

Women and Women.

BY CLARE BEATRICE COFFEY.
Some women cannot build
The bridge of their hearts up straight.

THE MARTYR'S ROSARY.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.
It was near midnight on March 9,
1615. Through the frosty air the
moonlight fell, clear and cold.

after this he arose and returned
whence he had come. The woman
was very ignorant, a Protestant,

When brought before the false
Archbishop, the latter struck him on
the face, asking how he dared come
and say his Masses in a "reformed"

Night being come, the Father was
put into the prison called the T-I-
booth, and Spottiswood wrote in all
haste to King James, hastening of
the prize he had taken in this Jesuit

As he steadily refused to acknowl-
edge the King as the Head of the
Church, or to betray any of his peo-
ple, he was put to the torture of "the

Spotiswood was furious; but some
of the Kirk ministers who witnessed
the Father's tortures were touched
by grace, and afterwards became
Catholics.

Early in December an order came
for the prisoner to appear before the
Privy Council of Scotland at Edin-
burgh.

Spotiswood had given out that
while under torture, the Jesuit had
betrayed his acquaintances. When,
therefore, he appeared outside the
prison, guarded by the Archbishop's

At length Father Ogilvie was
brought before the Council. In
answer to their questions he related
his conversion, and gave his reasons
for it, to the great confusion of the

"You refuse to obey the King,
then?"
"Ask me what the King has a
right to ask, and I will obey."

In vain they threatened him with
fearful tortures; his calm unconcern
seemed to defy the rage of his ene-
mies. They next tried to tempt him

"My decision is made as I have
already said."

The Father being remanded to his
dungeon, his judges deliberated as
to the kind of torture most likely to
reduce him to a state in which he

The object of the Government being
to deprive him not of life, but of his
self-command; he was allowed a few
hours of sleep in the hope that

One day many great people came
to see him in his prison, and one
gentleman loudly said that they had
worse things in store for him; that

"Really!" said the Father, "you
are worthy to be made hangman;
but I do not mind you in the least.

When again placed before the
Lords of the Council they bade him
consider how merciful (!) they had
been to him, in not putting him

"If you will not obey the King,"
they said, "you shall see harder
things to suffer yet."

As Father Ogilvie, worn out with
long standing before the Council,
was being conducted back to his cell,
a certain lord—a sheriff of one of the

"If I were to obey the King," he
said, "I would have you boiled in
wax!"

The Royal Commissioners, despairing
of getting one compromising
word from this strange man, who
ridiculed even his tortures, at
length sent him back to Glasgow,

"I returned to Glasgow," he wrote,
"on Christmas Eve, and was chained
by both feet to an iron ring in the
wall; but they feared I might fall

The next day was appointed by
the Archbishop for the judgment;
and, as if to show all men that it
was to be a mere formality, the erection
of the scaffold and the gibbet was
ordered at the same time.

The martyr spent the night in
prayer. Being disturbed by the rude
caresses of the guards, and finding
the gates ill watched, he went out,
and was hauled, into the square,

Next morning, when the magis-
trate arrived at the prison, he found
the prisoner still in prayer. Asking
the Father if he were ready, he

Father Ogilvie was first conducted
to the Town Hall, which formed
part of the Tolbooth, to receive his
sentence, which was that he should
be hung, drawn and quartered, and

"My dear Ogilvie," he said, "how
I deplore this obstinacy, which is
leading you to an infamous death!"

"I am to tell you. O my abjure
Popery and the Pope and you shall
be loaded with honours."

"And will you venture," said
Ogilvie, as if he doubted him, "to
repeat aloud so that all may hear,
what you have just said to me?"

The answer received from Rome
was, that two or three cases should
be referred to the Sacred Congregation
of Rites, and

"Very well," exclaimed Ogilvie.
"This is more than I had hoped for.
It is for my religion that I die; and

"Oh," the Father answered,
"bring your boots, then; and I will
show you by God's grace that I do
not set such show on my legs as you

"I have but one leg," said the
martyr, "and that is the leg of the
cross. I am here only by my religion
and my duty."

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

now, on all sides, arose groans, sobs
and murmurs, with prayers that God
would visit this innocent blood
upon the people, but only on the
authors of that undesired death.

"I was then," he writes, "travell-
ing in England and Scotland, as it
is the custom for young men of the
Hungarian nobility to do. I was

"The Rev. F. X. Weninger, the famous
Jesuit missionary, writes as follows of
the miraculous cures effected by the
Blessed Peter Claver, S. J.:

After the beatification of the venerable
servant of God I was continually engaged
in giving missions, and at the end of every
mission I knew that if new miracles

The answer received from Rome
was, that two or three cases should
be referred to the Sacred Congregation
of Rites, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

From these reports of miracles, before
they have been duly authenticated, also
expose the cause of religion to the suspi-
cion of tolerating and encouraging credu-
lity and superstition. But when the
examination has been duly made, and the
occurrences have stood the severe test of a
Roman investigation, then the truth of a
real miracle shines forth with dazzling
brilliance, whereas the false character of
pretended miracles is at once made mani-
fest.

FALSE LOVE OF PARENTS.

Catholic Columbian.

Some say the first child of the family;
others say the last is spoiled for all
that the ruin is in the work of the parents.
Let us look in to the matter.

The word says a "good beginning
makes a bad ending." It is false. God
says a good tree will not produce bad
fruit. An unmythical sockie among the
good seed. Who this enemy is we all
know it is the devil. He makes use of
man to accomplish his ends. False love

The worst fault of parents is that they
never correct the anger of infants. They
say wait until the child has more sense;
it is not big enough to correct. Even
while at its mother's breast it knows
enough to get angry and gratify its desire
of revenge by slapping its own mother.

