

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. TALKED BY "TERESA"

"When Adam delved and Eve span Who was then the gentleman?" Why, Adam, of course; at least one likes to think so, and, after all, there is nothing particularly ungentlemanly recorded of our common father, if we except one unlucky speech, which most of the daughters of Eve have agreed to forgive, if they can not altogether forget it.

The claim of certain exponents of the new womanhood that the Bible was the creation of man, who barely subordinated it to his own aggrandisement, does not say much for the inventive faculty of the masculine mind, which might certainly have hit upon some more magnanimous explanation of disobedience than the weak and self-accusatory "the woman gave unto me and I did eat."

O, Father Adam! couldst thou not have been a little more generous, taken a little more of the blame on thine own strong shoulders instead of trying to turn the whole weight of the Divine wrath on thy unfortunate better half?

Perhaps, if that impulsive speech had been confined solely to the perpetrator thereof much misery would have been avoided in the after history of mankind, but, unfortunately the sons of Adam have inherited a great many of his natural tendencies, and amongst others a too great willingness to throw on woman the blame for a measure of their own shortcomings.

It is too common for a man who fancies himself slighted or badly treated by some fickle dame, to exclaim, "Hang her! she's ruined my life!" and straightway proceed to bring about that very undesirable consummation by plunging himself into all sorts of wickedness and dissipation, regardless of the fact that a man is himself the architect of his own destiny, with knowledge of right and wrong, and the power to choose between them. To hear some of them talk one would think men were singularly irresponsible creatures, and that the whole onus of duty, responsibility, and mortality rested upon women.

Well, there must be a scapegoat somewhere, I suppose. Woman acted in that capacity in the Garden of Eden, and she must continue to fill the role in actua aculeorum unless the sons of Adam grow more generous with the advance of intellect and—shall we say—manners?

They were three Irish girls, and they were poor. Nothing very surprising in that, you will say. No, nor in their unfailing jollity and cheerfulness. They were art students, and they lived in London—that is to say, they existed there, for they could not be said to live in the miserable lodgings where food was as bare as war and what it might be termed satire to call the "table appointments." But they were Irish, and nothing could daunt them.

Well the three girls from Erin scribbled along, and got the usual number of jokes out of existence, without allowing the absence of necessities to Jeopardy their enjoyment of life.

"Faith," said Sheila, the eldest, once, "there's a time when Fate comes to you with her hands behind her back, and says: 'Hansy! Hansy! easy as candy, which hand will you have?' and isn't everyone gals the sugary candy." They got up what they grandiloquently called a "symposium" once; in other words, a repast consisting mostly of tea and toast, the latter made by Honor and Kathie, who were on their knees before the fire during the whole of the feast, to which half a dozen English friends had been invited. Sheila looked after the "urn," which was rep-

resented by a battered and broken-nosed brown teapot. A friend volunteered to cut the bread, and proceeded to search for the bread knife, whereupon came the comment, in cheery Irish tones: "Oh we haven't a broad knife, we're not so regal as that."

To which the Englishwoman:—"Well, any knife will do, and I see there are plenty." (Every second plate was provided with a knife). "Oh, but this do, sn't cu—nor this," trying two at a time. "This!" The Irish voice was rich with imitable Celtic humour. "Where's the knife that cuts?" And Englishman remarked once to Kathie that he had heard an Irish jaunting car was something it possible to be drawn. "Why," drawled she, with well-acted non-comprehension, "any horse can draw it!"

TERESA. The Late Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R.

Father Russell, S.J., in the April issue of his magazine, "The Irish Monthly," gives some reminiscences of his friend the late Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R., for a fitting memorial of whom he looks to the deceased priest's religious brethren. After stating that Father Bridgett's work as a priest was, besides some eighty missions chiefly as a preacher and confessor at Limerick, Liverpool, and London, besides discharging the onerous duties of Rector for more than thirty years, and that his sermons, all of which he made it an invariable custom to write, filled some twenty-seven volumes at his death. Father Russell says:—

