Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true.
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful Goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep,
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

ELLEN P. ALLERTON.

BRANTFORD LETTER.

SCHOOLS RE-OPENED.

On Friday morning the Separate schools re-opened for the fall term with a very good attendance. The rooms look neat and comfortable and teachers and pupils appear fresh and energetic after their long vacation. Most of the time on Friday was taken up in organizing and forming classes and the systematic studies were begun on Monday. A number of the pupils did not put in an appearance until Monday which caused some little delay, but now everything is in running order, and a term has never started with better promise.

SILVER JUBILEE.

On Wednesday of last week, the Rev. Father Bardou, of Cayuga, for so long parish priest here, celebrated the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. His parishioners in Cayuga held their annual picnic on the same day. Thirty or forty from Brantford went down and bore with them many presents as tokens of affection, which were gratefully accepted. All who went from here enjoyed themselves well.

NOTES.

Our curate, "Father James" who has been on a visit to Father Doherty at Arthur, returned on Friday last. The same evening he had a violent attack of inflammation which has since confined him to his room. Though out of danger by this time it will likely be some days before he is able to be around.

On Monday Mr. Patrick Griffin and Miss Mary Ann Purcell were married at early mass, and the interesting ceremony was witnessed by a large number of acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Purcell of Stratford have been visiting friends here the past fortnight. Their infant boy, who has been very ill for some time is so low as to almost leave no hope of recovery.

Messrs. J. C. Sullivan, of Woodstock, and John Dunne, of Stratford, were in town over Sunday.

NAYR.

FROM GODERICH.

Rev. Father Waters returned from his trip, quite recovered from his recent illness.

After Mass on Sunday, he read a circular (received during his absence) from Rev. Mgr. Bruyere, calling upon the clergy for their assistance in the building fund for the grand new Cathedral in progress in your city.

A collection will be taken up in the month of October for that purpose which will be handsomely responded to by Goderich.

Mrs. Alex. Wilson of London spent a week in our town visiting relations.

PICNIC IN STRATHROY.

This picnic, which was held yesterday in the Driving Park, whether as to the number of persons present, or the interesting programme prepared for the occasion, was a gratifying success. The organization of the picnic, and the carrying out of the various details of the day's proceedings, reflect very great credit on the esteemed pastor, Rev. Father Feron, and the ladies and gentlemen who, under his supervision, filled the various posts assigned to them.

Shortly after 12 o'clock the crowd began to gather on the grounds, and by two o'clock there were fully a thousand present. A sumptuous dinner was served at one o'clock, and for the next hour or two a constant stream of visitors to the tables was kept up.

The ladies who had charge of the various articles to be raffled were busy throughout the afternoon, few of the visitors to the grounds being proof against their appeals. The lists must have been well filled.

Miss Feron filled a list on an exquisite toilet set which was much admired.

Mrs. O'Keefe had a very handsome five story cake.

Mrs. Betz presented a handsome pair of slippers.

Mrs. O'Dwyer presented a very pretty locket.

Besides these there were other very desirable articles.

One of the most interesting events of the day was the contest for the handsome chair, which was to be voted to the most popular gentleman on the grounds. Although four candidates were nominated, the contest really lay between Mr. Manson and Mr. Richardson. After a gallant struggle by the friends of each, and a most exciting time near the close, the chair was voted to Mr. Richardson by a majority of 34.

Just as interesting, if not more so, was the voting on the china tea-set for the most popular lady. The contest here was carried on with even greater vigor, and under greater excitement than the last. The lady candidates were Miss Seymour, Strathroy, Miss Howe, of Caradoc, and Miss McCabe, of Adelaide. The set was voted to Miss Seymour by a majority of 198.

The following are the winners of prizes:
Toilet set—Mr. Howe.
Cake—Mr. Grist.
Silver watch—Miss Radigan, Port Huron.
Slippers—Mrs. Betz.
Locket—Mrs. Healey.
Walking stick—Mr. Tucker.
Framed photos of Father Feron—Mr. Dumbrill won one of these.

