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Atheist.

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stances that are re-nd fidelity, perhaps s that of the ladies f Wiensberg, were esieged in its casfought in 1140, Henry Duke of d laid siege to the

e to the women to sion however to atever they most es each carried her

as the treasure she I pleased with this and devotion, par-escued.

Vanitas Vanitatum? Ah, I know
That time will blanch the roses on the cheek.
The strong arm some day as a child's be weak
That brightest eyes will lose their fire and flow armour, brilliant now, will soon be worther fine and the flow armour, brilliant now, will soon be worther flow and ton.
But I treated the note with silent contempt. I ame brother had informed me that the sick man's room was always filled with praying sisters and ministers. Time passed, and I was only able to learn from my friend Merriman that Singleton was evidently growing weaker, and his death was not far distant. About the 20th February, 1860 (the date is fixed in my memory by a sad bereavement in my own family on that day), I was again called a upon by my lame friend, who came in great distress of mind, saying his brother's end was very near at hand, that he had region was taken.

We then shall find that all things were not in cotting of childs see that the note with silent contempt. I ame brother had informed me that the lack wan's room was always filled with praying sisters and ministers. Time was not far distant. About the 20th February, 1860 (the date is fixed in my family on that day), I was again called a upon by my lame friend, who came in great distress of mind, saying his brother's end was very near at hand, that he had repeated the note with silent contempt.

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A TRUE STORY.

How a Methodist Wife Prevented Her Dying Husband from Becoming A Catholic.

St. Mary's Co., Md., March 14, 1882.

Messrs. Editors:—Reading this week The Catholic Mirror of 28th January, I found on the editorial page the article headed "To Answer for a Soul." It resheded in the produce business there, and opposite in the produce business there, and opposite in the produce business there, and opposite in the produce business transactions between us, any business transactions between us, there existed a pleasant neighborly regard, our counsel and aid a gentleman whom I knew to be a warm personal friend of the sick man, and who, being a Presbyterian, might have influence with the wife. I felt certain that he would aid us all he could. We called at once on him, and gave him the facts in the case. He promptly replied, "I am not a member of any Church, my wife is a member, and I always go with her. If Mr. Singleton is sane and rational in his mind he shall see a priest. If he is not sane, of course it any business transactions between us, there existed a pleasant neighborly regard, the custom in the Southern States at that date. I had missed his pleasant, genial face for some weeks, and on inquiry learned that he was confined by illness at his home. Soon thereafter, in the fall of his nome. Soon thereafter, in the fail of 1859, I was greatly surprised at the reception of a short note from him requesting me to call on him at his dwelling. I availed myself of the business lull at noon tion of a short note from him requesting me to call on him at his dwelling. I availed myself of the business lull at noon to respond. His residence was a mile distant from my office, and while walking there, I was cudgelling my wits to learn there, I was cudgelling my wits to learn they he wished me to call on him, as our families were unacquainted and I had never had any mercantile transactions with him. He had only recently moved into a fine new residence, which he had just completed on Chonteau avenue, Reaching there I was shown into the front chamber, on the second floor, where my thanler, on the second of our, where my look its departure, and my only consolar friends. Single of the second of into a fine new residence, which he had just completed on Chonteau avenue. Reaching there I was shown into the front chamber, on the second floor, where my chamber, on the second floor, where my friend Mr. Singleton was reclining on a lounge in the front of an open fire-place. His wife was sitting near him, to whom His wife was stiting near him, to whom His wife was stated by a desert, and my hope was that our the was that he had received the baptism dook its departure, and my hope was that our the was that he had received the baptism dook its departure, and my hope was that our the wife was the had received the baptism dook its departure, and my hope was that our the desire, and my hope was that our the wife with the soul of my peops was that the took its departure, and my hope was that at the time, and was a damper on my selfglorification. About two weeks afterwards, as I was passing up Second street,
I met my young friend, Mr. Merriman,
at his office door. He halted me as I was
passing, and in rather reprobating voice
and manner, asked me "What I meant by
going around to proselytize people for?
Was it gentlemanly and right to thrust
myself into houses where I was not
wanted?" I must confess my indignation and surprise at being thus addressed,
while having no thought of what he referred to. I asked him what he meant by
his charge. He at once said, "Did you St. Arsenius, after more than fifty years spent in the desert, regarded death with fear. His brethren, seeing him weep in his agony, asked him if, like other men, he feared to die, "I am seized with great fear," he answered, "nor has this dread ever left me since I first came into the desert." Nevertheless, he expired in peace and humble confidence, in his ninety-fifth year. peace and humble connuence, in the ninety-fifth year.

