

THE PORTER AND THE SAINT.

From the Messenger.

The following pleasant story shows us with what simplicity St. Philip Neri often won his converts to God. It is told of a certain poor porter of Rome.

The porter was not accustomed to going to church as a regular visitor, but happened by chance to find himself there on All-Saints' Day. His mother had died during the course of the year, and he had merely come to say a prayer or two that her soul might rest in peace.

He had learned his prayers, and he had made his First Communion. But all this happened long ago. The child had become a sturdy youth, and had forgotten his mother, his catechism, and the lessons of the school.

He had become a porter. He labored with his hands, carrying the various loads that were given him for a few small pieces of money, and at night spent his evenings in the tavern. He did not go to the tavern, however, on All-Saints' Day.

He betook himself to the church, as we have said, and hid himself in a corner against a pillar. He even tried to recollect the prayers his mother had taught him in boyhood. Some of the words came back, but without connection, or order, and he began to pronounce them in the manner of children who know some two or three words in the long recital of the Confiteor or Creed.

He was thus engaged when the preacher mounted the pulpit and prepared to speak on the feast of the day. The preacher was St. Philip Neri. He spoke of the necessity of acquiring holiness, and repeated at least ten times that in order to die in holiness, we must live in holiness.

Our poor porter in his corner was all absorbed. The words, "To live in holiness, to die in holiness," fell upon his ears as the French say, like hail before the hurricane. He was the last to leave the church, and all the day he continued to hear the same music: he must live in holiness, he must die in holiness.

The refrain kept ringing in his ears in the square, amid his reveries, and even at the tables of the tavern. "Well," he said at last, "why shouldn't I make an attempt? I can't be any poorer than I am, though my trade of porter is always pretty sure. I am going to try to be a saint, and meet the consequences gayly!"

So the porter set out to find the preacher. All Rome was talking of this great servant of God. Every one knew him. On the porter called him "the Saint." One day he knocked at the door of the oratory convent. A lay Brother opened it.

"I have come to see the saint," said the porter. "I want to make the attempt."

"It is he," cried the saint, hastening toward the door to open it. It was indeed the porter, but in what a lamentable state! The poor man supported himself with a cane. A bandage, a pad under his chin to the crown of his head. His cheeks were marked with a line of scars half healed which reached to the bridge of his nose. His nose itself was bruised in two or three deep lines, which were also only healing.

"What has happened to you, my dear friend?" exclaimed St. Philip, "and who could have treated you like this?"

"It is you, it is you," the porter replied; "don't try to put the blame on any one else."

"How!" said St. Philip, "is it I? Explain yourself."

"You will soon see," said the porter. "It is all very simple. I was going with my pack along the Alban road carrying some commissions, when I met a carriage with two horses. At the sight of my pack and the parcels the horses turned, reared and ran into a ditch and broke the carriage. The young lord who was driving freed himself as soon as he could, and ran up to me and struck me in the mouth.

Then he beat me over the head with his whip for at least ten minutes. Ah! my saint, if I wanted to I could have crushed that fine young lord. Yes, indeed, I could have pitched him at his horse or have thrown him across his broken carriage with the greatest ease. Just see my arms, my big muscles! Was it my fault that the pack frightened the horses? Could I get away from my pack? It's my only way of making a living. Yes, my saint, I could have crushed him, but I had read my four verses, and they said: 'Do good to them that hate you. If a man strikes you on your right cheek, turn to him also the other.' But I had no need of turning him the other. He found them both very easily. I didn't say a word. I only gathered myself up if I thought when he left, and it is now fifteen days since I went to the hospital. I left it only this morning. Is this what I should have done, my saint?"

St. Philip was moved to tears at the porter's story. He pressed him to his heart and embraced him again and again the poor form so disfigured with livid bruises. He felt that they must never separate again. The saint proposed to the porter that he should become a religious and remain in the convent. The brave fellow dropped on his knees weeping. He had never imagined that the saint could make him so happy a proposal.

He became a Brother distinguished for the most touching edification. He was a model of humility, prayer, and obedience. He had desired to become a saint, and the Word of God had told him the means. After about twenty years in religion he died full of days and good works in the odor of sanctity. How shall he become a saint! Like the holy porter, I have only to wish to be so.

A JESUIT, OF COURSE!

IGNORANT CENSURERS EXP. S. D.

By Rev. William P. Tracy, S. J.