We have not been able to obtain the names of the winners in the games.

Altogether the picnic was a marked success, and we have no doubt that a large sum has been realized.—Strathroy Despatch, Aug. 29.

LA SALETTE PICNIC.

The annual picnic of La Salette took place in the spacious and handsome grove adjoining the church on Wednesday the 30th of August, and proved in every respect the grandest and most successful ever held in the parish. For a number of years the people of La Salette and adjoining missions have looked forward to this day as a day of pleasure and relaxation and each succeeding year finds the picnic more popular and enthusiastic. The trains from Port Dover and Simcoe brought in about 500 excursionists and from early morning a continuous stream of vehicles poured in from all directions. At least 2,500 people must have been on the ground at 12 o'clock, amongst whom were Messrs. Wallace, ex-M. P., Frieman, M. P.P., Judge McMahon, of Simcoe, Col. Skinner, Dr. Sinclair, McKnight, Gibson, Dr. Joy, and Dr. Garvey and certainly all were more than pleased with Father Dillon's untiring efforts to make the programme worthy of the occasion. Speeches were delivered by most of the gentlemen above mentioned and never was it better exemplified that on such an occasion all shades of religious denominations, all national and political feelings could be blended and all prejudices buried for the day.

An election contest for a gold headed cane between Mr. Freeman, M. P.P. and Mr. McKnight a prominent gentleman of La Salette, terminated in favor of Mr. Freeman by a majority of 16 votes. The most interesting feature of the programme was the contest for a gold watch and chain between eight young ladies of the parish, nominated by the chairman on the day of the picnic. Miss McSloy winning by a majority of 400, Mr. James Brady of Ingersoll filled the chair in his usual happy manner and contributed in no small degree to the success of the proceedings. Everything passed off in the most harmonious manner and never has it been the pleasure of your correspondent to witness a more orderly gathering.

In the evening a sacred concert was held in the beautiful church of La Salette, conducted by Miss Reidy, of Simcoe and assisted by the choirs of La Salette and Simcoe. Miss Reidy sang in her usual exquisite manner. Miss Dougall, of New York assisted very materially towards the success of the concert. The lady sings with remarkable good taste being possessed of a rich melodious voice and her execution being particularly correct. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity.

The financial success was even beyond the most sanguine expectations of our worthy and esteemed pastor, the proceeds amounting to something over 1,200, which will go a long way towards paying off the debt with which the church is yet burdened.—COM.

LOCAL NEWS.

The 7th Fusilleer Band have been engaged for the St. Thomas Catholic picnic to be held at Port Stanley on the 13th inst.

On Monday the Rev. Mr. Turner, pastor of the C. M. Church at Ailsa Craig, fired a revolver at a chicken. The ball struck a lady named Mrs. Bragg, on the right shoulder. At last accounts, she was very low.

Miss Kate O'Donohue, of this city has secured a position in the Ottawa Public School.

Squire Edwards, of London East received a paralytic stroke on Saturday last and had to be conveyed home in a carriage.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS AND THE "GLOBE."

DEAR SIR,—Is it because that "the shoe is on the other foot," or is it because the "Globe" has seen the error of its ways touching "Charitable Bequests" that the following editorial paragraph appears in its issue of the 28th:

"The example set by the late Mr. John Tucker in the disposition of his property is well worthy of imitation. He could scarcely have found more promising objects for his beneficence than the charities named, viz: the Hospital for Sick Children, the Infants' Home and the Girls' Home. . . . To rescue a child from a life of destitution or probable crime or shame, to train it for usefulness and then transplant it to some moral home, is to be in very deed a benefactor to one's species. And when, as in the case in question, the institutions are under the management of benevolent women, the donor has the best possible guarantee that his gifts will be well used. . . . The lady patrons of these and similar charities in Toronto are doing a work which will cause many poor children to rise up and bless their memories in after days. It is meet that they should be liberally aided by the wealthy citizens living and dying."

