What shall I be? Where shall I go? I'd give a thousand worlds to know! shall I exist? or shall I not? Ceasing to be!—I dread the thought! Does death, in fact, destroy the whole And with the body kill the soul? Reason, I choose thee for my guide. I'll hear thy voice and none beside. Come and decide the doubtful strife? Twixt endless sleep and endless life. Some, who thy sole dominion own As virtue's brightest, eldest son, say thou hast taught the soul will live, And her account to God must give; others deny that this will be, And both, for proof, appeal to thee. I feel, I know that I have sin, And conscience rages here within; If there's a God—I lear 'tis 80, stone's a And both, for proof, appeal to thee.
I feel, I know that I have sin,
And conscience rages here within;
If there's a God—I fear 'tis so,
boes He the creature's conduct view?
And if the soul Immortal prove
Can sinners ever taste His love?
Will they have nothing else to fear,
Because he governs there and here,
If he is good, will be destroy
And kill with evils human joy?
Are parents hurried to the tomb
Merely to give successors room?
If He regards our actions here.
Why not avenge the oppressed's tear?
And crush the cruel and unjust
With pride and malice in the dust!
These thoughts an anxious doubt create,
If there's a God then who can tel.
If there's a God then who can tel.
If here may be heaven, there may be hell!
If so I sink to endless night!
I hat that god which they declare;
I is holiness is too severe.
I hat his law which says I must
Be holy like Him or he 'gorget. If so I sink to endiess night:
I hate that god which they declare;
His holiness is too severe.
I hate his law which says I must
Be holy like Him or be 'curst.
Once I could laugh at what I feel,
And seorn the thought of heaven and hell
But reason shines as clear as day,
Although my outward man decay,
Yea, it may shine and never stop,
And misery fill my future cup.
Draw near my friends—If friends indeed,
You will assist me now in need.
With you I spent the joylad day,
And cast the thought of dead dayway;
I sneered at God, and Christ, and hell,
As names which priess and thust, and hell,
I gave the reins to sin all lust,
Which hastened my eturn to dist.
O, can you sercecup soul from harm,
Against the poor and such as the stop! deceive no more,
I've heard all you can say, before!
I seorned the christian and his God,
And trampled on his Saviour's blood.
With hin I now no part can claim,
Which I hate the very name.

A KNIGHT'S WOOING

And trampled on his Saviour's blood With him I now no part can elaim, For still I hate the very name. Yet he must be more safe than I. And more prepared to live or die! If I was right—still he is well—But if he's right—I sink to helt!

A STORY OF RUSSIAN POLAND.

From the Catholic World.

The government knew all this, and bore it—bore it till the forbearance seemed to the people a sort of miracle. Yet it was not prompted by pity or respect for the aged confessor, but simply from fear that if they took violent means to stop him and nothing short of violence would do it—they would bring worse troubles on themselves. Still, this open defiance constituted too great an outrage on the authorities to be indefinitely tolerated. It was a power fatal to their power. His very presence was in itself the last bulwark of his persecuted policy. his persecuted religion in the country.

There was not now another Catholic priest
remaining within a radius of four hundred
miles, and if he could be got rid of the last vestige of the pestilent vermint would be swept away. How to do it was the ques-

tion.

Count Barowitzki was another opposing force with whom, in self-defence, the government felt it necessary to reckon. He ernment felt it necessary to reckon.
was socially as great a power with the people as Pere Alexander was spiritually. To lay a finger on him would have been to set a match to the fires of rebellion, always a match to the fires of rebended, and which, once lighted, spread with such terrile rapidity. The priest was asso on the escore and ten—he must soon die 4 but the gount was a man in the prime of life, and had a good quarter of a century be-

But men reckon without those unseen

forces which come unexpectedly to cut the knots of testiny and mock our puny the knots of estiny and mock our puny scheming and hort-sighted calculations. The count caught a fever and died of it. Pere Alexander as ted his friend through the dark and narrow bass, pronounced the final absolution upon as grave, and the next day received a letter which obliged him to go to Kamienetz of missiness.

