures, and social gatherings, that the Toronto members enjoy! What pleasure it is to go back in spirit to happy girlhood days, to read of former friends, to recall beloved faces and cherished friendships!

Many of the alumnae seem to have taken Horace Greeley's advice and to have gone to the "Great West"; but there are some alumnae in Eastern Canada, and at least one alumna who would like to have a branch of her Alma Mater flourishing here. New Brunswick has many fine educational institutions. The Seminary at Memtamcook and the Basilian school at Chatham are doing excellent work in educating young men. In St. John city, one is edified by the style of architecture and beauty of surroundings that the Ecclesiastical Corporation has acquired for the charitable institutions. St. Patrick's Industrial School for Boys and St. Vincent's Convent for Orphan Girls, Mater Misericordiæ Home for the Aged are three noble institutions. In St. John, too, is a handsome cathedral, whose interior is decorated with priceless paintings; and four other churches have large congregations. Preparations are being made to establish a hospital to be in charge of the Sisters of Charity. It will be seen that Catholics have every advantage except a convent school for small boys and for girls of all ages, such as the residents of Toronto have in St. Joseph's Academy and College.

I hope that, if the Reverend Mother Superior of the Community of St. Joseph is ever the happy possessor of surplus funds, and feels that she must have new pastures to conquer, she will come east, where at least one devoted alumna will welcome the foundation of a St. Joseph's Academy and College in New Brunswick.

"With what a queenly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind;
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world has sown its tares."

—DOLORES DOHERTY.

Things We Might Have.



CATHOLIC Summer School for Canada. Why not? There has been and is one flourishing in the Republic to the south of us for a number of years. Reports that come out from this centre of summer sessions of cultural development and seasonable recreation, are of so optimistic and encouraging a character, that one often wonders why such a movement has not been inaugurated on this side of the line. It may be that the idea has never presented itself to those to whom the initiative belongs. Or it may be that the coat of conservatism which hedges us about in many instances is accountable for our lack of a Catholic summer school.

Some few years ago, Rev. Father Talbot Smith, a former pupil of St. Michael's College, and well known to Canadians everywhere, was president of the American Catholic Summer School; and, at that time, it often occurred to the writer that his enthusiasm in the work, his association between it and Canada, and the occasional Canadians who spent some time at the school, would arouse sufficient interest to lead to a similar establishment in Canada. But time passed and is passing with nothing done. Would it not be a good work if "Saint Joseph Lilies" would open their beautiful white petals diffusing their fragrance into all corners of this fair Dominion with the suggestion of the Catholic Summer School? The thought might be approved by someone having the time and power to make the suggestion a concrete and tangible reality; and, once afloat, the permanency of the school would surely follow.

It is somewhat strange, but at the same time a truth which none will deny, that Catholic educators, at least those of Ontario, and as far as we know of any other province, have no organization with a wider radius than that enclosed by the four walls of their own particular educational establishment. True, in Ontario, for example, all follow the curriculum laid down by the educational laws of the province, and in this way

a certain unity is maintained. This, however, acts more on the pupil than on the teachers. The educators have no common loadstone, no place of rendezvous, no opportunities for interchange of thought. Among our teachers, religious and lay, there are doubtless many who could assist others with information and ideas native to themselves and of great value, but born to die or at best to live on very circumscribed ground, for lack of intercourse with others, who might understand and use those products of their membership.

The Catholic Summer School would give just the opportunities needed. And it would not be our educators alone, educators in the scholastic sense, who would come to the Canadian Summer School. Does it ever strike us that among the things we ought to have but have not, is a roll of Canadian Catholic public speakers? As a general thing, the only place in which we find those who can speak is in the pulpit. This does not mean that our Catholic men are not educated sufficiently to express themselves entertainingly and instructively for the benefit of the public, but it does mean that speaking generally our men have not prepared for nor thought of entering the field of public speaking. And for our women, there are times when they might benefit the community by expressing themselves in public. The Catholic Summer School would give the opportunity for interchange and development of ideas that could not be but beneficial to all who would come within its radius, and this might easily be of no small magnitude.

It would not be quite fair as we have touched upon public speaking, not to mention the fine work going on in the different debating clubs of young men, connected with the different parishes in Toronto. During the past winter, the debates given were in many instances delightfully surprising as evidences of study and preparation, as well as in the matter of a good deal of native talent in the line of oratory. When our Catholic Summer School is in full swing in the years to come, these now rising orators will doubtless give us a Lacordaire, a Cahill, an O'Connell—those brilliant men for whom we were born out of time, men who swayed their

auditors at will by reason of their genius expressed in the divine gift of oratory.

To get back to our Summer School. A large class whom this would reach would be the ever increasing number of those who leave the cities for other resorts in the summer season. It may not at first seem that as a rule people would care to attend a "school" in the midst of our generally scorching days of July and August. But as conducted in the American School, recreation and study seem so judiciously mixed, or if you will, administered apart, that all tastes and temperaments are catered to in a most acceptable manner. Canada offers many delightful locations for just such an institution. What could be better than our own Scarboro Bluffs? or old Penetanguishene with its historic associations and up-to-date equipment for all manner of summer sports? or old Quebec with its Catholic atmosphere and quaint streets, the very stones of which tell tales of loyalty to God, King and country? or Montreal, with its mountain offering shelter at its base for the gathering of the students of a continent? or the beautiful shores of the Bay of Quinte, where the French Catholic missionary erected the Cross many years before the wandering United Empire Loyalists found grateful footing for tired feet after their long journeyings? or those many green spots in the province down by the sea filled with present day scholars and rich with the tradition which inspired "Evangeline," and the many sad memories of Acadia? Any one of these would furnish the sentiment and environment to be desired, and the finances which unfortunately are part, and a most necessary part of every such undertaking, could easily be secured if only those who have the monies needed could be awakened to a scheme of this nature.

Speaking at the closing exercises of the Western University a short time since, His Lordship, Bishop Fallon, of London, said that while no believer in divorce generally, he believed firmly in the divorce of the student from riches. The days when Ireland sent her scholars barefoot from every part of the land to find shelter in one or other of the great colleges that then crowned the hills or hid in the valleys of Erin, were spoken of as the time of ideal conditions. Doubtless they were

and are, but to-day people scatter their forces, and material things go hand in hand with things more sublime. Despite our much vaunted 'modern system' there are few who devote themselves altogether to the pursuit of the muses; and, in compliance with the demands of the day, we want a good deal of material comfort and many recreations in order to attract to our educational centres. So we need money to start our Catholic Summer School; but, if "Saint Joseph Lilies" only finds the right spot, it, too, will be forthcoming.

Then we want a Catholic historical Society. Here we are, we Catholics, having given to the world some of the most glorious pages of its history in the lives of our French, English, Scotch, or other forefathers in Canada, and yet doing nothing to preserve these records as our own particular property of which we have a special right to be justly proud. The Jesuits have given us their "relations" and others have given us portions of the great weave which in its ever-changing scintillation of martyr, voyageur, soldier, settler, and the rest, gives us a coloring which not even the illuminated pages of Greece or Rome could show, and yet we make no effort to put in our claim as children of the estate who may demand first share.

Others are more alert and appreciative than we. Our governments, both Provincial and Federal, are gathering into their archives all upon which they can lay hands, and others in some instances, are more alive even than they, and much of our best has already found its way across the line, and is now reckoned among the treasure trove of American historical finds. What we want is a Catholic Canadian Historical Society which would gather our treasures of the past and present together with those which are sure to come, and preserve them for ourselves and for those to come after us. We do not depreciate the work of those who have started ahead of ourselves, nor would we grudge them a share in the collection, but the originals in many cases are ours as a birthright, if we would take the trouble to make out our title to heirship.

Probably it is patriotism that comes next to religion in the building up of a people. Parts of Canada are yet too newly settled to know this with the intensity that tells. Other por-

tions, however, have sealed the sentiment with the blood of their bravest and best, and to develop a hearty, healthy love of country, a knowledge of the story of that country, especially when that story is filled with the most fascinating epochs and episodes, is one of the surest ways of making a Canadian patriotism universal.

Patriotism is something intangible but beautiful. A few days ago when our American Knights of St. John were with us, a very touching incident proving this was witnessed. The visiting Knights with their wives, sisters, sweethearts, and friends were assembled on the grand-stand at Hanlan's Island to compete in the various drills of the different corps. One of our Toronto bands—that of the Grenadiers, if I remember rightly—was in attendance. When the games were about to commence, the first notes from the band came forth in the proud exultant music of the "Star Spangled Banner." For a moment the visitors turned in surprise to the spot from which the sound proceeded, then all rose to their feet and a perfect wave of emotion which showed itself in waving of hats and handkerchiefs and in smiles which lit up every face, swept over the assemblage. So strong was the current awakened that it brought tears to the eyes of the Canadian on-lookers to witness the feeling evoked by the courteous act of the Canadian musicians.

This may seem a far-fetched illustration, but somehow to the writer it seems apropos.

Again then, let it be repeated, we want a Canadian Catholic Historical Society, one that will dig down, root up, and cast about for those treasures and trophies which when collected will speak to us of the deeds of those Catholic men and women who preceded us, and who by their enduring lives and often times glorious death, did much towards building up a great Canadian nation. They indeed, were the designers of much that now spells for us comfort and prosperity; and gratitude, if nothing more, asks that we make ourselves intimately familiar with their fascinating and unparalleled life story.

—M. L. HART.

The Bees.

I.



URMURS float adown the breeze!
 Hurly-burly buzzing bees
 Form their dark conspiracies
 'Gainst their lord, the drowsy king:
 Treason high with them they bring;
 Maelstrom-like they swerve and swing.

II.

Straight they steer, and far away
 From the peep and heat of day,
 Build their homes of pollen-clay;
 Build their taverns mossy green;
 Make obeisance to their queen
 Where on high she sits serene;

III.

Like an elf on flowery bower,
 Sipping, scenting, every hour,
 All the bliss of earthly power:
 Jewelled queen, she gaily goes
 Graceful in her royal pose,
 Seeking wine-cups in the rose;

IV.

Dropping bulbs in pots away,
 That will vegetate some day,
 When she's old and wan and gray.
 Like the Templar Knights of old,
 Her mechanics with their gold
 On their scaffolds shape and mould.

V.

While the earth is fast asleep,
And the sea is slumbering deep,
Engineers their vigils keep.
Now and then a drinking song
Tells of revels all day long,
Keeps enthralled the busy throng.

VI.

Down below, the barren bee
Mumbles, grumbles, on his knee.
None so base, so poor as he!
Jealous masons steal his cup;
Drowsy henchmen poppies sup;
Idle pages box and cuff!

VII.

Arrant knaves tap honey tuns.
How each wretched rascal runs,
Shares it with his worthless sons!
Thus, the empire of the bees,
'Neath the beauteous orchard trees,
Has its high and low degrees.

VIII.

What a lesson we may take
From the busy bees, who make
Wax and honey for our sake!
What an inspiration grand,
Architects on sea and land,
Garner from the noble band!

—REV. A. O'MALLEY.

Venice.

“Open my heart and you will see
Engraven on it—Italy—
Such lovers old are I and she
So it always was, so shall ever be.”



GLIDING along the Grand Canal of Venice in our gondola, we noticed the above quotation on a tablet in the palace which, for many years, was the home of the revered and much loved wedded poets, Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. We Catholics always feel that we really have two countries, Italy and our own, and likewise two sovereigns, the spiritual one in Rome, who rules with grace and dignity the entire Catholic world, and our good King George—But when men like Browning express themselves in the above language, we cannot but think that the whole world wants and needs Italy.

Travelling in other countries, the mind and body are delighted; but, when one enters Italy, it is the soul that is refreshed. From time immemorial, men of genius—artists, sculptors, writers, musicians—have been lured to this magic land. Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, in his enthusiasm for Italy, dated his birth from the hour he entered the country. “Before that day,” he said, “I existed, I did not live”; and, until his death fifty years later, he remained and worked there. Goethe’s mother used to sing Italian ballads and through the soft melody which her child learned even before he could understand, there breathed a strange charm, lulling his little soul to sleep. Wagner, the German composer, came to Venice for inspiration, and ended his days in his palace on the lagoon. And so it was with Ruskin, Longfellow, Milton, Tennyson, Byron, Keats, Skelley, Marion Crawford, and many others.

We went to Venice for the Feast of St. Mark, to witness the inauguration of the Campanile, that great tower which for a thousand years had stood beside the cathedral of St. Mark. It had fallen in nineteen-hundred and four; and, now that it

was restored, all Venice seemed happy at the prospect of once again hearing its voice resound across canal and lagoon to the blue Adriatic.

When the first note pealed forth, tears started from the eyes of the Cardinal Patriarch and scarcely a spectator in the vast throng filling the Piazza remained unmoved. The thoughts of the Patriarch and of the multitude turned with one accord to the distant watcher in the Vatican, as though some echo of the mighty tone must reach across the Tiber even to his fond ear.

St. Mark certainly watched over his day and his city, for the morning was fine; and, long before the great Piazza began to welcome her guests, the clear blue overhead and the resplendent Mosaics of the Cathedral foretold a sunlit ceremony. Thousands of children filled the loggia of the Doge's palace, each bearing a small flag. At ten o'clock, the Duke of Genoa, escorted by the authorities, arrived on the scene. Suddenly the note of a single trumpet rang out—not a martial call, but Benedetto's beautiful hymn. Thousands of children's voices took up the chant and sang to the ancient music, "La Cantata del Campanile." Verse by verse they sang it through with enunciation as clear as the fresh breeze from the sea.

When the singing ceased, two thousand carrier-pigeons rose from the Piazza to carry to every part of Italy the glad tidings of the risen tower. The whirl of wings had scarcely ended before a detachment of soldiers with blue and scarlet plumes advanced to escort an ecclesiastical procession that slowly emerged from the main entrance of the Cathedral. Bishops and priests in gorgeous vestments, preceded the imposing figure of the Cardinal Patriarch, who, on reaching the platform opposite the Duke, consecrated the Campanile by special rite, within and without.

The consecration over, the great tower seemed to quiver and throb as the belfry broke into harmonious clamour—to the bells succeeded the voice of cannon, and to the cannon the voices of the children singing Mamele's hymn, the Italian Marseillaise.

In the evening, the Piazza, Campanile, and clock-tower

were all beautifully illuminated, every window and arch being outlined with electric lamps, white and orange on one side, and pure white on the other. The effective arrangement of the lamps brought out the architectural beauty of the Piazza as never before. An autograph letter was received from the Pope, blessing the Campanile, rejoicing at its resurrection and alluding to the fact that he himself had blessed its cornerstone.

Piazza St. Mark is a distinctive feature even in Europe, and it was in this square that the first newspaper ever known to the world was sold. The price of it was a little coin called a "gazetta," which has given us the word "gazette."

One's pen would never tire telling of the beauty and charm of this dream-city—of its palatial churches, with their rare art treasures. I should like to tell you of the Doge's Palace with its golden staircase—of Desdemona's home and Byron's villa—and to take you with me to the wonderful churches to view the beautiful paintings of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese; but space will not permit, and, moreover, no description in words would do Venice justice. It must really be felt. "To live there is to live a poem." Other cities may have as fine specimens of architecture, but they never occur under such picturesque conditions, with such enchanting silence, such music. There is no whirl and rush of cars and carriages, no click of horses' feet, no twentieth-century hurry of life.

The beautiful reality of the "streets" and palaces is doubled by the charming reflection in the water and the very atmosphere is a sea of color. Ruskin says, "Of all God's gifts to man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn." It is no wonder that he was fascinated with Venice, for there one is simply steeped in its loveliness; and, when the full moon hangs over the towers and gondolas, filled with Venetian singers, loom up out of the shadows, filling the air with melody that echoes as in a dream, one feels that here, at least, is a city—

Of gliding and wide-wayed silence
With room in the street for the soul."

Venice.

THERESA KORMANN SMALL.

Final Impression of California.



WHEN I wrote for the initial issue of "Saint Joseph Lilies" a sketch of the Californian missions, preparations were in progress for a dramatic representation of the work of the sainted pioneers; and, for that purpose, the magnificent theatre at San Gabriel was erected. At the time of writing, the play is in its fifth week; and, with many others from here, I went, saw, and came away edified and delighted. The early and most interesting part of Californian history is literally repeated and the genesis, progress, and fall of the Franciscan missions are depicted with startling fidelity.

The mission drama is the work of John Steven McGroarty, California's best loved poet and historian, and the play was staged and presented under the direction of Henri Kabienska, originally of Breslan, Germany, a pageant master of worldwide celebrity; and the initial production, which I was fortunate enough to see, was under the patronage of Princess Lazarovich-Hue-Crelianovich, of Servia, (Eleanor Calhoun, of California), who took the leading female role in the performance. The King's highway, depicting in miniature the chain of twenty-one old missions, is the creative work of Ida McGroarty, wife of the author, and wonderful in its realism is the reincarnation of those holy places whence radiated for many years rest for the wayfarer and spiritual life and civilization for the aborigines. Pity it is, and the Western world now realizes the fact, that the originals were ruthlessly destroyed instead of being left to shine like "a good deed in a naughty world."

I have been an interested spectator at a Mardi Gras celebration which began on May 6th and lasted for a week. At night, the city was ablaze with electric lights and literally hidden under masses of bunting, flags, transparencies, etc. In the parade one day were many Canadians attired in kiltie costume and carrying Canadian flags. I need not say for

whom certain of the spectators gave their longest and loudest cheer. Floats and other accessories of Mardi Gras parades were here in prodigious number and variety, but the most impressive of the festivities were embodied in the mission pageant, for which a day was set apart. As it passed through the streets, all the Catholic church bells rang out and were joined by many belonging to other denominations; and, as the various scenes passed before us to the solemn accompaniment of the bells, one could not but be grateful for being in the fold which had for its shepherds such men as those whose memory and labors were being commemorated.

Care seems to be flung to the winds during Mardi Gras just as are flung the flowers, confetti, and even money, for which last the ubiquitous small boy is ever on the alert; and, at the appearance of a silver dollar (for such coins are actually thrown) a scrimmage immediately ensues from which professional foot-ballers might glean pointers.

California is essentially a land of fruit. To me, the orange tree was a revelation, bearing as it does all at once, blossoms as well as green and also perfectly ripe fruit. An automobile drive with Redlands or Riverside as the starting point through hundreds of miles of orange and lemon groves with the beauty varied by roses and countless other flowers is something that lingers in the memory.

The country owes much of its prosperity to irrigation, as the rain falls as a rule only during one period of the year—usually about February and then, as Shakespeare says:

“The rain it raineth every day”

for five or six weeks. This year the wet season was later than usual. That caused much uneasiness; and, when the much longed for and prayed for did materialize, it was lovingly referred to as the million dollar rain, so much, of course, did it mean for the country's weal.

Truly, California is a land of flowers, fruit, and sunshine (barring the dreary, but necessary rainy season); but a lengthened stay here has only served to convince me more firmly that the first, best, brightest country of all is Canada.

Los Angeles.

—SARAH BOLSTER.

A Beloved Alumna.

"Till the day break, and the shadows retire."

—Canticle of Canticles.



It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of one of the Vice-Presidents of our association, Mrs. J. F. McLaughlin, who passed to her eternal reward on Sunday, May 12, 1912, after an illness of several months. Surely, the uncertainty of life is well exemplified when the very first year of our society sees the death of one of its organizers and esteemed officers. Mrs. McLaughlin was ill for several months, but it was only at Eastertide that she began to fail perceptibly ;and the sad news of her death came as a shock to her many friends.

Mrs. McLaughlin was Bélla, eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Peter Small, and sister of the late Rev. Father Small, C. S. B., and of Mrs. L. V. McBrady and Miss Alma Small. Mrs. McLaughlin was a graduate of St. Joseph's College. As a pupil, Mrs. McLaughlin was unusually clever, talented, and popular. She married when quite young the late Mr. J. F. McLaughlin, and occupied a very prominent place in Catholic circles in Toronto, and used her graces and talents to make the McLaughlin home a place of happiness, marked especially by her gracious and whole-hearted hospitality. Her childrens friends' were especially welcomed.

Mrs. McLaughlin's husband predeceased her about a year, but sturdy sons and charming daughters helped Mrs. McLaughlin to bear that trial. There survive her four sons, Frank, Leo, Fred and Paul, and two daughters, Miss Mono, a Bachelor of Arts of the University of Toronto, and Miss Isabel, who still attends school.

For many reasons, St. Joseph's was dear to Mrs. McLaughlin. She became a Vice-President of the Alumnae Association and was particularly active in giving her time and valuable assistance for the welfare of her Alma Mater.

The officers and members of St. Joseph's College Alumnae

Association offer to the bereaved family sincere and heartfelt sympathy. May she rest in peace!

“We will not have you ignorant, concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them who have slept through Jesus, God will bring with him.”

AMY A. DAY.

A Tribute to the Memory of Reverend Mother Antionette Macdonell.

(Deceased, June 9, 1906, in her eighty-fourth year and the fifty-first of her religious life).

“Come up hither, cloistered virgin,
You who made your soul a shrine,
Where I dwelt and where no image
Ever blent itself with Mine;
As a tender lily floating
On a mountain lake alone,
Folding back its snowy petals
Shows itself but to the sun.”



HE lay with her lily in her hand, the dear dead Mother, around whose revered memory cluster the sweetest recollections of our girlhood days and of our maturer years. A group of St. Joseph's former pupils, we surrounded her hallowed remains and gazed with tear-dimmed eyes on the loved face that had often smiled upon us in happy girlhood hours; for Mother Antoinette was our ideal of the highest type of womanhood. Surely, Wordsworth must have had some such sweet character in mind when he pictured:

A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command.

Henrietta Macdonell came of an historic race, the clan Macdonell, at one time the most powerful in the Highlands—a race which has aided much to make history in Great Britain and Canada, and which has given our young nation many of her most distinguished soldiers, statesmen, and divines. Miss Macdonell inherited largely the qualities that character-

ized her illustrious forebears, and gained them distinction in the army, the state, and the Church. Born near Prescott, the daughter of the late Colonel James Macdonell, and the grand-daughter of the late Captain Allan Macdonell (Leak) of the King's Royal Yorkers, Miss Macdonell was descended from the renowned Glengarry whose three sons, better known among their Highland clansmen by the names of their estates in Scotland—Leak, Aberhollader, and Cullachie—parted from their properties and emigrated from Glengarry in Scotland, to America, and settled in the British province of New York. A few years after their settlement in the Mohawk Valley, the American Revolution was at its height. The Scotch settlers preserved their allegiance to the British crown, endured much suffering on account of their loyalty, left the settlement, and succeeded in making their way to Canada, where the men joined British regiments and fought against the revolutionists. On the maternal side, Miss Macdonell was descended from the Chisholms of Aberdeen, Scotland; her mother, Madeline Chisholm, daughter of the late Captain Chisholm, of Montreal, had the happiness of being received into the Church on her death-bed.

Students of the War of 1812 will learn with interest, that Mother Antoinette's father ran away from college to fight at Chrysler's Farm; that her uncle, Captain John Macdonell, lost an arm at Lundy's Lane, and was wounded at Ogdensburg; that her kinsman Lieutenant-Colonel John Macdonell (Greenfield) York, Aide-de-Camp of General Brock, fell with his commanding officer at Queenston Heights and is buried there with him; and that her uncle, Simon Fraser, who took possession of British Columbia and saved it for the crown, was the discoverer of the Fraser river, which still bears his name. By family alliance, Mother Antoinette was connected with Colonel John Macdonell, of Scothouse, better known by his sobriquet of "Spanish John," whose martial achievements are renowned in story; also with Captain Miles Macdonell, Governor of Hudson Bay; and with the late Hon. D. A. Macdonald, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

Like her father's kinsmen, the late Honourable and Right Reverend Alexander Macdonell, first bishop of Upper Canada, and his cousin, the late Hon. Alexander Macdonell, of To-

ronto, whose united efforts accomplished much for Catholicity in Ontario, Mother Antoinette in her measure wrought much for the spiritual uplifting of youth: her educational and charitable work are found written in large characters in the history of Toronto. Mother Antoinette so permeated her selfless life with the spirit of faith that it is small wonder that her character was the admiration of those with whom she came in contact and a bright example for their guidance; that the good Mother completely won hearts; that years but increased the esteem, the love, and the veneration of her friends; and that she established her abiding-place in the heart of the Convent school-girl, of the hapless orphan, and of her Sisters in religion. No one could have intercourse with the refined lady and gentle nun without being influenced by the strength and sweetness of her personality.

Mother Antoinette was one of the last members of the Community of St. Joseph to receive the veil from the hands of the revered and saintly Mother Delphine Fontbonne, the foundress of the Congregation in Canada. During her half-century of religious life, Mother Antoinette held at times the highest positions in the Order: fifteen years, Reverend Mother Superior at the Mother-House, Toronto; at various times, Mother Superior in some of the largest mission houses—notably the House of Providence and the Convent and Academy at St. Catharines, Ontario.

As we write, the memory of Mother Antoinette as Reverend Mother Superior at St. Joseph's, comes vividly before us; and, in school-day reminiscences, we live again the dear old times in the Study Hall, when her sweet presence graced our gatherings, and she gave us those heart-to-heart talks that linger indelibly in memory. Oh, the beauty, the sweet simplicity of those touching little heart-talks that Reverend Mother gave to her girls when the school was assembled each month to listen to the report of studies, and when successful students received from her dear hands the class-medals and awards of honour that every St. Joseph's pupil laboured strenuously to obtain. There was much in the appearance of Mother Antoinette of the grande dame, when she entered the Hall, her head slightly thrown back, or when, in her

stately manner, she gracefully acknowledged the salutations of the young ladies. How lofty she looked to our young eyes when, at a distance, we surveyed her! Yet how tenderly she received us when we came within the charmed circle of her presence. Yes, those were thrice happy days—days that the heart grown accustomed to life's harder lessons looks back upon with yearning and fond regret. We do not know just what quality it was that made Mother Antoinette loved alike by the genius and the dullard of the school, unless it was her respect for each individual pupil without reference to talent or position. Her condescension amounted almost to reverence and attracted what was best in the nature of each child. To those ex-pupils that were privileged to visit Mother Antoinette when a prisoner, a martyr to rheumatism, in her little Convent room, will come the memory of the loving greetings and the saintly advice, the gentle invitation to visit the Chapel, the more impressive when couched in her own persuasive words, "You will go to see the Master of the House, dear child!"

It was trying, nay, almost intolerable to remain inactive, when, during a long life, Mother Antoinette had rendered great service to her Community; but the cruel trial, the painful deprivation were borne patiently and edifyingly. God's will was the mainspring of her life in strength and in weakness. In her suffering, the lessons were taught most effectively; and in that little room were formed many resolutions that shall be kept faithfully. The dear form rests beneath the greensward of the cemetery where the footstep falls lightly and where naught disturbs the stillness except the gentle zephyrs sighing a requiem over the silent dust. Yes, dear Mother, thou art at rest—

"Thou art gone forth, beloved, and it were vain to weep,
For thou hast left Life's shadows, and dost possess the deep."
The deep of God's eternity thou hast entered, and we, thy children, shall not forget thee; for well we know that thy humility would say that among "the gold and the silver and the precious stones "of thy holy life-work might be found" wood and hay and stubble." Requiescat in pace.

—S. M. E.

Alumnae Items.

The Local Editors, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, 45 Bloor Street East, Toronto, and Miss Jennie Smith, 22 Maitland Street, Toronto, will be greatly obliged if the alumnae will send in items concerning themselves or other alumnae.

* * * * *

Every alumna is particularly invited to help make "Saint Joseph Lilies" flourish. Work and pray! Send in subscriptions and literary productions. The Editors will thank you by return mail. Test them!

* * * * *

The members of the St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association were invited to a lecture on "Oral Hygiene," delivered by C. N. Johnson, M. A., L. D. S., D. D. S., of Chicago. The lecturer gave many interesting details on the care of the teeth. Rev. Father Rohleder made a very happy Chairman. The Association is indebted to Dr. A. J. McDonagh for the invitation.

* * * * *

Members of the Association have all heard, through our special and very appropriate "In Memoriam" cards of the lamentable death of one of our Vice-Presidents, Mrs. James F. McLaughlin. It is pleasing to all to know that, although Mrs. McLaughlin's illness lasted six weeks, she suffered no pain, and held converse with her friends to the end. Her reminiscences were most pleasant. Her parting seemed like a happy, good-bye. Instead of sending perishable flowers, the Executive Committee sent amaranthine flowers of prayer in the form of a High Mass in St. Basil's Church. There was, also, the requiem mass to which each member of the Alumnae Association is entitled in the event of death. That mass was offered in the College Chapel by our revered Chaplain, Rev. Father Frachon, C. S. B. We have no doubt that the members who could not be present were with us in spirit, and recited the beautiful prayers on the "In Memoriam" card.



REVEREND DR. JOHN KIDD,
S. V. Administrator of the Archdiocese of Toronto.

Miss Hart, one of the Counsellors of our Association, was on a visit to Cleveland, and, on her way home, met with some friends of "Saint Joseph Lilies" at Buffalo. They turned the pages of our pretty magazine with evident delight and came to the picture of the beautiful graduates of 1911. "These are your real lilies!" one enthusiast exclaimed. We may say that we expect to grow lilies of that precious kind every year.

* * * * *

"Saint Joseph Lilies" is a splendid magazine with many bright and newsy articles. A great deal of thought and trouble has been spent on it, and it reflects great credit on the painstaking editors and the alumnae and pupils of the College. —The Catholic Register and Canadian Extension.

* * * * *

Thank you most cordially for your courtesy in mailing to my address a copy of the initial number of "Saint Joseph Lilies." I warmly congratulate you and the members of your staff on the make-up and general excellence of your "white-winged messenger of peace." The photogravure of Monsignor McCann is a work of art. The quarterly is remarkably well edited and the mechanical work is excellent. A very valuable department of the Magazine and of a high order is your "Chaplet of Sonnets," which is marked by much merit and poetic variety. In sympathy and in harmony with the multitudinous friends of your Alumnae Society and of the great Community of Saint Joseph, I wish for "Saint Joseph Lilies" a bright and prosperous future.—Rev. Dean Harris, I..L. D.

* * * * *

Mr. Matthew O'Connor, of Toronto, and Mr. John O'Neill, of Montreal, are spending the summer in Ste. Agathe des Monts. Both gentlemen cheered the Editors of "Saint Joseph Lilies" by encouraging letters containing subscriptions.

* * * * *

Mrs. W. R. Houston, our amiable Treasurer, spent the holidays with her family at Shanty Bay, where Mr. Houston has just had built a very handsome cottage.

Miss Alice Teefy, the representative of the out-of-town alumnae, was Mrs. Houston's guest in June. Many alumnae were delighted to meet Miss Teefy, who is an enthusiastic alumna.

* * * * *

Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, our energetic city Corresponding Secretary, spent the summer at her cottage, "Sanitas," Long Branch, on the lake shore. The Misses Lawler and Mrs. Weir motored out to pay a visit at pretty "Sanitas," and Dr. and Mrs. Cassidy and their charming family entertained their guests most royally. Many other members of the alumnae association enjoyed the hospitality of "Sanitas" during the holidays.

* * * * *

The members all prize very highly the first issue of "Saint Joseph Lilies," which has not only the beautiful indulgenced prayer to St. Joseph, but, also, our excellent constitution. The only clause not liked in the constitution was that which reads that officers hold their positions for only one year. That would permit our distinguished President to withdraw. However, the clause was suspended and we were all very happy when we could still have Miss Lawler to preside over us.

* * * * *

Dr. Agatha Doherty accompanied her mother and sisters on a voyage via the "Royal George" to England. The Doctor may remain to study and become a specialist.

* * * * *

The Knights of St. John had a splendid gathering in Toronto. Many of the Ladies that accompanied the Knights visited our college and the other institutions of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Many of the alumnae attended the entertainments held in honour of the visitors and met delightful friends.

* * * * *

Miss Sarah Bolster is still visiting in California and is having a very pleasant sojourn.

Every one was glad to welcome home our beloved Recording-Secretary, Mrs. A. J. Small, from her long sojourn abroad. The alumnae are looking forward to many delightful lectures by Mrs. Small, who is most generous in telling of her unique experiences in foreign countries.

* * * * *

Mrs. Frank Anglin remained in Toronto during the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught here and spent a pleasant evening at St. Joseph's.

* * * * *

Mrs. L. G. Mickles spent the summer with her family at Centre Island, and occasionally poured tea at the Lakeview Golf and Country Club.

* * * * *

Mrs. W. E. Moore, with her little sons, spent some of the holidays with her brother, Dr. Kelly, of Orillia.

* * * * *

The Annual Garden Party of the Alumnae Association took place in the College quadrangle. Reverend Mother M. Irene and the President received the guests, who enjoyed the dainty refreshments and the exquisite music. Many out-of-town alumnae will wonder where the Quadrangle is. It is a very pretty square of greensward bounded on three sides by the Chapel, the main building, and the collegiate wing, and opening on the fourth side to the memorable orchard where still bloom the apple-trees. The college campus is an ideal place for a garden party.

* * * * *

Mrs. J. F. Moses, (May Davidson) now residing in California, and her only daughter, Eleanor, visited St. Joseph's during the closing week, and entertained her former teachers with interesting details of a court function in Honolulu at which she and her husband were present, and, also, of an earthquake that occurred there during her visit. We hope that Mrs. Moses will soon visit us again.

* * * * *

Mrs. F. S. Bourne (May Doyle), from Seattle, made a

short stay here on her way to her old home in Goderich, to visit her father, Chief Justice Doyle, and her mother. On the return trip, Mrs. Bourne hopes to be present at an alumnae function.

* * * * *

Mrs. J. C. Walsh (Elizabeth Kormann), her husband and their daughter, are sojourning in Europe. Her friends at St. Joseph's were glad to receive letters from her telling of a pleasant holiday in Ireland.

* * * * *

Mrs. Reynolds (Lily Way), of Chicago, her husband, Dr. Reynolds, and their eldest daughter, visited St. Joseph's in June, and promised another visit in September.

* * * * *

Mrs. D. Lahey (Anna Fitzgerald), of Penetanguishene, her son, Gerald, and her sister, Agnes, from Denver, were present at the Alumnae Garden Party, and were warmly greeted by school friends.

* * * * *

Mrs. D. O'Brien (Florence Miley), has returned from a prolonged visit to Atlantic City, and spent the summer at Port Cockburn, Muskoka.

* * * * *

Miss Harriet Boyle, daughter of the late Patrick Boyle, Editor of "The Irish Canadian," now of Ottawa, was present at the Closing Exercises. Miss Boyle visited friends here and in St. Catharines, and returned to Toronto to bring home her niece, Eileen Dowdall, who was writing on the Normal Entrance examination.

* * * * *

We are pleased to know that Dr. May Callaghan, one of our most faithful alumnae, is able to resume practice. One of her first visits on her recovery was to St. Joseph's.

* * * * *

All the friends of Miss Etta Ward, Kingston, will be pleased to know that she enjoyed her visit at Hamilton, Bermuda, and returned much benefited by the trip. Miss Irene

Swift, of the same city, has, also, returned from a prolonged visit with her father and mother in the Western States.

* * * * *

Miss Christina Scully, and her father, Mr. E. Scully, of Windsor, called at St. Joseph's College before sailing for Europe. Bon voyage!

* * * * *

Miss Ethel Ryan, of Batavia, N. Y., spent a day with her former teachers after her return from Jamaica. Miss Ryan has many interesting experiences to relate.

* * * * *

The flag staff which crowns the collegiate wing of the college and from which floated the beautiful Irish flag on St. Patrick's Day, was broken recently during a severe storm. It will not be long, however, before a new staff will allow our flags to float gaily in the breeze.

* * * * *

The alumnae are looking forward to many interesting lectures that will be delivered in the college auditorium. Among the lecturers who have already promised to favour us are Rev. Father O'Malley, Dr. Robert Dwyer, Mrs. A. J. Small, and Miss Henry.

A. A. C.



Our Annual Meeting.



THE Second Annual Meeting of the St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association was held in the College Auditorium, at 3 p. m., Tuesday, June 18, 1912, the President in the chair. The Honorary President opened the meeting with prayer. After the reading of the minutes, a vote of thanks to the dearly beloved Honorary President for her many gracious acts of kindness and assistance during the past year, was moved by Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, and seconded by Mrs. A. M. Weir, and carried enthusiastically. Reverend Mother M. Irene felicitously replied.

The reports of the Officers and Committees were followed by the President's address, business relative to the constitution, and the election of officers for the ensuing year. Because the association is yet in its infancy, the meeting decided to retain for another year the officers of last year as far as that was possible. The following are the officers for 1912-13: Honorary Patron, Right Rev. Monsignor McCann; Chaplain, Rev. Father Frachon, C. S. B.; Honorary President, Rev. Mother M. Irene, Superioress of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph; President, Miss Gertrude Lawler, M. A.; Vice-Presidents, Miss I. Dwyer, Miss A. Elmsley, Mrs. F. P. Brazill, Mrs. H. Nerlich, Mrs. A. M. Weir, Miss M. Ryan; Counsellors, Miss Hart, Mrs. G. F. Madden, Mrs. A. Wallace, Miss Teefy; Treasurer, Mrs. W. R. Houston; Recording Secretary, Mrs. A. J. Small; Corresponding Secretaries, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, Mrs. L. V. McBrady, Mrs. J. E. Day; Historians, Miss Jennie Smith, Mrs. W. Petley; Auditors, Miss Higgins, Miss C. Gearin.

After the Business Meeting, the members adjourned to the College Quadrangle, where they were photographed, and enjoyed a delightful Garden Party. Ample opportunity was given for conversation with many of the dear Sisters, with friends, and with one another.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

Receipts.

Diamond Jubilee Banquet	\$ 175 05
Diamond Jubilee Fund	111 00
Proceeds of Dickens' Lecture	40 00
Membership Fees, for 1911-12	342 00
	<hr/>
Total	\$ 668 05

Expenditures.

Officers' Books	\$ 3 95
Flowers for Altar	23 50
Printing and Stationery	140 80
Postage	36 00
Social Festivities	83 50
Books for College Library	25 00
Diamond Jubilee Banquet	175 05
Diamond Jubilee Fund	111 00
Requiem Mass	1 00
	<hr/>
Total	\$ 599 80
Balance.....	\$ 68 25

KATE HOUSTON, Treasurer.

Auditors: Mesdames Brazill and Wallace.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Dear Reverend Mother and Members of the Alumnae Association,—

On the occasion of this, the second annual meeting of our association, it is most gratifying to report a year of remarkable progress; and, for that progress, I desire to express to our esteemed Honorary President, to our officers and members, in town and out-of-town, present and absent, my personal appreciation of their co-operation and cordial assistance in the pioneer work of our association. What measure of success has crowned our efforts is the result of the collective thought and energy of the enthusiastic members of the Executive Committee and of the association at large.

The year that has just closed has been remarkable in

many ways. Our membership roll has reached the comforting number of three hundred and forty-two. We are grateful to all who have joined our association. To our city members, we are indebted for their encouraging presence at the meetings that we arranged during the year. To our out-of-town members, we send the message that we are proud of their support, and hope that the day is not far distant when they will receive invitations to return to their Alma Mater for a short, but delightful visit. We urge upon all members the desirability of increasing our membership. If each member would reach but one alumna that has not yet heard of our association, we could double our membership. We ask each member to assist us as far as possible in that regard.

Our financial statement is very encouraging. In the first year of our existence we have handled over six hundred dollars, independent of the financing of our magazine, "Saint Joseph Lilies," a copy of which was sent to every member of our association. No mention of our magazine is made in our financial statement, for the Board of Publication deemed it wise to make "Saint Joseph Lilies" pay for itself from the beginning of its existence. Partly through generous friends and partly through prompt subscribers and prudent advertisers, the first issue of the magazine is already paid for, and we have something left to help pay for the September issue. We hope that all who received a copy will assist us by subscribing before September; for we cannot take advantage of the reduction in postal rates unless our subscribers pay in advance. We hope, too, that our alumnae will assist us by obtaining additional subscriptions.

It seems fitting that the completion of sixty golden years of noble work in philanthropic and educational institutions by the self-sacrificing Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, should be marked in some special way; hence, the publication of "Saint Joseph Lilies," wherein the outside world may learn a little of what is being done in the physical, mental, and moral development of young ladies by our college, which is among the first and the best of its kind in Canada.

During the past year, our association has held eighteen general meetings, so that our members have had many oppor-

tunities of becoming acquainted with new friends and of renewing friendships. Sweet memory will always cling fondly to our Diamond Jubilee Banquet, to the Feast of the Holy Innocents, to our celebration of the centenary of Charles Dickens, and to the eloquent advent and anniversary sermons.

Our successful year had almost waned when grim Death appeared in our midst and took from us one of our Vice-Presidents, who was, also, convener of the Social Committee. As President, I am glad to be able to tell you that our association was a source of much consolation to dear Mrs. McLaughlin. During our annual High Mass on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, Mrs. McLaughlin prayed on her death-bed while we prayed in the College Chapel, and she smiled most contentedly when told that Mrs. A. J. Small had obtained from our Holy Father a plenary indulgence at the hour of death for every actual member of our association. A little later, when some members of our association prayed together around Mrs. McLaughlin's dear form as it lay beautiful, but cold in death, we realized that one day we should all meet in Eternity, where St. Joseph will gather together for aye those who assemble here under his patronage.

During the year, three of our revered Honorary Members passed to their heavenly reward—Sisters M. Anselm, M. Presentation, and M. Euphrasia.

"We may not stir the heaven of their repose
With loud-voiced grief, or passionate request,
Or selfish plaint for those
Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie,
And hear the four-fold river, as it hurries by."

Our auspicious first year is an encouragement for us to essay greater undertakings, for we believe that we have justified our existence. Our activities should constantly increase, and our enthusiasm should continue in unabated measure. Let me urge each member to do her best to support whatever the Executive Committee undertakes. The younger members will not leave the work to the older members; the older members will not leave the work to the younger members; but all will work together for the common good. May my feeble words bespeak the generous sympathy and support,

and enlist the active participation of every member of our association!

GERTRUDE LAWLER, President.

June 18, 1912.

THE RECORDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The Executive Committee is glad to report a very busy year. There have been twenty-four executive meetings for the transaction of the business of the association. Several members have been present at every meeting. Our Honorary President has attended every meeting, and to her we are much indebted for her gracious hospitality and wise counsel. I beg leave to remind all members of the Executive Committee of the necessity of attending all meetings of the committee regularly and promptly.

THERESA KORMANN SMALL,

June 18, 1912.

Recording Secretary.

THE CITY CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

As City Corresponding-Secretary, I have sent all notices, when so directed, to our Toronto members and to some other alumnae that have not yet become members. I take this opportunity of thanking our city members and friends for their generous responses, and of saying that I was always grateful for the timely notification of changes in addresses.

APPIE A. CASSIDY,

June 18, 1912.

City Corresponding Secretary.

THE OUT-OF-TOWN CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The regular notices of the association were sent to our out-of-town members and to some alumnae that have not yet replied. Many members sent very gracious letters with their membership fees. All letters from the out-of-town alumnae have been filed for future reference. It is very gratifying to note that our out-of-town membership is about the same as our in-town. We look forward to a grand reunion of all our alumnae.

CAMILLA McBRADY,

June 18, 1912.

Out-of-Town Corresponding Secretary.

THE PRESS CORRESPONDING-SECRETARY'S REPORT.

As Press Correspondent of our association, it gives me pleasure to report that the city papers have been exceedingly courteous in printing notices of our meetings, and in sending efficient reporters to our chief functions. Our especial thanks are due to "The Catholic Register and Canadian Extension" for many kind favours.

AMY A. DAY,
Press Corresponding Secretary.

June 18, 1912.

THE HISTORIAN'S REPORT.

As Historians of our association, we take great pleasure in chronicling the pronounced success of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association from its first meeting in the spacious college auditorium on the Feast of St. Joseph, Sunday, March 19, 1911, to this, its second annual meeting in the same auditorium, on Tuesday afternoon, June 18, 1912. The first annual meeting of the association took place Tuesday afternoon, June 20, 1911, in the College Study Hall, when the first officers of the association were elected. We have now a membership of three hundred and forty-two, a constitution, a crest, an alumnae pin, and a flourishing quarterly magazine.

We regret that we have to add that one member and three honorary members died during our first year. May they rest in peace.

We wish for our association every possible success!

JENNIE SMITH,
MARY H. PETLEY,
Historians.

June 18, 1912.

REPORT OF THE ACADEMIC COMMITTEE.

The Academic Committee has been very active during the past year. Besides choosing our colours of yellow, brown, and blue, we have designed a crest, which all members have seen, not only on our stationery, but on our "In Memoriam" cards, and on the front cover of our magazine. Moreover, we have had Ryrie Brothers make our alumnae pins, which we hope our alumnae will wear at home and abroad. These dainty pins may be bought for sixty-five cents apiece, and

Ryrie Brothers will send one to any address. We hope that the funds of the association will allow us to continue our good work of donating books to the College Library. We thank all who helped us to make our evening with Charles Dickens a success.

ISABEL DWYER,

June 18, 1912.

Convener.

REPORT OF THE PROGRAMME COMMITTEE.

The Programme Committee believes that the number, quality, and variety of our programmes last year were eminently satisfactory. The attendance at our meetings was encouraging, but could be larger. We had at least one meeting a month, and believe that those meetings will become regular meetings, for they seemed to fit in admirably with life in the College. We prefer to fix the date of most of our meetings at the call of the President, for opportune occasion produces a most enthusiastic gathering and broadens the interest. The committee is indebted to several zealous alumnae for suggestions and assistance.

M. L. HART,

June 18, 1912.

Convener.

REPORT OF THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

The Social Committee provided several happy functions during the year—the Diamond Jubilee Banquet, the festivities on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, and the Garden Party being the chief. It is the opinion of the Committee that those three functions should be made annual, and that, if possible, more out-of-town alumnae should be present on those delightful occasions—for such festivities promote a desirable esprit de corps.

EUGENIE J. GILLIES,

June 18, 1912.

Convener, pro tem.

REPORT OF THE SPIRITUAL COMMITTEE.

The Spiritual Committee took great pleasure in providing flowers for the beautiful altars of our College Chapel, on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, when was offered our Annual High Mass, the gift in perpetuity of the Community

of the Sisters of St. Joseph to the Alumnae Association. On that auspicious occasion, we had the pleasure of placing on St. Joseph's altar two beautiful candelabra as Diamond Jubilee gifts of the association. It was the duty of the Committee to provide an "In Memoriam" card, which is to be used in the event of the death of any member of our association. Letters of condolence were sent to many alumnae who were bereaved of near relatives. Our committee arranged for the excellent course of advent sermons that were delivered by Right Reverend Monsignor McCann and Rev. Father McBrady. On the whole, the Spiritual Committee had a very busy year.

MARY RYAN,

June 18, 1912.

Convener, pro tem.

REPORT OF THE CEMETERY COMMITTEE.

The Cemetery Committee regrets to report that, owing to the continual rain and the consequent condition of the roads leading to the cemeteries, it was impossible to arrange for our annual visit to the graves of our dear ones. However, several members visited the plots where sleep many dear Sisters who helped the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph to attain its present triumphant position, and it is hoped that the association will be able to make suitable arrangements for a pilgrimage in the autumn.

MAUDE WEIR,

June 18, 1912.

Convener.



Toronto Members.



THE following are the names of the Toronto Members of our Alumnae Association. Members whose names were not received in time for this issue will see their names in the December number. All Toronto Alumnae who have not yet become members should communicate with the Toronto Secretary, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, 45 Bloor Street East, Telephone North 544. Members will please notify Mrs. Cassidy of any change of address, and of any error in addresses:

Miss Isobel Abbot.

Mrs. P. Bailey, Miss Olive Beer, Mrs. F. Belton, Miss A. Benning, Miss J. Benning, Miss Margaret Bigley, Miss Marion Blake, Miss S. Bolster, Mrs. F. P. Brazill, Mrs. J. Breen, Mrs. J. Bryan, Miss Madge Burns, Miss N. Burns, Miss N. Byrne.

Dr. Mary B. Callaghan, Miss N. Carolan, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, Mrs. T. Cassidy, Mrs. W. Cassidy, Miss C. Charlebois, Mrs. J. J. Clancy, Mrs. M. M. Clancy, Miss Ethel Clark, Miss Kate Clark, Miss M. Clarke, Miss Kathleen Cleary, Miss Gladys Cleghorn, Miss Marjory Cleghorn, Miss Florence Cochrane, Miss Maud Collins, Miss Nora Corcoran, Miss Corigan, Miss Margaret Cosgrave, Miss Kathleen L. Coughlan, Mrs. S. G. Crowell, Miss Margaret Cunerty.

Mrs. J. Daley, Mrs. J. E. Day, Mrs. J. Dee, Miss A. DeLaplante, Miss L. Devine, Miss M. Devine, Mrs. Dickson, Dr. Agatha Doherty, Miss M. Doherty, Miss A. Donley, Mrs. A. Dubois, Mrs. J. Duggan, Miss M. Duggan, Miss C. Dunn, B.A., Miss I. Dwyer.

Mrs. D. J. Egan, Mrs. W. J. Ellard, Miss A. Elmsley.

Mrs. C. Flanagan, Miss Katherine M. Flanagan, Miss S. Flanagan, Miss Faye.

Miss A. Gallenger, Miss C. Gearin, Miss E. J. Gillies, Miss Jessie Gordon, Mrs. W. Graham, Miss Mildred Gurnett.

Miss I. Halford, B.A., Miss Hart, Mrs. M. Healy, Miss Rita Healy, Miss Anna Heck, Miss A. Henry, Mrs. J. Henry, Miss B. Heydon, Miss Higgins, Miss Jennie Higgins, Mrs. W.

R. Houston, Miss A. Hynes, Miss M. Hynes.

Miss M. Jaffray, Miss O. Jaffray.

Miss A. Gertrude Kelly, B.A., Miss G. Kelly, Mrs. W. J. Kelly, Miss K. Kennedy, Miss N. Kennedy, Miss R. Kenny, Mrs. N. Kidd, Miss A. Kilman, Mrs. W. H. Knox, Mrs. J. S. Kormann, Miss Koster.

Miss Lizzie Lalone, Miss Katie Laorden, Miss Lawler, Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., Miss M. Lawrence, Mrs. Lee, Miss J. Lehane, Miss B. Leonard, Miss H. Leonard, Mrs. J. Loftus, Mrs. Thomas Long, Miss Lysaght.

Mrs. G. F. Madden, Mrs. W. Madigan, Mrs. L. V. McBrady, Mrs. McBride, Miss Catherine McBride, Miss Emily McBride, Miss McCabe, Mrs. J. W. McCabe, Miss L. McCandish, Mrs. J. A. T. McCarron, Miss Kathleen McCrohan, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Miss Josephine McDoughall, Miss G. McGoey, B.A., Miss N. McGrath, Miss M. McGuire, Miss A. McLaren, Mrs. T. McMahan, Miss F. Meehan, Miss L. Meehan, Mrs. J. P. Melady, Miss Clara Menton, Mrs. J. J. Menton, Miss Kate Menton, Miss Middleton, Mrs. L. G. Mickles, Mrs. H. E. Moore, Miss K. Moore, Mrs. M. F. Mogan, Miss R. Morreau, Miss N. J. Moylan, Miss H. Mullins, Mrs. Mulqueen.

Mrs. H. Nerlich, Mrs. Northgraves.

Mrs. E. A. O'Connor, Miss J. O'Connor, Miss Minnie O'Connor, Miss Patricia O'Connor, Miss Teresa O'Connor, Mrs. M. J. O'Hearn, Mrs. A. O'Leary, Mrs. E. O'Sullivan.

Miss Patton, Mrs. W. Petley, Miss Pickett, Mrs. E. W. Pratt, Mrs. F. P. Pujolas.

Miss Bernadette Real, Miss M. Reardon, Miss Mary Regan, Miss Irene Richard, Miss Roche, Mrs. A. M. Roesler, Miss L. Roesler, Miss B. Rose, Miss E. Rose, Miss K. Ryan, Miss Mary Ryan, B.A., Miss J. Rush.

Miss Madeline Sheerin, Miss Simoni, Mrs. A. J. Small, Mrs. D. Small, Miss J. Smith, Miss Edith Sullivan, Miss Irene Sullivan, Miss M. Stormont, Miss Stuart.

Mrs. O. Teening, Miss F. Tobin.

Mrs. A. Wallace, Miss Helen Walsh, Mrs. W. Walsh, Mrs. J. Warde, Mrs. W. Way, Mrs. A. M. Weir, Mrs. T. Winterberry, Miss G. Woods.

Out-of-Town Members.



THE following are the names of the Out-of-Town Members of our Alumnae Association. Members whose names were not received in time for this issue will see their names in the December number. All Out-of-Town Alumnae who have not yet become members should communicate with the Out-of-Town Secretary, Mrs. L. V. McBrady, 86 Charles Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Members will please notify Mrs. McBrady of any change of address and of any error in addresses:

Mrs. E. D. Almas, Mrs. Frank Anglin.