What a change from the days when the Globe howled and raved and denounced Charitable Bequests, and the "undue influence" which they affected to believe was used at the bedsides of dying Catholics. But then it was Popish bequests that were aimed at, and the shoe being now on the other foot may account for the change of sentiment, or rather of tactics.

Yours truly,
STADACONA.

THE ORPHAN CHILDREN OF IRELAND.

REV. LORD ARCHIBALD DOUGLASS APPEALS FOR ASSISTANCE IN THEIR BEHALF.

Lindsay Post, Sept 1st.

On Sunday last Rev. Lord Archibald Douglass, who has been in town for several days past as the guest of Father Stafford, addressed the congregation of St. Mary's church and made an earnest appeal for assistance in advancing the work in which he is engaged. His lordship has been engaged for the last seven years in the noble object of gathering up the destitute and friendless children of Great Britain, and notably so, of Ireland, placing them where they can have the benefit of an education until such time as they are taken by warm-hearted people and given homes.

After mass Rev. Father Stafford in a few words introduced his lordship and referred to his zeal and generous resolve to spend his might in the good work. If he was not a nobleman by birth, the work in which he was engaged would make him known as a noble man, a father to the fatherless. Those of the congregation who had means—and many could afford it—should bring in their contributions next Sunday. During the last year some seventy orphan children had been received into the parish and he was certain that it was a burden that would be pleasant to bear. His lordship would be glad to see, during the afternoon, all who wished to call on him.

His Lordship then rose to address the congregation, speaking from the text, "And the word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." In his opening sentences his lordship referred to our indifference, through familiarity, with the beautiful sights of nature. In like manner we were accustomed to hear the words of the text. But did we realize it? That God so loved us He sent His only Son to dwell with us? We did not? We did not take it in its entirety. We knew these things, but did not consider them in our hearts. If we took up the truth it should make an impression on our lives at once lasting and imperatively for good. God has placed us in this world to do a work, to show forth our knowledge of Him by our love and actions. We are all placed in different positions, all had different duties. But in one thing we all agreed: we should be engaged with our whole heart, we should strive to grow in the knowledge of God and serve Him, and to use our life to prepare for eternity, and always to reverence the mighty benevolence of God in sending His Son to be with us on earth. His lordship briefly sketched the childhood and boyhood of the Saviour and called his hearers to look through the whole wonderful history from the manger to Calvary. When we remember His sufferings and crucifixion and felt in our hearts our debt to Him we should think of His goodness in an entirely different manner than we generally do. With the instinct of His wonderful love in our hearts then the thought would arise, "What can I do in return for what he has done for me." God has given every one of us a work to do, to give glory to His heavenly heart. He has allowed us to unite with Him in the work of saving souls, by bringing ourselves and others into the knowledge of His goodness. His lordship then urged upon his hearers a duty which they owed—to stretch forth their hands to the children of this generation; to do part towards feeding the lambs of the flock. The command was one of divine origin. The son of God had enunciated it, and had given to St. Peter the duty. How dear then should it be to us? In a special way his lordship had entrusted to his care many orphan children. Children, especially children of Irish parents, were sent to him from all parts of Great Britain. It was his duty to gather them up and to give to some small portion of the thousand wanting a home that privilege, and to snatch the orphans and helpless children away from the terrible dangers of cities of the old land. That is the work with which his lordship was entrusted. But one great help was needed, that of money. The object was to get together sufficient money to support these children until they were 14 years of age. At that age they were placed in the workshops at his lordship's home, and taught different trades. They were also well grounded in the Catholic religion, and protected by home care. But one great trouble was that every boy was not fitted to learn a trade. It was an exceedingly difficult matter to teach thoroughly trades useful in England. It had been suggested to his lordship that it would be well to bring out boys to this country where the conditions are entirely different. He had taken up the idea and had brought out 40 boys, who were placed in homes in the diocese of Ottawa. By the kindness of Father Stafford he was enabled to address his hearers, and to say that he would, in all probability, bring a number of boys to this section of country next year, and he hoped that they would be all taken and given homes.