He did not return, and was never seen or heard of again. That we now six

That wa never seen He did not return, and was never seen or heard of again. That we now six months ago, and his desolate took had long since given up all hope. It is said at first he was hiding in the forest that he had been warned to fly, and had do so without telling any of his friends, it is corder that he one might say agree that he one might say agree that he can be say that the ca so without telling any of his friends, in order that no one might run any risk in trying to save him. But this conjecture was proved to be false. The peasants beat the forest for miles and miles, and found no trace of the missing priest. The first true tidings that had been received of him were those just brought by Prince Witch! true traings that had been received of him were those just brought by Prince Witold to Hedwige. They were as bad as could be, short of his death. But Witold, spurred by love, as much as by reverence and loyalty towards the man whose life and loyally towards the man whose life shone for half a century like a light upon the darksome waters, had already made possible the work of his deliverance.

Kamienetz was about fifty miles from Witold reached it in time to report himself punctually to the governor's It was a ride for life, for if he fore noon. It was a ride for life, for if he failed to make his appearance the consequence would have been immediate arrest and imprisonment, and, once within the Fortress, no man can tell what may follow. Over the gates of that awful abode may with truth be written those saddest words, ever utjoered by human, voice: words ever utiered by human voice "Voi che entrate, lasciate qui orgni sper-

But so far he was safe; he was still free But so far he was safe; he was still free to go whether he listed, to walk abroad, to breathe the sunshine. His absorbing object must now be to turn this liberty to account in behalf of Pere Alexander. For the moment, however, he had but one thought, and this was to get home and to fling himself on his bed. He had not slept himself on his bed. fling himself on his bed. for two nights, and he had been on hor back over forty hours, with no respite but that brief halt at Zabor.

Witold was not a hero every day. He loved a merry life, a life of ease and pleature; he loved the chase, the song, the brimming bowl, the glance of lovely women; he hated trouble and waste of energy. But he had withal, that expects But he had, withal, that capacity for heroism which is the birthright of every Polish gentleman, and which, at the blast of the trumpet-call of duty, wakes up in sacrifice and action. He had been fatally compromised in the insurrection of 1860, and had only escaped death through the intervention of that Muscovite connection which he despised, but which had stood him in good need more

than once. It was now his sheet-anchor in the parilous undertaking in hand.

The rext day he drove, after his early breakfast, to a large house not far from the governor's palace. "Is your master at hone?" he inquired of the porter.

"Yes, prince."

"Yes, prince." Ard Witold was shown into a room opening on the hall, and which the master of the house called his study. It would have been difficult to surmise what kind have been difficult to surmise what kind of studies were carried on there, for there was not a book to be seen, nor any trace of writing materials, nor artistic appliances, nor scientific instruments. The walls were covered with panoplies, coats of mail, hauberks, weapons of every form and period, while heads of tigers, jackals, and other wild beasts made an appropriate variety of ornaments. Side by side with and other wild beasts made an appropriate variety of ornaments. Side by side with these suggestive trophies were the usual sacred images in gold and jewelled frames. Divans ran round the room, and there were tables littered with cards, glasses, bot-tles, teaching are while an online small thes, teacups, etc., while an ominous smell of brandy pervaded the apartment. In the midst of this novel sort of study, close by the great stove, sat the master of the place, an old man, clad in a loose dressinggown, with a greasy velvet cap covering his bald head. A long, tawny beard gave a certain gravity to his face, which otherwise betrayed little else than cunning and

"Well, scapegrace nephew, what brings you here to-day " you nere to-day!"

"To see you, my uncle."

"Humph! And now that you have seen me, what have you got to say!"

"That it rejoices me to see you looking

the habit of copious libations.

"That proves that you are either blind or a hypocrite. I am abominable ill.
Why sould I suffer as if the foul fiends
were devouring me? I have worked hard
all my life, and I have always saved my

"Lam grieved to hear this, my dear uncle "You lie! you are not grieved. You

are glad, because you count on my inheritance. But you may be disappointed.
Why should I not marry? Tell me that!" Why should I not marry I Tell me that I'

"There are a thousand reasons why you
should, my uncle," replied Witold, with
that imperturable good-humor which was
his chief offence and his chief attraction in
the old Muscovite's eyes. "It would cheer
you up to have a pretty young wife, and
the wedding would be very jolly for us all.
But let it be quickly done, or else I may

But let it be quickly done, or else I may be too late for the fun." be too late for the fun."
"Too late, eh?" said the old man,
bristling up like a hound at the blast of
the horn—"too late? What new devilment are you at? Had I not trouble and

expense enough getting you out of that last mess? Do you expect me to reduce myself to beggary in my last days?"