St. John Chrysostom, when dying had all his clothes changed, even to his shoes, putting on his best garments, which were white, as fer his heavenly nuptials: for "to one who loves," says Novalis, "death is a mystery of sweet mysteries—it is a bridal night." He then received the blassed secrament and prayed, ending acferred to. I asked him what he meant his charge. He at once said, "Did you not call to see Mr. Singleton and give him a Catholic prayer-book?" "Certainly I a Catholic prayer-book?" "Certainly I did," said I, "but I called at his invitation, and gave him the book at his request.'
Happening to yet have his note in my
pocket, to verify my statements, I handed
it to Mr. M. The scowl left his features blessed sacrament and prayed, ending ac-blessed scerament and prayed, ending according to his custom, with, "Glory be to God for all things." Then making the sign of the cross, he gave up his soul.

We read of the poet monk Cædmon, "That tongue, which had composed so many holy words in praise of the Creator, uttered its last words while he was in the act of signing himself with the cross, and thus he fell into a slumber to awaken in

glad of this interview with you, for hot aware of your having been requested by our friend S. to call on him, I thought you had been meddling, etc., but now I must say you have acted properly; by the way, my wife is a sister Methodist, and way, my wife is a sister Methodist, and with other sister Methodists, spends much time with Mrs. S. and family. Mrs. S. is a very bitter Methodist, and, my wife told me, found the preyer-book under the pillow of her husband, and cast it into the fire as soon as she learned what it was, and that you had the blame or credit for furnishing it." A few weeks later, a gentleman on crutches came into my office and introduced himself as a brother of Mr. Sincleton. and at once stated "he had Singleton, and at once stated "he had called on me at his brother's earnest request to ask me to send him a Catholic quest to ask me to send him a Catholic priest," remarking at the same time that a priest would not be allowed into the house if his priesthood was known; hence, if possible, he would like me to get one had not too clerical a look. I thought at once of a Jesuit priest whom I thought at once of a Jesuit priest whom I know very well, and going with him to the Jesuit College, met my friend, just in from Florissant. He looked more like a farmer than a clergyman. Congratulating both on the fortuitous meeting, I left them together to go to the sick man's house. Mr. Singleton's brother did not return to see me, and I was left in doubt as to the result. But a short time after, I received an impertinent and inquisitorial note from the Rev. E. M. Marvin (later a bishop in the Methodist Church), who

ongs.

Another Conversion.

We learn of another recent conversion

n Sweden which is making no little stir

FATHER PERRON'S EVENTFUL CAREER.

evidently wished to get into a controversy

Renouncing Great Wealth to Work Among the Priesthood.

The venerable Father James Perron, S. J., for many years Superior General of the Jesuits for the State of New York of the Jesuits for the State of New York and Canada, has retired from active service in that Order on account of his age and the delicate condition of his health. He has left St. Vincent's Hospital and is at the College of St. Francis Xavier. The reverend gentleman's career has been a most adventurous and extraordinary one. As the favorite of fortune, the brave most adventurous and extraordinary one. As the favorite of fortune, the brave soldier of the French army, the recluse of Brittany, and the warm hearted Christian, his life has been an adventurous one. Heir to a large fortune, and connected by marriage with some of the noblest families of France, one of his sisters having married the Duke de Montesquieu, and the other Count de la Rochefoucault, his future was an unusually brilliant one, but future was an unusually brilliant one, but he deliberately turned away from these be deliberately turned away from these bright prospects, and chose in preference the humble life of a religious. He disposed of his wealth in works of charity, and left himself not even the possessor of the humble garb he wore on joining the Jesuit brotherhood.

Father James Perron was born September 1318 at Autum in the Diocese of

ter 1st, 1818, at Autun, in the Diocese of Blois, France. He began his studies in the college of St. Louis at Paris, and studied his chemistry and physics at other secular colleges in that city. He then went to the Polytechnic College, and after remaining there two years he chose a milremaining there two years he chose a military career and went to the Government school for army engineers, whence he grad-uated in 1843. During the next two years he saw a great deal of active military service, six months of which time was passed

vice, 81x informs of which the content of in Algeria.