Towards the end of June, 1895, I stood behind the Scheldt at Antwerp, in Belgium. I was waiting for a ferry-boat to take me across the river, on the other side of which I was to enter a train on its way to Ghent. I had just visited the famous picture galleries, churches, and oratories of the quaint old Flemish city. My heart was all aglow with enthusiasm; my mind still beat with deep and sweet religious emotions. The paintings I had seen and the altar before which I had lately knelt, and the mellow light that shined in upon me through the oratories, had become a part of my very being, and I felt that they were destined to remain as a memento to my soul forever. I stood gazing out over the sluggish water; but marble altars and gilded crosses, and whispering pines, and visions of beauty still warred in my imagination. I could not part with the glorious image revealed to me by the brush of the old masters of the Antwerp school of painting. I stood on the crowded wharf as one in a happy dream.

I soon bade an affectionate farewell to my Flemish friend, entered the ferry-boat, after a few minutes found myself seated in a train that slowly wound its way to Ghent. The apartments in Belgian trains run crosswise and form oblong rooms. I had a seat by a window at one side of the train, and I very quickly perceived that a Protestant clergyman had taken his seat by a window on the opposite side of the box. One fellow passenger was some young man and some young woman, the former in dress wearing cap and blue smock frock, and the latter attired in variegated and picturesque costumes. A dead silence reigned for some time. I began once more to revel in the luxury of thought.

All at once I was startled by the parson's deep and solemn tones. "I did not catch the meaning of his words, but the sound of his voice was very inspiring. What could he have said? I fancied that he had warned us all of some impending evil. The sepulchral echoes of his tone rang in my ears."

"Do you talk English, madam?" This time I fully understood him. He was addressing himself to a young woman who sat near him. I was somewhat amused by his measured tones, and I waited with no little curiosity to hear the response of the parson he had addressed so solemnly. She looked very much puzzled. But he did not seem to be alarmed. "Do you talk English, madam?" he again gravely asked.

"No," was the woman's laconic response. The parson's face grew dark with disappointment. He muttered something to himself about Belgian ignorance, and looked out on the richly cultivated fields along the line. I, too, looked out of my window and noted with pride the prosperous condition of the most Catholic country on the old continent. Not a foot of the ground was left uncultivated by the thrifty Flemings. No broad hedge-rows deformed the land. A cord or imaginary line, divided the fields and the farms. We rolled on through neat and comfortable looking villages that rose up in the midst of flourishing vegetable gardens. A panorama of crosses and statues, and "banners of the Sacred Heart" passed before me. The sacred and precious gleams of light from the magnificent churches and cathedrals—the proud monuments of Catholic devotion. Here and there in the corners of the fields I noticed a piece of

bleased palm which the pious peasants had religiously planted there the preceding Easter. "Do you talk English sir?" The sombre accents of the parson were heard once more.

"No," was the answer of one of the passengers. "I did not care to enter into conversation with you, but I kept looking out of the window. After a little time I happened to turn a glance towards the troubled parson. His eyes met mine. I felt that I was caught."

"Do you talk English, sir?" he said to me as if in despair. I replied in the affirmative. The light of joy passed over his countenance. He piously raised his eyes and hands, and devoutly thanked Heaven that he had at last found one who knew a little English. He arose from his seat and approached me with great cordiality. We shook hands warmly, and he seemed to regard me as an old and valued friend.

"I see at once, sir," said he, as he sat down beside me, "that you are returning from one of the German Universities. I am a good judge of things and very rarely make a mistake. You have been studying law or medicine. I should rather say medicine. You need not tell me your profession. I saw it at a glance. My name is Oswald Dubon—the Rev. Oswald Dubon. I have been sent to the Continent by the Bible Society of London to take notes on the corruptions and abominations of the Roman Church in these benighted countries. In my travels through France, Belgium, Spain, Austria, and Italy, I have collected a vast amount of useful information concerning the evils of Popery. On my return to London I intend to give a course of lectures in which I shall expose the secrets of Continental Popery. I assure you, sir, that I shall have the honor of dealing 'Komanian a mortal blow.'"

"I feel, sir," I ventured to say, "that it would be difficult for a thorough, observant linguist to pass through so many countries without acquiring a vast store of information. But if I am not mistaken, your knowledge of tongue is limited to the English. How, then, did you manage to gather up such a fund of damaging testimony against Catholicism? You will pardon my curiosity, as I cannot boast of much experience in such matters."

"My dear sir, I see you have been long confined to the laboratory and dissecting room. Why, to study the corruptions of the Romans, it is not necessary to learn their language. Actions, sir, speak to the eye. Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians act. I kept my eyes open; yes, sir, wide open, and I noted all their crimes and idolatries."