Miss Hattie Bauer, Miss Rose Bauer, Miss Sophia Bauer, Miss K. Bergin, Miss Irene M. Bishop, Miss Anna Bourke, Mrs. J. M. Bourke, Miss Lily Bourke, Miss Mamie Bourke, Miss Mollie Bourke, Mrs. F. S. Bourns, Mrs. S. B. Bowes, Miss Harriet Boyle, Mrs. J. P. Brennan, Miss Lena Brophy, Miss Lilian Brophy, Miss Margaret Brophy, Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mrs. J. A. Burns.

Miss May Carey, Miss Mary Cassidy, Miss Elizabeth Clark, Miss Kathleen Clark, Miss Marguerite Clark, Mrs. George Clifford, Miss L. Coffee, Mrs. E. Conroy, Miss Margaret Considine, Miss Rosemary Conway, Miss Lily Cottom, Mrs. R. E. Cox, Mrs. Wm. Crosland, Miss Isabel Curtis.

Mrs. T. C. Denis, Miss M. M. Devine, Miss B. F. Devlin, Miss Edna Devlin, Mrs. Manning W. Doherty, Miss T. Donnelly, Mrs. J. J. Doyle, Mrs. M. J. Doyle, Miss A. Driscoll, Miss Pauline Dudley, Miss Agnes Dunne.

Miss Margaret Eckart, Miss Egan, Mrs. Fergus Ellard.

Miss Margaret Feeney, Mrs. William Fisher, Miss Agnes Fitzgerald, Mrs. A. J. Forster, Miss Irene Frawley, Miss Mary Frawley.

Miss Rhea Gettings, Miss Alida Gendron, Miss Nellie Gilliyn, Miss M. E. Glavin, Mrs. Michael J. Glavin, Miss Doretta Gordon, Mrs. William Gordon.

Miss Loretto Hanley, Miss Mary Hanley, Mrs. J. Hannifan, Miss Edna Hartnett, Mrs. Ernest Hector, Mrs. W. R. Hees, Miss Elizabeth A. Henry, Mrs. Allan Hills, Miss Ethel

Hinds, Miss Ethel Hogan, Miss Margaret Hogan, Miss Nanno Hughes.

Mrs. Fred Johnston, Miss Minnie Jonson.

Miss Phyllis Kellett, Miss Annie Keogh, Mrs. Fred Keogh, Miss Mary Keogh, Miss Kathleen Kidd, Miss Mary Kidd, Mrs. D. G. Kilburn.

Mrs. J. Lahey, Miss Celia Langan, Miss Ina Larkin, Miss T. Lavalle, Miss Mary A. Lawlor, Miss Agnes Leonard, Miss Helen Lunn.

Mrs. H. J. Mackie, Miss Elizabeth Maher, Mrs. M. Malone, Miss Marie Malone, Mrs. M. Malone, Miss E. Maloney, Miss Loretto Marren, Miss E. Marrigan, Miss Anna McCarthy, Miss J. McCarthy, Mrs. H. McCormack, Miss Jean McDonald, Miss Mary McDonald, Mrs. R. McDonald, Mrs. McDonough, Miss McDonough, Miss Mary McDoughall, Miss Mina McGrath, Miss J. McGregor, Miss Agnes McIlwain, Miss E. McKay, Miss Cassie McKinnon, Miss Kathryn McNamara, Miss Genevieve McNulty, Mrs. H. R. Miles, Miss Mary Miley, Mrs. Morey, Miss M. Morgan, Mrs. S. M. Morgan, Miss Christine Morrow, Miss Francis Morrow, Miss Marie Morrow, Mrs. J. F. Moses, Miss K. Mulligan, Miss Agnes Mundy, Miss Elizabeth Mundy.

Mrs. Miley D. O'Brien, Mrs. C. O'Connor, Mrs. J. J. O'Connor, Miss Marie O'Connor, Miss K. O'Leary, Miss Anna O'Rourke, Mrs. C. Osborne.

Mrs. Fred Porter, Miss Hattie Porter, Miss Flora M. Post, Miss Lollie A. Post, Mrs. Fred Potvin, Mrs. M. S. Plunkett.

Mrs. Oliver Quinlan, Miss Queenie Quinlan.

Miss Mary Rathwell, Miss Rosie Reath, Mrs. Reynolds, Miss Loretto Roach, Miss Loretto Roche, Mrs. Rodigan, Mrs. James Ronan, Miss G. Rudkins, Miss Ethel Ryan, Miss Pearle A. Ryther.

Mrs. P. J. Scallon, Miss Mary Schrader, Miss Christine Scully, Miss Christine Servais, Miss A. Sexton, Mrs. William Shea, Miss Edith V. Smith, Mrs. Charles Sullivan, Miss M. Sullivan, Miss Irene Swift.

Miss Alice Teefy, Miss Hope Thompson, Mrs. Guy Toller, Mrs. John Traynor, Miss I. Tuffy.

Miss Etta Ward, Mrs. James Walsh, Mrs. J. C. Walsh, Mrs. Wm. Walsh, Mrs. J. Whalen.

The Graduates of St. Joseph's College, 1912.



T. Joseph's Graduates, we wish you joy!
 Much have you studied, much have you achieved;
 Knowledge is yours of Wisdom true conceived—
 Knowledge without foul dross, without alloy.

May all your cherished lore serve as a buoy
 To indicate the shoals of life, believed
 To be the harbour of our paradise retrieved,
 Where friend greets friend, and partings ne'er annoy.

Steer skilfully your separated barks
 Down roaring stream, across tempestuous main;
 Sing ever while you work, as do the larks,

That seem to have no sorrow and no pain;
 And may God's rainbows prove triumphant arcs
 Where falls no sleet, no snow, no mist, no rain.

Miss Gertrude Heck, daughter of Mr. B. Heck, Toronto, has happily spent all her school years at St. Joseph's, and has successfully completed the course of studies required for Junior Matriculation, which standing she obtained in 1911. During the past year, Miss Gertrude has devoted her time with good result, to special studies in English, French, and Latin, and has given evidence of successful attainment in elocutionary and dramatic art.

Miss Margaret McCrohan, daughter of Mr. Owen McCrohan, Toronto, received her primary education at St. Mary's Academy, Bathurst street, where she passed the Entrance examination, and Junior Piano, with honours. While in residence at St. Joseph's College, this gifted young lady has completed a very successful academic course, and has passed the University examinations in music, for Junior

Vocal, Junior Theory, and Senior Piano, in every case obtaining the highest honours. Miss McCrohan is a talented and accomplished musical artist, and intends continuing a post-graduate course at her Alma Mater for the degree of B. M.

Miss Isabel Cassidy, daughter of Dr. J. J. Cassidy, Bloor street, Toronto, has completed an exceptionally brilliant course at St. Joseph's College; and has obtained honours at every competitive test, and Departmental Examination preparatory to a university course for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts. Besides taking music and elocution, Miss Isabel won the Gold Medal in 1910, for honours at the Normal Entrance and Matriculation; and, in 1911, the young lady carried off the Governor-General's Medal for English Literature, and Entrance to the Faculties of Education. Miss Cassidy's mother is a distinguished graduate of St. Joseph's College, and an earnest corresponding secretary of the Alumnae Association.

Miss Nora Warde, daughter of Mr. J. D. Warde, Rosedale, has completed the course for Junior Matriculation; and, having attended St. Joseph's since passing the Entrance Examination to the High School in 1907, she is awarded graduation honours in the Collegiate Course. Miss Warde has chosen languages exclusively as her options for Matriculation, and purposes continuing these studies for University graduation.

Miss Margaret Phillips, daughter of Mr. P. Phillips, Merriton, has been in residence at the College since 1908. Many class distinctions have been won by this young lady, among them, the Gold Medal for Science and Normal Entrance in 1911. During the past year, Miss Phillips continued her studies at St. Joseph's in order to complete her course for graduation and advance special subjects with the intention of attending the Normal School next year.

Miss Helen Kearns, daughter of Mr. J. Kearns, of Toronto, has been in attendance at St. Joseph's since 1909. Miss Kearns completed her course for Normal Entrance and Matriculation in 1911, and returned to continue a more ad-

vanced course in English, French, and Latin; to make herself proficient in Stenography, Book-Keeping, and the various branches of Commercial Science; to study music; and to complete the requirements for graduation. The year has been most fruitful of good results.

Miss Mary O'Rourke, Toronto, obtained her Normal Entrance and Matriculation Certificate from St. Joseph's High School, Jarvis street, under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph, in 1910. In the years 1911 and 1912, her course for Entrance to the Faculties of Education and Senior Matriculation was continued at St. Joseph's College. This young lady has always been successful in carrying off the honours of her class in Mathematics, and delights in intricate problems that bring frowns and furrows to other brows.





Margaret McCrohan.

Gertrude Heck.

Isabel Cassidy.

Margaret Phillips.

Mary O'Rourke.

Helen Kearns.

Nora Warde.

GRADUATES OF 1912.

St. Joseph's College Department.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief	Miss Isabel Cassidy.
Assistant Editor	Miss Loretto Rathwell.
Exchange Editor	Miss Teresa Burns.
Local Editors	Miss Nora Warde.
	Miss Gertrude Heck.
Music Editor	Miss Sheelah Mulcahy.
Business Manager	Miss May Casserley.

SALUTATORY.

Dear Friends of St. Joseph's College, Friends loyal, true, and faithful, we greet you and welcome you in spirit to our new Collegiate Wing:—

“It is builded, our stately cloister, where Wisdom makes her home;
The stemlike columns flower into arch and sculptured dome.
The pillared halls are vaulted and lofty like the height,
And each embrasured window is aglow with golden light.
Here Goodness, Truth, and Beauty are worshipped as one, not three,
And Faith companions Reason; and Order, Liberty.
Here children of men are patterned on a God self-sacrificed.
And the circle of life is centered and squared on the Cross of Christ.”

From here, dear Friends, where Religion and Science go hand-in-hand, do we tenderly, whole-heartedly offer glad greetings! Your encouragement and your sympathy have cheered the Sisters of the Community of St. Joseph; and we, the pupils of to-day, who do not know by experience the trials and difficulties of former years, are grateful to you for your goodness to our beloved Teachers.

We greet especially, you, the Alumnae! We hope that we may be numbered among you, and that we may as worthily represent the Association as do you, who now grace its ranks—you, more particularly, whom maturity has ripened into noble womanhood. We have read that “it is the woman of ripe years, of formed character, of settled principles, and of matured intellect who lives immortal in the purple royalty of history. Though May and June are fair in the white blossoms of promise, it is October that brings the luscious

fruit to cheer and beautify the winter of our years. Youth is the lovely probation-time of life, as life itself is the probation-time of eternity. The real life, the grand years are those which follow the days of preparation. It is then when sure of herself, and understanding well her duties and her claims, that woman steps firmly forward, with kindly smile, with gracious air, and with conscious power, to mount her waiting throne and grasp the jewelled sceptre of womanhood. Every white hair that gleams among the dark, every line upon the noble countenance, telling of gathered thoughts, fresh treasures of human sorrow and sympathy, are new diamonds and pearls in the circlet about her brows. Our birthdays are rounds of the ladder leading upward; and ever as we mount, if we do not find the atmosphere purer and more invigorating, the prospect fairer and brighter, it is because we turn our faces downward, and refuse to breathe freely or look about us."

We, students of St. Joseph's College, are resolved not to turn our faces downward. We are determined ever to look above, where the Lily Banner of our Patron waves its bright folds. That Lily Flag waves over many lands—in almost every country of Europe, on the vast plains of Asia, in the fastnesses of Africa, and here in glorious America, in the great republic that the eagle guards, in the vast Dominion of Canada, our thrice beloved land—wherever the Sisters of St. Joseph are working in the sacred cause of Religion, Education, and Charity. God grant that we may be true to the ideals for which our banner stands! May we model ourselves upon the living exemplars of Christian womanhood with whom we have been privileged to associate! May we model ourselves, above all, upon St. Joseph's spotless Spouse, whom angels may indeed call Queen, but whom we alone in company with her Divine Son, may call our Mother!

Each of us can do some little good to benefit humanity, be our position exalted or lowly in providential duty:—

"The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds both great and small
Are close knit strands of one unbroken thread,
Where love ennobleth all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining record tells."

In that Book of Life, we fondly hope, are recorded the names of all who laboured here—those dear Sisters, those dear alumnae, those dear friends, and the revered Archbishop that dug the first sod for the building he was not destined to enter. Let us leave them there, our departed loved ones, enjoying the rapturous sweetness of the Vision and the Light of the Divine Presence. Beneath the smile of God they rest “beside the crystal sea that no storm vexes ever and no cloud darkens”; and while their hallowed memory lingers with us, we turn again to you, dear Friends of St. Joseph’s College, to greet you, to welcome you in spirit to our new home!

—KATHLEEN L. COGHLAN.

Eve of the First Friday of June.

On the First Friday of June, a group of statuary, representing the apparition of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary, was solemnly blessed by the Very Reverend Administrator, Dr. Kidd, in the presence of the Sisters and young ladies of the College. This beautiful gift was presented by Mr. E. Scully, of Windsor, Ont., in memory of his daughter, Ismena, a former promising pupil of St. Joseph’s, whose untimely death by drowning, in the summer of 1909, cast a deep gloom over her family and many friends.

After the ceremony, Dr. Kidd, in his usual earnest, effective manner, spoke a few words on devotion to the Sacred Heart, in which he urged upon the young ladies the necessity of practising this beautiful devotion to the Sacred Humanity of Our Divine Lord, pointed out simple means of doing so, and dwelt upon the good effects that always attend fidelity to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

May the name of the generous donor, as a promoter of devotion to the Sacred Heart, be inscribed on that Heart, never, never to be effaced.

A Distinguished Lecturer.



ON July 5th, Reverend Father Naish, S. J., the well-known lecturer, delivered an eloquent address to the Sisters of the College, the subject being The Month of the Precious Blood. The subject itself, the Reverend Speaker said, was somewhat unusual. Although July is set apart for devotion to the Precious Blood; although a Feast in honour of the Precious Blood was instituted by His Holiness Pius IX., for the universal church; and although Father Faber has written an excellent book on The Precious Blood—we must turn to the earliest Fathers for a comprehensive treatment of the subject.

Father Naish said that in June we idealize the love of God and therefore devote the month to the love of God; in July, we fix our attention upon the Precious Blood, which gives life, power, and beauty to the Heart of Jesus. Devotion to the Sacred Heart, to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and to Saint Joseph is more practical for the great bulk of Christianity; devotion to the Precious Blood is singularly appropriate and salutary to Religious, whose life it typifies. To-day, we do not hear of such great crimes and sins as in earlier times, not because there is more virtue in the world, but because we are a sensual race, and reject anything that is disagreeable or that calls for exertion. In a word, our people are victims of that fatal malady, Spiritual Anæmia. However, we know that some cures are effected to-day. A devoted friend allows his veins to be opened to save the mortal life of a loved one. That, in a spiritual sense, is the sublime mission to which women are called and especially Religious Women. It is the duty of the priest to apply the Precious Blood to the souls of sinners through the administration of the sacraments; but it is the work of good women to make the priestly ministrations possible by serving the soul through the instrument of the body. It is woman's queenly vocation to infuse into the veins of a sickly generation the warm life-blood of the Faith.

The gifted orator concluded his address by exhorting his hearers to pray fervently that they might appreciate their divine call to work for the salvation of souls.

Our Lily.



HAVE look'd the Convent garden through,
 I have search'd intently here and there,
 Yet have found no flower of daintier hue
 Than thine, dear Lily, sweet and fair!
 What though not thine the rose's glow,
 Not thine the velvet petals bright,
 I see no bloom like thine, for lo!
 Thy snowy whiteness clears my sight.
 Fair Queen, whom God hath robed in white,
 With raiment rare of Virgin grace,
 Thou art a type of Light and Love;
 Before thee, earthlings veil their face!
 Thou reignest not in hall and bower
 As mistress in the highest place,
 But where the Almighty hides His power,
 By altar door, whence flows His grace.
 Within thy cup-like calyx fair,
 A virgin heart of purest gold,
 Exhaling fragrance faint and rare,
 With modest care thou dost infold.
 The trembling drops of pearly dew,
 Which on thy waxen petals shine,
 Have fallen there from heaven's blue,
 As earnest of a love divine.
 Thou with no skill to weave or spin,
 Though born to bloom a day and fade,
 Thy purity a lovelier robe didst win,
 Than Israel's wealthiest King displayed.
 May Israel's Lily, free from sin,
 In robe of innocence arrayed,
 Teach us the crown of life to win,
 By loving God in things He made.

—GRACE McNICHOE.

The Class Supper of 1912.



AFTER night prayers, said earlier than usual, on the evening of June 12th, the Refectory was the scene of great activity. Our dignified seniors, having cast aside those all-absorbing books, delved deeply into the mysteries of domestic science and culinary productions. Their occupations seemed highly enlivening, if not elevating, and bursts of merry laughter were heard from every corner, so that envious juniors declared that they would 'have a spread, too.' It was the great night of the class supper. The centre of attraction was a square table, with forty chairs grouped about it, and occupying the middle of the Refectory. Our Mistress declared that she had never seen anything so pretty as our table decorations. Gold and brown were everywhere displayed, and a tiny pennant of Class '12, which was also in gold and brown, and to which was attached a mysterious roll of paper, marked each place. Garlands of pink and white June roses, with their fresh green leaves, were attached to the gasolier above the centre of the table, and stretched to the four corners of the table. The effect was extremely pretty, and we thought it quite unique.

All preparations completed, fifteen minutes were given for dressing. The sombre black of the uniforms was discarded for white, gay pink, or pretty blue. Finery was procured from every source, until we thought we looked our best. Fun was the order of the hour. But we seniors did not sit down for the mere pleasure of eating. Each one read the history of one of her classmates from this mysterious roll, in her very best style, laying a special emphasis on the personal characteristics dilated upon therein. Each waited in dread, or with feigned indifference, for her own history. What glaring weakness of hers would be made sport of? What cherished secret would be noised abroad? Alas, too many found their surmises true. We learned that the glare of the foot-lights attracted some of our members whom we had deemed even timid and reserved. To soar in lofty realms on winged

Pegasus attracted others. It was revealed that suspicious looking rings were known to be in possession of some, that certain little white beds did not claim their owners at nine o'clock when lights were wont to go out, but that the midnight oil burned late in their apartments; and that on the stairs leading to the kitchen white-robed figures, not angelic, had been sighted in the silence of the night. No one was left unscathed, and everyone heartily enjoyed the thirty-nine other histories. Toasts were drunk to our Mistress, and beloved teachers, and the graduates of the year. "For they are jolly good fellows," was sung with a vim, as the Sisters withdrew, and shortly after, these very happy, though weary Seniors crept quietly into the dormitory, and to bed.

—ISABEL CASSIDY.

Our Chaplain's Feast.



THE Feast of St. Francis Regis, June 16th, is our Chaplain's Name-Day. It is a time-honoured custom, on this day, for the young ladies of the Boarding School to be favoured, at the evening meal by the presence of their devoted Chaplain. For that reason, it is for us, perhaps, more than for him, a Feast Day, when the long refectory tables fairly groan with the good things which Convent girls, above all others, fail not to appreciate. It being the season of strawberries, the plumpest, ripest fruits which the vine produces, were heaped in generous profusion, in dishes at closer intervals than usual. Another treat most welcome was that favourite dish, ice-cream. Of other sweets, which were quite unusual, there were enough and to spare, to insure a midnight pang. Discretion is not one of the virtues of a school-girl in the matter of wholesome diet, when unwonted indulgence leaves it to her own sweet choice. And fortitude in resisting a desire to gratify that elemental weakness which belongs to all Eve's daughters,

was not to be so much as thought of, on such rare occasions as a Convent Feast.

It is an old saying, and often proves true, 'that man appoints and God disappoints'; but here we may say that pupils appointed and good Father Frachon disappointed. On reaching the refectory, we found that his place was vacant. We questioned to find out the cause of his absence, and were satisfied only when we heard that he was dining with some of his clerical friends, and would visit us later. Notwithstanding his absence, we did not fail to enjoy the evening meal, as the unburdened tables sufficiently showed.

About seven o'clock, the young ladies of the graduating class, and others of our seniors, who were permitted to visit the parlour corridor in search of the missing guest, soon returned to the recreation hall accompanied by our Reverend Chaplain. In honour of the occasion, pupils of the primary and intermediate courses, were allowed to assemble with their seniors, and take part in an informal programme by way of entertainment. The juveniles presented the first numbers, which consisted of action-songs and kindergarten pieces. The pupils of the second course had second place, and acquitted themselves very creditably. Their share of the entertainment seemed to weigh considerably on the side of elocution. The seniors gave Part II. of the programme, which consisted of numbers so pleasing to Father Frachon, that he repeatedly inquired, "Will that be on for the closing?" adding most encouragingly, "That is very good." But, alas! when we were just about to sing our pretty farewell chorus, we were interrupted by a delegation of Novices, who insisted on taking away our evening visitor with them. He had already stayed with us long past the hour for his appointed visit to the Novitiate.

Before leaving, Father Frachon gave us good advice about what we should do during the holidays, thanked us for his much enjoyed entertainment, gave us his blessing, added, "Now you will be all right", and left us to enjoy an extended recreation until the bell sounded for night prayers.

—RITA IVORY.

In Our Commercial Department.



“**F**AR-OFF fields look green!” In September last, the idea of mastering a system by means of which words are written in short form, made us impatient for an introduction to Sir Isaac Pitman, whose intelligence and skill we greatly admired. Verily, short cuts often lead through thorns and briars! Shorthand led us through a labyrinth of circles and loops and hooks; and we found it comparatively easy to detach ourselves from circles and loops, but impossible to “shun” hooks. However, after the February examinations in theory, we reached in triumph the green fields, and the sight of the deep-blue dome of heaven and of the clustering stars imparted to our hearts and minds an inexpressible quiet. In a few days, our shorthand took an athletic turn, and daily we practised speed for our final race in June. In the final contest, diplomas were obtained by a large number of competitors.

Toward typewriting, we always had a friendly feeling; and, were it not for the fact that we had to use the “Touch” method, we might have become rather conceited in the course of a week; but we were indeed humiliated when our initial attempts produced only mutilated words, and were quite contented to repeat the same exercise a score of times in the hope that we might learn to spell words that were no puzzle to us in the ordinary penmanship. We succeeded at last, and were able to complete many series of wonderful “Budgets.”

Book-keeping, otherwise known as the “reasonable” subject, supplied us with material for many a knotty debate during the one hour period devoted to it. How very, very interesting to keep imaginary cash books and ledgers, and to make financial statements! Yet the keeping of even imaginary transactions had its serious difficulties, and cost us many a weary struggle. However, we conquered; and, if we do not attain that success for which we are prepared, it will not be because we have not armed ourselves with those business maxims that epitomize the chief requisites of every

business woman. We have learned well that the woman who cannot mind her own business cannot be trusted with the business of the king; that we must not grasp at shadows and let the substance slip; and that "there is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which beams and blazes in the dark hours of adversity."

—TERESA BURNS.

Our Processions.

"O Mary, all months and all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness, when they are gone;
And we give to thee May, not because it is best,
But because it comes first and is pledge of the rest."

—Cardinal Newman.



AT this sweet time, when the Earth smiles in fresh spring loveliness, as on the morning of its birth, comes a day of brightest, tenderest memories for all the pupils of St. Joseph's. It is the last of our Lady's month—the day of our May procession. On this day, then, at four o'clock, all were in readiness, studies being suspended for the day. Leaving the high steps leading from the Music Hall to the grounds, the vast procession moved slowly to the eastern end of the chapel, then across to the old grapevine walk, and down along the hedge to the orchard path, on which is the well-known mound, with its solid granite pedestal surmounted by a beautiful metallic statue of Our Blessed Lady. There the long line halted; and, as the Litany was sweetly chanted, all gathered around the shrine. The black, red, and white uniforms, the blue, red, and pink Sodality-ribbons of the different Courses, and their exquisitely wrought banners and dainty bannerets formed a scene of rare and touching beauty, as through the leaves and the apple blossoms, lightly as with a halo, the white-veiled heads of the children,—

"The sun gleams came down from the heavens,
Like angels to hallow the scene,
And they seemed to kneel down with the shadows
That crept at the shrine of the Queen."

The singing was sweet and devotional, for the hymns were our favourites, appropriate for the occasion; and our hearts and spirits were filled with such holy emotion as prompts the praises of our Lovely Queen of the May. These strains of simple, though perhaps unusual music, fell, no doubt, as pleasing harmonies on the ears of many who were passing by, for they stopped their carriages or auto-cars, and stood up to catch a glimpse of the scene, which might well belong to older, and more enlightened nations, where Heaven's Queen is better known, though rare enough in our poor cold Canadian land. Before leaving the shrine, the graceful image of the Virgin was crowned by the President of the Sodality, Kathleen Coghlan, and her assistants; and, as they passed, the other Sodalists placed their floral offerings at the shrine until the pedestal and mound were lavishly bedecked with fairest flowers of every hue. The procession then wound its circuitous way through the long corridors of the new College wing to the Chapel, where Rev. Father Meader, C. S. B., preached an eloquent sermon, and gave Benediction. Then we pronounced our Act of Consecration to Our Lady, sang the 'Magnificat,' and the glory of the May was ended, and the sweetness of verduous June was ushered in.

This fair month, so near to home-going, is one of exceptional happiness and joy at St. Joseph's. In it comes that grandest of festive days, the Feast of Corpus Christi; and this year we were favoured in having all that nature could lend us, in its celebration. For this grand occasion the halls and corridors were festooned with drapery of white muslin, and decorated with garlands of roses. Clusters of ferns and palms lined the passages, which were brightly illumined. Altars were erected in two of the reception rooms, where Benediction was given; and there carpets were laid, and draped prie-dieus were placed before each. The Corpus Christi procession, unlike all others, is one of imposing splendor and solemnity, and at St. Joseph's is one of the grandest events of the year. It is a procession of triumph, and of love for the Divine Master, who has left the precious treasure of His Sacred Body, to remain with us forever. I think that we all fully realized

this, and I cannot imagine anything to be more impressive than the pomp and the solemnity, the awe and reverence of the worshippers, the earnest voices of the singers, and the sublime character of the music on this occasion.

The pupils in uniform, white veils and gloves, preceded by the Cross-bearer, led the procession. Then followed the Novices and Nuns of the Community, in their black saycloth habits and guimpes of white linen, and bearing lighted tapers; behind them again came the little flower-girls in white, strewing the way with fragrant petals for the passage of the Blessed Sacrament, borne in golden monstrance by the priest, attended by several of the clergy, and acolytes swinging censers, and chanting the 'Pange Lingua'. When the altars were reached, the 'O Salutaris' was sung, and all heads were bowed in profound adoration, while the Almighty gave His blessing. Then rising from their knees—

"They came, two by two, past the altar.
The young and the pure and the fair—
Their faces the mirror of heaven,
Their hands meekly folded in prayer."

On returning to the Chapel, the organ took up the strains of the crescent anthem, and accompanied the grand chorus of voices. After the Blessed Sacrament was finally replaced in the tabernacle, in full, loud, sweet accord was sung that magnificent hymn of praise and thanksgiving, composed by St. Ambrose and St. Augustine—the 'Te Deum', and our grandest, holiest, sweetest Feast of Corpus Christi was at an end.

—MARJORIE POWER.



A Vocal Recital.



FEW minutes before I finished my morning's practice, I cast a sidelong glance into the Music Hall and saw Irene Moran pleading with the unyielding Sister that supervised our practice. From the manner in which Irene looked toward No. 9 Music Room, where I was playing over and over Liszt's Second Rhapsody, I knew that she had some exciting confidence to impart to me. As soon as the bell rang, I bounded out of my room and over to the radiator, where at the end of practice-hour a few girls lingered for a moment to exchange confidences.

Our vocal teacher had announced that Irene was to give a Recital the following week! I was to accompany Irene! Long discussions as to the selections followed, and then we set about the work industriously. Recreations that week were few for us. While the laughter and the happy voices of merry classmates were borne to us through the windows of the vocal studio, we laboured strenuously through Schubert's "Serenade," for nothing but perfection would please our exacting teacher; and, a luncheon very thoughtfully provided for us during the morning, after a long practice, was in itself ample satisfaction for our Herculean task.

The days slipped quickly by, and the eventful day arrived. At tea, as I looked down the long line of joyful faces, I noticed that Irene's anxious eyes were turned toward the bell. She and I evidently thought that the bell for the concluding grace would never ring; but it did set us free at the regular time, and not long after we were in the dressing room and were nervously waiting for the signal to go before our audience. The boarders occupied one side of the large auditorium; our friends, the other. The Sisters were in the gallery. The main feature of the stage was our new Baby Grand. It did seem at home among the ferns and palms and our colours

The following was our programme :

The Swallows.....	Cowan
Summer Is Coming	Strelzki
MISS IRENE MORAN	
Instrumental Solo,	Rondo-e-Capriccioso..... Mendelssohn
MISS TERESA BURNS	
Sing! Sing! Bird on the Wing	Nutting.
As Calm as the Night	Bohn.
Vianka's Song.....	Whiskew.
MISS IRENE MORAN	
Instrumental Solo	Hungarian Rhapsody (12)..... Liszt
MISS MARGARET McCROHAN	
The Harp.....	Moore.
MISS IRENE MORAN	
Part Song.....	Home, Sweet Home
MISSES COLLINS, HOWE, HARRIS, RUDKINS, McCROHAN.	

Although Irene was a little nervous while singing the first numbers, all apparent timidity left her during the next, for Teresa Burns' artistic rendering of Mendelssohn's "Rondo-e-Capriccioso" made us so self-forgetful that Irene, carried out of her narrow surroundings, as it were, into that sweet untrammelled freedom of the wild bird, poured forth in clear and vibrant notes her "Sing! Sing! Bird on the Wing!" and "The Swallows." Those selections are peculiarly suited to her bird-like voice; and, as the arches re-echoed with trills of melody, the delighted listeners, hushed and enchanted, feared only the moment when it would cease. After the faint sound of the last note of the "Vianka Song" had died away, I relieved the singer by playing Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" (12), and was fortunate enough to receive a grateful hearing; for, under the stimulus of emotion, I played my best. Then, with much feeling and expression, Irene sang "The Harp." As a fitting close to the programme, "Home, Sweet Home," as a quintette, was sung by five girls of the vocal class; and the artistic interpretation, the clarity of voice, and the excellent intonation of the singers glorified the dear old melody and kindled a dream-like fire in many an averted eye.

Some exquisite flowers were presented to Irene during the entertainment—loving tokens of appreciation from her many friends.

—MARGARET McCROHAN.

Our Dramatic Club.

"Recreation is intended to the mind, as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which oth erwise would grow dull and blunt."



OWARDS the close of the school year, the Dramatic Club gave to the rest of the school and their special friends, a creditable exhibition of their talent and careful training, by their artful presentation of two short but very amusing plays. As it was the girls of the Upper School chiefly who took the principal parts, the pressure of examination work often curtailed the preparatory practice, which was appointed for Friday afternoons. On returning to the Latin Class at four o'clock, the heroic martyrs to their cause, often quite philosophically resigned themselves to severe reprimands from anxious teachers, for neglect of their hated Horace or Virgil. The dramas were, therefore, short, and chosen with regard to our special needs, or better, perhaps, to our special limitations. In accordance with the Convent custom, they avoided any unseemly exhibition of passion, especially that master passion which,—

"Rules the court, the camp, the grove,
The men below and saints above."

You will wonder, then, perhaps, what constituted our dramatic action? The first play required simply a natural and amusing representation of a case of mistaken identity; the second a still more amusing instance of misapprehension, where deafness, and excited false alarm caused many very ridiculous situations, which were carried out with such persuasive realism as merited enthusiastic applause. The impersonation of the rich aunt from California, Gertrude Heck, by her mischievous niece, Miss Sally, whose sudden and dexterous transformation was wrought with such deliberate aplomb, and her character assumed by Isabel Cassidy, and of her other nieces, Miss Felicia and Miss Rosalie, those 'precieuses ridicules' whose affected parts were taken by the undersigned, showed, we were told, a keen sense of the exaggerated humour of these respective roles, and won, at least, generous approval.

In the second play, the parts assumed by Gertrude Brad-

ley, the ambitious hostess, and Constance Rose, her only daughter, who wishes to make a favourable impression upon her guests (Alice Reardon, Lily Kennedy, Mary Latchford, Camilla McBrady, Kathleen Donley, Marie Barry, and Camilla Casserly), who accept her invitation to a luncheon at her home in the suburbs, were cleverly sustained. Their enunciation was clear and distinct, their manner easy and natural, and the entire representation was interesting and well managed. The entertainment was apparently successful, if we can form any true judgment from the words of encouragement bestowed on our humble efforts, by our teachers, who are cautiously sparing of their praise (and no doubt for obvious reasons) for school girls who essay to act parts upon a stage.

—WINNIFRED O'CONNOR and OLGA WALLACE.

The Elocution Class.

“Read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rime of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.”

The pupils of the Elocution Class, who gave special attention to the subject throughout the school year, gave a splendid exhibition of the degree of excellence they have attained in this useful art, by the talent and training they displayed in the pleasurable presentation to their friends and classmates, of the following programme:

Hide-and-Seek Miss Lois Gibson.
The New Wife's First Visit to Market. Miss Tena Coliton.
Little Orphan Annie Miss Helen Mullins.
The Habitant's Advice Miss Irenaeus Hayes.
The Result of a Make-Believe. Miss Clementina McGwan.
Unawares (Hemans) Miss Mary McIntyre.
The Starless Crown (Proctor) Miss Eileen Hayes.
The Insincerity of Social Life Miss Ruth Ludgate.
Little Boy Blue Miss Eileen Devanny.
First Appearance on the Stage Miss Ellen Ashbrook.

A Botanical Excursion.



O those whose routine of life is as inevitable as the progress of the seasons; for whom Saturdays are like Mondays; and who grapple with Christian Doctrine on pleasant Sunday mornings, what joy thrills through their veins in hours of freedom! Morning class was becoming monotonous, when suddenly a botanical excursion to High Park was announced. Many of us had never been in High Park and the novelty of such freedom as the word 'excursion' suggested to our minds, called forth a chorus of exclamations, "Oh, won't that be grand!" We were warned to bring a lens, floral key, and a small tin box for roots and fungi; and, on the way to and from the park, we were advised to keep together. Two of our teachers made all arrangements and accompanied us. As soon as the gates were reached we might form agreeable parties, choose a responsible guide, and wander at our own sweet will in different directions, with the injunction to meet at the pavilion at 4.30 o'clock. There, dainty luncheon, which would be provided, might be enjoyed by all, after the wearying exercise of climbing hills and crossing streams. Our arrangements made, the afternoon proved one of rare and genuine pleasure. The woods were full of wild flowers of every variety. We gathered but few specimens of each of the rarer species, and in the midst of so great abundance we found ourselves quite fastidious in the matter of selection. Some would take none but the pretty flowers, others would have none but mosses and spore-leaves, and others again went far in search of fungi and algae, and were rewarded with a varied collection of puffballs, toadstools, mildews, and a jar of slimy spirogyra. When we returned to the pavilion and had partaken of the refreshments, we arranged ourselves in groups for snap-shots, which were to be precious souvenirs of the day, and then found that all too soon the hour for returning had arrived. Laden with a varied collection of botanical specimens, the fruit of our successful search, we returned by street car in time to join the rank going down to tea. Apart from the souvenirs that we have stored away, the day will long be one of pleasant memories for us all.

—LENORE STOCK.

Physical Culture.

"The animation of youth overflows spontaneously in harmonious movements."—Channing.



On passing the door of our commodious gymnasium, if it chanced to be ajar, we could hear the stirring measures of a sprightly march; and, on continuing our way along the corridor, we found our selves involuntarily straightening up and stepping out to the time of that controlling march, "Left-Right, Left-Right." At times, the captivating air of a May-day revel entered our ears and repeated itself there for the remainder of the day.

On the afternoon of June 10th, many interested spectators were permitted to see the action which accompanied that attractive music. The action constituted some of the most artistic drills that the physical culture classes have ever exhibited. The Seniors, in dark skirts and white "middies" went through, with rare precision, some graceful exercises with clubs, dumb-bells, and wands. The Primaries, in white, gave splendid exhibitions of graceful flexibility and lambkin-like agility. The Senior class, in spotless white, and bearing crowns, baskets, and yard-long garlands of pink roses, entered with graceful tripping movement to the music of that entrancing revel. They formed many very pretty figures, arches, serpentines, stars, eights, and May-pole twinings, until the merry mazes became so intricate that we began to expect confusion; but we were disappointed agreeably, for the motions were as regular, and their intervals were as nicely calculated, as are those of a watch. The picture of happy girlhood was, indeed, charming. The slender, stately figures displayed a queenly grace and dignity, and in the matter of physical training left nothing to be desired.

"And it is well;
Youth has its time
Merry hearts will merrily chime."

During the Departmental and University Examinations, our candidates wrote in our large Study Hall. We considered ourselves especially favoured in having as the Presiding Examiners Inspectors Power, B. A., and Rev. Brother Lawrence, our two Separate School Inspectors.



St. Joseph's Lilliputians.

To St. Joseph's Junior pupils, the most interesting and important event of the scholastic year took place on Saturday afternoon, June 8th, when the "Little Ones" gave a delightful entertainment, the last of their school year. The sunshine of love that illumined the happy faces of one hundred white-robed children greeted many fond parents in the crowded audience assembled in the spacious auditorium. The first song, "We Are Dear St. Joseph's Children," with its sweet echo-chorus, called forth unstinted applause. The "Minims' Doll-Song" proved a very effective lullaby: each loving little make-believe mother, with "Hush-a-by" and "Rock-a-by" appeared entirely absorbed in chiding and consoling her dolly until finally Dolly was hushed and lulled to peaceful slumber, by the soothing caresses of dimpled hands and the whispered music of dreaming.

During the "Doll-Song" a little incident occurred disturbing, yet highly amusing. The dolls used in the song were not needed at the beginning of the number and were hidden from the audience. At the proper time, the children stooped to pick



up their dolls, which were in the depression of the footlights ; but one little girl in her excitement missed her doll, and her sweet air of confusion awakened general sympathy ; however, the darling made the best of an embarrassing situation by following the cradle



motions with empty hands, until one of the older girls, having noticed the little mother's perplexity and distress, came to the rescue and handed to its owner the missing doll. Never did a mother clasp a child more warmly than did that little girl her doll !

The second part of the program was opened with a picturesque flower-song and gay fantastic dance. Garlands of roses produced a rainbow of colour as the graceful little figures with their rose wreaths circled about or swayed in rhythmic movement to the music of the dance. The last choral number, "The Fairy Cantata," began with a two-part chorus, "Tell Me Where Do Fairies Dwell?" which was answered by Brownies and Fairies vying with one another in strains of joyfulness and unfeigned delight. The imitative songs of the Owl (Mae Morin) and of the Cricket (Eileen Kormann) the two friends of the Brownies, were sweet and charming. The make-believes were exceptionally good, and everyone in the audience felt sorry when the last Brown-bonnet and little sylph-like figure vanished.

The program was interspersed with musical numbers and recitations by Mathilde Masson, Dorothy Dillemath, and others ; but the chief feature of the afternoon was the Minuet. Six Minims and eight Juniors took part in it. Very quaint they looked in their old-fashioned costumes ; with grace and dignity they danced and curtsied ; light, free, and sprightly were the dainty steps of those fairy feet as they peeped from beneath the graceful draperies and tripped through the intricate figures of the stately spanish dance !



In this practical scientific age, which has in it little of mystery or the make-believe, little of that "light that never was on sea or land," but clothes the wonderland of childhood, I feel sure that the afternoon spent with St. Joseph's "Little Ones" will bring back beautiful memories, joyous and sweet ; and many a pleasant thought will slumber in our minds, as the dollies did, in the tender grace of that sweet lullaby.

Closing Exercises.

So numerous were the students attending our academy and college for the year 1911-12, that it was necessary to have two "Closing Exercises." The college work has advanced by leaps and bounds, but with the advance in science has kept pace the progress in religious knowledge.

On the Senior programme, the numbers, instrumental and vocal, were of a high order of merit. In the choruses "A Waltz Song," "The Ivy Green," and the lovely cadenced part-song, "Home, Sweet Home," the blending of pure and delicate soprano and contralto registers showed charming effects of light and shade. The soloists, Misses Collins, Croteau, and Moran, were equally felicitous in their work, their selections, "The Last Rose of Summer," "Ariosco," from "La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc," being characterized by faultless phrasing and tonal beauty. Miss McCrohan's playing of a Liszt number exemplified well the motif of the author's composition.

The valedictory poem, "A Farewell to St. Joseph's" was chaste and soulful. Miss Isabel Cassidy's clear enunciation made her interpretation delightfully appealing in its poignant expression of beauty and truth.

The touching hymn, "O Sacred Heart," concluded an excellent programme.

HONOURS AT ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.

The graduates of 1912 are: Misses Gertrude Heck, Toronto; Margaret McCrohan, Toronto; Isabel M. Cassidy, Toronto; Nora Warde, Toronto; Margaret Phillips, Merritton; Helen Kearns, Toronto; Mary O'Rourke, Toronto; who were awarded gold medals and diplomas of graduation.

HONOUR LIST.

Papal medal for Christian Doctrine and Church History, competed for in Senior department, awarded to Teresa Burns.

Certificates awarded August, 1911, by the Ontario Department of Education.

Entrance to Faculty, Part I., Isabel Cassidy.

Entrance to Normal Schools—The Misses Feeney (honours), Lagan, O'Loane, Kearns, Cassidy, Phillips, Lalone, Frawley, Limin.

Matriculation—The Misses McMahon, Feeney, Heck, Burns.

Governor General's medal—Presented by His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, for English Literature, obtained by Mayme Donnelly.

Gold medal, presented by The Right Reverend Monsignor McCann, for Composition and Essay Writing, awarded to Miss Loretto Rathwell.

Gold medal, presented by The Very Reverend Dean Hand, for Excellence in Mathematics, to Rosalie Harris.

Gold medal, presented by The Reverend M. J. Jeffcott, for Superiority in Junior Sixth Grade, to Ruth Warde.

Gold medal, presented by The Reverend L. Minehan, for Superiority in Fifth Grade, to Marguerite McDougall.

Gold medal, presented by The Reverend H. Canning, for Excellence in Normal Entrance, Part I., to Annie Malcolm.

Gold medal, presented by The Reverend W. J. McCann, for Superiority in Painting, to Alexis Alexander.

Gold medal, presented by The Reverend G. A. Williams, for Superiority in Science, Mae Casserley.

Gold medal, presented by the Heintzman Co., for Superiority in Vocal Music, Senior Grade, competed for by the Misses Crôteau and Collins, obtained by Miss Collins.

Gold medal, presented by the Remington Typewriting Co., for Excellence in Typewriting, to I. Lawrence.

Gold medal, presented for the Highest Standing at Entrance Examination, June, 1911, Madeline Hall.

Silver medal, presented by Rev. F. Frachon, C. S. B., for Christian Doctrine in Second Course, to Madeline Lavalle.

Silver medal, presented by Mr. F. Emery, for Instrumental Music, Junior Grade, to Mildred Shoniker.

Silver medal, for Superiority in Vocal Music, Geraldine Rudkins.

Silver medal, for Highest Standing in Commercial Branches, A. Reardon.

Diplomas—awarded by the Dominion Business College, to the Misses L. Woods, A. Reardon, E. Doyle, A. Martin, T. Burns, M. O'Rourke, C. McGwan, L. Lemmon, E. Sheridan, I. Lawrence and M. Grady.

Awards—in St. Cecilia's Choir, to E. Ganley and A. Mahar.

Crowns for Charity in Conversation, by Vote of Companions, L. Hatrick and B. Hayes.

Crowns for Amiability, by Vote of Companions, M. Barry and A. Mahar.

Prize for Attendance at Daily Mass, Misses Keogh, McCarthy, Donnelly, Morrissey, Brasseur, Casserly, Nolan, Bowles, Rose, Gendron, Gibson, Ganley, O'Connor, obtained by M. McCarthy.

The following candidates were successful in passing examinations in Music, conducted by the Toronto University:

Senior Vocal (honours), Misses Croteau and Collins.

Junior Vocal (honours), Misses Rudkins, Murray, Mulhearn, Brassil and Neville.

Senior Piano, Misses Shoniker, Mulcahy, Graham, Richards, Patterson, Eckart, Dowdall, Mulligan and Harrison.

Junior Piano, (honours), Misses Shoniker, Mulcahy, Graham, Richards, Patterson, Eckart, Dowdall, Mulligan and Harrison.

Primary Piano, Miss G. Troy.

Theory (honours), Misses Eckart, Mulcahy, McGoey, O'Leary, McKernan, McDonald, Morrow, Jones, Findley, and Doyle.

Prizes presented by Miss G. Lawler, M. A., President of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association, to Misses Heck, Murphy, Dowdall, Donnelly, Kormann, Harrison, Gray, McGivan, Barry.

Special prize for Essay Writing, Miss Mary Latchford.

First prize for Oil Painting, A. Travers.

Prize for China Painting, Miss N. Travers.

ART NEEDLEWORK DEPARTMENT.

Gold medal, awarded by Mr. A. E. Elliott, for Linen Embroidery, to Marie Barry.

Gold thimble, awarded by Rev. J. R. Quigley, for Art Needlework, to Miss Adele Freeman.

Special prize, for Art Needlework, obtained by Miss Tena Colliton.

Prize for Embroidery, Miss Mary Kidd.

Gold monogram, presented by Mr. A. E. Elliott, for Carrickmacross and Point Lace, merited by the Misses Croteau, Rudkins, and Hatrick, obtained by Miss Rudkins.

Special prize, presented by the Rev. M. J. Wedock, for Lace and Mexican Drawn Work, Irene Moran.

Silver thimble, awarded by Rev. F. J. Frachon, C. S. B., for Plain Sewing, to I. Moran.

Gold watch, presented by a friend, for Excellence in Plain Sewing, to M. Bennett.

Special prize, for Plain Sewing, Miss Adele Freeman.

Prize for Improvement in Plain Sewing, Mary Galvin.

Examination Results, 1912.

University of Toronto.

MUSIC.

The results of the Examinations in Music for the past scholastic year are evidences of the efficient work of the Staff of St. Joseph's College, and of the high standards that have for years placed our college in the front rank.

The following candidates succeeded in the Music examinations of the University of Toronto:

Intermediate Theory—Miss M. Kane.

Junior Theory—(Honours) Misses L. Chase, K. Hotson, K. Robertson, M. Conlin.

Senior Piano—(Honours) Misses B. Mulligan, O. Flint, (Pass) Miss M. Purdy.

Junior Piano—(Honours) Misses Mulligan, Dowdall, G.

Lye, C. McCarthy, K. Robertson, M. Orton, M. Greenwood, L. Dillon, (Pass) Misses W. Sexton, F. Yard, M. O'Hara, G. Troy, E. Phillips, M. Conlin, T. Curran, B. Flint.

Primary Piano—(Honours) Misses M. Mahar, R. Cronin, G. Troy, M. Masson, M. Cairo, E. Carrol, G. Troy, E. Lambertus, I. Legree. (Pass) Misses Dewey, Arbuthnot, Patterson, C. Webb, H. Hamilton.

Senior Vocal—(Honours) Misses Collins, Croteau, Moran.

Junior Vocal—(Honours) Misses Rudkins, E. Murray.

Primary Vocal—(Honours) Misses R. Mulhearn, Murray, Howe.

University of Toronto, 1912.

ARTS.

The results of the examinations in Arts of the University of Toronto are exceptionally brilliant. Of six members of the Community who wrote, all were successful. One Sister obtained her Bachelor of Arts degree, with First Class Honours in the Honour Course of Modern Languages, Romance and Teutonic; another Sister carried off First Class Honours in the same course in the second year; a third Sister obtained First Class Honours in the General Course, and that Sister is the only student in the long second year University list to receive First Class Honours; three other Sisters obtained their first year standing in the General Course.

Of St. Joseph's College students, Misses Genevieve McGoey, Mary Ryan, Aileen Halford, and Isabel Mace received their B. A. degree. Miss McGoey is an Honour Graduate in the English and History Course. In the third year, Misses Florence Tobin, Clare Murphy, and Alma McLaren were successful; and in the first year, Miss Marjorie McMahan was successful.

University of Toronto, 1912.

Entrance to the Faculties of Education.

PART II.

Misses Isabel Cassidy, Kathleen Murphy, and Irene O'Driscoll.

Department of Education, 1912.

Entrance to the Normal School.**PART I.**

Honours—Misses Corinne Pascoe and Clementina McGwan.

Pass—Misses Leonora Stock, Helen Kearns, Gertrude Bradley, Lily Kennedy, Mary McBrady, Florence Bannon, Kathleen Gilmour, Nina Hennessey, Mary Beaudette, Margaret Lowe, Teresa Meehan, Beatrice Sauriol, Anna Beninger, Bertha McKeown, Mary Tighe, Kathleen Donley, Kathleen Sullivan, Vera Dee, Margaret Phillips, Annie McAneney, Isabell Pamphilon, Bertille Hayes.

PART II.

Honours—Miss Marguerite Blagdon.

Pass—Misses May Casserley, Marguerite McNeerney, Iranaeus Hayes, Audrey Kearns, Rose Morrissey, Annie O'Connell, Irene Kelz, Loretto Rathwell, Winnifred O'Connor, Aileen McGuire.

Professional Normal School Teachers' Certificates, 1912.

Misses Margaret Feeney, Irene Frawley, Mary Cassidy, Annie Duggan, Elizabeth Lalone, Kathleen Coghlan, Mary Flannigan, Freda Limin, Leah Sauve, Edna Hartnett, Cecelia Langan, Ola Ellis.

University of Toronto, 1912.**Matriculation.**

Honours—Miss Helen Mullins (English and History).

Pass—Misses Helen Mullins, Marguerite Blagdon, Winnifred O'Connor, Irene Kelz, Eileen McGuire, Gertrude Heck, Genevieve Troy, Eileen Dowdall, Rosalie Harris, Audrey Kearns, Mary McNeerney, Mary O'Neill, Olga Wallace, Nora Warde.

Entrance to the High School, 1912.

Misses Lillian Gray, Margaret Pratt, Edith Merrick, Kathleen McGuire, Sheila McLaughlin, Dorothy M. Convey, Kathleen Conroy, Isabel Schario, Isabel Robinson.

Entrance to High School.—Lillian Gray, Margaret Pratt, Edith Merrick, Kathleen McGuire, Sheila McLaughlin, Dorothy McConvey, Kathleen Conroy, Isabel Schario, Isabel Robinson.

College Items.

On the morning of Closing Day, the young ladies of the college, as is customary, sang the Solemn High Mass that is offered in thanksgiving for all the graces and blessings received during the year. The celebrant was the Chaplain, Rev. F. R. Frachon, C. S. B., who was assisted by Rev. Father Sullivan, C. S. B., as deacon, and Rev. Father Meader, C. S. B., as subdeacon.

* * * * *

The Graduates were given a very dainty tea in the guests' dining-room on the evening of their great day—a day rendered memorable by many happy circumstances, and among them, not the least was the very happy hour spent together at this convivial treat.

* * * * *

The students of the College are deeply grateful to Miss Gertrude Lawler, the President of the Alumnae Association, for the numerous handsome volumes of biography which she generously donated as prizes in the various classes. The fortunate winners of these enviable prizes are exceedingly happy in being able to bring their valued gifts to their respective homes. A learned clerical friend of one who proudly showed to him her fine volume, said, upon examining it, "That is a prize worth getting, for it is a book worth reading, and will give pleasure and valuable information to many."

* * * * *

The retreat given to the students by the Rev. Father O'Reilly, C. SS. R., was one which will be long cherished in holiest memory by all who were privileged to hear the many learned and most impressive instructions and meditations.

* * * * *

The sermons delivered by Rev. Father Brick, Superior of the Redemptorist Fathers, were most devotional, and were listened to attentively by all who endeavored to gain the special indulgence of the Portiuncula. Benediction always followed the sermon.

* * * * *

Little Miss Eleanor Warde was a very dainty "flower girl" at her sister's graduation.

A Summer Holiday.

I.



WAY to the woods and the mountains, away!
 From your weariness, labour, and care—
 From books that have held you with absolute
 sway;

Seek quiet, seek restfulness there;
 Drink deep of the fragrance that Nature distils
 In the cool sweet depths of the summer hills.

II.

Away to the fields and the hill-tops, away!
 There is health, there is life in the bright summer air.
 The whispering leaf and the rainbow spray,
 And the perfume of flowers and woodlands are there;
 The honey-bee's hum, and the grasshopper's song,
 And the murmur of brooklet the whole day long.

III.

Away to the lakes and the plains, come away!
 There is peace, there is calm—they are there!
 There are white cirrus clouds in the blue all day;
 There is clear, translucent air;
 There are rose-tinted morns and noonday beams;
 There are crimson sunsets with golden gleams.

IV.

Away, for the brief summer holiday passes!
 Soon the leaf grows yellow and sere on the bough;
 And the perfume exhaled from the flowers and grasses
 Will no longer shed fragrance around your brow.
 The joy that all school-girls in holidays find,
 Should be fully enjoyed, for the world then is kind.

