AMERICAN NOTES.

The Buffalo Union and Times comments upon the following paragraph in Mr. Goldwin Smith's letter to The Catholic Register: "The State has *no right* to deprive a man of the means whereby to give his children a religious education by forcing him to pay for a system of which he cannot conscientiously avail himself, and to which his convictions are opposed." Our contemporary says: "If a Catholic talked that way here how he would be stigmatized as an enemy of our public schools and a secret emissary of Rome by the new Knownothings and their newspaper sympathizers.

The new educational institution which the Christian Brothers proposed to establish at Irvington, New York, has been given up for the present. The energies of the Order will be concentrated on the development of the city institutions.

The famous artist, Thomas Hovenden, a native of Dunmanway, county Cork, Ireland, met a hero's death near his home at Norristown, Pa., on the 14th inst. He was killed by a Pennsylvania Railroad freight train while trying to rescue a little girl. The sacrifice of Mr. Hovenden's life was useless, because the child that he attempted to save also met her death beneath the wheels of the engine that ground out the life of the artist. The accident occurred at a grade crossing on the Trenton cut-off of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Bishop McDonnell has given permission to Bernard Earle, a well known Roman Catholic layman, to donate twenty-seven acres of land and the building thereon at Hicksville, Queen's county, L.I., to the community of Trappist monks at Tre Fontana, in Rome, of which the Very Rev. Edmund Obrecht is superior. A year ago Father Obrecht was in this country trying to raise funds for an American monastery for Trappist monks. The priest was particularly impressed with Brooklyn as the best location for the monastery.

Upon being questioned concerning Sunday closing in New York, Cardinal Gibbons upon his return to America the other day, said: "I saw little in the newspapers abroad, and not knowing the circumstances of the excise discussion in this city, I can give no expression of opinion. My views on the question of keeping the Sabbath holy, however, I have already expressed in Baltimore. As I have said, I am absolutely in favor of Sunday closing. I am in favor of keeping the Sabbath holy. But not alone does the Church demand that Sunday shall be observed. Nature, too, makes this demand. Every man should have one day of rest in the week. On the Sabbath I would have the discontinuing for the day of all secular pursuits. In many parts of Europe I was shocked to see men and women working in the fields on the Sabbath. In Holland they observe the Sabbath most decently, as it should be observed."

Rev. Peter J. Mueller, S.J., died at Canisius College, Buffalo, on Saturday morning, Aug. 24th. He was born near Cologne, Germany, Sept 30, 1832, and entered the Society of Jesus Oct. 15, 1854. After his ordination, Aug. 15, 1868, he was for several years preacher and missionary. In 1866 he was military chaplain in Bohemia during the war between Prussia and Austria, and again in France, in 1871, during the Franco-German war. When the Jesuits were banished from the German empire, soon after the war in which many of them had attended the sick, several even at a cost of their lives, Father Mueller went to Stonyhurst College, Lancashire, England, to teach German and to study the English language. In September, 1874, he came to the United States and was made professor of Latin and Greek at Canisius College, in which position he remained to the end of his life, with the exception of a few years spent in Prairie du Chien, Wis.

"Do you think, sir," said the girl's mother, "that you have patience and forbearance to be a kind-hearted husband?" "Madam," replied the young man, in earnest tones, "I can put a 14½ collar on a 15 shirt without saying a single word." And she consented to the match at once.

FOR NINE YEARS.—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Thedford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my legs. I expended over $100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally), in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

To how many stricken souls has the darkness proved better than the garish day; for the ladder has been set up in which it touches Heaven, and, as the daughters of sorrow went up, the angels of sorrow have come down.

Wines at the French Treaty. Wines at Half Price.

The Bordeaux Claret Company established at Montreal in view of the French Treaty are now offering the Canadian consumer beautiful wines at $6 and $4 per case of 12 imp quart bottles. These are equal to any $8.00 and $6.00 wines sold on their table. Every small hotel and club is now handling them, and they are recommended by the best physicians as being perfectly pure and highly adapted for invalids' use. Address, for price list and particulars, Bordeaux Claret Company, 30 Hospital Street, Montreal.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Leghorn fowls are of the best, if not the best, for laying eggs, but they are not useful as breeders, as they rarely sit. The hens have been known to lay as many as 2,000 eggs in ten years, but it is only rarely they have a chance to do as well as that. They are not good table fowls being small, and having dry, hard flesh. The Plymouth Rock is thought by many persons to be the most profitable fowl as it lays freely, especially in the Winter, and is a good mother to her chicks, as well as having excellent meat; it weighs, when full grown, eight pounds for the cocks and six pounds for the hens. They are white, black, and brown breeds of the Leghorns.