"My dear uncle, I have no idea of anything so wicked. I merely urge you to make haste about getting married, so that I may not miss the merry-making. I should like, before I am borne on the should like, before I am borne on the wings of holy Russia to Nerchutz, to make acquaintance with my beautiful young aunt. I shall fall deeply in love with her, but I shall devour my passion in silence

and die of it. "Incorrigible rascal!" chuckled the old an with a twinkle in his eye. "What man, with a twinkle in his eye. is this new trouble you are in

"Our best friend, the man who has christened and married and buried us all for the last fifty years, is in prison."

"Alexander Walarinski! He ought to have been in prison long ago. Where is

have been in prison long ago.

"Here in the Fortress."

The old man gave a long whistle. "My uncle, we must get him o we must get him out im

mediately."
"What! do you want to drag me into another infernal mess, to take my last rouble from me? I will not lift a finger that insolent fanatic from hi fate. I would go a long way to see

"Well, my uncle, I will do the work of deliverance alone. I thought you would gladly have helped to save the life of the man who soothed your beloved sister's hours, and to whose care she commended her children. I also was foolish enough to enjoy the prospect of those proud aris tocrats who have ignored my mother family, compelled to eat the dust at your feet. But this is all vanity, and you have a soul above it. Let us speak no more of it. Tell me about my future aunt. Let her have dark eyes, my uncle. We are yerrun with blondes; the race will be im We are

Nerrun with bionies; the race will be informed by the introduction of a brunette in the family."

Storrigible dog! How dare you mock et o my face?" said the old man.

"Why I not turn you out of my house?"

house?"
"Because an love me, my uncle. In spite of my equities, may, because of them, I am dearto you."
"Dear to me! Fou have cost me dear enough, if that is what you mean. I have not yet recoveed that last bleeding.

Those bureaucrats are ravesous wolves.
They never have enough. Whit, they are gulping down gold as vest as they can swallow it their insatiable lines is crying

for more! more! more of jackals, my usele."
"They are a face of jackals, my usele."
"And you would drive their fangs is to me again! You would drain me of my last rouble! And for whom, forsooth?"
last rouble! forgive lase. "thought of the mode, forgive last." ast rouble! And for whom, lorsoul;
"My uncle, forgive he. 'shought of
that death-bed, where I sawyou sobbing,
where I heard you blessing the man you
now curse. I thought of he insults you have suffered, and it semed to me I had found you a noble operativity for revenge, and for makin them your debtors for evermore. I ws mistaken, forgive

Macchiavelli cout not have played his cards better. Thone soft point in Paul Ruboff's nature of been his love for this Ruboff's nature at been his love for this sister; she had been a Cathelic, and died in the arms of he valiant soldier-priest, who had guid her through every trouble and seen herafe into port at last. The one vulnerate point in his character was the recognized by the proud by the proud of th his desire t be recognized by the proud Polish fauly into which his sister had

married.

"I have no care to buy so costly a revenge; despis them all, the proud-stomache aristocuts! A witiful lot, always in deb, for ever running their heads into the mose. I ould buy out the whole tribe and not tiss it. A stiff-necked, beg-

the mines."
"Yes, my uncle; but you must not let your heart run you into in:prudence. You must not compromise yourself with the authorities. They might, moreover, the mines resent your interference; people never know what their influence is worth until they try to use it."

"I am not afraid of that," said Ruboff,

his vanity kindling. "Prince T— (the governor of the city) owes me a good round sum, and he is hard set to pay me

the interest regularly."
"Prince T.— is brother-in-law of the governor of Kronstadt, is he not?" inquired Witold. What has that to do with it ?"

"It might have been of use. I want to get Pere Alexander transferred to Kron-"To Kronstadt! Why not to the

oon?"
"That would be safer; but unfortun ately I have no influence in the moon."