"I ask what crimes you noticed?" "What crimes have I not noticed in these priest-ridden countries! Why, would you believe it, I saw crosses and images of the Virgin in almost every place imaginable! I saw them stuck up in trees in the most solitary regions as well as high above the market-places in the popular cities. And I saw men, women, and children kneeling down and adoring them as idols. It is truly horrible."

"My dear sir, if what you say be true, I am indeed shocked; but who told you that they were really adoring the crosses or statues as gods?" "Who told me? Why, no one told me. No one had need to tell me. I saw them with my own eyes."

"It seems to me that you ought to have asked them whether they gave divine worship to stocks or stones or not."

"But those I saw were Italians, Frenchmen and Spaniards. They could not speak a word of English, and I do not know a word of their barbarous language."

"Then, sir, you may be forming a rash judgment on Catholics. I have seen them in many countries, and I must say, in justice to them, that I have never found even one of them guilty of idolatry. Their priests tell me that even crosses are not to be adored in the strict sense of the word, but only venerated as the symbols of salvation, as the wood on which the Saviour died."

"Their priests told you so! My dear young friend, beware of Popish priests. They are as crafty as serpents, and as dangerous. All the evils of our times are fomented by the Jesuits. I may say that all the troubles of society for the past thousand years have been caused by the treacherous sons of Loyola."

"Is it not too much, sir, to accuse the Jesuits of all the crimes of the past thousand years? I solemnly aver that even for the past 1,500 years they have been at the bottom of every revolution and every social disorder. It is a fact that cannot be denied, even by their best friends and warmest advocates."

"You forget, sir, that the Jesuits are not much above three centuries old. You will forgive me for calling your attention to an historical fact."

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JUSTIN MCCARTHY IN FREDERICTON, N. B.

THE DISTINGUISHED IRISHMAN WARMLY WELCOMED.

Fredericton Capital, Oct. 23.

Justin McCarthy, M. P., arrived here by the western train Thursday afternoon. He was met at Fredericton Junction by J. Meagher, Esq., president, and Mr. McDade, secretary of the St. Patrick's Society, by the Rev. J. C. MacDevitt, Hon. M. Adams, Postmaster McPeake and Mr. George J. Burns. Mr. McCarthy registered at the Queen. In the evening his lecture on the Irish question in the City Hall was attended by a large and highly representative audience.

Mayor Fenwick occupied the chair, and on the platform were Sir Leonard Tilley, Hon. A. G. Blair, Rev. J. C. McDevitt, Hon. James Mitchell, Hon. M. Adams, Hon. F. P. Thompson, Prof. Stockley, Mr. J. Meagher, Chief Superintendent Crockett, Ald. Shurkey, U. S. Consul Gayman and W. Wilson, M. P. The Mayor, in introducing the lecturer, briefly referred to his eminent public career.

Mr. McCarthy spoke for nearly two hours, and held his audience intensely interested throughout. He spoke most hopefully of the future of the home rule question, prophesying that two or three years would see the realization of Ireland's hopes.

The banquet to Justin McCarthy, M. P., the distinguished Irish patriot, historian, journalist, lecturer, and author, by the St. Patrick's Society and other friends, at the Queen Hotel on Thursday evening, was a most decided success from every point of view.

The high reputation of the Queen in the matter of banquets is known far and near; but this dinner will increase its splendid reputation, as the menu, the arrangements, the decorations, the wait, ing, everything, in fact, was simply perfect.

Near the entrance to the dining room a table was placed which stretched across the room; near the end, but closely connected with this table ran nearly the whole length of the room, there being a vacant space longitudinally. These tables really formed three sides of a hollow square. At the centre of the table running across the room, with his back to the door, Justin McCarthy was seated. On his right a chair was reserved for the Rev. Father McDevitt, who was to the general regret absent owing to illness. Next, on the right, and in the following order were seated the Hon. Attorney General Blair; His Worship Mayor Fenwick; F. B. Coleman, Esq., American Consular Agent; George F. Gregory, Esq., and Captain O'Brophy, of the Capital.

Mr. McCarthy's left, Jeremiah McGeough, Esq., President of the St. Patrick's Society, was seated; and then came the following gentlemen in the order indicated: viz., the Hon. M. Adams, Rev. Father O'Leary, Dr. Moore, M. P. P.; William Wilson, M. P. P.; J. Douglas, Esq., M. P.; Registrar of the University; the Rev. Father Casey, Prof. Stockley, Mr. Macdonald, the Mayor, and Mr. O'Malley. The Vice-Chair, at the other end of the room, were occupied by Postmaster McPeake and P. Farrell, Esq., Alms House Commissioner.

