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In Re-Martin Luther. 1443-November 10,-1883. ELEANOR C. DONNELLY,

Answer! Doctor Martin Luther!
Thou art summonsed to the Bar—
From the lowest depths of Hades,
Thro' the flery gates sjar:
Thro' the chaso of the sges.
From the grave's unhallow'd dust
Come, thou unreform'd Reformer!
To the judgment of the just!

In you land of dismal Torture,
Where the boldest soul hath blench'd,
Where the worm, undying, gnaweth,
And the fismes are never quench'd
Hath it trilled thy soul with rapture,
Hath it filled thy heart with glee,
To recall this blessed (?) Birthday,
This Lutheran Jubilee?

There's a text somewhere in Scripture, (Demons chant it on this morn,) (Demons chant it on this morn,)
of a man for whom 'twere better
That he never had been born'
In the dread eternal vision
Of these years of wreck and wrong—
What hath profited his boasting
Of Wine?—of Wife?—of Song?

Lo! the Song bath pass'd, like flashes
Of fork'd lightning thro' a cloud;
Lo! the Wife bath turn'd to ashes;
In her rotten mildew'd shroud;
Lo! the Wine, whose hot desire
Thrilled along thine ev'ry vein—
Now. (a ferce, infernal fire,)
Addeth frenzy to thy pain!

There is room in yonder heaven
For the humble and the poor,
There are thrones of splender given
To the mourning, meek and pure,
But the Master hath no portion
In the glory of His House,
For the proud and lustful spirit
That hath scorn d its solemn yows

He remembers—He remembers, At Amiens of old, When another famous Martin Met the beggar, unde and cold— How his single stidier's mantle He haived with sabre-stroke, That Christ, in that poor neighbor, Might share St. Martin's cloak!

He remembers—He remembers; (As He mourns His faith's decay,) How a namesake of St. Martin— Whose feast we keep to-day:— Dead to love of God and neighbor. By rebellious lust entic'd Poort with prond, apostate sabre. Rent. with proud. apostate sabre, The seamless robe of Christ!

Answer! Doctor Martin Luther!
Wert thou humble, meek, and pure?
Living, dying, like St. Martin,
Obedient, chaste, and poor?
Is the feast-day of thy patron.
All, thy friends would have it be?
Is thy dear four-hundredth Birthday,
Quite 2 galaday to THEE!

Notre Dame Scholastic.

THE FOUR SONS OF JAEL

Rev. John Talbot Smith, in the Catholic World.

It was a sultry summer day under the emigrant sheds at Kingston, and Jael stood wiping the perspiration from her homely face and gazing sadly on the blue, shining waters of Ontario and the green signal should be headen. It does green islands beyond the harbor. It does not matter what her surname was; in fact Jael was ugly enough without the terrible combination of syllables which terrible combination of syllables which her English home had presented to her through her cobbler father. She had concluded, in leaving England, to leave also to it the one thing which had been its only free gift to her since she was born, and she did it with that feeling indifference and scorn peculiar to the unthinking poor, certain that better names could be found in free America, where good things were so plentiful. The crowd of people with whom she had been associated in a long voyage knew her only as Jael, the homeliest, and most feared woman in the ship, silent always and indifferent to the trifling cares of daily life, towering in physical height, in experience, and in strength of character all the women they had ever known. She had shown them on one or two occa sions that her voice was the one sweet thing in her natural make-up, and on other occasions that if she was habitually silent it was not for want of ideas or language. Indeed, after the first avalanche of abuse which she had hurled at an offender people were fearful of disturbing her voice in any manner, lest the thrush's notes might turn sud-denly into the shrill cries of the virago. panions as if she travelled in the first cabin. They liked her none the less, it was true, for Jael was not averse to assisting mothers in the care of numerous little ones, provided that no fuss was made over the service and no thanks attempted; and it was wonderful how her singing soothed the children and her sharp epithets quieted the noisy. She was fond of the children. It was part of her daily routine to sit on the deck, and with her large, hard eves turned towards England, to scream out ballads and revival hymns in true Nonconformist style sailors and passengers stood at respectful distances and laugh applauded among themselves. The little nes sat around her, rapt and enthusias tic, and their eager clamor would keep her singing for an hour at a time. She grew to be a character aboard as circumstances developed her good and bad acquirements. When a storm came up, and it looked at one moment as if the acquirements. ship was to go down, and men and women crept together trembling and weeping. Jael stood up in their midst and poured out an extemporaneous prayer of such passionate strength and profuseness, filled with the oddest and most striking Scriptural allusions, that a great confidence suddenly filled their terrified souls, and in the loud, excited hymn which she began after the prayer many tions which nearly drowned the wild whistle of the wind. People came to look on her after a whila as Hebrew prophetess. She was entered on the ship's books as Jael, aged nineteen; but her tall, gaunt form, the absence of bloom or freshness on her thin face, the long coarse features, and the sad, stern, experienced eyes made her appear a woman of thirty. Specula-tion was rife concerning her, but it remained speculation until the end of the voyage. Jael tolerated no inquiries into her past history, and when they had reached Quebec all evidence of her wellknown traits disappeared on a sudden. She sang, prayed, scolded no more, pre-serving a rigid coldness and reserve of manner up to the moment when she stands looking sadly out on the waters of the great inland sea. Her travelling friends are more distant than ever,

