A HARBOUR OF REFUGE.

In these enlightened days, when "Converted Monks" and "Escaped Nuns" are stumping the country, telling Protestants of all the enormities that are covered in Catholic convents, it is refreshing to hear something of the other side of the question. A writer in the Protestant Daily Telegraph of Tuesday having visited the Nuns at Nazareth House, Hammer-smith, gives the following account of what

he saw there: It is at the close of one of those lovely autumn afternoons that we have been enjoying lately that I find myself in a great garden space at Hammersmith. As yet, the chill of the winter has not arrived and I am scarcely conscious of the first faint dead-leaf odour that autumn gives. The scene is silent and peaceful; but over all hangs a shadow of sadness. There are children playing about in this vast garden space, and there are cripples wheeled in their chairs under the trees whose leaves are trembling to the ground; there are old men working amorg the beds in the fading sunlight, and there are old women who have brought their knitting out into the air, and are enjoying the soothing s that precedes the on-coming As if to emphasize the calm that prevails, and the peace that is predomin-ant, I notice strolling along the garden paths various good Sisters, clothed in the habit of a religious Order, and while my eye wanders from this strange medley of youth and age, activity and infirmity, na-ture and religion, to the statues of the saints that are placed in niches over the doorways, and to the quiet cemetery or "God's acre" that terminates the avenue, my mind grows confused with mingled impressions of English hospitals and foreign convent gardens. As I am suddenly to this strange and noiseles scene, whether it be connected with almshouse, convent, hospital, or public insti-tution, I can scarcely believe that a few seconds ago I was in the whirl and worry of the London Streets—outside there so restless; inside here so calm. I forget already that behind the great building and the little chapel that confront me are little chapel that confront me, are the little chapel that confront me, are cabs and omnibuses, and buying or selling; and dirt and drunkeness, and despair. I am conscious of the roar of London, but see no signs of contamination. I see the cloud wreaths of the distant city, but a veil is between it and me. When I entered at the gate and was admitted to the cardon, the world was left behind the cardon, the world was left behind the cardon the world was left behind the cardon the world was left behind the cardon that the cardon the cardon that world was left behind the cardon that the card garden, the world was left behind me there are no signs or trace of it here. For what do I find? Cheerfulness and contentment; a rule of order and of love. Young girls turned into nurses ere they are mothers; good creatures nursing the dying and the sick; a small arm of aged men, full of the petulancy, and uritabilinto contentment and discipline by some gentle sister; another army of ailing, age-stricken old women, some paralysed, and others wearied with the long agonies of submission by a loving Sister of Charity: and over all the community a gentle woman, who makes music with her voice as she passes amidst her family, and calls

IN THE GROUNDS OF NAZARETH HOUSE. where these countless years past has been carried on one of the most noble forms of London. For over a quarter of a century a religious Order in London has set abou beautiful duty of trying to give hapiness to the very young and very old, irrespective of religion or creed. Starting with a small cottage at Brook Green, these good women went cheerfully about their silent work. By begging and by prayer, by the example of simplicity, devotion and a blameless life, they gathered into one select family the children too young one select family the children too young to assist themselves, the old people too in firm to be independent of help. Children of drunken parents, children of thieves and prisoners, children who were ignorant Children of their own parentage, and shamefully eglected by those who had been paid for their support, cripples, paralyzed people of both sexes, old men who had known better days, old women left alone in the world gradually drifted towards the harbour of refuge at Hammersmith. As the need for such an institution became more pressing, the responsibility became more The good sisters knew-none better-the need of their harbour for stormsed creatures; they received more applications than could be answered, charity of a fitful kind became exhausted, and it grew necessary to feed the starving family, r to scatter it to the misery from which i had been so recently rescued. So the sisters, armed with the sense of the justice of their position, commenced a series of house-to-house visitations, begging for broken scraps and discarded victual refuse from dinner plates, the untidiness of the kitchen, the stuff that many less provident people would declare to be only "fit for the pigs"—and with this broken meat they proposed to feed to creatures committed by Providence their care. At first—but for a very she period—there were some who were Providence to SCLINED TO LAUGH AT THE GOOD NUNS.