Coal ashes have very little fertilizing value, but yet they seem to do good when mixed in the soil. One use they are put to is to throw them into the earth closets and then use the whole for manure. When applied to clay land they loosen it, and thus improve it, in the same way as they do sandy land. There is a little phosphoric acid, a little lime, and some alumina in the ashes, and thus when there is no other use for them they may be spread on the land to get rid of them. A good use for them is to cover the foot paths about the farm

It has been suggested that young fruit trees should be trained with the roots on the two sides only, so that by bearing on the trees they might be laid down on one side and covered in the Winter, for protection. But this plan has not yet been found practicable, for the reason that the tree needs all its roots, and the continual cutting away of half the roots must so weaken it as to make it unprofitable. The suggestion has never been carried into practice yet, and it is not probable it will ever be on this account and other reasons equally unfavorable.

The disease of cattle known as black leg or black quarter and by physicians as anthrax or carbuncular erysipelas, is communicable to persons, and is invariably fatal by the poisoning of the blood by the virus when taken in by any scratch or wound on the person. Thus it is about as dangerous to skin an animal dead of this disease as to handle a live rattlesnake. It should not be attempted except by some careful expert, knowing the danger of it, as the least cut of the knife used will inoculate the person. Many deaths yearly occur from this cause. Even handling the hide is full of danger.

There is room for every kind of sheep in the world. Even the fat-tailed sheep of Africa has found a suitable home in the far Southwestern arid pastures. The recent importation of a sheep from Central England, and a district of very small area, known as the Lonk breed, calls attention to this fact and suggests the possibility or the probability of making the new arrival welcome as a desirable immigrant. This sheep is midway between the great and shaggy wooled Lincoln and the smooth, trim, and aristocratic Southdown. It is a fairly good mutton, and has a useful fleece for the present fashion of clothing. It would be excellent for a home sheep under the old regime, when the farmers' daughters spun the wool in the Winter evenings, helped by the neighboring youths, who cared for the flocks in the day and passed the pleasant evenings in pursuit of the little winged Cupid in the family of the neighbors. The wool is longer than that of the Southdown, and the fleece somewhat heavier. The carcass is round, and half as heavy again as that of this standard comparison. It is hardy, and in every way a farmer's sheep, where a small flock only is kept. But, if one understood the art of breeding, an animal much like it might be reared by a cross of the Cotswold on a common, native sheep, and, by selecting the best of the progeny for a few years in time might be produced a very close resemblance to this hitherto unnoticed English breed, a real small-farmer's sheep.

The visible extinction of the horse, as we have known this useful animal as a beast of burden and food for our pleasure, is apparently within our near view. He has disappeared with all the disagreeable connections from the car routs in the cities to a large extent, and the completion of his withdrawal is at hand. As a road, draught, and riding animal he is about to be discharged from service, for the auto-motive carriage propelled by an engine worked by some of the newer combustibles for the making of the energy needed has come into use, and is already disposing of the horse power formerly used. The improvement of our roads that has been effected recently has literally paved the way for these carriages, several kinds of which are in use in Europe and are being introduced here. This will complete the improvement of our roads, and there will soon not only be steam or vapor propelled carriages and local freight wagons, but private carriages, which cost only 50 cents a week for the motive power per horse power.

Professor Koebele, of the California Horticultural Commission, who ascertained the great value of the Australian lady bug as a midium for clearing orchards of the scale pest, has made a still more important discovery. The professor has found in Japan an insect which, he asserts, will prove fatal to the Colorado potato beetle. This insect he has not fully described, and he is not certain that it will flourish in a cold climate, although it is found in parts of Japan where snow falls. Of course, it is unnecessary to dwell on the importance of this discovery to all farmers east of the Rocky Mountains, and the result of Koebele's researches will be anxiously awaited. The professor will soon send specimens and a full description to the Smithsonian Institution, and specimens of the potato bug killer will be sent out for trial in due time.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old, and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle is the best of all.

National Glory.

(FOR THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.)