V.

“Return!” is the message September will bring,
“Return to your books and your class-room care!”
A message unwelcome—a practical thing—
To the heart filled with pleasure it steals unaware.
Farewell to the comforts of home that abound,
For no royal road has to knowledge been found.

VI.

Return then at once, for the seed-time is passing;
Though the field may be verdureless, dry-baked, and bare,
The Lord of the harvest hath still in His keeping
Each seed as it falls, and will guard it with care;
You will find, without fail, when the labour is done,
That the toil, the reward, and the glory are one.

—MAE CASSERLEY.

Alumnæ and Friends :

Please send your Annual Subscription for
“Saint Joseph Lilies” to

MRS. M. WEIR,

22 Maitland Street,

Toronto, Ontario.

Your Subscription is only

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Send your subscription without delay, so that we may get magazine postal rates. Please remember that there is a business side to our magazine! Help us!

Popular Fallacies About The Use Of Dictionaries.

Need of Age is Not a Book That Defines Meanings of Words, But That Finds Words to Express Ideas.

By Dr. Logan.

This is the day of the vogue of what are known, in the slang of the trade, as the "How To" books. The age is exceeding practical and avid of all knowledge that can be applied in the practical conducting of life; and these "How To" books satisfy the demands of the age in a thoroly sensible and practical way. And so there stare at us from the windows and shelves of book-shops, rows of these volumes, with such titles as "How to Listen to Music," "How to Enjoy Pictures," "How to Be an Ad-Writer," "How to Be a Nurse"—their names are Legion.

But until very recently the catalogue of these practical helps to knowledge and culture did not contain the title of a volume that, in the interest of spoken and written discourse, is more desirable than any of the rest, namely, a hand book on "How to Use a Dictionary."

Usage and Authority.

It is hard for even the majority of those who possess more than ordinary education to understand that the dictionary does not make the language but, on the contrary, the language makes the dictionary. In short, a dictionary is only a digest of the spelling, pronunciation and meanings of words which are obsolete, obsolescent or in present use in a given tongue, and in the case of the last, a dictionary may or may not distinguish between what is dialect, colloquial slang or the usage of the literate and cultivated. "Well, then, the dictionary is wrong," said an editor of a metropolitan newspaper, when the dictionary was shown him as an authority for the use of a word in a reporter's "copy." Quite so; the dictionary was wrong, for having been published in 1847 the book was no longer a proper standard for twentieth century speech; it had not authority, because it was a digest of past, not of contemporary usage.

Little Need of Dictionary.

There is indeed little need of the ordinary dictionary, at least in general, and very little need of it for those who are cultured. But even the cultivated may sometimes require its aid, especially in hurried writing, or when, thru lapses of memory, the right spelling of a word or the apt synonym will not immediately come to mind. For instance the present writer in penning the word "colloquial," spelled it as it is in the text, but hesitated to consider whether it should be written col-lo-qual, that is with three "l's." Had he not been trained in Latin philology he would have had to consult a dictionary; but he had only to refl. ct that the word was a compound of "con" and "loquial," and that, according to the rule, "n" before the liquid consonant "q" must be changed into "g"; so that the word must spell colloquial and thus contain three "l's." In short, one who knows Hebrew, Sanskrit, Greek and Latin

lingual "roots," and Grimm's law for consonantal changes, can get along readily without the use of a dictionary, either in the matter of correct spelling or of the meaning of words.

As regards the former, the disputed or variant spellings of Webster's, Worcester's, of the Imperial, of the Century and of the Standard are a reductio ad absurdum of the belief in the authority of the dictionary. The fact is, that, somewhat like the method of living at a hotel, one can adopt the European, the American or the Simplified plan, but, unfortunately, the usual result is that one mixes up the three, or thru lapses of memory, and the confusion of variants, spells even worse than a school boy.

The Book Really Needed.

Now, all this is said, to signalize the fact that under normal conditions what the ordinary man, decently educated, requires as a desk or library word-book is not one of the standard works, which give the spelling and meaning of a word which he is about to use and wants to know if he is "correct" in both matters, BUT A BOOK THAT, WHEN HE HAS NOTHING SAVE A VAGUE MEANING IN HIS MIND WILL QUICKLY HELPHIM TO FIND THE RIGHT WORD TO EXPRESS THE MEANING AND GIVE ITS CONTEMPORARY SPELLING. The ordinary dictionary is, as before observed, only a digest of ancient and modern usages. And note, as such, it is only in the hands of the thoroly educated a safe canon or guide; it should be employed only AFTER one has expressed one's thoughts to TEST whether what one has spoken or written conforms to correct contemporary usage.

March's Thesaurus.

But that other ideal—the book which is a mine of words in contemporary good usage from which one may readily dig up the word to express a meaning one has in mind, that ideal has been fulfilled only by a single word in the English language, Professor March "Thesaurus Dictionary" (published by T. J. Ford & Company, Toronto). This is the work of the greatest philologist and lexicographer of the day, the consulting editor of The Standard Dictionary, and is designed to suggest immediately any word, term or phrase needed to express exactly a given idea. With the ordinary dictionary you know the word and find the meaning; with March's "Thesaurus Dictionary" you have the meaning and it gives you the word to express your meaning exactly.

How It Works.

No matter what your profession or business, you know how often you are puzzled to recall a word that will express definitely an idea which you wish to convey. Every person is similarly annoyed by this elusive word. It is an easy thing to find the word desired, if you have this "Thesaurus Dictionary" at hand. For you can call to mind some simple word which, though it does not fully express your meaning, still has some relation, in significance, to the word you want. You will therefore look for the simple term, in its alphabetical order, and there you will find first, the pronunciation, second the definition, and third the small capital caption references, by referring to which latter you will discover every important word in the language that has any affinity for the one you want, and of course in the list you are certain to find the exact term desired. Or, if you cannot think of a related term, but are able to recall a word of opposite significance, you can as easily find the term desired, because positive and negative terms are placed in juxtaposition.

Thus, March's Thesaurus not only enables you to express yourself in the most exact, definite and eloquent manner, but it gives at the same time new ideas, suggested by the words in the category which you have searched thru.

It is unique in conception and the only word-book that conforms to the laws of psychology which govern the minds of those whose lifework is concerned with creative or applied thinking, namely, authors, lecturers, orators, teachers, preachers, lawyers and journalists. It is a volume for all, but especially for those who must daily put pen to paper or utter wisdom in "winged shafts of speech." It is the need of the age.

CONTENTS.



Advertisements	i. to xvi.
Table of Contents	xvii.
Board of Publication	xviii.
Editorial	1
The Christmas Story	8
Letter of the Duke of Norfolk	4
Norfolk, England's Premier Duke	5
The Spouse of Christ	11
The President of the C. C. E. S. in Canada	12
The Convent Madonna	18
A Distinguished Friend	14
Religious Profession at St. Joseph's	15
John Ayscough's Works	16
Books and Culture	23
Rev. F. R. Frachon, C. S. B.	26
An Esteemed Friend	28
To Alma Mater	29
Constantinople	80
A Visit to Quaint, Quiet Holland	83
Yucatan	87
Alumnae Banquet	40
Alumnae Items	44
A Unique Christmas Box	49
Exchanges	50
Toronto Members	51
Out-of-Town Members	53
College Editorial	56
Christmas Morn	59
Immaculate	60
A Christmas Tale	62
The Birth of Our Saviour	66
Bethlehem	67

CONTENTS, Continued.

A Christmas Story	68
The Autumn Leaf Ball	72
The Art Department	74
The Holy Souls	75
Our Rosary	76
A Musical Recital	77
College Notes	78
Entre Nous	82
Her First Lover	83
Santa Claus is Coming	85
The Blessing of St. Joseph	86
Advertisements	xix. to xxxvi.

St. Joseph Lilies.

This magazine is published quarterly—June, September, December, March—by the Saint Joseph's College Alumnae Association, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 30 cents. All who desire to aid by subscribing will please send their subscription to Mrs. A. M. Weir, 22 Maitland Street, Toronto: Telephone, North 153. Advertising rates may be obtained from Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, 45 Bloor Street East, Toronto: Telephone, North 544.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION.*Managing Editors.*

Reverend Mother M. Irene and Miss Gertrude Lawler, M. A.

Business Editors.

Mrs. J. J. Cassidy,

Advertising Department.

Mrs. A. M. Weir,

Subscription Department.

Associate Editors.

Local	Mrs. J. J. Cassidy and Miss Jennie Smith.
Out-of-Town	Mrs. L. V. McBrady and Miss Teefy.
Literary	Miss Hart and Mrs. A. M. Small.
Music	Mrs. W. Petley and Mrs. W. R. Houston.
Art	Mrs. H. Nerlich and Miss M. Ryan.
College	Miss I. Dwyer and Miss Elmsley.
Social	Mrs. F. P. Brazill and Mrs. Madden.
Exchange	Mrs. Weir, Mrs. J. E. Day, Mrs. Wallace.
College Representatives	S. M. P. and Miss L. Rathwell.



The Duke of Norfolk.
Premier Duke of England.

Saint Joseph Lilies.

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOLUME I. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1912. NUMBER 3.

Editorial.



THIS, the third number of the first volume of SAINT JOSEPH LILIES, may be called a Christmas edition, for the glorious feast of the affections, cherished Christmas, is rapidly approaching with its cornucopia of blessings for young and old. The chief among those blessings that Canadians enjoy is peace, the supreme delight of national peace. It seems that for the last one hundred years, Canadians have succeeded in beating their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; and that honest toil has given Canada the joy of family amity and neighbourly friendship. Her social life has been pleasurable; her commercial life has been signally gratifying; her sciences have wider ranges; her art is beginning to attract the attention of connoisseurs. Above all, her peace is the true and consistent result of Christianity—the Christianity of the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem—and by such peace alone, is genuine glory given to a people. Insatiable, wretched avarice scrapes and hoards, for it does not believe in Providence; but true generosity dissipates the lowering clouds of war. Vulture-like ambition, treacherous

and tyrannical, soars too near the sun, is blinded, and topples from the pinnacle of selfishness ; where as self-sacrifice, wise and simple, the off-spring of resolute self-denial, curbs the demon of war. Malicious envy, ravenous and cankered, venomously creeps about to hiss and to blast ; but gracious beneficence crushes the head of the reptile war. Intoxicated anger, deformed and convulsed, sends forth contagion ; but the serenity of peace nullifies the vicious influence. Contemptible pride, hated and abominated, senseless and thoughtless, fails to hit the target of honour and reputation, and is defeated by the self-distrusting humility of peace ; for, by humility and the fear of the Lord, are riches, honour, and life. Were the five vices—avarice, ambition, envy, anger, and pride—slain, the individual and the nation would live in undisturbed peace ; and generosity, self-sacrifice, beneficence, serenity, and humility, would infallibly indicate that the individual and the nation were cultivating the proper ideals of Christians. May those five royal virtues flourish in our midst ! SAINT JOSEPH LILIES will do its best to propagate the Christmastide blessing of peace on earth to men of good will ! To all its friends, among whom it numbers its subscribers, advertisers, monetary, and literary contributors, it wishes a very peaceful Christmastide and a thrice joyous New Year !

The Editors are especially indebted to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk for the generous and gracious letter, which appears in this issue, and for His Grace's esteemed permission to reproduce the photograph very kindly sent to the Alumnae Association ; to Rev. Doctor A. E. Burke for a unique contribution concerning England's Premier Duke ; to Dr. Robert J. Dwyer for the little sketch to accentuate Dr. Burk's kindness ; and to a revered friend for the outline of Dr. Dwyer's distinguished career, to emphasize his favour to SAINT JOSEPH LILIES.

The Christmas Story.

' Watchman, how's the night ?
 What see'st thou afar ?'
 ' I see a wondrous sight,
 A new, a beauteous star.
 It casts its rays around,
 Its light effulgent streams,
 The heavens near and far
 Are lighted by its gleams.'

' Watchman, how's the night ?
 What more is in the sky ?'
 ' Angelic white-winged hosts
 Sing of the Lord Most High ;
 They sing that he is come ;
 That He on earth is born ;
 They sing the Savior's birth,
 Redemption's glorious dawn.'

' Watchman, how's the night ?
 What more is in the air ?'
 ' The cohorts of the Lord,
 I see them everywhere.
 All ills they put to flight,
 Before them foul things fly ;
 All sin and shame and strife,
 Crushed by their pinions, die.'

' Now, watchman, look to earth
 And tell me what is there.'
 ' A Child and maid most sweet,
 A sight most winsome fair.
 Mary is the maid,
 Jesus is the Child ;
 Heaven to earth has come,
 For they are reconciled.'

' Watchman, tell, I pray
 More of this Babe so tender.'
 ' His mother is sweet Mary,
 Saint Joseph their defender.
 Of David's royal line,
 By Jesse's star foretold,
 In poverty He comes,
 Yet brightened wealth untold.'

' Watchman, look again,
 Tell me what more you see.'
 ' Kings and Shepherds come,
 Their Homage is their fee ;
 They kneel before the crib,
 They call this Child the Lord ;
 Their frankincense ascends,
 They greet Him, man yet God.'

' Now, watchman, is there more,
 More of this good, sweet story ?'
 ' Yes, Heaven and earth are joined
 In one great glow of glory ;
 Throughout Creation's depths,
 A '*Gloria*' grand is swelling,
 Within Creation's, heart
 A peace supreme is swelling.'

Margaret Lillis Hart.

NORFOLK HOUSE,
ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S. W.

2nd August, 1912,

Dear Madam,

I am very much obliged to you for sending me a copy of your Magazine, SAINT JOSEPH LILIES, and have pleasure in complying with your kind request for my photograph, which I enclose.

I wish your Magazine every success in carrying out the high objects that it has in view.

I remain,

Yours very faithfully,

NORFOLK.

Miss Gertrude Lawler, M. A.

Norfolk, England's Premier Duke.



I am asked, by the editor of Saint Joseph Lilies, to write something about the Duke of Norfolk. It is a labour of love as well as a duty for me to enumerate some of the claims that the first lay Catholic in the English speaking world has upon the respect and admiration of Catholicity. By birth, education, worthy deeds, and personal integrity, the Duke of Norfolk is, all will admit, a fitting subject for a study. I must, however, jot down my impressions at random.

I remember well the first time that I saw the Duke of Norfolk. He was attending the tercentenary of the foundation of Quebec by Champlain. There was a mighty host upon the Terrace, in the streets of the quaint mediaeval city, and out on the Plains of Abraham. The representative of the King was there with his amiable consort; he was then the Prince of Wales, but he had been with us previously as the Duke of York. He is now our beloved Sovereign, King George V. In his entourage then, the Duke of Norfolk was a prominent figure. I mean that he was the most prominent personage in that great assembly apart from the real heir himself; but judging from the unostentatious and simple way the Duke moved around, one might take him to be the least of that great company.

'Where is the Duke of Norfolk?' was asked on every side. 'Who can point him out?' was a difficult question to answer. Really few knew where to indicate him; for, whenever possible, he kept well in the background, and there enjoyed the situation as a great first lesson in Canadian life; full of interest and amusement. Was he unable to take a prominent place and to act with all the dignity demanded by the occasion? Oh, no! but he felt that humility and self-effacement were not out of place even in the Premier Duke of England. Those who came in contact with him in any official capacity, quickly recognized the nobility of his comportment,

the superiority of his judgment, and his ability to measure man and occasions. The Duke went about with the Prince considerably, and endeared himself to all who met him, especially the clergy and the old French aristocracy of Quebec; and wherever he went, his quiet dignity and exquisite gentlemanliness caused people to vie with one another in doing him services.

On that occasion, the Duke had no time to make a prolonged trip through Canada, no matter how much he may have desired to do so. He returned home with but a foretaste of its greatness, beauty, and power; but he has been its friend ever since, and no one in the higher circles of British diplomacy is more willing at all times, to do it service.

The next time that I met the Duke was in London. He had come in from Arundel Castle to the Palace in St. James's Square, the memorable 'Norfolk House.' I had an engagement to meet him at ten o'clock forenoon, and I arrived there just on the tick of the clock. His motors had only driven up with himself, family, and attendants, and there was great hurry-scurry among the servants getting the baggage in and things thoroughly settled. The stately old butler, one of the most refined and dignified of that important class in all England, took in my card, and the Duke, who was in his library to the left of the great square hall beyond the doorway, bade me enter at once. He was standing with his back to the fire, for the morning was chill, although the month was August; and, after he gave me a warm handshake and a searching glance, we sat down beside his great writing table, and were soon in deep conference over the religious problems of the Empire in general and Canada in particular. I marvelled many times at his comprehension of the vital questions that were then absorbing Canadians, and admired the unaffected honesty with which he approached them. Was he interested? I should say he was; for there is nothing that concerns the realm, and more especially the Catholics that comprise no small part of it, but appeals to his deepest sympathy.

'I do not pretend to understand the condition of affairs in Canada with anything like thoroughness,' he mod-

estly avowed when we parted, 'but I am delighted to have had this opportunity to talk it over. Be sure that, whenever occasion arises, I shall not fail to do a turn for your good country.'

That was indeed a very pleasant assurance for a stranger to receive upon his first visit to the highest noble in the land. I have found out many times since that it has never for a moment been forgotten.

Some month or so after, I went down to Arundel Castle, the chief-lieu of the Duke, for Christmas. His motor met me at the snug little station; and, after a pleasant ascent from the town, we entered the grounds, and proceeded along the wonderful gravelled walks to the main entrance. I was met at the door by the Duke himself, bareheaded and wearing a velvet hunting jacket and leggings. He conducted me through the immense halls, libraries, and refectories, and on to the chapel, with the alertness and the enthusiasm of his early youth. All the relatives of the Howards and Maxwells were then at the castle for Christmastide. I met them later when we assembled around the great table in the immense dining saloon, for luncheon. There were a number of smart young fellows at table, but the Duke with all his years seemed as young as any of them. I noticed his particular interest in children, for whom a great Christmas tree had been erected in the major court, and they came to him and confided to him their hopes and fears in such a way as to prove conclusively that his is one of those noble natures that inspire children and youth with love and confidence. Be it noted that not only those children of noble birth who were housed within the castle walls participated in these Christmas festivities; all the children, rich and poor, of Arundel town itself, which nestles safely at the foot of the great castle, to the number of four or five hundred, were among the most welcome of the guests.

Henry Fitzallan Howard, K.G., G.C.V.O., Premier Duke and Earl Marshal of England, was born in Carleton House Terrace in 1847, being the eldest son of Henry Granville, fourteenth duke of the title by Augusta Mary Minna, daughter of Edmund, first lord of Lyons. He was educated at the Oratory and succeeded to his title in 1860. He has now

borne his title for a longer period than has any other English duke outside the Royal Family. He was made a Knight of the Garter in 1886 by Queen Victoria, and in 1887 was her Special Envoy to Rome. He was Mayor of Sheffield in 1895 and its first Lord Mayor in 1896. He became Postmaster General under Lord Salisbury and held that office with the greatest possible administrative renown from 1895 to 1900. He became Mayor of Arundel in 1902, and first Chancellor of the University of Sheffield in 1895. In 1903, he was made Chairman of the Royal Commission of Militia and Volunteers. He has commanded the second Volunteer Battery of the Royal Sussex Regiment since 1902, and in 1908 accepted the Presidency and Chairmanship of the Territorial Force Association of Sussex. He went to the South African War in 1900, serving in the Sussex Yeomanry. He has been, also, the chief worker in all the Catholic laymen movements in England.

Even as I write these lines, the great Duke is kneeling at the feet of the Father of Christendom in the very centre and seat of the world's Catholicity—Rome, the city of the Caesars and of the Popes. The English pilgrimage has just reached there, five hundred strong, with its message of fealty to the Successor of the Fisherman, and its glowing report of what is being done everywhere in England to recall the nation to its ancient faith and true spiritual allegiance. Cardinal Bourne and several members of the Hierarchy are present; but the press despatches assure us that the Duke of Norfolk heads the English band of pilgrims, and as such the ecclesiastical authorities are glad to recognize him. It is a trite phrase to use, to say that the Duke stands in the highest favour with the Vatican and that his word and recommendation go very far with the Supreme Pontiff himself. The Duke is not a stranger in the Eternal City. He knows the Sacred Places with the knowledge of the devotee. He is intimately acquainted with the Pontiff and the Cardinals. He enjoys all the favours and decorations that can well be bestowed on persons of his rank.

Leo XIII. recognized the Duke's worth as Special Envoy of Queen Victoria to the Papal Jubilee of 1887. Pius

X. has conferred on him the highest favour—the Grand Cross of the Order of Christ, the proud possession of no other English-speaking lay Catholic in the world.

Romans of to-day are recalling Cardinal Manning's splendid tribute to the Duke of Norfolk, when, a few years before his death, in addressing an immense public gathering at Liverpool, the Cardinal burst forth into this high encomium: 'If there be any man in England who has acquired by the most just titles the affections and respect of every Catholic, that man is the Duke of Norfolk. I hardly know of any of whom I can say with more confidence, that he has a perfect rectitude of mind and life.' In the letters whereby they have conferred their highest favours the Popes have passed the most glowing eulogies on the Premier Duke, in almost similar terms, and in the Latin language. That should satisfy every Catholic as to the character and virtue of the Duke of Norfolk.

Notwithstanding, we see harsh, unfair, and unreasonable attacks made upon the Premier Duke daily in the so-called Catholic and nationalistic press. Even in this country, papers purporting to be authoritative and models of Christian spirit, have not lacked the audacity and lamentably poor taste to attack the Duke in his political sympathies and affiliations. He is put down as an enemy of Home Rule, and therefore an enemy of Ireland. It is averred that in appearing side by side with leaders of his party, such as Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Balfour, or Mr. Smith, men that may not please some of us in their Irish politics, he is putting himself down as approving of all they say or do in the nature of party propogation. Any child can see that this is unfair. English Catholics, including the Duke of Norfolk, their lay head, so to speak, may disagree with their Irish brethren on purely political matters; they may think even that the policy of Home Rule is unwise and retrograde; many of them do, many do not; without being charged with unfaithfulness to the Church.

When in Ireland recently, I met many Catholic people, lay and cleric, who did not believe that Home Rule would conduce to the advantage of the Church at all, and surely not to that of the Country. I could not understand their point

of view, and told them so, but did not dream of doubting their Catholicity, as has been done by some imprudent and unthinking people with regard to the Duke of Norfolk. The Duke loves Ireland, appreciates all that she has done for Catholicity, and would rejoice to see her happy and contented in her civil associations. He loves the Empire more, and thinks that possibly the form of Irish Government at present proposed would tend to weaken the Separate Governments included therein. Therefore, he deems his first duty to be to the general cause. Personally, I do not share his fears. However, that does not for a moment permit me to question the loftiness of his motives, or to call him names that could not, without vulgarity, be applied even to the mercenary politicians of the day.

The Duke of Norfolk, be it remembered, is not existing, as has been asserted, on the honours, glories, and sacrifices of a noble ancestry. Good blood is never to be despised. The Duke has, however, noble deeds of his own to his account. I do not speak of the innumerable acts of beneficence towards religion, or towards the common civil institutions of his own immediate surroundings, and they are certainly great and outstanding; but, when he resigned an important portfolio in the British Ministry—a portfolio which, all admit, he administered with surpassing ability—and in his advanced years shouldered his rifle and repaired to South Africa to endure the hardships of war against the Boers, as a common soldier in the ranks, he gave the world a striking example of imperial duty and heroism, an example that should silence forever the evil tongues of his traducers!

Henry Fitzallan Howard, Fifteenth Duke of Norfolk, is the highest expression we have to-day of a Catholic Gentleman. Long may he live as an honour to the Church and an ornament to the State!

REV. DR. A. E. BURKE.

The Spouse of Christ.

He came to her from out eternal years,
A smile upon His lips; a tender smile
That, somehow, spoke of partings and of tears.

'Twas eventide, and silence brooded low
On earth and sky—the hour when haunting fears
Of mystery pursue us as we go.

Strange mystic shadows filled the temple dim,
But on the Golden Door the ruby glow
Spoke orisons more sweet than vesper hymn.

No human accents voiced His gentle call,
No crashing thunderbolts did wait on Him,
As when of old He deigned to summon Saul.

But Heart did speak to heart, an unseen cord,
In Love's own scale did sweetly rise and fall;
Nor questioned she, but meekly answered 'Lord.'

To-night some household counts a vacant chair,
But far on high Christ portions the reward,
A hundred-fold for each poor human care.

REV. D. A. CASEY ('Columba').

The President of the Catholic Church Extension Society in Canada.



THE 'wise men of the East' is an ancient and a venerable phrase, which may be as justly used in Canada to-day, as it was in another land in ancient times, for from no portion of the Dominion have so many able men been drafted into the service of the country both in church and state as from the eastern provinces. Among those so drawn must certainly be numbered the subject of this brief note, Rev. A. E. Burke, D.D., the President of the Catholic Church Extension Society in Canada, and editor-in-chief of its organ, the Catholic Register and Canadian Extension.

Dr. Burke was born in Prince Edward Island, and, after spending his childhood and taking his preliminary studies there, went to Laval University, where he completed his course in Divinity and took his Doctorate. He was then ordained priest. He returned to his home, labored there for many years with marked ability and success, and discharged at different times the functions of pastor and of secretary to his Bishop.

Always keenly interested in anything that made for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his people, Dr. Burke took a leading and active part in any movement that was for the public good. To agricultural and economic matters, he devoted special attention, and was responsible for many measures that materially increased the prosperity of the Island.

When the rapid increase of the foreign population in the country made it necessary for the Church to take some steps to provide for their spiritual necessities, Dr. Burke was one of the foremost to advise the formation of the Extension Society. The Canadian branch was placed under the chancellorship of the late Archbishop McEvay, who promptly recommended Dr. Burke as the first President and Executive Head. The recommendation was at once approved and ratified by the Holy Father, who also appointed a Cardinal Protector for the Society.



Rev. Dr. A. E. Burke.
President of the Catholic Church Extension Society in Canada.

By the exercise of his intimate knowledge of social and religious conditions throughout Canada, no less than by his dauntless courage and unflagging industry, Dr. Burke has amply proved his fitness for the task committed to him, and has achieved most satisfactory results. It is not too much to say that by his prudence, his sound judgment, and broad sympathies, he has laid a solid foundation for a glorious and fruitful career for the Society. Dr. Burke is one of whom both as a priest and a citizen every Catholic may well be proud.

DR. R. J. DWYER.

The Convent Madonna.



HERE shall her statue stand the long year through,
 In convent halls while speeds the time away,
 Thro' the lone night as in the voiceful day,
 Waiting the homage of that chosen few

Whose souls are ever unto Mary true.
 School-children with their books shall kneel to pray
 In artless guise; and in the evening gray
 The vesper-psalm its solemn tones renew.
 Mild, beautiful Madonna of the skies,
 In azure mantles foot-stooled by the moon—
 Star-crowned above the shining Seraphim!
 Our weary hearts to thee in yearning rise.
 Aid us to love thy Son, and—priceless boon—
 With thee, in Heaven's high halls, to worship Him!

REV. J. B. DOLLARD.

St. Joseph's, October 3, 1911.

(On the occasion of blessing a statue of Our Lady, presented to her Alma Mater by Miss Christina Scully, Windsor, Ont.)

A Distinguished Friend.



ROBERT J. DWYER, M. D., M. R. C. S., M. R. C. P., is a distinguished friend of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

From Brampton High School, Robert J. Dwyer entered the Medical Department of the University of Toronto, from which he was graduated in 1891. Dr. Dwyer is also an Honorary Graduate of Trinity University. The degrees of M.R.C.S. and M.R.C.P., the latter being the highest degree that any medical doctor can obtain, were the result of strenuous post-graduate study in Germany and England. The Doctor is Associate-Professor in Medicine in the University of Toronto, and Senior Physician on the Staff of St. Michael's Hospital, where his eminent services have been well-known and highly valued since its inception. Apart from his professional duties at the University and the Hospital, Dr. Dwyer, to the regret of many, can find but little time for private patients; however, so great is his skill as a consulting doctor, he is in constant demand not only in Toronto, but throughout Ontario.

Dr. Dwyer is a devoted son of an exemplary mother, who may be pardonably proud of his signal success. Sister Mary Immaculata, an Honour Graduate of the University of Toronto, and a member of the Ursuline Community, is Dr. Dwyer's sister. Miss Isabel Dwyer, an enthusiastic worker in St. Peter's parish in general and Catholic Extension in particular, and the First Vice-President of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association, is also a sister of Dr. Dwyer.

Saint Joseph Lilies, which is indebted to Dr. Dwyer for many acts of kindness, greets him as a friend; and St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association hopes soon to greet him as a Lecturer in the College Auditorium.



**Dr. Robert J. Dwyer, M. R. C. S.,
M. R. C. P.**

Religious Profession at St. Joseph's.

holy stillness fills the very air—
The tapers flicker, and the organ sobs
Like a soft wind; almost the heart's deep throbs
Are heard aloud, and whisperings of prayer!

Down the white-aisle they go—Christ's chosen Fair,
Leaving the world and all its vaunted hopes,
To walk with Him on Calvary's mystic slopes,
And find the 'peace that all surpasseth' there.
And down that aisle, the Saviour with them goes.—
The wonder of His presence all can feel.
The perfume of His garments breathes around;
High Heaven is open and its bliss o'erflows
Along the way where radiant angels kneel—
Their chosen Spouse, His chosen ones have found.

REV. J. B. DOLLARD.

August 15, 1910.

John Ayscough's Works.



IVING in England is a novelist of high prelati-
 rank. His fascinating, elevating, and altogether
 powerful books have come into the prominence
 they merit. Only a few short years ago, this
 luminous star blazed forth on the literary horizon and al-
 ready John Ayscough is considered by competent critics to
 head the list of capable Catholic writers of to-day. One of his
 first books, 'Marotz,' is deemed 'unquestionably the most bril-
 liant novel published since the century began.' To the read-
 ing world, the author is merely John Ayscough; to his friends,
 he is the Right Reverend Monsignor Francis Bickerstaffe-
 Drew, K. H. S., C. F. Born in 1858, he is the son of the Rev.
 H. Lloyd Bickerstaffe, and Mona, daughter of the Rev. Pierce
 William Drew, of Heathfield Towers, Cork, Ireland. He was
 educated at Lichfield Grammar School and Oxford University,
 and had the happiness of being received into our Holy
 Church in 1878; he joined the Army Chaplain's Department
 and has been Senior Catholic Chaplain of the British Forces
 at Plymouth, Malta, and Salisbury Plain. In 1891, he was
 made Private Chamberlain to Leo XIII. and in 1901 received
 from the same Pontiff the Cross 'Pro Ecclesia Pontifice.' He
 was confirmed in the office of Private Chamberlain by His
 Holiness Pius X. and soon afterward was promoted to the
 permanent dignity of Domestic Prelate. He was created a
 Knight of the Holy Sepulchre in 1909, is an original Member
 of Camera Pontificia Maltese, is the recipient of a personal
 Jubilee Medal from Pius X., and lately has been created by
 His Holiness a Prothonotary Apostolic. It is said that Royalty
 finds much to admire in his works; the Emperor of Austria
 has ordered that all his books be placed in the Royal Library
 at Vienna, and the King of Italy has accepted a copy of his
 latest work, 'Hurdcott.'

We do not purpose in the limited space at our disposal
 adequately to review this great novelist's writings; nor do we
 desire to mar the reader's pleasure by sketching the splendid-

ly-developed plots of the tragically beautiful tale of 'Hurdcott' or that high-class novel 'Mezzogirone.' We would but note in passing the beautiful human love that merged itself at last in the divine, of the lovely Lady Glentilt and the lovable half-Sicilian, half-English Consuelo, a love that caused the latter to wed, even in a prison cell, the outcast Hurdcott, who only after death was found to be, not alone of noble, but even of princely birth. Gillian Thesiger and Consuelo Dauntsey, the respective heroines of the two tales, are nobly conceived characters; the spiritual awakening of the one and the gradual development of faith in her soul is shown with admirable force and insight; and the charming personality of the other and her heroic self-forgetfulness, leave sweet memories to linger long after the volume has been closed.

In all Ayscough's books, an indefinable atmosphere, a charm of style, a delicacy of expression, a brilliant imagination, a wondrous fascination, make an ineffaceable impression; and there is something more, for, in our estimation, few, if any, of our fictional writers of to-day portray God's love more lovingly. We do not find in John Ayscough's books the God of the Puritan or the Jansenist—but the Friend, the Father, 'who never leaves us all along the way. If life lasted a thousand years, could we learn how sweet He is? When He came on earth Himself, He did not swoop down like a know-all, but crept in in the middle of the night, just a small bambino as each one of us was; and He learned things, as if He needed to—to encourage us to be patient and not be in a hurry about being wise. He did not talk all at once, though He was The Word Eternal. He did not walk about, though He made all our feet and taught them how to stand. He did not make tables and things better than St. Joseph the minute He began, but just learned of him, as if He knew nothing about it, to encourage us. Could any one but God have thought of that?' In 'Marotz' we have that beautiful description of the Princess's evening visit to the Blessed Sacrament. 'The glimmering yellow light of the Sanctuary lamp flickers up on the Tabernacle door and the altar itself lies in a flood of soft golden radiance. How near He is! The feet that had been scarred, the hands that had lifted the lame and

had set them walking, the arms outstretched that He might draw all things to Himself. Close to, close to, lay the breast on which the Beloved of His friends had leant that supper-time. His presence had annihilated time and space; she was with Him as Mary sitting at His feet was with Him at Beth-nny, as the children who played about His knees in the Temple Courts, as the two who walked that first Sunday evening to Emmaus.'

We now turn to that one which is incomparably the greatest and best of Ayscough's books—'San Celestino, an Essay in Reconstruction.' We cannot do better than state in the author's own beautiful and tender words the motif of the work:—'To attempt to tell such a story again, after more than six hundred years, must appear merely a presumption, though intended as a most humble act of reparation. History may be supposed to have told the world all it cares to know about Celestine V., a thirteenth-century hermit; and this book is not history. And yet it is not a novel; for it contains no love story—the love of God not counting.

'To have described this book upon its title-page as a tragedy would have been to challenge just castigation, for its author cannot handle tragedy. Moreover, it would have caused a misunderstanding, for the tragedy of Celestine's story does not culminate in his death, as in heroic tragedy should, we are told, be the case, but in his forced elevation to the Papacy. We trust that some may read, even with interest, the description here attempted, of one whose sorrows ended over six centuries ago; one who made no figure in the world, though destined to sit in its highest place; one who carried thither no high gifts of genius; one whose ideals were wholly alien from our own, whose notion of failure was to fail of pleasing God.'

This Pontiff, a canonized Saint, we must remember, is the Pope whom Dante places in Hell; but Dante, 'though an unequalled genius was incurably a politician and Celestine knew nothing and cared nothing about politics. As a politician he was, to Dante's eyes, merely a failure, and Dante had no pity for failures.' Celestine reigned but four months, and then renounced the Papal dignity because he thought

himself incapable. 'He was no coward, unless he is one who is afraid of doing God an injury.' The saintly Pontiff made his 'Il Gran Rifiuto' for the Church. 'St. Peter's Ship is wrecking with me at its helm. God has used me. He knows wherefore. It has been one of God's incomprehensible providences. If he had not meant it, I should never have been Pope. All He meant has been fulfilled. And now He has reared a different providence.

'Beati pauperes spiritu. He was of a poor spirit, and for that a proud and great spirit set him at the mouth of hell; but the keys of heaven and hell were not lent by God to any poet, however sublime * * * * * For the first time in the history of Christianity, the See of Peter was empty, though no pope had died since the last election. Out of his palace he went, as humbly as he had entered it, though less miserably. Of his abandoned palace and empty throne he thought nothing, yet even in that palace and empty throne he linger that owed itself to him. One passes through a room, and the odour of it calls up no vision of the roses that once bloomed, and then in their death sweetened that place, yet the sweetness could not have been there without them.'

In this very entrancing Essay, one finds not alone Ayscough's masterly delineation of character, his deep insight into the human heart, and his intense spirituality, but one meets also some lovely passages descriptive of his fine art and pure diction, as well as some of his crisp epigrammatic sayings and delicious character studies. We have, for instance, Felicia, Petruccio's landlady, in his student days, who loved to make secrets of matters that might have been published on the house-top, and who would make a mystery about the days of the week. 'I will wash your room on such a morning,' she would say, but never mention that it would be Wednesday for fear of complications. Then there is the mother of San Celestino who by no means thought all her geese, swans, who had room in her heart for all her twelve sons, but who loved Petruccio, the future hermit-Pope, with a peculiar affection, although unlike the others, he could not DO things—follow the chase, or ride, or fish, or frolic; but she consoled herself by remembering that the best patterns are not the

commonest, and 'God is not obliged to make all birds sing.'

There is a pleasing description of the founding of the Celestini, the Order brought into existence without its founder suspecting anything about it. When a youth, San Celestino, or Pietro di Murrone, to give him his family name, sought to live the life of a hermit; he ought to have remembered that a 'hermit who wants to be unknown should make his habitation in the midst of a populous city,' for a few years later two of his gay student friends of Salerno followed him to his den in the savage depths of the Abruzzi, and insisted on sharing his penitential life—Alfeo, the musician, whose magical lute, in the day of his worldly fame could produce 'Just such a whir and lisp as the bees made, just the same tireless whisper as the leaves, and through it all the cool liquid gurgle of scarcely sounding water'; or whose sacred strains suggested 'A peace that was void of monotony, a bliss whose sweetness was never over-sweet, a rapture that was free from passion or excitement, a loveliness that had nothing of sense.' But Alfeo discovered that he was not happy, for he had desires which could never be fulfilled, except in God. Therefore, God must be his one object, and at last he flung his lute into the sea to make divine music out of no other instrument than his own soul.

Petruccio himself was a hermit for the reason that he must be alone with God. Guito, another Salerno student and a sonnet writer, followed Alfeo into solitude. Seemingly, the students' love of chaffing had not deserted either:

'I hope you have not brought many sonnets,' said Alfeo, demurely; 'in our little company we mostly talk in prose.'

'That you always did, and thought in it, too!' retorted the clever Guito. When Petruccio came out he did not look much astonished. Alfeo's arrival had used up all his faculty of surprise.

'I hoped to find Alfeo more improved,' said Guito; 'even here one perceives there are disappointments.'

Nevertheless, one could see that his air was very friendly to both his old comrades.

'He has lacked example,' laughed Petruccio; 'it will be different now.'

Guito noted instantly that they were both more cheerful than of old; it was much more remarkable than their appearance, gaunt and wild, and that was saying something. Guito liked his own appearance; he would have to get over that. But Guito really had come to stay. He had found out Petruccio's teacher, and, what was more surprising, had submitted to learn of Him. He had always loved the world; not exactly that which proud people mean when they talk of it, but the visible world of mountains and plains and valleys, of sapphire sea and opal cloud, of secret-telling woods and sedgy meadows by flat streams, of flowers and winds, and sunrise and noon, sunset and sweet night, and in a way he had loved God for making all these things, but not for Himself and he had prized the lesser gifts more than the greater Giver. Suddenly he perceived his mistake and the details of creation no longer contented him, if he had ever been contented; he aimed at the loftier possession, and would be satisfied with nothing short of the Creator. There was a fourth member of the little company, the third in the order of coming, namely, the peasant lad, Maurizio, who used to serve Petruccio's Mass and who longed to stay with him and Alfeo though Maurizio did not dare to say so. He perceived that they were gentlemen, whereas he was a peasant. He hardly remembered that, in Heaven, sons of goat-herds and kings are all mixed up. Years later, when Alfeo and Guito were dead and Celestine was a prisoner in the Castle of Fumone, Fra Maurizio was permitted to remain with him and sometimes must have beguiled the weary hours of the saintly Pontiff's captivity by shrewd, sharp sayings. Had there been women suffragists to make a stir six centuries ago, they would have received but scant mercy from the worthy brother, who on general principles, was wont to remark that, 'Women do a lot of harm.'

'One should not perhaps say that,' answered the gentle Celestine; 'there are, for instance, our nuns.'

'More trouble than all the monks,' replied the irrepressible Maurizio.

'Women love mysteries, being themselves of that quality, for it is a mystery why God made them.'

'Bees are all females,' urged Celestine; 'and see how they work.'

‘And how they sting,’ was the un gallant rejoinder.

One of the most touching and beautiful pen-portraits in this remarkable volume is that of an obscure country priest, Petruccio’s guide in early hermit days, ‘who lived as poorly as any monk, never desiring anything but poverty, and devoted himself to his poor, and their interests, just as wholeheartedly as any friar. His only companion was our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, for none of his rough contadini were capable of making any real companion for him. Yet he was never lonely, and never told himself that his energies were buried, and his talents thrown away. He had been a clever lad and had distinguished himself, modestly, in the schools; but he had never pushed himself, and no one had ever dreamed of pushing him. At thirty years of age, he had become parocco of this forgotten hamlet, hidden among the hills. Here he would live contentedly, labouring hard in his tiny arid plot of the great vineyard, and here he would more than contentedly die, when the pearly gates should open to let him in to see his Friend.’

Reluctantly, we must discontinue our extracts, for already our article has exceeded its allotted space. It has been our desire to make some little offering to our Divine ‘Friend’ this beautiful Christmas tide; therefore, we have gathered these fragrant Blossoms from the King’s Gardens to refresh the spiritual sense of the pupils, past and present, of Alma Mater. May we not at this holy season suggest a thought that has often presented itself? It is the season of gift-giving, of loving tokens of remembrance among friends far and near. Why not cultivate the habit of giving our loved ones something worth while, something better than the glitter of gold, or the rareness of the exotic—some of the priceless thoughts that teem in the works of splendid Catholic authors? A good book is always an appropriate offering; may we not by presenting one such, do something for the love, honour and worship of the dear Infant Saviour? Something that will touch responsive chords that later will break into the sweet music of beautiful, selfless deeds of holiness, whose merits will shine resplendent for all the Eternal Years?

S. M. E.

Of Books and Culture.



It is said that writers of merit have exhausted the topics of prime importance and that elevated composition is not looked upon with favour at the present time. The popular desire, it would seem, is to be amused; and books presenting ideas such as may be found in the passing novel, are preferred. To whatever extent this taste may be indulged by our present day readers, it is very consoling to know that there is a steady growth in the number of those who appreciate the classics, and who give due praise to genuine endeavour.

Some moralists, in order to pave their way to the serious, consider it necessary to arouse their readers to laughter before causing them to shed tears. Humour is indulged by other writers to depict certain characters who are expected to set standards of living and to encourage excellent methods of advance, but who, too often, mistake outward form as a substitute for the inner soul. Humour is intended to attack an insipid culture, ever building on sand, and therefore foolishly, for human hearts must needs reach their highest perfection in following unchanging standards of virtue and action. Should the humourist speak plainly to his audience, he might lose popularity. Consequently, art is made subservient to remuneration; and philosophy reaches the people with such an abundance of humour that only the students get a hint of the hidden meaning. Such dissimulation may be attributed largely to a false conventionality, which has a tendency to submerge healthful individual development.

'Old age is only fond of moral truth,
Lectures too grave disgust aspiring youth;
But he who blends instruction with delight,
Wins every reader, nor in vain shall write.'

Those of riper age are more used to reasoning. Those engrossed in the crowding pleasures of youth are only beginning to understand the great problem of life; yet they are none the less appreciative of its graver things, if only those things are presented in a manner that reaches the growing

youth by appealing to the emotions as well as to the understanding. Why, then, should only one idea of style be labelled with a present-day brand irrespective of the approval of all that is grand, and true in art? We find that in the Victorian era of literature Dickens was read while Thackeray was in vogue, Carlyle, Meredith, and Ruskin, with their distinctly characteristic genius, are among the writers of the period.

The subject of books is very familiar, but their relation to life is as full of novelty as are the seasons therefor. The noblest type of literary effort offers numerous interpretations of the happiness that springs from faith in God and from a knowledge of that which leads to harmony in the world of reason. Works of literature incite us, also, to an appreciation of the inestimable beauties that enchant the eye and unfold an ever varying charm to our homes and surroundings. If we acquire such intimacy with books as fully to understand their mission, we shall find in them as many delights and advantages as in friendship itself.

Because of the dependence of one age on another, our brilliant minds live on through books, those jewels which come to us by the same slow process as do the sapphires or the diamonds, and which demonstrate clearly the value of effort in the fleeting hours of time. Man is made to realize that life is but a school; and using the discipline that moulds the mind of the scholar, he advances across the turbulent span of years, with the calm assurance of one whose belief in the destiny of man is his most precious possession.

Many are not given the opportunity of spending the formative period of their lives under the guiding spirit of a university. Indeed, from pressure of circumstances, these will always be the greater number; to them books are among the rarest blessings. However, Carlyle says that the best university in the world is a great public library; and when one becomes a frequenter of that corner where the world's best literature is to be found, and can proclaim himself a lover of books, then will he realize the truth of the assertion.

A good description of the direct and living power that literature has on the mind may be found in the tribute paid to the authors of the Victorian age by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when, in 1900, he addressed the Canadian Parliament on the death

of Queen Victoria. His words show how the moral tone of authors reflects, in a great measure, the Court manners of the time: 'To the eternal glory of the literature of the reign of Queen Victoria, be it said that it was pure and free from the grossness which disgraced it in former ages, and which still unhappily is the shame of literature of other countries. Happy indeed is the country whose literature is of such a character that it can be the intellectual food of the family circle, that it can offer abundant assurance that, while the mind is improved, the heart is not polluted.'

The Christian world to-day is fired with a great public spirit, that concerns itself with the mental and physical well-being of the race. With all the care for the preservation of life and energy, cannot some international laws be inaugurated, to prevent the sale of books that tend to destroy the religious and moral views that are the foundation of the state?

It may be asked, What can form a common base of operation in this gigantic and stupendous task? Christendom presents a pitiful lack of unity in religion, but its moral code is of such a character that it should prohibit the distribution of those books which treat lightly the violation of morals, or glory in the promotion of the diabolical philosophy of materialists, the canker and corrodent of national purity. Indeed, it would greatly add to the integrity of that nation which would take the first step forward in having its government solicit co-operation to enforce, in a practical way, and so far as possible, pure mind laws, side by side with the pure food laws, now in operation. While endeavoring to co-operate in so worthy a cause as the elevation of literature, they would help to lay the basic principles of that philosophy of peace, for the promotion of which Mr. Carnegie has rendered very substantial monetary assistance. Their efforts would rouse the national character to a spirit of justice and duty of which are born the sister virtues of law and order. In the event of this, literature would once again lift itself from the unhalloved uses to which it has been subjected, and soar like a snow-white dove, to its proper sphere of happy truth and sweet enjoyment.

Ottawa, Ontario.

BEULAH F. DEVLIN.

Rev. F. R. Frachon, C. S. B.



RANCIS REGIS FRACHON was born Sept. 5, 1835, in the village of Bonnet, LePuy diocese, France. He was one of the younger members of a family of ten, six boys and four girls, two of whom afterwards embraced the religious life—one a Sister of Charity. In the child of good Catholic parents, the seeds of virtue soon took root and in later years bore abundant fruit. From earliest childhood, he showed the greatest love and reverence for all that was good and holy, and after finishing his course of studies in the Basilian College of Annonay, entered the Grand Seminary at Viviers to prepare for the holy priesthood, under the direction of the learned Sulpician Fathers. He entered the Basilian Novitiate at Privas and on December 21, 1860, was ordained by Bishop Lyonnet in Valence, France, the ceremony taking place in the Bishop's private chapel.

After six years of zealous labor, as Professor of Classics, in the College of the Order at Annonay, the young priest, ever eager for all that was hard and painful to nature, offered his services for the work to be done in America. He left his dear France and all her loved associations and came to Canada. He arrived in Toronto, May 24, 1866. Many interesting stories are told by the good Father of those early days, when St. Joseph's Convent could boast of but one modest wing almost entirely surrounded by swamp. In 1868, Father Frachon was appointed to the important charge of Master of Novices. The appointment gave evidence of the high esteem in which he was held. During that time, he continued his work as Professor of Logic and Philosophy, the Novitiate at that time being in St. Michael's College.

When the Sisters of the Precious Blood came to Toronto, he was appointed as their first chaplain and in 1872 became chaplain to the Community of St. Joseph, and but for an interval of about five years, has since that time ministered to the spiritual wants of the Community and pupils. In 1886,

our good Father was called to Detroit, where he was engaged in parochial work, in St. Anne's parish till 1891. He playfully tells that during that interval he had the most enjoyable time of his life. However, we do not doubt it was hard work that chiefly contributed to his happiness.

After his return to Toronto, Father Frachon was engaged in teaching Theology in St. Michael's College, which work he continued till about two years ago. As a teacher, he won his way into the hearts of the young men that came under his direction and all affectionately speak of him as dear old Pere Frachon.' But perhaps, it is in the capacity of Confessor that Father Frachon is best known. Besides being Confessor to the Community of the Precious Blood, and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, he has been ever faithful in ministering to the needs of the Congregation of St. Basil's Parish. Young and old crowd about his confessional, for each one is sure of receiving from their kind Father some timely word of advice and encouragement to do better.

Father Frachon has not forgotten the home of his childhood. He has made three visits to his beloved France, and has visited the scenes of his early years; and, although now he feels that he is too far advanced in years actually to make such a journey, still his mind, bright and active, many times during the day reverts to those loved places, and thus keeps fresh in his memory their sacred associations.

In 1910, he was chosen Spiritual Director of St. Joseph's Alumnae Association, for who could direct and guide the Alumnae better than he who, in their childhood, had fostered in their hearts the love of right and truth?

The many friends of dear Father Frachon will be pleased to learn that although now grown venerable in the Master's service, he is still able to perform his many duties with the same zeal and fidelity that has characterized his labours throughout life. Could the fond wish of the children of St. Joseph be but fulfilled, their beloved Patriarch would remain with them always, for they realize full well that St. Joseph's will not be the same St. Joseph's without him.

An Esteemed Friend.



WE are happy in being able to present to our Alumnae Readers, a short sketch of a life-long friend, in the person of Rev. M. J. Ferguson, C. S. B.

In 1839 the good Father was born in the Township of Adjala, County of Simcoe, where his boyhood days were spent under the parental roof. In 1851 he became a student of St. Michael's College, Toronto, and at the age of twenty-two was ordained to the Holy Priesthood in St. James's Church, Adjala, by the late Rt. Rev. Bishop de Charbonnel.

The eleven years following his Ordination were spent in teaching in St. Michael's College, and during that time he endeared himself to all by his kind and sympathetic manner, his sense of humour, and his love of story-telling.

As a speaker, Father Ferguson was pre-eminent. His magnificent voice and the unction with which he spoke seemed to sanctify all hearts. One could not but remark the true spirit of humility with which his conversations were imbued. Our revered Father Vincent, whose memory is still fresh in the minds of our Senior Members, said: 'Father Ferguson is the ablest man I have ever met, and also the humblest.'

For six years Father Ferguson attended to St. Joseph's Convent in the capacity of Chaplain. In writing to a friend, he remarks that he read an account of St. Joseph's Alumnae Meeting, and seems very much interested in the whole. He also mentions the fact that he was present at the turning of the first sod of St. Joseph's some sixty years ago, and has witnessed the growth from very small beginnings, to the splendid showing of the last Meeting.

In 1872 Father Ferguson was transferred to Assumption College, Sandwich, where he still resides. The people of Toronto were loath to let him depart, but obedience had called him thither, and he was scrupulously exact in carrying out the Master's will in all things.



Reverend Father M. J. Ferguson, C. S. B.

We regret very much to hear of Father Ferguson's failing health. Although he has been a life-long sufferer, it was not until some few months ago that he became seriously ill. Many Toronto friends express their deepest sympathy and wish him a speedy restoration to health.

S. M. C.

To Alma Mater.

Ave, Alma Mater !
Thy Daughters, one and all,
With loyal hearts salute thee ;
With loving hearts recall
The joyous Yuletide glee
In dear St. Joseph's hall ;
And thrust life's cares aside
To wish thee, as of yore,
A peaceful Christmas tide
This year and evermore !
To pray that Joseph Holy,
And Mary, Mother Mild,
From Bethlehem's stable lowly,
May bring the Blessed Child
To thee, dear Alma Mater

Boston, Mass.

M. J. WALSH.

Constantinople.



NOW that the fall of the Ottoman Empire seems to be at hand, it may be of interest to our readers to hear something about its great capital—Constantinople.

We came from Athens across the Ægean sea; and, after a thirty-six hours' sail, we arrived at the world famous Dardanelles. We crossed the sea of Marmora to Constantinople. Entering by boat, we got the impression of a very beautiful city, but the illusion was quite dispelled when we reached the shore. The situation alone is sublime. Our troubles began at the custom house, where, if we did not bribe the officer with a gold coin (nothing less suffices) every book in our trunk would be liable to be seized and retained until the officer found time to read it. That time might be three months later. The censorship of books is very drastic, for they are regarded almost as explosives. Dante's works are not allowed to enter, because in *The Divine Comedy* he has placed Mahomet in Hell. Byron and Schiller are also prohibited.

Every item inserted in the newspapers must be approved by the Government censor, and the number of prohibited subjects includes almost everything that would be in the ordinary way of interest to readers. When the late King of Portugal was assassinated, the newspapers were allowed to state only that that sovereign had died.