who in the habit of their order, drove cart from door to door, and begged the public of their charity to remember the young and the old who looked for sustenance in perfect faith. The thing was so new and strange to England that the of the sisters was occasionally resented as an intrusion. This was all in the early days of Nazareth House, before Brook Green was deserted and the great place in main road of Hammersmith was built. Gradually, however, prejudice changed to certain sympathy, and now, thanks to the brave work that is done by them, there is scarcely a club, an hotel, or restaurant where the good sisters are not welcome at the area gates. All is fish that comes to their net. The outside crusts of the tinned discarded after sandwich-making large firms such as Messrs. Spiers and Bond-ever liberal in their charity to Nazareth House—are eagerly devoured by hundreds of the young children; and there is not an old ham bone or leg of mutton shank or plate scrapings which careless servants would throw into the dust hole that

tenance of the four hundred human beings who literally live from hand to mouth at Nazareth House. The English people laugh no longer when the sisters drive their carts round the allotted districts and knock at the rich man's door. Never yet have they returned empty, and after all, as the good mother observed to me, "THE PROTESTANTS ARE OUR BEST FRIENDS.

We could not exist without them.

The trades people are especially charitable, giving us whole sheep at Christmastime and presents of good stores, flour for the children's puddings, medicine for the sick ; for, though we are Catholics, this is not a question of religion. We only want to make our fellow-creatures happy, and to do good as far as we are able." The determined spirit of humanity is preserved in the whole ordering of Nazareth House. It shelters Protestants 2s well as Catholics, there is no proselytism or convert-making; so long as the inmates conform to the rules of the house and are obedient no questions are asked whatever : children of all creeds mix together; the old men do not discuss creeds over their pipes, nor do the fading ladies enter into pious conversational matters whilst enjoying a dish of tea. They are waiting for the end most of them, very patiently and with much resignation; and as for the kind sisters and the "dear mother," as they call the head of this united family, all who are harboured here at least recognize her good deeds and her pure life and the power of ministration in her, and strive to make her days as happy as she makes theirs. "We have no quarrelling here," said the good lady smiling, "have we Pat?" and she touches the shoulder of an old Irishman who is proud of his power of cleaning up, and looks upon the voice of the superioress as that of an angel. "God bless you, my dear mother," replies the bent old cripple, "it would be a poor return for all your visits and the sunshine of your face. Quarrels! No, we have done with that. Quarrels! No, we have done with We are all of us going home!" I follow the reverend mother round.

THE WARDS OF THIS HOME OF PEACE. It is the evening hour. All who have en permitted out to see their friends have re-entered at the stone gate, but the of the great storm in Ireland. An old lady, active in mind though crippled in body, recalls the days when she sang in church choirs and joined in duet with Clara Novello; another speaks despondently of her chances of life, but only regrets the certainty of her leaving such kind grees the certainty of her feaving such kind friends; a third, speechless from paralysis, gazes mute upon the chattering circle. A baby in arms has somehow strayed into the old women's ward, and they are making much of the little one; and a poor lightheaded cripple child is allowed to the old ladies are busy with their patch-work quilts, assisted in design and with material by a directing sister. There is a welcome as the dear mother enters, and welcome as the dear mother enters, and its free, contrasting with this silence and contentment. Without are the waves; as she passes amidst her lammy, and down the blessing of young and old who are touched with the skirts of her holy welcome as the dear mother enters, and all press forward for a kind word from their true friend. In every available corrections of religious life. An otestant or in a Catholic ner there are signs of religious life. An side a little grave-yard at the end of the country; in days before the Reformation, or in the notsily liberal nineteenth century; in London or the suburbs; in the gardens of a private establishment or of a public institution? I am