On the 16th of April, 1846, he entered the Jesut Society of St. Andrew, in Rome, as a probationer. He made his first yows at Brugelette, Belgium, 1845. At Laval, France, studied theology from 1849 to 1852, and was then ordained a priest by Bishon Bauvier. The next three years 1852, and was then ordained a linest of Bishop Bouvier. The next three years were passed at Poitiers, and the year suc-ceeding them at Laon. In 1860 he came to this country and re-

In 1860 he came to this country and remained at St. Francis Navier's College, New York, until 1862, when he went to Sault-aux-Recollets, near Montreal, Canada. Here he made his final yows as a member of the Society, and was made Master of Novices. After four years in this position he was appointed Superior of the Mission in New York and Canada, in which responsible position he remained

Deaths of Holy Men.

cellars. Others maintained that duck-shooting was a sovereign remedy against the sorrows of the heart. One day a worthy notary, touched by his sorrows and wishing to dispel his moodines, offered to play cards with him. For my part 1 confess that his melancholy appeared to me incompatible with the deep part 1 confess that his melancholy appeared to me incompatible with the deep shadows of the forest and the interesting volumes which ornamented the bookshelves of his library. In a word, he was disgusted with life; he was satiated with everything without having touched anything. Nevertheless the Chatelaine of La Bretiche finally made frequent excursions and returned looking more happy with thus he fell into a slumber to awaken in paradise and join in the hymns of the holy angels whom he had imitated in this world, both in his life and in his

Bretiche finally made frequent excursions and returned looking more happy with himself and occasionally more joyful. There was seen chasing over the meiancholy shadows of his brow an evidence of satisfaction and well being. The gossips thought he had made some financial stroke and wondered who the fair dame stroke and wondered who the fair dame would be who would share his good fortune with him. One of the inquisitive tune with him. One of the inquisitive neighbors went so far as to dog his foot-steps and saw him enter into a poor little cottage. Then this friendly Paul Pry said to himself after he saw the door close, "It appears that the son of a nabob likes romantic adventures, and that he is meeting his sweetheart under the roof of

in Sweden which is making no little stir. About a year ago, it seems, an able young professor of philosophy, named Dons, delivered a course of lectures from his chair in the University of Christiana, in opposition to the doctrine that the Bible is the sole rule of faith. These lectures provoked strong opposition, especially on the part of the Faculty of Theology; but the majority of the professors declared that they displayed great ability. Sometime after, Professor Dons was allowed a larger salary, to enable him to spend a year of Professor Dons was allowed a larger salary, to enable him to spend a year of travel in other countries. But he returned before his year of absense had expired, and the result of his travels was his conversion to Catholicity. In his native city, Drontheim, where he lived since his return, he has delivered a few lectures, in which he made onen profession of the which he made open profession of the

the profession of a religious. He is a leavity of a religious. Jesuit to-day, and at the hour when he pronounced his first vows he found that peace which he had long searched for in peace which he had long searched for in vain in his military career, in his travels, and in the enjoyment of his country life—that tranquillity of heart, peace of soul and mind, the full possession of one's self—which is to say, true wisdom and true haviness."

happiness.' THE POPE AND THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

stime that the military career was no more stisfactory to him than would have been the trittering away of his life without object or aim. He broke his sword, bought La Bretiche, and determined to bought La Bretiche, and determined to bought La Bretiche, and determined to the afforded him. But happiness in to be afforded him. But happiness is not to be found in rural life if the mind is not at case. The ex-officer was a prey to indefinable sorrow. Nature refused to aid in the din his mois agent and shoes, a were some who could not understand how he could be sad with such well-filled cellars. Others maintained that ducks shooting was a sovereign remedy against the sorrows of the heart. One day a worthy notary, touched by his sorrows and wishing to dispel his moodiness, offered to play cards with him. For my not are the confers of the devil, the world and the flesh that animates the spirit that we deplore, in our own journals at least, as the spirit of the devil, the world and the flesh that animates the sorld and the flesh that animates the sor

why is this? he asks; why not create and keep up a press of your own? And the question has equally important bearings for this country, in a sense more so, inasmuch as this is the greatest newspaper reading neople in the world, New York, as we say is one of the greatest Catholic. as we say, is one of the greatest Catholic cities in the world. How Catholics can, cities in the world. How Catholics can, if they care or are forced into it, unite, was shown at the election of the last mayor. Catholics do not care the toss of a copper what the religious complexion of our city mayor may be, save in the case of a known atheist or infidel. But when Mr. Grace was opposed from pulpit and press and platform for the simple reason that he happened to be a Catholic, thousands of Catholics who had never heard of Mr. Grace, and would not know thousands of Catholics who had never heard of Mr. Grace, and would not know him at this moment if they saw him, took up the gage flung to them, broke up all party lines or ties they may have had, and in spite of the bitterest opposition of the leading newspapers, the leading Protestant ministers, the faithless democratic politicians, the united anti-Catholic sentiments that always exists, vindicated true ments that always exists, vindicated true American principles by electing over all a man whose sole fault was his religious

meeting his sweetheart under the roof of the modest cottage."