The banquet began shortly after ten o'clock soon after the conclusion of Mr. McCarthy's lecture at the City Hall. The first toast was "the Queen," which was drunk with the honors.

Mr. Meagher, the chairman, then rose. He confessed his embarrassment at the position in which he was placed, and felt his inability to do justice to it, but in truly eloquent language he proceeded to speak of the presence of the distinguished patriot, statesman, and author, whom they had assembled to honor. "When one sees something grand in nature," continued Mr. Meagher, "the spectator is struck with awe and reverence, and instinctively looks on in silence. This is the feeling which almost overpowers me. I feel that silence would be true eloquence. The question of home rule is one of the greatest questions of the day. It was one over which there had been much difference of opinion, but I feel fairly certain that every one who has heard Mr. McCarthy this night must have seen the ultimate success of home rule. We who have studied the subject can see why this must be so, with such powerful champions as that grand old man Gladstone, and O'Brien, Sexton, and others who comprise that great phalanx of Irish patriots, as well as our distinguished statesman, and the utmost pride that he sat at the same table with this distinguished author, patriot, statesman, and historian. He felt that this feeling was fully shared in by every one present. Turning to Mr. McCarthy, in glowing words he bade that gentleman welcome, in the name of all the creeds and all classes of the place. Three cheers were then proposed for Mr. McCarthy, at which the whole assemblage sprang to their feet, and gave three rousing cheers and a "tiger."

Mr. McCarthy, on rising, said the reception he had received made him feel thoroughly at home. He came to New Brunswick for the first time that afternoon, but he had been welcomed with such cordiality that he surely ought not to be called a stranger. This made him feel that something brought him into affinity with the generous ways of our people. The sympathy manifested on this side of the Atlantic for home rule was especially gratifying to him. How, aked Mr. McCarthy, would our people feel if they were subject to the same injustice as the people of Ireland? They had representation in Parliament, it was true; but it was a sort of sham representation. We had 100 members. The British party—the official party—had 600 members. This official class knew nothing about us. They were even more bitter than the Ministers of the Crown. The old proverb of "equality for all" was absurd. Sydney Smith, long ago, had stigmatized it as a sham representation. There was no representation when the members were thrust aside in Parliament, they had been confronted

with an overpowering majority. The condition of the Irish rate-payer differs inseparably with that of the British rate-payer. The representation of small States, such as Delaware, and the larger States, such as Pennsylvania, were not parallel with Ireland's position and that of Great Britain. He was glad that so much sympathy was shown for home rule this side of the ocean, as the English Tory party was weakened by the demoralization of the people across the Atlantic, and the English people wished to stand well with public opinion. The leaders of the home rule party, acting as reasonable men, were confident of success. He did not come on any sort of mission, but on his own hook. Still he would not conceal the fact that he carried a flag, and that he was a member of the Irish party. He would not attempt to evade the responsibilities of his position, and would be glad to have a chance to flourish that flag. He did not desire to be recognized as a purely literary man, and it afforded him great pleasure to feel that the party present were in accord with him, and that they were members of a commonwealth equally in sympathy with the cause of the old land they all loved so well. Mr. McCarthy then sat down amid the most rapturous applause.

Vice President Farrell was then called on for a speech; and, in response, said he felt embarrassed, as the average man must feel in speaking in the presence of such intellectual giants as were then in the hall; but as it was his duty to speak as Vice President he would do so to the best of his ability. He had no one else there to display speaking power, but to honor the guest of the evening, a gentleman distinguished as a literary man and as a patriot. But it was more especially for services rendered on the other side of the water that Mr. McCarthy was especially welcome that evening. As the descendant of an Irishman it afforded him pleasure to express gratitude for what had been accomplished towards securing self-government for Ireland. Unfortunately in the demands for justice, prejudices had to be encountered; but the principle of home rule was based on justice and the best interests of the Empire would be served by complying with Ireland's request. The so-called Union was the most flagrant in the annals of history; and the patience and submission of the Irish people had won the admiration of ever lover of liberty. They had not heeded rash counsel nor broken the laws in revenge for wrongs inflicted. Every true Irishman condemned unconstitutional injustice being employed in order to a cure justice. Irishmen (Mr. Farrell declared) had been emboldened to agitate for home rule by the liberties enjoyed by the people of Canada. He indignantly repudiated the slander that the Irish people were incapable of self government. It was well known that Ireland's sons had rendered good service to the Empire in the past on many battle-fields. The granting of home rule would be the means of England regaining the friendship of the Irish people. Years ago, in the heat of an election campaign, the late Judge Fisher had declared that the Government of New Brunswick was then held in the palm of the hand of an Irishman. Early during the session of the House of Assembly the Irishman alluded to—the Hon. Timothy Warren Anglin—in reply challenged Judge Fisher to point to a single instance when an Irishman deserted his flag, and declared that when the honor of that flag was at stake, Irishmen were the first in the battle and the last to leave the field. Mr. Farrell concluded an eloquent speech by predicting that the day was not far distant when Ireland's long lost rights would be regained, and home rule pronounced from the Throne.