Imagine our surprise on finding out that, in this European city, with a population of over a million and a quarter, there are neither telephones, nor electric lights, nor cars. The large hotels have their own private electric plants, for the Sultan will allow no improvement on the streets of Constantinople. We believe that he fears that with improvements his people might wake up some day and see that all the money they pay in taxation is spent in keeping up the Royal Harem, with his hundreds of wives; in beautifying his many palaces and filling them with priceless treasures. In one of the palaces we saw a gold throne so thickly encrusted with rubies, em-

eralds, and diamonds, that not one inch of the gold was visible. All the splendor of Oriental magnificence depicted in books may be seen in the palaces. Even the Sultan's bath is made of veined Egyptian alabaster. The Harem, joined to the Sultan's private apartments by a long corridor, is barred by a beautifully carved bronze door called 'The Gate of Felicity.' Through it, of course, no profane foot of man may enter.

Their churches, or mosques, are all magnificent buildings, baffling description. There are three hundred and seventy-five in Constantinople alone. In the entrance of each mosque, there is always a huge fountain, where the Mahomedans wash their feet before entering their temples. They always enter bare-footed. Visitors must put felt slippers over their shoes to prevent them from touching the sacred rugs. The Mahomedans seem very sincere in their devotions. Five times each day, the priest goes to the minaret on the roof of the mosque and calls them to prayer. He chants in resonant tones, to the four points of the compass, the sacred formula of Islam, the translation of which is—'God is great. There is but one God. Mahomet is his prophet. Prayer is better than sleep. Come to prayer.' We were often awakened at one o'clock in the morning by this weird calling of the priests.

We witnessed some of their strange services. One of these was called the Whirling Dervishes—a religious sect whose particular act of devotion consists in whirling around on their toes until completely exhausted, the object being to produce a trance-like condition, during which time the mind is supposed to be entirely withdrawn from material surroundings.

British travellers are always interested in Scutari, across the river, where some nine thousand of our soldiers who were killed in the Crimean war, are buried. This cemetery is the cleanest and nicest spot in all Turkey. The monument erected by Queen Victoria and her people is the work of Marochetti, the famous Italian sculptor. It is an immense granite shaft surmounted at each corner by a weeping angel with a pen in hand. The sides of the monument contain memorial inscriptions in English, French, Italian and Turkish—the languages

of the four nations allied against Russia in that awful war. Not far away is the hospital where Florence Nightingale laboured with admirable devotion to care for the sick and wounded soldiers during the war.

Turkish women are always thickly veiled on the streets, only their eyes showing. Should any of them go unveiled they would immediately be arrested by order of the Sultan. One day, we saw a woman in a sedan chair all encased in glass, being carried onto a boat. We immediately concluded that she belonged to the Royal Harem, for the ordinary women are veiled; this one was not only veiled, but encased in glass. Our ambassador told us next day, however, that it was only a cholera patient being taken to the isolation hospital. We were not in the city very long before we saw a great deal of the Sultan's beauties. They drive around the streets in fine carriages and are decked out in all the colours of the rainbow. The colours are softened by the white muslin of the Yashmak. This Yashmak is a soft white cloak worn by ladies of high degree. Though we were very much disappointed in Constantinople, we were well repaid in seeing the beautiful Bosphorus, lined on each side with mosques and palaces. Every country has its embassy, a white palace, and in front of each is stationed a warship ready to steam off at a moment's notice. The ground on both sides is historic. It is still very true, as some writer has graphically expressed it, that:

"Earth has no fairer sight to show,
Than this blue strait, whose waters flow,
Bordered with vineyards, summer bowers,
White palaces, and ivied towers."

THERESE KORMANN SMALL.



A Visit to Quaint, Quiet Holland.



WELL do I remember the delight we experienced in our first glimpse of Holland scenery—quaint and beautiful! Sleek cattle, picturesque windmills, shapely trees, and broad meadows stretching far out to sea, made a peculiarly charming picture.

The two most characteristic features of Holland, are its windmills and canals. The windmills are used for almost every kind of labour; for grinding corn, cleaning flax, sawing wood, manufacturing paper, and cutting tobacco; but their chief duty is to drain the marshes of the water that otherwise would submerge the land. Indeed, so important are these windmills that very often a Hollander's wealth is estimated by the number of windmills in his possession.

In the many canals, we beheld with admiration the way in which the people of Holland have, with astonishing perseverance, not only defied the restless ocean, which constantly threatens to overwhelm them, but succeeded in extending their motherland. The site now occupied by the cities of Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and the Hague, have all, at one time or another, been snatched from the seas and the waters so controlled as to add to the beauty and utility of these districts.

The Hague, the Dutch capital, is a beautiful city; very clean and decidedly aristocratic, where are streets of tall brown palaces, beautiful gardens, and shady avenues. An air of wealth and refinement pervades the place. Its spacious park, which is over three miles long, has fine walks and drives among magnificent oaks and elms and luxuriant vegetation. In it is the Royal Palace, in whose ball-room was held the first Peace Conference. The palace, however, is now no longer used as such, but merely as a museum; and, owing to the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie and some others, a permanent Peace Palace is being erected in the neighbourhood.

Amsterdam is situated on the River Amstel, from which together with the great dike erected upon its banks, the city takes its name, thus, Amster-dam. Many other towns and

villages are named in this way, such as, Rotterdam, Zaandam, Volendam, the 'dams' referring to the dikes in the vicinity.

Amsterdam has been called the 'Venice of the North.' True, like Venice, it is founded upon numerous little islands, its streets are canals spanned by many bridges, and its buildings are fixed upon piles from sixteen to sixty feet long; but apart from this resemblance, the two cities have very little in common. In fact, in many respects, they differ very widely from each other. In Venice, one pictures deep azure skies, bright-coloured buildings reflecting the rays of the golden sun, and gondoliers singing as they float lightly by in their fairy-like gondolas; in Amsterdam, one views pale skies, gray, sombre-looking buildings, and boatmen smoking in their heavy barges as they move slowly along the canals with their burdens of merchandise.

Barges in Amsterdam frequently form the homes of Hollanders who have no other place of abode. A young man, when he has saved enough money, buys one of these huge boats and takes into it his whole family and all his cattle, hogs, and poultry. To earn his livelihood, he uses his floating home as a means for transporting various commodities from place to place.

In the better sections of Amsterdam, the houses are very plain, usually built of brick with stone trimmings. The steps which lead sideways up to the front door, so as to take up as little space as possible, are kept scrupulously clean, and the large plate glass windows are exquisitely polished. Outside of many of these houses may be seen the quaint little spying mirrors, which the Dutch ladies have placed there, at such an angle as to reflect the scene below, while they, themselves, remain unseen. So quiet and uneventful are the lives of the women that they are naturally interested in all that goes on about them. Many of the older houses have above the attic window a beam and pulley overhanging the street. The pulleys are intended for hoisting into the attic all household articles that might soil the immaculate front steps and polished floors.

The small houses outside the city have sharply-pointed roofs covered with red tiles, and beside each is generally to be

seen a huge windmill waving its great arms on high. Some of the houses are built under the windmills. The walls are nearly always painted a deep blue and are decorated with shelves of various kinds of china. The beds are let into the wall in a kind of cupboard about two or three feet from the ground. Across the open side are drawn two little curtains to keep out wind and light. They appear to be very difficult to enter. In some of the smaller farmsteads, the elder children sleep on hay and straw near the horses and cattle.

Market days are special occasions that bring together the peasants who reside in the neighbourhood of towns, and it is then that many of the national characteristics may be seen to advantage. Here and there one sees a motley assembly of men, women, and children waiting for the lowering of a bridge, which has been raised to allow a market barge to pass. The toll man stands holding out a long rod at the end of which dangles a can. Into this can the boatman drops his toll, amounting probably to less than a quarter of a cent. In the midst of the crowd are dog-drawn carts, the dogs, in some cases being fastened to the front of the cart, and in others, underneath. The carts are used for the conveyance of articles of food. The animals are usually lying down or sitting on their haunches and, like their masters, are very likely to be carrying on noisy conversation with their canine acquaintances while waiting for the bridge to be lowered.

The dress of both men and women in many parts of Holland, is very peculiar. The men wear smocks, exceedingly wide, baggy trousers, and long stockings. The women wear a kind of night-cap with embroidered edges drawn tightly over the head and ears. On each side of the face hangs a solitary curl of black horse-hair. When a young peasant girl marries, she cuts off her hair and encases her head in a kind of golden casque, or helmet. Frontlets, coils in the form of a corkscrew of thin strips of gold and various other ornaments are used to adorn the forehead, in addition to the black curls of horse-hair, which have the most absurd effect, especially, if the girl happens to have blue eyes and fair eye brows and lashes. The golden casque is covered with a bonnet that is often surmounted by a veritable flower garden! Over the

bodice is worn a little shawl embroidered in many colours. It is folded into a triangle and crossed in front. But the real glory of the Dutch peasant woman is estimated by the number of skirts worn at one time. Sometimes a woman wears as many as fourteen or fifteen skirts at a time. Both men and women wear wooden shoes, or Sabots, as they are called. It is the custom to leave the sabots outside churches and enter the sanctuary in stockinged feet.

The men are inveterate smokers. It is said that the boatmen measure distances, not by miles, but by pipes. A certain house in Rotterdam is pointed out to the visitor as the home of the greatest smoker who ever lived. I have forgotten his name! This man, in his last will and testament asked that all his friends who were smokers be invited to his funeral, that each should be given a package of tobacco and two pipes, and that they be requested to smoke during the entire funeral ceremony. He also desired that his coffin should be lined with the wood of his old cigar boxes, and that his favourite meerschaum pipe, some tobacco, and a box of matches be placed beside him in the casket. These instructions were all strictly carried out.

However, whatever be the peculiarities or faults of the Dutchman, the visitor always finds him gentle, courteous, and obliging. There is a quaintness and quietness about Holland and its people that is not met with elsewhere—an atmosphere of calm restfulness everywhere that makes a visit to Holland an unmingled pleasure.

ETHEL GERTRUDE CLARK.



Yucatan.

IT is a source of wonder to those who have made the trip to Yucatan that little is heard of that part of Mexico and that few tourists visit there, for its attractions are many and varied. The ancient Mayan ruins, the quaint people and their customs, never fail to awaken interest. The coast line of Yucatan is low, barren, unattractive, uninviting; and, perhaps for that reason, only persistent scientific travellers have enjoyed her treasures of art and history.

In sections of Yucatan are ruins which, scientists claim, date back at least three thousand years before the Christian era, and those ruins show that in the Western Hemisphere, a civilization once existed which reached its zenith upon this peninsula. Much is known about the ruins of Yucatan, but much still remains a mystery, for no key has ever yet been found to their inscriptions. At Chichen-Itza is a well considered to be about fifty-five hundred years old. It is four hundred feet across, and seventy feet deep. Harvard University, with the financial backing of the late Senator Hore, caused it to be cleaned out under the supervision of Mr. Thompson, a former U. S. Consul. From Mr. Thompson, we learned that they found forty feet of silt in the bottom after the removal of which they discovered more than seventy bodies of young women, plates of gold weighing three or four pounds, jewelry of all kinds, and many pieces of jade. Everything of value had been broken before being thrown in. Not very far away from this well are the ruins of a temple, where the prehistoric race came to worship and offer up human sacrifices to appease their gods; and it was the bones of those victims which were removed from the well. Scientists have not been able to account for the presence of the jade, for it is not found anywhere in the New World, and it must have been in the well many thousands of years.

Many people boast that they have been round the world, and have seen everything worth seeing. Possibly ninety per

cent. of those who make that statement have never seen, or even heard of the priceless and unequalled archaeological treasures that are waiting for them in Yucatan, treasures which for beauty and antiquity are positively without peers, which date back hundreds of years before the Christian era, and which existed unquestionably before the pyramids of Egypt were built. It is believed by some that Yucatan was the cradle of human civilization, and that from this once densely populated land emanated the knowledge, sciences, and arts which rendered ancient Egypt famous.

The ruins throughout the peninsula are in a good state of preservation. The workmanship on the buildings was admirably executed. The ruins show that the people were industrious and peaceful, at least until the time of their downfall, which was brought about by jealousies among themselves, and resulted in an exterminating war. Those of the mighty Mayas remaining, most of whom form the laboring element of the plantations under a form of contract labor that is no better than the worst form of slavery, are short of stature, have dark skins glistening like mahogany, black, straight hair, and stern countenances.

The Yucatan of to-day presents a decidedly different aspect. The people, or Mestizos, resemble the Malay Indian only in colour; their dress is simple, usually hand-embroidered, always white and scrupulously clean. The women as a rule wear around their necks a cross or medal of pure gold filigree suspended by a chain. The Mestizos are a genial people, industrious and mild; and most countries could take lessons from them in politeness. They are a deeply religious people as the number of beautiful Catholic churches and the general absence of the churches of other denominations prove. I found them interesting in all walks of life and as yet quite unspoiled by the conventionalities of the outside world. Their life is simple and wholesome.

Merida, the chief city of Yucatan, was founded by the Spanish in 1542 and is now a city of sixty thousand inhabitants. It is seldom one finds a city so thoroughly modern in every way in a country as old as Yucatan. The buildings are all light in tint and follow the highly ornamental European

types. There are about fifty millionaires in Merida, men that have made fortunes in raising henequin, which forms the principal industry of that locality. These henequin kings live in costly palaces set in tropical gardens—a veritable fairyland conjured out of the slavery that the Mexican government tolerates. The condition of the labouring class on the plantations, a class that is largely made up of the Mayas, a class that is the rapidly disappearing remnant of a once mighty race—is so deplorable that one wonders why other civilized nations do not interfere.

The average tourist probably would not notice this side of Mexican life. It is too well hidden. The tourist carries away the impression that there is nothing sordid under those sunny skies of Yucatan.

Philadelphia, Pa.

ETHEL C. RYAN.



St. Joseph's College Alumnae Banquet.



It was indeed a great and charming event, one that has left pleasant memories and beautiful pictures upon which the minds of many will dwell lovingly during the long months that must intervene before another such assembly may be chronicled.

The Banquet took place in St. Joseph's College Auditorium on Saturday evening, October 26th. Needless to say, a great deal of preparatory work was done to bring about its success, but so quietly had the committee in charge worked that when the night itself arrived its glory burst upon all present with the light of a revelation, so far beyond even the most sanguine expectation was the reality.

Some time before six o'clock, the hour appointed, the Alumnae and their friends began to arrive in autos, in carriages, and on foot, and the excitement of their coming sent a stir all in and about the usually quiet and secluded grounds of St. Joseph's. As each group arrived, it either found the door already open, or back it flew as if the magic 'Open, Sesame' had flown in advance of footsteps, and had flung back the portal to reveal in a blaze of hospitable light the little Sister, untiring portress, who gave to all first welcome. Through spacious corridors and halls and into the pleasant dressing-rooms passed the happy comers, cordial greetings taking place at every turn, hand grasping hand, and expressions of delighted surprise and rippling girlish laughter telling of unexpected and happy meetings. Then, into the large reception halls surged the women and girls, the frou-frou swish of elegant gowns creating a truly feminine atmosphere, bright eyes and winsome smiles telling of happiness everywhere.

By and by, all formed in line for the Banquet hall. Under ceilings and between walls gay with touches of colour and bright flags, the procession moved. At the entrance to the auditorium, through whose door promise of tempting things to come was visible, Rev. Mother M. Irene, Miss Gertrude Lawler, Mrs. A. J. Small, and Right Rev. Monsignor Me-

Cann greeted all who entered. That was the prelude to the picturesque scene within. The chaste beauty of the classic hall was enhanced by graceful drapings and festoonings of gold, brown, and blue, the Alumnae colors; and, between the graceful mural scarfs, the high windows of Cathedral glass stood out lighted into glowing life by the countless lights surrounding them. On a raised dais banked by ferns, palms, and autumn leaves, decorated with St. Joseph lilies, and bright with the College colors, was placed the table of honour. Monsignor McCann, the President, and Recording Secretary had seats there, and to the regret of all the place assigned to our beloved Chaplain, Rev. Father Frachon, was vacant, indisposition preventing him from being present. Long tables covered with the whitest damask and rich with dainty appointments ran the length of the hall, clusters of golden chrysanthema marking the centre of each. To the strains of Gliona's excellent orchestra, the guests took their seats, a special table being supplied for the Executive Committee and a few invited guests, among whom were Lady Thompson, Lady Falconbridge, the Countess d'Artigne, and presidents of the seven sister societies of the city. The singing of the "Laudate" by the Association, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Cassidy and the orchestra, and a grace said by Monsignor McCann, preceded the seating of the guests. Then came the opportunity for the real feast of the evening, which after all was not that of the menu provided, though indeed that was very appetizing, but the opportunity for chat and reminiscence of school days; and many a merry laugh was there as the episodes of other days were reviewed, episodes of then gigantic proportions, now but as thin air in comparison with the weightier things of life. Being a Thanksgiving banquet, turkey was the dish of honour, and with the coffee miniature birds of the same species were served concocted from delicious ice cream.

From the gallery, the Sisters and postulants viewed the scene; and, even in the midst of the pleasures of the hour, many a fond glance was cast upwards towards the setting of black and white in which so many well-known and well-loved faces were recognized, and the wish was strong in every heart

that the barriers might be down just for the hour—but it was not to be.

After dessert, toasts and addresses were in order. These were preceded by the entrance of Rev. Mother M. Irene and Assistant Mother Alberta. They were accompanied by the President, who led them to a seat on the dais, the entire assembly standing to greet them. The President announced the toasts, the first being that if His Holiness, proposed in happy terms by Right Rev. Mgr. McCann. The King, was proposed by the President and honoured by the singing of the National anthem, accompanied by Miss Ethel Gertrude Clark on the piano and the orchestra. One of the special features of the evening came next. At the request of the President, Mrs. Ambrose Small told of her experiences in Egypt during the past winter. Mrs. Small's address was delightful. She took us with her back to the land of the Pharaohs and into the very homes of the people; and, while she did not forget the Sphinx and the pyramids, she gave us things altogether new—glimpses of Mahomedan manners and customs, of life in the streets, and then away off into the silence of the desert. It was all very real and the audience felt they owed Mrs. Small a debt of no little value. The toast of Our Honorary Patron proposed by Mrs. Wallace, in a few well-chosen words, was responded to by Mgr. McCann, who wove into his reply some very humorous reminiscences of early priesthood days. Mrs. Weir daintily proposed our Rev. Chaplain, the absence of Rev. Father Frachon being particularly felt at this point. The toast of Rev. Mother and the Community was proposed in affectionate terms by Mrs. Edward O'Sullivan and replied to by the Honorary Patron. The toast to Alma Mater was proposed in scholarly terms by Miss Eugenie Gillies and excellently responded to by Miss Isabell Cassidy, a distinguished graduate of 1912. Miss Higgins ingeniously proposed the Graduates, absent and present, and Mrs. Small as ingeniously responded. The Undergraduates proposed by Miss Nanno Hughes, in most encouraging words, was very prettily and wittily replied to by the Little One of the party, Miss Olga Wallace. "Saint Joseph Lilies" came next, cleverly and elegantly proposed by Miss Bolster, who has recently returned from California, and

replied to in a most happy manner by Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, who enthusiastically illustrated her praise of the magazine by holding aloft, one in each hand, a copy of the two issues published and assured her hearers that as the second was so much larger and better than its predecessor, the succeeding issues would increase in harmonic progression. Our Sister Societies, neatly proposed by Miss Isabelle Dwyer, was most interestingly responded to on the part of the Catholic Women's University Club by Miss Macklin; Loretto Alumnae Association, Miss Doherty; St. Michael's Hospital Alumnae, Mrs. J. E. Day; Catholic Church Extension, Miss Hoskin; St. Elizabeth's Nursing Society, Mrs. G. A. O'Sullivan; Rosary Hall, Miss Pocock; Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association, Miss M. L. Hart. In responding to this last Miss Hart introduced a toast not on the list, that to Miss Gertrude Lawler, M. A., President of the Alumnae Association, and to whom much of the success of the evening and of the general welfare of the Alumnae Association is due. The response was hearty, spontaneous, and unanimous. In the course of her response to the St. Elizabeth Society, Mrs. O'Sullivan spoke of her three sons as having been one-time pupils of St. Joseph's. She paid warm tribute to those who had had the small boys in charge, and particularly mentioned a well-beloved Sister through whose hands many of Toronto's best Catholic men have passed in childhood days, suggested an Alumni of the College, and said that it, like the Alumnae would be an organization of which to be proud.

"Bendermere Stream," beautifully sung by Miss Kate Clark, and "Asthore," given exquisite interpretation by Miss Florence Tobin, were the principal vocal numbers of the evening, each of the singers winning laurels of praise. A hymn to St. Joseph, patron of the school and Alumnae, joined in by all present, brought the delightful function to a close. Good nights were said and the gathering dispersed, all carrying away charming recollections of our second Thanksgiving celebration.

MARGARET LILLIS HART.

Alumnae Items.

We are deeply grateful to the Alumnae who have sent us items of interest concerning themselves and other members of the Association. The Alumnae are always pleased to hear about their friends. Address Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, 45 Bloor Street East, Toronto, or Miss Jennie Smith, 22 Maitland Street, Toronto.

* * * * *

Mrs. Bowes, of Chicago, accompanied by her charming daughter, spent a few days in Toronto. She invited Mrs. McBrady, our out-of-town Corresponding Secretary, to dine with her at the King Edward Hotel. They spent a very pleasant evening discussing many reminiscences.

* * * * *

Miss Alice Teefy has closed the old historic homestead at Richmond Hill. She visited Mrs. Houston and afterward her sister, Mrs. Mulcahy, of Orillia. At present she is at Edmonton with Mrs. Beck, her second sister, wife of the Hon. Justice Beck. We hope Miss Alice's visit in the far West will be very pleasant.

* * * * *

The Alumnae Association enjoyed a brilliant lecture on Russia by Miss Henry, of Buffalo, one of our distinguished Alumnae. We had been looking forward for some time for this lecture; finally, Miss Hart succeeded in arranging the matter and we had a most instructive and enjoyable evening, on November the 14th.

* * * * *

At one of the meetings of our Executive Association, we heard the good news of Miss Elmsley's return. Miss Elmsley was in England with her mother and her sister, Myriam. They went over to visit a married sister, who resides there. We were all glad to have her back in good old Canada again. It

is very interesting to hear Miss Elmsley relate the events of her travels.

* * * * *

“Wedding Bells” rang at St. Basil’s Church and one of our Alumnae, Dr. Mary B. Callaghan, was married to Mr. McCarthy, of Sault Ste. Marie. The Hon. Senator McHugh, her uncle, gave her away. Several of the Alumnae who were at the marriage said that it was a very pretty wedding. We wish Mrs. McCarthy every happiness.

* * * * *

Mrs. W. H. Moore accompanied her husband on a trip to Ottawa, where Mr. Moore was attending the Architects’ Association Meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Moore intended to continue on a pleasure trip to Boston; however, they had a hurried call home, owing to the fatal illness of Mr. Moore’s mother. Mrs. Moore was missed at the Alumnae Banquet.

* * * * *

Miss Nanno Hughes, Honorary Secretary of the Education Committee of the Imperial Daughters of the Empire, is spending some time at the Prince George Hotel and was present at our annual banquet.

* * * * *

Mrs. Meyers (May Bergin), whose home is in Jamaica, Long Island, visited her dear St. Joseph’s on her way to Montreal and the Maritime Provinces, where she will spend some months. We hope to see her two daughters here after New Year’s.

* * * * *

Miss Inez Larkin, of St. Catharines, spent an evening with us recently. Miss Margaret Acers, her niece, who is a pupil here, invited her to the Recreation Hall, where pleasant memories were revived. A little later, Rev. Dean Morris, his sister, and friends, visited the pupils, who entertained them by an informal programme of music and song. Next day Miss Larkin accompanied Sr. Columba, O. S. S. H., and the Dean, as far as Montreal, on the return of the former to her community, London, Eng.

We were delighted to see Mrs. McCormack (Marian Eichhorn), who was here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Wallace. We are pleased to note that the touch of Time has left no traces since we saw the trio together last.

* * * * *

Mrs. Barron (Birdie McKeown), of New York, who is spending some time with her mother in the city, has renewed old friendships by her visits to St. Joseph's, and has delighted us with her sweet voice again. We hope to hear her often.

* * * * *

Mrs. R. Miles and Mrs. J. J. McNamara, of North Bay, spent a few days in the city at different intervals, and visited their sister at St. Joseph's, who has been for several years Directress of the boarding school. Their visits always bring great pleasure.

* * * * *

We received with pleasure the announcement of the approaching marriage of Miss Isabel Curtis to Mr. E. Kelly, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Isabel is in Galt with her sister, Mrs. Allen. We wish her every joy and happiness for the future.

* * * * *

We have also received the announcement of the marriage of Miss Annie Keough, of Loretto, to Mr. Charles McKenna. Congratulations and best wishes of Alma Mater!

* * * * *

Mrs. F. Sullivan, of Sault Ste. Marie, and her sister, Miss Anna, spared some of their precious moments to St. Joseph's while in the city on the occasion of their brother's marriage to Doctor Mary B. Callaghan. This visit gave much pleasure to the many friends and former teachers of the faithful Alumnae.

* * * * *

Miss Helen Marrigan, Port Arthur, who accompanied her mother on a visit to Nova Scotia, some time ago, paid a short call at St. Joseph's on her return, to see her many friends and renew happy memories.

Miss Theresa Fogarty, of Rochester, remained for a brief visit with her aunt here. We hope to welcome her to St. Joseph's soon again.

* * * * *

The numerous friends of Miss Agnes Fitzgerald will be pleased to learn that she is fast recovering from her recent illness and will soon be in excellent health again.

* * * * *

Miss Edna Hartnett and Miss Henrietta Phillips, graduates of 1911, spent a few days here before Thanksgiving Day. They are both looking well. They are teaching at Niagara and the work seems most congenial. We wish these young ladies success.

* * * * *

Miss Mabel Summers, of Hamilton, and several friends were most welcome to a place among their former teachers and companions in the Recreation Hall and Refectory one evening recently, when Miss Mabel afforded much enjoyed entertainment.

* * * * *

We are sorry to learn that Miss Mary Rathwell, of Chapeau, has been in ill health of late. We wish her speedy recovery.

* * * * *

Many white-winged missives have reached the College bearing messages of love and greeting to Alma Mater, from Miss Christina Scully, who, with her father, Mr. E. Scully, of Windsor, toured Europe during the summer and autumn. From the Emerald Isle to the Continent they travelled, stopping among other places at Sacred Rome, where they had the privilege of an audience with our saintly Holy Father; on to Venice, then across to gay Paris and to Lourdes. From the Pyrenees to Vienna, where the Twenty-third International Eucharistic Congress was being held, when the beautiful capital of the great Austrian Empire gave itself out in love and adoration to welcome its Eucharistic King. Pen cannot describe, nor can tongue tell the grandeur, the solemnity of

that majestic scene, when the city became one vast altar, whence arose one mighty paean of praise, one overpowering Credo whose echo reached the ends of the world.

* * * * *

Mrs. J. O. Perry (Nellie Cashman) is prominently connected with the work of the Juvenile Court, Vancouver, and has gained considerable fame in educational and literary circles. St. Joseph's is proud of her!

* * * * *

Mrs. G. J. Aust (Gertrude Pape) was a welcome visitor in town and at St. Joseph's. We hope to see her and her sister, Mrs. P. J. Bonner, of Boston, Mass., soon again. Mrs. Bonner is on her way to California for the winter.

* * * * *

A Requiem High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Miss Katherine J. McBride, who died on October 5th, was offered by the Alumnae Chaplain, Rev. Father Frachon, in St. Joseph's College Chapel on October 19th. Many of the Alumnae attended. Requiescat in pace.

* * * * *

A Literary Society was recently formed at our College, and will, no doubt, entertain the Alumnae Association on some special occasion. The Society is under the patronage of St. Gertrude.

—A. A. C.



A Unique Christmas-Box.



ONE balmy day during the Christmastide of 1912, I was visiting in San Pedro, California. I had just emerged from a picturesque garden of exquisite flowers when I heard a soulful voice wish me a happy Christmastide. Imagine my agreeable surprise on seeing a venerable sweet-faced lady seated alone on a dainty little settee and gracefully inviting me to approach. Her smile was fascinating, and was wondrously enhanced by lustrous black eyes and a crown of waving snow-white hair. I learned from the dear little lady much of the history of the Spanish missions of California. She spoke fluently in English that seemed to me very mellifluous despite the Spanish accentuation of many of her words. My little friend was one hundred and thirteen years old, and was still hale and enthusiastic and optimistic.

Just as I was about to part from her, she offered me a rare Christmas-box—her blessing in the language of the San Gabriel Mission Indians. She was born at San Gabriel and showed me, on what resembled parchment, the Lord's Prayer in the Kizh dialect, as it was said there. I took a copy of the Prayer of Prayers, which she sweetly recited for me. It is as follows:

'Yonak y yogin tucupugnaisa sujucoy motuanian masarmi magin tucupra maimano muisme milleosar y ya tucupar jiman bxi y yoni masaxmi mitema coy aboxmi y yonnamainatar moojaich milli y yaqma abonac y yo no y yo ocaihuc coy jaxmea main itan monosaich coy jama juexme huememesaich.'

Those are the words, but without the music of a voice that will live with me forever!

SARAH BOLSTER.



The Exchange Editors are grateful to the many generous friends that have forwarded copies of their publications as exchanges. Two of the first to welcome Saint Joseph Lilies were the dainty magazine of St. Joseph's Convent, Brighton, Mass., and the splendid volume *Echoes From The Pines*, issued by the Ursuline College, Chatham, Ont. Teresa, in the *Winnipeg Northwest Review*, is exceedingly gracious in her criticisms of the literary value of our productions. The *Catholic Record* and *The Catholic Register* and *Canadian Extension* are both very encouraging.

Such words as the following are interesting to the Alumnae: 'There are brains in its composition and artistic taste in its general make-up.'

'The magazine is a volume that should make St. Joseph's College proud.'

'The Lilies have a genuine fragrance of Catholic Christianity.'

'We feel justified in saying that it is one of the very best publications of the kind that we have seen, containing as it does, literary matter of the choicest character.'

'The pretty gold and blue magazine will be a power for good in the community.'

'The rapid development of Saint Joseph's College as an institution of learning, and the high rank its students have at-

tained in the University of Toronto, render the publication of such a magazine fitting and timely. It may serve not only as a medium of communication between the rapidly extending circle of its Alumnae, but will tend greatly to develop the literary talent of its students, present and to come. Its sphere lies open before it, and The Catholic Record cordially wishes it the career of prosperity which its purpose and its creditable appearance fully merit.'

The Exchange Editors welcome all publications that have been received, and will in future editions have a word to say about all periodicals that are accepted as Exchanges.

A M. W.

Toronto Members.

The following are the names of the Toronto Members of our Alumnae Association. Members whose names were not received in time for this issue will see their names in the March number. All Toronto Alumnae who have not yet become members should communicate with the Toronto Secretary, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, 45 Bloor Street East, Telephone North 544. Members will please notify Mrs. Cassidy of any change of address, and of any error in addresses:

Miss Isobel Abbott, Mrs. E. D. Almas.

Mrs. P. Bailey, Miss Olive Beer, Mrs. F. Belton, Miss A. Benning, Miss J. Benning, Miss Margaret Bigley, Miss Marion Blake, Miss S. Bolster, Mrs. F. P. Brazill, Mrs. J. Breen, Mrs. J. Bryan, Miss Madge Burns, Miss N. Burns, Miss N. Byrne.

Miss N. Carolan, Miss Isabel Cassidy, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, Mrs. T. Cassidy, Mrs. W. Cassidy, Miss C. Charlebois, Mrs. J. J. Clancy, Mrs. M. M. Clancy, Miss Ethel Clark, Miss Kate Clark, Miss M. Clarke, Miss Kathleen Cleary, Miss

Gladys Cleghorn, Miss Marjory Cleghorn, Miss Florence Cochrane, Miss Maud Collins, Miss Gertrude Conlin, Miss Nora Corcoran, Miss Corigan, Miss Margaret Cosgrave, Miss Kathleen L. Coghlan, Mrs. S. G. Crowell, Miss Margaret Cunerty.

Mrs. J. Daley, Mrs. J. E. Day, Mrs. J. Dee, Miss A. DeLaplante, Miss L. Devine, Miss M. Devine, Mrs. Dickson, Dr. Agatha Doherty, Miss M. Doherty, Miss A. Donley, Mrs. A. Dubois, Mrs. J. Duggan, Miss M. Duggan, Miss C. Dunn, B.A., Miss I. Dwyer.

Mrs. D. J. Egan, Mrs. W. J. Ellard, Miss A. Elmsley.

Mrs. C. Flanagan, Miss Katherine M. Flanagan, Miss S. Flanagan, Miss Faye, Miss Mary Fogarty, Mrs. W. J. Foley.

Miss A. Gallenger, Miss C. Gearin, Miss E. J. Gillies, Miss Jessie Gordon, Mrs. W. Graham, Miss Mildred Gurnett.

Miss I. Halford, B.A., Miss Hart, Mrs. M. Healy, Miss Rita Healy, Miss Anna Heck, Miss Gertrude Heck, Miss A. Henry, Mrs. J. Henry, Miss B. Heydon, Miss Higgins, Miss Jennie Higgins, Mrs. W. R. Houston, Miss A. Hynes, Miss M. Hynes.

Miss M. Jaffray, Miss O. Jaffray.

Miss Helen Kearns, Miss A. Gertrude Kelly, B.A., Miss G. Kelly, Mrs. W. J. Kelly, Miss K. Kennedy, Miss N. Kennedy, Miss R. Kenny, Mrs. N. Kidd, Miss A. Kilman, Mrs. W. H. Knox, Mrs. J. S. Kormann, Miss Koster.

Miss Lizzie Lalone, Miss Katie Laorden, Miss Lawler, Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., Miss M. Lawrence, Mrs. Lee, Miss J. Lehane, Miss B. Leonard, Miss H. Leonard, Mrs. J. Loftus, Mrs. Thomas Long, Miss Lysaght.

Mrs. G. F. McMadden, Mrs. W. Madigan, Mrs. L. V. McBrady, Mrs. McBride, Miss Emily McBride, Miss McCabe, Mrs. J. W. McCabe, Miss L. McClandish, Mrs. J. A. T. McCarron, Miss Kathleen McCrohan, Miss Margaret McCrohan, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Miss Josephine McDoughall, Miss G. McGoey, B.A., Miss N. McGrath, Miss M. McGuire, Miss A. McLaren, Mrs. T. McMahan, Miss F. Meehan, Miss L. Meehan, Mrs. J. P. Melady, Miss Clara Menton, Mrs. J. J. Menton, Miss Kate Menton, Miss Middleton, Mrs. L. G. Mickles, Mrs. H. E. Moore, Miss K. Moore, Mrs. M. F.

Mogan, Miss R. Morreau, Miss N. J. Moylan, Miss H. Mullins, Mrs. Mulqueen, Mrs. Agnes Murphy.

Mrs. H. Nerlich, Mrs. Northgraves.

Mrs. E. A. O'Connor, Miss J. O'Connor, Miss Minnie O'Connor, Miss Patricia O'Connor, Miss Teresa O'Connor; Mrs. M. J. O'Hearn, Mrs. A. O'Leary, Mrs. E. O'Sullivan.

Mrs. A. Pape, Miss Patton, Mrs. W. Petley, Miss Pickett, Mrs. E. W. Pratt, Mrs. F. P. Pujolas.

Miss Bernadette Real, Miss M. Reardon, Miss Mary Regan, Miss Minnie Regan, Miss Irene Richard, Miss Roche, Mrs. A. M. Roesler, Miss L. Roesler, Miss B. Rose, Miss E. Rose, Miss K. Ryan, Miss Mary Ryan, B.A., Miss J. Rush.

Miss Madeline Sheerin, Miss Simoni, Mrs. A. J. Small, Mrs. D. Small, Miss J. Smith, Miss Edith Sullivan, Miss Irene Sullivan, Miss M. Stormont, Miss Stuart.

Mrs. O. Teening, Miss F. Tobin.

Mrs. A. Wallace, Miss Helen Walsh, Mrs. W. Walsh, Mrs. J. Warde, Miss Nora Warde, Mrs. W. Way, Mrs. A. M. Weir, Mrs. T. Winterberry, Miss G. Woods.

Out-of-Town Members.

The following are the names of the Out-of-Town Members of our Alumnae Association. Members whose names were not received in time for this issue will see their names in the March number. All Out-of-Town Alumnae who have not yet become members should communicate with the Out-of-Town Secretary, Mrs. L. V. McBrady, 86 Charles Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Members will please notify Mrs. McBrady of any change of address and of any error in addresses:

Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mrs. G. J. Aust.

Miss Hattie Bauer, Miss Rose Bauer, Miss Sophia Bauer, Miss K. Bergin, Miss Irene M. Bishop, Mrs. P. J. Bonner, Miss Anna Bourke, Mrs. J. M. Bourke, Miss Lily Bourke

Miss Mamie Bourke, Miss Mollie Bourke, Mrs. F. S. Bourns, Mrs. S. B. Bowes, Miss Harriet Boyle, Mrs. T. F. Breen, Mrs. J. P. Brennan, Miss Lena Brophy, Miss Lillian Brophy, Miss Margaret Brophy, Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mrs. J. A. Burns.

Miss May Carey, Miss Mary Cassidy, Mrs. J. Charlebois, Mrs. D. J. Charlebois, Miss Elizabeth Clark, Miss Kathleen Clark, Miss Marguerite Clark, Mrs. George Clifford, Miss L. Coffee, Mrs. E. Conroy, Miss Margaret Considine, Miss Rosemary Conway, Miss Lily Cottom, Mrs. R. E. Cox, Mrs. Wm. Crosland, Miss Isabel Curtis.

Mrs. T. C. Denis, Miss M. M. Devine, Miss B. F. Devlin, Miss Edna Devlin, Mrs. Manning W. Doherty, Miss T. Donnelly, Mrs. J. J. Doyle, Mrs. M. J. Doyle, Miss A. Driscoll, Miss Pauline Dudley, Miss Agnes Dunne.

Miss Margaret Eckart, Miss Egan, Mrs. Fergus Ellard.

Miss Margaret Feeney Mrs. William Fisher, Miss Agnes Fitzgerald, Miss Teresa Fogarty, Mrs. A. J. Forster, Miss Irene Frawley, Miss Mary Frawley.

Miss Rhea Gettings, Miss Alida Gendron, Miss Nellie Gilliyn, Miss M. E. Glavin, Mrs. Michael J. Glavin, Miss Doretta Gordon, Mrs. William Gordon.

Miss Loretto Hanley, Miss Mary Hanley, Mrs. J. Hannifan, Miss Edna Hartnett, Mrs. Ernest Hector, Mrs. W. R. Hees, Miss Elizabeth A. Henry, Mrs. Allan Hills, Miss Ethel Hinds, Miss Ethel Hogan, Miss Margaret Hogan, Miss Nanno Hughes.

Mrs. Fred Johnston, Miss Minnie Jonson.

Miss Phyllis Kellett, Miss Annie Keogh, Mrs. Fred Keogh, Miss Mary Keogh, Miss Kathleen Kidd, Miss Mary Kidd, Mrs. D. G. Kilburn.

Mrs. J. Lahey, Miss Annie Langan, Miss Celia Langan, Miss Ina Larkin, Miss T. Lavalley, Miss Mary A. Lawlor, Miss Agnes Leonard, Miss Helen Lunn.

Mrs. H. J. Mackie, Miss Elizabeth Maher, Mrs. M. Malone, Miss Marie Malone, Mrs. M. Malone, Miss E. Maloney, Miss K. Marian, Miss Loretto Marren, Miss E. Marrigan, Mrs. McCarthy, Miss Anna McCarthy, Miss J. McCarthy, Mrs. E. McCormack, Miss Jean McDonald, Miss Mary McDonald, Mrs. R. McDonald, Mrs. McDonough, Miss McDon-

ough, Miss Mary McDoughall, Miss Mina McGrath, Miss J. McGregor, Miss Agnes McIlwain, Miss E. McKay, Miss Cassie McKinnon, Miss Kathryn McNamara, Miss Genevieve McNulty, Mrs. W. F. Meyers, Mrs. H. R. Miles, Miss Mary Miley, Mrs. Morey, Miss M. Morgan, Mrs. S. M. Morgan, Miss Christine Morrow, Miss Francis Morrow, Miss Marie Morrow, Mrs. J. F. Moses, Miss K. Mulligan, Miss Agnes Mundy, Miss Elizabeth Mundy.

Mrs. Miley D. O'Brien, Mrs. C. O'Connor, Mrs. J. J. O'Connor, Miss Marie O'Connor, Miss K. O'Leary, Miss Anna O'Rourke, Mrs. C. Osborne.

Miss Margaret Phillips, Mrs. Fred Porter, Miss Hattie Porter, Miss Flora M. Post, Miss Lollie A. Post, Mrs. Fred Potvin, Mrs. M. S. Plunkett.

Mrs Oliver Quinlan, Miss Queenie Quinlan.

Miss Mary Rathwell, Miss Rosie Reath, Mrs. Reynolds, Miss Loretto Roach, Miss Loretto Roche, Mrs. Rodigan, Mrs. James Ronan, Miss G. Rudkins, Miss Ethel Ryan, Miss Pearle A. Ryther.

Mrs. P. J. Scallon, Miss Mary Schrader, Miss Christine Scully, Miss Christine Servais, Miss A. Sexton, Mrs. William Shea, Miss Edith V. Smith, Mrs. Charles Sullivan, Miss M. Sullivan, Miss Irene Swift.

Miss Alice Teefy, Miss Hope Thompson, Mrs. Guy Toller, Mrs. John Traynor, Miss I. Tuffy.

Miss Etta Ward, Mrs. James Walsh, Mrs. J. C. Walsh, Mrs. Wm. Walsh, Mrs. J. Whalen.



St. Josephs College Department.

These pages are chiefly a chronicle of the College doings, and are intended to foster literary effort in the students, to cultivate a good literary style among the writers, and to serve as a means of communication with the students of the past.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor-in chief	Miss Loretto Rathwell.
Assistant Editor	Miss Marjorie Power.
Exchange Editors	{ Miss Lenore Stock.
	{ Miss Eileen Dowdall.
Local Editors	{ Miss Mary Latchford.
	{ Miss Ruth Warde.
	{ Miss Gertrude Bradley.
Music Editor	Miss Olga Wallace.
Art Editor	Miss Aveline Travers.
Business Manager	Miss Eileen Hayes.

Editorial.

'O Radiant Morn! O blissful day!
 When Heaven descends to earth,
 And love doth hide in house of clay
 His gems of priceless worth.'



WITH warmest Christmas Greeting, and every good wish for a Blessed and Happy New Year we salute our faithful and devoted friends. May the Christ-Child bring peace and joy, which will live in each heart, enduring permanently. The coming of a tiny Babe makes the busy world more courteous. His little outstretched hands make ours reach out for the clasp of a hand grown strange or cold. His tear-dimmed, pleading eyes, whose eternal depths speak silent messages, awaken kind thoughts and tender emotions. The absent are remembered, the offender is forgiven, and the stranger becomes a

College and Academy of St. Joseph.



St. Alban Street,
TORONTO.

friend. At Christmas time, love embraces all mankind. Glory to God! Who sends His holy peace and good will upon the earth. It is a boon above wealth, or fame, or pleasure. It is a foretaste of Heavenly bliss; but, if we would secure it in generous measure, deep in our hearts, we must grant the Saviour a new birth.

We wish to express our grateful acknowledgment of the praise that has been bestowed by our friends, on our first attempt at regular College Journalism. While it is according to human nature, that the gratifications of our love of deserved praise, should be one of the strongest incentives to greater effort, we realize that much of the praise may spring from that sense of satisfaction—which many feel at seeing their dream of 'St. Joseph Lilies' a reality at least. For we know that hundreds of those who have gone forth from these venerable walls within the last half century, have longed frequently for this realization, that they might have some link with the past, some bond of union with the present life in that enchanted spot they love well.

Though we modestly think the kindly appreciative notices we have seen, may not be a safe criterion of literary excellence in our department, we are heartily willing to pass over all the praise to our elder sisters of the Alumnae, and safely and contentedly hide ourselves in the penumbra of their extensive shadow. Reasonably, we feel that we must observe a respectful distance from the ambitions of this distinguished and preponderating body, which numbers many exceptionally gifted, world-wide experienced, and highly enlightened members within its circle. By venturing closer upon their province, we might suffer eclipse in the enormous umbra. Therefore, until our sensitive external integument is strengthened by the light of publicity, we shall confine our literary efforts to what lies within the line of the College horizon.

However, we cannot say that we have no ambitions of our own, though it may be wisdom to keep them to ourselves for the present at least. If we persistently follow them up, as we are now resolved to do, they will in time reveal themselves. We are told that high purpose and the will to labour

mark those who are predestined to distinction, that "Genius is the capacity for work." It is not by his opinions and beliefs indeed, that we know a man, but by what he does or has done.

Ability to stand alone and undisturbed by the adverse opinions and criticisms of others is an excellent measure of worth and character. We therefore invite the well-meant criticism of our friends, for we feel that it will strengthen our nerves and so do us good. If the well-springs of undergraduate inspiration have not flowed from a gushing fountain, as might be desired, ~~yet there has been many a fountain, as might be desired,~~ yet there has been many a promising trickle here and there, which gives us courage. Even better, we deem it, than crowned success, a brave heart, a hopeful temper, a cheerful and appreciative soul, capable of finding delight in common things, and the ordinary blessings that God sends to all.

Our humility, like some other virtues, is an evanescent quality; but, unlike other virtues, it is succeeded by a greater — the theological virtue of hope.

'The lilies fade with the dying hours,
Hushed is the song-bird's lay;
But I dream of summers and dream of flowers
That last alway.'

Again, we thank our friends for the graceful things they have said about us in prophecy, and hope that we may justify their kind predictions.

S. M. P.



CHRISTMAS MORN.

Lo! gentle Peace her reign on earth began ;
The olive branch of Concord far and near
Proclaim'd the longed-for message unto man,
That Christ on earth long promised, would appear,
To save the fallen human race from sin,
To bring redemption's ransom for the souls
Of rebel men and nations, and to win
Deep reverence for God's law, that all controls.

The moon shone bright on far Judea's plain,
A hushed and solemn stillness fill'd the night,
The ear of earth was listening for the strain,
Of faint celestial music, with delight.
In that pale hour, before gray dawn appears,
In expectation rapt, awaiting day,
The watchful shepherd, in his fancy hears
Angelic voices singing far away.

'Rejoice and fear not, for I bring to thee
Glad tidings of great joy. To thee is born
A Saviour, who is Christ the promised Lord,
This sign to thee is sent this blessed morn.'
Prophetic vision meets his startled sight,
Bright gleams of glory flash across the sky,
Angelic choirs, all clothed in glittering light,
Announce the coming of the Lord most high.

The shepherd's honest heart with love inflamed,
Bewildered and amazed at what he saw,
With holy fear and ardour quick proclaim'd
What he from herald angels heard with awe.
Then swift to Bethlehem's cave they all repair,
To worship by His cradle, Christ their King.
Forthwith their simple gifts devoutly there,
With humble hearts and love untold they bring.

The watchers only, heard that joyful song,
 To them alone that vision in the skies,
 Announced Messiah's birth, expected long,
 As helpless Babe that in a manger lies.
 The great Creator of a thousand spheres,
 Descends to earth, takes refuge in a cave!
 Love makes Him thus a child, who nothing fears
 Of what it costs a fallen race to save.

'Twas love that conquer'd Thee, great God of love!
 In swathing hands, a captive here for me!
 How can I thank Thee, Lord of Heaven above?
 What gift can give, Thou hast not given me?
 Let me on Christmas morning, when I feel
 That earth and Heaven are not so far apart,
 Adore th' Incarnate Word, whose mute appeal,
 As Child Divine, must touch the human heart.

S. M. P.

IMMACULATE.

Far down the ages of Eternity,
 Ere stars their vigil kept,
 Within the bosom of the God Most High,
 The thought of Mary slept.
 And when the new-made stars gave praise
 to God
 On glad creation's morn,
 They were but figures of a brighter Star—
 God's Mother, yet unborn.

And when eternity gave unto time
 The Virgin preordained
 To be the Mother of the God made Man,
 Her soul came forth unstained
 By e'en the shadow that o'er earth was cast
 By Eden's fateful tree,—
 Her heart a crystal lily-vase that held
 The Flower of Purity.

S. M. P.

A Christmas Tale.



Y god-child Liette was ten years old. I had given her for her birthday a beautiful copy of the Tales of Perrault. When I saw her again I said to her: 'Have you read my book?'

'Yes, god-father.'

'And did you find it amusing?'

'Undoubtedly,' said Liette, making a face; 'but there could be many better chosen.'

'What do you mean by that, Liette?'

'Oh, well! it contains certainly some very pretty stories, stories that end well.'

'That is to say?'

'That is to say, some stories where those who were wicked are punished, and where those who were wise are rewarded. For example, Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella, and Hop O' My Thumb end very well; but the others * * *'

'Explain what you mean, Liette.'

'Note, god father, the end of Little Red Riding Hood. She was a little girl that was eaten by a wolf! Why? Because she had been polite to him and because afterwards she amused herself by gathering nuts. The grandmother was also eaten by the wolf. What evil did the grandmother do? The wife of the Ogre in Little Poucet was very good. When she saw Little Poucet and his brothers, she wept and said to them, "Alas! my poor children, why have you come?" She then invited them to warm themselves around a good fire; and, when her husband entered she hid them under the bed. She decided that the Ogre would not kill them until the next day, and brought them some supper. How was she recompensed for her good-heartedness? The next day she found her seven daughters with their throats cut and "bathed in their blood." Was that just? I know well that the little ogresses would be wicked, but she loved them, for she was their mother.'

Liette said these last words with as much expression as if she were an actress on a real stage.

‘Is that all, Liette?’

‘Oh!’ said she, raising her head and shaking her curls, ‘I should never finish if I said all.’

‘We have time, Liette.’

‘Oh, well,’ said she, after a moment of reection, ‘as I have explained to you, some are punished who have done absolutely nothing; but some have been punished, not unjustly, if you will, but much more than they deserved.’

‘What will you, Liette? This is life.’

‘You say?’

‘Nothing. Continue.’

‘For example, what did the wife of Bluebeard do? She was curious, disobedient, and yet she had the right to go, to see, since she was the mistress of the house; but was she not punished enough by her fright in the closet of the apartment below, and in seeing afterward that the little key was stained with blood, and that the blood would not come off?’

‘No, it seems that that was not enough,’ said Liette, in a sarcastic tone. ‘Her husband must take her, by the hair, with one hand, while with the other he raised his cutlass to cut off her head. Fortunately, her two brothers closed the scene by their appearance; what she must have suffered, the poor woman! All that, for a little disobedience about nothing at all. In the Fairies! To be sure, Fanchon was foolish and proud; but was it not punishment enough for her to see her youngest sister throwing pearls and diamonds and to marry the king’s son? * * * I repeat, I do not like Fanchon; but to go to die in the corner of a wood, and never even to complain without vomiting toads and serpents, that was really too hard.’

‘At least, Liette, you rejoiced at the success of the Marquis of Carabas and his faithful Puss in Boots?’

‘Oh! there again, there is much to say * * we forbid children to lie, we whip them when they have told lies, and your famous Puss in Boots did nothing but lie from morning till night. Then, why eat the Ogre who received him courteously in his chateau? The Ogre did wrong to change himself

to a mouse through vanity; but that was not a reason. And this great silly Marquis of Carabas, who became rich without doing a thing with his ten fingers, was that right? You see, godfather, they're very pretty, these Tales of Perrault, but to children they give false ideas.'

Some days after this conversation—on Christmas Day itself—Liette, having assembled her little friends, Zette, Toche, Dine, Pote, Niquette, and Yoko, told them some stories. That was one of her great pleasures. Six pairs of limpid eyes were fixed upon Liette, and six rosy mouths drank in her words.

Liette said: 'Once upon a time Jesus was born in a stable, between an ox and an ass. Mary and Joseph were near Him; and the Shepherds and Wisemen came to adore Him. About the same time, Little Red Riding Hood, whom we remember only as having met the wolf, was amusing herself by gathering nuts, by running after butterflies, and by making bouquets of flowers.'

'Flowers at Christmas?' asked Zette.

Liette disdained the objection and continued * * "She did not perceive the night was coming. The woods were growing dark. The basket she carried on her arm, where she had the cake and the little pot of butter, seemed to her very heavy. She lost her way and began to cry, but she saw at a little distance a light. She walked toward it and came to the stable where Jesus was laid in the crib. She was surprised; but, as the infant Jesus smiled at her, she embraced Him and offered Him her cake, and the little pot of butter, and her bouquets. The Blessed Virgin thanked her and said. "Thou hast done well to come here, Little One, because thou mightest have been eaten by the wolf; but the wolf has not eaten even thy grandmother, for a man saw him at the moment when the wolf tried to enter her house and chased him away with blows and stones."