"I think I can claim the merit of being the first to induce Father Bridgett to print some of his writing, about the year 1870, when we lived near each other in Limerick. Father William Maher, S.J., of Farm street, London, was then editing the English "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," which, at that time, was a sixpenny magazine. Father Maher was one of those editors, generally the most efficient, who never write a line themselves; and he allowed an Irish confrere to fill a good deal of his space each month, with his own prose and verse, or with the prose and verse that he induced friends to place at his disposal. The first contributions were in the "Daily Register," which yearly volumes bore the signatures W. L., M.R., T.A.F., P.F., R.M., A. D., J. M.M., and W.H., came from and through the Crescent, Limerick; and to these were added, under the same medium T.E.B., F.H., and E.V., for Father Bridgett, besides his own, communicated some very devotional pieces by his confreres, Father Hall and Father Vaughan, C.S.S.R. His first contribution to the "Messenger" seems to have been in the "Daily Register," which under the title "Daily Grace," is the second last in his volume, "Sonnets and Epigrams on Sacred Subjects," published in the last year of his life. But he has left many beautiful poems of this series uncollected. It seems to have gathered by preference his shorter pieces, as if to justify a remark he makes in one of his letters to me:—

"Like the fat little robin, my muse has a very short song and very short flight, but not so pretty a note." Some of his prose contributions before 1873 were "The Two Mothers" (so beautiful that I could not refrain from using it again in "The Irish Monthly," vol. xxi, p. 28), "Protestant Testimony in Favour of Prayers to the Saints" ("Messenger," vol. vii, p. 164), and "Good Friday in England," at page 258 of the same volume. Father Bridgett's contributions to the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart" ceased in 1873, for the summer of that year saw the birth of "The Irish Monthly," on which he was so good as to bestow his shorter pieces from time to time ever after. At this time he had been removed from Limerick to London. Father Bridgett's last

appearance in our pages was so late as September, but then only in a letter giving a most interesting account of some of Cardinal Newman's motives for writing "Loss and Gain" ("Irish Monthly," xxvi, 354). His earliest contribution seems to be "Knowing and Doing," at page 315 of our third volume (1875), an cleverly-rhymed homily on Our Lord's words: "If you know these things, you shall be blessed if you do them" (John xiii, 17).

Father Russell then publishes some letters which he received from Father Bridgett.

Father McLaughlin concluded his course of Lenten sermons at The Wilhows, Kilkham, on Palm Sunday, but he preached these again on the evening of Easter Sunday, in his address on that occasion he paid a well-deserved tribute to the memory of the late Father Bridgett, for the repose of whose soul he had asked the prayers of his audience on a previous occasion. He told several striking and interesting incidents connected with his conversion, and proceeding to speak of the many and notable services which he had rendered to the Catholic Church, he said:—Father Bridgett was a man of truly giant mind, of cast and varied erudition. Like Mr. Gladstone, he was an indefatigable—I might say an insatiable—reader. He grasped a subject with marvellous quickness and accuracy. He acquired knowledge easily, and could use it with singular promptness and appropriateness. His knowledge of the Scripture was something quite exceptional, and he seemed to know its meaning with an intuition that looked almost like inspiration. Few of those who heard him harmonise—if I may use that word—passages of the Sacred Writings, whatever religious subject he was handling, could fail to be struck by the idea that he had the Old Testament as well as the New, both as to words and sense, at his command. His power of applying it in sermons, lectures, and conferences always seemed to me unique. He was one of the few men people of all classes, poor and rich, the less educated as well as the most highly educated, could listen to with delight for over an hour, and would be sorry that he finished so soon. He wrote a number of books which abound with rare, interesting, and most useful information—and information which can be eminently and safely relied upon. Two of them dealt with subjects on which I dwell at some length in the Lenten exercises. I mean "Our Lady's Dowry," which gives the history of England's Pre-Reformation devotion to the Blessed Virgin; and "The Blessed Eucharist," which covers the same ground in reference to the Real Presence. These two books of themselves, not to speak of others which are equally able, ought to be sufficient to keep him fresh in the memory of the people of these countries for generations. Few men of the time have done more whether by voice or pen to dispel anti-Catholic prejudice and further the interests of the one true Church than the man whose great gifts and remarkable works of zeal I am now recalling. But, above all, beyond all, he was an eminently holy man, and one to whom was particularly dear Our Lord's favourite precept of fraternal charity. "This is my commandment that you love one another as I have loved you." For these reasons, as well as for many others which it would be difficult to enumerate, he has a claim to the gratitude not only of the Catholics of these parts, but of all English-speaking Catholics throughout the world. And the debt of gratitude which is due to him cannot be better paid than by offering prayers for his repose.