"And you expect to use my influence to get this fellow to Kronstadt! You are o get this leflow to Kronstadt? You are nistaken. I will not move a finger in "And he struck the table near him

till the cups and glasses rang again.
"My uncle, I understood you to say so. But I mean to achieve the perilous feat alone. The gods are on the side of des-perate men. Farewell, my uncle. If any harm befalls me I commend Boleslas to your care. You always loved the boy.

He is his mother's image, and he is proud of your affection for him Witold stood up and held out his hand. He looked anything but desperate, and yet he seemed fitted for deeds of daring: tall, strong, iron-sinewed, his air commanding, e alight with the fire of youth, with his eye alight with the fire of youth, with youth's reckless love of danger. The old man fancied he detected a softer light in it now, kindled, perhaps, by the remem-brance of his mother and by the emotion inseparable from a solemn farewell. The youth know that it was no idle yount inseparable from a solemn farewell. The youth knew that it was no idle vaunt when he spoke of peril and camly forboded the issue. He was mad, stark mad, like all his father's people; still, he was his mother's child, and Paul Ruboff had never loved any one but that mether.

mother's child, and Fain Indoon mother.
"Witold, son of Ladislas," he said, looking curiously up at the broad-chested Polish gentleman, "thou art a fool."
"My uncle, you speak the truth," said

Witold, laughing.
"But I also am a fool."

"Nay, my uncle—"
"I am a fool, I tell thee, boy; and there
s no hope for me, for an old fool is the
corst of all. Sit down and answer my worst of all. Why must this old fool be got estions. Kronstadt ?" Because, once there, I have a scheme

for effecting his escape.' "One of the jailers of the Fortress owes

one of the janers of the Fortress owes this life and the life of his daugher, an only child, whom I watch over. He would risk a good deal to serve me."

"Humph! He will open the prison the prison was the serve me."

"I think so; that is, he will connive at my plan. I have meditated upon this

plan long. Listen—"
"Shut! I will listen to nothing!" And he struck the table beside him till the And he struck the table beside him thi the glasses jumped and an empty bottle rolled off. "I am an old man, and I have many sine to answer for, but I will not die with the guilt of treason on my soul—"

the guilt of treason on my soul—
"But, my uncle, to save an innocent

"I will not conspire against the will of our father, the czar. Be silent! I will hear nothing. This much I will do for my sister's son: I will ask Prince T—— to Good heavens! it will cost me—Holy St. Nicholas! what a fool I am. In my old age to squander my hard cared age to squander my hard-earned roubles on a rascally Pole;"

on a rascally Pole;"

He threw up both hands, caught his head, and angrily twisted his greasy cap first this way, then that, and groaned as he thought of his darling roubles. uncle, you are an angel!" said

"You lie! I am a fool!"

"You are the truest noble among us."
"I despise your nobles?"
"Vou will have to tolerate their esteem,

their admiration, their gratitude."
"I despise them. But thou art thy "I despise them. mother's son. Go!"

It was scarcely an hour after daybreak, that hour of dim white light peculiar to the northern dawn, when a strange-looking coach might be seen travelling on the road from Kamienetz to I.—. It was like an enormous coffin set on wheels; the wheels were low, the coach was long, wheels were low, the coach was long, painted black, and with no windows to speak of, only a round hole, protected by an iron grating, close under the roof—a conveyance that looked more like a hearse to trundle the dead than a vehicle to serve the living. It was in fact the nearse to trundle the dead than a vehicle to serve the living. It was, in fact, the trivelling prison in which those social dead, the condemned, are taken to their destination within the empire. If their doom extends beyond it they leave the luxury of this rolling cell for the kibitka or continue their journey on foot.

of this rolling cell for the kibicka of continue their journey on foot.