The Executive Council of New Brunswick was the next toast. In response, Attorney General Blair observed that it might appear a singular toast in a non-political gathering; but it was no unusual occurrence in the Council to be toasted as an abstraction; and, as an abstraction, on behalf of the Council he begged to return thanks for the toast. Personally he would express the pleasure experienced in meeting Mr. McCarthy, who was no stranger, as his works had made him known to our people. As Mr. McCarthy was one who spoke with truth, fairness and impartiality towards those opposed to him, those opposed to him respect him as a journalist, orator, and man. Cheers were then given for Farrell and Gladstone.

The chairman then proposed the health of their clever and painstaking Secretary, Mr. McDade, which was replied to by Mr. McDade in his usual courteous manner, evoking hearty applause, and the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The Hon. M. Adams was then called on for a speech. Mr. Adams stated that he had stayed over in town some days to do honor to Mr. McCarthy. He (Mr. Adams) had always been a home ruler, and would be one till he died. He had seen Justin McCarthy, and he felt that it had added ten years to his life. If he could only see Farrell he believed that he would live for ever. "God bless Justin McCarthy," Cheers and prolonged applause.

In response to calls, speeches were made by Registrar Hazen, who concluded by proposing the "St. Patrick's Society," and also by Captain Cropley, George Burns, Esq., and Postmaster McPeake, and the gathering broke up about 12 o'clock, with cheers for Mr. McCarthy.

In addition to the names already mentioned as being present, we noticed Alderman Sharkey, C. A. Sampson, Secretary of the Board of School Trustees; Mr. Cliff, of the Gleaner; James S. Neill, Dr. Coulter, Principal Mullis, Prof. Belliveau, Timothy McCarthy (alluded to in MacGeough's "The Irish in America," J. H. Barry and H. V. B. Bridges.

During the afternoon, and just before the banquet, Mr. McCarthy held a Reception at the Queen, at which many of our most prominent citizens were presented to Mr. McCarthy by Mr. Meagher and Mr. McPeake.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES, is more reliable as an agent in the cure of Consumption, Chronic Coughs and Emaciation, than any remedy known to medical science. It is so prepared that the potency of these two most valuable specifics is largely increased. It is also very palatable.

The Mercy of Jesus.

Let all sinners flee to the Church that they might avail themselves of the Mercy of Jesus. The Church met us at birth with her blessing, regenerated the child at baptism, confirmed and strengthened all who truly sought her favors. She never forsakes men all through life, she seeks their restoration and salvation, even after death she offers up prayers for the soul taking her authority from this very example of H. R. Lord, whose prayers were so omnipotent as to reach the soul after death and bring it back to its body. The prayers of the Church are likewise omnipotent and will prevail with God. Oh my friends any of you who are in sin rise and live the life of holiness. This the Catholic Church calls you to do. She is the voice of the Almighty who desires to bless you with salvation. For remember God is a God of justice as well as a God of mercy, and if you will not heed His call of love and pity, you will be forever lost, but I pray that you will listen to His tender words of mercy and arise from your sins to enjoy a life with your holy Redeemer. In the name of the Father and the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.

GERONIMO AND FATHER STEPHAN.

Father Stephan, the post priest and Indian agent of the Catholic Church, has received an urgent letter from Geronimo asking him to come down to Arizona and see the poor Indians. Geronimo in his letter tells Father Stephan that he has been badly treated, and needs his aid and religious guidance. Father Stephan is a great favorite of all the Indians. He talks, sings, and dances with them. He tells them about his religion, and makes them like him. He is a middle-aged man, very polished and bright, and the Indians love him. He is a great favorite of Geronimo, and has gone to Arizona to see him.

Safe, Sure and Painless.

What a world of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you are looking for, is it not? Putnam's Painless Cure Extractor—the great sure-pain cure—acts in this way. It makes no sore spots; safe, acts speedily and with certainty; sure and mildly, without inflammation; the parts; painlessly. Do not be imposed upon by imitations or substitutes.