

# A YOUNG TRAPPIST

## BROTHER JOHN, A MONK NINE YEARS OLD.

Exceedingly Happy in His New Home at Oka, a Little Canadian Settlement Situated on the Banks of the Ottawa River

Let me introduce to you Brother John, monk; residence, Trappist monastery, Oka; age, nine years. Nine years old; a monk, and happy as the day is long. Nine years old, with more grit, earnestness and strenuousness in his baby make-up than is usually found in lives of full-grown people! Nine years old, and possessed of sufficient knowledge of the world to detect it and of sufficient love of God to give up all in order to serve Him! Nine years old, at Oka, in the brown habit and cowl, serious, silent, meditating, doing penance and chopping wood: this is Brother John. And this, likewise, dear reader, is the twentieth century, and this is America. And if some one should happen to your hearing to remark that monasticism is a dead art, advise him as a friend to repeat it to himself very low, lest another with less manners should chance to overhear him and rudely giggle.

But where is Oka? It is a little Canadian settlement, founded by the Indians long ago and renowned as a trading place, situated on the Ottawa river near its confluence with the St. Lawrence. A short distance off to the east, on the mountain side, is the Trappist monastery—a large stone main building, of severe aspect, with its numerous outhouses, shops, dairies, etc., nestling in a depression of the slope. A way from it on all sides stretches acres of finely cultivated land—orchards and vineyards. The monastery shelters some sixty monks, of strictest order in the church, all of whom are intensely interesting to the average outsider, and one is sure to monopolize the attention of the visitor from the start and give him food for reflection for many a long day after his departure from Oka.

Men of the Trappist stamp never fall to make a deep and lasting impression on worldlings of whatever religious persuasion they may be. They are so different, so widely different, so radically different from the general run of mortals, have so little in common with the rest of mankind, are so little human, one would almost say. Just what other men live, struggle, suffer and die for, they spare and despise; just what others hate and abhor, they embrace with open arms and die with it in their grasp; poverty, penance and prayer, silence, obedience and work. As far as they are concerned, peoples may rejoice in peace or lay each other with the sword; nations may rise or fall; the world may progress or retrograde, without all his disturbing the even tenor of their lives. What they are concerned with is the saving of their immortal souls; that is the only thing that really does concern them. They are intensely earnest in this matter, they mean to succeed, and if they do not, then God help the rest of our frail clay.

Of course people read a great deal about monks in books, and nowadays in the newspapers, and nowadays have their own ideas about this peculiar race of beings; and these various ideas, if they only could and would, take some kind of form, would furnish a most valuable museum of curiosities, monstrosities, ridiculousities, etc. There are those who whisper of secret plottings and dark conspiracies which they describe on a lurid background of voluptuousness and crime to none which would be sin. Others fear not, neither are they shocked, but they scorn with a deep, bitter, righteousness scorn, the imbecile simplicity, the damnable ignorance and general unworthiness of these monks. If pity should happen to soften the heart, and the world is generous with its pity, then it is "such idiotic, natural-born fools, these monks! Such useless beings for God and man! Where are their brains and why do they exist?"

To the mind of him who knows the monks, his fear of the ones is sad; the scorn of the other is sadder, but the pity of the last is sadder by a wide margin. It is so sad that if one has a well developed sense of propriety and honor, the mere mention of the word "pity" in relation to the monks is apt to make him exclaim: "It is indeed to laugh!" for if there is one article in the emporium of human things for which the monks have no use, earthly or otherwise, it is that same pity. Pity is a sop to misfortune and misery; we do not pity those who are better off than we are. Therefore it is that the good monks, in spite of all their seriousness, when pity is offered them, can hardly refrain from breaking out in hoarse merriment. It is about the only joke they enjoy; and in truth, it is a huge one.

But I can forget the boy—which goes to show how very interesting beings these monks are. Let us remember he is nine. His usual companion, in whose company I found him, is Brother Celestin, a giddy young thing of seventy-five or thereabouts; and behind him Brother John walks with downcast eyes, solemn gait and serious mien. He never talks, he fasts and works night, he prays and chants and keeps the life of a genuine monk; this nervous youngster of another and better age. If he breaks the rule which happens, sometimes, he confesses his fault in the community. Well, below the Father-Abbot and Brother Celestin, and accepts his penance with the philosophic humility of the best hardened weather-beaten sailor.

ed habit; if forced to face you, he will blush from ear to ear like a young culprit caught with his finger in the jam. He will answer your question with a "Yes" and "No." If the Abbot orders him to speak, but will give unmistakable signs of anxiety to be off and engaged in some more profitable occupation than posing for the curiosity of visitors.