repelled by her surly silence, nor does she wish them one point nearer.

Poor Jael! Alone in the strange land, without a friend to aid her in her need, appalled by the thousands of miles which

lie between her and her native soil, she feels at this moment that it might have been better had she remained with the drunken father and continued to lead the old life until the bitter end. Death would not be much harder amid the squalor of England than in the loneliness of America, and in either case there yawned the pauper's grave. She had been the daughter of a preaching cobbler, who left his bench and last to hammer Bethel pulpits and clothe the spiritual feet of men with the leather of Scripture and as her father's clerk for eight years she had served him faithfully and so far as to take up the office herself when too much beer had prostrated him. There was a touch of poetry in her heart. She loved the hymns, the Bible stories, the long prayers of the preachers with their stormy imagery, and the majestic psalms. She had even composed a psalm and a few hymns, and her father could not surpass her fervent prayers. But the filth and uncertainty and meanness of her life tired her at last. Her father made her heavy life heavier by his abuse and his senseless beatings of a too faithful child, and one night she had left him in

vague yet hopeful way to see what a new world had to offer her. And here were all its offerings around and before her—the quaint, lively city with its red-coated soldiers, the emigrant-sheds, the great lake, and the awful loneliness. Oh! better indeed to have remained with the drunken father and have the life beaten out of her at least by the hands of her own and not by those of the stranger. The day was long and hung so heavily on every one that a few enterprising spirits among the immigrants arranged an entertainment, and invited Jael to display any of her accomplishments for the amus ent of the crowd. It was an act of hardihood, but she was in a mood and consented When it came to her turn and every ear waited in delight for the first notes of that sweet voice, she disappointed them by reciting in her broad dialect, yet with a tenderness inconceivable in so coarselooking a woman, the poem of "Bingen on the Rhine." What feeling it was that stirred her to it Jael never knew, for she was not given to analysis of her own motives; but the loneliness and despair of the soldier dying far from the land of his love suited her mood at that moment, and drew tears from the sympathetic immigrants as they thought of the homes would never see again. She moved off when her part was over, and, sitting at

the streets of Liverpool and set out in a

land. Luke Bolger, standing in the back-ground with an official of the place, studied her curiously.
"She is only nineteen," said the official.

one side, shed the first tears that had fallen from her eyes since she left Eng-

"and about the style of a girl you would want."
"Jes' about," said Luke, whose face was not more favored with beauty than Jael's, and had besides a bargaining expression and a hard leatheriness which was altogether absent from the girl's stolid countenance. He stood watching her silently still, until the official though

fit to arouse him.
"I have an idea," said Luke then, and "I have an idea," said luke then, and his face wreathed itself with a smile of golden meaning. He was going to drive a bargain, and it might require close shaving. "What's the use of hiring a girl and paying her a dollar a week for a hull summer, when by marrying her you wouldn't have to pay nawthin' at all?

"I see," said the official, "and I wish you luck! There's the girl for you, if you're not afraid to take a strange critter in hand."

"Trust me to manage the female crit-ter," said Luke, as he snapped his old whip suggestively; "an' if you'll get me a knockdown I'll manage the rest." "Come along," said the official, "and take everything as it goes, for by all

accounts she's a queer one.

moistened eyes.

"Jael," said he, "this is Luke Bolger, who wants to speak with you. You can believe whatever he tells you about himself. It's a pretty safe thing, because he never says more of himself than he can

nelp."