The coffin-like vehicle was drawn by some horses and accompanied by an escort of shifters. It bounded along like whirl-wind, driver, almost the snow before it; a little saddle on the right-ild, seated in a high his horses with all his brekept whipping his horses with all his freezen wintping suddenly coach and cavalcade pure inti-at the post-house of a village. The hour was early, but many people were already astir. True, the aptival of the travelling prison is always announced beforehand, in order that picsh relays may be ready; but besides the people of the post-house. in order that pest reads may but, besides the people of the post-house, there were peasants coming and going, and a movement about the place that we

a movement about the place that hardly to have been expected at such ment the quiet roadside was a busy confusion and loud talk. came round the travelling tomb and lood up at the grating wisfully; but no un face such as they were used to see ppeared there. It might have been caying a corpse, so devoid of liring tents did it seem. Presently a merry felw struck up a dumka on his korbana, d garlycrew!"
"You are ard on your own kindred."
"Perhaps s, my nephew; but I am a pratical mar I confess, nevertheless, it welld rejoiceme to bring them to eat dirt whose face was nearly quite concealed."

at my feet, as that proud fellow Barowitzki did when I got his brother commuted from waited a moment, glancing nervously the miner." waited a moment, glancing nervously around her, and then, looking up to the grating, she said in a low, eager voice:

"Father!"

"My child!"

"Close behind the crain, to the right, there is a man who is dying; they brought him here to get absolution.

brought him here to get absolution. See, they are coming."

As the group of two peasants bearing the dying man approached, a tipsy peasant opportunely came rolling across the load, and, staggering in amongst the host-lers, began swearing at them; they answered him in kind, blows followed quickly, and then the lew postmaster came out and and then the Jew postmaster came out and belabored them all round with his stick, till in a second everything was confusion, and everything was screaming and vocifer-

While the melee was at its height the While the melee was at its height the two bearers approached the prison, laid down their stretcher, and drew near to witness the fray. The dying man, with the sweat of death upon his brow, but fully conscious, turned his eyes with an expression of contrite supplication towards the grating, and murmred in a broken but audible voice:

"Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa."
A face appeared at the window, a pair

A face appeared at the window, a pair of sunken eyes, still full of fire, met his, a hand was uplifted, and the words "Ego te abosolvo" fell on the dying man's ear like

the heavenly message that they were. His eyes were fixed on the face of the priest, whose hand continued uplifted, reeating the blessing and the absolution, mingled with brief, strong words of hope mingled with brief, strong words of hope and faith. The peasant girl, standing under the hedge, watched the scene, while her lips moved rapidly in prayer. Five minutes passed. The bearers went back to lift their burden. The fray was at an

"Whom have you there ?" inquired the

postmaster, approaching.
"Our brother; we are taking him to our old home to be nursed; he is dying."
They bent down to lift the stretcher, but drew back with startled faces.
"He is dead!" said the Jew in awe-

stricken tones; and all the people, moved by pity and curiosity, drew near to look.
"Yes, he is dead!" they repeated.
A low cry of joy, as it sounded, rose up

A low cry of joy, as it sounded, rose up from some one—perhaps from the hooded figure, whose eyes were lifted to the grating, where through blinding tears she could see a bronzed face, paler than it used to be, but still full of energy, with the bristling gray hair shorn and in its place the hideous convict, can. The convicts line hideous convict cap. The convict's lips were moving rapidly, and the hand was raised, repeating benedictions over the dead confessor.

All the people stood back respectfully as the brothers, who bore their affliction

with surprising equanimity, raised the stretcher, now become bier, and went on their way, the stately young figure followed at a distance. "Whom have you within?" inquired

the postmaster of one of the soldiers, point-

ing to the coach.
"A Polish priest."

"Bound for—?"

Mysteries lie around us in she dark. The wicked pass upon their way exulting; but the glare of the tryant's chariot lam comes like a heavenly beam upon the victim, and shows him the cup which the

angel is holding out.
Siberia! If the word fell on Hedwige's ear, it was a stab that might have been spared. The man spoke at random, anwering at conjecture rather than acknowledge his ignorance. In the land of tyranny every man aims at being a trusted thought, whether the convict was con-demned to the great prison land or to the narrow tomb of Kronstadt. Kronrtadt, with its dungeons sunk beneath the sea, was good measure even for a Polish priest, and left little cause for envy to those who were told off to the icy arms of Siberiaunless, may hap, the prisoner was sentenced to the mines even then, indeed, the choice

was difficult. was difficult.

If Hedwige heard the answer she took no heed of it, but hurried on to Kronstadt as soon as her departure became possible.