"The lady in question was very ugly, very short, very old, very wrinkled, and very poor. She lived on the generous gifts of her visitor, and had been the unconscious cause of his learning the heavenly and ineffible joys of charty. Such was the commencement of the pilgrimage of my friend towards the land of his dreams. Once started, he marched boldly on, and one might have said to him that he wore seven-league boots, so rapid was his progress. He made several visits

to Paris and to Rome; at Paris he was found more often in the Chapel of Notre Dame des Victoires than in the foyer of the opera; and at Rome he resided in the neighborhood of the Gesu, and finally became so attached to it that he entered it and remained altogether. At the moment I was hoping to hear of his marriage paper can be made to answer at the requirements of the secular press as it now exists, without admitting the evil attaching to it, and so soon as a body of men get together with means and public spirit enough to agree on supporting such a newspaper it will find admirers enough to ensure speedy success. The Holy newspaper it will find admirers enough to ensure speedy success. The Holy Father asks why we have not such news-papers already in existence. An answer to this question demands more considera-tion than there is space for now.

A PROVIDENTIAL MISTAKE.

The convent of the Oratorians at Avignon, France, was governed some years ago by a saintly superior named Allard. He had a dear friend in the city, of the The Holy Father continues to devote trigent attention to the Catholic press.

This is preeminently a press age, and, as we pointed out recently, a man who complains of having no time to read a good book really gets through a volume of trash add in all lands simultaneously, while the telegraph knits one to another, and to a certain extent dictates to the world what it shall talk about day by day. It is obvious what an immense force for good as for evil is the newspaper. No man is more alive to the necessities of the hour than the Supreme head of the Church on earth. He sees this great force at the servit vice of evil, of false teachers, of wicked men, engaged in the work of the devil and doing a brave duty for him. So the and doing a brave duty for him. So the set they not multiplied by the million? Why have they not as large a circulation as the secular press? Why are theynot multiplied by the million? Why have they not as large a circulation as the secular press? Why are they not as large a circulation as the secular press? Why are they not as large a circulation as the secular press? Why are they not as large a circulation as the secular powerful, as skilfully edited, as well written as the secular journals? These are their newspapers? Why are they not as large a circulation as the secular powerful, as skilfully edited, as well written as the secular journals? These are their newspapers? Why are they not the bishops of the Church, with a view to urging them to take up this very grave matter in an active and protestant be the equal of the secular and Protestant be the equal of the secular

in order to convert him, had really written,

Throughout Germany only fourteen of one hundred persons attend any kind of religious service. And in a large number of places mentioned by Mr. Baring-Gould, the number of marriages and of burials which are performed without any recognition of even the forms of Chrisrecognition of even the forms of Christianity, ranges all the way from thirty to sixty per cent. The fact last stated shows, as almost no other circumstance could show the dying out of all regard for religion. In the dying out of all regard for religion. In most countries, even those persons who have given up all habitual observance of Christianity are anxious to have their dead buried with a religious form. A clergyman seems needed in that hour of sorrow. "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" was sketched in masterly style by Gibbon. A sadder decline, and a more ruinous fall, that of Protestantism in Germany, is almost ready for delineation by another historian.—New York (Episcopal) Churchman. (Episcopal) Churchman.

The Two Men Inside.

An old Indian once asked a white man An old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man. "For," said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco."

"Why don't you keep it?" asked a bystander.

stander.

"I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast, "and the good man says, 'I ki s not yours; give it back to the owner.' The bad man says, 'Never mind; you got it, and it is your own now.' The good man says, 'No, no! you must not keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and bad men keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel good."

Like the old Indian, we have all a good and bad man within us. The bad man is Temptation, the good man is Conscience, and they keep talking for and against many things that we do every day.

Which wins ?—Chimes.

HOME !

How many pleasant recollections are called into being by that one word? Home! that sweet word has caused tears to flow unbidden to the eyes of a hardened eriminal, or calmed his grosser passions, Tis the one haven of earthly rest. Should Tis the one haven of earthly rest. Should the outside world buffet a man around, if he has a home—now I must be underst odto mean a home where there is unison and sympathy among the inmates, not a mere place to eat, drink and sleep—when he goes home, heart-sore and weary from his contact with the world, how soon he will be refreshed! His spirits will be reanimated; he will feel, let come what may, that he may retire to the bosom of his family and there find rest and contentment.

Cannot a person toil manfully all day with hard duties, if he has a home in view? Will he not feel abundantly repaid for all his perseverance to meet on his returning home, his wife, or sister, who is waiting and watching for him? Ah! how sweet to him will be the tender smile and loving kiss of welcome! They will be doubly sweet to nin now, and he will thank heaven for

welcome! They will be doubly sweet to him now, and he will thank heaven for giving him such love and tenderness.