Luke laughed, but checked himself when he saw from Jael's manner that she resented his familiarity. She was study-ing him in her usual frank way, her great eyes reading his hard face, his stout limbs, serviceable clothes, and general well-to-do air. He stood coolly while she

"I hope you like the boy," he said with grave humor, "because I must say I like the girl. I want a wife, a good workingan who's fond of a home and able to keep one. I have a farm big enough to support a dozen or more, no debts, no ren, and my first wife is dead three months. Do you want to take her

There was a dead silence in the shed. The official stood back laughing, the men whispered smiling comments, and the women held their breaths in expectation of Jael's torrent of abuse for the bold stranger; for Luke shouted his proposal into every ear, and stood with his chin up, his legs apart, and his trade eye ready to close tight on the bargain if Jael consented. She was certainly a strange woman. Without takin moment's thought she answered in solemn way that she would be his wife, and when he took her in his arms, and kissed her amid cheers and laughter, she blushed faintly and then began to pre

pare for her departure. The marriage was there and then cele brated in the hasty business fashion which is characteristic of the time and was peculiar to Luke Bolger. The women of the sheds stood at her side, and the men supported the groom, while the justice bound them together jocularly until such time as the stringent laws the country would permit them to obtain an Indiana separation. Jael had a name at last. Before she could get away from the sheds she was Mrs. Bolger to her heart's content, and some of the women-venturing on Luke's boldness, kissed her good-by with many tears and good wishes Jael was seized with an old-time inspira tion at this evidence of affection, and threw Luke into a brown study by sud-

sometimes ridiculous imagery was soft-ened by the enthusiasm of her face and her burning eyes, and the perfect tor-nado of language that roared from her lips turned men into postures of stony respect and awe. She ceased when a

lips turned men into postures of stony respect and awe. She ceased when a hymn had been sung, and then followed her husband in meek silence, while he, poor man, led the way with his trade eye wide open in astonishment and doubt, lest he had been bitten in his bargain. The Bolger farm lay forty miles north of Kingston, in the heart of the wilderness. It was a respectable possession for a man of Luke's age, but the soil was of a sort that did not bode well for the future, and the loneliness of the place was a mighty weight on the spirit of Jael. There were no human faces seen in that neighborhood oftener than the full moon, there were no human habitations within ten miles, and Luke was not generous enough to invite friends to his log-cabin hospitality. The deer ran across the clearing with curious eyes for the dwell-

ing and its occupants, and not unire ently a bear snuffed suspiciously from distance and fled into the safety of the forest again. A wandering trapper or surveyor or tourist periodically found his way to the cabin and detailed to the mbre woman who served his meals the news of the outside world, wondering that she took so little interest in it and had such scant language. Luke did all the talking. He was rather proud of the distinction his wife's silence secured, for it reflected on him a certain lus-tre. But he never lost a secret dread of those occasions which would wake in Jael the exercise of cursing or benediction. They never came. Jael was silent from year to year, and did her work and bore her children faithfully, enduring his illher children faithfully, enduring his hit tempers and his good tempers with stony indifference, and growing daily more uncanny, more homely, and, if possible, more silent. Her marvellous voice never broke the primeval solitude in song. Even the mother's croon was never heard in the cabin. Her babies were stolid, silent beings, who never cried, and never seemed intelligent enough to appreciate the services of their attenlants, and they grew up dark, slow, wildeyed animals, with scant ideas and scant

speech, coarse, morose, and entirely want-ing in their mother's enthusiasm or their

father's shrewdness.