> A gentle-faced nun, with an infant in er arms is surrounded by a family of laughing boys of all ages, who swarm about the airy room and play pranks upon the floor. If it were not for the nursery at Nazareth House these poor children— many orphans—would have been cast friendless on the world, neglected, half-starved, and ill-treated; but they are every one of them fed upon faith with the crusts that are picked up from clubs and restaurants. girls-just ripening into womanhood and almost ready for service-I find singpart-songs round a harmonium, or practising hymns for the chapel service : out among the invalid girls, res homes and hospital wards, find the saddest sights of all-and vet those the most eloquent in praise of the cheerful mercy of Nazareth House. One poor girl has had both arms wrenched off by a tramcar accident. Another has no egs, both having been amputated; a third, shockingly disfigured that it is a mercy creature has some corner where she can hide her tortured face and twisted limbs and be safe from the ridicule of thoughtless companions. For here physi cal defect passes by unnot ced. The blind and the burned, the paralysed and the deformed, sit round in the same cheerful circle, and one and all are treated with the same tender consideration by the good sisters, who have little time for rest and that prejudice holds up as a scornful example of the evil of such communities. Idle, indeed! Whilst I have been wandering about these wards and corridors. systematic work that has been going on around me. In the dispensary a sister-known amongst the old people as the doctor-has been making up the medi-cines from the doctor's prescriptions, and she presides over a surgery that appears ntain everything from liniments lollypops.

DOWN IN THE KITCHEN other cheerful assistants are busy preparing the tea and coffee for this huge estab-lishment, and let it be remembered that it is made from the collected tea leaves and coffee grounds that otherwise would have been thrown away as useless. The sisters' cart has just come in from its rounds. Alas! the contents are but meagre and insufficient to-day, for "bad times" affect Nazareth House as well as the rest of the world. Rich donors and friends are out of town; kind-hearted tradespeople, who are such true friends to this charity, find it difficult enough to make both ends meet; the restaurants and clubs are not so open-handed as they used to be; and I regret to have to confess for some time past the sisters have had to buy meat for their family out of the slen-

plaint uttered in Nazareth House, The air of cheerfulness and contentment was alone broken when I was told that a sum of about £120 a vear is levied as a poor rate upon the good women who relieve the parish of an incubus of 400. They feed the hungry, they nurse the sick, they rescue the homeless, they house the outcast, they educate the infant, and they bury their own dead, and yet they are fined \mathcal{L}^{120} a year for this consideration. This apparent inconsistency has never yet reconciled itself to the minds of the sisters, and there is just a flutter of annoy-ance when the rates are alluded to. Another door on the opposite side of the building is opened, and it is quite clear

where the old men are concerned. Here are the old fellows assembled in a kind of hall or common room. No able-bodied person of any sex is admitted, of course, o Nazareth House. It is not a hospital out a last home. Children too young to help themselves, old women past work and infirm, and old men who have come that evening when they can go forth to their work and their labour no more, are alone entitled to claim the privileges of this charity. But it is astorishing what gallantry is elicited from the old gentle-men who, between the ages of 70 and 80, gallantry are spurred on with a desire to help the ladies who are devoting themselves to their service. They hate to be absolutely idle, and only take to their beds when the end is near at hand. For there is much to For there is much to be done at Nazareth House that even ol men can do. The cart can be driven, the pigs fed, the potatoes weeded, the pass-ages cleaned up, and some little odd jobs of carpentry can be entrusted to such as are not quite crippled by rheumatism or paralysis. But the old men are never so happy as when the "dear mother" nounces that some visitor or friend has sent them some tobacco or newspapers for their common room. The evening shadows are closing in and the day at Nazareth House is nearly over. By nine o'clock every soul will be in bed, and not a sound will be heard in this great building save the passing to and fro of the gentle sisters to the sick beds of the patients, to the altar in the little chapel, or to the comfort of the dying. The bell has rung and the evening prayer is over. The last notes of the music have died away, the children's voices are hushed, the harmonium has been closed, and in the darkened chapel the sound of prayer and praise for the blessings of such a home, its founders and its friends are heard no more. There is still light left in the great ing much of the little one; and a lightheaded cripple child is allowed to learn the discipline of kindly restraint learn the discipline of kindly restraint the avenue, attracted somehow by the stillness and the calm. I have seen all stillness and the calm. I have seen all pretty cemetery "we rockwork, and has a pretty effect from the end of the long corridors. Here, then, is a picture for an artist. The door opens, and I am introduced to

THE NURSERY OF THE CONVENT.

A gentle-faced nun, with an infant in work."—London Universe. hope, "We will help you are work!"-London Universe.

... CARDINAL MANNING AT WOLVER-HAMPTON.