When should a nation glory
When should it seek renown?
Is it when old and hoary
It hands its history down—
Down to each generation
Replete with deeds of fame
Each page a narration
Of some great hero's name?
Not here is cause for glory,
Not here is cause for boast;
The page of history's story
Is full of the vanished ghost

Though our cities be such as delight,
Their parks still grand, stately and cool
The hot fountains leap in sunlight
Before each palace grand,
Where brush and chisel unite
Our wonders to command
Not here is cause for glory,
Not here is cause for boast;
Each glimpse of earthly glory
Is only a vanished ghost.

Though strong, her sons and loyal,
Her daughters, kind and fair,
Her works of art so royal
They make even genius stare;
If all her hopes be human,
Down! down to ruin she'll nod—
They're neither great nor true men
Who spurn the cause of God,
And from the schoolroom banish
All that would breathe His name—
Immortal spirits famish
Unheeding life's great aim!

Tis not the gilded palace,
Nor yet the granite pile
Where art would place the chalice
Above the story columned aisle,
That forms a nation's glory,
Or makes a nation's boast;
Nor her fields of battle gory,
If faith in God be lost.

Go, peer into past ages;
And survey earth around,
Go, sit in halls where sages
Their theories wise expound,
Or by the torch of history
See nations rise and swoon,
And that slighting Jehova, see
Fast tottering to ruin,
And from them take instruction,
Tho' pain each lesson cost—
That nation wooes destruction
Where faith in God is lost.

FINALE:

Better roam, a beast of the chase;
Or soar, a bird of the wood,
Than feast with a nation or race,
That rejects Him, the sovereign Good.

T. W. O., Catholic S.S. pupil. Fairville, N.B

FIRESIDE FUN.

A bill is the only thing that can run for years without exhaustion.

Fuddy: "The villian? But you made him swallow his words?" Duddy: "How could I when they wore so bitter?"

Miss M'Flirter: "I have refused seven offers of marriage since last season." Miss C. Vere: "Quite a sleight of hand performer, aren't you?"

A good many men would lose their reputation for being fine classical scholars if it were not for the list of foreign words and phrases in the back part of the big dictionary.

Wiggins: "My boy, if you live beyond your income you are bound to come to grief." Spondthrift: "My dear fellow, if I had to live within it, I should be miserable even now."

Her: "John, I believe the baby has swallowed your collar button." Him: "It won't take long to find out. If he has, he will be trying to crawl under the bureau in a few minutes."

There is a charming story being told of a proud American mamma in London. She was speaking of her daughter, and said she was a "peerless beauty." "But she won't be long," she added, after a moment's pause, "if I can help it."

Mate: "We advanced only five miles yesterday." Captain (of Arctic expedition): "That's what I reckoned it. We've got to do better than that, or our relief expedition will be catching up to us."

It Had Been Indeed.—"Has your mind ever been directed to thoughts of eternity?" asked the serious man. "It has," was the reply. "I've watched the process of constructing a Government building."

"I hear," said the cheerful idiot, "that they are talking of revising the costume of the Goddess of Liberty." "And what will it be, pray?" asked the typewriter boarder who has a wheel. "Red, white and bloomers," said the cheerful idiot.

Theatre Manager: You say that you object in having real food on the table in the banquet scene, Mr. Greenroom. Why, the rest of the company are delighted at it. Mr. Greenroom: "Yes; but my part requires me to rise from the table after a couple of mouthfuls and say, 'I cannot eat to-night—a strange dread comes over me; I will seek the quiet of yonder apartment for a time.'"

A barrister named Missing was once defending a man charged with stealing a donkey, and was severe in his examination of one of the witnesses. The case was that the prosecutor had left the donkey tied to a gate, and on returning found it gone. "Do you mean to say, witness," said Missing, "that the donkey was stolen?" "I mean to say sir," was the reply, "that the ass was missing."

At the stormy Westminster election in 1760, a chairmaker having voted for Lord Trentham, the Prince of Wales sent one of his servants to the man to say that the Prince would not employ him, and to inform him that he was going to bid another person make his Royal Highness a chair. "With all my heart," said the chairmaker. "I don't care what they make him, so long as they don't make him a throne."

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"Heaven Lies About Us in Our Infancy."

(FOR THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.)

How oft we sigh, and murmur, "Yes, 'tis true—
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"
How often do we wish the same deep blue
Bedimmed the sky, and verdure clad the tree
As in those fairy days of faith and trust
Ere life's bright bubbles had begun to rust.
But is this not a failing? Does the sky
Mourn for the loss, when the sun is high,
Or do the trees, in winter crystal-clad,
Bemoan their summer robes of softest green.
No, in the present they are always glad,
It is the act, the past is but a scene.