There was one exception, however, They had four boys and no girl. The ast-born of the family two days after his birth surprised his mother by a fit of terrible screaming. His red face grew purple with passion, his fists clenched and his feet kicked, and his blue eyes eemed to flash with rage. She had some difficulty in quieting him, as her awkward methods did not seem to please him. astonished her that he should repeat the performance day after day during a perod of two years. After a time Luke and she became convinced that there was something superior about this child to anything they had seen in the shape of infancy. His skin was white and fair, his eyes were blue as the sky, and his silky hair was almost red. In his moments of good humor he laughed at his mother while she worked, and stretched out his little hands to her, surprising her into that croon and baby talk which Luke had missed without knowing why. When he came to be named, Jael dreamed a good deal of that Jewish king whose Psalms had been her delight and consolation. and finally called him David. He must have looked like the king, she thought for he woke in her heart the same feel-ings which only the Psalms could formerly rouse, and then he seemed to her besides like a sweet, living song shining always in her eyes as well as sounding in her ears. David was the wonder of his brothers, who could never look at him too long, and were perpetually testing the quality of his eyes with their fingers and the strength of his lungs by their pinch-As he grew to years and under standing he wrought a marvellous change n the house-hold. It was usually no noisier than the spring woods, but the tears, the screams, the laugh and the shout, and inquiry of the child, as he came daily in contact with the sharp and smooth and surprising things of exis-tence, kept his parents and his brothers n a state of continual emotion of one kind or another. Jael's deep nature began to respond slowly but richly to the influence of heaven. She would sit for hours watching and entertaining her child, teaching him to sing the old ballads and hymns of her missionary days describing the wonders of her sea-voyage and the peculiar people in England, and mimicking the preachers of the Bethe congregations. He picked up instruction with wonderful quickness, and Jael's happiness and triumph were complete when he had learned to recite "Bingen on the Rhine." Her powers were ex hausted at this point. Henceforward David must look elsewhere to have the

rague longings of his nature satisfied. The year which saw finished the second decade of Jael's married life did not find the family more prosperous than on the day of her marriage. They lived in the same old house, and around them stood the solemn woods, whose limits civiliza-tion still avoided. The nearest neighbor was still ten miles away, and if the cleared land was more extensive the soil cleared land was more extensive the soil out of a twenty-one gallon had become less fruitful. The father ling. It is colorless. The and his sons had harder work each year is smoky and turpentinish. to produce a crop able to support them. bank account, small as it was, had lwindled slowly in spite of the strenuous efforts of stingy Luke, and then crept up a corresponding debt of two hundred dollars which drove him almost to suicide as he felt the impossibility of paying it. He was a dogged and sober man, however, and held on to his own with the grip of a miser, hoping and despairing fitfully, more moody than he would have been, and dreaming of impossible ways of realizing the fortune he had set out to win. Occasionally he drove to Kingston, but his moroseness so increased with each visit that he wisely avoided it altogether, and his last visit was made only at the suggestion of a friendly trapper, who one day whispered to him som news of mysterious though agreeab mysterious though agreeable When he returned his spirits import. seemed to have revived for the moment. He was extremely talkative with the boys, and began to dilate extravagantly on the beauties of the world and the denly bursting into a Bethel prayer of on the beauties of the world and the benediction for her friends. It was like advantages of setting forth to win a for-

a Scriptural whirlwind. Her lofty and tune. The soldiers at the barracks were TO BE CONTINUED.

A PERSECUTED PEOPLE.

A correspondent of The Philadelphia Press writes from Kelleen, Connemara, Ireland: After all, there is pleasure in wandering, these cool October days, around the shores and in the islands of this rugged coast For days I have gone among the people, sitting in their humble hovels, eating a spud from the skib, and hearing their legends and gathering the facts of those directle evictions in Janu-ary, 1880. There is a poetry in their primitive, uncouth natures as variega-tedly beautiful as the heather and the gorse that catches its changing tints of oftened brown and molten gold from the lying rays of the sun as it sinks beneath the waves of the ocean yonder. Their religious devotion is as exquisitely ten ler as it is martyrdom strong. They are all Catholics. The solemnities and cere-monies of that creed fringe the garment of their daily lives with a romance that is neither prosaic nor idolatrous. Doctrinaires have a self-satisfactory way of say ing that the "blood of martyrs is the seed of the faith." Its truth is illustrated here. More people died in Connemara for their faith than in the same space when Herod slaughtered the innocents During famine times soup houses and Protestant schools were set up all ove this country. Any Catholic who would abjure his faith and attend Protestant services could get food and send his children to school. Such as would not sing "to hell with the Pope," might starve,

and they did starve.