She was to be the guest there of a Mme. Rakomoff, a distant cousin of Paul Ruboff's. Mme. Rakomoff was a widow Ruboff's. Mine. Rakomoff was a widow of about forty; her husband had held a post of some importance in the customs. and this had given her during his lifetime and this had given her the spoke of now as an importance which she spoke of now as "my former brilliant position," and to the rays of this position she clung with leech-like tenacity. Like most women of her class, she affected fine manners, talked of the court as if it were her native element and the society of Kronstadt a land of ex-She was a harmless soul, and good natured except when her vanity wa touched or her loyalty suspected, in eather touched or her loyalty suspected, in eather which case she would have been as cruel as a Nero. She had a heart of stone for any one who rebelled against the czar, especially if the rebel were a Pole. Still the proud Polish nobles, who wouldn't their mesalliance with a Rosall, had been drawn within the circle of her remote belongings, were a subject of pride to Musil Rakomoff, though they had never no ced her.

her.
Witold Ranolzki found her out, etected her weak points, and played upon Paul with that skill which wrote upon Paul Ruboff. He granted to the young Countess He Vigor to eme and visit her. But when the letter was gone, and Witold added as a condition of the visit that it should be ken a secret, the scheme nearly should be kep a secret, the scheme nearly fell through What! Mme. Rakomoff was to spend countless roubles in enterwas to spend countries to do not in entertaining a great lady her cousin to boot, and she was to get no glory out of it? She was to hide her splendid candlestick under the bed? And why? What mystery was there to hide? Either the countries of th tery was inhamed of being the guest of Ivan Rakomoff's widow or she was plot-ting mischief. It taxed Witold's diplo-matic skill to the utmost to pacify the vain little women, but he conquered at last, by dint of flattery so broadly tendered that he laughed openly at himself as he administered it.

"She is no conspirator, I swear to you, my cousin," he declared; and Mme. Ra-komoff purred like a stroked cat to hear komon purred like a stroked car to hear herself so addressed by Prince Ranolzki. "She is a tender-hearted girl, bent on a mission of mercy. Will you not take my word as a kingsman?"

ord as a kingsman ?"
"Assuredly, prince, if—"
"Nay, why this ceremony between

cousins? Call me Witold, I pray you." "Dear Witold, since you assure me_"
And the widow, chuckling with gratified

vanity, gave in.

The dreary state room was made ready for Hedwige, the tapestries were uncovered, the silver-embroidered counterpane was spread, and Mme. Rakomoff, in a flutter of delicious excitement, awaited the critical of her guest.

But when Hedwige appeared the gushing hostess felt at once that there would be neither sympathy arrival of her guest. nig nostess left at once that there would be neither sympathy nor championship between them; her fussy affectation was cowed by the simplicity and proud reserve of the Polish girl. It was as if a queen had alighted under the roof and put an extinguisher on her brass candlestick extinguisher on her brass candlestick. It had taken as much persuasion to induce Hedwige to accept the Muscovite's hospitality as to compel the latter to consent to the conditions, and, now that she had come, she stood aloof, courteous, unexacting, and mistrustful. Witold had made all ready for the bold venture. The jailer had been your property and property to the property of th

all ready for the bold venture. The jailer had been won; many others were bought, blinded, or circumvented.
While these preliminaries were going on Pere Alexander languished at Kronstadt in one of the tombs beneath the sea—a sl'my den where no ray of light penetrated, whose walls were thick with foul live creatures that crawled over him, hissing in the darkness, stinging and devouring him: darkness, stinging and devouring him where no sound ever broke the death-like silence except the heavy wash of the wave against the dungeon wall, or now and then the means and shrieks of fellow-captives the means and shrieks of fellow-captives in surrounding cells. Some of them were raving maniacs, others only cried out under the lash or the screw-or some other device of cruelty; for their jailers, brutalized by their diabolical employment, made a sport of the agonies of their wretched victims, and added illegal tortures to their mirerable lot. No beam of sun or stars pierced the dense gloom of those horrible abodes, where man, become a demon. abodes, where man, become a demon, works his wicked will upon his fellow-man unseen. Only the light of faith may en-ter there to illuminate the saddest of earthly dooms, and bid the sufferer look beyond this life for the justice that has no witness here below. God said: "Let witness here below. God said: there be light, and there was light." Russia, the land of slaves and tyrants, one "Let there be darkness!" man says, "Let there be darkness!" and forthwith the light goes out, and men are plunged into the darkness of the shadow

TO BE CONTINUED.