His Lordship gave an interesting history as to the origin of the work of taking up and fostering the children. The movement was started by a station master at one of the rural places in England, and in time growing to larger dimensions, was handed over to the St. Vincent de Paul Society of London. His lordship had now in his hands and under his charge 120 boys. About three years ago he had established workshops at his home in London, (Eng.) Thirty boys who were old enough were learning different trades and would soon be going out into the world. He appealed to the people to help according to their means. There could be no limit placed in estimating the good that would be done. Children were offered them every day from every part of England. He asked for assistance for the children's sake and to lift them out of the terrible dangers which would sweep them away. He would have the people stretch forth their hands and each one at least save one little child. Let us all work for Him in life, and when we were passing away how sweet would be the recollection that we had done something for Him. His lordship again referred to the nationality of many of the children, and pointed out that 90 of them were the children of Irish parents.

Sunday week his lordship preached in the cathedral at Toronto, by kind permission of His Grace the archbishop, when a collection was taken up. On next Sunday, (Sept. 3rd), at the half-past-ten mass, the collection will be taken up in Lindsay and forwarded to him by Father Stafford, who takes a deep interest in the work of placing those poor children.

BURLESQUES ON RELIGION.

The Salvation Army in Brooklyn.

The Brooklyn Eagle, of August 20th, says:

"Canon Farrar says the Salvation Army is composed of rowdy Christians," said I to a member of that body.

"'E's an 'umbug. You come down han' 'ear us," was the prompt reply in unmistakable Cockney dialect.

I did go down to the Lyceum on Washington street at the night service of the Army. The hall was crowded. The audience could not truthfully be declared an intellectual one, but it was respectably dressed and well behaved, barring three or four young sprigs, who giggled and whispered incessantly. Presently the sound of many voices in chorus was heard, and a few moments after a young man wearing a blue helmet, with jacket and trousers of the same color, marched into the hall followed by a long line of men and women—mostly women. They filled up the centre aisle singing, as they came upon the stage:

"I'm a salvation soldier—
One of the noisy crew;
I shout when I'm happy,
And that I mean to do.
Some say I am too noisy,
I know the reason why,
And if they felt the glory
They'd shout as well as I."

The refrain sounded like one of George Christy's old-time plantation melodies. The song at an end, the young man with the helmet gave a signal, and as promptly as well-drilled soldiers order arms, the band upon the platform dropped on their knees. Then the leader offered up a prayer. He strewed the stage with the *hs* he dropped and prayed vigorously for the salvation of sinners all over creation.

Prayers from others of the Army followed in quick succession. To reproduce any of them might convey the impression that there was a desire to ridicule the suppliants—an act indefensible. When the prayers were over the army marched about the platform singing lustily if not sweetly, every now and then the entire band waving their handkerchiefs around their heads.

To the irreverent this movement was markedly suggestive of a minstrel "walk around." Finally the young man with the hemlet began to exhort sinners to repent. He pictured the horrors of death and a burning hell in such vigorous terms that some of his younger listeners turned pale and shifted about nervously in their seats.

In the Salvation Soldier's Song Book a hymn is headed:—

"Section. 2—Heavy Guns—Showing that all who are not certain their sins are forgiven are every moment in danger of hell-fire. If you go home to-night unsaved you will very likely go to hell!"

This song-book abounds in startling announcements, of which the following are specimens:—

"The only chance for you to escape damnation is to do it right here."

"To consider yourself happy or feel comfortable while you are not ready to die is the most frightful condition of danger that any one can be in."

"Since this time yesterday sinners as young and gay as you have gone to hell!"

"If you refuse salvation just once too often you will go to hell!"

Seyeral exhortations in keeping with those announcements were made and responded to by persons in the audience, who asked for prayers that they might be saved. Next in order were brief statements from those who declared that they had been saved.

"The Salvation Army has saved me from a drunkard's grave. My money used to go to ginmills, and I've put diamond pins on bartenders and sealskin sacques on their wives while I've gone shabby myself!" exclaimed one convert.