Their blood is the seed of the faith in these fastnesses. Their tombstones are memorial of everlasting hate of the Eng-lish race. Here in the earlier centuries ascetic monks retired and led their lives in labor and prayer. One half of the saints of the Irish Catholic Church lived their holy lives in Connemara. These hills are strewn with holy bones, and the faith lives. There was more than poetry when that polished scholar called this the holy land of modern times. And the peasants know these things. Their lives are guided by the holy traditions. All is simple faith. The creed is not repugnant to nature nor to reason, nor is it in war with nor to reason, nor is it in war with Christianity. Ignorant though they be, these simple people know the creed of the Catholic Church as thoroughly as the masses of Dublin city. Whatever its merits, the faith, absolute, honest,

oure, unsullied, is beautiful. In the penal days, at all funerals a collection used to be made up. It was Those stensibly for burial expenses. ostensioly for burial expenses, Those who gave their shillings and half-crowns knew they were for the poor priest who lay hidden in some mountain cavern awaiting a dark stormy night to celebrate Mass, and always ready at any risk to attend the sick and dying. That collection is called an "altar." It still exists in Connemara. Many who are unable to give at other times will take a sixpence or a shilling to the "altar." Near the corpse is a stand on which Near the corpse is a stand on which is a plate where the money is placed. As each drops his coin he kneels by the dead and prays for the eternal rest of the departed spirit. The sum collected is given to the attending priest, who says Mass for the repose of the departed's soul. After the prayer by the dead the stranger is always given. by the dead the stranger is always given a glass of potheen. This is a custom which is sometimes not properly respec This is a custom ted by a few of the more careless, and once in a while a neighbor will take more than he can well carry. This has brought the altar, like the wake, into bad repute The Irish are too hospitable to place any restriction on guests, and their reverential regard for the dead gives the wake place in their hearts which is difficult to

There have been several "altars" within my brief stay among these simple people. At none have I seen anyone intoxicated, although there was a bounti-ful supply of the potheen on each occasion. It was an edifying sight to see stalwart men, poorly clad, and bare-footed, red petticoated women come into the cabin, walk to the table, deposit their little offerings, and then kneel in silent reverence by the corpse for a few min-utes. When one thinks of their poverty the gift of a shilling is munificent. It is oftener a shilling than less. The coffin is usually borne to the grave on a bier carried by six men, who are relieved by others at short distances. As far as have learned the altar custom exists no where but in Connemara.

The usual drink is, of course, potheen

That means illicit whiskey. The other is called parliament. The potheen is a thorough home ruler, and is in absolute rebellion against the levying of internal revenue in Ireland by an alien parliament. Notwithstanding the vigilar the police, the wildness of these districts affords comparative safety to the dis-tiller of the potheen. I am violating no secret to say that the good drop is plenty from Galway to Clifden, whether by mail, stage route, or, on this side, the sea coast. There are many grades of it. What is termed the "first shot" is the That is the first ten gallons best. The taste punch these characteristics almost disappear. When a year old, I am told, it is mellow and mild. A fellow who was smacking his lips after a good gill draught, said: "But, you see, we can't raise the darlint; it will die young."

I found no trouble in getting it in any part of this kingdom of Connemara. There are a few old men who bear crack reputations for making it extra good They take fourteen gallons of the "first shot" and double-distill, or reduce it to nine. That is so rich and oily that it will hold a quill-pen standing straight. This brand is given the sick in milk before breakfast. Four-fifths of the barley raised out here is used for potheen. Many of these people would not be able to live at all were it not for their ittle "moonshine" business. The "drop" is shipped at night in hookers to Galway and other ports. The law in regard to the disposition, after its discovery by the authorities, is remarkable. It must be measured and spilled out on the ground.
Why it is not confiscated and sold at auc-

tion I don't know. It seems to me that it would be a good source of revenue. The police captured sixteen gallons of "first shot" a few days since, a mile from here. The fellows did not even help themselves, but incontinently poured it all upon the ground.

I am welcomed at every door. These good people treat me like a benefactor.

good people treat me like a benefactor because I am an American. When night falls I put on my heavy Irish frieze ulster —which I have worn many nights in summer here—and wander out into the bogs. I usually manage to call at three or four cabins before returning. All are warm in their welcomes. They sit around their turf blaze and brewa bowl of punch in honor of the guest. There they chat freely. They ask all manners of questions of America. They think I ought to know any cousin or relative who may live in Oregon or western Texas, because he is in America. "Its queer that I never me

Connor O'Shea; a better lad never stilled a gallon of the cratur or brewed a I could wander on with many, many

incidents of beauty, gallantry, and hero-ism heard of at these firesides on the bleak hills of Connemara. The poet would find much to weave into his warr of melody in these hills among these simple-hearted, bright-faced, pure-minded Irish peasants. Their recollections must make their homes sweet. Naught else attracts Yet there are no Irish more tenacious of their homes than the people of Connemars. This was always a king-dom, because the British majesty's writ would not run in it. That reason would dmost entitle it yet to become a kingdom, for I fancy it would be difficult to serve a writ here now. Two years ago serve a writ here now. Two years ago a force of police were unable to evict 180 unarmed households, and only women defended. But the necessary reinforcements were had. That has only made the home the stronger. Although many have gone to America, many refused to Poor as they are here, they know leave. no worldly ambitions, and they are free from all crimes. For that, I cannot help thinking, those who seek riches may lose virtues that retirement in the bogs and hills of Connemara insure.