Is he happy? Well, with due consideration for the value of words, that is putting it very lightly. The fact is, he simply revels in being a monk. This is his own element, he was made for it, and it for him; and he lives the life to his little heart's content.

His father brought him here over a year ago from Montreal because the lad, having heard of the place, by dint of tormenting had exacted a promise, and the promise had to be kept. Once there he hazarded the remark that it would be a good place to stay. He was diplomatic in his advances; first asked, then begged, pleaded, besought, and finally insisted on staying. What would mamma say? Plenty of others at home, twelve or fourteen, to take up mamma's time, and what else does she want than to know her boy is happy? What would the Abbot say? That could be ascertained by consulting him. And the Abbot examined this novel postulant. He acquainted himself with the particulars of the case, and as much to humor this extraordinary fancy that had taken possession of the boy as to give the case a test, consented to allow him to remain for a two weeks' trial. Those two weeks were as good as a life-time.

That was enough, and more than enough. Like the hero of Malakoff, he whispered in his own ear that night while going to bed: "Here I am, here I stay," and he did. A week a month passed, with no sign of repentance on his part. Suggestions were evaded, proposals to return home were rejected. Then his attitude assumed a coaxing character not to be turned away. He would try to deserve the honor of remaining. And there he is yet, without a doubt to remain as long as Brother Celestin has been there, and that is a long time.

His father visits him from time to time. Brother John is glad to see him asks for those at home, sends a kiss to mamma and the little ones, and like the true monk that he is, waives the permission to dine with his father and goes back to his gin plate and wooden spoon and sits with the brothers in the refectory.

Yes, he is happy, but it would serve no purpose to exaggerate and say his bliss is perfect. Perfection is mighty difficult to attain to in this world, especially where happiness is concerned; so Brother John has his crosses to bear, he has troubles of his own.

First, he is obliged by a rule made expressly for him, if you please, to lie abed an hour longer than the others when they arise to chant Matins at two in the morning. He may listen if he likes, but to get up and join in is forbidden. It might be worse, of course, but it is nevertheless a severe penance to be excluded from the community at that most solemn of all times.

Another shocking piece of partiality to which he is subjected: he is to eat most every morning at breakfast. Who ever heard of such a thing in a Trappist monastery, as eating meat? The Father-Abbot seems to be leagued with the evil one in an effort to spoil his vocation, to ruin his monastic prospects and deprive him of rights that are his by virtue of his calling. This humiliating condition of affairs probably accounts for his chubby face, his rosy cheeks, a countenance from which beads of innocence and health.

But I come to greater things. Some people imagine that a vocation and virtue are all that is necessary to make a real live monk. This is an egregious blunder. According to the standard of ancient and accepted traditions and the classical ideas of asceticism, the face has considerable to do with it as a condition, "sine qua non," while the ornaments heretofore whiskers to wit, are the very essentials of success. Without the ascetic face and the long, flowing beard, the Antonys, the Basils, the Bernards, the Brunos, would never have reached the pedestals on which they receive universal admiration and esteem; might as well take off their heads as their beards.

Now Brother John knows this; and yet no amount of good-will can alter the healthy look of that face. It is neither pale nor drawn, nor pinched, nor emaciated; there are no lines that indicate long fasting and deep meditation; there is not that sweet sadness that looks out of saints' eyes and speaks of interior struggles and rude self-denial. No, the only thing that his features suggest is sleep and beef.

No wonder the holy men whose portraits around the white-washed walls seem to look down in scorn and mockery on his pitiful efforts to imitate them. Perhaps, too, that is why he is so bashful when you eye him closely—he thinks you are laughing at a face so strangely out of place in a monastery.

And then imagine, if you can, a monk without a beard! The Church without a head, St. Peter without his keys, and a monk without whiskers, these are three impossible things; and were one of the three possible, the last would be the least. And yet, no, not a hair, not a suspicion of a hair to adorn his chin, and no prospect of any for a long time to come. This is the very depth of his disgrace, and in his own eyes he seems hardly less brazen than would appear an Asiatic maiden in public without the traditional veil. How he envies his more fortunate brethren, especially Brother Celestin, who during the meditation hour can hide and lose themselves in these long, flowing, abundant meshes! Oh, for the wealth of a shaggy, bristling beard! Oh, for the beard of a prophet, for the beard of Aaron! Oh, for such an inheritance of the Fathers of the desert! And the baby-faced cheeks that play around the throne of the Abbot, and the curls of Brother Celestin's beard, and resolve in

pled his cause and obtain for him the coveted prize.