"Glory, hallelujah!" broke in a soldier rather inopportanely.

"If the Lord told me to butt my head against a stone wall, I'd do it," was the declaration made by another.

"He won't ask you to. He wants you to save your head, brother, remarked the young man with the hemlet.

The female members of the Army who had seats on the platform wore a plain blue flannel dress, a ribbon around their hats bearing the inscription, "Salvation Army." Conspicuous among these were Captain Westbrook and Lieutenant Hallelujah Abbie. The latter is young, handsome and inclined to talk much.

"I hope we shall all go to Heaven," said a convert.

"Oh, *I'm* going to Heaven brother!" exclaimed Miss Hallelujah Abbie complacently.

I believe that Abbie has gone to Philadelphia, and unless that city has changed greatly, the young lady will find herself several removes farther from Heaven than when she was in Brooklyn.

It is more than likely that the *sobriquets*, as well as the behavior, of many prominent Salvation Army soldiers prompted Canon Farrar to make that remark about "rowdy Christians." In the *War Cry*, a unique sheet issued in the interest of the Army, one runs across the names of "Happy Charlie," "Holy Joe," "Shouting Bob," "Hallelujah Charlie," In this same sheet the movements of the soldiers are graphically described under lurid headings. For instance the work in Baltimore is referred to in the following language:

Hard fighting—Happy Charley and his Banjo Doing good Service—The Woman who had to leave her Washtub to Come and get saved—Hallelujah Captain Shirley and her Hallelujah Tambourine Marching Along.

ARMY MOVEMENTS.

Marching Orders and Promotions.—Private Sister Colber has been promoted to be lieutenant to Captain Westbrook.

Lieutenant Cralbie has been promoted to be captain, and, with Lieutenant Thompson, Halelujah Abbie takes command of First Pennsylvania Corps, Philadelphia.

New York—Station No. 1 will be opened by Major Moore, 16th August, assisted by Captain Baily, trumpeter; Glory Tom, Captain Inman and others.

I had thrown aside the War Cry and was about to make an inquiry when Glory Tom remarked, "Look 'ere sir; 'ere is a beautiful piece as you 'ave missed." So saying he pointed to a column article, from which I give a beautiful extract:

"At Castleford the pigeon flyers got converted, and instead of sending their pigeons into the air on Sundays they make pies of them."

"Salvation and pigeon pie on Sundays suit beautifully."

Next to Major Moore, who commands the Salvation forces, handsome Captain Joe Irons ranks in influence. He can be seen any fine afternoon on the steps of the City Hall, surrounded by his coherts. As he is likely to become a fixture in Brooklyn, I give a sketch of his eventful life. It reads like a romance, and the words are his own:

"I was born in Yorkshire, November 4, 1861. Although only a child I was fully possessed of the devil. When about seven years of age I went playing with a boiler of hot water and scalded my left leg severely. This for some time cooled me down."

"What, the hot water cooled you!"

"But as soon as health and strength were regained I was at it again," said the captain, "and not long after some one ran in and told my mother that Joe was run over by a wagon and nearly killed. She at once ran to the door and beheld me limping down the street with my leg slightly bruised."

"A narrow escape, indeed."

"On another occasion," continued the captain, "I had a narrow escape from drowning. I had gone on a fishing tour with a lot more boys of my own age, and we had all used our bait and commenced to take a wasp's nest to get the comb to bait with. After killing them all, I was leaning over an embankment, when a large dog came bouncing along and knocked me into the canal. How I got out I never knew, but there I was, seven miles away from home with my wet clothes and no means of getting there except by walking. However, I got there, and had to spend the next day in bed while my clothes dried.

"At the age of ten," remarked the captain, mournfully, "I was left without the control of a father. I was sent to spend a few months with some relation. The devil took right hold hold of me. It was here that I first knew the taste of tobacco, that is smoking, for chewing I never did. On going home I mixed up with evil companions. At fifteen I ran away from home to Liverpool, but they would not take me as a sailor. After three days' tramping I arrived home, after living on dry bread and water."