During my stay here I have had to partake of the hospitality of the priest. There is neither hotel nor lodging-house

for miles. I cannot think I was unwel

come. My host was one of the best nation alists among the clergy, and his labore for the people have been bold and effica-cious. He is Father Walter Conway. He can take a wild duck on the wing, sing good song, and preach as eloquent sermon as one could wish to hear. He ha been here but a short time, but already he has won the hearts of his loving flocks He does not spare himself from serving them, and they do not spare their affectionate gratitude. Adjoining him is Rev. Patrick Campbell, C. C. After graduating with honors. After graduating with honors at May-nooth the bishop put him out here. This is a kind of training-school. One's zeal, pride, industry and piety are all well tried. Father Campbell stands the test, as any one may who spends a week here. I am indebted to him for not a little of the information I have gleaned of the people. Many a good story he has told me as he sat in his curruch with his coat off and his sleeves rolled back rowing to an island to attend a sick call. I sat in the stern admiring his self-sacrifice and envying his splen-did muscles as they corded under his stroke with the oars. "You have on your fine breeches," said I to him one day we were stepping into mud and wading seaward to get to the church. "Yes," said he unostentatiously. "I went to attend a sick call yesterday. The poor man had no breeches at all. When I came home I sent him my other pair.'

cabin, but he never turns away a stranger hungry nor thirsty, and if you want a night's lodging you are welcome to "bunk" with him. The Festival of Children. Cardinal Manning on a recent occasion We must look to Christmas as the festival of the children. It is so because it is the festival of the Child Jesus—it is

the festival of home, of father, mother, and little ones. And at this Christman time all who have children ought to lay o heart the responsibility allotted the in respect to them. They were the chil-dren of fathers and mothers by nature, but they were the children of God by adoption and grace. Let parents take care how they brought up their children. Let them give them a true Christian edu cation. Let them not be lured by any of the attractions of greater intellectua culture to send their sons or daughters out of the light of faith which, turned upon them, made them disciples of Jesus Christ. Then they had duties to perform to their homes. They ought to take account of them on Christmas Day. How had they ruled over their house-holds? And had the light of faith shone in their homes. Had fathers lived with their children as if they were endeavoring to bring them up as St. Joseph brought up the Child Jesus? Had mothers endeavored to imitate the Blessed Virgin in her love, care, and tender watchfulness over the children committed to them? There were others besides their children, in their house holds, who served them, and to whom they owed duties of love and care because servants in their houses were just as if they were the children of the family. Did they treat their servants with tenderness, generosity, with watch-fulness and care for their moral welfare Did they do all they could to enable their servants to serve God? Did they afford them time to go to Divine service? Did they, when they sat down to their meals, ask God's blessing upon them, and give thanks for them? That was the practice of their forefathers when the light of the Incarnation shed its brightness over the land; but now, unhappily, "There is a darkness come of the land and a mist over the people."

Lone Jack, Mo., Sept. 14, 1879. I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver complaints and malarial fever They are superior to all other medicines.
P. M. BARNES.

ST. JOHN'S, PATTERSON, N. J., 50,000 PARISHIONERS.

Bishop McQuaid on the Early History of New Jersey Roman Catholics.

The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the St John's Roman Catholic Church in Patterson, N. J., was celebrated last Sunday. This edifice, on Main street, is one of the largest and finest buildings devoted to divine worship in the State. It has a seating capacity of twenty-five hundred, but its broad aisles and halls mundred, but its broad aisies and halls will, it is said, accommodate as many more. It was crowded last Sunday. The music was rendered by a trained adult choir of thirty-five voices, assisted by a sanctuary choir of fifty boys. The great organ was supplemented by an orches-tra of twenty pieces.

tra of twenty pieces.

Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, delivered a historical address. He said this had been a notable year for celebration of one kind and another. Some of these were commendable, but, with regard to others, probably the less said of them the better. The Bishop was supposed to refer to the recent Luther celebrations. The work of the continue is a supposed to the supposed to refer to the recent Luther celebrations. The work of the century had been remarkable. The Catholic priests were educated men and in sympathy with the political institutions of the day.