These are Brother John's troubles—there are lesser ones in the world—and they constitute the burden of his penance.

Brother John, no doubt, will one day have a long, white beard like Brother Celestin's; he will have wrinkles and furrows, and the flush of exuberant life will give place to a complexion more in keeping with his calling, when sleep-overs and meat will be things of the past. And these badges of his profession he will carry with legitimate pride. If he ever comes across a youngster who like himself begins life heavily handicapped, he will pity and console him. He may, who knows, he may become Father-Abbot! And after long years of merit, when his time comes, his poor, worn-out body will be laid to rest in the little "Campusanto" alongside those who went before him in the same path of heroic sacrifice. But his soul will return to his God, who has said: "If you will be perfect, take up your cross and follow me." He had little to give, the poor lad; but what he had gave, his liberty and even his childhood joys. He followed the Lamb, and was perfect.—Kerdec, in Catholic Transcript.

### CATHOLIC NOTES.

One hundred and fifty seven new books were donated last week to the St. Louis Free Library by the Librarian of Congress, Washington. The works are chiefly on zoology, ethnology, geology and statistics.

Members of the Grand View Avenue Methodist church, of Dubuque, Iowa, have expressed their desire to co-operate with Archbishop Keane in his struggle against disreputable saloons with wine rooms and women attached.

Plans for the new Richmond Cathedral are now in the hands of New York architects, and it is probable work may begin next June. When the most artistic in the South.

Mr. James S. Gardner, a lay worker in the cause of the colored Catholics is making collections for the purpose of spreading the faith among his brethren. Mr. Gardner is endorsed by various bishops and priests. His method is to lecture to colored people in every town he visits and to distribute among them catechisms and other books on religion.

Sidney, Australia, now has a Catholic mayor, a city council containing eight Catholics, a Catholic vice-president of the federal executive council, and two Catholic members of the state ministry. There are, besides, twenty-two Catholics in the state parliament of New South Wales.

The new convent for native nuns started by Bishop Cadot in Basson, India, in 1897, has proved a complete success. Three to five novices join yearly. Next February the first ceremony of profession takes place. All have to pass the government Normal School examination and obtain teachers' certificates. In a few years every Catholic native school for girls is to have one or more of these excellently trained and certified teachers.

Bishop Foley of Detroit has just saved a bank from suspending. The time bank of that city had paid out over \$100,000, owing to a false rumor, and the storm increased. Bishop Foley appeared at the bank and advised the depositors to retire and leave their money, as it was perfectly safe. The alarmed depositors at once departed.

Mr. John H. Gekthaus, a retired contractor of Cincinnati, has lost most of his \$10,000 estate to the church and charity. Almost every Catholic institution in the city was specifically mentioned, most of them getting \$500.

Although Akona, Pa., has a Republican majority of about 1500 votes, the Democrats elected a number of officials in the last election. Three of these are Catholics—the mayor, Mr. Samuel Hoey; the controller, Mr. Jos. Hammer; and the city treasurer.

The Lactare medal was this year conferred on Dr. John B. Murphy of Chicago, by Notre Dame University. The medal is conferred yearly on Lactare Sunday by the University upon some American Catholic layman, who has distinguished himself in the service of religion, the commonwealth, education, art or science.

By the will of the late Mr. P. McShane of Louisville, Ky., St. Rev. Bishop McCloskey has been given \$1000; the Little Sisters of the Poor, \$250; and \$200 for the church which he had helped to erect in Taylorsville, that state.

Kilbourn City, Wis., will soon witness the erection of a \$11,000 Catholic Church. The congregation now numbers about eighty families and almost \$6,000 has already been subscribed for the new edifice. Work will be commenced as soon as the plans have been agreed upon.

### SISTER MARY BROWN.

Death of a Visitation Nun Widely Known Throughout the Country.

In the death of Sister Mary Frances Brown, which occurred recently, at the Visitation Convent, Connecticut avenue, Washington, D. C., the church has lost a zealous and devoted member. Reared in Protestant surroundings, this remarkable religious girl had grown to womanhood as the light of faith had dawned upon her soul.

Prompt to respond to grace, she was received into the church after careful preparation, and till death her fervor never languished. The gift of faith was to her a precious treasure, and she never ceased to make every effort to share it with others. Many now advanced in life locally gratefully her instructions for their first communion, and will no doubt express their gratitude by praying for the repose of her soul.