At the church of SS. Mary and John Snow Hill, Wolverhampton, on Monday evening, Cardinal Manning delivered a ecture on the unity and continuity Church, in the course of which he said : England was once a province of the great empire of Jesus Christ, In every church of the land was once to be nd the altar where the word was made dwelling in the mystery of the most Holy Sacrament. In the palace of the prince and in the cottage of the peasant there was the crucifix in the hands itule children there was the beads of one Blessed Mother, the festivals of the Church were observed throughout the land, and they were all of one faith. The unity of Church then pervaded England, and England was contented then as a province of the sovereignty of Jesus Christ. was it now remnant of that great, world-wide empire Yes, there was; a small remnant indeed cut down by three centuries of what he might call persecution. But it was alive still. He directed attention to the history of the English nation, written by the venerable Bede, for the purpose of showing that, when St. Augustine, sent b St. Gregory, come to this country, he brought with him the Catholic faith, which was believed by our forefathers 300 years ago, and which was being preached to them that night. There refathers, in the time of desolation in England, who lifted up his nearly solitary voice, whose body lay in the Church of SS. Peter and Paul in that towr, an whom they had honoured and would bonour again by raising an altar to him

Bishop Milner. He taught the same doctrines that were now taught by the Catholic Church. THOUGH THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND WAS SO

SCATTERED 300 years ago, yet much of Christian faith God in His infinite mercy had survived. had preserved, during the time of the pro-bation of the Church in this country, a great multitude of Christian truths, y had given light to millions who had lived and died, knowing no more, through no fault of their own. How was it now Doubt was abroad on every side, and Rationalism was beginning to avenge the faith. human intellect rose against the faith and Rationalism was rising against hu The assertion of the claim of private judgment wrecked the fait) now Rationalism was wrecking private judgment. But Rationalism was the disease of adults, of grown men, able to take care of themselves, and responsible

charitable—a necessity that, if persisted in, must eventually end in ruin. When broken meat and scraps fail, then Nazar-broken meat and scraps fail the scraps fail th broken meat and scraps fail, then Nazareth House must cease to exist, and the family of 400 must go upon the parish rates. One word, then, about these rates, for on this subject I heard the only complaint uttered in Nazareth House. gone through, and when the minds of the little ones were weary. He earnestly ex-horted mothers and fathers—whether they believed in the unity of the Catholic Church or not-to stand firm, and not permit their children to be instructed in schools where they could not be taught the Christian faith. He had great hopes of ENGLAND HAD NEVER REJECTED THE FAITH.

In England, which was called the great Protestant country of the world, if the people could speak themselves, what answer would they give? Did they reject the faith? No; for they were not in existence when the faith was rejected. Was it rejected by their forefathers? No; that

THE SISTERS DO NOT OBJECT TO TOBACCO where the old fellow are the old fellow are the old fellow.

But a wicked king, corrupt courtiers, base men, faithless bishops, and unworthy priests—they robbed the people of England of that which was their most precious inheritance. Yet the people of England of to-day loved the Word of God, shrank from empty ceremonies and unmeaning ritual, were weary of religious division and were seeking for unity of faith, and he doubted if there was one who, if he woke up the next morning and found such unity, would not rejoice in his heart. Earnestly, in conclusion, the preacher put it to his hearers, could they conceive that God would not in His own good time bring about the accomplishment of this wish in England?—London Universe

Its Nature and Effects-Sermon by Fr. Poland, S. J.

On Sunday evening, 25th ult., the first of Fr. Poland's lectures, as announced in The Home Journal of last week, was delivered in the church of SS. Peter and Paul, Detroit, to a large and very attentive congregation. The Rev. gentleman

ommenced by saying:
Last Sunday evening we made a few effections upon the necessity of worship that is, on the necessity of rendering to God the homage which, as reasonable creatures, we owe to our Creator. In what his worship consists and in what special manner it is to be performed, God himself teaches us, speaking to us either through the dictates of natural law or through the voice of his representative on earth It is not necessary for us, therefore, to dwell upon this point any longer. There is, however, one thing in regard to which reason, revelation and the common consent of mankind from the remotest ages are agreed, and that is that this worsh should not be a mere unspoken sentiment, but must be manifested by external signs and ceremonies. Now, to practice such homage requires on the part of him who performs it, the possession of certain vir-tues—such, for instance, as the virtue of humility, the virtue of obedience, the vir