"Then the Blessed Virgin told the Shepherds to show the little girl home to her parents, who were uneasy about her. And one of the Magi Kings found Little Red Riding Hood so gentle that he wished to adopt her.

"'Let us go and ask my parents'," said Little Red Riding Hood.

'The Magi King went there and took her to his court with her father, mother, and grandmother.

'That is not all,' continued Liette; 'when Little Red Riding Hood went out of the stable, the Ogre's wife arrived all in tears. She told her troubles to the Blessed Virgin and said that she came to find her seven daughters. The Blessed Virgin answered, after whispering to the Infant Jesus, "Return to your house and you will find your seven daughters sleeping in their beds. They will be more beautiful than before; and, instead of their long teeth and crooked noses, they shall have small teeth and turned-up noses; but tell your husband never again to kill your little children."

"I shall not fail to, Madam," said the Ogre's wife. "My husband is very sorry that he killed his daughters unawares, and I believe that his sorrow has made him better."

"If that is so," said one of the Magi Kings, "I shall take him in my service and he shall be one of my Swiss guards to protect my palace."

'The Ogre's wife was very grateful and went away quite contented. Then, Madam Bluebeard entered the stable, the little key in her hand. She told her trouble to the Blessed Virgin and said that she feared to return to her husband. The Blessed Virgin took the little key, touched the Child Jesus with it, and the blood disappeared at once. The Blessed Virgin gave it back to Madam Bluebeard, who thanked her very much. Madam Bluebeard went back to her husband, and he never knew that she had disobeyed him. He was then very gentle to his wife; but, because he had been very wicked in killing his first wives, he died some days after, from an accident that he received while hunting. Fanchon, the proud girl that had been condemned to vomit snakes and toads at every word she spoke, in her turn came to visit the stable. She came toward Jesus and knelt down all trembling at that which without doubt was going to happen. She said: "Jesus, have mercy on me." And instead of vipers and toads, beautiful Christmas roses fell from her mouth.'

'Fanchon retired, weeping tears of joy and gratitude. As she was going out, a gentleman richly dressed and with a cap of grand feathers on his head, presented himself. He cried

out to the Shepherds: "Give place, peasants, give place to the Marquis of Carabas." He approached the crib, took off his hat, and said to the Infant Jesus: "My cousin, I present to you my respects." But the Blessed Virgin said to the Marquis of Carabas, "Go back to your house, sir, if you please. First, you are not a marquis, you are the son of a miller. You are not one of the friends of my Son, for you are not humble of heart. You have acquired your great fortune by the schemes and falsehoods of your cat. Are you not ashamed to owe all that you have to your cat? Return home, my boy. While you have been here, your fine chateau has evaporated; but if you go to work and have a good will, I promise you in the name of my Son that you will make your living and you will be happy."

'And the marquis went out amidst the laughter of the Shepherds and the Wise Kings.'

'Is that all?'

Zette, Toche, Dine, Pote, Niquette and Yoko seemed enchanted with these stories. I had listened in my corner, but pretended to read my paper. When Liette finished, I said to her, 'You have spoken well. You have shown in your inventions the sweetness of a woman of France, but you have not told us of the fairies in the Tales of Perrault. They also came to adore the Infant Jesus in the stable; and, as they were very beautiful and magnificently attired, one in gold, another in silver, a third in scarlet silk, a fourth in royal blue, and so on, and as they sparkled with thousands of precious stones, it was a very beautiful sight. You will have less trouble in imagining it than I should have in describing it. The Child received their homages, changed the fairies into Saints, and they disbanded and dwell throughout the world. In the woods, they have care of the flowers and the herbs, from which they make remedies, and of the fountains, which heal the sick. They protect travellers, they turn the sheep away from noxious plants, they teach the birds to sing, and one of them spoke to your great friend Joan d'Arc under the fairies' tree.'

From the French of Jules Lemaitre.

By the Translators of THE HISTORY OF REV. M. SACRED HEART.

The Birth of Our Saviour.



ALL ye Heavens shine more brightly,
 Purer be the moonlight's beam,
 Flee, ye hours and moments, lightly,
 Swiftly swell life's deepening stream.
 Banish far all care and sadness,
 Christ, Redeemer, comes to earth,
 Shout your joy in strains of gladness,
 Proclaim aloud the Saviour's birth.

See the shepherds quickly rising
 At the Heavenly stranger's call,
 They—their special privilege prizing—
 Christ to visit first of all.
 Bending on their knees before Him,
 View His helpless infant state,
 Deeply reverent they adore Him
 And His coming celebrate.

Lo, the choir of Heavenly voices,
 Steal along the cloudless sky,
 Angels sing, and earth rejoices,
 Glory be to God on high.
 Glory be to God in Heaven,
 Glory to our God on earth,
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
 Again, we celebrate His birth.

MARY TIGHE.

Bethlehem.



READ with awe the solemn ground!
 As you near the stable rude,
 Angels in that holy place,
 Through the seeming solitude.

'Neath the cavern's dim lit shade,
 Sweetly sleeps a little child.
 God on bed of straw is laid!
 Jesus, meek and undefiled.

Star of glory shining brightly,
 Guides the shepherds from afar,
 To the crib, where treading lightly,
 Throngs of wondering angels are.

Word Incarnate, God the Son!
 How tender must have been Thy love!
 That Thou Thyself shouldst come to earth,
 An exile from Thy home above!

Hail, Redeemer of the world!
 Praise Him All Jerusalem,
 Gloria in excelsis Deo!
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

LILLIAN KENNEDY.

A Christmas Story.



THE great train sped on through the blinding snow storm and gathering darkness of a Christmas eve. Many and excited passengers crowded within it were laughing and chatting of the pleasant hours to be spent with friends and loved ones. Every moment the snow fell faster and faster, yet the train laboured on as though conscious of the importance of its mission. Suddenly there came a crash—then all was noise and confusion. Big cars lay broadside pinning down scores of people, helpless in their agony. Gay hearts, which but a moment before, had been full of plans for the future now lay still in death. Aid was quickly brought from the town three miles distant; and, in a short time, every house was turned into a temporary hospital; but even these were insufficient for the injured people, and a train was despatched with those of more serious injuries to the City Hospital.

All Christmas Day, men worked among the wreck, and all day long a weary band came in search of their missing friends. Among those who came to the terrible scene was a gentleman that had lost his wife and little girl of three years. After many hours of search, he came upon the body of his wife, but though he kept on far into the night, he could gain no tidings of his missing child. Vainly he tried at every house for news of his baby, nor had the officials any recollection of bringing the child to the city. And so days dragged into months and still no trace could be found.

By some curious blunder the little girl had been brought into the hospital with a man, whom some person identified as her father. The man afterwards died and the poor little girl was seemingly alone in the world. All the doctors loved the beautiful child, but to one especially she became very dear. Dr. Ross, a country doctor, who had come to the city to help in the great work, pitied the poor, little homeless baby and took her and cared for her as his own.

Every day the stray little girl became dearer to the child-

less old man. When she became old enough, he taught her himself and she grew up fair and beautiful in mind and body. Dr. Ross was never so happy as when his lovely Helen sat chatting beside him while he made his daily rounds, or when in the twilight her sweet voice chanted the songs he loved to hear.

'You are the light of my life,' he would sometimes exclaim, as he tenderly caressed her. 'What should I have ever done without you?'

'What shall I ever do without you, Daddy?' Helen one day asked, and that question indeed perplexed the good Doctor, for he knew well that his years upon earth were fast drawing to a close.

Mature deliberation resulted in a very serious conference, during which Helen learned of the accident and of the man that was supposed to be her father. The thought of that father fascinated her. 'I wish I could remember him,' she said. 'For, if you can love me Daddy, my real father must have loved me, too, and it was for my real father's sake that you taught me to pray often for the departed souls?'

'That was a duty I owed to your parents and one from which I, myself, may hope to benefit. Helen, my days are numbered; will you pray for me when I am gone?'

Meanwhile, the heart-broken father dragged out a weary existence. After many years of useless search, he gave her up as dead, and in his agony cried out against God and His cruelty. Every year, as Christmas approached, a restless feeling would come to him and he would go any where to escape from his own thoughts. One Christmas, a business friend invited him to his country home and, fearful of being alone, he accepted the invitation.

Christmas Day dawned bright and cold in the little town of Halthy. The joyous bells pealed out their Christmas cheer and awoke sad memories in Mr. Hardy's soul. He arose and went out, unconscious of the happy faces that greeted him, unconscious of everything but his own thoughts. For a long time he walked on, absorbed in sad reflections, until the glad notes of the 'Gloria in Excelsis Deo' floated to his ears and he stopped before the village church.

An unaccountable feeling drew him on and for the first time in fourteen years, he crossed the threshold of a Catholic Church. That same strange feeling still held him, and he crept into a seat at the back of the church. The organ pealed forth the first strains of the 'Adeste Fidelis' when, hark! what sound reached his ears? A clear sweet voice was singing the opening verse. In fancy, he saw himself once more a boy, standing in the village choir, while beside him stood a young girl that poured forth from her soul the stirring words of the 'Adeste'. Again his fancy led him to another Christmas when he heard the same sweet voice of the girl that was soon to be his wife. 'Venite Adoremus' rang through the church, calling the faithful to worship at His throne; and, as the shepherds on that first Christmas morn hastened to adore, he threw himself at the feet of his King and with tears of repentance and thanksgiving, poured forth his soul unto his God, Who in His goodness and mercy had led him to his own.

'Venite Adoremus' rang through the hushed church. The voice of that youthful wife recalled him to the worship of the Divine Infant.

Overwhelmed by the consciousness of years of neglected duty, longing to be reconciled to his Divine Master, and willing at last to bear his cross, the sorrow stricken man bent low in adoration, and begged forgiveness for his want of submission in the past.

The Prince of Peace always brings joy as well as comfort, and it was with a cheerful voice that Mr. Hardy bade adieu to the venerable priest, whom he had sought early in the afternoon.

'I wish, Father, that I could thank the young lady whose singing did so much for me. Will you kindly tell her that her voice has surely been an instrument of God's grace?'

'You may tell her so yourself. She is now putting the finishing touches on the Christmas tree that the ladies of the parish have prepared for the children. I shall send for her. Helen Ross is an orphan. Her adopted father died three months ago.'

They returned to the priest's tiny parlour and in a few minutes a gentle rap at the door was followed by 'Merry

Christmas, Father!' Again startled by the voice, Mr. Hardy arose. No one noticed a Rosary drop from Helen's hand as she acknowledged Father Carrol's introduction. 'I wish you a Happy Christmas, Mr. Hardy,' she said.

'That it's a happy Christmas, Miss Ross, is owing to you. Your "Venite" has done more for me than earth can tell.'

'Then you must thank Father Carrol. I was lonely this morning and wanted to indulge my grief, but Father Carrol told me that would be selfish and insisted that I should sing, "to make others happy," he said. I am more than rewarded if he is pleased with me.'

'I am always pleased with you, dear child. Is that your precious Rosary I see on the floor?' Mr. Hardy saw the beads and stooped to get them for her. The moment his hand touched the pearly string, he uttered excitedly, 'These are mine, they are my wife's. O, Father, where did you get them?'

'These beads belong to Helen,' said the priest quietly, taking them from the trembling man. 'If you have any claim, you must prove it.'

'I can, I can. They were a wedding gift to my dear wife and on the back of the silver Crucifix you will find her initials engraved in tiny letters, M.G.H.—My little girl had taken them from my hand just before the awful crash came that separated her from me forever.'

Helen listened with astonishment. She had been taken from the wreck with the beads tightly clasped in one chubby hand. Many an hour since she had spent pondering over them and wondering whose initials M.G.H. might be. And now would this gentleman to whom she felt so strangely drawn claim her as well as the Rosary?

He did. Father Carrol was already convinced of their relationship and John Hardy was soon able to prove it beyond a doubt.

GERTRUDE BRADLEY.

The Autumn Leaf Ball.



He golden touch of autumn tinged, as if by magic, the luxuriant foliage, which this year was more abundant than usual because of the heavy rains. The ever-changing, ever-beautiful world, embellished by the hand of the Great Artist lay in a blaze of crimson glory around us.

The skies showed only soft and neutral tints. A reverent silence filled the mild and misty atmosphere. Nature in the golden pomp of her forest temple, was never more eloquent, more appealing to the meditative mind, than in those mellow afternoon hours, which we spent in the suburban woodlands collecting fruits and seeds for Science class, and leaves for decoration next day, October 18th, the day of our annual Autumn-Leaf- Ball. The forenoon of that festive day seemed one of those which stubbornly refuse to let noon come. Lessons were irksome and pupils watched the hands of the clock drag themselves slowly around to XII. Imagine a lesson in Physics or British History on the day of our Autumn-Leaf Ball! At last the dear old bell broke in on the hum-drum monotony of class work, and it was promptly answered.

As a matter of fact, no person ate much dinner that day, perhaps no person was hungry, and perhaps—! The afternoon was spent in decorating. Soon autumn leaves adorned the corridors and lent a festive air to the Refectory and Auditorium, whose walls rivalled in gorgeous beauty the autumnal forest.

If little was eaten at dinner, less was taken at collation, and supper was even cancelled. Then came the excitement of dressing. Those familiar with life in St. Joseph's, remember that in each dormitory, there is always at least one good hair-dresser, and somehow her fame reaches a climax on the night of the Autumn-Leaf Ball. These skilful hair-dressers laboured patiently with the various instruments of the craft, until girls who formerly 'had no hair at all,' peeped shyly into mirrors, which revealed rolls of curly tresses. After this,

dressing was rapidly completed. Bright, flimsy gowns, and butterfly bows laughed to scorn the sombre uniform and when, at seven o'clock, the bell summoned all to the Music Hall, the Boarders' Stairs presented a scene that might be described as a hillside of bobbing daisies with thistle-down floating above.

Then came the lining-up, and the line when completed, reached around the Music Hall from the starting point, back to the starting point, so that it was difficult to say whether the seven year olds or the sweet-sixteens led the procession. A chord was struck and the butterflies and thistle-downs tripped lightly into the Auditorium. Here, as if by magic, the line separated into three divisions. The Seniors entered, pretending to look unconscious of the many pairs of eyes with carefully adjusted spectacles. They performed every figure of the Grand March with grace, although the butterflies wished themselves in the chrysalis state again as they passed under the arch. Then these satisfied performers gave place to the Second Course. In they came, their suppressed mirth bubbling over. Nimbly, and with no less precision than their older sisters, they fulfilled their role. Then, the Primaries toddled in and went through a burlesque Grand March. The interest of the onlookers was intense. Every moment brought possibilities of success or blunder. The climax was reached when they scampered off in a lively fairy dance.

When the manifestations of approval had subsided, the floor was occupied with dancing shapes until eight-thirty, the flying feet keeping pace with the flying moments. At once, the gong sounded for refreshments and the Auditorium was abandoned. The Refectory, brightly illuminated by the new clusters of electric lights, showed a scene of beauty and elegance. The tables, prettily decorated with flowers and favors, seemed to deny ever having been anything else but banquet tables. The brown-and-gold draperies harmonized beautifully with autumn's floral contributions of fluffy chrysanthema and variegated leaves. Now do not imagine that a formal dinner followed, or yet a five o'clock tea. It was an annual St. Joseph's Autumn-Leaf Banquet, and St. Joseph's girls did it justice.

At nine-fifty, 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'God Save Our King'

ascended in accents loud and cheerful. While the clock struck ten, the lights flashed out and the house became silent. Let me add, for the satisfaction of those who have experienced that rebellious feeling, upon hearing the five-forty-five bell for rising, that an extra Mass was said in St. Joseph's Chapel at nine o'clock next morning, for us girls. Not a few prayers went up for those who thus thoroughly arranged for the longer sleep.

LENORE STOCK.

The Art Department.



AS the Christmas season approaches, the topic of home-going is discussed with wonderful interest. Busy fingers in the studio and art-needlework room are making articles that will be delightful surprises for the dear ones at home. Here is a labour of love, which bespeaks faithful hearts.

In the art departments, displays that annually draw many visitors, are to be arranged for closing week. Very beautiful pieces of work are now in preparation. The exhibit will include decorated china, landscapes and seascapes in water-color, oils, crayons, clever pen-and-ink sketches, and a variety of exquisitely delicate calendar designs. The needle-work shows many new ideas and designs, attractive also because of the quality and originality of the workmanship. It would be betraying secrets to mention at this season, any detail of the work, or the names of the artists, and besides I should be puzzled to make a selection.

AVELINE TRAVERS.

The Holy Souls.



A GAIN we welcome November, though its days are
dull and drear,

Again our hearts are gladdened and filled with holy
cheer,

Ere October's rosaries are ended, ere Mary's month is fled
We greet with sad, sympathetic love, the month of our lonely
dead.

The Church, Our Holy Mother, bids us hearken to the call,
Of the poor, weak, helpless prisoners compensating for their fall.
It is in our power to aid them, to lend a helping hand,
To shorten their term of exile, ere they reach the promised land.

They may suffer untold anguish, midst chastening flames intense,
They may plead for our assistance, their burning thirst to quench.
Surely they, who are our loved ones, have on us a two fold claim
To release them from their bondage, and let fall the binding
chain.

We know the Heart of Jesus, broke and bled for these dear souls,
That upon our Altars daily His precious blood still flows,
They themselves are poor and helpless, so of us some aid implore,
Let us plead for them with Jesus, there behind the Altar door.

If we love the Heart of Jesus, we shall help these souls in need,
And render soothing ointment by each thought, each word, each
deed,

Best of all the precious moments, to gain for these souls rest,
Is the moment of Communion, with a God within our breast.

May Creamer.

Our Rosary.



THE roses of summer are faded,
 And our gardens despoil'd of their flowers,
 But Our Lady's rich garden of roses,
 Grows bright in October's dim hours;
 Her gardener, St. Dominic, planted
 In the hearts of her children on earth,
 The seedling that sends up to Heaven,
 Fair blossoms of Eden-like worth.

This rare precious plant is our rosary,
 Its blossoms, our "Aves" sincere,
 Our Queen-Mother weaves of them garlands—
 Bright garlands, which never grow sere.
 Symbolic in colour and fragrance,
 Begemm'd with the heart's crystal dew,
 Reflecting the gleam of Faith's radiance,
 Our prayer-petals varied in hue!

These rooms are white, red, and golden,
 Meet emblems of wisdom profound,
 We ponder them while we tell over
 The decades in each chaplet's round.
 We forget e'en the words that we utter,
 Repeat Love's one word as we may,
 Our hearts express no repetition,
 The words matter not when we pray.

White roses of joy emblematic,
 Depict our dear Lord's early years,
 When safe in the arms of His Mother,
 He smiled through His sweet childhood's tears.
 Blood's tinge on the roses of crimson,
 Reveals Sorrow's bitterest pain,
 But the gleam on the petals bright golden,
 Bespeaks Heaven's triumph again.

EILEEN DOWDALL.

A Musical Recital.



EW events of the scholastic year awaken more general interest among the students than the rare musical treats that are a delightful interruption of the regular routine of work.

On the evening of October 17th, Miss Maud Collins entertained a large audience, including several clergymen, and special friends, teachers, and pupils, by a varied and interesting vocal programme, which was admirably executed. There was something re-assuring in the first appearance of this accomplished young lady. Her technical skill enabled the singer to revel in different situations. Firm free tones indicated a perfect control of voice, and a familiarity with the selections. That made every one feel at ease, as well as the artist, who appeared at all times natural and composed. The accompanist, Miss Teresa Burns, showed remarkable sympathy with the singer, and her playing was characterized by elegance and brilliancy of execution most sustaining.

As a violinist, Miss Maud Finley takes rank with the masters of this art. At her touch, the trembling strings of the responsive little instrument seemed to breathe forth passions varying moods in a most bewitching manner. One might imagine the little brown case enclosed a living soul. Several difficult numbers were received with enthusiastic applause and encores were courteously and gracefully accorded.

Miss Margaret McCrohan, in her accomplished style, also added some delightful numbers to the evening's programme, and received a generous meed of well-merited applause. Floral tributes to the performers were many and exquisite.

PROGRAMME.

- (a) RossiniAve Maria.
- (b) DeKovenReverie
- (c) Chaminade Laughing Spring.

Piano Solo.

GodardSpanish Bolero

Miss M. McCrohan.

The aspirants for admission to the society are unusually numerous this term, and we are preparing for a large reception on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. In order that the chanting of the office may be in proper key, and in unison, a practice was taken in the Senior Study Hall, on the first Sundays of the term. Shall there not be harmony, sweetness, and devotion in our recital of those inimitable psalms, those immortal poems of the Royal Prophet, in which imagination, mind, and heart, find unrivalled beauties, purest thoughts, and divine sentiments? With the joy of our hearts, let us send up prayerfully, these hymns of praise. With devout exhortation, let us intone the antiphons, with clearness sing out the versicles, and with solemn and profound reverence, let us pour forth heartily to the ever Blessed Trinity, our gratitude and confidence in the soul-stirring strains of that oft-repeated doxology. Saints have sung these praises throughout the ages. Let us practice the same, that we may sing them triumphantly in the Heavenly Jerusalem for ever.

* * * * *

One bright October afternoon, it was announced that Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, a Paulist Father from New York, who had been giving missions in the City, would give the students a lecture that evening. It was a pleasant surprise, and all awaited the hour with enthusiasm. At five o'clock, a large audience, which included the University Catholic Women's Club, was assembled in the Hall of the College wing, when, accompanied by Rev. W. J. Cartwright, and our Chaplains, Rev. Father Frachon and Rev. Father Meader, the eloquent lecturer entered. After cheerful greetings had been exchanged, and merry laughter caused by his witty remarks had subsided, Father Conway spoke rapidly and in his own zealous priestly way, of the practical duties of woman in her sphere of life. Father Conway enlivened his discourse by introducing many amusing illustrations drawn from his own personal experience, that evoked frequent peals of laughter, and impressed many salutary truths, which will not soon be forgotten. We enjoyed the lecture throughout, and wish Father Conway's missions a great success.

We are quite proud of the numerous prizes won by Miss Lena Brophy at the recent Fall Fair in Massey. Dainty and elaborate embroidery, silk and linen lace of every conceivable stitch and design, painting on china, landscapes in oil, water-color, and pastel, pyrography, bead work, wool work—in fact a collection extensive enough to make a separate exhibit by itself, was produced by this talented and industrious young lady. Miss Brophy was a devout worshipper of the arts while at St. Joseph's, and displayed great skill and exquisite taste in the many beautiful works of her hands. What a satisfaction to employ one's time thus usefully and agreeably!

* * * * *

Among the out-of-town guests at the St. Joseph's Alumnae Banquet, we were pleased to notice many who were heartily welcome and whose presence added interest and pleasure to the occasion. A few of the names are: Mrs. F. Anglin, of Ottawa, and her sister, Miss Fraser; Mrs. P. C. Dowdall, of Almonte; Mrs. W. Shea, of St. Catharines; Miss Mary Cassidy, of Tweed; Miss Loretto Roche, of Watford; Miss Cecilia Langan, of Sarnia; Miss Irene Frawley, of Hillsdale; Miss Mary Frawley, of Hillsdale.

* * * * *

Among the many new faces that greet us from day to day around the corridors, is one that smiles benignly on all alike, and at regular intervals sweetly salutes us with pleasant greeting, bidding the time of day. This interesting stranger is none other than the magnificent new hall clock, which stands in the main corridor of the College wing. It is of mission oak, with raised brass figures on the dial. It has a musical chime, which calls out the flight of time, and warns us that, even as we stand and look, the moments fly beyond our reach into the abysses of the past. This valuable time-piece was the generous gift of the pupils to Reverend Mother on her feast day. We hope it may tell over many happy years for her.

* * * * *

Among the new pupils at St. Joseph's this year are two little Spanish maidens from Guyaquil, Equador. They are

learning the English language very quickly, but are very timid of expressing their thoughts in it as yet. They are rarely gifted children and love their dear Spanish too well to forget it. Here is a verse written by one of them in that mother tongue :

A la Santissima Virgen.

Brilla la aurora	En ti yo confio
I yo te contemplo	Amada Madre mia
Oh! Virgen Maria	Que algun dia
Mas hermosa cada dia.	Contemprar to faz me permitas.

MERCEDES GEORGINA POWELL.

* * * * *

The beautiful October days have brought us one by one, incalculable blessings. Each evening we have Benediction in the Convent Chapel, with recitation of the beads and other prayers prescribed by Holy Church. In the silent atmosphere of God's holy temple, one hears in these mellow autumn hours whisperings of grace which, let us hope, will ripen to fruition in life's future days. On October 31st, as a fitting close to this month, dedicated to the Angelic spirits and our celestial guardians, there was a large reception into the Sodality of the Holy Angels. The procession headed by the exquisite 'Angel banner' moved slowly to the front of the Chapel, where the little wreath-crowned 'Angels-to-be' arranged themselves in a double row before the Altar. They sang a hymn to the Angels, and then an instructive sermon by Rev. D. Meader, C. S. B., followed. They knelt at the altar railing, and when the short but impressive ceremony of receiving their medals and badges was ended, a solemn act of Consecration was recited by Miss Naomi Gibson, in a clear and earnest tone of voice, which could be heard distinctly by all present.

The Chaplain then gave Benediction and the sweet October devotion was at an end.

Entre Nous.

Some one is missing 'Aus Goldenen Tagen' as well as all her handkerchiefs.

'That's nais.' 'My, but you're sarcasm!'

Pumpkin pie is popular pastry. 'Don't push, but pass it promptly and politely, please.'

Hot ice cream is a dish so splendid, and always with it there is blended a fragrance of vanilla.

'Oh, that awful tumble on the stairs! I might be killed for life!'

Corinne—'Is that you at the tap, Madelene?'

Madelene—'Yes, why?'

Corinne—'Well, Sister says to turn it off; she can hear it running down stairs all night.'

Madelene—'Oh, is that where it is? Will you run down and bring it up, please? I want to get some water.'

I have swallowed pills in apple sauce. I have dealt with buttons and rings in 'Call Canon,' but stones in fruit bread always produce a divided personality, if not divided corporality. One half of me is consciously seeking the flavour, the other half subconsciously on the qui vive for stones.

Do bird-seeds in the pepper-castor improve one's voice?

'Could you call porridge a serial?'

'No, but you might call it novel.'

Has house keeping on the top flat proved a failure? Enquire at room No. 1.

Have you seen the new bell? It is never seen, but heard.

Gentle reader, reserve your criticisms. These humble lines are only witticisms.

Her First Lover.



CHRISTMAS Eve! The snow was falling fast. The jingle of sleighbells made everything bright for the convent girls, who were preparing to go home for the great holiday. Ethel and Emily Cox, were already waiting impatiently for their carriage. Ethel was a bright girl of fifteen, and had beautiful black eyes just like her mother's and on that account was a favourite with her father. Little Emily was fair, had rosy cheeks and sparkling blue eyes, like Daddy. She was her mother's baby and a great pet. When they arrived home, they found that Santy had come somewhat earlier, for the table was laden with boxes and packages, all tied with dainty ribbons—Christmas gifts from their school friends. There was great excitement in opening the parcels.

'Oh! Ethel,' cried Emily, 'see what Sister has sent me—a beautiful calendar hand-painted! Look! a book from Marie. I do hope that she will like the cushion I sent her.'

Ethel spied a large box with her name on it. 'Look, Emily, at this big box addressed to me! What can it be?'

They opened it carefully and took out a bunch of red roses tied with ribbon. 'Are they not beautiful!' exclaimed Ethel; 'I must show them to Mother.'

'Wait a moment,' cried Emily. 'I see something on the end of the ribbon. A ring with a pearl! Here is a card in the box. Who sent them?'

The card read, 'From your first lover.'

Ethel was completely nonplussed. 'Who could have sent them? What will Father say?' she asked.

In the evening when her father came home with more gifts for his girls, he found Ethel looking rather down-hearted. Of course, he wanted to see all the presents. Ethel kept her box in the background; but, after having seen all the others, he enquired, 'Are these all? Are there no more?' Looking rather guilty, she reluctantly brought forth the box.

He looked at Ethel rather seriously, and read the card aloud: 'From your first lover!' 'Who is he, my Little One?'

Ethel burst into tears: 'Father, dear, really, I do not know who sent them.'

Her father took her in his arms, kissed her, and said: 'My little Sweetheart, who ever loved you before your father? Am I not your first lover? It was I who sent the roses.'

Little Emily thought it a great joke and many a laugh had they in the convent dormitory when Ethel told the story to her friends.

THERESA KORMANN SMALL.





Santa Claus Is Coming

Santa Claus is coming,
Hark ! his sleigh bells ring ;
' Merry, merry Christmas ! '
Hear him gaily sing.

Down each sooty chimney
Christmas night he'll go,
Looking for the stockings,
Hanging in a row.

Horses, dolls, and candies
Into each he'll drop,
Till he's filled them to the brim
He will never stop.

And on Christmas morning
When little children wake
And open up wide, laughing eyes,
They'll for the stockings make.

And when the good things greet them
They'll give a shout of joy,
For Santa has forgotten
No single girl or boy.

So give three cheers for Santa
And three cheers more, I say,
For frosty, kind, old Santa Claus,
Who comes each Christmas Day.

M. L. Hart.



The Blessing of St. Joseph.

MAY the poverty of my sweet
and suffering little CHILD
be your riches; His sighs
and His tears the consolation of your
days; and the Love of His INFANT
HEART, your All, your earthly
treasure; and the clear vision of His
adorable and glorified Humanity,
your eternal joy and recompense.
Amen.

St. Joseph, friend of the Sacred
Heart, pray for us.

100 Days Indulgence.

CONTENTS

Advertisements	i. to xviii.
Table of Contents	1
Board of Publication	2
His Grace Archbishop McNeil	4
Editorial—Salve! Bone Pastor	5
To Saint Joseph of the Lilies	8
Saint Joseph of the Lilies	9
Editorial—Our Heavenly Patron	11
Saint Joseph	16
To Saint Joseph	17
The Litany of Saint Joseph	18
Symposium on the Litany	20
Ite ad Joseph (photo)	28
Ite ad Joseph	29
Editorial—Saint Patrick	50
The Passing of a Friend	52
Rev. Father John Aloysius Sullivan, C. S. B.	53
A Letter from Rome	56
Rev. J. T. Roche, LL. D.	57
The Call of the Rockies	62
Happy Days in Belgium	66
The Last Function in the Old Distribution Hall	70
Catholic Memorials of Oxford	75
A Question of the Day	82
The Christmas Reunion of Sisters and Alumnae	86
John Ayscough	90
Alumnae Items	91
Exchanges	97
Toronto Members	100
Out-of-Town Members	102
Easter Greetings	106
College Editorial	107
He Is Risen, He Is Not Here	109
Easter Lilies	111

CONTENTS CONTINUED

Saint Joseph's Lilies	114
Thoughts on Retreat	116
The Annunciation	118
Honour the New Archbishop	120
The Master's Power	121
Entre Nous	123
The Newspaper	125
A Joyful Easter from Saint Joseph's	132
College Items	133
Advertisements	xix. to xxxvi.

Saint Joseph Lilies.

This magazine is published quarterly—June, September, December, March—by the Saint Joseph's College Alumnae Association, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 30 cents. All who desire to aid by subscribing will please send their subscription to Mrs. A. M. Weir, 22 Maitland Street, Toronto: Telephone, North 153. Advertising rates may be obtained from Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, 45 Bloor Street East, Toronto: Telephone, North 544.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

Managing Editors.

Reverend Mother M. Irene and Miss Gertrude Lawler, M. A.

Business Editors.

Mrs. J. J. Cassidy,

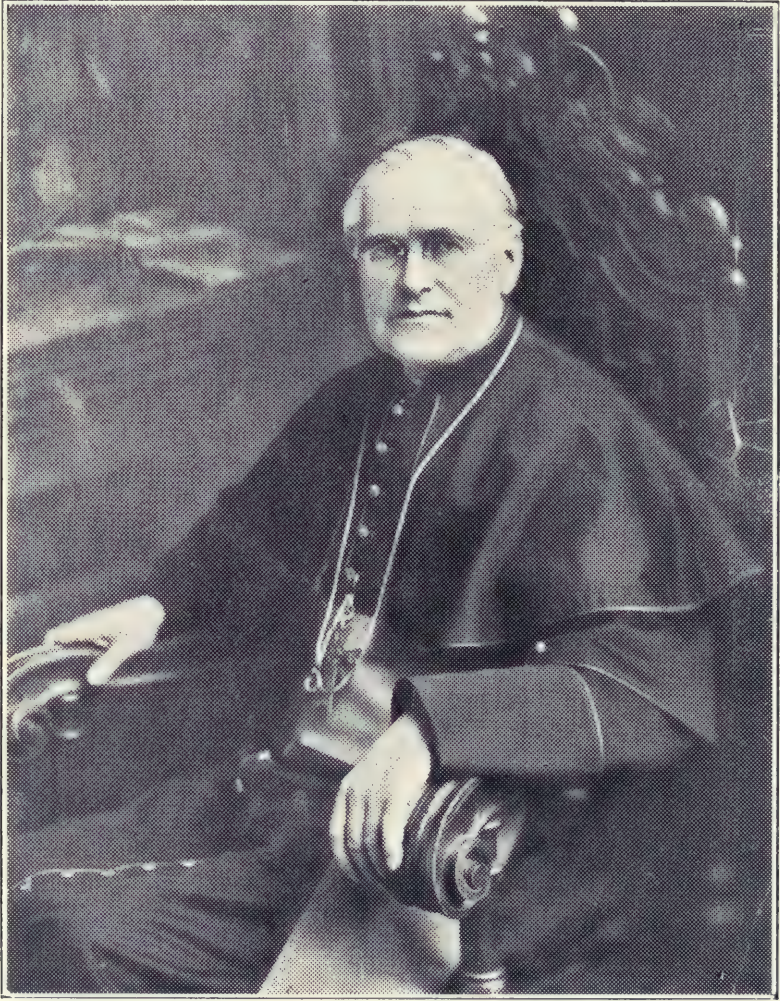
Mrs. A. M. Weir,

Advertising Department.

Subscription Department.

Associate Editors.

Local	Mrs. J. J. Cassidy and Miss Jennie Smith.
Out-of-Town	Mrs. L. V. McBrady and Miss Teefy.
Literary	Miss Hart and Mrs. A. M. Small.
Music	Mrs. W. Petley and Mrs. W. R. Houston.
Art	Mrs. H. Nerlich and Miss M. Ryan.
College	Miss I. Dwyer and Miss Elmsley.
Social	Mrs. F. P. Brazill and Mrs. Madden.
Exchange	Mrs. Weir, Mrs. J. E. Day, Mrs. Wallace.
College Representatives	S. M. P. and Miss L. Rathwell.



HIS GRACE, MOST REVEREND NEIL McNEIL,
Archbishop of Toronto.

Saint Joseph Lilies.

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOLUME I.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1913.

NUMBER 4.

Editorial.

Salve! Bone Pastor!



IT was with gladness that we hailed, at the close of the old year, the advent of our new Pastor, the most Reverend Neil McNeil, D.D., to the Archiepiscopal See of Toronto. Joy fills our hearts as we repeat our sincere 'Welcome!' for now, we have once, a father to love, a spiritual chief to guide us, and a prelate endowed with divine authority to direct and sustain us.

Just when the whole Christian world was preparing to celebrate the beautiful Feast of the Nativity of Our Lord, when pleasures were being planned for dear ones, for the little ones, and for God's poor; when all were uniting in desire to bring happiness to others; when, above all, loving souls were preparing the dwelling of their hearts to welcome the Infant-Saviour, as if to make our joy complete, a 'Shepherd' was at last given us, to guide us to the true Bethlehem. The sorrow-stricken church of Toronto, which had long deplored the loss of our good and esteemed Archbishop McEvay, laid aside the garb of mourning, and donned the robes of gladness for the double celebration of the Solemnity of Christmas, and the greeting of our Chief Pastor.

Unannounced and unattended, His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, arrived in Toronto, and was enthroned with all the beautiful ceremonial of the Church, in his new Cathedral Chair,

by His Excellency, Monsignor P. F. Stagni, the representative of the Sovereign Pontiff for Canada. In his gracious response to the addresses of welcome and loyalty from clergy and laity, our distinguished Prelate made a deep impression on all present by the sincerity, modesty, and earnestness with which he promised to make a careful study of the works of his Archdiocese. Especially did his appeal in the behalf of charity, touch the feelings of all. His zeal for souls manifested itself in his plea for universal charity. 'We must enlarge our hearts and widen our horizon.' In his apostolic spirit, our good Archbishop would remove the distance separating his two former sees and make of this Canada of ours one large family, Catholic in sympathy and in views, the people knowing and helping one another. Truly, such magnanimous charity, such genuine love for souls, embracing all from Ocean to Ocean, reveals the kind benevolence of the heart of a father, and must needs enlist the co-operation of all his children in the work still to be done in this vast country. Blessings, then, on our Chief Pastor's noble plans! Blessings on our Archbishop, who assumes the onerous responsibilities of this Metropolis, with earnest good-will to do the best that can be done to promote the glory of God, and to extend His Kingdom!

Nor is our Archbishop's zeal made manifest to us now for the first time. Although his episcopal offices in the extreme East and then in the extreme West have not given opportunities of personal acquaintance, his works have not been unknown to us. Having spent fifteen years in organizing and administering a new and resourceless diocese, that of Saint George's, Newfoundland, he won, by a most touching devotion and self-sacrifice, the love and loyalty of his people. Reports of their sorrow at his departure, and of his true worth, calling forth many manifestations of gratitude, have reached us. Evidently no less courage was required to face the difficulties of the West. From Vancouver, many evidences of his devotion came to us, in his letters, sent through 'Register-Extension,' by which he tried to arouse a missionary spirit in the people of Canada, and thus procure co-operation in the salvation of souls. We recall a persuasive letter, written just a

year ago, in which Archbishop McNeil disclosed the needs of Vancouver Diocese, and exhorted all 'to have a charitable heart for missionaries who are struggling against awful odds to light the torch of faith among those who sit in darkness and to keep it alight.'

Monsignor McNeil's experience in matters of Education is also truly appreciated. A student at the Propaganda, Rome, and at the University of Marseilles, he received the doctorate in philosophy, and in divinity, which well fitted him to become, on his return to Nova Scotia, Rector of Saint Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish. For a time, he was also editor of the 'Aurora' and of the 'Casket' newspapers. A scholar of note in mathematics and science and a linguist, Archbishop McNeil has always taken a keen interest in the promotion of education, and appreciates the requirements of the present day, as well as the need of fostering the cause of Catholic Education, that the progress of Religion may keep pace with the material advancement of this enterprising country. Thus do the learning, zeal, and virtue of our New Pastor, already proved by two illustrious regimes, promise us a glorious future for the See of Toronto.

His Grace has received, from all sides, many marks of honour and respect, and many tokens of the gratification with which his coming was attended. Not only have greetings been offered by his children; even parties outside the pale of the Church, have shown their appreciation of having in their midst a worthy citizen and distinguished Prelate. For the first time in the history of the See of Toronto, a splendid address of welcome to our Archbishop was presented by a foreign Society, the Gaelic Club of Toronto. And now, it is the honour and the privilege of 'Saint Joseph Lilies' to testify, in these pages, our gratitude to God for having given us a good Shepherd, and humbly to offer our Chief Pastor sincerest welcome, and prayerful wishes for all blessings.

Saint Joseph of the Lilies.



NOTHER March is with us!
 Saint Joseph, let it be
 In praying and in working
 Another month with thee.

Dear Joseph of the Lilies,
 Upon thy loving breast
 The Infant Saviour leaneth,
 To teach, to learn, to rest:

To teach us to obey Him,
 In thought, and word, and deed;
 To learn from thee thy lesson,
 Thy beatific creed;

To rest when tired and weary,
 And sunshine disappears—
 To rest when darkness lours,
 To rest when nightfall nears.

Saint Joseph of the Lilies,
 O guard us, guide us still,
 Wield thou thy blessed sceptre,
 Our lives with fragrance fill!



Editorial.

Our Heavenly Patron.

'Surely there is such a thing as the APPLICATION of Scripture; that is no very difficult or strange idea. Surely we cannot make any practical use even of Saint Paul's Epistles, without application. They are written to Ephesians or Colossians; we apply them to the case of Englishmen. They speak of customs, and of circumstances, and fortunes, that do not belong to us; we cannot take them literally; we must adapt them to our own case; we must apply them to us. WE are not in persecution or in prison; we do not live in the south, or under the Romans; nor have we been converted from heathenism; nor have we miraculous gifts; nor live we in a country of slaves; yet still we do not find it impossible to guide ourselves by inspired directions, addressed to those who were thus circumstanced.'—*Cardinal John Henry Newman.*



FROM the distinguished Cardinal whose words are quoted above, the Editor received the inspiration that was embodied in the first editorial that introduced 'Saint Joseph Lilies' to the public. It seems appropriate to close our first volume with an application that proves the wisdom of Cardinal Newman's words on the use of Scripture, for his words are signally forceful to us at the present moment. March—Saint Joseph's month—is especially dear to all Alumnae of Saint Joseph's College. To us March, of 1913, will ever be memorable as marking the completion of the first year of the existence of 'Saint Joseph's Lilies'—our cherished quarterly magazine. To commemorate that auspicious event, the Editors take a peculiar delight in presenting a symposium on the new Litany of Saint Joseph, and are deeply indebted to several generous priests and Honorary Members of our Alumnae Association for edifying dissertations, for practical applications, in connection therewith.

Devotion to Saint Joseph has descended to us from the remotest ages of the Church. That devotion has been enriched with the tribute of every succeeding century. Saint Chrysostum in the East, and Saint Ambrose in the West, poured out their golden eloquence on the great prerogatives of Saint Joseph; Saint Bernard, the oracle of the Middle Ages, portrayed in glowing colours Saint Joseph's pre-eminent virtues and exalted dignity; the pious and learned Gerson, would have every one adopt Saint Joseph for the first of patrons, the most intimate of friends, and the most potent of protectors. Saint Bernadine of Sienna, loved to discourse upon the greatness and power of him who held in his patriarchal hands the key that locked the gates of the Old Covenant and opened the portals of the New; the unerring voice of Pius IX. issued from the halls of the Vatican and resounded throughout the world, and solemnly proclaimed the chaste Spouse of Mary, the Protector of the Church and the guardian of the faithful. Thus, the nineteenth century witnessed the admirable devotion in the full blaze of its meridian splendour.

Devotion to Saint Joseph has always followed in the wake of the missionary. When the light of faith was kindled, when the Cross of the Redeemer was planted, then churches were built, and altars erected in honour of Saint Joseph. Thither came the wearied apostle to seek refreshment and courage, and thither, too, came the pious neophyte to demand renovated fervour and final perseverance. To-day, the name of Saint Joseph is blessed in the islands of the Pacific, invoked in the old towns of Europe, revered and venerated in the thriving cities and virginal forests of our own beloved Canada. The infant lisps it on the knees of his mother; the youth in the bloom of his years pronounces it with love; the man bending under the weight of age breathes it as a sigh of yearning towards his heavenly country; the sacred orator fills the house of the Lord with its greatness; Saint Joseph's praises are sung alike in the episcopal cathedral and in the chapel of the humblest hamlet.

Whence the rapidity of propagation? Whence this ardour and spontaneity in young and old, rich and poor, com-

monplace minds and gifted intellects? The almost unparalleled dignity of Saint Joseph, the efficacy of his intercession, and the immense glory with which the Almighty has clothed him—such are the elements that enkindled the devotion and fanned it into flame.

There is intimate connection between the devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary and that to Saint Joseph. If Mary is the luminous star that ever pours its silvery rays on the boisterous sea of the world, Saint Joseph is the compass that invariably points thereto. Great were the privileges of Mary, and great also were the prerogatives of Joseph. Mary was hailed 'full of grace' by an Angel; Joseph was declared 'just' by the Holy Ghost. Mary is the Virgin without stain; Joseph is the purest of the children of men. Both are fragrant Lilies in whose midst the Son of God was pleased to dwell. Mary is the Mother of Jesus; Joseph was His foster-father and guardian. Mary in body and soul winged her flight to the realms of bliss; there is reason to believe that Joseph enjoyed the same triumph on Ascension-day. Mary is our advocate with Jesus; Joseph, our special protector. Mary is the glory of Sion; Joseph, the patron and strength of Israel. All nations call Mary blessed; the Church invites the angelic choirs to unite with the assembly of the faithful in chanting the glory and praises of Joseph. Saint Bernard tells us that never has Mary been invoked in vain; the seraphic Teresa assures us that Joseph never rejects the petitions of his clients.

Devotion to Saint Joseph is like that Tower of David on which hung a thousand bucklers, a thousand means of defence. It is the shield that repels the shafts of heresy, parries the blows of impiety, and stems the tide of corruption. The history of the Church establishes the truth that a nation never apostatizes from the true faith, so long as Saint Joseph is venerated in its temples and honoured by its firesides.

Saint Joseph has a special claim to the homage and veneration of young persons. He was the guardian of the Child Jesus, and ought, therefore, to be honoured as the patron of youth. He sees the snares that are laid for young people, and the countless dangers that beset them on all sides. He knows

that theirs is the age of violent temptations and rude conflicts—the time when Satan wages a fierce and an unrelenting warfare; and, like a tender father, Saint Joseph seeks to cover them with the ægis of his protection; when they are placed in the trying dilemma, either of shouldering the Cross and treading in the footsteps of their crucified Master, or of inebriating themselves with the illusions and fleeting pleasures of this world, Saint Joseph invigorates their faltering spirits and instills into their wavering hearts that resolute courage which enables them to spurn the latter and gladly to embrace the former. Saint Joseph knows how unmercifully they are tossed upon the tumultuous sea of the world, and how furiously they are assailed by the howling tempests of their rising passions, and he awaits but their simple invocation to still the raving winds and to calm the raging flood. He has explored all the regions of the ocean of life; he knows the laws that regulate its flow and ebb, is acquainted with every gale that ruffles its surface, and has mapped every quicksand, reek and rock. Under his guidance, therefore, the Christian youth is secure; the winds may roar, the rains may beat, the deep may be convulsed to its very foundations, yet he need not be dismayed, for, if devoted to Saint Joseph, the infuriated elements will be appeased, and his frail bark will pursue its onward course until it casts anchor on the everlasting shores of the heavenly country.

AVE JOSEPH!

Hail, Joseph, Son of David, Man of Justice, full of grace. Jesus and Mary are ever with thee. Thou art blessed among men, and blessed is Jesus, the fruit of the womb of thy chaste spouse, Mary.

Saint Joseph, Man of God, foster-father of Jesus Christ, spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, pray for us, thy servants and children, now and at the hour of our death.—Amen.



SAINT JOSEPH, TEACH US
TO ENDURE PATIENTLY ALL THE TRIALS
OF THIS LIFE, AND TO KEEP
OUR HEARTS EVER
SUBMISSIVE TO GOD
(R.P. Isolari.)

MONSIEUR J. B. LAFITTE

PARIS

1116 A

Memorare of Saint Joseph.

Remember, O most chaste spouse of the Virgin Mary, that never was it known that any one who implored thy help and sought thy intercession, was left unassisted. Full of confidence in thy power, we fly unto thee, and beg thy protection. Despise not, O Foster-Father of the Redeemer, our humble supplication, but in thy bounty hear and answer us.—Amen.

A blameless life, Saint Joseph, may we lead,
By thy sweet patronage from danger freed.

Leo XIII.

TO SAINT JOSEPH.



SAINT JOSEPH, teach us to endure
The trials great and small
Which we, when pleasing prospects lure,
When pleasure's bubbles seem secure,
Cause in our path to fall!

Saint Joseph, teach us patience meet
When sorrow clouds our day;
Make bitter thoughts, like a hideous fleet
Of woeful battleships, retreat,
Nor block our destined way!

Saint Joseph, keep our hearts with thine
Submissive to the Child;—
The Infant God, the King Divine,
The Virgin's Son, the Babe Benign,
The Cherub Meek and Mild!

New, Approved Litany of Saint Joseph.



BY a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, dated March 18, 1909, His Holiness Pope Pius X., has approved for public and private devotion the following Litany of Saint Joseph, and has granted an indulgence of three hundred days applicable to the Souls in Purgatory :

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, have mercy on us.

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, hear us.

Christ, graciously hear us.

God, the Father of Heaven,

God, the Son, Redeemer of the World,

God, the Holy Ghost,

Holy Trinity, one God,

}
Have Mercy
on Us.

Holy Mary,

Saint Joseph,

Illustrious Son of David,

Splendour of Patriarchs,

Spouse of the Mother of God,

Chaste Guardian of the Virgin,

Foster-Father of the Son of God,

Watchful Defender of Christ,

Head of the Holy Family,

Joseph most Just,

Joseph most Pure,

Joseph most Prudent,

Joseph most Courageous,

Joseph most Obedient,

Joseph most Faithful,

}
Pray for Us.

Mirror of Patience,
 Lover of Poverty,
 Model of all who Labour,
 Glory of Family Life,
 Preserver of Virgins,
 Mainstay of Families,
 Solace of the Afflicted,
 Hope of the Sick,
 Patron of the Dying,
 Terror of the Demons,
 Protector of the Holy Church.

Prayer for Him.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
 Spare us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
 Graciously hear us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
 Have mercy on us.

V.—He hath made Him master of His house.

R.—And ruler of all His possessions.

LET US PRAY.

O God, who in Thine ineffable providence didst vouchsafe to choose Blessed Joseph to be the spouse of Thy most holy Mother, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may be worthy to have him for our intercessor in heaven whom on earth we venerate as our Protector.—Amen.



Illustrious Son of David !

Pray for Us.



ILLUSTRIOUS Son of David, for us pray,
Whose gallant father sang in songs so sweet
Of Earth and Sea and Sky, that were God's seat
Before the break and dawning of the day.

The purple blood of Kings flows in thy veins—
What dignity and worth are yours, their heir ;
On Egypt's journey housed on heath and lair,
Thy 'pearl of price' protecting from all stains.

More lustre yet than blood and breeding came
To thee, who listening to the Angel was
Mute, bore the burden of disgrace, and then
Took up thy mission and Redemption's cause.
A mighty factor thou, guarding sans blame
The Virgin's Child, redeeming sinful men.

REV. A. O'MALLEY.

Splendour of Patriarchs!

Pray for Us!



Splendour of the Patriarchs, for us pray!
 The Father of the Faith, great Abraham,
 And Noah, with his sons, Sem, Japhet, Cham,
 Gave not such Hope as Joseph's royal sway.

They at the dawn, to pioneer and blaze,
 Went forth in unknown ways of Faith and Hope,
 On heaths and heights of Doubt to grope:
 Still sang their songs of prayer-exulting praise.

The pith of all their virtues, in thee found,
 Who, in thy doubt and desolation, hoped
 The world would see the revelation plain;
 Restore thee to thy honour'd place again:
 While with its biting scorn you coped,
 Like dog, you, at your Master's heels were found.

REV. A. O'MALLEY.

Spouse of the Mother of God!

Pray for Us.



POUSE of God's Mother, for us intercede!
 Thy maiden wife, the Flower of Israel was,
 Who, when the Angel asked, without a pause,
 'His handmaid!' cried, who on the Cross shall
 bleed.

She sang, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord;
 My spirit leaps at very thought of Thee,
 My God, my All, my Hope, my Safety.'
 All generations sang in one accord.

And call'd her blessed. Thou, her gentle spouse,
 Took up the strain. Its music mellow'd,
 Night and day, thy heavy task, strength'ning with grace,
 'Gainst odds and sneers, to tread the path of right,
 For in thy steward count there is no trace
 Of fault. As Patron, to our duty rouse!

REV. A. O'MALLEY.

Chaste Guardian of the Virgin!

Pray for Us!



HASTE Guardian of the Virgin, be our shield;
From danger, doubt, and sin, do thou us guard;
And all temptation's shafts from us retard;
To the siren voice of sin may we ne'er yield!

For lust amain to Egypt's Joseph, made
His angel turn him into marble cold
That spurned its horrid guest, shameless and bold,
As if he pierced it through with shining blade.

So, too, in avenues of vice, do thou
Grant us thy strength, denying all desires!
O'ercome the innate weakness of the heart,
Which, purged and purified as with a fire,
In forum, fortress, forest, farm, or mart,
Helps us, our head in humble prayer to bow.

REV. A. O'MALLEY.

Foster-Father of the Son of God!

Pray for Us.



THE world honours the faithful Father or Protector of a really great and noble man, and takes delight in showing that the efforts and example of the one, seem to have been a necessity in producing the greatness and nobility of the other. The greatest Man is Jesus Christ; His Foster-Father was Saint Joseph—chosen by the Eternal to be His own shadow. Must we not honour one thus honoured by God?