ENGLISH TORIES AND ULSTER ORANGEMEN. Some of the better class English Tories seem to be awakening to a true conception of the Ulster Orangeism. The Sunday Review, at any rate, takes no pains to conceal the detestation with which it regards him. Dealing with the present state of Ireland, it refers to the recent religious disturbances in Belfast, and says "the short-sighted cowardice of Dublin Castle in permitting the mob to defy all law and order in Belfast, for so many successive Sundays, has laid the seeds on the future trouble. The worst of our English Kennetites is an enlightened and tolerant person compared with a Belfast Orangeman who discerns unmistakable traces of a scarlet woman in a brass lectern, and a disguised Jesuit in everyone who uses Hymns, Ancient and Modern, whilst a white surplice in the pulp would provoke a riot. And now the Orangeman knows that he may riot at pleasure, wreck churches, assault widows, drive them from their employment, and that no police will be permitted to interfere. It is in this dangerous spirit that has in the past made the streets of Belfast run with blood, and recent events have perceptibly raised the theological temperature." "So long as Protestantism," concludes your contemporary, "is truculent and intolerant, and so long as the grievances of the Roman Catholic majority remain unredressed, because the State is afraid of its rowdy minority, it will be impossible to give a finally good report about the state of Ireland."

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The Way to be Well. If you are ill it is not you alone who suffer, but those who depend upon you, those to whom you are dear—whether you are a man or a woman. The worst diseases in the world are slight ailments at first. If you are feeling weak, nervous or run down—if you are at all unwell, take DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS for PALE PEOPLE and be made bright, active and strong. Recommended by the liberal minded doctor and the trained nurse. But you must get the genuine—substitutes never cured anyone. CONSTANT FEELING OF LASSITUDE. From PARROTT, N.S., LEADER. There is scarcely a man, woman or child in the busy mining town of Springhill, N. S., who does not know Mr. Moses V. Boss, the trusty agent of A. R. Fulton, dealer in carriages and farm implements. Two years ago the writer first met Mr. Boss, and was struck with the extreme pallor of his countenance. He seemed, in fact, like one in the deadly grip of consumption. Recently business again brought him to the home of the writer, but a remarkable change for the better had taken place in the interval. Upon enquiry it was learned that failing health first induced Mr. Boss to go upon the road as salesman in the hope that a change of scene would be beneficial. The result, however, did not meet with his expectations. The food he ate distressed him, and the weakness and feeling of lassitude became intensified. To use his own words, he was so weak and nervous, and used up, that he felt that he "could have dropped down and gone to sleep anywhere." Driving tired him and when at home the slightest labor about his farm was irksome. He was in this hopeless and discouraged condition when a friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He decided to try one box, and before they were gone he found some benefit from them. He then bought four boxes more, and each week found an improvement in his condition. His stomach ceased to trouble him, the feeling of lassitude troubled him no more, and his labors were no longer irksome. By the time he had finished his fifth box, his health was fully restored, and his pace continued to be excellent, and he is not backward in telling his friends the sterling worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

JOURNALISTS AT THE VATICAN.