The next eventful episode in the captain's career was the thrashing of his employer, soon after he joined the Salvation Army. And this is the life which he holds up to his hearers and the readers of the War Cry as a monumental career of sin.

MR. McGOVERN'S DIARY.

He Gives an Account of Life on Board the Servia, and Tells How He is Enjoying Himself.

From the Brooklin Review.

The following from Mr. Hugh D. McGovern, who is well known as a resident of this city, and who left Brooklyn a short time ago on an ocean voyage, has been received by his relatives in this city:

ON BOARD THE SERVIA, July 28, 1882.

This is our third day out and the good ship is doing well. All her officers and attendants are doing their utmost to make us all comfortable, and we are as happy and in as good condition as if we were in Brooklyn. It is very hot, however, the water through which we are traveling being seventy-five in temperature and there is not a ripple on the ocean. We manage to survive, however, and we feel cool when we think of the poor fellows in the fire and engine rooms, where the heat is indescribable. It can be compared only with the warmth that is said to exist in that place which the New Revision has abolished. The firemen are taking shifts of ten minutes in length, and in truth for most of us that ten minutes would be fatal. Our ship is going away from the wind and that adds to the discomfort. It is now 10:25 a. m., Brooklyn time, and I am sitting on the port side of the ship.

So far, our journey has been as devoid of incident as a journey to New York *via* Fulton Ferry would have been, and I am a little sorry for it. It does not come up to the expectation of a sea voyage which we had formed from our perusal of Captain Maryatt's works. Not once have we had occasion to try the efficacy of the antidotes which our thoughtful friend William McCoy, of South street, New York, Professor Burke and Professor Gibson German, of Fulton Market had compounded for us. Some kind friend who left with the steward a basket of extra dry, with instructions that it should not be transferred to me until I was well out to sea, will be glad to learn that, as yet, I have had no occasion to use it as a medicine, but that as a beverage it has been highly appreciated.

2 P. M.—We are are now passing the steamer Alaska, of the Guion line, and in her wake is a large sailing vessel, name unknown.

6 P. M.—Dinner and a bottle from the mysterious basket.

8.30 P. M.—The evening has been pleasantly spent in the company of the Right Reverend Bishop Walsh, of London, Canada, and Father Flannery, of his diocese. The reverend gentlemen had many instructive and amusing stories to tell, and we felt that we had already been paid for our journey. After our party broke up I took a bath in water pumped directly from the Gulf Stream, in which we are now traveling, and found it very refreshing. The temperature of the water was 73.

9:15 P. M. Brooklyn time and 10.34 P. M. ship's time.— On deck and looking at a most enchanting scene. There is a wool pack sky, and the moon is obscured from sight by an immense dark cloud. The ship is in darkness, while at a distance the reflection of the moon on the water, through the light wool packed clouds, forms what seem to be a chain of lakes; the reflection of the white clouds forming the lakes and that of the dark clouds, the land.

July 29, 6 A. M., Brooklyn time.—It is a beautiful morning. The sky is clear and a refreshing breeze makes us all happy. There are two ships in sight bound West.

11 A. M.—The Right Rev. Bishop Walsh has appointed a committee of which I am a member, to wait on the captain and request permission to have mass celebrated on the coming Sunday. In this we succeeded, although it is strictly against the rules of the ship to allow any other service than the Episcopal. The wisdom of such a rule I do not see.

5:30 P. M.—A dense fog is coming up and we are going into the darkness, as a railroad train enters a tunnel. Captain Cook and First Officer Jackson are on the bridge, and as the fog whistle resounds, I imagine myself crossing the ferry to New York. But in a moment I remember I am on the broad Atlantic, 1,600 miles from you all, and connected only by

THE TELEGRAPH LINES OF IMAGINATION AND AFFECTION.

How is it that in times of gloom our thoughts are of home, while when all is bright and cheerful we are forgetful of it? It must be that home is comfort and joy and that the thought of it will banish gloom, doubt, and fear more quickly than anything else.