How simply Saint Joseph fulfilled all the duties of his office! His life shows that, although his office often cost him much, it was enough for him that his Creator so willed it. At Bethlehem, Saint Joseph adored the Infant God in the best shelter procurable. The angel's message to flee with the Mother and Child into Egypt, caused Saint Joseph to leave friends, home, and country willingly. His was the privilege to provide food, clothing, and shelter for a God! How worthy he proved! 'He did all things well.' Our Blessed Lady said to Jesus in the Temple, 'Thy Father and I have sought Thee sorrowing,' for Joseph was privileged to love as a Father as well as to labour as one. The Child-God, who astonished the Doctors of the Law by His wisdom, was subject to Joseph, was taught by Joseph, laboured with Joseph. That God, who by His own teaching drew thousands to follow Him, for whom the apostles and legions of souls have suffered and died, who has to-day many followers faithful to every inspiration to give Him service—He was obedient to Joseph! He who sits in glory at the right hand of the Father, was obedient to His Foster-Father!

Can we doubt, then, that God's greatest saint, by his fidelity to duties the highest which man was ever called to fill, is able to obtain what we ask in prayer when we say—

Foster-Father of the Son of God, pray for us!

Watchful Defender of Christ!

Pray for Us.



JATHOM the significance of this beautiful title! Tread back in thought to the early scenes connected with the Infancy and Childhood of our Divine Lord. See the loving vigilance exercised by Saint Joseph in behalf of the Christ-Child, and learn why was merited the title of Watchful Defender.

Glance into the lowly stable of Bethlehem that first Christmas eve. How lovingly dear Saint Joseph selects the softest straw whereon the Virgin Mary may place her newborn Babe. How eagerly Saint Joseph prepares whatever available comfort there is, so that the little Jesus may not experience in full the cold reception of the cruel world. See the defender kneeling in loving adoration at the tiny crib and pledging to that defenceless Babe a father's care and protection. But Bethlehem's peace and joy are broken in upon by the terrible voice of Herod ordering the massacre of the innocents. Joseph must flee with the Mother and Child. O dear Saint Joseph, had thy obedience been less prompt, thy faith less lively, thy love less pure, what would have happened! But thou defended the Infant Redeemer. During the long sojourn of seven years in Egypt, in a hostile land, among people who know them not, but who despise them and their religion, Saint Joseph's vigilance is exercised the more. The exile ended, the defender led his chaste Spouse and her Divine Son to their own country, and there his loving vigilance, if possible, increased. Wherever Jesus was, there was Joseph—by His side in the workshop, near Him when at play and at rest—God's chosen sentry on duty, tender, gentle, true, watching, guarding, defending.

O beloved Saint Joseph, Watchful Defender of Christ, guard us and protect us from all evil, even as thou didst guard and protect the Child Jesus from His enemies!

Head of the Holy Family!

Pray for Us.



AY we merit to have thee, Saint Joseph, as our Patron! What an example thou art to us! From all the sons of men, God chose thee to be the guardian of His most precious treasures. Yet the consciousness of thy authority only increased the unfathomable depths of the humility and self-abnegation. As a true Head of the Holy Family, thou didst seek to be the least—the servant toiling incessantly for daily bread.

No thought of pride marred the perfection of thy service. Self-esteem, conceit in thine own worthiness were utterly unknown to thee. Love of God was the motive of all thy actions—to live for Him, to serve Him, thy only ambition, thy only desire. How God loved thee in return! For thy fidelity, He chose thee while on earth to be His dearest friend, the nearest to Him next to His own Blessed Mother.

O, blessed and honoured Head of the Holy Family, be to us, the brethren of Jesus, the sons and daughters of Mary—be to us always our father and protector! Shield us from the dangers of the world; and by thy powerful intercession obtain for us the daily bread of Divine Grace, so that we may grow more and more like thee, humble and unselfish, and faithful in the fulfilment of every duty.

May our fervent prayers, ascending,
Move thee for our souls to plead;
And thy smile of peace descending,
Benedictions to us lead.

Thro' this life, oh! watch around us,
Fill with love our every breath;
And when parting fear surrounds us,
Guide us thro' the toils of death.



Ite ad Joseph !



EXT to His Mother, who moreso than Our Blessed Saviour's Foster-Father, can be powerful in intercession with the Son of God? No one, assuredly! Therefore, we go to Joseph with confidence and love, and advise all devout Catholics so to do. Ite ad Joseph! Saint Joseph cared for Our Blessed Lady when she became the long desired and eagerly expected Gate of Heaven. He was her sole protector when in poverty and loneliness she brought forth the Redeemer, and headed the Holy Family when Jesus was passing His childhood in Nazareth, where 'He was subject to them.' Nobody else except Mary stood in such tender and responsible relation to Him. It requires no great force of imagination, then, to picture the love that Joseph bestowed upon the Child Jesus, for Joseph knew who He really was, and was miraculously advised by the angels of what was owed to Him who was about to redeem the world.

How tender must not Jesus' love for Joseph have ever been! Joseph nestled Him in his bosom. That alone hallowed the great patriarch forever. Joseph was His Foster-Father, and is now ours through his Divine Son. How could the Lord refuse to Joseph anything that he asked of Him? We shall then implore of Joseph the graces and blessings whereof we stand in need, and he will carry our petitions to Jesus and have them generously requited. Joseph will help us for he can and will, since he is always desirous that the sacrifices and sufferings taken upon Him for our sake be not in vain. Ite ad Joseph! He will smile upon you and love you and help you as he loved and cherished and helped the Divine Child entrusted to his care by God's wonderful providence. Look at Saint Joseph there in the picture! See what a tender parent he is! He yearns to help us, too! As Saint Teresa says, 'NO PRAYER TO HIM IS LEFT UNANSWERED.' Let us go to him with the greatest love and confidence, and thus Jesus will be pleased and Mary honoured—the entire Holy Family made our friends. Ite ad Joseph!

Joseph Most Just !

Pray for Us.



FOR this invocation, we have an infallible authority, the Holy Ghost, who sums up in a single word what volumes could not better express in regard to the character of our Saint:—‘Joseph, her husband, being a just man.’ . . . (Matt. 1, 19).

Saint Jerome explains this term in the following words:—‘Joseph is called just on account of having possessed all virtues in a perfect degree.’ Justice, in fact, comprehends every virtue, inasmuch as it leads man to render to each his due: to God, to his neighbor, and to himself; and when this debt is faithfully discharged, what else can be wanting to true perfection?

We find this epithet of ‘just’ applied by the inspired writers to Noe, Simeon, Joseph of Arimathea, Cornelius, and Lot, and Our Divine Lord is styled the Just One par excellence. But study as we will the Scripture or hagiographa, where shall we find (Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother excepted) one who so well merits this title as Saint Joseph?

To God he gave his due by a lively Faith, a firm and stable hope in the advent of the Messiah, and an ardent charity which strove to the utmost to make God loved by others. He was faithful in the performance of all the duties of religion—sanctifying the feasts, reverencing the temple, honouring the priesthood. His life was one of continuous prayer, and of constant devotion to Jesus and Mary.

To all mankind he rendered their due by respecting them in their honour, their property, and their life. A scion of David’s royal line, he obeys the Roman mandate, even the Idumean tyrant wrings from him no word of protest or complaint.

REV. E. KELLY.

Joseph Most Pure !

Pray for Us.



ES, Foster-Father of Jesus, what must have been thy purity that thou didst merit to be the guardian of Jesus, the Lamb without spot, and of Mary, His Immaculate Mother !

When He was upon earth, those whom Jesus loved best, those whom He kept nearest to Him, were His Virgin Mother, His Virgin Disciple, and then, His Virginal Foster-Father. Thy purity must have been a constant source of joy and delight to the Heart of the Divine Lord. When the Almighty desired a protector and spouse for her who was the fairest of His daughters, He signified His choice by causing thy staff to blossom into lilies—fitting symbol of the great purity of thy soul.

Many holy writers have deemed it most probable that Saint Joseph received the gift of original justice as the Baptist had, and that he was by a special grace preserved from venial sin. Most certain it is that his constant association with Jesus would indicate a purity that only union with God can bring. And how close were the ties that united him to His God ! We cannot compare him with any other saint. As his office was unshared, so was his grace. It followed the peculiarities of his office. It stood alone.

Purity, then, of body and of soul, was a distinguishing mark of Saint Joseph's sanctity, and that purity was crowned with Purity of mind, for he had always the sole desire of pleasing God.

Joseph Most Pure, thy life teaches us eloquently the lesson of purity, and the love of Jesus for pure souls. Pray for us and obtain for us by thy most powerful intercession a purity like thine, that we may be loved by Jesus !

Be purity of life the test—
Leave to the heart, to Heaven, the rest.

Joseph Most Prudent !

Pray for Us.



RUDENCE may be defined as 'Right reason applied to practice.' Saint Thomas Aquinas tells us that this virtue is especially necessary for Superiors—what eminent prudence would not he need, of whom it is written that the Son of God was subject to him.

Saint Joseph was possessed of that true prudence which manfully makes every effort possible to secure the end in view, but knowing the limitations of all human endeavour, relies entirely on Divine Aid for the fulfilment.

By the exercise of prudence, our Saint, a lineal descendant of the kings of Juda, lived unharmed during those perilous years in which Herod, the usurper, put to death all who might, on account of their Davidic lineage, prove claimants for the throne. Instead of proclaiming his regal ancestry, or taking part in the conspiracies against the intruder, Saint Joseph assumed the humble lot of an artisan and lived in peace and serenity. When by the designs of Providence, he is prompted toward the married state, he chooses his spouse, not because of her worldly possessions, her physical beauty, or her graceful accomplishments, but on account of her unparalleled piety and beauty of soul.

What admirable prudence did he not exhibit in his conduct towards Mary, when, as yet uninformed of the accomplishment of the Incarnation, her condition gave him much concern. In silence he pondered over the matter, and had determined upon the most prudent course to take when his doubts and fears were happily dispelled by the heavenly Messenger.

From that moment, the prudence of Saint Joseph was, under God, the shield and buckler that protected the Divine Infant and His Mother from every peril. All that a human being could do for their care, he did, and when supernatural means were used by God to inform him of things necessary for their welfare, our Saint, promptly and unhesitatingly, obeyed the heavenly command.

REV. E. KELLY.

Saint Joseph Most Courageous !

Pray for Us.



O apply oneself with superior energy and force when obstacles and difficulties appear in the way, is a sign of courage, and is praiseworthy; to lay down one's life when the safety of the nation demands it, is a mark of courage that is noble; to live a life of continuous sacrifice in defence of the interests of Jesus Christ, is a degree of courage that is most meritorious.

Saint Joseph may well be called 'most courageous' for his whole life is a continued exercise of this noble virtue. On different occasions and amidst difficulties that would make others tremble with fear, he manifested his courage in an eminent degree. Of moral, as well as of physical courage, he gives us a glowing example.

In the midst of appalling dangers, placing a firm confidence in the Providence of God, he dispels from his mind all the fears that assail him. When his brightest hopes seemed to be frustrated, the noble virtue does not fail him, and a whisper from God's messenger is sufficient reason to make him apply himself with renewed vigor to carry out the Divine plans.

Fearing to take Mary as his wife, as soon as he was informed of the Divine intervention, all fears were cast aside and he accepted as his beloved Spouse, the humble virgin of Nazareth. From Nazareth to Bethlehem he undertook a long and tiresome journey. The conditions and circumstances that surrounded the birth of Jesus, demanded from His Foster-Father a courage more than human. When the life of the Divine Infant was endangered by the cruel, unmerciful order of Herod then, after receiving the warning from on High, did Saint Joseph display by undertaking under painful conditions that long and perilous journey, a courage that cannot but be admired.

Fortified by 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life' for whose glory he exposed himself, Saint Joseph was, at all times, most courageous.

O, Saint Joseph most Courageous, pray for us !

REV. FRANCIS J. MORRISSEY, D.D.

Joseph Most Obedient !

Pray for Us.



S obedience consists in the humble submission of the will to legitimate authority, the highest form of obedience is to be found in the entire submission to supreme authority, to God Himself. Although superior courage is attributed to our holy Patron on account of his readiness to sacrifice himself in the interests of the Divine Child, still, as 'obedience is better than sacrifice,' (1 Kings, 15, 22), we may conclude that the high state of perfection attained by Saint Joseph was founded upon his promptness to obey the Voice of God.

In the holy patriarch we find a model of conformity to the Divine Will. 'An Angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying: "Arise and take the Child and His Mother, and fly into Egypt." . . . who arose, and took the Child and His Mother by night and retired into Egypt. . . . An Angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph in Egypt, saying: "Arise and take the child and His Mother, and go into the land of Israel" . . . who arose, and took the Child and His Mother, and came into the land of Israel.' (Matt. 11, 13-21).

No wonder that the great Patriarch was prompt and ready to obey the whispers of God's angels, for to please Jesus alone, Saint Joseph lived and laboured. His whole life was to watch, to know, and to do the Will of Jesus Christ, His God and Saviour.

Living in close union with the Son of God, the Sun from which shines every perfection, Saint Joseph could not help but be penetrated by the rays of Divine Light. But Jesus was obedience itself, 'obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.' In the presence of such a glowing example, Joseph could not but yield to its influence.

To an age in revolt against lawful authority, Saint Joseph is a model of perfect obedience without murmur or hesitation to God's Holy Will. Saint Joseph, most obedient, pray for us.

REV. FRANCIS J. MORRISSEY, D.D.

Saint Joseph Most Faithful!

Pray for Us.



OW admirably connected and linked together are the christian virtues that are to be found in a 'just' man! Because the Foster-Father of Jesus wished by his prompt obedience to conform his every action with the Divine Will, he was most faithful to all his duties, for faithfulness to duty in every condition of life is the surest sign of conformity to God's Will.

Saint Joseph was a faithful father and a faithful spouse. Chosen by God to be called the father of Jesus, and as such reputed by men, the holy Patriarch guided and protected, as well as adored and loved, the Incarnate Word of God. Solicitous for the temporal welfare of the Child-Jesus, his labour of love was to instigate, by every means in his power, the wants and privations of the Divine Infant.

Still far higher, holier, and more important was the mission of Saint Joseph when he was chosen to save the life of the Infant Saviour. When danger and death hovered round the cradle of our Redeemer, Saint Joseph was His guardian and deliverer. For years did Jesus and Joseph live in the intimate relationship of son and father. Saint Joseph called Him son, and Jesus called Saint Joseph father. What a close union with the Son of God! And as the greatest saints are formed, not by extraordinary acts, but by their fidelity to do well the duty assigned to them by God, so Saint Joseph was most faithful to the duties imposed upon him by Divine Providence.

As Spouse of the Mother of God, he was destined to protect her in time of danger, to console her in sorrow and trouble, to sustain her by his daily labour, to be her companion in travel, her joy and comfort through life. How faithfully he fulfilled his sublime mission is hardly questioned.

The guide and guardian of the Holy Family will never be found lacking in fidelity to those who have consecrated themselves under his paternal guidance and protection. When we draw the last breath of our life, may our holy Patron be found 'most faithful' to his faithful children. O Saint Joseph, most faithful, pray for us!

REV. FRANCIS J. MORRISSEY, D.D.

Lover of Poverty!

Pray for Us.



THE life of Joseph being one of labour and drudgery, he is numbered with the poor. Poverty was to be a determining virtue of his life. As Christ robed Himself in the swaddling clothes of the poor, in order to consecrate the livery of the poor, by contact with His divinity, so that the hem of His garment gave forth a healing power, in like manner also did Joseph accept the lot of the poor with all its affecting circumstances, that he might make poverty greater than the wealth of Cæsar by consecrating it with a life spent in the service of Jesus and Mary. As an honest breadwinner, he demonstrated how the poor may toil in the workshop of Mammon, and at the same time, give the fruit of his life to God. As the descendant of royalty, he exchanged the spoils of earth, for the 'treasures in heaven', that having nothing, he might possess all things, that being needy he might enrich many. Though his life had been tested by the trials and troubles attendant on poverty, he never allowed any obstacle to deflect him from what he regarded as his duty to Jesus and Mary. His poverty ranked him with the 'lower orders' and excluded him from the society of the cultured and the educated. Regardless of this, he uncomplainingly shared its humiliations and its burdens. He bore what was worse than poverty itself—its accompaniments. In regard to poverty, there are more forbidding features than hunger and rags. Food and clothing are often easier to get than wholesome surroundings and good companionship. Joseph illustrated for the benefit of the poor, that peace and family happiness, must have their source in the home, rather than in the low environment that but too often is the fate of the poor. In his own person he gave poverty a new charm, made it bearable and so sanctified it, that it became a condition of the whole life of Christ, as well as of all who prefer to follow Him in the religious state. In Him 'the poor have the gospel preached to them.' O Lover of Poverty, pray for us!

REV. FATHER CLINE.

Mirror of Patience!

Pray for Us.



LOVE inspires the biographer to unfold to posterity the life of him whom he venerates and has prompted this article on Saint Joseph, that the faithful may copy into their lives his silent and domestic virtues.

Saint Joseph receives but scant mention in the Gospels, the only reliable source of our information. The Holy Ghost dictates his biography in two words—a 'just man'. But like steam that gains force with compression, its brevity only insures its pithiness; for justice in its generic sense includes all the virtues that constitute perfect holiness of life. No more outstanding than the ordinary mechanic of his day, and not less hampered with the oversight and calls of a dependent family, his life lacked that show and exterior splendour which usually gain the appreciation of the world. His journey through life was made over the toilsome road of the poor. He lived and died in the humble walks of society. Like the flower that opens at evening, only to bloom in the night, his life 'blushed unseen', and can be fully recorded only in the 'Book with the Seven Seals.' The fact, too, that Providence employed him as a screen, or wall of defence, to shield from the vulgar gaze the profound and delicate mysteries of the Incarnation and Nativity, may, in part, explain the indefiniteness and silence in which his life is shrouded. However, despite his obscurity, we know from his title of 'just man' that he has a place in the first circle of God's special servants. In him, holiness glowed, rather than shone, under the subdued shades of poverty and humility. By the obscurity of his life we are reminded that, owing to our poor estimate of values, the score of life in this world may be computed either below or above our deserts. The calendar of the saints is no exception. Perhaps it is that the holiness of some saints shines at once, like the pearl, with a steadfast brilliancy, that cannot be mistaken, whereas that of others, like the diamond, develops its lustre only by the slow touches of time.

REV. FATHER CLINE.

Model of All Who Labour !

Pray for Us.



OME saints, like the polar sun, seem too distant to light our way, or rather are too far removed from us for imitation. Saint Joseph is not of those. His arduous and unpretentious life places him upon our own level. As one of earth's toilers we see him in the humble capacity of village carpenter, struggling against what many nowadays might consider over-mastering poverty. In his limited craft of making ploughs, yokes, and crude house furniture, he earned but a mere subsistence. As a consequence the board of the Holy Family was bare and the meal frugal. Yet under such meagre provision we read that the Child grew and waxed strong. This is true of the child of the honest labourer of to-day as then, he waxes stronger in the atmosphere of domestic virtue than the petted darling nurtured in the lap of luxury. Joseph as God's Co-operator in maintaining the Holy Family by the sweat of his brow, restored to labour its lost dignity, and placed the labourer among the first of God's noblemen. It was he who introduced Christ to the world of labour. In his shop did Christ become the Master Workman of all time. Surely, Joseph is the workingman's saint.

Oh ! if thy fate with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty toil
With the hot, burning tears of toil—
To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburthened brain,
Heavy with labour, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain,
Only its emotion, not its power;
Remember in that perilous hour
When most afflicted and oppress,
From labour there shall come forth rest.

Assuredly, 'where love is, there is no labour; and if there be labour, that labour is loved.'

REV. FATHER CLINE.

Glory of Family Life !

Pray for Us.



THE importance of the Catholic family cannot be overestimated. It is there that the Church's future members and defenders are trained. Heroic missionaries, devout nuns, holy priests, future pious fathers and mothers of families—all receive the germs of faith and Christian fortitude under the parental roof tree; and the greater number of religious owe the first development of their vocation to the teachings and example given to them by good parents. Family life is, therefore, an essential for the very existence of the Church, and for the carrying on of the incessant combat against her foes. As an army in war-time drafts fresh troops from the various camps and training grounds, so the Church looks to the good Catholic family for fresh recruits to swell the ranks of the army of the Lord. And so, in the Catholic family, parents should ever be on the watch to encourage the growth of religious grace and piety in the minds of the little ones. Every good example, every little lesson of holiness and faith inculcated, may be a seed that will in future spring up as a determinant in the life of a great saint or a great missionary of the Church. Saint Joseph is especially the 'Glory of Family Life', because to him parents can look for a true and steadfast ideal in all their trials and difficulties.

We are told that when the villagers around Nazareth felt discouraged and downcast, they said to one another: 'Let us go and see the family of the Carpenter.' Catholic parents should often make this little visit with the villagers, in spirit. Let them imagine a beautiful morning in the early springtime as they walk with the others up the narrow, white, winding road that leads to the home of Joseph. Beneath them lies a deep valley, vividly green with the freshened grass, and the tender verdure of the young olives and pomegranates, and threaded like a silver maze by the clear-flowing Kishon and its tributary streams. Mount Gerizim's

opal-tinged summit looming against the southern skyline, bars the view towards Gilgal and the Holy City. To the east, bounding the fertile Jordan valley, stand the lofty heights of Thabor and Hermon, and far away to the north may be noticed a grateful glimpse of the fairy blue of the lovely Lake of Galilee! It is all holy and blessed land to-day, for the footsteps of Christ have consecrated it. Soon the gates of the little flat-roofed town appear; they enter and come to the house of the carpenter. Without a moment's hesitation, they go in, and are received with smiles of welcome from the inmates. And these smiles work a strange alchemy in the souls of the visitors. Gloom and sadness fall away from them, like mists that scatter and disappear before the warmth of the noonday sun. The carpenter pauses in his work at the bench for a moment to exchange kindly greetings, then cheerfully resumes his toil. The boy Jesus, who is busy aiding his foster-father, turns a look of such entrancing sweetness upon the new-comers that they feel a thousand times repaid for all the toil of the journey!

There is nothing unusual in that household scene. It is just what the visitors expected to see. But a strange peace falls upon their hearts, because all is well with the family of the Carpenter and all is well with God's world. And all will ever be well with the family where each person does his or her daily duty, fears God, and makes of every word and action an oblation and a prayer, as Saint Joseph did.

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.



Preserver of Virgins !

Pray for Us.



SAINT Joseph is hailed as the 'preserver of virgins'. He merited this title by his loving and tender care of the Virgin Mother, and by his unceasing solicitude in warding off anything that might offend her pure and limpid soul. All who would lead a pure and chaste life should have recourse to his powerful intercession. As he kept away the stench and contamination of carnal and voluptuous Egypt from his own beloved home, so he will guard their souls and bodies from the vices and temptations of this modern world. And there is nothing the Catholic family of to-day needs more than protection from this flood of impurity that, like a putrid sea, is daily surging. Impurity and its suggestions spread their leprous taint over the ordinary fiction of the common libraries and book-stalls, and over the columns of the secular press. Impurity and vice flaunt themselves brazenly upon the streets. If impurity and vice find an entrance into that last and strongest citadel of God, the Catholic family, all is lost. It is the wondrous gifts of purity, chastity, and virginity, which have made the Catholic Church the power she is to-day, for only to the pure is accorded that clear inward vision which appraises the vain glories and allurements of the world at their proper worthlessness, and sees the things of the spirit in their true and priceless value and merit. 'Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.' The pure of heart are those who make the greatest sacrifices and who undergo the severest trials for the extension of God's reign on earth. Purity, in the Catholic Church, is given a pre-eminence transcending all others. Those who are pure in thought, word, and deed, shall 'shine like stars in the Kingdom of Heaven.'

Saint Joseph, in his title of 'Preserver of Virgins,' is a most powerful aid to all who are truly desirous of cultivating the Angelic Virtue of Purity—of having the love and tranquillity of Heaven in their homes and in their hearts.

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

Mainstay of Families!

Pray for Us.



BEFORE we can reasonably apply to any one any title, we must know its full meaning and the worthiness of the one to whom it is given. Take this beautiful title, 'Mainstay of Families,' and seek to learn as best we can in what way it is applicable to Saint Joseph. When we speak of any father as the mainstay of his family, we embody in that word all that for which the heart yearns in regard to support, comfort, trust, and love. Bearing this in mind, turn to the humble dwelling of Nazareth and there contemplate the Father of the Holy Family, the Mainstay of Jesus and Mary. What an unfailing support did they find in him! Mary had some slight inheritance from her parents, but not sufficient to preclude the need of Joseph's assistance. He was their main support and laboured day after day for those dear Ones of God. But to know that Saint Joseph was the support of the Holy Family is not enough to justify his being called its Mainstay. Did they find in him the comfort that the human heart seeks when trials weigh heavy? Did it bring sweet consolation to the Sacred Heart of the Boy Jesus to know that Joseph's love for His Mother had helped to brighten those years of exile? Did the Mother and the Son place in him their unbounded confidence and trust? But sweeter still did they find in him, one who returned them love for love? Ah! need we ask? Surely not, for it must be plain to all that in him they found all that they could desire—the one given to them by the Eternal Father. Yes! the very Shadow of the Eternal Father Himself. He was indeed their mainstay taken in the fullest sense of its meaning.

If Jesus and Mary found in Saint Joseph their main support, why should we hesitate? Let us, then, go to him, for it is his special prerogative 'to defend, cherish, and embrace with paternal arms all who fly to him.'

Solace of the Afflicted!

Pray for Us.



SAINT Joseph, Solace of the Afflicted!' Do any of the other titles given our Saint seem to say so plainly—'He is ours—He is among us!' Where but on earth could he fulfil that duty? Here, we all agree, there is much for him to do, for the world is full of those afflicted, who for a time at least must feel the touch of soothing hand on weary head, and hear the words that have power to quiet the troubled heart. There are, indeed, among us some whom God has chosen to be true agents of solace, but still there are times when the stricken soul finds not, in human sympathy, the solace that nature seeks, when the heart must turn back to Heaven, even as did its Divine Master in the awful stillness of Gethsemane. Does God send an angel to comfort? Listen! When pleading seems in vain and thoughts have rested longingly on those faithful three, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, who once trod the same troubled earth, perhaps when the distance from them seems greater than ever, Jesus sends His Mother and His Foster-Father. They remind us of every detail in the sorrows that they endured together. How that Mother suffered! What afflictions are like hers! We see her in the Temple after the Prophecy of Simeon—the words have reached her heart, the sword can not be withdrawn. Can that pure Mother endure the weight of sin? What are her feelings as she looks at the Infant God, weak and helpless for love of ungrateful man. We do not read that Saint Joseph consoled her then, but we know that when her eyes rested on him, she must have thought, 'Here is one who is faithful, one who will never be ungrateful.' We shall not know the comfort this knowledge brought to Mary's heart until we know SIN as she did.

We see her again when with the Infant God clasped to her breast, she hears that He must be taken quickly to a strange land. So soon His enemies are hunting Him! Where is there

solace for her, who loves Him so much? Ah, can we doubt that she found comfort even in the quiet submission with which Joseph made the preparations for and undertook that difficult journey? Then, too, Joseph's constancy and labour during the years of exile in that land of idols, must have been to her as the voice of a soul serving God as He made souls to serve Him.

We have still another chance to see that faithful one—truly a solace—for was he not with Mary when Jesus was lost for three days? Her sorrow was great, yet we think it had been greater if she had wandered alone about the great city. 'Thy father and I have sought Thee.' Jesus was His all, as He was hers, and if even now, unfaithful man had begun his violence, Jesus knew Joseph was faithful.


We are sure that Joseph was a solace to the Child God and Man God for the same reason that he was such to Our Blessed Lady. Because of his love for that God, this duty of solacing Him seems to have been essentially his. When asked whom does Jesus love most, we answer almost without a pause—'Those whom He afflicts most'.—Do you not, O Glorious Saint, love them most, too? Then, we do not make a mistake in calling thee 'Solace of the Afflicted.' We are confident that our prayer said with faith must make thee God's messenger of comfort, as of old.

Saint Joseph, Solace of the Afflicted, pray for us!

Now let us thank the Eternal Power, convinced
The Heaven that tries our virtues by affliction,
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

Hope of the Sick!

Pray for Us.

ORPORAL infirmities are considered, perhaps by all, the greatest of temporal afflictions. The sick person ceases not to seek remedies for his disease and is willing to spend all his earthly goods if he may be restored to perfect health. But is not the father of such a one as anxious as the sufferer? Is he not willing to suffer himself as well as to use up all his resources in behalf of his afflicted son, if by so doing he see the slightest hope of bringing about a cure or even of alleviating pain? Can we then doubt that the paternal heart of Saint Joseph will prompt him to use his powerful intercession to gain for his children this great blessing?

They have but to prove themselves his children and he who is so powerful in Heaven will procure for them the cure. We have every day instances of cures wrought through his intercession. More wise than earthly fathers, he may defer granting what is asked or even obtain some other blessing for us instead of the relief from pain. Yet we may always feel assured that if our fervent prayers are not answered in the way we desire, we receive as a result of them many more necessary blessings.

Saint Joseph will teach us to be resigned to God's Will in our afflictions, to bear our ills with great merit before God. Nay, he will even lead us to suffer joyously, as he did for love of Jesus, and to look upon our illness as a further proof of God's love for us. Is not this a greater hope than the hope of cure, namely, the hope that we may serve God by resignation to His Will in illness and thus store up treasures of merit in heaven?

Let us, then, with a little of the confidence of Saint Teresa seek help from our glorious patron in time of sickness, whether physical or mental. He will ever prove our hope and comfort in affliction.

Patron of the Dying !

Pray for Us.



HO of us does not know, with all certainty, that sooner or later, there will come for each one a dread day of reckoning, when the senses of the poor body will, one by one, be robbed of their power, and the icy finger of death will rest upon the brow? And since death is the one thing of which we can be certain, does it not behoove us to make our preparations, now that it is still day, for 'the night cometh, wherein no man can work'? If a person engage in a law-suit, on the event of which depends an immense gain or utter ruin, does he not call in the aid of some eminent lawyer, upon whose zeal for his interests, he may safely depend? Now, each one of us at the hour of death is about to hear an irrevocable sentence upon which will depend eternal life or damnation. Are we to be less diligent in matters concerning our spiritual welfare than persons of the world in those which concern only material gain? Surely not, and therefore we should with all earnestness, call upon some one to plead our cause, and to obtain for us a favourable sentence at that awful tribunal, whence there is no appeal. Who is there better qualified to perform this charitable office than Saint Joseph, the acknowledged Advocate of dying Christians? There are many motives that should urge us to choose Saint Joseph rather than any other Saint. First, he is the dear Foster-Father of Jesus, Our Judge, whereas the other Saints are only His friends. We have only to turn to Nazareth and study for a few minutes Saint Joseph's sublime vocation as guide, guardian, and father to Jesus, if we would know how immeasurably great is his power with our Sovereign Judge. Think you that Jesus can refuse to listen favourably to the entreaties of him whom He honoured with the sweet name of 'Father'? Ah! no. When Saint Joseph presents his client before the Judgment Seat of Jesus Christ, and pleads by the love and devotion he bore Him during His Infancy and Child-

hood, the appeal will be irresistible, and Saint Joseph's tender love will serve as a chain to bind the Hands of Jesus, even as formerly God's Hands were bound when He said to Moses, 'Suffer me at least to do justice.' And Saint Joseph will not yield before he obtains a full pardon for the sinner. Then, again, in that last struggle, the human heart 'born to love' will look for a friend whose sympathy will suggest numberless ways of administering comfort and alleviating the grievous anguish of that last hour. Who is better qualified to undertake so necessary, so consoling a ministry than he, who himself received such powerful assistance, such exquisite consolation at life's close. His death was the most singularly privileged and the most happy ever recorded in the annals of mankind. For Saint Joseph alone was reserved the happiness of beholding Jesus and Mary bending over his bed of death. Now, the noble of heart, when they receive much, are always desirous of bestowing like benefits on others. So it is with Saint Joseph. He will not fail to obtain for his devoted clients a goodly share of the sweet privileges he himself enjoyed. Let us, then, during life, invoke him with loving confidence, that he may be our powerful Advocate with Jesus, our sure Defence against Satan, and our Father and Friend when the shadows of Death draw nigh.

The death-bed of the just is yet undrawn
By mortal hand—it merits a divine.
Angels should paint it—angels ever there—
There on a post of honor and of joy.
A death-bed's a detector of the heart;—
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask:
Virtue alone has majesty in death.

Patron of the Dying, Beloved Saint Joseph, pray for us!

Terror of the Demons !

Pray for Us.



OUR wrestling is not against flesh and blood ; but . . . against the spirits of wickedness in the high places, so declares Saint Paul, who had painful experience of the truth of his words in the incessant attacks of an angel of Satan sent to buffet him. It is fearful to think of our being exposed to conflicts with spirits so malicious and so superior to us, who endeavor to thwart the designs of God by deceiving and corrupting men, turning them against their Creator, and finally leading them to eternal misery. But we have within our grasp the certain means of securing the victory over all the temptations of Satan. For God counterbalances evil by the forces that He has placed at our disposition, such as, His own presence, our faith, prayer, and the command of grace. Besides these we have the special protection afforded us by the patronage of Saint Joseph the 'Terror of the Demons.' From the very fact that Saint Joseph is declared by the Holy Ghost to be a 'just' man, the demons fall,' and he whom Christ obeyed on earth still retains just shall have dominion over them.' Moreover, Saint Joseph was the guardian of Christ 'Whose nod makes trembling demons fall,' and he whom Christ obeyed on earth still retains an authority of affection over Christ in heaven ; thus, his wishes, like the wishes of Mary, are commands, and his intercession is all-powerful. Such is evidently the mind of the Church—since in her office on the Feast of Saint Joseph she sings :

The King of kings, the Lord of all,
 The God whom heaven in awe attends,
 Whose nod makes trembling demons fall,
 To thee in meek submission bends.

Protector of the Holy Church !

Pray for Us !



THE Church thrives under the persecution of the sword; her most dangerous enemies are they, who, having rebelled against her divine authority, attempt to draw her children into schism and heresy. Against such, Our Lord has provided her with a most powerful protector in the person of Saint Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church. The proud spirit of rebellion has time and again in the history of the Church yielded to the influence of the meek carpenter of Nazareth, whose distinguishing virtue is unquestioning obedience. The same Joseph, who by prompt obedience to the command of God, delivered the Child Jesus from the wrath of Herod, has throughout the ages shielded the mystical body of Christ from the jealous hatred of heresy and schism. The following quotation from Father Sheehan describes a particular instance in the history of the Church :

‘In 1416 devotion to Saint Joseph was proposed to the Fathers gathered together in the Council of Constance, as the most effectual remedy for the evils the Church was suffering from. In less than a year perfect peace was restored; the distractions of schisms and dissensions ceased; and, under the mild patronage of Saint Joseph, the ever-suffering Church had its history of persecution broken by a moment of peace, which she seldom and only at rare intervals enjoys. Time went on, and now it was not a passing schism, but the most fearful heresy that desolated the Church. But devotion to Saint Joseph lived and was fostered in the Church by the greatest of his devoted clients, Saint Teresa; and when many of the nations of Europe rejected Christ by rejecting His Church, the Child and His foster-father passed away into heathen lands; and as at the passing of the Child in His Father’s arms into Egypt, the idols trembled and fell, so heathenism disappeared where Jesus and Joseph were preached by their priests, and whole kingdoms were evangelized and won over to God.’

Editorial.

Saint Patrick.

'Saint Joseph Lilies' greets thee, O glorious Saint Patrick, Apostle of Ireland! From thy tender years, thou didst make it thy supreme delight to chant devoutly unto the Lord the inspired melodies of the Royal Prophet, and to pour forth from thy most pure heart the fragrance of many prayers.

While almost all the nations of Northern Europe were plunged in the darkness of paganism, thou, Saint Patrick, with no other breastplate than thine innocence, no other armour than humility and prayer, didst go forth on thy divine mission, cross the stormy seas, and land on that virginal island which had ever been inaccessible to the flight of the Roman eagle—that island which still retains traces of thy long captivity, and the atmosphere of whose verdant hills is yet embalmed with the odour of thy ejaculations of love and of resignation. There, thou didst plant the standard of our redemption; there, thou didst raise the torch of divine light, and announce to the astonished, but docile Hibernians, the glad tidings of salvation.

The sanctity of thy life, the eloquence of thy example, and the ardour of thy zeal, didst gain for thee so irresistible an ascendancy over the inhabitants, that thou didst encounter almost no opposition. The altars of idolatry crumbled at thy approach, and temples to the true God sprang up from their ruins; the glens re-echo no more the sounds of the Druid priest and bard; but in the valley and on the mountain-side, the incense of the heart's warmest devotion rises in praise and adoration to Him who liveth and reigneth. After half a century of the most indefatigable labours, thou didst bid adieu to thy converted isle, and, on being introduced into the abode of the blessed, didst present her to the Eternal as one of the brightest gems that ever sparkled in the crown of triumphant Christianity.

For almost three centuries after thy death, O Holy Apostle, the Church of Ireland towered on the western borders of Europe as a pillar of celestial fire diffusing its heat on every side, and flinging its light back to the very gates of Rome—the portals of the sanctuary from which the spark had been originally borrowed.

Other nations have dug the martyr's grave for their first missionaries, but thy country, O Apostle of Ireland, never raised her hands against the Lord's anointed; and until the sword of persecution fell upon her own neck in the sixteenth century, hers was a virgin soil, which had never been moistened by so much as one drop of martyr's blood. And even then, although subjected to the most sanguinary persecution that ever crimsoned the page of history, she remained as firm in the faith of her glorious Apostle, as the giant pyramids among the furious winds and storms of the desert. Art thou not justly proud that, of the numberless heresies that have appeared at different times, not one claim an Irishman as its author, or faithful and constant Ireland as its birth-place? Hail, therefore, Holy Church of Ireland! Thou hast stood, and thou shalt stand, unchanged and indestructible, amid the memorials that time and tyranny have scattered around thy basis. 'Saint Joseph Lilies' salutes thee on this, its first, seventeenth of March!



The Passing of a Friend.



EVEREND John Aloysius Sullivan, C. S. B., Prefect of Discipline in Saint Michael's College, died at noon Tuesday, February the fourth. Robust as usual, he drove out early Sunday morning to say Mass at the Prisons. Within the preceding twenty-four hours the weather turned bitterly cold. As a result a chill set in, which quickly developed into pneumonia. No special danger was apprehended until Monday evening, when he was removed to Saint Michael's Hospital. Within two hours such advancement had been made by the insidious disease that all hope of recovery was given up. Rev. Father F. Walsh, C.S.B., administered the last sacraments, attended by Very Rev. Father N. Roche, C.S.B., and Rev. Father S. McGrath, of the Cathedral. Several of the Sisters and others who were present remarked upon the religious fervour of this last preparation for eternity, so full of faith, charity, and patience. Fifteen hours after leaving the College Father Sullivan breathed his last.

Born at Fall River, Mass., thirty-nine years ago, John A. Sullivan came to Saint Michael's College in 1888, entered Saint Basil's Novitiate in 1892, and was ordained at Assumption College, Sandwich, by Archbishop O'Connor in 1898. He taught various academic forms in his Alma Mater, as, also at Sandwich and Waco, Texas. For a few years, he assisted in the regular parish work of Owen Sound, and incidentally was often summoned from college to parochial offices. Even to the last, in prompt response to sick-calls, regardless of time, weather, or distance, his breathless haste approximated almost to an heroic zeal.

Wednesday, at seven-thirty p. m., the remains were carried in procession into the sanctuary of Saint Basil's and Solemn Vespers was sung before a large congregation. The swelling organ, the slow chant of the office, the twinkling candles, the surpliced choristers, the presence of his brethren.



Rev. John Aloysius Sullivan, C. S. B.



Rev. John A. Sullivan, C. S. B.

the sad-faced students, the coffined priest, young and gone so soon—all served to intensify the striking pathos of this evening scene. So touching was the occasion that many an eye paid tearful tribute to the overmastering power of sympathy. The College-boys, relieving one another, kept up the night-watch till dawn, when Masses began at the three altars and continued until almost nine o'clock.

At Thursday's Funeral Mass, His Grace Archbishop McNeil assisted. In the sanctuary were about thirty priests. The celebrant was Very Rev. N. Roche, C. S. B.; Deacon, Rev. J. B. Collins, C. S. B., Detroit; Subdeacon, Rev. J. F. Player, C. S. B.; Master of Ceremonies, Rev. J. J. Purcell, C. S. B.; Assistant, Mr. Joseph Canfield.

The singing of the Mass by the College students, under the direction of Mr. E. Jules Brazil, was pronounced by some musicians present as very superior. A great proportion of the congregation consisted of young men—almost all friends of the deceased priest.

At eleven forty-five, the body was conducted by a long procession of collegians and professors to the door of Saint Basil's. Thence it was followed by Basilian Fathers to the afternoon train for transportation to Fall River, Mass. This was a consolation readily conceded to a fond father, known for his faith, who because of his years and a temporary illness, was unable to attend here the last obsequies of his son. Father Roche, with Mr. Michael Sullivan, accompanied the remains homeward for interment on February 8, 1913.

Requiescat in pace!

REV. A. E. HURLEY, C.S.B.

It matters not at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep; death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven—
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

A Letter from Rome.



ESTERDAY was truly a busy day. I have been spending most of my spare time in carriages, to catch a hurried glimpse of ancient and modern Rome. The carriage for the whole day cost fourteen lire, or two dollars and eighty cents in Canadian money. The night before last, I saw the Coliseum by moonlight, and a truly inspiring sight it was. I stood beside the crumbling Arch of Constantine and looked up at the silent ruins, within whose enclosure the meek followers of the Nazarene waited for the beasts of prey let loose upon them by pagan savagery. It was easy to people the silent seats of the great amphitheatre with that curious blood-thirsty Roman multitude, as it looked calmly down upon the unresisting victims and wondered at the strange fanaticism that could lead full-grown men, frail women, and even children of tender years to cast away their lives in defence of an idea. As I looked, my mind was carried back to those far-off nights when the roar of the lions reverberated through the amphitheatre and penetrated to the cells, where Christian men and women, my own heroic forebears in the Faith, knelt and prayed for grace and strength to meet the fearful ordeal that awaited them on the morrow. I stood upon the very spot, perhaps, over which thousands of Christians had passed, manacles on their hands, and had gazed the while at these cruel walls within which the battle for Christ and Christian civilization was to be fought and won. The idols that they despised, are broken or buried deep beneath the dust and rubbish of the centuries; the old gods have been cast out, but new ones are set up daily by modern impiety, and the fight for Christ still goes on; but so long as this amphitheatre stands, so long will it speak eloquently of that glorious old-time victory of weak and suffering Christianity over entrenched paganism backed by the might and power of ancient Rome.

Yesterday I explored the amphitheatre within and with-



Rev. J. T. Roche, LL. D.

out. It is surely an immense affair. I saw the dens where the animals were kept and the cells where the martyrs awaited their doom. In two or three places the walls have given way, and at one of the outside corners a sustaining wall built by order of a Pope has checked, to some extent, the ravages of time.

This week I have said Mass at altars under which repose the bodies of three great saints, one of them the beloved apostle of Rome, Saint Philip Neri, the Patron of Extension and the founder of the Oratorians, of which the late Cardinal Newman was a member. And Rome deserves to be called in a particular manner, the city of the saints. At every turn, the pilgrim finds himself before the shrine of some great confessor, virgin, or martyr; and almost every church contains some masterpiece of art, either a painting, a piece of sculpture, or a mosaic, the sight of which alone would well repay a visit to the Eternal City.

To-day I have seen, too, those precious relics of the Saviour's passion. They are in several churches. I think that no one can put down on paper the emotions that surge through the heart of one who sees for the first time the very table of the Last Supper, the steps of Pilate's house, which steps Our Lord ascended and descended on the first Good Friday, the veil of Veronica, the pillar to which Christ was tied for the fearful scourging; and, when one stands in the chapel of Saint Helena upon the very earth brought from the top of Mount Calvary, and goes from there to kneel before the reliquary that contains two thorns from the crown that pierced His Sacred Head and one of the nails that pierced His feet, one ceases to wonder that Alfred the Great and other distinguished personages, throughout the centuries, have come hither as barefooted pilgrims to kneel and venerate these precious memorials of the Saviour's passion. And all these I have venerated within the brief space of one never-to-be-forgotten day.

In the church of Saint Lawrence 'Without the Walls,' a favourite Roman shrine, I saw the tomb of Pius IX. of blessed memory. There is little doubt in Rome that some day he will be raised to the altars of the Church. The interior of this

wonderful edifice, dedicated to Saint Lawrence has enough of artistic memorials to occupy one's attention during the space of a whole week. Under the high altar are the tombs of Saint Stephen and Saint Lawrence. In the chapel on the left are venerated the relics of over seven hundred martyrs, but nothing in the whole church touched me so deeply as did the simple tomb of this sainted pontiff, who had his own period of martyrdom and who, when dying, directed that his tomb be constructed in the simplest manner possible, and even prescribed in his last will the amount of money that was to be expended on it. The love and veneration of the faithful have not been satisfied to leave this plain tomb within its iron railing to remain without adornment. The chapel in which it is, has been richly decorated and the faithful all over the world have contributed towards its adornment. The mosaics in the wall are particularly fine and the different countries are represented by their coats of arms, which give a rather attractive setting to the scheme of decoration.

In the ruins of Pompey's theatre I saw the base of the statue, before which the great Cæsar was struck down by Brutus and the other conspirators. History tells us that the body lay there three days before the senators concluded to give him that public burial which Mark Anthony used to advantage in promoting his own ambitions. Our guide pointed to some dark stains on the base of the statue and would have us believe that these were the stains left by the great Cæsar's blood—a wonderful story indeed; but it were easy to believe anything concerning that man of destiny whose tragic fate has elicited many a sympathetic sigh ever since the day when his hand was stilled in death, as it reached out for a kingly crown. Altogether it was a day of many changing impressions and emotions; but the most vivid impression I carry away with me is that Rome of to-day is as surely the Rome of the Popes as it was in the days of Leo X. Everything that the Eternal City possesses of historic or artistic value, it owes to some public-spirited Pontiff. From the sustaining wall of the Coliseum down to the Pantheon and beyond, every monument worth visiting, every memorial of pagan antiquity bears the impress

of some Pope's love of the beautiful and his zeal for the preservation of historic landmark. Before the breach of the Porta Pia, Italy was the world's master as far as the beautiful in art was concerned and it was the encouragement of great Popes that made it so. United Italy is loud and blatant; it has its proclamations of liberty and equality, its fine sounding terms and its platitudes; but it is the Rome of the Popes to which the world flocks and if these things which they gave to Rome were removed, it would be as deserted as Nineveh and Babylon, and the silence of the Coliseum by moonlight would be over it all.

We drove past the beautiful Trevi fountain the last thing yesterday, and I threw in the coin that assured my return some day. And who would not wish to return to this beautiful city, the seat of the world's greatest empire in the olden days and of the world's greatest spiritual empire at the present hour. What I have seen here of the workings of the Church will help me on my trip around the world. It will help me to appreciate and understand that wonderful missionary church, born of Rome's zeal for the conversion of the swarming millions of the Orient. Ave Roma immortalis!

REV. J. T. ROCHE, LL.D.

May Christ, who gave thee to me as a Friend,
Vouchsafe Himself to thee,
And in His Love unbounded condescend
To be thy truest and thy dearest Friend,
Closer than I could be :
That in His bond of love our souls may blend
In perfect sympathy,
And each may daily to His care commend
The threefold being of the absent friend,—
His Gift to thee and me.

The Call of the Rockies.



WHEN, physically jaded and mentally satiated with sight-seeing, I fared forth from California for home, I felt convinced that it was scarcely fair to our Canadian scenery or, for that matter, to myself that my trip should be so timed. True, even Whymper, the prince of mountaineers, had praised the Rockies even as much as his own beloved Alps, and other Alpine climbers and numberless travellers had bestowed unstinted praise on the grandeur of our Canadian Switzerland, but the expectation of my northern transcontinental trip awakened a very languid interest in me and I almost wished that aviation were developed to the extent of whisking me home cloudwise. However, as aerial navigation had not yet achieved cross-Dominion distances I was under no necessity of weighing the pros and cons of diverse locomotive agents and I bade farewell to the land of sunshine and flowers (plus a few discomforts) and entrained for Canada by way of Portland, Tacoma, and Seattle, all three of them being important cities. In Seattle, a very practical object lesson exists (in a negative way) in civic enterprise. A hill that stood in the middle of the town impeded traffic considerably; therefore, down came the hill, a victim of hydraulic engineering. The story of this achievement was reminiscent of Napoleon's remarks about the Alps. Seattle decided there should be no hill and lo! as I said, the hill exists now only in a negative way.

After a day spent in Seattle, I resisted the inclination to visit Victoria and Vancouver, though in such close proximity to the flourishing cities and I struck out for connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway at Mission Junction.

But what of that which lay before me? Jaded physically, did I say, when I set out upon my homeward trip? And satiated with sight-seeing? Ah, surely not so now. I had not reckoned with the challenge of the mighty Rockies with their canyons, their glaciers, their peaks clad in eternal snows, their

colors and tones painted by the Master Hand, their verdure—in fine, their charm which grips the soul and which can be felt, yes, absorbed in one's every fibre, but which never can be adequately described.

The train sped on. Fraser gorge was entered and its bridges were crossed; the Thompson canyon was peered into, Kamloops visited and left behind, and Revelstoke demanded a short stop-over. Here is a mountain rendered accessible and affording a wonderful view of glaciers, other mountains, valleys, and rivers. Eastward ho, again! Ard Glacier is next reached. We could not fail to visit the frozen rivers, whose life extends back into prehistoric periods. The Great Glacier with others of its ilk, embraces a compass of over one hundred and fifty-seven square miles and these shimmering monsters, the absorbing feature of the scenery here, are awe inspiring whether they shine resplendently in the light of the sun,—or robe themselves in the rainbow colors of sunset, or mayhap lie in weird slumber under the pale light of the moon and stars.

On we go and Field is next reached with its mountains and its proximity to the fascinating upper world of ice and snow. As all these and countless other places of thrilling interest unfolded themselves in a panorama of God's own making, I exclaimed again and again, 'And I had thought that nothing could impress me. Impressed I was, nay, awed, inspired, and thankful, so humbly, devoutly thankful that mine eyes had beheld these great works of His hand.

Arrived at Laggan, I, who had thought that my list of superlatives was exhausted, broke out afresh into enthusiastic admiration. Here may be seen another glacier, broad and crescent-shaped, part of it encircled by surrounding yellow cliffs. North of it are further glacial fields, one of which being the watershed of that great trinity of rivers, the Mackenzie, the Saskatchewan, and the Columbia, which issue thence and take their course to the Arctic, the Atlantic, and to the Pacific, respectively.

At Laggan is the station for the lakes in the clouds where beautiful Lakes Louise and Mirror and O'Hara Lake lie half way up to heaven, and where lies also the valley of the Ten

Peaks with Morain Lake of emerald hue lying engirt crescent-wise by the ten mountain peaks between which are fields of fathomless snow. Guides, experienced Swiss guides, are here to aid the ambitious climber; and as fish and game abound, one is moved to call this particular section the tourists' paradise.

To the train again and on we speed till Banff, the playground of the Rockies, is reached, and here my exhausted vocabulary is again overhauled to furnish expression for our new-awakened wonder. Alas! so much to see and so little time for it. For I had not reckoned upon the compelling call of the Rockies and had arranged to be in Toronto upon a certain date. Compelling it was surely, for dates were left to take care of themselves and, yielding to the allurements of the moment, I stayed. Like many others before me I had intended to scurry through, but remained to play. The Hot Springs in which invalidism yields to convalescence, where old age is rejuvenated, and where the young and healthy secure increased vigour, the wonderful Park, the scenery so extensive and diversified, the bridle and carriage paths, the caves, the fishing, in fine, a thousand and one attractions render Banff a good place in which to loiter and a difficult one to leave. However, needs must, and applying to my unsatisfied soul the unction of a return trip in the very near future, I again right about faced East.

Banff is left behind, but the mountains are still with us, those mighty sentinels whose feet are on the prairies and whose heads are clothed in clouds. The Three Sisters, weird and mysterious as those of Shakespeare, and Wind, and Pigeon mountains rear their heads in lofty grandeur. Anon the gap is approached and we soon leave our beloved mountains behind. Not so with their spell, which will brood over the soul till—when? Till, perhaps, another visit dissipates it, till perhaps, and very probably, Eternity.

The foothills, and the prairies interesting enough in their way, awaken no great enthusiasm in me. Had they been the preface of, in lieu of the sequel to my trip, they had been better appreciated, but my experience was to see the Rockies and

then—not to die, but to close my eyes and abandon myself to retrospection.

As we neared Calgary a desire arose to detrain and seek out a man whose name is a household word from Winnipeg to the Coast by reason of his labours in the Master's vineyard, which vineyard, by the way, was thousands of miles in extent and roamed over by the Indian and buffalo. I refer to Father LaCombe, the indefatigable missionary, the guide, philosopher, and friend of the Indian, the busy colonizer and the bosom friend of Lord Strathcona and Sir William Van Horne. After a life, the reading of which furnishes more thrills than any border novel, this grand old man dwells at Midrapore, near Calgary, and awaits the summons of the Master, whom he has served long and well. Had time not pressed I should have liked to close a beautiful chapter of my wanderings with the blessing of this grand old apostle. Reluctantly I continued my trip without interruption till Toronto, which spells home, was reached.