Now to make home attractive and cheerful is woman's work, No home can be a home unless woman's presence can be discerned in neatness and coziness of everything around. Some females may rave about politics and all such subjects, but if they could have their way they would put themselves where God Almighty never intended they ever should be placed.

'Tis man's duty to go forth and battle with the world; woman's work to govern

"Tis man's duty to go forth and battle with the world; woman's work to govern that realm of bliss—home. When a woman is clamoring for female suffrage, does she think she is wiser then man? No; she does not think any such thing. She is one of those masculine women who are too indelent and hardened to have a soft spot left in hardened to have a soft spot left in hardened. spot left in her bos in for such duties as are required to be done for "home, sweet nome." Some women should not be allowed to invade the sanctum of those lovable women who rightly appreciate domestic felicity.

A modest, sensitive woman will find her heart expanding around the family hearth.

A modest, sensitive woman will find her heart expanding around the family hearth, instead of growing contracted like those of worldly-minded women who think they have a call to go forth and govern the outside world, and let her own little world be governed by servants or by chances. Now, as home should be the dearest place on earth, it is the duty of every member of the family to make home as agreeable of the family to make home as agreeable as possible, so that each of the inmates of that loved place may say with the poet:
"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

DESPICABLE BIGOTRY.

The Rochester correspondent of the Buffalo Union sends to that Journal the following account of an instance of shameful bigotry on the part of some half-crazed creature in that city:

On Sunday last, Rev. J. P. Stewart previous to his sermon, made reference to a matter of special importance to Catholics of Rochester. A printed slip of paper had come into his possession, containing an extract from the writings of Caroline Lee Hentz, which had been placed in ing an extract from the writings of Caro-line Lee Hentz, which had been placed in the hands of the public schools for gram-matical analysis. In order that the Roch-ester readers of the Union and Times may

matical analysis. In order that the Rochester readers of the Union and Times may see and judge for themselves, I append a copy of the extract referred to.

"They say! Who are they? Who are the cowled monks, the hooded friars who glide with shrouded faces in the procession of life, muttering in an unknown tongue words of mysterious import?

"Who are they? the midnight assassins of reputation, who lurk in the by-ways of society, with dagger tongues, sharpened by invention and envenomed by malice to draw the blood of innocence, and hyena-like, banquet on the dead? Who are they? They are a multitude no man can number, black-stoled familiars of the inquisition of slander, searching for victims in every city, town and village wherever the heart of humanity throbs or the ashes of mortality find rest."

The reverend gentleman with indignant warmth resented the insult thus offered to the Catholic portion of our citizens, and asserted that such a selection was made either through malice or through inadverters and ignorance, but, in either case.

asserted that such a selection was made either through malice or through inad-vertency and ignorance, but in either case it was inexcusable.

It makes no difference whatever how

It makes no difference whatever how this language was employed by the author; whether to express her own ideas or someone else's; from the terrible words employed, the insinuations and inuendos thrown out, there can be no doubt of the impression such an extract would leave upou the minds of the pupils; neither can there be any doubt of the intent of the person who selected such and placed it in the hands of pupils in our public schools.

person who selected such and placed it in the hands of pupils in our public schools.

The cunning insidiousness of the author is equalled if not surpassed by the person who under the pretense of teaching grammar, endeavors to instill into young minds falsehood and religious bigotry.

Is it any wonder that the Catholic Church earnestly urges her members to provide proper education for their children, and warms them to beware of the anti-Catholic influence of the public schools?

and-carbon schools!

It matters not whether Catholics send their children to the public schools or not, they pay for the support of said that a support of said that a not, they pay for the support of said schools, in any case; and the fact that a principal of a public school should be so ignorant or so bigoted as to place such an extract in the hands of his pupils, should be in the public dismissal.

cause his immediate dismissal.

Has the thirty thousand Catholic population of this city no rights which a public school master is bound to respect? they have, let them assert them.

The following beautiful apostrophe to the Catholic church was made by the late Rt. Rev. Bp. Lynch of Charleston at the last Provincial Council of Baltimore: "Thou standest like some vast mountain planted by the hand of the Eternal, rearing aloft the summit around which ever plays the light of heaven. Clouds may plays the light of heaven. Clouds may come from the north, from the south, from the east and from the west, and may roll in tumultuous masses around thy sides; the thunder may roar and the lightnings flash; but the truth of God will blow and the clouds will vanish, and we hall belied then in serene majesty. shall behold thee in serene majesty, brighter, grander, more glorious than ever. Thou standest because Christ has said it. He hath placed thee on the earth that all might see thy glory."