TAKE THE CATHOLIC PAPER.

Our Catholic people are not half as zealous as they should be to support good Catholic papers. Some of them look for subscribe for and take secular papers. Others care little for Catholic reading in their families, and in this thory make a great mistake. It is incompared to the control of t Catholic reading in their families, and in this they make a great mistake. It is impossible to get reliable Catholic news, except in Catholic papers. Now, we furnish in the Citizen all the news of the world of the greatest importance each week. We take great pains to sift it well and make good selections, so that we do not give such trash as is too often found in secular such trash as is too often found in secular We also have the means at hand papers. We also have to test the reliability of most news. give the latest and most correct market reports, and in each issue reading matter reports, and in each issue reading matter acceptable to farmers, of whom we have many subscribers. In addition to these things, we give reliable Catholic news. Every Catholic wishes to know what is going on in the Catholic world. For this reason, we recommend our paper to every going on in the Catholic world. For this reason, we recommend our paper to every Catholic family in the State. Our Catholic people should not be behind their Protestant neighbors in the knowledge of the affairs of the Church. Almost every Protestant family in the United States takes some Protestant religious takes some Protestant religious paper. Catholies who belong to the great Christian Church of the whole world should have Church of the whole world should have at least as great a desire to read Catholic news as these Protestants to see the news of their sects. We likewise, in the Citizen treat each week of Catholic subjects, now and then discussing some Catholic doctrine, again publishing the sermons of some eminent divine, and in this way we continually present Catholic dogma as we should see it in the presence of Protestantism. And we present all these features in a very cheap form. The Citizen is only in a very cheap form. The Citizen is only 82.00 a year, which is considerably less than five cents per copy, and we pay the postage. We are bold to say that our Catholic people cannot find so much of this variety of reading in the control of the control Catholic people cannot find so the this variety of reading in any cheaper way. this variety of reading in any cheaper way.

For the reasons above stated the local
Catholic paper becomes cheaper than any
other Catholic paper. But some people,
who do not understand much of newswho do not understand much of newspaper tactics, wonder why some secular papers can furnish their productions at a less price than \$2.00 per annum. The is very easy to see. They have a great difference in the light of publishing a paper. ference in the light of publishing a paper. If eye take our paper, we could also furnish it cheaper. Again the papers which have large circulations, usually publish a daily edition, for which they are well paid. The weekly is made up almost entirely from the daily, and in comparison costs scarcely anything, and, consequently, they can well a ford to furnish it at a cheaper rate. Again we furnish it at a cheaper rate, would urge upon Catholics to support our and we will amply repay them by paper, and we will amply repay nding more and more upon the paper. Milwaukee Citizen.

What the Milwaukee Catholic says applies with equal force to the RECORD, and we hope our readers will give this matter most serious consideration.—Ed. C. R.

RECENT CONVERSIONS

Father Bodfish, of the Boston Cathedral, as recently prepared for baptism six converts to the Catholic Church. The follow ing, by the way, was related by Father Stone, the Presionist, in a lecture delivered Stone, the Prssionist, in a lecture delivered at the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, Brooklyn, on February 27:—"I know one very able and distinguished man, a Bostonian, who was attracted by hearing the tramp in the street long before daylight on a Christmas morning, and, his curiosity being excited, he got out of his comfortable bed, looked out of the window, and the the coole giving transpire the problem of the street of the street of the window, and saw the people going tramp, tramp in the snow in one direction. He did not know what it meant, but his curiosity led him to venture out on this cold Christmas morning, and he found himself in the old

Boston Cathedral, the pro-Cathedral in Boston, and there for the first time he witnessed the Catholic service, and that first burst, as it were, of light upon him convinced him that there was something divine there. He ended by becoming a Catholic."

A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO ARCH. BISHOP PURCELL.