Sister Mary Frances was eminently an American, being the daughter of Major Brown, U. S. A., grand niece of Maj. Gen. Brown, commander of our army prior to General Scott, and sister of Major Thompson Brown, U. S. A., engineer to the case of Russia some fifty or sixty years ago.

### ADVICE TO ORPHANS

#### CARDINAL GIBBONS' ADDRESS TO A CLASS OF BOYS

At Confirmation Services Held Last Week in St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore—Be Industrious Avoid Strong Drink, Cultivate Piety and Learning.

In confirming a class of one hundred and thirty-four young boys at St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore, Md., recently, Cardinal Gibbons spoke some words of fatherly advice which might profitably be considered by young men everywhere just starting life. Incidentally the address shows what the Church is doing in building orphan children into good citizens in the Baltimore Archdiocese, as it is everywhere, if prejudice would open its eyes and see. Said he: "Yesterday I had the privilege of dedicating a chapel in St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, in Washington, which is, perhaps, the most beautiful and best appointed asylum in the Archdiocese. After the exercises I was introduced to a young lady, who, I was told, is the best soprano singer in Washington. I was then informed that she had been an orphan in the asylum in years past, but had come back to mingle among those now enjoying the advantages of the institution.

"I then thought I would tell them of an incident which had occurred at St. Mary's Industrial School on a holiday on which I had visited the institution. I saw a group of young men, well dressed, in fact, their clothing and general appearance was elegant, standing not far from me. I asked who they were and was told they were boys who had been formerly at the institution and who returned for the day to renew friendship with those still there and with the younger generation who had succeeded them.

"You learn usual trades here, boys, and when you become older you may go to St. James' Home for Boys, in Baltimore, where I believe there are now 60 or 70 young gentlemen. The young men at the home are all employed and each of them has a bank account. Do not overlook the bank account. It is important. After a while you will go there, and instead of being dependent on others, you will become self-supporting. After having learned these useful trades you will obtain employment which will pay you according to your ability and your diligence. You will get perhaps, \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6 or \$7 a week, and out of this sum you will be able to save at least \$1 or \$2 a week. Thus will you become thrifty and successful men.

"Boys, I would give you three words of advice:

"First of all, be industrious. Avoid idleness. Be fond of labor. The United States is happily fortunate in that all labor is regarded as honorable.

"Secondly, avoid strong drink. Dread drunkenness. Avoid the companionship of those who drink. I have known many young men, sons of rich parents, whose greatest curse was that they had too much money, for they spent the money in rioting, dissipation and drink.

"Thirdly, cultivate piety and religion. Here, of course, you are required to assist at mass and at other religious exercises. Perhaps, at that time it becomes tedious and irksome to you. Perhaps you would rather play than pray; you would rather be on the baseball grounds than in the chapel. But remember that this discipline is necessary to your well-being. When you leave this institution do not forget your religious training. Begin and close each day with prayer. Ask God at the beginning of the day to bless your work, and at the close thank Him for the blessings He has bestowed on you. Whenever you are hear mass on Sunday and hear preached the Word of God. Endeavor at all times to be Christian men and true followers of the cross."

### NOT OF THIS FOLD.

Her face is like a lily touched With rosy rays of early dawn, When all earth's weary noise is hushed, And all night's dreary shades are gone.

She is so near, she is so dear, I call her sister, sweetheart, friend; And when I worship angels hear In words like these my prayers ascend:

Open, O Lord! her eyes to see The perfect light of truth, that she May enter through Thy Church to Thee!

So honest is her soul and fair I marvel that its crystal shrine Should not let in the splendors rare Of everlasting truth divine!

Yet this I know—where'er that light Shall turn her darkness into day 'Twill meet a welcome brave as bright, And so will trust I plead and pray:

Open, O Lord! her eyes that she The perfect light of truth may see And through Thy Church draw close to Thee!

Master, who fall on Peter's Rock Wouldst house all sheep that hapless roam, Look on this lamb not of His flock. And draw her swiftly, safely home! Home to Thy fold—the wanders' rest—

Good Shepherd of the sheep astray! Until she wins that haven blest, My soul shall never cease to pray:

Open, O Lord! her eyes to see The perfect light of truth, that she May in Thy Church abide in Thee! Eleanor C. Donnelly, in the Catholic World.

Hon. James D. Maguire, of Prince Albert, Canada, lately appointed chief justice of the Northwest Territories, is a Catholic.