The Rome correspondent of the New Era, London, writes:—"On Easter Saturday a delegation of Belgian Journalists, headed by M. Victor Jourdain, editor of the Patriote and president of the Association of Belgian Catholic Journalists, was received at the Vatican by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., who appeared active and cheerful during the audience, which lasted thirty-five minutes. The presentation was made by Monsiegnor S'Ercoleas, and to each journalist presented the Pope said a few amiable words. Among the various exhortations he gave he urged the journalists to fight hand to hand against the Socialists, and to do this efficaciously they must stand united. "You have," continued his Holiness, "a Catholic ministry which is still in power, but I fear that it will soon be overthrown if the Catholics remain divided in face of the united Liberal and Socialist elements." After the presentation he thanked them for the present of 196,000 francs which they had sent him through Cardinal Goossens last month. This sum he had just divided between the Syrian, Chaldean, and Melchite patriarchs, who stood in great need. He recalled to mind the happy four years he spent in Belgium fifty years ago; that he loved the country greatly, and had always shown during his pontificate his great affection for the Belgians. Referring to his last journey to Belgium, he said:—"When looking for the last time on beautiful Flanders, I said to myself, I shall never again see this country so religious, so attached to the faith, to the Fatherland, and then I wept." He insisted on the Catholics being united and making mutual sacrifices; for, if they remained divided, they would not be able to resist, and the triumph of the Socialists in Belgium would be a dreadful calamity. It would be the occasion of grave troubles, that would lead to civil war. The president then read an address, which led up to the names of the subscribers to the Papal fund, which were written in an album. The Pope examined the album with lively interest, promised to read all the names written therein, and addressed the delegation for the third time, beseeching them to persevere in their noble work. "Belgium," he repeated, "has given the example to other nations. If it were but for myself I would ask nothing, but the Church has pressing needs. Do I implore you to recommence your noble plan in the coming years, and thus renew the pontifical new year's gift which Belgium has always presented to the Holy See in times gone by." Monsiegnor de Cruy then introduced the ladies, who were permitted to kiss the Pope's ring. Finally, the Holy Father solemnly blessed the journalists, their families, the ladies present, the subscribers, and their intentions. In taking leave of the delegation, he repeated, in a voice full of emotion, "Adieu! Adieu!"

INTERNATIONAL PRESS CONGRESS AT ROME.

An International Press Congress has been held in Rome this month. About 400 representatives of various journals in Europe and a few in the United States took part in this meeting. M. Catulle Mendes and M. Jules Claretie were of the number. Great fetes were prepared for the enjoyment of these representatives of the Press. King Humbert inaugurated the sessions; The Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Baccelli, who is gathering if not classical, provided a repast for them on the Palatine Hill, where, amid memories of Evander and Aetnae, and Romulus and Remus, as well as Augustus and Tiberius, they ate macaroni and washed it down with the red wine of the Alban Hills. A special performance was given in their honour at the Costanza Theatre, where Gemma Bellincioni, one of the best Italian prima donnas—and Francesco Marconi, a Roman, and a superb tenor, sang in Gounod's "Faust." Excursions to sites of interest, both in the city and neighbourhood, formed a part of the programme.

ALLEGED SUICIDE OF LUTHER.

Austrian Catholic preachers are justly thundering, not only against the Los von Rom movement, but also against what they have termed the Los von Gott tendency, says the Vienna correspondent of the New Era. Catholic writers are likewise busy, and Pfarrer Doctor Decker, the well-known Jew-baiting ecclesiastic, has revived the theory that Luther, whom schooner and his followers are now holding up to honour, committed suicide. Dr. Decker has published a pamphlet on the matter, and it has caused great anguish and chagrin in Protestant circles in Vienna. Dr. Johann, one of the officials of the Evangelical party in Vienna, denounced this theory in his Easter Sunday sermon. He quoted from Kostlin's book, "Martin Luther," to show that the apostate whom the Protestants regard as an apostle, died a natural death in the presence of Dr. Jonas, of the court preacher Coelius, and his friends Aurlfaber, Mansfield, and Schwartzburg.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN'S VISIT TO ROME.

Rome, April 7.—Cardinal Vaughan's approaching visit to Rome has already given rise to an incredible amount of conjecture. The only object, however, is as I have said before, to report on the present Ritualistic movement in England, and to consider, with the Pope, the steps to be taken by the Catholic Church in order to derive the greatest possible amount of advantage from the unsettled state of things under which Protestants are now labouring. I am informed that Cardinal

Vaughan, who was expected to arrive here this week, will probably be unable to come before the 20th inst.—"Leader."

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