tue of self-restraint.
It is not sufficient, then, that those men in whom these virtues have been deadened by the violence of passion, say to themigns of religious life. An with flowers and candles, and of every dormitory, of the staircase a Calvary sen built up with ferns and pretty cemetery. "we sleep when all is and at the same time to quiet the plead. ings of their own nature, that nature which craves to express in some manner or other the relation it bears to God, deny utright the existence of a Supreme Being. They say that there is nothing spiritual, nothing higher than brute matter. there are who, while acknowledging that there is a God, say that God is nature, or if there is a personal God He is unknown; and others again say that he demands no other worship from his creatures than the mere outward observance of the natural law. Of all the errors which have cast gloomy shadows over the human mind since the beginning of time, there is none so sad, so utterly hopeless in itself none so sad, so utterly hopeless in itself and in its effects as materialism. It degrades men to the level of the lowest brute—aye, lower still—for man is then no better than the filth of the street

But do I not think and do I not feel And whence comes that thought and feeling? From psychic force, they tell us that is the source of it all. P'svehie fore is according to some, electricity, according to others it is heat. Heat, they say causes motion, and motion causes the I am no better than the open book lying before me on the pulpit, except that I am a being composed of a body and that it sesses certain motions which that does not, and which, they tell me, are nothing. I have no soul—this body is all, and after a while it ceases or it produces different effects, and in vulgar phrase I die, I rot, I turn into filth; that is the end; or else perhaps the ploughshare and the heat which theologians call my soul made the soil better and richer for yege tables or that which grows upon it, some one cats the vegetables and he an extra share of stored up heat and made livelier than others.

Shall we argue with such men, my friends? They are not open to con-viction. They have closed their eyes to the light of truth, and they will, sure, stop their ears and they will not listen. There are some who treat them who turn them into ridicule. Others again grow angry, are disgusted, their pride is wounded and they pour on them vials full of the waters of their wrath. Shall we deal with them like these men? No. Let us rather pray for them and pity them. They were born for public and best printed by the problem. nobler andbetter things, and they have wan dered away from the right path, and out of good came only vice. Perhaps it was through severity on the part of their religious teachers, for we knew well how gious teachers, for we knew well how many men Calvinism or Jansenism drove nany men cavalism to the became infidels sooner or later. Certainly it is pitiful to see men like these boasting that the sions which fill their brain, that all their wonderful discoveries, that the charity and kindness that they show in the posom of their families, are all the effects of physical force which exists in the slabs

of granite they walk on.

There is one class which might excite our indignation and disgust were not their antics so ridiculous that they provoke us, and still they are the least educated; self-

prate and prattle of infidelity because they imagine people will look up to them with respect, will admire the gra-p of their intellect, when they talk about evol ution and correlation of forces, and a hundred other things the meaning of which they do not understand. Go the library on Saturday or Monday after-noons; stand there and notice those who come in-boys, or more frequently young girls-and hear the books for which they ask, and hear them speak of the works of Spinoza, of White, of Spencer, and other books, too, the names of which ought to bring a blush to any decent woman's cheek. They talk of Hegel and ichte, and pretend to understand them when these professors were not always sure of understanding their own doctrines and one of them said, after teaching his doctrines for 30 years to full-grown men, that he did not find a single one that thoroughly understood him, and only one that came near understanding him. And these chits of girls prate of their knowledge of these subjects and pretend to understand them.

The rev. gentleman then dwelt on materialism as being one of the greatest curses of our day, and that the absence of religious teaching was sending out every year from colleges, academies and schools troops of young infidels, who in their turn were spreading infidelity broad-cast through the land. But in this age of ours—a mysterious power had arisen—a for overthrowing materialism—and this power was none other than the Prince of ouls and fallen angels; and this power was named mesmerism or spiritism; that it gave a contradiction to the very first principles of materialism, and in it we had one of the first instances in which the Evil Spirit had over-reached himself in the war he waged against his Creator. Fr. Poland here said he had no desire to enter into controversy; if he took up the subject at all it was presented as a subject for true worship; and, secondly, because it gives a direct contradiction to materialism. He dwelt at some length on the agency of the Evil Spirit in all its doing and the assistance rendered by evil spirits to those who communicate with them and ask their help.