Sunday, July 30—For the first time in the history of the Cunard line mass was celebrated on one of their vessels.

At 10:30 A. M. the regular service of the ship was held in the grand dining-room and those who attended were treated to some fine singing and an eloquent address from the Right Rev. Dr. Roberts, of Australia. The remainder of the day passed off as pleasantly as it commenced, and the passengers could be seen in little groups here and there on the deck discussing the topics of the hour and listening to the gossip of the ship.

August 1, 1882, 7 A. M.—Nothing of importance occurred yesterday except the passing of a few vessels and a little rougher sea.

11 A. M.—The fog whistles are sounding and all of us who are on deck are treated to a rare sight, for all at once a ship in full sail emerges from the fog and passes within three hundred yards of us. It was something that brought at once to our minds the story of the Flying Dutchman. Chief Officer Jackson said we might cross the ocean fifty times and never get such a treat.

Considerable money has changed hands during our trip, pools being made upon the speed of the ship and the distance traveled each day. In one case an investment of one dollar brought a return of fifty dollars.

August 2, 368 miles from Ireland, 5:30 A. M.—Vessel is rolling considerably, but no attention is paid to it by those on deck, they all being anxious to ascertain why the vessel stopped at 11:30 last night. Some declared it was in the interest of those who had bought pools, others were sure that one of the crew had fallen overboard, but the truth was no stop had been made. A brisk breeze had been blowing and as the ship was doing well under sail, advantage was taken of it to clean the furnaces.

1:30 P. M.—Nothing important occurred to-day. We sighted two sailing vessels in the morning, and later in the day a steamer with a white ball on her smoke stack crossed our bow. Had she been five minutes later we should have struck her midships.

6 P. M.—The main hatch is now opened and the luggage is being brought from the hold. The mail bag will soon be closed and all on board are writing.

HUGH D. MCGOVERN.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY.

London Universe.

A highly interesting sign of the times is the great attention which the enemies of the Catholic Church abroad bestow on the progress and development of Catholicity in England. Thus we notice in the largest and one of the most anti-Catholic journals of Germany—the *Koelnische Zeitung*—a journal which has supported Prince Bismarck and his May Laws through thick and thin, a valuable paper entitled "A Carthusian Settlement in England." It begins with the words:

"It is a remarkable thing that England, the first child that became disobedient to its mother Rome, and its adult offspring across the Atlantic, being a creation of the Puritan "pilgrim fathers," should at this day be not only the safest refuge of the Catholic Church, but actually a nursery ground of that Catholicity which in other countries is getting more and more tabooed."

The writer gives a full account of the way in which the Jesuits settled down in the archiepiscopal city of Canterbury, "the very heart of the enemy," and how the Carthusians have now erected a settlement in the adjoining county of Sussex. Having described the settlement of St. Hugh's, Parkminister, at full length, he goes on to say:

"The Jesuits having found their way into Canterbury and the Carthusians into Cowfold, monastic life has once more taken a firm hold on Saxon England. St. Hugh's is a most notable work of architecture, for it must be admitted that England, so rich in ancient buildings and ruins of abbeys and monasteries dating from ages prior to the Reformation, had not produced any building of this kind worthy of any note since the days of Bluff Harry."

These short extracts show fully how deeply the writer is impressed by the splendor of the work that is now being carried on in England by the Catholic Church.

Man has a Right to Property.

In a recent sermon Rt. Rev. Bp, Wigger of Newark said: It is time to raise a warning voice when men, otherwise good and learned, publicly proclaim that man has no right to property. The Church has very clearly defined principles on this point. She has always taught that man has the right to ownership to property. True it is, she teaches that absolute ownership belongs only to God; but what we acquire by hard labor or by other legitimate means belongs to us, to the exclusion of our fellow-beings; and no man has a right to deprive us of it. If you hear even a priest teaching doctrines opposed to this principle, beware of him—for his utterances are not of God, but are the wild vaporings of a depraved imagination."