Not the least among the pleasures of a glorious trip was the opportunity afforded of studying people and character, and many were the subjects that came under my observation. Prominent amongst the number stands out Sir James Grant, of Ottawa, who was returning home after attending a meeting of Doctors at Edmonton, and it was good to see how he carried his eighty odd years with the blitheness, the keenness and I may add the jauntiness of thirty. Sir James' polished wit was at all times entertaining and particularly apt was an observation made more by way of a soliloquy than otherwise, 'Well, British Columbia and Hail Columbia have had their hands joined in goodfellowship for exactly a hundred years. May the peaceful condition continue.' To which sentiment uttered by 'Hale' Canada I add a devout Amen.

SARAH BOLSTER.

He who loves not his country can love nothing—*Dr. Johnson.*

Happy Days in Belgium.



SI turn over the leaves of my diary, few pages recall happier days than those spent in Belgium. Belgium, like Holland, is low-lying, and its area is comparatively small, but few countries, if any, have given to the world such a galaxy of fine arts, illustrious men, and splendid deeds.

The Belgians are composed of two entirely different races; the Flemings, a fair-haired, blue-eyed people of Teutonic origin, who occupy the northern and north-western parts, and the dark-complexioned descendants of the Gauls—the Walloons, who inhabit the southern portion; yet these two combine happily to make a contented, prosperous Catholic people.

We entered Antwerp by its fine harbour, which extends along the Scheldt River for over three miles, and is one of the most important and best managed harbours in the world. It is said that the name of Antwerp is derived from Flemish words which mean 'On the Wharf.' If this is so, the name is well-chosen, for much of the prosperity of Antwerp has ever been dependent upon its superb quays, which are always crowded with ships and steamers.

July, the twenty-first, is Belgium's national holiday. Being in Antwerp on that date, we were privileged to see the city and its inhabitants in all their holiday finery. One very interesting part of the celebration was a procession of some thousands of children, girls and boys. The white dresses of the girls, the beautiful silk banners carried, and the flags and bunting with which the buildings were decorated, altogether made the streets through which the children passed, very pretty indeed. Another part was a grand open-air concert and an illumination in the Zoological Gardens.

The cathedral of Antwerp, the lofty spire of which can be seen in the distance long before the rest of the town is visible, is the largest church in Belgium. The tower, which Napoleon

compared to a piece of Mechlin lace, possesses some of the finest chimes in existence. Owing to the magnificent gifts of such artists as Rubens, Tuellin, and Matsys, the cathedral became one of the richest in the world, but many of the art treasures have been lost, and of the costly interior decoration very little now remains. However, a visit to this venerable old place is amply rewarded if one waits only to see the "Elevation of the Cross" and the "Descent from the Cross," Rubens' two masterpieces, which hang, one on each side of the high altar, and the organ-case and pulpit, which are of exquisitely carved wood, the work of Verbruggen.

A very beautiful church is that of Saint Paul. Close to the church is an artificial mound—a Mount Calvary—covered with statues and pieces of rock. The mound was built by the monks in the sixteenth century. The interior of the church is rich with works of art, 'Christ Bearing His Cross,' by Van Dyck, the 'Crucifixion,' by Jordæns, and the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' by Rubens, being among the number. The choir stalls and confessionals are of wood elaborately carved.

Brussels, the handsome capital of Belgium, is picturesquely situated in the valley of the Senne. It is a miniature Paris: the same language is spoken in Brussels as in Paris; the buildings of the two cities are very similar both in colour and in style of architecture; the streets of Brussels are light and cheerful, and the shop windows tastefully arranged as are those of the city of the Seine; and the inhabitants of the Belgian capital are quite as stylishly and elegantly dressed as the Parisians.

The city consists of an upper town,, l'haut de la Ville, and a lower town, le bas de la ville. The upper town is beautiful with miles of boulevards shaded by shapely trees, and fine parks ornamented with flowers and statues. Here are the royal palace, the state official building, and the magnificent residences of the aristocracy and plutocracy. In this part French is the language spoken. The lower town is the seat of trade and industry. Here, Flemish, as well as French, is spoken.

One of the most interesting spots in Brussels, is the Place de l'Hotel de Ville. In this square have been enacted almost all the important events of the city's history. On all sides of it are fine, stately buildings. On one side stands the Hotel de Ville, a noble specimen of Gothic architecture. Its large banquet-room has some very rich oak carving and a splendidly ornamented ceiling.

On another side is a very imposing edifice known as the House of the King. This name did not mean an abode of royalty, but the residence of the King of the Guilds—the head of the industrial Unions. All municipal business is transacted here, and markets are held in front of it several times during the week. In the bird market are seen nightingales, mocking-birds, parrots, canaries, and various other kinds of birds in cages, singing and chirping melodiously. In the flower market are beautiful roses, lilies, carnations, and other flowers, which make the air fragrant with their perfume.

The Place Royale is a very handsome square, in the centre of which is an equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon. The greater crusader is seated upon a fiery steed, holding in his uplifted hand the standard of the Cross. The statue marks the exact spot where the hero of the first Crusade stood as he exhorted his countrymen to join him in the rescue of the Sepulchre of Christ.

In the Church of Saint Gudule, among some other very beautiful things, is a pulpit exquisitely carved by Verbruggen. The work is in high relief and represents the Expulsion from the Garden.

About twelve miles south from Brussels and two miles from the village of Waterloo, is the plain upon which was fought, probably, the most important battle in the history of Europe. In the centre of the battle-field, is a mound, two hundred feet in height and surmounted by a colossal lion. It is called 'Heroes' Mound.' About the place are many objects of interest, among which are the old farmhouse of La Belle Alliance, the headquarters of Napoleon, the Chateau of Hougomont, and the site of the sunken road that became the grave

of eighteen thousand of the French cavalry, 'the finest cavalry ever seen,' in that decisive conflict which crushed completely the power of the mighty Emperor.

As we turned away, we could but hope that the time may speedily come when war shall be no more !

ETHEL GERTRUDE CLARK.

God's Ways.

Some souls must tread a thorny way,
Love God alone or not at all,
While others stray o'er roses gay
And scarcely see the shadows fall.
God knows us best, and when He leads
Souls o'er a bright or dreary way,
His tender Heart knows all our needs,
His hand is our support and stay.
The light and gloom alike lead Home
If we but walk with Him in love :
The blossoms culled where e'er we roam
With Him will surely bloom above.
And if among the roses fair
Some hidden thorns we chance to meet,
Let us accept those presents rare
And lay them at our Master's feet.
Our Home is very hard to win
Unless we use each little grace,
When e'er the world would tempt to sin
She can assume fair Virtue's face.
Then let us try what e'er our lot
Each day to grow more dear to God :
Forgetting all, by all forgot,
We'll rest in peace beneath the sod.

The Last Function in the Old Distribution Hall.

February 21, 1911.

(Republished by Special Request.)



SAINT Joseph's College, Saint Alban Street, was the scene of a brilliant function on Tuesday evening, the 21st (the anniversary of the birth of Cardinal Newman), when the students of her Alma Mater presented Miss Gertrude Lawler, M. A., with a beautiful sheaf of Saint Joseph lilies and a charming congratulatory address, elegantly illuminated and exquisitely bound, wherein is expressed their appreciation of her appointment to the Senate of the University of Toronto. Miss Lawler, who was valedictorian of her class when she was graduated from her Convent-College, was deeply affected, when once more wearing her college colours and her gold medal of graduation, she stood upon the same platform and made the following touchingly beautiful acknowledgment:—

'Dear Reverend Mother Irene, Sisters of Saint Joseph, Students, and Friends,—This is not the first occasion upon which it has been my esteemed privilege to attend a celebration within the sacred precincts of my Alma Mater in commemoration of the birth of Cardinal Newman. It is, in all probability, the last occasion whereupon will be honoured in this dear Hall his great and beloved name—in this dear Hall, whose hallowed walls echo and re-echo the voices of many now hushed in eternal sleep; in this dear Hall, where we sang in unison "Lead, Kindly Light", and learned to love its author. Kind, indeed, and generous my Alma Mater is to-night in even mentioning my name in this celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Cardinal Newman.

'To be a Senator of the University of Toronto is a great distinction, but never can it be so great to me as is that of knowing that my Alma Mater rejoices in the honour that has been conferred upon me. To be a Senator necessitated my being a graduate of the University of Toronto; and to become a graduate, I had to do under-graduate work. Proud am I to say that my foundation work was laid strongly and firmly in this, my Convent home. As I put my graduation medal on this evening, a flood of happy memories revived many joyous hours. You will pardon the personal reference, I know. My dear young Friends, I was once as you are this evening. My schoolgirl's heart pulsed as yours. I little knew when I stood on this platform, played in this Hall, joined with my classmates in the hour of recreation, that I should ever become a student of a university. I was placed here by my beloved guardian to be educated. I loved my studies, my teachers, my school. I did not understand all that I was doing, but I know that I worked hard from day to day, and loved my surroundings and my tasks. I am able to appreciate now, I hope, a little of what was done for me here. However, as soon as I was graduated, I hardly knew what to do with myself. I desired to continue my studies—but how or where puzzled me. I remember with what delight I stayed for three days after my graduation. Some of my friends had to remain to wait for trains, boats, or travelling companions; but all took an unusually long time in packing trunks that were worldward bound forever! I left this Hall one bright summer Sunday evening to return to my home in the city. On Monday morning at eight o'clock, I was abroad with my graduation medal, to display it to my neighbours and friends. Among the number was Inspector James L. Hughes, to whom I was introduced as a graduate of Saint Joseph's. He congratulated me and said, 'Would you like to come with me now to the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, where the pupils are to write on their examinations for Teachers' Certificates? I suppose that you have never heard of those examinations.' True, I had not, but I liked examinations. I learned to like them here. I was taught accuracy and thoroughness, and delighted in having my knowledge tested. I went gladly with Inspector

Hughes, who, on many occasions since, has proved himself a friend to me. He led me to the Assembly Hall where the candidates were waiting for him, and as soon as possible sent to the Education Department for permission for me to write. After three-quarters of an hour of restless anxiety on my part, but of apparent indifference on his, he allotted me a coveted seat. I did not know on what subjects I was to write. However, I wrote. When I was released at four o'clock, I made my way to dear Reverend Mother Antoinette. I told her where I had been and what I was doing. She did not understand me; and, in truth, I did not quite understand what I was doing—I knew only that I was writing on Departmental Examinations. 'Child,' she said to me, 'what if you were to fail with our graduation medal on?' 'Dear Reverend Mother, what if I should not fail?' I had courage to rejoin, for her own character had taught me to be fearless, to do my best, and not to shrink from merited defeat. I knew that I had not failed that day. I am glad that I did not fail in the days that followed, but found myself the proud possessor of a Teacher's Departmental Certificate. And I had studied other subjects that were not required on that non-professional examination. I had studied other languages, elocution, fancy work, vocal and instrumental music, Christian Doctrine, Bible and Church History.

'Therefore, my dear students of to-day, how could it be otherwise than that I should have, when looking backward, the highest and deepest and truest gratitude for what the devoted Sisters of Saint Joseph have done for me? Instances that would delight me in the telling, I could detail to you of the regular life that we lived beneath this friendly roof; but you need no inspiration after the excellent programme that we have enjoyed together this evening. I shall content myself in reminding you that we had three kinds of discipline. There was the discipline of fear, of which we had little. However, it taught us that plain living and high thinking are associates, although I am well aware that I did not value them then at their full worth. There was the discipline of love. That method of training, I comprehended. There was the discipline

of gentleness, and it was far more effective than any coercive measures could have been. I know that under the discipline of gentleness, we worked our best to sustain the great name of the college that would confer upon us its graduation medal—and we shall work our best to maintain its interests and welfare in every way that we can. We never know what special assistance our lives may render to our Alma Mater. It was perhaps a surprise to some of my friends that I was elected a Senator. I assure you that the greatest surprise was to myself; but I am resolved to do my best. If I fail as a graduate of Saint Joseph's, it will not be because you have not inspired me, but because, despite my best endeavours, I shall not succeed in accomplishing all that I would. I thank you, dear Reverend Mother, and Sisters, and Students, for your kindness. I am grateful for this evening's honour. If I can do anything to prove myself a little worthy of those beautiful words which you have addressed to me, and which you have elegantly illuminated and bound, and of these exquisite lilies whose odour must ever linger lovingly in my memory, believe me that it shall be done—and done with the sweet fragrance of gratitude.'

The programme to which Miss Lawler referred was a lecture on the 'Catholic Memorials of Oxford'. The introduction, which is herewith republished, was given by a distinguished member of the community, and fourteen young ladies of the college explained the historical references of the twenty-eight lantern slides. The guests of the evening included the members of the University Women's Club. It is almost unnecessary to add that since Miss Lawler's graduation Saint Joseph's has become an Examination Centre of the Education Department, and that the numbers of its students who have succeeded in obtaining Teachers' Certificates and University Honours testify to the thoroughness and efficiency of the work done.

Saint Joseph's is now a Residential College for women, and enjoys the privileges of an Associated College of the University of Toronto through Saint Michael's, which latter, a Federated College of the University selects the Professors.

On the completion of their four years' University Course at Saint Joseph's, the students who succeed in passing their examinations receive their Degrees from the University of Toronto. All the subjects of the Arts' Course are taken at Saint Joseph's with the exception of those known as University subjects, namely, the laboratory work in Science of the first year. Geology of the second year, and Italian. All students attend lectures in these departments at University College.

It is unnecessary, also, to point out to Catholics the inestimable advantages resulting to young Catholic women who make their whole University Course in a Catholic College. Environment and association count for much in the formation of character; the spiritual atmosphere of a Religious House is breathed unconsciously by those sheltered within its walls; their Faith is safeguarded and their lives are permeated with Catholic principles, so that they become not alone true scholars, but true Catholic women.

It is now some years since I have always on this feast asked Saint Joseph for something and I have always obtained it. If the petition be in any way amiss, he directs it aright for my greater good.—*Saint Teresa.*



Catholic Memorials of Oxford.



RATHER by design than accident we selected this date, the twenty-first of February, for our little talk on 'Catholic Memorials of Oxford'; we have chosen to-day because it is the anniversary of the birth of Cardinal Newman. who as a student and Fellow of Oxford, loved his University passionately, and who when the light of Faith had been vouchsafed to him, prayed for his Oxford friends earnestly and fervently.

It is possible that many here may later visit Oxford, (some present have had that good fortune) and for this reason, as well as for many others, we should like you to remember that Oxford was once Catholic. The place teems with Catholic memorials; it is redolent of the Middle Ages, Catholic teachings and practices. Of the twenty-one Colleges of the University, fourteen were founded before the so-called Reformation; the fifteenth was founded in Queen Mary's reign by a Catholic; and of the six remaining or Post-Reformation Colleges—Jesus, Wadham, Pembroke, Worcester, Keble, and Hertford—five were built upon old Catholic foundations.

Of course, we do not mean you to understand that the College buildings now standing are the original ones, though parts of them are; and it is remarkable that where alterations or additions have been made, the new buildings cannot compare with the old; the reason is that in olden days, men worked for God and not for fame. 'They dreamt not of a perishable home', those founders of Oxford's glorious Colleges. In the spirit of faith, did those marvellous old-world builders 'spread the branching roof where light and shade repose, where music dwells lingering, and wandering on as loth to die.' That spirit, alas! is no longer found there, although as before mentioned, something of the atmosphere of the past still lingers in its ancient Halls. In the words of one of its convert sons, the Rev. Henry Brown, now a Jesuit, 'I should despair,' he says, 'of explaining to those who have not personally known

the place what an almost magical fascination it possesses for those who resort to it. Thronged with men of light and learning, instinct with all the movements of modern thought, representative of all that is most attractive in contemporary life, Oxford, yet spoke to us most eloquently of a dead past. We felt without reasoning about it that in our University with its present day life, the very atmosphere was, as it were, charged with mediaevalism. We could not love her without listening to her voice, and that voice was ever murmuring a sad reproach. Ah! we knew it well, Oxford was the creation of the Church of old England—the Holy Catholic Church—and perhaps we felt better than we could then put into words that the spirit of Oxford with her sweet beauty and majestic calm, did not quite belong to earth, even though earth claimed her as her own. At every turn we behold her motto, for it was still clearly writ upon all her works, ‘Dominus Illuminatio Mea’, and the very stones of her Colleges bespoke their origin. The one to which I belonged was founded in honour of our Lady; nor could we enter its portals without passing beneath the sculptured sign of the Incarnation, where the Angel kneels before Mary, and the mystery is plain for all to read: ‘Ave! Gratia Plena! Dominus tecum’; or at Corpus, I could not cross the diminutive quadrangle, without seeing the Pelican still standing on its central pedestal, and still proclaiming the meaning of the College name, Corpus Christi, and the mystery it was built to commemorate!

And these details could be indefinitely multiplied:—the degrees are still conferred in the religious forms of words handed down from the Middle Ages and in the Latin tongue; the cap and gown of the student are relics of the ecclesiastical dress, the term Alma Mater draws its inspiration from the beautifully chiselled statue of the Mother of Christ placed over the principal portal of a German University. The monastic principle lingers still in Oxford, for though the monks have gone, they have left their mark; the quadrangles and cloisters recall directly the monastic habit and the College Halls the refectory of a convent.

Universities, as we know, owe their origin to the Monaster-

ies and many of the oldest and most renowned owe their foundations to the magnificence and patronage of the Popes of the Middle Ages. 'Europe before the Reformation had seventy-eight Catholic Universities dating from the years 434 to 1517, Bologna was and is the oldest. Since the Reformation, thirty-nine more have been founded; Protestantism has founded in Europe only twenty-one Universities, the oldest dating from 1532.'

All the Universities belonged not to one nation, but to Latin Christendom. Latin (Ecclesiastical) was the language of the Universities; only degrees granted by the Pope's authority were current throughout Christendom. The Biretta (the mortar board) was the coveted badge of the mastership in arts.

We know that in Oxford the great majority of the Fellows were priests, and we might almost say the University was founded for the poor, as it was not until the later Middle Ages that we read of Oxford's receiving the aristocracy. But after the Reformation, Universities ceased to be the heritage of the poor, and became the resort of the rich. The Church was the sole democratic institution of former days, the sole body which opened a door and made a career possible for the talented poor.

Although Henry VIII. pillaged and dissolved the monasteries he could not destroy the memories, nor could he kill the monastic principle. The history of Oxford tells us that a Convent of nuns had been the beginning of the first great schools—we know also that there were houses for Novices of the great orders, Benedictines, Cistercians, Carmelites, Augustinians, and most notable and powerful of all, Dominicans and Franciscans. We read of the Oxford Franciscans in the thirteenth century. Saint Frances himself sent them there. 'Posterity has not forgotten the illustrious Franciscans. Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, William of Ockham. There is no doubt that houses of Franciscans and Dominicans gave the first impetus to the College system; the friaries were, in fact, the first colleges. Remains of Saint Frideswide's Priory, Saint George's Church, the Abbey of Osney, are relics of monastic Oxford

which survived the Reformation. Trinity College occupies the place of Durham (Benedictine) and Worcester of the Gloucester Benedictines, Saint John's is a revival of a Cistercian establishment and Wadham of an Augustinian.'

Needless to mention that the libraries, which now would be priceless, of these monastic houses were sacked and destroyed. In the reign of Edward VI., we remember the wanton destruction of invaluable manuscripts; cart loads of books were carried off to the fire or sold to merchants to wrap their wares. Even books on Mathematics were destroyed, because accounted Popish. The University library was stripped so bare that the very shelves were sold for firewood. Not alone were the books destroyed, but also the men who loved them; for those were the days of martyrs, and martyrdom was the happy fate, the blessed lot of many of Oxford's noblest sons.

Tourists who visit London to-day, never fail to resort to fashionable Hyde Park Place. How many of them stop to think that there England's noblest and holiest shed their blood for Christ? There many of Oxford's greatest sons won their heavenly crowns—for fashionable Hyde Park Place covers Tyburn field—England's Calvary, where the awful gallows once stood, whose victims after enduring the unspeakable anguish of half-hanging, drawing and quartering winged their flight to Heaven. A century and a half of martyrdom records the triumphs of the Church in England,—the last to suffer on Tyburn field was the Venerable Oliver Plunkett, of Armagh; one of his successors, Cardinal Logue, a Doctor of Literature of Oxford, was welcomed in this Hall a few months ago. He seems a link between the present and the past.

In the life of the Blessed Edmund Campion, we read that in Elizabeth's reign an old priest prophesied that a day should come when a religious house would stand as a votive offering, on the spot where the martyrs died; that Mass should one day be offered on Tyburn field and the Blessed Sacrament reserved there. The years passed and the prophecy was not fulfilled; but only a few short years ago an exiled French Community banished from France came to Hyde Park Place and found No. 6 residence for sale. They had no means to buy a house so ex-

pensive; therefore, they made a Novena to the Sacred Heart and to the Martyrs of Tyburn. Before the Novena was ended, a stranger called on the Mother Superior and gave her the sum of £10,000. Despite the munificence of the gift, which was probably only sufficient to purchase the property, the nuns have endured much poverty, much privation, but as the Rev. Mother remarks, 'The martyrs came to Tyburn to suffer, and shall we desire any better lot?'

The altar, it is believed, stands directly over the spot where the gallows once stood; Mass is said, and the Sisters follow one another in perpetual adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. They pray continuously for the conversion of England. Two bright English flags drape the wall behind the altar, and at each corner of the Sanctuary burns constantly an immense wax candle bearing a shield: on the one are the words 'For England,' and on the other 'For the King.' Our late lamented King Edward said England was open to all religious refugees and he hoped that they would be kindly received.

Would that the religious Orders could return to Oxford—in one sense we may say they have returned, for Campion Hall, and Saint Aloysius Church bespeak the sons of Ignatius. The Franciscans, too, have returned after four centuries' exile; and Benedictines; yet none of them lecture or teach in the University itself, although they are able to accomplish something for the spiritual good of Catholic students. The Reformation stole Oxford from the Church and has kept it. 'Alas!' says Cardinal Newman, 'for centuries past Oxford has lost its prime honour and boast, as a servant and soldier of the Truth. Once named the second school of the Church, second only to Paris, the foster-mother of Saint Edmund, Saint Richard, Saint Thomas Cantilupe, the theatre of great intellects, of Scotus the Subtle Doctor, of Hales, the Irrefragible, of Bacon the Admirable, Oxford has now lapsed to that level of mere human loveliness, which in its highest perfection we admire in Athens.' That is what the Reformation did for Oxford. We pass over the centuries, when Catholics by the Religious Tests Acts, were debarred from attending the University their fathers had built, until we come to the

middle of the nineteenth century when Parliament again opened the University to Catholics; such, however, was its condition that conscientious Catholic parents could not send their sons to Oxford. But toward the close of the century Cardinal Vaughan urged that the Holy See should be petitioned to withdraw the admonition against the attendance of Catholics at the Universities on certain conditions. The chief of these was that provision should be made for a resident chaplain and for courses of lectures on Catholic Philosophy and Church History. The number of Catholic members of the University, graduate and undergraduate, now resident in Oxford does not exceed one hundred. The Jesuits, Benedictines, and Franciscans have houses at Oxford for their own Scholastics only. The lay Catholics who enter the University as undergraduates have no college or hall of their own under Catholic direction, but become members of any one of the colleges which they desire to join. The general tone and spirit of the instruction given in the lecture-rooms, though not on the whole anti-Catholic may be described as generally non-religious. However, the Catholic students have their Catholic Chapel and Club or Newman Society. To further safeguard the students from danger and to hold ever before them Catholic ideals, a series of conferences is given during each term after the Mass on Sundays. The Newman Society holds its meetings every fortnight, when a distinguished Catholic writer is invited to lecture or read a paper.

Father Robert Hugh Benson, the convert son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, tells us, that soon the battle will be not between Catholicism and Protestantism, but between Catholicity and Atheism. Let us then who are the children of martyrs cling to the Faith, and in gratitude for our own priceless gift, aid those who are struggling toward the Light to enter the one True Fold. Let us be true to the Faith for which our ancestors bled and died; let us be brave children of our Holy Church. 'O Church of the Living God,' exclaims Thomas William Allies, an Oxford convert, who sacrificed his All to embrace the Faith, 'O Church of the Living God, Pillar and Ground of the Truth fair as the moon, bright as the sun, ter-

rible as an army in battle array. O Mother of Saints and Doctors, of Martyrs and Virgins, clothe thyself in the robe and aspect, as thou hast the strength, of Him Whose Body thou art, the Love for our sake incarnate! shine forth upon thy lost children, and draw them to the double fountain of thy bosom, the well-spring of Truth and Grace!

S. M. E.

I past beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown ;
I roved at random thro' the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls ;

And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophet blazon'd on the panes.

Tennyson.



A Question of the Day.



HERE are some things in which human interest never seems to die. They may lag for a while, but by and by they appear on the surface with all the sprightliness and attraction of a spring blossom. One of these perennial subjects is that of dancing. Just now dancing is all about us. Balls, parties, At-Homes, college assemblies, and the rest. Moreover, articles and editorials are being written, grave seniors giving their weightiest judgment to the problem of how dancing should be treated, and at least one prelate, His Grace Archbishop Blenk, of New Orleans, who according to the 'Morning Star,' of that city, made a 'scathing arraignment of the smart set in his great sermon at the Church of the Immaculate Conception recently in his stern condemnation of the low and vulgar dances which are tolerated in what is supposed to be the most exclusive social circles.'

From whatever point of view the subject is treated there seem to be two statements which may be almost taken as axioms, and these are that there is dancing and dancing, and next that dancing is as eternal as time itself. Away back in the time of the Israelites, Miriam danced before the Ark. Our forebears danced under the Druid oak or copying the fairies tripped in and out among the shamrocks over moonlit sward, or through the maze of the May-pole on village green. Others with tartans flying did the 'fling' to the skirl of pipes, or stepped with nimble feet in jig or reel, while the blind fiddler played his very soul into his fiddle and the feet of the dancers fairly twinkled in their eagerness to meet the inspiration of the music. At other times it has been the stately minuet in which beaux and ladies in powdered wigs and gorgeous raiment bowed and paced in measured time. Spanish maidens have glided to the strain of castanets and laughing Italian girls to the notes of the guitar. Iroquois and Algonquin have prepared for battle by a war-dance and *mein frau* and her

portly spouse waltz as lightly as a pair of butterflies. So it seems that all peoples, civilized or savage, 'have the habit.'

Whether the inclination, intuition, or whatever it be, that instigates to the movement and rhythm of body and feet that we designate by the name dancing, belongs to the physical or psychological part of us is perhaps a question. But there is no question about the existence of the thing itself. What seems necessary then is to direct this inclination or impulse into correct channels since there appears to be no doubt that it can be abused like a number of other things one might mention. These abuses have sometimes led to prohibitions and to a good deal of haziness as to the 'be or not to be' of this recreative art.

It fell to the lot of the writer to be present at a large convention in the city of Cleveland some months since. About fifteen hundred delegates were in attendance, mainly from the charitable and philanthropic societies of the United States and Canada. It would be safe to say that scores of subjects were discussed by the various sections of the conference and that the programme was a very full one, yet a whole session of a very important section was given to papers, addresses, and discussion on dancing. The speaker who impressed me most was a Hebrew lady, a Mrs. Israels, if memory serves correctly, who had been appointed to investigate conditions with regard to dancing in the big city of New York. She spoke from her experience of over four hundred of what are called dance-halls, none of which exist in Toronto. Without going into the details as she gave them it may be of interest to note her judgment as to the manner of keeping the desirable balance in a thing which it seems will be. She found that few of those who thought they were dancing really knew anything about it. The so-called dancers slid, glided, or jumped about the room oftentimes very ungracefully—in fact, did everything with their feet but dance. So she advocated that everyone be taught to dance from early childhood up. This would satisfy and give expression gracefully to the impulse. Then when young people meet for a dance it should always be with a motherly woman and a responsible man in attendance and as often as

possible the company should be mixed, young and old, fathers and mothers, all should have a share. The teaching in childhood gives facility and grace and lessens self-consciousness.

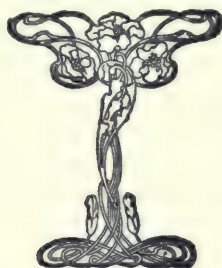
Applying this to ourselves, how do we stand? Only the few are taught to dance in childhood or, indeed, at any other period. A great many make their first attempt in the terpsichorean art at their first party. Americans and Canadians, too, there is fairly good authority for this, are neither picturesque nor graceful in this exercise. Two-step, waltz, two-step, waltz; two-step, waltz with a very occasional three-step is about our usual programme. It seems that some experiencing this monotony and wanting a change, but not knowing how to move for the better, have copied the bear and other cumbrous animals, and in so degrading themselves have earned the censure of those who feel life's responsibilities. This, however, has touched us but lightly, if at all, on this side of the line, and from what we hear of it, our duty is surely to keep the door fast and give the ugly thing no welcome.

Now, if this very imperfect dissertation has any right to find its way into the 'Lilies' it is to make a plea for our Catholic girls to become leaders in the matter of dancing and not to follow merely because others lead. An ugly fashion that has crept into the dancing arena is for the performers, if we may call them so, to hold their arms out stiff and straight, and to work them up and down just as one would work a pump handle. There is no grace about this and the habit is very awkward and inconvenient. Then why confine the programme to the monotonous trio mentioned above? Use your influence where you can to re-instate the opening Grand March, the Quadrille, or even the Circassian Circle, or even the reel. A short time since a devoted parish priest on seeing an Irish reel danced, said he wished that he could introduce that into his parish. Present conditions, too, generally speaking, are not conducive to courteous social intercourse. The same people monopolize the floor throughout an entire evening. It never occurs to them to introduce strangers to their friends and so make the enjoyment go round. So far we have had in mind our girls and the girls of our schools. But the boys must not

be forgotten. They, too, should be taught to dance. Why not in these days of all kinds of physical drill? A few days since when the boys of De la Salle gave an entertainment for His Grace Archbishop McNeil, in Columbus Hall, the Seniors finished their drill with a few steps of the Highland Fling, and well did they do it. Why not all be trained to use their feet to the accompaniment of music and later to join in family parties, where it is understood that it is the right of father and mother, and even grandfather and grandmother, if they like, to join in the sportive exercise? If every gathering at which dancing is the chief feature, and whether the assembly be of a public or private nature, had likewise the character of a big family party, a great deal of stiffness now common on such occasions would vanish and objectionable features of any kind could scarcely find entrance.

M. L. HART.

And it is well
Youth has its time—
Merry hearts will merrily chime.



The Christmas Reunion of Sisters and Alumnae.



THAT has passed into the annals of Saint Joseph's as a red-letter day for the Community and their faithful Alumnae, is the now annual festival of the Holy Innocents, celebrated as a special time of festivity and recreation, not on the Feast itself, this year, but some days later, on the Monday between Christmas and New Year's. Meetings of the executive held previously had evolved a programme that presented many interesting features and all concerned awaited the eventful evening with keen expectation of the fun and pleasure in store. Early in the afternoon the workers on the scene were preparing the auditorium in which the different events were to come off. As a result of their activities the floor of the platform was soon divided off into six sections technically called the fish-pond, but in reality it was more like a lake, so broad and generous were its proportions. A long pole was provided for each division, and tied with a bow of distinctive colour, red, green, lavender, pink, blue, and yellow, corresponding to the ribbons with which the mysterious parcels that lay in the ponds, were tied. These were reserved for a special use later. On one corner of the stage stood a table covered with a white cloth, temporarily concealing some uneven surfaces, the cause of which was not yet apparent. At the opposite corner was the piano, open, ready to assist when called upon. At the back the tiered seats were draped with yellow, brown, and blue—our colours—and supported some handsome palms and shrubs.

At six o'clock, Miss Gertrude Lawler, who had been fitting in and out between the big room on the other side of the corridor and the auditorium for the last hour or two, invited us all to the outer apartment. Presto! the fairies had surely been at work. Over the ceiling from wall to wall stretched scarfs of yellow and white, our beautiful papal colours.

Potted plants stood in corners and here and there about the room, and at one end stood a dining-table arranged with most exquisite taste. It was centred with a beautiful basket of white bloom, carnations, roses, lilies, and maidenhair fern. At each plate was a miniature basket touched with the same fair blossoms and filled, as was afterwards discovered, with dainty bon-bons. The napery and china fairly glistened in their purity. All were invited to be seated by the lady of the feast, Miss Gertrude Lawler, for the dinner was to be her treat. Right Rev. Mngr. McCann. Honorary Patron, and Rev. Father Frachon, our venerable Chaplain, had arrived a few minutes earlier, and were respectively placed at the head and foot of the board. Place cards were at every plate, and were designed by the hostess herself. After a grace offered by Monsignor McCann, all began to do justice to the viands as they were quickly brought from some mysterious precincts at the rear by several diligent waitresses. And what a dinner! Soup, salads, turkey, creamed potatoes, French peas, dainty entrees, plum-pudding, ice-cream, nuts, fruits, macaroons, delicious coffee, and the rest. It was surely Christmas time and we had surely a Christmas hostess, for plenty and enjoyment were kings of the board. Then, we adjourned to the hall. It was already fairly filled with the Sisters, whose faces were beaming, and whose whispers told how much they had enjoyed the ice-cream and cake sent as a surprise by the Alumnae for the evening meal, for this had been part of the programme decided upon, that as the dear Sisters might not share at our table they should at least have part in the enjoyment of our Christmas fare.

Musical numbers were the opening features of the later entertainment. These were given by members of the Alumnae and several friends, who very kindly gave of their musical talents and ability to enrich the occasion. Miss Genevieve Kelly and Miss Eveleen O'Donoghue were pianists, Miss Annie McMahan assisted with her violin, and the singers were Mrs. Ambrose Small, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, and the Misses Maud Collins, Katie O'Donoghue, and Hart, besides ladies already mentioned as instrumentalists. Christmas songs were given

as solos by Miss Kelly and Miss Collins, and Lambilotte's 'Pastores' was given, all taking part.

Then came the great feature of the evening, the presentation and opening of the mysterious gifts from the pond and covered table. Rev. Mother Irene received a substantial cheque to re-enforce the College library. A combination set of table china for the Community was discovered when the cloth was raised from the table. Mother Alberta, assistant to Rev. Mother, received a beautiful basket of flowers. Then there were two exquisitely cut-glass vases for the altar, and handsome volumes, the private gift of Miss Gertrude Lawler, for which the Sisters 'drew' after the good old school-day fashion. For the Honorary Patron and Chaplain there were parcels which when opened proved to contain a biretta and stock, and then the Sisters were invited to come en masse to the platform and begin 'fishing'. It was then that the fun 'grew fast and furious'; peals of laughter and merriment following the opening of packages, which sometimes revealed but one glove or mitt, for the companions of which the 'fisher' had sometimes to seek for several days to come. Some got birds with wonderful wings, others mice that looked so like the real thing that one was tempted to utter a feminine scream, as it was attached courageously to Rev. Mother's sleeve. There were bugles and coloured caps of all shapes and shades and all the other Christmas toys. But, in addition, every Sister got a box of candies, some Christmas fruit, and some lasting memento of the day.

Then came a real, old-fashioned Sir Roger de Coverley, in which the dancers swept the long hall to the tripping music that fell from skilful fingers. And then at a signal from Rev. Mother, a signal that came all too soon, the scene changed, the opening chords of the 'Laudate' told all to join in the glorious chant. Then came 'Holy Joseph,' then good nights. The day was over. But its memory lives and some of its innocent pleasure still remains, like the perfume of the rose that has long since faded; and, until another Feast of the Innocents comes round, many will go back in thought to the last dear day within the kind home walls of ever loved Alma Mater.

M. L. HART.



Right Reverend Monsignor Francis Bickerstaffe-Drew, K. H. S.

(John Ayscough.)

Alumnae Items.

We are glad to learn that the alumnae enjoy our alumnae items. We are always pleased to receive an item, particularly from our out-of-town members, who have not the advantages of our social gatherings.

* * * * *

A cablegram was received from the Rev. Dr. Cruise, Rome, announcing that Cardinal Merry del Val had obtained from His Holiness the Papal Benediction for two members of the Community who were celebrating their silver jubilee, one of whom is a younger sister of Dr. Cruise.

* * * * *

The advantage a Catholic convent school is to a community is fully appreciated in Georgia. Three cities, Augusta, Atlanta, and Washington, are strong bidders for the new Saint Joseph Academy, which, recently burned, is to be rebuilt. On the invitation of a committee of business men, headed by the mayor-elect, Linwood C. Hayes, Bishop Kieley, of Savannah, visited Augusta and was shown three sites with which he was favorably impressed, but reserved his decision.

* * * * *

Our President, who as President of the Alumnae Association of University College, takes a very active interest in University affairs, lectured to the students last week on 'College Life.' The lecture was a delightful literary treat.

* * * * *

Dr. Agatha Doherty is taking a post-graduate course in London, England. Sir William Osler has been most gracious to her since he found out that the young lady is a Canadian. When giving a dinner to the American students, Sir William invited Dr. Doherty to sit at his right and also asked Lady Osler to be present, for Dr. Agatha was the only Lady Doctor.

Mrs. J. E. Day has retired from the Presidency of Rosary Hall. It is marvellous what Mrs. Day accomplished in a very short time. We are proud of our alumna.

* * * * *

His Grace Archbishop McNeil approved the good work being done by Rosary Hall, and generously donated five hundred dollars on the occasion of his first visit.

* * * * *

Miss Isabel Cassidy was one of the dramatis personae in Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night,' which was presented in Convocation Hall, February 21st, and contributed much to the success of the evening.

* * * * *

Mrs. Doherty, mother of two of our alumnae, Dr. Agatha and Miss Marguerita Doherty, died very suddenly the second of January. After receiving the Blessed Sacrament and being anointed, she passed away peacefully. Mrs. Doherty had a most amiable disposition and was a good friend of higher education. The family have the sincere sympathy of many of the alumnae.

* * * * *

One of the happiest social functions that marked the passing of the old year was the dinner that our President gave to the Executive Committee and a few other friends of our association. It has left a very pleasant memory.

* * * * *

Mrs. J. E. Day is a frequent visitor to Guelph, where resides Mrs. Day, senior.

* * * * *

Mrs. W. R. Houston was called hurriedly to the bedside of her beloved father, Mr. Mulcahy, of Orillia. We are pleased to learn that Mr. Mulcahy is recovering.

* * * * *

Among the recent welcome visitors to their Alma Mater was Miss Muriel Anglin, from Ottawa.

Mrs. E. J. O'Sullivan is one of the prominent members of the Lakeview Country Club, and was one of the patronesses of the annual ball at Columbus Hall.

* * * * *

Mrs. J. J. Cassidy is much missed in social circles. Mrs. Cassidy is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Manning Doherty, of St. John, N. B. While in St. John she attended the meetings of the Canadian Club, and also, had the honour of meeting His Lordship Bishop LeBlanc at a private entertainment.

* * * * *

Mrs. Madden, a member of our Executive Committee, entertained a number of Catholic ladies at a bridge party. The contributions were for the Women's Auxiliary of the Catholic Extension fund, to help on our friends in the Northwest. It was an enjoyable event, Mrs. Madden being a most gracious hostess.

* * * * *

At Christmastide, the Executive Committee presented our esteemed President, Miss Gertrude Lawler, with a handsome Roman stone receptacle filled with choice ferns and royal poinsettias.

* * * * *

A quiet wedding took place at Saint Basil's Church on the Feast of The Espousals. Miss Mona O'Shea, daughter of Mr. J. O'Shea, formerly of Peterboro, was married to Mr. Sterndale Joseph Murphy, son of the late Dr. Murphy, of Brockville. The happy couple are spending their honeymoon in Naples, Italy. We wish them long life and happiness. Mrs. Sterndale J. Murphy is a graduate of Saint Joseph's.

* * * * *

Mrs. J. Power Melady paid a visit to Saint Joseph's recently to take leave of her friends and former teachers before leaving on an extended trip through Europe. She sailed from New York, January 7th, in company with her husband and their little son, 'Billy.' We wish them 'Bon Voyage.' Mrs. Burns, of Hamilton, and a sister of Mrs. Melady, who had come to bid adieu, also paid a visit to Saint Joseph's.

Miss Edith V. Smith, of New Jersey, spent some days in the city during the Christmas season, and passed as much of her time as possible at her cherished Alma Mater. Miss Smith is the heroine of the fatal Slocum Fire disaster, and has been specially honoured by the present Empress of Germany, who sent her an exquisitely wrought medal-pin, in recognition of her courage and presence of mind in saving the lives of many. Edith was ever a heroine, even from her tenderest years, and instances of her magnanimity can be cited by some who may read this page.

* * * * *

Miss Emma Oakley paid a visit to her friends here on her return from Southern California. She speaks well for the benefits of travel and the pleasures derived therefrom.

* * * * *

Mrs. Edward Kelly, Brooklyn, whose marriage was announced in the last number of 'The Lilies,' has since visited S. J. C. on her wedding trip. Canada will still hold a tender spot in memory and affection, while so many friends and relatives dwell beneath the American flag.

* * * * *

Mrs. D. Kilburn (Kathleen Doran), of North Bay, and her husband, were here on their way to points farther west. The ways of Life seem to have been marked out pleasantly for them. May it be ever so.

* * * * *

Miss Loraine Wyman, whose sweet voice has entertained many, spent a very pleasant day at her old school, visited its various apartments, noted the many changes, and recalled memories that are dear. Many of her old companions are now in Saint Joseph's Novitiate.

* * * * *

Miss Clarke, who so charmingly sang 'Bendemere Stream' at a recent Alumnae function, spent the Christmas season in New York at the home of her brother. She has benefited by her visit, and returns delighted with the trip.

At the recent religious ceremony at Mount Saint Joseph, London, Miss Gertrude Troy, a former pupil here, and a graduate of the Faculty of Education, received the holy habit, and is now Sister M. Leona.

* * * * *

One of the chief events of the last three months was the lecture given under the auspices of the Alumnae Association by Mr. J. C. Walsh, of Montreal. In addition to the interest attached to Mr. Walsh as a well-known journalist and as a friend that had come from Montreal to deliver his address, is the fact that he is the husband of one of our distinguished alumnae, whom many remember as Miss E. Kormann, a sister of our Recording Secretary, Mrs. A. J. Small, and as such Mr. Walsh received a double welcome. Mrs. Walsh was present at her husband's lecture, which was on 'The Newspaper.' At the close of his most illuminating address, Mr. Walsh was tendered a hearty vote of thanks on behalf of all present by Mr. William Prendergast, seconded by Miss Hart. An exquisite musical programme, given by Mr. Paul Hahn, assisted by Miss Grace Smith and other artists, followed the lecture. The musical numbers were surpassingly beautiful, Mr. Hahn giving several delightful selections on his cello with the master hand for which he is noted. The playing of Miss Grace Smith was a revelation, this being the first time that the majority of the audience had heard her. The playing of this lady was perfection itself and it would have been difficult for anyone present to say whether piano or cello had received the most artistic treatment. Mrs. A. J. Small, seconded by Mrs. Weir, expressed the appreciation of all present for the delightful musical treat. Miss Gertrude Lawler, who introduced the performers of the afternoon, invited all present to meet the guests at an informal reception that brought a delightful afternoon to a close.

* * * * *

Mrs. Thomas Long, of 'Longwood,' gave a delightful At-Home, at which her guests had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Philip Grattan Kiely. The Alumnae Association will be glad to welcome Mrs. Kiely at its meetings.

Miss Lawler and Miss Gertrude Lawler were the hostesses of a very large and delightful At-Home on Shrove Tuesday. Miss Sarah Bolster assisted the hostesses most charmingly. (Mrs. J. C. Miller,) (Miss Isabel Dwyer,) and Miss Ethel Clark were untiring in their attention to the guests in the drawing-rooms. After the At-Home, Miss Lawler was the hostess of a very enjoyable theatre-party.

* * * * *

The Editors are much indebted to Rev. Dr. Roche for his excellent letter, which is published in this number.

* * * * *

The Editor is much indebted to Miss [Name] for his photograph to 'S. M. E.' as a token of appreciation of an excellent literary article in our December number. We take great pleasure in reproducing the photograph in this issue. Some of the alumnae have formed a circle for the interchange of Ayscough's works.

* * * * *

The sudden death of Rev. Father John Aloysius Sullivan, C. S. B., caused much sorrow to our Alumnae Association. In Rev. Father Sullivan, we had a firm and generous friend. It is pardonable to mention here that one of his many acts of kindness was to send to us his subscription for our magazine as soon as he heard of our enterprise. In his magnanimity, he desired to encourage us at a time when we most needed assistance. We can never forget his generosity of word and deed. Many alumnae were present at the funeral mass in Saint Basil's Church. We offer our sincere sympathy to the Basilian Fathers, to the students of Saint Michael's College, and to his bereaved family, in the irreparable loss of a large-hearted man and priest. May he rest in peace!

A. A. C. and J. S.



We are indeed grateful to our 'Exchanges' for their kind words of encouragement and approbation. We shall do our best to deserve, in some slight measure, the many gracious remarks that have been made about our 'Lilies'. For the satisfaction that it will give to our alumnae, we produce here a few criticisms:

We have received a copy of 'Saint Joseph Lilies,' a quarterly magazine issued by the Alumnae of Saint Joseph's College, Toronto, under the direction of the well-known teaching order, the Sisters of Saint Joseph. The magazine is really a magnificent work of art in the typographical way, and a gem in the literary line. It is carefully edited and speaks volumes for those responsible for its production. It shows the careful training imparted to the many young ladies connected with the staff by their zealous teachers, the good Sisters. We bespeak for 'Saint Joseph's Lilies' an abundant measure of success, which it really deserves, and may it be like its name, emblematic of everything good, pure, and holy in thought, noble in its endeavours, and uplifting in its sentiments and influence. 'The Tribune' extends heartiest congratulations on the success of the literary venture and wishes the entire staff, A Happy and Prosperous New Year.—The Montreal Tribune.

We have the Christmas number of Saint Joseph Lilies, which in every way maintains the high standard that the pretty magazine has placed before it. The letter-press is excellent. Everybody will be delighted with it.—The Catholic Register and Canadian Extension.

We are glad to welcome the December number of 'Saint Joseph Lilies,' the handsome quarterly published under the auspices of Saint Joseph's College, Toronto. It is a decided advance upon the two previous issues (attractive and creditable as these were), and speaks volumes for the intelligence and industry of the editorial staff. The fine portrait of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, which forms the frontispiece, will be much appreciated by Canadian admirers of England's Catholic Earl Marshall, who, for the most part, have heretofore had but little idea of what manner of man in appearance he is. This portrait is reproduced from a photograph placed at the editor's disposal by the Duke himself, accompanied by a kind word of greeting and a good wish for the success of the undertaking. The magazine also contains several other interesting portraits.—The Catholic Record.

The last number of 'Saint Joseph Lilies' is a beauty and well deserves all the praise that it has received from the press.—A Clerical Friend.

I enjoyed the December 'Lilies' thoroughly. I read it to Father Ferguson and showed him his photogravure. He was much cheered thereby, and remarked, 'To look at that for any length of time would make me drift into the irrevocable past. There are dear friends of mine in Toronto. Yes, it is a splendid magazine, and each number is an improvement—if that is possible. Success to it.' I have heard many priests speak of 'The Lilies' and all are loud in its praise.—A Clerical Friend.

The December number of the 'Echoes from The Pines' was one of the first to greet us this new year, and we welcomed it most cordially, for it affords interesting, varied, and profitable reading. This number contains portraits of the graduates of 1912, each with a brief biography. If one can judge from shadows, they are sweet, bright girls with whom we should like to become acquainted. The valedictory contains

many inspiring thoughts beautifully expressed. Loyalty to 'Alma Mater,' her pleasures, and pursuits, breathes from the whole magazine.

The D'Youville Magazine, from the D'Youville College, Buffalo, has an artistic cover design, and presents an imposing appearance. The paper and the type are excellent, and the form altogether is well chosen, and in keeping with the contents, which include interesting, well-written stories, studies from the great masters, and several poems. The visit to the home of Horace is original in its conception, and vividly suggestive of the scene, and the associations described. We cannot fail to note that voice of warning in 'A Danger to Democracy.' Is it a woman's voice?

'The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious,
If it were so it was a grievous fault.'

The 'Schoolman,' from St. Jerome's, Berlin, is a magazine which is making rapid advances towards the ideals that it holds before its editorial staff. We shall take pleasure in reading the department of 'Prognostics,' edited by a new luminary of no mean splendour, who promises to diffuse his beams throughout this section. There is much solid reading in this number, and the matter is well arranged.

We wish to express our thanks to the editors of the 'Nazarene,' Kalamazoo Co., Mich., for their kind wishes for our 'Lilies,' and for their expressions of appreciation. Being a Monthly Magazine, its pages are few, but they are filled with items of interest for us at least.

We congratulate 'The Nazareth Chimes' on the superiority of their Magazine. In merely glancing through it, the intense college spirit that pervades it is noticeable. It has the appearance of solidity, and seems to be an enterprising product from capable hands.

We wish to thank 'The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart,' the Chicago 'New World,' and the Buffalo 'Catholic Union and Times' for their kind editorials of commendation.

A. M. W.

Toronto Members.

The following are the names of the Toronto Members of our Alumnae Association. Members whose names were not received in time for this issue will see their names in the June number. All Toronto Alumnae who have not yet become members should communicate with the Toronto Secretary, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, 45 Bloor Street East, Telephone North 544. Members will please notify Mrs. Cassidy of any change of address, and of any error in addresses:

Miss Isobel Abbott, Mrs. E. D. Almas.

Mrs. P. Bailey, Miss Olive Beer, Mrs. F. Belton, Miss A. Benning, Miss J. Benning, Miss Margaret Bigley, Miss Marion Blake, Miss S. Bolster, Mrs. F. P. Brazill, Mrs. J. Breen, Mrs. J. Bryan, Miss Madge Burns, Miss N. Burns, Miss N. Byrne.

Miss N. Carolan, Miss Isabel Cassidy, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, Mrs. T. Cassidy, Mrs. W. Cassidy, Miss C. Charlebois, Mrs. J. J. Clancy, Mrs. M. M. Clancy, Miss Ethel Clark, Miss Kate Clark, Miss M. Clarke, Miss Kathleen Cleary, Miss Gladys Cleghorn, Miss Marjory Cleghorn, Mrs. Lawrence J. Cosgrave, Miss Florence Cochrane, Miss Maud Collins, Miss Gertrude Conlin, Miss Nora Corcoran, Miss Corigan, Miss Margaret Cosgrave, Miss Kathleen L. Coghlan, Miss Margaret Cronin, Mrs. S. G. Crowell, Miss Margaret Cunerty.

Mrs. J. Daley, Mrs. J. E. Day, Mrs. J. Dee, Miss A. DeLaplante, Miss L. Devine, Miss M. Devine, Mrs. Dickson, Dr. Agatha Doherty, Miss M. Doherty, Miss A. Donley, Mrs. A. Dubois, Mrs. J. Duggan, Miss M. Duggan, Miss C. Dunn, B.A., Miss I. Dwyer.

Mrs. D. J. Egan, Mrs. W. J. Ellard, Miss A. Elmsley.

Miss Margaret Finley, Mrs. C. Flanagan, Miss Katherine M. Flanagan, Miss S. Flanagan, Miss Faye, Miss Mary Fogarty, Mrs. W. J. Foley.

Miss A. Gallenger, Miss C. Gearin, Miss E. J. Gillies, Miss Jessie Gordon, Mrs. W. Graham, Miss Mildred Gurnett.

Miss I. Halford, B.A., Miss Hart, Mrs. M. Healy, Miss Rita Healy, Miss Anna Heck, Miss Gertrude Heck, Miss A. Henry, Mrs. J. Henry, Miss B. Heydon, Miss Higgins, Miss Jennie Higgins, Mrs. W. R. Houston, Miss A. Hynes, Miss M. Hynes.

Miss M. Jaffray, Miss O. Jaffray.

Miss Helen Kearns, Miss A. Gertrude Kelly, B.A., Miss G. Kelly, Mrs. W. J. Kelly, Miss K. Kennedy, Miss N. Kennedy, Miss R. Kenny, Mrs. N. Kidd, Miss A. Kilman, Mrs. W. H. Knox, Mrs. J. S. Kormann, Miss Koster.

Miss Lizzie Lalone, Miss Katie Laorden, Miss Lawler, Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., Miss M. Lawrence, Mrs. Lee, Miss J. Lehane, Miss B. Leonard, Miss H. Leonard, Mrs. J. Loftus, Mrs. Thomas Long, Miss Lysaght.