After the beatification of the venerable
servant of God I was continually engaged
in giving missions, and at the end of every
mission I knew that if new miracles

The little child listens and as it grows older
grows more, not in wisdom, but in assur-
ance; to demand things which it does not
want. When such a child grows from home
it wants all it sees. Its parents promise
it everything, but not just now. "After
a while you shall have it." "Now be
quiet." "Be a good child." "God bless
it!"

When such a child begins to talk it
always says the correct things. It is a
prodigy. Parents tell its sayings before
the child to every visitor of the house.
The little child listens and as it grows older
grows more, not in wisdom, but in assur-
ance; to demand things which it does not
want. When such a child grows from home
it wants all it sees. Its parents promise
it everything, but not just now. "After
a while you shall have it." "Now be
quiet." "Be a good child." "God bless
it!"

The answer received from Rome
was, that two or three cases should
be referred to the Sacred Congregation
of Rites, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

"I am cured!" he exclaimed. "I
was at the same instant perfectly
cured of all the above mentioned
infirmities, and

Closing an Old Account.

A hymn that gathers on its
lingering sound,
Our dreamy dream grand
arounds:
For this we thank you,
you alone!
You drove the Irish race, de-
scendents
And now from every zone
send back
Responsed shakes the world
Our triumphs in the light,
let us
And this stands first among
its
A debt we fairly pay in kind
Whenever on this globe an
angel
Or Irish pen can write, this
shall swell:
"You England's clearest heart
to fight our
Her noblest hearts to give
you!"

We thank you England, that
children,
From Irish souls but sank
deeper there,
And, carried in an exiled
breast,
Took root in every soil that
sign
Its loftiest Temples lift to-
day
O'er lands where but for
youth
In Heaven's bliss, for this on
are due—
For this the world, with us,
is to you!

A debt we fairly pay in kind
Whenever on this globe an
angel
Or Irish pen can write, this
shall swell:
"You England's clearest heart
to fight our
Her noblest hearts to give
you!"

But, England, for the hard
profit now
No thanks to you we pay—
No, in the name of generic
and strong,
Who dare to wrest what
is long!
No, in the name of Ireland,
whose dust
Throbs to ash her forests,
falling hands and just
She moves before the world's
aplomb!
And tears bedew and victor
monograph!
No, in the name of God, who
is the gift
Our sins delayed, no grates
we give!

To friends that help, to dear
God who from
Our hands we raise, our thank
bonds kneel;
But, England, none in justice
we give!

Yet, for the Past's bequest
to us
The Present's joy that bless
our name
The future's promise, rising
sun
For us the Channel and the
Irish race holds out its
hand and form
Your own to cleave, with mut
in friendship n. m., while tre
flow to him
Implore, "God's blessing,
dey you!"

A PROTESTANT DUCTORION.

[The following commu-
Dr. Sterling, of Sag Harbor,
cent convert to the Church,
late issue to the Catholic Re-
reply to a letter of a minist
copol seat—a Jesuit. The
prejudice, and a dunce's
Church," in which the w
astonishment that the son o
a regular communicant of
Episcopal Church, for ma
with the vestry, and his
his "defection" senior war
ish of Sag Harbor, could be
a step. After describing
state of the parish at the ti
version, Dr. Sterling goes o
unity of faith, unity of wor
of authority are to be fou
Catholic Church. He dec
the practice of his prof
behind the benign influen
religion—that he judges t
fruits. The wall chosen n
concluding paragraph adm
the converts present possib
... But respect of t
and, in some respects, a mel
in fine, so far as the Episc
concerned, I became quic
and thoroughly discour
attempts that were being m
so you must not wonder
be a member of that one
If you choose to belong
organization organizat
is possible for a conscient
fearing pastor to be ham
and dictated to in matters
his sacred calling, by a ha
selves the vestry, and liabl
posed of men of all shad
belief, or of no religion at
I have known them to do
ary truths of Christianit
should be grateful, and I
licise the choice.

"It is not somewhat hum
degrading, to your ideas of
your calling that, as the
date in the next vacant pa
ous merits, social, spiritual
will be calmly discuss
nent female members of
tion, duly assembled at t
dew sewing circle or tea
not your fate as the nex
critically upon the favora
you may have made upon
senior warden? Should i
your lot to be a vicar's
other qualifications might
divine calling more accept
mates of his household. E
daughters might wish to
to you as to your capabili
or inquire as to other ev
muscular Christianity. A
why should this not be so
minister, not the Lord's
few that it is Parliament
your credentials and foot
fect the bills. But be the
ple, and direct our attenti

No better resolution can be made than
to resist buying any of the substitutes offered
as 'just as good' as the great only sere-
pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn
Extractor. It never fails to give satisfac-
tion. Beware of poisonous flesh eating
substitutes.

There is probably no better relaxing
remedy for stiff joints, contracted cords,
and painful congestion, than Hagar's
Yellow Oil. It cured Mrs. John Sid-
den, of Otton, Ont., who was afflicted for years
with contraction of the bronchial pipes
and tightness of the chest. It is the great
remedy for internal or external pain.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove
the corns, root and branch, by the use of
Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have
tried it have the same experience.

There is probably no better relaxing
remedy for stiff joints, contracted cords,
and painful congestion, than Hagar's
Yellow Oil. It cured Mrs. John Sid-
den, of Otton, Ont., who was afflicted for years
with contraction of the bronchial pipes
and tightness of the chest. It is the great
remedy for internal or external pain.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove
the corns, root and branch, by the use of
Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have
tried it have the same experience.