These things were not new; they had existed from the beginning; before the Mosaic dispensation it was common among pagans and afterwards existed among Christian nations; but we, however, were accustomed to look on it as something dead and gone, if it ever existed. And in this age of infidelity something had come to take the place of materialism. It did not hide itself; it did not go as of old under the name of necromancy or witchcraft; but it came out boldly in the light of day, moved around amongst us and went under the name of mesmerism or spiritism. Its disciples were numerous, our own country over 2,000,000 were enlisted under its banner. When it first appeared it was common to laugh at it, to attribute it to legerdemain or juggling. But all this was now changed, and men of ability, lawyers, scientists, physicians and theologians, who had no i terest in admit-ting the facts, but on the contrary had an interest in denying them, bore testimony to its reality, and some years after the excitement began to grow when Home and oated through the air, in and out of windows, and up and down stairs. Prof. Howe of the Smithsonian Institute, a man of scientific ability and decision undertook o sift the matter to sift the matter to the bottom and expose, as he said, the juggling of mesmerism. He brought science to his aid, employed able minds to assist him in discovering its meaning, and the result was, after he had devoted a whole year to solve the mystery, he acknowledged he had been witness of many things which could not be explained by science, but supposed the direct intervertion of spirits, whether good or bad. I dealing with mesmerism or spiritism men went to the extreme of either accepting everything or rejecting everything. There was much we could not reject, and it would not do to laugh at it; it was too terrible a reality. Like the apple offered o Eve in the garden of Eden, the Evil Spirit promises a reward to his dupe, and now as then promises a knowledge of good and evil, and now as then he would make his hero a god, and as then, also, it was a work of curiosity and pride. In this sense it was all humbug and nonsense; but it as dangerous to trifle with it, dangerous laugh at, or to experiment with it.

About 30 years ago Dr. Brownson rote a book on spirit-rapping, a book which the speaker would recommend to all who wished to get clear notions on that ubject. In it he pointed out the hold that spiritism would gain on the minds of men, and warned them that by ridiculing t they were doing a dangerous thing. predicted also that it would bring its disiples from every denomination and sect This saying it was humbug had th effect of driving men into it by exciting their curiosity to examine it. We must acknowledge what is true of it and what is We must deal with things as they whether they be pagan idolatry modern heresy, if we would understand the real issue.—Detroit Home Journal.

CARE OF THE HOUSE.

A friend who has several small and careless children, who continually scatter articles about her sitting-room, keeps her house in order by "picking up all the me." After several days spent in her ome I saw that she really did this, but so deftly and easily that I did not at first The table-cover was straightened as she passed it for her thimble, and baby's toys were put in order as she stooped to pat him, and the disarranged ornaments of the mantel found their proper place by a move or two of her hand. I find that this constant care is the foundation of good house-keeping. George Eliot, whose views on some points were a good deal unsettled, yet struck a vein of good sense when she said, "It is better to know how to make home happy your husland than to read Greek to him; and even music and singing, though very attractive to family visitors, cease to be a substitute for the commoner virtues after a time. Good cookery is a most valuable accomplishment in a wife's education after the first illusion of the

ANOTHER IRISH; CONVERT.

"Petroleum", V. Nasby" to Work for Ireland.

The weekly meeting of the Cork Land League was held on September 24th. James Redpath occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance, including Mr. David R. Locke, of the Toledo Blade, and his son who accompanied Mr. Red-Mr. Locke, who was loudly cheered,