Mrs. Thos. McCarron, Mrs. G. F. McMadden, Mrs. W. Madigan, Mrs. L. V. McBrady, Mrs. McBride, Miss Emily McBride, Miss McCabe, Mrs. J. W. McCabe, Miss L. McCandish, Mrs. J. A. T. McCarron, Miss Kathleen McCrohan, Miss Margaret McCrohan, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Miss Josephine McDougal, Miss G. McGoey, B. A., Miss N. McGrath, Miss M. McGuire, Miss A. McLaren, Mrs. T. McMahan, Miss F. Meehan, Miss L. Meehan, Mrs. J. P. Melady, Miss Clara Menton, Mrs. J. J. Menton, Miss Kate Menton, Miss Middleton, Mrs. L. G. Mickles, Mrs. H. E. Moore, Miss K. Moore, Mrs. M. F. Mogan, Miss R. Morreau, Miss N. J. Moylan, Miss H. Mullins, Mrs. Mulqueen, Mrs. Agnes Murphy.

Mrs. H. Nerlich, Mrs. Northgraves.

Mrs. E. A. O'Connor, Miss J. O'Connor, Miss Minnie O'Connor, Miss Patricia O'Connor, Miss Teresa O'Connor, Mrs. M. J. O'Hearn, Mrs. A. O'Leary, Mrs. E. O'Sullivan.

Mrs. A. Pape, Mrs. Patton, Mrs. W. Petley, Miss Pickett, Mrs. E. W. Pratt, Mrs. F. P. Pujolas.

Miss Bernadette Real, Miss M. Reardon, Miss Mary Regan, Miss Minnie Regan, Miss Irene Richard, Miss Roche, Mrs. A. M. Roesler, Miss L. Roesler, Miss B. Rose, Miss E. Rose, Miss K. Ryan, Miss Mary Ryan, B.A., Miss J. Rush.

Miss Madeline Sheerin, Miss Simoni, Mrs. A. J. Small,

Mrs. D. Small, Miss J. Smith, Miss Edith Sullivan, Miss Irene Sullivan, Miss M. Stormont, Miss Stuart.

Mrs. O. Teening, Miss F. Tobin.

Mrs. A. Wallace, Miss Helen Walsh, Mrs. W. Walsh, Mrs. J. Warde, Miss Nora Warde, Mrs. W. Way, Mrs. A. M. Weir, Mrs. T. Winterberry, Miss G. Woods.

Out-of-Town Members.

The following are the names of the Out-of-Town Members of our Alumnae Association. Members whose names were not received in time for this issue will see their names in the June number. All Out-of-Town Alumnae who have not yet become members should communicate with the Out-of-Town Secretary, Mrs. L. V. McBrady, 86 Charles Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Members will please notify Mrs. McBrady of any change of address and of any error in addresses:

Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mrs. G. J. Aust.

Mrs. G. Barron, Miss Hattie Bauer, Miss Rose Bauer, Miss Sophia Bauer, Miss K. Bergin, Miss Irene M. Bishop, Mrs. P. J. Bonner, Miss Anna Bourke, Mrs. J. M. Bourke, Miss Lily Bourke, Miss Mamie Bourke, Miss Mollie Bourke, Mrs. F. S. Bourns, Mrs. S. B. Bowes, Miss Harriet Boyle, Mrs. T. F. Breen, Mrs. J. P. Brennan, Miss Lena Brophy, Miss Lilian Brophy, Miss Margaret Brophy, Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mrs. J. A. Burns.

Miss May Carey, Miss Mary Cassidy, Mrs. J. Chabot, Mrs. J. Charlebois, Mrs. D. J. Charlebois, Miss Elizabeth Clark, Miss Kathleen Clark, Miss Marguerite Clark, Mrs. George Clifford, Miss L. Coffee, Mrs. E. Conroy, Miss Margaret Considine, Miss Rosemary Conway, Miss Lily Cottom, Mrs. R. E. Cox, Mrs. Wm. Crosland.

Mrs. T. C. Denis, Miss M. M. Devine, Miss B. F. Devlin, Miss Edna Devlin, Mrs. Manning W. Doherty, Miss T. Donnelly, Miss Sadie Doucette, Mrs. J. J. Doyle, Mrs. M. J. Doyle, Miss A. Driscoll, Miss Pauline Dudley, Miss Agnes Dunne.

Miss Margaret Eckart, Miss Egan, Mrs. Fergus Ellard.

Miss Margaret Feeney Mrs. William Fisher, Miss Agnes Fitzgerald, Miss Teresa Fogarty, Mrs. A. J. Forster, Miss Irene Frawley, Miss Mary Frawley.

Miss Rhea Gettings, Miss Alida Gendron, Miss Nellie Gilliyn, Miss M. E. Glavin, Mrs. Michael J. Glavin, Miss Doretta Gordon, Mrs. William Gordon.

Miss Loretto Hanley, Miss Mary Hanley, Mrs. J. Hannifan, Miss Edna Hartnett, Mrs. Ernest Hector, Mrs. W. R. Hees, Miss Elizabeth A. Henry, Mrs. Allan Hills, Miss Ethel Hinds, Miss Ethel Hogan, Miss Margaret Hogan, Miss Nanno Hughes.

Mrs. Fred Johnston, Miss Minnie Jonson.

Miss Phyllis Kellett, Mrs. Edward Kelly, Mrs. Fred Keogh, Miss Mary Keogh, Miss Kathleen Kidd, Miss Mary Kidd, Mrs. D. G. Kilburn.

Mrs. J. Lahey, Miss Annie Langan, Miss Celia Langan, Miss Ina Larkin, Miss T. Lavallee, Miss Mary A. Lawlor, Miss Agnes Leonard, Miss Helen Lunn.

Mrs. H. J. Mackie, Miss Elizabeth Maher, Mrs. M. Malone, Miss Marie Malone, Mrs. M. Malone, Miss E. Maloney, Miss K. Marian, Mrs. Thos. Marian, Miss Loretto Marren, Miss E. Marrigan, Mrs. McCarthy, Miss Anna McCarthy, Miss J. McCarthy, Mrs. E. McCormack, Miss Jean McDonald, Miss Mary McDonald, Mrs. R. McDonald, Mrs. McDonough, Miss McDonough, Miss Mary McDoughall, Miss Mina McGrath, Miss J. McGregor, Miss Agnes McIlwain, Miss E. McKay, Mrs. Charles McKenna, Miss Cassie McKinnon, Miss Nellie McLeister, Miss Kathryn McNamara, Miss Genevieve McNulty, Mrs. W. F. Meyers, Mrs. H. R. Miles, Miss Mary Miley, Miss Irene Moran, Mrs. Morey, Miss M. Morgan, Mrs. S. M. Morgan, Miss Christine Morrow, Miss Francis Morrow,

Miss Marie Morrow, Mrs. J. F. Moses, Miss K. Mulligan, Miss Agnes Mundy, Miss Elizabeth Mundy.

Mrs. Miley D. O'Brien, Mrs. C. O'Connor, Mrs. J. J. O'Connor, Miss Marie O'Connor, Miss K. O'Leary, Miss Anna O'Rourke, Mrs. C. Osborne.

Miss Henrietta Phillips, Miss Margaret Phillips, Mrs. Fred Porter, Miss Hattie Porter, Miss Flora M. Post, Miss Lollie A. Post, Mrs. Fred Potvin, Mrs. M. S. Plunkett.

Mrs Oliver Quinlan, Miss Queenie Quinlan.

Miss Mary Rathwell, Miss Rosie Reath, Mrs. Reynolds, Miss Loretto Roach, Miss Loretto Roche, Mrs. Rodigan, Mrs. James Ronan, Miss G. Rudkins, Miss Ethel Ryan, Miss Pearle A. Ryther.

Mrs. P. J. Scallon, Miss Mary Schrader, Miss Christine Scully, Miss Christine Servais, Miss A. Sexton, Mrs. William Shea, Miss Edith V. Smith, Mrs. Charles Sullivan, Miss M. Sullivan, Miss Irene Swift.

Miss Alice Teefy, Miss Hope Thompson, Mrs. Guy Toller, Mrs. John Traynor, Miss I. Tuffy.

Miss Etta Ward, Mrs. James Walsh, Mrs. J. C. Walsh, Mrs. Wm. Walsh, Mrs. J. Whalen.

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?





To
Faithful
Friends
of
'The Lilies'

Easter
Greetings

From

St Joseph's Toronto

St. Joseph's College Department.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor-in chief	Miss Loretto Rathwell.
Assistant Editor	Miss Marjorie Power.
Exchange Editors	{ Miss Lenore Stock.
	{ Miss Eileen Dowdall.
Local Editors	{ Miss Mary Latchford.
	{ Miss Ruth Warde.
	{ Miss Gertrude Bradley.
Music Editor	Miss Olga Wallace.
Art Editor	Miss Aveline Travers.
Business Manager	Miss Eileen Hayes.

Editorial.

To-day He is risen, Death no more
 Shall bind Him to the grave.
 He can the breath of life restore,
 Who life eternal gave.

The joys of Easter and of Christmas are a strange contrast. Christmas brings more of human gladness, more of earthly joy. The little Infant is so dear, so beautiful, and looks so helpless, we feel as if we might fondle and caress Him; our fear vanishes. We forget that He has come to suffer for our sins. But at Easter all is changed. The sorrowful reproaches of Good Friday keep ringing in our ears,—‘Populi meus, quid feci tibi? Aut in quo contristavite?’ We know not what to answer, what to say. It is all too true. Jesus has loved us beyond measure; we have sinned beyond measure. O ingrates that we are! The woes of the Passion have crushed us to the earth. We no longer see the little smiling Infant with arms outstretched to bless. That vision has faded from

our gaze; we now behold the crucifix. The arms are still extended in benediction, but oh! how changed! Should we not tremble on the glorious Easter morning, to lift our heads, or to utter Alleluias? But infinite the excess of love, which burns in the heart of God!—and love is all it asks in return. He appears first to Mary Magdalen,—to the one who had sinned, but who by her mystic death to sin and self, has shown how much she loved. By this He shows us how He can forget all the past, except the little love which we sometimes show Him.

So we may rejoice, it is all glory now, Jesus is risen. But He will share His joys, share His glory,—the joy and the glory of a new and a risen life, provided always that we die that mystic death to sin. Let us sing the 'In exitu Israel de Egypto' and with Alleluias set out on our homeward journey. Once for all let us turn our backs on Egypt.

'If you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above.' What do we seek?—Pleasures which we fancy we shall enjoy? How anxious we are for the visit of a friend! How we grieve over some dear tie severed! How we toil and fret for some earthly honour or advancement! How we make our plans for this year and the next, as if we were sure of life, and our end was to be here! What matter about all that? We must die the mystic death. It is one great part of our Easter duty. The more truly we die, the more gloriously we shall live. Every circumstance of our lives may assist towards this mystic death, which is a severing of the ties of earth. It may be that the loss of a friend clouds the sunshine for us; it may be illness, or some constant nagging pain, that hinders enjoyment; it may be some plan frustrated, it may be some coldness or neglect from one we love, which makes us feel as never before, that all is vanity.

But we have more to do; we must also begin to live—and to live as the elect of God,—to practise charity and peace, and to sing canticles of joy. The Christmas peace, is the peace of expectation of coming redemption; the Easter peace, is the 'PAX VOBISCUM' of our risen Lord. It is the gift of a priceless ransom. 'Pax vobiscum' then shall be the Easter salutation of 'Saint Joseph Lilies' to its readers far and near. May

peace, and joy, and the light of this day which the Lord hath made, illumine their day of life to its close, when the great stone will be rolled away. Then, in the words of Cardinal Newman, 'Then in His mercy, may He give us a safe lodging and a holy rest, and peace at the last.'

S.M.P.

He Is Risen, He Is Not Here.

'Dear Magdalen, thy tears were all of love,
And held no bitterness;
The tide that swept across thy heart,
An infinite caress,
Left it a heart of fire,
Aflame with love's desire,
That knew not past nor days to come,
But burned and yearned
For Him Who was thine all.
Thy soul heard love's low call,
And bowed at Christ's white feet.
It felt God's touch and won
Pardon complete.'

The sun was just risen on that first Easter morning, when Mary Magdalen journeyed to the sepulchre. To Magdalen, however, earth seemed clouded in darkness. The gloom was in her own soul, for God seemed far away—she had lost Him.

In her agony of human desolation, she sought the tomb where Christ's body had been laid, and in her sorrow, she was forgetful of the divine promise of the Resurrection on the third day. She was not aware that guards had been placed at the entrance to the sepulchre, and so foreseeing no other obstacle, she asked, 'Who shall roll us back the stone?'—for she wished to gaze upon that human form again. But when she found that material difficulty removed, to her feeble faith the mystery of its removal proved even a greater difficulty. The empty tomb and the words of the angel, instead of kindling faith, brought little comfort to her sorrowing heart, and she

ran in search of Peter, and the disciple whom Jesus loved. Having returned with them, she remained weeping at the entrance of the tomb. One whom she took for the gardener, touched by her grief, asked, 'Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?' Filled with a sense of loss and longing, she told her sorrow and asked, 'Where have they laid Him?' In answer to her question, she heard her own name 'Mary!' Immediately she recognized the same sweet, compassionate voice as had said, 'Many sins are forgiven her because she has loved much.' The clouds were rolled away, even as the stone from the tomb. There is only one word to express the rapture of her soul, the love of her heart—'Rabboni.' But words were not necessary to express the complete surrender of herself to God. As of old, Magdalen fell down at her Lord's feet to embrace them. It is Magdalen's way of expressing her intense feelings of adoration, of confidence, obedience, yea, even of sacrifice, and it is the God-Man who reveals and wins this personal love. This love of His Heart for each one of us, and the love due from each of us individually to Him, is the very same. But we have a poor way of showing it. With our spiritual blindness, often we know not how to translate human love into Divine love, human service into Divine service.

Have we not heard the Divine Voice again and again, calling us by name—'Mary!' sometimes in joy, often in sorrow, at prayer, from the Tabernacle, and in the intimacy of the Holy Communion? Happy for us if we have responded to our name as Magdalen did, giving the submission of our wills, and the love of our hearts to that 'cherished 'Rabboni.'

MARJORIE POWER.

Hail, eternal Hope on high!
 Hail, Thou King of victory!
 Hail, Thou Prince of life adored!
 Help and save us, gracious Lord!

Easter Lilies.



It was a perfect April day, the kind that stirs a subtle joy in the heart, an upspringing, unthinking bliss, which we share with birds and beast and flower, but which has a deeper root in man than mere physical delight.

Is it not a fresh seal yearly set upon the truth that death must return to life, that sorrow must end in joy, that from the frozen stillness of our winter burst forth the flowers and songs of spring? Under the spell of such ecstasy we do not stop to analyze it, and no feeling deeper than a sense of pleasure stirred the soul of Robert Cassells as he paused in front of a flower-stand in the busy street through which he passed on his daily round of visits to his patients. A childish voice was ringing in his ears. It had called out to him that morning as he turned to throw a kiss to the tiny figure in white at the library window,—‘Bring me Easter lilies, papa, big white lilies. Buy them all—all that you see to-day!’

He smiled at the remembrance and sweeping his hand over the white wadding of flower-clusters of an old woman’s stand, he said, ‘Put up all these, Betty—all your lilies. How much are they?’

‘But what did the gentleman say? How many?’

Many a day had she sold flowers to the same well-dressed gentleman. Why buy all her stock at once!

‘All, all, I said, and quickly!’

Muttering, she put up the great bunch at once, and eagerly counted the money, carelessly thrown down upon the stand.

The flowers were hardly in Cassell’s hand when a thin voice beside him asked, coaxingly, ‘Please, Betty, give me one lily and a bud, and here is a dime. Oh, pick out a nice one please, won’t you, Betty?’

‘And it’s no lily you’ll get to-day, Margaret, for Betty hasn’t the stem of one left; you’ll have to wait till to-morrow, for the gentleman’s got ’em all.’

'But here are some violets or hyacinths, ye can have for your pennies.'

Robert Cassells looked down at the upturned face of the little girl, very poorly but neatly dressed. He could not help noticing the look of disappointment on the dimpled face surrounded by clusters of yellow curls, and he saw the big round tears, which still hung on the lashes of those bright brown eyes.

'Hyacinths won't do, or violets, either,' and she shook her curls, and brushed away the tear. 'So please, sir, will you give me one of your lilies, and you can have my dime?'

'But I don't want your dime, my little maid; you shall have six lilies—only tell me why nothing but lilies will do to-day.'

'Because mamma wants to paint some Easter cards for a lady that ordered them this morning.'

'Does your mamma paint anything else?' he inquired.

'Not now,' said Margaret, 'she has to sit in her chair all day, and can't go about. She rests this light painting on her knee, while she sits by the window, and I bring her what she needs.'

'How long has she been ill, then?'

Here Betty interrupted. 'The child is right, sir. Her mother is an invalid, and the only friend she has, and belike she'll not have her long.'

'Will she not recover, then?'

'No, indeed, there is small chance for her on this side o' Paradise.'

A sudden impulse seized Dr. Cassells, and he, turning to Margaret, asked quickly:—'May I go to see your mother? If you are going home now, tell her I should like to call to-morrow. And now tell me where your mother lives.'

'At number twenty-five Maple Street,' Margaret answered; 'I suppose you won't mind climbing,' she added, doubtfully.

'I have mounted many a narrow staircase,' said the Doctor, smiling, and he drew a small note-book from his pocket, wrote the address, laid his hand on the yellow curls, and then

pushed his way through the crowd with a quicker step than usual.

As we have said, Dr. Cassells was not in the habit of analyzing the springs of his life and conduct; perhaps he was contrasting the fortune of the little maid that he had left at the library window, with this other, who had robbed him of his lilies, but who had awakened a secret sympathy in his generous heart.

The next day Dr. Cassells wended his way down the narrow street lined with maples, red with flowers, though naked still of leaves, until he came to number twenty-five. Before he reached the door, it was opened by Margaret, who smilingly bade him enter, led the way up the narrow stairs, waited a moment at the top, then pushed open a door, and in her sweet high voice announced him without ceremony.

'Mamma, dear, here is a friend who has come to see the lovely things you paint.'

The only occupant of the room glanced up from her drawing board and paints, to greet the stranger. With a winning smile, and bowed head, she welcomed her visitor, and covered her momentary awkwardness by a quick remark.

'Dr. Cassells, this is indeed a pleasure, and an honour. My studio is not all that I could desire, but such as it is I welcome you to it.'

'Thank you, Madam.'

The doctor made a deep respectful bow, and glanced at the graceful lilies which Margaret had placed in water by the window.

'I came to see you, and to see your work,' he said.

He leaned to examine the work before him. It showed both taste and talent, and displayed a delicacy and finish that seemed to him to deserve recognition. Doctor Cassell's heart was touched with sympathy, for with one quick penetrating glance at the pallid face, and languid form before him, he knew that this flickering spark of life and genius, and this soul, now filled with calm and peaceful resignation, would make slight resistance in the final struggle, which was soon to follow.

Her one anxiety was for her little Margaret. She had resolved to ask the Sisters, who came to see her often, and who were kind to her to take her little darling, and make her a good woman.

The Doctor pondered on many things on his way home, and found himself often the next few days watching his little Marie, and realizing as never before the contrasts of life.

His warm heart always won by the attractiveness and innocence of little children, had been drawn through Margaret's gentle leading into a new world.

So the Doctor came again and again, to learn many things, as well as to give much kind assistance. His wife also, a dear, kind, sensible woman, came and drew little Margaret up into her warm motherly embrace, and won her confidence.

When Margaret's mother became more helpless, she was taken to the Sisters' Hospital, and cared for most attentively to the end, by Dr. Cassells, and cheered and comforted by his charming wife, and the little yellow curly head might be seen each morning beside Marie's as they watched 'dear papa' from the library window, and returned a double parting kiss.

Doctor Cassells often brought home large bunches of the season's fairest flowers to his two delighted children. But Margaret never asked again for Easter lilies.

MARY McCARTHY.

St. Joseph's Lilies.

Of all the tender legends, and traditions sweet and old,
That Mother Church, her children down from age to age has
told,
Of Mary and Saint Joseph—beloved of man and God,
Is none of quainter beauty, than the wond'rous blossoming rod

How, her temple service ended, of Judah's royal tribe
To woo the Rose of Sharon came merchant, prince, and scribe,
With gold and land and houses, flocks and herds, a mighty
store,
And one wise, pure, and saintly, and nobly born, if poor.

How her priestly guardians pondered on whom among them
all,
For such fair and holy maiden, their choice should justly fall,
Till the Pontiff, standing 'midst them, spake at last his grave
decree:
'Let God choose for Israel's Lily, who the bridegroom meet
shall be.'

One by one the eager suitors gave to him a leafless rod,
One by one, the Pontiff placed them on the Altar before God;
'Twas Eve's sacrificial hour, and through night's watches still
Our Lady kneeling asked of God to show His blessed Will.

Morn came—Our Lady's spousal morn—close shrouded in her
veil,
She waited, trusting all to God, with faith that could not fail,
Till the Pontiff brought forth Joseph's rod all crowned with
lily bloom,
And filling the fresh morning air with exquisite perfume.

Then to Joseph, just and holy, Our Lady sweet was given
And he took her as a precious trust, a priceless gift from
heaven;
And praising all God's mercies, past and yet to come,
They journeyed gladly, hand in hand, to Joseph's humble
home.

Nineteen hundred years ago! yet Mother Church can tell
(For all her simple legends, she hath loved and guarded well)
Why, evermore, Saint Joseph where e'er we see him stand,
In statue or in picture, bears a lily in his hand.

E. de M.

Thoughts on Retreat.

The last mail has been delivered and distributed! Spiritual books have been selected with care. Thus armed and fortified we are ready. Our chairs have been picked out, and duly labelled, for even though we are about to enter our annual retreat, we wish to be among congenial spirits whom we know will laugh when there is a laugh, and weep—well, when they are deeply affected. We love the social smile, the sympathetic tear, and we know the hearts whence one same touch bids sweet free fountains flow.

It is only the senior girls, however, who are privileged to choose their seats. They can be trusted not to break the sacred silence of these three solemn days. This strict observance is one of those heroic acts of which we love to boast. Those whose virtue is known to be of a feebler nature, are wisely placed by experienced disciplinarians, in safe positions, out of temptation's way.

At this last moment, we have many important things to say to one another—things that we know will not possibly keep for three days; but just as they rush pell-mell into our minds, the door opens and we rise to greet our Retreat-Master. We strive to get one hasty glance before he kneels to pray. Our first impression is made, most likely it will change. The opening prayer is said; we rise from our knees. Retreat has begun!

The opening instruction is usually upon the object of retreat, its benefits, and the dispositions necessary for making it well. I think one could almost recite the form to the end once the pitch or tone is announced in the opening sentence. The other instructions and meditations vary greatly, according to the plans of the director.

After Benediction, where we made good resolutions, we go to bed quietly. Oh! so quietly. We are safely tucked in, full five minutes before the lights are out. Impossible! but then, a great item is left out, and we all know what it is.

With the first stroke of the bell we are up—no lingering for another wink. The prayers are answered with great fervour, for our resolutions are still fresh. Punctuality marks our movements. No one stands at the landings to maintain silence. There is no rapping on the wall to stop the whispering. We have suddenly become angelic.

The first day passes quickly. We read, at least three pages of each of our spiritual books,—tried them all, you know, and then picked out the one most suited to our individual spiritual needs. Lectures and spiritual exercises take up the time. The order of Retreat, of which each girl has at least several copies, is rigidly followed. Our daily siesta occupies the time after dinner to 2.30 o'clock. If the weather is fine the garden walks are filled with girls, walking sedately up and down, their heads wrapped in a veil, and a pair of beads dangling from wrist or belt. Up and down they go, passing and re-passing even their best and dearest friend, with only the ghost of a smile.

On the second day, conscience is examined. Oh! what uneasiness some begin to feel, and on the other hand with what peaceful serenity others entertain the prospect. A few—not many, conjure up mountains of crime, which they,—base criminals, had until then forgotten. There follows a consoling lecture, when sweet hope comes to them by considering the forgiveness of a Magdalen or a Prodigal.

The third and last day has come. The lectures have all been very good, and we have followed and enjoyed them all. We have reached the close. For some it is the first Retreat; for others it is the last. A few have grown weary, the majority wish it were only beginning. All feel different about it.

On the last morning, when the Papal Benediction has been given, and we break from the rigid silence into wild tumultuous freedom, each one feels that what has been so eagerly looked forward to, for months, is over. But let us hope its influence will long remain, especially for those who at the close of this school year intend to go out into the busy world, where none know whither their mission will lead them.

To profit by a retreat, its memory should be ever

cherished and the good resolutions made at its close, should be faithfully kept and practiced in daily life. In this way the retreat will not only secure for those who have made it, joy and happiness in this life, but when the day of reckoning comes, there will be no fear of the dear Master, whose sweet counsels and divine inspirations have been given to them by the lips of His faithful servant, the director of retreat.

LORETTO RATHWELL.

The Annunciation.

In a lowly home at Nazareth, knelt the Virgin meek and mild,
 In heart all pure and holy, in soul all undefiled,
 The frail, white hands were gently clasped, her head bowed
 low in prayer,
 And her voice, like sweetened music, softly wafted through
 the air.

'Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is now with thee.
 Blessed art thou 'mongst women, for thou from sin art free,
 I come from the Court of Heaven,' 'Twas the Angel Gabriel
 spake,
 'To ask that God's beloved Son, human form from thee may
 take.'

The timid maid grew frightened—filled with trouble and
 dismay,
 And to the Angel's greeting, she could find no word to say.
 'Fear not,' then Gabriel whispered, 'thou hast favour found
 on high,
 And in thy consent, O Mary, does man's redemption lie.'

Then the Virgin's eyes turned meekly to the Angel of the
Lord,
'Be it done to me,' she answered, 'according to thy word.'
Tho' she wondered much, she asked not, in what manner this
should be,
But she trusted all to God's sweet Will, as fitting He should
see.

Then the Holy Ghost o'ershadowed His pure and spotless
bride,
And the Father smiled from Heaven on His daughter and His
pride,
While Jesus left His throne above and incarnate became,
To be a 'Child of Mary,' and to share our cherished name.

An angel had sought her from Heaven, the Spirit had
shadowed her o'er,
And she bore incarnate within her, the God whom the angels
adore;
Yet seeing herself thus honoured, she was humbler in heart
than before.

Blessed among all women! Blessed while time shall be!
Blessed in every nation, that the light of truth shall see!
Daily new voices are swelling the chorus of prophecy!

Blessed among all women! Women noble and good,
Blessed in her stainless innocence, in her Virgin Motherhood,
Blessed is the fruit of her womb, Jesus the Son of God!

But greater is her blessedness—greater and holier still,
And higher is the throne in heaven that Mary alone can fill,
That hers was the humblest of human hearts and the heart
that loved best God's Will!

MAY CREAMER, E. de M.

Honour the New Archbishop.

The pupils of Saint Joseph's College gave a delightful concert in honour of Archbishop McNeil. About two hundred of the senior girls, dressed in their black uniform, with white collars and cuffs, occupied the platform. The musical programme had a Scottish flavour, which must have delighted His Grace the new Archbishop, as, indeed, must the whole of the entertainment, including a dignified and beautiful address and a sheaf of flowers presented on behalf of the school by Miss Olga Wallace.

After the senior pupils, with Miss Florence Tobin as soloist, and Miss Kathleen O'Connor at the piano, had completed the musical part of the programme, the tiny girls of the school trooped in, dressed in white; and, when each had made her curtsey to the guest of honour, little Miss Mathilde Masson presented a dainty basket of flowers.

It has been said that the secret of Archbishop McNeil's success is the fact that he never loses an opportunity of getting something done. On this occasion, after thanking the girls of Saint Joseph's College for their kind welcome and congratulating them upon the beautiful way in which everything was done, he offered them the privilege of helping in the mission work of the Church, and placed upon them responsibility for the rent of a school that is being conducted for Japanese children in Vancouver. A little self-sacrifice in the way of sweets and hair ribbons, he said, would soon provide the necessary \$4 a week and accomplish a very good work.

But when thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth.—*Saint Matthew vi. 3.*

The Master's Power.

Music resembles poetry; in each,
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach.
 And which a master-hand alone can reach.

Words are often wonderful enough—the lilt of some verse is bewitching—but music is even more wonderful. It speaks not to our thoughts as words do—it speaks straight to our hearts and spirits, to the very core and root of our souls. But the performer who would interpret the masters requires much breadth of insight, much depth of feeling to measure the lofty, deathless, aspirations of a Beethoven; much poetic soul-sweetness, to reproduce the velvety smoothness of those swelling floods of song-melody of a Mendelssohn; motions as delicately responsive as the rose-lipped sea-shell that echoes the eternal voices of the deep, sweetly to murmur back to us the swaying cadences of the gondolier's boat-song; great energy and poetic power to imagine one's self the leader of a grand and mighty orchestra, and imitate the various effects of the different instruments.

All this, and more the world-famed tone-poet and Liszt interpreter, Arthur J. Friedheim accomplished when he rendered in his own inimitable style the following specially arranged programme before a large and appreciative audience of professors, students, and alumnae in the auditorium of Saint Joseph's College:

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| Sonata, Op. 13 (Pathétique) | Beethoven |
| .. 1. Spinning Song | Mendelssohn |
| 2. Barcarolle in G Minor | Rubenstein |
| 3. Prelude in G..... | } Chopin |
| 4. Prelude in B Minor | |
| 5. Etude in G flat, Op. 25, No. 9..... | Chopin |
| 6. Etude in A flat, Op. 25 | Chopin |
| (From the three new studies). | |
| 7. Scherzo in B flat minor | Chopin |
| 1. St. Francis of Assisi preaching to the birds | Liszt |
| 2. St. Francis of Paolo walking on the waves | Liszt |
| 3. Rhapsody No. 12 | Liszt |

Many distinguished and enthusiastic musicians of the

city, professors and students of the art, were also present. The honour of having so great a master in their midst could not fail to be recognized by all.

The interpretation of Liszt is Mr. Freidheim's crowning glory. For five years he lived with Franz Liszt, and studied under him. In that way he became imbued with the great composer's spirit, and kindled by the fire of his inspirations. It was wonderful to see how quickly he fell in touch with the varying moods of greatness, and with the bright spirit of passages that required quick electric sympathy, and a keen perceptiveness of the influences of Nature in her charming variations of colour and motion.

To listen to the first number—'Saint Francis preaching to the Birds,' was to hear that wondrous sermon again in fancy;—the assembling of the little feathered listeners, their greeting as they came singly or in companies; their hushed attention save for a chirp now and again; the twitter of the small birds in token of approval; the grave solemn voice of the dear Saint addressing them, and finally the startled flutter of their wings, and the general flight, leaving only a few little spell-bound listeners to scatter soon after, in different directions,—and then the silence.

The second number from Liszt was grandly imitative of an entirely different kind of natural phenomena—the resembling of the waves was perfectly imitated by the smooth chromatic runs of the left hand, then in the lull of an ebb-tide a voice calling like that of Saint Peter for help; followed by the deep wild roar of the approaching flood, effected by powerful crescendos in the lower octaves, while a sweet melody was sustained by the right hand. The inspiration for this impassioned melody was taken from a painting that hung in Liszt's studio, and Mr. Freidheim in his study of this composition was often recommended to stand before the picture, and study it. He did.

But the last number—one of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies, is best described by the following lines quoted from 'The Arbor'.

There was a hush, and then at last began
 The deep, vast summoning chords you know so well;
 The insistent theme weaving a solemn spell,
 Till sudden into frenzied hurry ran
 The resistless music, mounting passionately—
 Liszt's well known rhapsody of Hungary.
 More fast, more mad! and I was one who spun
 In rhythmic dancing with the Zingari
 Unto low chanting in the Tzigan tongue
 Upon the fire-lit plains of Romany.
 A-thrill, a-dream. I sat, while on and on
 The music pulsed majestic and slow
 Till, with one final sweeping of the bow
 And one last plaintive chord, the dance was done.
 Now, tell me, wherefore in an English heart
 Should such wild memories of the Piestza start?

571-P

Entre Nous.

'My dear, why do you wear that ridiculous hat?'

'Do you really think it ridiculous? How lovely of you.
 I was afraid it wasn't quite the style.'

THE IRONY OF FATE.

'O, Marie, you're too old to cry.'

'Yes, an' I'm too y-y-young ter have w-wot I'm cryin'
 for.'

Teacher—'What is a straight line?'

Answer—'A straight line is one that starts at a point and
 runs in different directions.'

'How do you like my new gown, Grandma?'

'I don't like it at all. In my day we wore one-button
 gloves and gowns buttoned up to the neck. Now they wear
 one-button gowns and gloves buttoned up to the neck.'

'How are you getting along with the chorus, Mary?'

'My cold is better, thank you.'

'I don't mean cold, child; how are you getting along with
 the chorus?'

'Very well, thank you, but we can't boo yet.'

'Child, dear, where have you to boo?'

'Oh, I don't mean boo. I mean bow.'

TAKING A SNAPSHOT.

Come, girls, be ready! Stand right there.
 I'll tell you when I'm taking. Wait—
 I've got the focus. Now! Prepare!
 No, no—the camera's not straight,
 How far is it, do you suppose?
 I'm focusing at twenty feet.
 No, Josie needn't change her toes,
 And doesn't Mary look too sweet!

Now wait a minute—I can't get
 You all in, somehow. Agnes, please
 Move close to Ella—closer yet;
 Or sit with Tena on your knees.
 I'll move back, too, a little bit.
 Now! wait—you're partly in the shade.
 I guess that Nora'll have to sit,
 Or else she won't show, I'm afraid.

And, Lily, you sit, too. Let's see—
 No, that won't do; your feet are out
 Of focus; they would look to be
 As big as ferryboats about!
 Turn catacornered—there! Now! No,
 That won't do. Wait. I guess we planned
 Best way at first. You seem so low.
 Perhaps you all had better stand.

No, wait—until the sun is bright;
 How mean a cloud should interfere!
 You're all three now exactly right,
 Just fine! and Mary's moved! Oh dear!
 But there—it's coming out! Now, quick!
 Here Mary! Look at Sister,—Look!
 Just look at Sis—I'm taking! (Click!)
 There, now it's over with. You're took.

The Newspaper.

A Lecture by Mr. J. C. Walsh, Editor of the 'Herald', Montreal.

Mr. Walsh introduced his subject by comparing the influence of the newspaper to that of the pulpit, and quoted the words of the late Dr. Goldwin Smith: 'We must first get the pulpit, then have something to say to interest the reader.' The great thing is to be able to say this often, and have a continual audience. The newspaper coming out once a day or once a month gives the opportunity to say it over and over again. Cardinal Newman valued the privilege of speaking from the same pulpit at Oxford every Sunday. They agreed that the influence which any particular sermon could exert from week to week and month to month, year in and year out, though the audience changed, would lead many to think along the same lines. When Newman found at the time of the crisis of his faith that he wanted even a larger audience than that which presented itself at Oxford, he took the same device as Addison and Steele in the issuing of tracts. We find him writing to his correspondents that while his tracts were selling well, and the pulpit served his purpose, and that while it pleased him that a certain amount of consideration was given to his views, the thing that interested him most was that the audience was enlarging, and the purpose being attained. This earliest form of journalism still exists.'

Here Mr. Walsh cited some examples of the present day influence of personal journalism in England, Germany, and the United States, and went on to say: 'The number of these primitive pulpiteers, or newspapers is not very great, because other problems soon come in, which have to be dealt with, and which are not strictly problems of the pulpit. So in the newspaper it is found that something is added to the pulpit. Several of the newspapers with which we are perhaps most familiar have had that experience. Those who belonged to the generation before ours looked upon 'The Globe' as the pulpit of George Brown, a reflex of the personal influence of

that popular man. When the paper came late one day from the office, it was learned that the editor was ill. When the next day it failed to appear at all, an old Scotch lady remarked "He'll be worse to-day." Some can remember also when 'The Saturday Night' was established. 'The Saturday Night' was called into being because of the very remarkable personality under Mr. Sheppard's broad rimmed hat. Mr. Sheppard wanted a medium through which he could reach the public. If you will allow me, I might mention a more recent case which may be found in the 'Devoir' of Mr. Bourassa, which affords a medium for the views and opinions of that gentleman. If the editor of this paper should die, or lose interest, his paper would not survive the shock. If at a similar stage, 'The Globe' or 'Saturday Night' had met with a like misfortune, they, too would have ceased. Thus personal journalism is difficult to maintain, for if the editor dies or loses interest, the paper dies a natural death. One does not like to establish a newspaper, and have it die a natural death when he loses interest. Then comes a stage when the position of the press became more important, and there grew up in England in the nineteenth century great English journals in which ideas were set forth, but the originator of the ideas remained undiscovered in the background.

When it was no longer possible for the public to identify a man by his writings, then it became necessary to adopt the system of anomalous editorship, to hold the steady interest of its readers, when it was not expected to make new impressions so much as to keep up the interest of those who read them. Richard Cobden undertook to question the power of the press. He said it would be quite impossible to have 'The Morning Post' or 'The London Chronicle' bring into their columns any- or everything like a newspaper could. A story is told in Montreal of a French journalist who came out to Canada a few years ago, and who founded a very crude system of newspaper in the French style. He took a sheet of foolscap, folded it in two, wrote a question on one side and the answer on the other, and tearing it in two, sent half a sheet to each newspaper and got five dollars for each of them. If these envelopes should be ex-

changed by mistake, the readers would be dissatisfied, because they were not getting what they had bargained for. Hence, principled discussion in an anomalous paper is impossible, for in that case there would be only the resources of the newspaper offices to depend upon. Such a thing as this would be impossible in London. I do not think, for example, that the Conservative who reads 'The Mail and Empire' would read a letter condemning it if he should get it. 'The Mail and Empire' has held closely to its views for generations. They know what it is, and they would be scandalized if it should print anything contrary to its settled opinions.

'Anomalous journalism tends to narrow and restrain. It does not give that freedom which personal journalism does. It schools its readers to prejudice.

'I saw in one of the new books, a good story. In the north of Ireland, where everything is taken with the utmost seriousness, a little boy after listening at church to a sermon on the omnipotence of God, asked his father, "Did God make everything?" The answer was, "Yes." "Did he make the Papists?" "Yes." Then the boy answered: "He'll rue it yet."

'Opinions change, and so does journalism. When the pulpit and newspaper found that it needed something else, it was not long before it opened up columns for news items. What is news? This opens up a large question. Still more important is the question, 'What is news for the people who read this paper?' If you had ten, fifteen, or twenty-five newspaper men, twenty out of the twenty-five would invite your admiration for 'The London Times' or 'The New York Post.' Their leaning on the matter is quite correct, but it is difficult to put into practice that which excites their admiration. Like the young curate who might preach in Milan Cathedral or the Cathedral of Cologne. He might preach there to the flower of civilization, but he would not accomplish as great a work as he might with his limited experience, in a humbler position. So also, with an editor; the paper we like most is not the one most read. News consists in a record of the things in which its readers interest themselves most. It may run to divorce,

train wrecks, musical performances, societies, and a host of things which involve differences of view. All depends on the point of view. It is not a lack on the part of the editor, of constancy of purpose, or of ability, but of interest in the community of readers. I mention this to remind those who read newspapers that the responsibility for those things that they do not like, is largely their own. I do not think there is any case in which the public newspaper fails to live up to the ideal of the people. Editors would rather make the good paper, but it will not sell.

‘We hear a good deal about the effects of yellow journalism. When W. R. Hurst went to New York to establish a newspaper his ambition was to have a paper of the highest class, but he found there was no field for such a paper. There were only about twenty-five or thirty subscribers and they were buying another paper. He found that the success of his paper depended upon catering to the interests of a more or less uninstructed people. He therefore devised a medium for speaking to them in a language in which he was most likely to reach them. An analogy, perhaps more clear, is the efforts that have been made to elevate the theatre. Some men built and endowed a new theatre in New York. They played the best plays, employed only the best actors, but they failed. This lesson led them to pursue a different course. They then built a little theatre accommodating only three hundred people. The public must be catered to. It is your choice which determines the character of a newspaper. You may depend upon it, that if your preference is known, the men who make the newspaper will answer your requirements. There is a good deal of philosophy about the newspaper. It takes about fifteen years before the newspaper can be said to be well established. You have to have your audience some time before your pulpit, before you learn their tastes.

‘If you look critically, you will find that much space is devoted in the modern newspaper to sport. That means that there are many young people who are interested only in the things of youth. Do you ever realize what a small part of the

paper interests the reader? There are some who look at the musical page, at the society columns, and others at the financial page which interests only buyers and sellers of stock. There is always a general subservient, subconscious desire of serving the public and of bringing in as many interests as possible. The expedients are not always flattering to our intelligence. I am often asked why the newspapers print vulgar cartoons. There is a class which insists upon having them, and so newspaper offices go to a great deal of trouble to get from the leaders of society, the records of their personal movements. A considerable number buy the paper only to look at the cartoons, which afford a good laugh to those who work all day. Many editors have won success by their saving sense of humour. Humanity is a mixed composition and no one knows it better than the newspaper man.

‘But after all, when you come to the test of news, what is news? You look for the answer to the people who want this news. Each occupation wants its own. There are many curious examples of how fixed men become in their habits of newspapers, many taking the same paper for years. One would as soon think of changing what he had for breakfast as of changing his morning paper.

‘The Telegram’ has developed a circulation, and I do not think anyone will be able to take it away. ‘The London Chronicle’ has found an opening, and keeps an audience because of this habit of no change. Humanity is set in its ways, thus ‘The London Chronicle,’ which was first printed as a little adjunct to a Literary Society in London, is still able to maintain a circulation against all more influential and wealthy rivals.

‘The men who make the newspaper are the best class of young, ambitious, vigorous men and have to be such to do the things that have to be done. But the field which is opened up is well worth the trouble. All avenues are open to the conscientious journalist.

‘War has sometimes been brought about by the misuse of the power of the press. The Franco-Prussian war was un-

doubtedly made by the telegrams, and press notices of Bismarck and Napoleon. The newspaper played an important part in bringing matters in this instance to a crisis. So much depends upon the wording of a paragraph as it appears in the daily paper. There is no doubt that in the days to come, the newspaper will become a great weapon in the hands of those who wield it.'

ELIZABETH BARNEY.

The lecture was followed by a rare musical treat. Mr. Paul Hahn's depth of musical feeling found scope in Gounod's "Ave Maria." With the sweet, rich tones of the 'cello blended the easy, flowing Bach Prelude. Miss Grace Smith's graceful accompaniment must surely be an incentive to our music students to study deeply this great, but (we fear) dreaded master. The second part was rendered even more beautiful by the delicate religious strains of the organ. Mr. Hahn's gracious encore was brimming over with joyousness, to remind one of myriads of dancing fairies.

Miss Smith, in her piano solos, displayed rare musical talent. Her depth of feeling seemed to find expression in the various movements to which she adapted herself with perfect ease. Attention to detail is a prominent feature of Miss Smith's playing, and the result is a finish not heard except amongst artists.

The beautiful Introduction and Polacca—duet for 'cello and piano—was deserving of the applause it received. The piano and strings seemed to vie with each other for the mastery in the merry dance as the theme rang out, first on the piano and then on the 'cello, only to be repeated and varied again on the piano.

Schubert's ever-popular Traumerei completed this entrancing program, and as the last strain gradually became silence, we were called back from the fairy ships to join heartily in the National Anthem.

A Joyful



A



Easter

Grow

St Joseph's Temple



College Items.

School re-opened after the holidays with a largely increased attendance. A half dozen desks looked lonely for the first week, but they were soon occupied by the new-comers, who failed to appreciate the possession of a favourite seat. The former occupants have since returned, but each is paying the penalty for tardiness by cheerfully accepting whatever falls to her lot, in curtain, pigeon-hole, or pew.

Too late I strayed,—forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours,
How noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers!

A new dining room has been opened up and furnished for the accommodation of the Primary School. The three schools are distinctly separate now, and the matter of discipline has been greatly simplified. A new stairway has been built leading from the Music Hall down to the first floor, and a square vestibule at the base is lighted by large double doors panelled with etched glass. Many modern conveniences have been provided, which add greatly to the general comfort in this department. As an evidence that spring is with us again the canaries, which have been exemplary in the observance of silence during the winter, have begun to sing so lustily and merrily that we have an orchestral accompaniment at every meal. Our digestion should be the best.

The elevator is now in use. Former pupils here can imagine how we value its service, when they learn that our laundry each week is delivered promptly at our address-flat, room, number—and our wardrobe is transported conveniently in the same way, from trunk to locker, and again with desirable speed to trunks for the home return, when moments even are counted days ahead. Would that we too might share the

privilege of such rapid transit! What breaches of silence on the stairs, and impositions in consequence would be avoided!

Our Literary Society has been reorganized. Owing to the increased attendance in the school, it is considered better to have a senior and junior circle. Saint Gertrude has been chosen as the patron of the senior Literary Society, which holds its weekly meetings on Friday evening. A new constitution has been drawn up and adopted, and the following officers have been elected:

President—Miss Marjorie Power.
 Vice-President—Miss Eileen Dowdall.
 Secretary—Miss Eileen Hayes.
 Treasurer—Miss Anna Beninger.
 Critic—Miss Winnifred O'Connor.
 Historian—Miss Nina Hennessey.
 Prophet—Miss Rita McGoey.

Committees have also been appointed to look after the various interests of the Society. Four members belong to each. From these respective Committees one member has been selected to represent each, in the formation of a Council.

The Music Committee—Miss Sheelah Mulcahy,
 Miss Kathleen O'Connor,
 Miss Blanche Lavery,
 Miss Marie Devlin.
 The Art Committee—Miss Aveline Travers,
 Miss Barbara Rose,
 Miss Ilda McGuire,
 Miss Nora Travers.
 The Essay Committee—Miss Madeline Burns,
 Miss Lenore Stock,
 Miss Mary Tighe,
 Miss Mary McCarthy.
 The Social Committee—Miss Leonida Lawless,
 Miss Lillian Kennedy,
 Miss Margaret Acres,
 Miss Marie Barry.

The Councillors selected are Misses K. O'Connor, A. Travers, M. McCarthy, and L. Kennedy.

At our first open meeting which presented an interesting programme of music, song, and recitation, the Presidents made very graceful and eloquent addresses, explaining the motives and aims of the Society, the ideals for which its mem-

bers shall strive, and the motto which it is intended shall guide and govern their actions. These addresses and the manner in which they were delivered, showed that the confidence of the members had not been misplaced in choosing Miss Power and Miss Dowdall as their Presidents. We owe it to our leaders to say that we all felt a sense of satisfaction when we saw Miss Marjorie and Miss Eileen rise to the occasion and set an example worthy of imitation by the junior circle.

The juniors have formed themselves into a Reading Circle under the patronage of Saint Francis de Sales. Their organization, too, is quite complete. The meetings are held every Saturday evening, Miss Bertille Hayes acting as President. As this is strictly a Reading Circle the first public programme, entitled 'An Evening with the Saints,' was devoted to readings, recitations, and essays from chosen saints. It is hardly necessary to add that the evening was devoutly as well as pleasantly spent.

Thanks to the Reverend Father Naish, S. J., who visited Saint Joseph's last year at the close of school, we have been enabled, without the cost of travel, or the time it takes, to spend a most enjoyable evening in the far-away land of China. Father Naish's lecture was admirably descriptive both in the vivid word-pictures that he has such powers to paint, and in the excellent lantern views that accompanied it. We shall not forget the scenes, or the strange people that figured in them. China now means more to us than a patch on the map. Russia, too, is indelibly impressed on our minds since Miss Henry's instructive lecture.

In accordance with the expressed wishes of the Archbishop of Toronto, a little band of mission-workers has been organized to collect weekly contributions in aid of a Japanese mission school in British Columbia. The president chosen is

Miss Corinne Pascoe, who has two assistants, Miss Marie Barry, and Miss Annie O'Connell. The treasurer is Miss Florence Meader, and the corresponding secretary is Miss May Schenck, who receives and answers all communications with the Western Mission. The pupils in each class have appointed representatives who belong to the band which at present numbers twelve. Here we find that spirit of broad-minded Christian charity which claims the whole round world for its own, and the Catholic Church as a common mother.

The fulness of joy, the abiding gladness of these 'Forty Hours' is felt deep down in our hearts. It belongs to the privilege of being in God's sacramental presence. Before us is the altar, decked with flowers and lights. But high over all is the Monstrance, where we fix our gaze. Everything seems to whisper to us Peace! Silence! This chapel is a holy place, God is here, let us kneel and adore Him. These are days of thanksgiving, of reparation, and petition. Their memory fills a sacred page in the diurnal of our lives. Our congregational singing was unusually good. Some fourteen or fifteen scholastics from the Basilian Novitiate joined in it their voices. A full chorus of worshipful praise followed the exhortation 'Pange Lingua.' Its volume filled the lofty Gothic arches; its devotion filled our inmost souls.

Early in the scholastic term, a debate was held, the subject of which was—Resolved, that the study of languages is more beneficial in a woman's education than is a study of the sciences. The affirmative was upheld by the Misses Olga Wallace and Gertrude Bradley, of the Matriculation Class, and the Misses Lenore Stock and Nina Hennessey, of the Normal Entrance Class, advanced weighty arguments in support of the negative. The audience consisted of the pupils of the Senior School, the staff, some friends of those taking part, and our two Chaplains, Rev. Fathers Frachon and Meader. The judge, whose clear, cold logic summarized the points of argument,

and carefully weighed the value of each, was Rev. Father Meader, C. S. B., and he awarded the palm of victory to the negative. Some musical numbers also added to the evening's entertainment.

The Saint Gertrude's Literary Society has by means of essays, readings, discussions, and lectures, become fairly conversant with the history of the literature of the Saxon, Norman, and Renaissance Periods. We are now studying the history of the drama, and find many interesting and amusing anecdotes connected therewith. The Art Committee has contributed its share in making the life and work of Chaucer very impressive. Among other things Miss Barbara Rose has completed a very artistic portrait of the clever little Tale-Teller, which was produced at one of our Chaucer evenings. It has since been framed, and will add to the decoration of our Society Room.

Rev. Father Command, of Trenton, Mich., who is always a welcome visitor at Saint Joseph's, gave a rare treat to the Community and the young ladies of the Boarding School by his eloquent and touching sermon on the Blessed Sacrament. After the sermon Benediction was given. A cordial invitation is extended for the renewal of the Reverend Father's visit in the near future.

Every Tuesday evening the teachers and prospective teachers at Saint Joseph's College enjoy the greatly appreciated privilege of attending a series of Normal Instructions in the teaching of Christian Doctrine, given in one of the lecture rooms by the learned theologian, Reverend H. J. Canning. His masterly interpretation and explanation of whatever he touches upon gives to it a clearness and interest which was unknown to us before.

Lectures in Logic and Psychology, are given by the Reverend Fathers Purcell and Meader, Professors of Saint Michael's College, to the Catholic Women Students of the University, four times a week. The Students have a separate entrance to the College, and as the Lecture hours are 8-9 a. m., 12-1 p. m., and 4-5 p. m., they find the Lecture Room at Saint Joseph's College very convenient on account of its near situation to the University.

Among our clerical callers of this month was Rev. G. McShane, of Montreal. He is widely known as a distinguished Drummond interpreter and lecturer. The Reverend Father visited the class rooms and the gymnasium, where a class was being instructed. What a pleasure would it not be to hear him lecture!

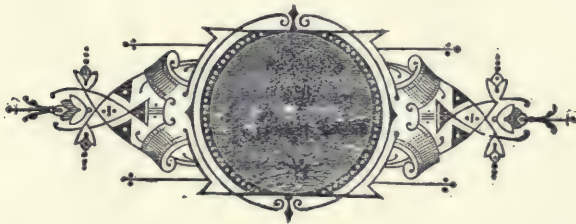
A very pleasing and interesting programme was prepared by the pupils of Saint Joseph's High School, and presented before a large gathering of the City Clergy, and the friends of the pupils. The occasion was the distribution of the numerous certificates and diplomas that had been obtained by the successful candidates at the Departmental Examinations. The chief feature of the programme was a Cantata—'The Tyrolene Queen.' The characters were well represented and the singing was good. Careful preparation and good taste were shown in every detail.

Address by Reverend Father Williams.

As a fitting close for the Forty Hours' Devotion, Rev. Father Williams, Saint John's Church, East Toronto, addressed the Students and the Members of the Alumnae, in a touching and eloquent manner, taking for his text the model proposed in Exodus, Ch. 25, v. 40. 'Look, and make it, (your soul) according to the pattern that was shown thee in the mount.' These words, so aptly applied by Saint Paul when he

spoke of the great High Priest, Jesus Christ, were appropriately and forcefully applied by the Reverend speaker to us. We should fashion our lives on the great Model, Jesus Christ, whose particular virtues in the Blessed Sacrament we had come back to study in a special manner of prayer and contemplation. The powerful influence, which in the life of our Lord was the wonder of all who witnessed it, has its counterpart in the abiding Presence in the Tabernacle. Whosoever, then, would exert an influence for good in the world, must model her life upon that of the Divine Master. He, alone, is the teacher of so sublime art—the perfection of a human soul.

The President of the Alumnae Association, Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., has offered a prize for the best story and a prize for the best poem, composed by any member of the Saint Gertrude's Literary Society for the June issue of 'Saint Joseph Lilies.' The story is not to exceed 1,500 words, and the poem is to contain not more than fifty lines.



Strive, Wait, and Pray.

STRIVE; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away ;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

WAIT; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow ;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

PRAY; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears ;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day ;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

Adelaide A. Procter.