ROSE BOSCOM.

DOMESTIC READING.

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books

Genius may at times want the spur, but it stands as often in need of the curb.

The influence of charity is essential to the peace and prosperity of human life.

When about to commit a base deed, respect thyself, if thou hast no other witness.

True faith looks more to God than it does to human ways and methods and means.

Think well of all until by their conduct they prove that your good opinion is an error.

To make the service of God a mere matter of convenience is not to serve Him at all.

Prefer to live piously on small means than to be rich on what has been gotten unjustly.

God's fruit of justice ripens slow:
Men's souls are narrow—lest them grow
My brothers! we must wait.

People who borrow trouble are usually those who have more than sufficient already.

Death and love are the two wings which bear man from earth to heaven—Michael Angelo.

Strike boldly and fearlessly at evil, but let your heart be tender as a mother towards men.

A good man is his own best friend; the worst enemy of the bad man is his evil nature.

With the departure of affection and kindly feeling, cheerfulness is also banished from existence.

Prosperity is not a just scale; adversity is the only balance in which to weigh one's friends.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.

In the good as well as in the evil life, less depends upon what befalls us than upon the way in which we take it.

Were God to chastise everyone for his offences, there would be full of lamentations and time full of wailing.

It is the height of folly to throw up attempting because you have failed. Failures are wonderful elements in developing the character.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

"Why weep of death when life is so much sadder?
Life, with its partings and its bitter tears—
Life, with its blighted hopes and blank to morrows,
Life with its sad, sweet longings and guilty fears?"

Oh! when speech is given to a soul holy and true, Time, and its dome of ages, becomes as a mighty whispering gallery, round which the imprisoned utterance runs and reverberates for ever.

The ancient Christian Fathers once held counsel to see what was the most necessary and useful exercise to attain everlasting happiness, and they decided that it was the frequent repetition of David's short prayer, "Lord, make haste to help me."

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favourite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which when woven together gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life which God approves.

In the exact proportion in which men are bred capable of warm affection, common sense and self-command, and are educated to love, to think, and to endure, they become noble, live happily, die calmly, are remembered with perpetual honour by their race, and for the perpetual good of it.

God bore the Cross for us, for our example, that we might learn to bear ours in a like manner. For us He subjected Himself to the weakness and frailty of human nature. For us He fell to the ground again and again, that we, when the crosses pressed heavily, and we fear to sink beneath its weight, may not become despondent.

Though beaten back in many a fray,
Yet retrieving strength we borrow;
And where the vanguard halts to-day
The rear shall camp to-morrow.

Some one has rightly said that it is often but the turn of a hair that makes a hero a coward, or a coward a hero. Bismarck, the man of iron, admits himself that in the dentist's chair he is a coward.

We gain a clear view of things only when we set them apart for ourselves, and contemplate them simply as objects of thought. To see them aright we must be free from emotion and behold them in the cold air of the intellect. To look on them as in some way bound up with our personal good or evil is to have the vision blurred. Study in the spirit of an investigator, who has no other than a scientific interest in what he sets himself to examine. Things are what they are, and it is our business to know them. Observe and hold thy judgment in suspense until patient looking shall have made truth so plain that to pass judgment is superfluous.—Bishop Spalding.

Gethsemane! Joy hath not flowers so sweet
As those which cluster on thine olive slope;
Beneath the crimson shows of Jesse's feet
Springs up the blossom of a deathless hope.

Oh, not as I, but as Thou will, my Lord;
I will not yet aside Thy cup of pain;
Borrow is turned to gladness at the word,
And life's Gethsemane becomes a gain.

To-morrow is but a phosphorescent light rising from the decayed possibilities of yesterday, luring the ignorant and the reckless over the graves of buried opportunities, in the vain hope of reaching the diamond fields of an impossible or a bartered future.

AN IRISH SAINT.

Life of Bishop MacCarthy of Cork and Cloyne.

Decision of the Sacred Congregation Confirming an Ancient Cultus. The Miraculous Identification of an Irish Pilgrim at an Alpine Hospice.