### ARCHBISHOP WOOD AND THE ORPHANS

There used to be a story told of Archbishop Wood that one day while traveling on a long railroad journey the seat which adjoined his in the car was temporarily vacated by his companion. In the absence of the companion it was occupied by a stranger, who, in the easy fashion of some travelers in making acquaintances, drew him into a pleasant conversation on a variety of topics. After a time, on the return of the gentleman who had occupied the seat, the stranger withdrew to another part of the car. The archbishop, somewhat amused at the manner of his new acquaintance, quietly drew the attention of his friend to him. "Do you know," said he, nodding his head in the direction of the traveler, "that that man must regard me as a very untruthful person?" "Why?" "Well, because when I asked him whether I was married he told me yes, and that I was, moreover, the father of eight hundred children. For is it not true," he added smilingly, "that I am wedded to the church and have that many orphan children in my diocese to look after?" It was in this kindly spirit of paternal zeal for the welfare of the people that he administered his great trust, and won his chief distinction. Indeed, I have been assured that it was literally true that from out of his own private income and resources he cared directly for hundreds of orphans and that while no bishop who had preceded him equalled him in the gifts of financial acumen in the affairs of the church, he had little more when he died than an insurance policy on his life to bequeath to his personal heirs.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### DEVOTION TO ST. JOSEPH.

During this month especially devoted to St. Joseph, we hope our friends will pay no attention to the prayers printed by somebody with more piety than knowledge of Catholic faith, and distributed by people afflicted with a religious mania to present some hitherto new and novel in devotion to the promoter of patron saints, says the Inter-mountain Catholic. The notion of attaching certain conditions to the prayer, which is rendered inefficacious unless the daily recital is rigidly adhered to, is so absurd as to make compliance a grotesque feature of devotion, and as to the recital, it is a far cry from the author of the prayer in question in its present condition. For example, the author of the prayer in question insists upon its recital a given number of times a day, no more, no less, and another condition imposes upon the applicant for favor through the intercession of St. Joseph a most silly task. This is to copy the prayer in one's own handwriting five times and pass these copies to five other persons. The author of this prayer and its conditions should be examined in order to determine the sanity of the person circulating it. So far from its being a Catholic expression of devotion, it is the silly ebullition of some pious fool. The writer first saw this purported prayer in Butte. Our advice is to reject all printed prayers that are not approved by the church.

### THE A. P. A.'S SERVICE TO THE CHURCH.

The last place in which we would expect to find any sensible utterances recorded, says the Castet, is the columns of that rabid A. P. A. sheet published in Boston. Yet here is a sermon: One Rev. Berendsen, a Swedish Lutheran pastor, is thus reported in the A. P. A. Citizen of Boston:

"What is the cure? Is it the method of our nation? Is it the method of the A. P. A. such organizations as the A. P. A., which, to the honor of the Americans, disappeared? How long do you think it will take us to regulate what was lost through the A. P. A. riot in East Boston, whether Catholics or Protestants started it. The A. P. A. has set the protestant to a century back. I am glad to belong to a church that never had a minister belonging to the A. P. A."

### THE EASTER LILY.

Just now, when the faithful all over the world are passing into the shadows of Lent, the Easter lily bulb are awakening from their torpor and sending out long shoots, which will in due time be followed by buds and blossoms. Down in frostless Bermuda not far from the sea, are the enormous lily farms from which every Easter lily comes. Some of these fields contain more than a hundred acres, and are cultivated by the happy natives of the island. In August the bulbs are sent north, and at the proper time before the Resurrection morning are given earth and water and sunshine that they may be ready to welcome the risen Lord to His altar throne.—Ave Maria.

### A GERMAN POPE.

Gregory V. was the first Pope of German nativity. He was a very able man and wise. His family name was Bruno, and he was a nephew of the Emperor Otto III, and was elected when he was only 24 years of age.

### YOUNG, BUT GIFTED.

Father Stefano Gessaldi, pastor of the church of Our Lady of Loretto Brooklyn, died recently from pneumonia, after an illness of one week. He was a theologian of prominence and was an authority on Green, Latin and Italian.

The Catholics of Phoenix Mine, Arizona, numbering about sixty families Slavonian and French, have built a nice new church for worship. For upward of a year they have gathered in a public school to hear Mass. Through the great zeal and untiring efforts, however, of Rev. Alex. Smetana, a Polish priest, and pastor of Holy Redeemer Church at Eagle Harbor, the new house of worship became a reality.

Australia has, proportionately, more churches than any other country, the number being 8,618 or 210 churches to every 100,000 people. England has 14 churches to every 100,000; Russia has fifty-five to the same number.

### THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

The parochial school system in New York city is admitted to be as successful as one could expect, and that success is due to the Brothers of the Christian Schools and the Sisters of Charity who have charge of them. If the people only recognize how much they owe to the Sisters they would help the charities in charge of the good Sisters more generously than they do. The stories of these ladies may be briefly told. Ninety-four years ago in a log house in Emmetsburgh, Maryland, ten poor women opened a Catholic school for girls. They were often without resources, and often knew not one day where the food for the next one was to come from. But they had a deep and abiding trust in Providence, and devotion to duty made privations sweet. They formed a society, which, like the mighty oak from the acorn, has grown from its humble beginning until its influence is felt throughout America and its fame spread all over the world. When one of two of them were associated together, a priest wrote to the older saying: "How admirable is Divine Providence! I see already numerous choirs of virgins following you to the altar; I see your holy order diffusing itself in the different parts of the United States spreading everywhere the good odor of Jesus Christ, and teaching by their angelic lives how to serve God in purity and holiness. I have no doubt my beloved and venerable sister, that He who has begun this work will bring it to perfection." Time has verified that prediction. God bless the good sisters!—Sacerdos.

### A MIRACLE IN A HOSPITAL.

An interesting miracle lately occurred in the Hospital of the Consolation in Rome. A poor woman, formerly a housemaid in the Quirinal Palace, was afflicted with a disease of the knee and for the past few months has been treated at this hospital, being unable to put her foot on the ground. Two operations had been performed for her relief, with so little success that the poor sufferer was about to submit to a third operation. The Sisters of Charity in charge of the institute suggested that a Novena should be made to their holy founder, the Venerable Capitanio. The cause of whose beatification is being examined. The Novena finished on the morning appointed for the operation, and to her joy the poor woman found herself able to walk. She went, however, to the room where an examination previous to an operation is made to hear the opinion of the surgeon, who pronounced her cured and able to leave the hospital. The good sisters rejoicing with the happy woman, hope this miracle will advance the cause of their holy founder.—London Universe.

### THE VERY REV. JOHN BAUDINELLI TO RETURN TO HIS COUNTRY.

Information has been received from Rome Italy, that the Very Rev. John Baudinelli, C. P., former Provincial of the Order of Passionists in the United States and Mexico and for the last three years first counselor to the Superior General of the Order of Passionists, will soon return to his country to attend the Triennial Congress of the Order, to be held in Pittsburgh next August. After the Congress he will probably return to Rome to complete his six-year term of office.

### SIXTY-SIX SIMILTANEOUS MARRIAGES.

The Bishop of Quimper, Mr. Duillard, had a busy time recently at the Church of Plasnel in Brittany, when he gave the benediction to sixty-six pairs who entered into the marriage state. According to the Breton custom, the sixty-six couples, dressed in picturesque national costume, went in procession to the church, which was reached at nine o'clock, and after Mass had been said, the couples were one after another blessed by the Bishop, the church meanwhile being thronged by visitors, who came from all parts to see the ceremony.

### CATHOLIC WOMAN'S LEAGUE.

A convention of Catholic women, looking to the formation of a national organization, will be held in Chicago on April 5. The meeting will be under the auspices of the Catholic Woman's League of Chicago, who extend a cordial invitation to all clubs throughout the country composed of Catholic women working along the lines of literature, art, music, or philanthropy, to send delegates to the meeting. Each club is entitled to send three delegates, who will be entertained at the homes of members of the local clubs. The call is sent out by the president, Miss Alice T. Peary, of 428 East Forty-first street, Chicago, to whom inquiries may be addressed.

Edward J. Lebronn, president of the French Savings bank, San Francisco, has given \$10,000 to the Little Sisters of the Poor. This includes five acres adjoining the Presidio reservation, with cash for the construction of a building, capable of accommodating 200 persons.

Dr. Washington Gladden, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Columbus, Ohio, invited Mr. T. B. Minahan, well-known to Catholics as the president of the National Catholic Federation, to address his congregation recently upon the anti-treating movement, of which Mr. Minahan is the father. This is an almost unique instance of a Catholic layman occupying a Protestant pulpit.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, has purchased at public sale one hundred acres of farm land adjoining the Protectors for \$8,000. It gives the institution land on both sides of the railroad and a frontage on both the Schuylkill river and the Perkiomen creek.

France has a journal entitled La Monde Catholique Illustré (Illustrated Catholic World) which is edited by a Marquis Patrick McSwiney.