said he came to Ireland to see the scenery, and to begin with, he did not know what thankful about. He was a citizen of the Republic of America, where a man gets a fair day's wages for a fair day's work (hear hear.) In Dublin he met his old friend, Redpath, with whom he fought many a hard battle for the rights of man. He knew nothing about the country, but he would say to them that he came to Irend the worst prejudiced man against the land the worst prejudiced man against the Irish cause that there was between the bright sun above and the depths of hell below. He came to this country merely to see it, as any tourist might; and he to see it, as any tourist might; and he accidentally met Mr. Redpath in Dublin, accidentally met Mr. Redpath in Dublin, and he said, it was no flattery of his, for he (Mr. Locke) had some power in his own country (hear hear), the asked Mr. Redpath, as he knew something of the country, to show him its scenery and not its people. In the Imperial Hotel in Dublin Mr. Redpath said he would convince him of the troubles of the people. He asked him to take the train to Cork, and he would get a jaunting car and show him would get a jaunting car and show him how the people of Ireland live, what they did, and the treatment they received, and he could form his own opinions. They came down to Cork and took the train to Fermoy, and went on to the town of Michaelstown. He walked in the rain six hours and a half, and he saw women—he could hardly talk about it—he saw women and children, and they hadn't clothes to cover them decently. He saw women in hovels that in America they would not use to stable a Berkshire pig in (oh, oh!). He saw a farm, and the family which had lived upon that land for four generations. They had taken the stones out of it. He saw these people, and they hadn't clothes to decently cover their bodies. As an American citizen, he should say that he did not know their troubles, nor their laws, or the remedy for their troubles; but he should say that no American would allow his wife or daughter to go without decent clothes to cover women, and it was an infernal infamy that no man should put up with (cheers).

"CLERICAL MINISTRATIONS" TO THE DYING.

The difference between the faith of Catholics in the divine character and power of the Christian religion and the absence of that faith in non-Catholics, shows itself in many ways, but in none more plainly than in the opposite manner in which, when in danger of death, they respectively think and feel about the presence of clergymen. The popular non-Catholic sentiment has been clearly brought to view in remarks made by sentiment has cular and Protestant newspapers on the exclusion of clergymen from the late President Garfield's chamber. Their statements explaining the reasons may be curtly stated thus:

Their presence would excite and

They could render him no assistance Nothing could more plainly show the difference between the Catholic religion and Protestantism. The first thing Catho lies desire, above all things else, when dangerously ill or wounded, is the pres-ence of a priest. Instead of his visitations alarming or exciting them, they calm and soothe and strengthen them. that he is invested by divine appointment with spiritual powers, through which they may be absolved from sin, strengthened in devout and holy thoughts and purpose and fortified against the assaults They are no more agitate 1 by the visits of a priest than they are by those of a physician. The latter ministers to the ailments of the body, the former to those

That Protestants, when in danger of death, do not desire the visits of Protest-ant ministers, proves that they have no faith in their ministers' ability to do them Those ministers may any real service. talk to them about religious subjects, but it will only be to repeat what they have often heard before, and know, perfectly well, leaving them after all to their own judgment and reflections, and to their own unaided preparation for death. Those ministers may pray for them or with them, but their prayers would be just as effectual as if offered up a thousand

miles away.

At no time is the utter spiritual help-lessness of the Protestant religion, its utter spiritual powerlessness, so clearly brought to view, as when death approaches. In the words of Melancthon to his mother, "the new religion is convenient to live in, but the old religion is the one to die in."

THE BISHOP OF ROSS AND MICHAEL DAVITT.

Philadelphia Standard.

Mr. Peter O'Leary has had an interview at Clonakilty with Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Ross, on his return to his diocese, after —in company with Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel—visiting Michael Davitt, in Portland Prison. The Bishop states that they found Davitt in excellent health and spirits, although they were taken aback to find such a man in convict dress. Their Lordships were permitted to see him in the room of the governor, who was present, and whose courtesy throughout they gladly acknowledged. The interview gladly acknowledged. The interview lasted nearly an hour, and embraced several subjects connected with the present and future of Ireland. The Bishop ent and future of freather.
then accompanied the governor and
Davitt into the garden, where he spends
and from which he had so much time, and from which he had just prepared a bouquet for the altar of the prison chapel. The Bishop says that, whilst the prisoner is forbidden news-papers, he is supplied with books, and is deeply engaged in mastering four or five European languages, especially Irish, with which he was not well acquainted, but smilingly stated that his mother spoke it fluently. Their Lordships took leave of it fluently. Davitt in the garden, having expressed their ardent desire that his term in Port-