In 1800 the first Catholic church in

the country was built in Barclay street, the country was built in Barclay street, New York. It was called St. Peter's. Ex-Senstor Kernan was carried thither all the way from Steuben County to be baptized. Bernard Clem was carried from Rochester, four hundred miles, for the purpose. The numerous descendants of Kernan and Clem had been degoned and senset members of the devout and earnest members of the Catholic Church ever since. The first Catholic priest in New Jersey was Rev. Father Farmer, who was sent on from Philadelphia, and who established, about 1803, a parish at Mocopin for the benefit of some German Catholics who had been at work in the iron mines from before the Revolutionary War. In 1805 the first Catholic service was held at Battle Hill, now Madison. This parish was started for the benefit of started for the benefit of a number of French immigrants who had settled at Battle Hill.

The first Mass celebrated in Paterson was about 1805, in the house of James Gillespie, in Market street. Services were continued from that time on in private residences. Father Langdale, in Newburg, had supervision over all the Catholics in this part of the country, with the exception of New York city and Albany. When it is remembered how slow travel was in those days, it may be imagined what difficulty Father Langdale had in covering his gigantic "parish." He was succeeded by the Rev. Father Bulger. One day, when Father Bulger was walking along the highway on a long journey, he was overtaken by a farmer who invited him to a seat in his wagon. After some casual conversation the farmer asked :

"Are you a farmer?" "No." answered the clergyman.

"A merchant?"

"A lawver?"

"Well, then, may be you are a me-

"No, I am not a mechanic." "Then, for goodness' sake, what are

"I am a Catholic priest."

The farmer stopped his horses.

"Get right off," said he, "Get off at once. No heretic can ride with me."

Father Bulger was obliged to resume

his journey on foot.

The first Catholic church was built in Paterson in 1821. It was on the corner of Mill and Congress (now Market) streets, at a total cost of \$1,000. It was 25 by 35 feet square. Father O'Gorman was the first regular priest. He was succeeded by Fathers Shanahan and O'Donohue. During the incumbency of the latter the Morris Canal was built, and the work brought a number of Cath-olics to Paterson and the membership of the church was largely increased. In 1832-33, the next priest, Father Duffy, built the Catholic church in Oliver street, and it is the dedication of that church, fifty years ago, which was now being celebrated. James Roosevelt Bayley was the first Bishop formed by setting off New Jersey from the New York Diocese,

There were now twenty thousand Catholics in Paterson, one third of the entire population. All the other churches of Paterson, Passaic city, Hackensack, Goshen, Middleton, and, in fact, of all the country round about, were the off-shoots of St. John's Church, so that it was to-day the mother, so to speak, of rom 40,000 to 50,000 parishioners.

O'CONNEL'S LOVE-MAKING.

O'Connell gives us a glimpse of the supreme moment of happiness in the love romance of his life. "I never," he says, "proposed marriage to any woman but one—my Mary. I said to her, 'Are you engaged, Miss O'Connell?' She answered 'I am not.' Then,' said I, 'will you engage yourself to me?' I will,' was her reply. And I said I would down reply. And I said I would devote my life to make her happy. She deserved that I should; she gave me thirty-four years of the purest happiness that man ever enjoyed." The lovers were privately married on the 23d of June, 1802, in Dame street, Dublin, at the lodgings of Mr. James Connor, the lady's brother-in-law. The bride was a daughter of physician in Tralee, who was indeed skill-ful in his profession, but not sufficiently rich to give a marriage portion with hi daughter. This it was which caused resentment in O'Connell's family when they came to know of the marriage, for it was kept secret for several months.

For sufferers of Chronic diseases, 86 pp, symptoms, remedies edps, advise. Send stamp—DR. WHITTER, 220 Race St. line in part 0. (old office). State Case. Be Careful What You Eat.

The best medical authorities declare that worms in the human system are often induced by eating too freely of uncooked fruit and too much meat, cheese, etc. Whatever may be the cause, Freeman's Worm Powders are cause, speedy and safe to cure; they destroy the worms, and contain their own cathartic to expel them.

My feet are wearied My soul And with desire he Rest—on

DEC. 15, 18

Tis hard to toil—v In barre Tis hard to sow an In harve The burden of my But God And I have praye prayer, For rest

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