ROME, August 17th. It is not very often that the Sacred Congregation of Rites has to deliberate concerning the cultus of a servant of God of Irish birth. The cause of Ireland's martyrs is but little spoken of, and Ireland rests proud of her unmemorial and universally acknowledged title of Isle of Saints. The rareness of such deliberations adds greatly to the interest of a decision arrived at in a session of the Sacred Congregation on Tuesday, August 13th. By this decision the Congregation gave approbation and confirmation to the cultus of the Venerable Thadeus MacCarthy, Bishop of the united dioceses of Cork and Cloyne. It was the question of the approbation of an ancient cultus established with the authority of a local ordinary previously to the decree of Pope Urban VIII. The decree of this Pope forbade any external marks of worship to be used towards any dead person until the Roman Congregation of Rites, acting under the sovereign authority of the Apostolic See, had considered the case and issued a decree of approbation. This law was made binding decrees, but not retrospectively. In the cases of cultus already existing, the old custom held good, and the approval of the diocesan to whose jurisdiction the matte pertained sufficed. As appears from the facts of the life of the Venerable Thadeus, it only remains that the Roman Curia should approve of his already existing cultus, which was exempted from the prospective regulations of the decree of Pope Urban. Like St. Columbanus, St. Gall, St. Kilian, St. Colman, and so many other Irish Saints, the Venerable Thadeus died on the Continent of Europe, and his relics rest far away from Ireland. He is called the Venerable Thadeus MacCarthy or Machar, and is supposed to have belonged to the royal house of that name. Little or nothing is known of his early life, but his birth is supposed to have taken place at Clavin, about the year 1455. He was appointed to the Episcopric of Ross by Pope Sixtus IV., in virtue of a Bull bearing date of March 29th, 1482. Eight years later, in 1490, he was designated Bishop of Cork and Cloyne, in a Bull of Pope Innocent VIII., dated April 21st. During his occupancy of both Sees the man of God was grievously tried by the persecution of wicked or ignorant persons. While Bishop of Ross, he was so calumniated to the Court of Rome that Innocent VIII. gave credence to the accusations made against him; yet his appointment to the later See by the same Pope is an evidence that the Sovereign Pontiff had acknowledged his innocence. So little was the good Bishop free from trial in his new charge that the same Pope was obliged to address a public reprimand to the leading persons of the diocese. These annoyances, while seriously interfering with his episcopal administration, obliged him to undertake repeated journeys to Rome, the refuge of the persecuted. During one of these journeys he stayed in a pilgrim's hospitium, or hospice dedicated to St. Antony, and called "The Twenty-one Pilgrims," at Ivrea, on the Italian Alps, not far from the famous St. Bernard. But he was overcome with his travel and sufferings, so death put an end to his sorrows on the night of October 23rd, 1492. Retiring and uncomplaining, he died alone and without the attendance which would have been lavished upon him had his illness been known. He had entered the hospice as an ordinary pilgrim. But God was unwilling that the glory of His servant's sanctity should remain hidden, so on the night of his death Mgr. Nicola Girigliati, Bishop of Ivrea, had a wonderful vision. He beheld a heavenly light of extraordinary effulgence, and in its midst he recognized the figure of a Bishop whose features were unknown to him. Simultaneously the persons living in the hospice observed that the pilgrim's bed seemed to be all aflame. Rushing to extinguish what they took to be a fire, they saw a marvellous light circumfusing his dead body. The Bishop was at once acquainted with what had happened, and, hastening to the hospice, he recognized a perfect likeness between the Bishop he had seen in his vision and the corpse of the pilgrim. Search was made, and on it were found papers which helped to its identification, while underneath the pilgrims garb were found the insignia of episcopal rank. The funeral was made with great solemnity. The body was vested pontifically, and the Bishop came to the hospice, attended by his chapter and by members of the religious orders. As the procession set out from the hospice all the bells of the town rang as if, says an ancient account, the procession was a triumph and not a funeral. Extraordinary miracles which occurred during the service in the cathedral attested the holiness of the deceased, so that after the Bishop had taken cognizance of them he ordered the remains to be buried immediately above the body of St. Eusebius, a former Bishop of Ivrea. Thus the altar dedicated to the latter received the relics of the Holy Thadeus, while in the urn was inscribed: "Sepulchrum S. Eusebu Ep. et St. Thadei Episcopi Hiberniæ et Martyris." The title of martyr was accorded him by reason of his sufferings and exile borne for the cause of God.

His idea of it.—A school teacher told her pupils to write a sentence containing the word "toward." This is what one small boy produced after a great deal of mental exertion: "I toed my pants yesterday."

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