The touching letter of this venerable prelate, published in our last issue, says the Protestant Columbia Register, carries truth and honourable conduct on its face. To make whole story short, the noble old Christian has endeavoured to carry on his own shoulders for the service of his Master more then one man could carry. Master more then one man could carry. That he has imprudently done so, we presume no one will more frankly admit than the aged Archbishop himself. Yet it was not his burthen after all, and if he has taken it up even as the Cyreni n his Master's Cross, we should rather help than blame him now. Here is an occasion in which Protestant and Catholic alike can do account him to be something to show that blessed charity something to show that blessed charity that thinketh no ill, and where we can give something, it matters not how little, to help our aged brother, who, beginning to neip our aged brother, who, beginning life in poverty—having even to borrow money to go to his see with his students and domestics—has spent his eighty years absolutely, without looking back in the furrow, in the Vineyard of the Lord. As a Protestant we confess the good old a Protestant, we confess the good old man's missive has gone home to our heart, and we sincerely trust that and we sincerely trust that many will moved to bring their offerings for relief of God's old servant, so that he n sink to rest in his old age with the assur-ance that whilst he may have tried to do more than his duty, there are none ready to blame, whilst many, if not all, are will-ing to help him. We of the South are very poor, and we have little more than good wishes and kind words to give, yet of our little it will not hurt much to devote to this good work a dollar or so, or ven less, from our scanty means, and send long with it our assurance to the Archbishop that we know how to sympathise with him in his distress

CATHOLICS AND HINDOOS.

In view of the desperate expedients of the prosclytisers in Ireland to undermine the faith of the people, and the complacent helplessness of Mr. Lowther to turnish protection to those whose tenderest sus-ceptibilities are recklessly wounded every day, it is instructive to quote the following ords from the Queen's proclimation to India: "Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowedging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and the desire to se our conviction on any of our sub-We declare it to be our royal and pleasure that none be in any wise favored, none molested or disquieted by reason of their religious faith or obser-vances, but that all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law, and we do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us those who may be in authority under us that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects on pain of our highest dis-pleasures." Lowther might study with advantage Her Majesty's injunction that, in India, "interferences with the religious belief or worship" of the people is prohi-bited. The meaning of course, is wanton. bited. The meaning of course, is wanton, offensive and resented interference, which is exactly what the Connemara peasant complains of, and which the Irish Chief Secretary, speaking for the law, declares to be a complaint for which there is no re-dress. There is evidently a difference between a Connemara Catholic, and a Bombay Hindoo in this matter, and the advantage is not on the side of the former.

FRIENDLY WORDS.

The Independent, speaking of the dedication of our new Cathedral says:
"Last Sunday was dedicated the most magnificant meeting-house in America, the Fifth Avenue Cathelic Cathedral. It has been one and twenty years in build-ing, and with great patience and great selfand with great patience and great sin ial have its promoters labored during these years. The occasion was an imall these years. The occasion was an impressive one, and every scenic device was pressive one, and every scenic device was employed to enhance its grandeur. There were present in their canonical robes, one Cardinal, seven archbishops, three dozen bishops, and we do not know how many hundred priests. The sermon by Bishop Ryan was an adminable and eloquent exposition of Christianity, as having authoratitive rights to control our paid find life, and so to overcome the modern cultured paganism, which can end modern cultured paganism, which can end only in barbarism. We direct the Catholic only in barbarism. We direct the Catholic interests of this city that so splendid a temple has been created, and that not by the rich but rather by the laboring men and women of the land. Catholicism is our ally in the conflict against godlessness and wickedness, and we would utter and wickedness, and we would vagainst it no harsh word of criticism, rather congratulate it on the faithful gen-erosity of the clergy and laity,"

DIVORCE IN FRANCE.

One of the great grievances of the French Radicals is the non-existence of divorce in France. It exists, they argue, in all Protestant countries, and even in Catholic Belgium, and—which they consider even more to the number—in the sider even more to the purpose—in the France of the First Republic and First Em France of the First Republic and First Empire. M. Naquet has again brought in his bill for the legislation of it, explaining that the clergy would not be obliged to re-marry divorced persons, and attempting to justify the change by the fact that there were already two thousand five hundred judicial separations every year. The committee appointed to report upon the bill recommended that it should not be taken into consideration, on the ground. be taken into consideration, on the ground that it was inopportune and would make the Republic unpopular; but the chamber decided that it should be discussed.

. . . Who breathes must suffer; and whothinks must mourn; and he alone is blessed who e'er was born.—Prior.

Base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them.—Shakespear.

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