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Telling the Beads.

BY MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Over the hands that are shining  
With the brightest of jewels aglow—  
Hands whereof the status never faded,  
To tell their tale of glory—  
Dear pearls for the casket of Heaven;  
Prayers breathed for joys in the future,  
Thanks breathed for favors not even  
"Ave Maria."

Over the hands that are hardened  
And rough with the tolling of years—  
Hands that have done a stout battle  
With hunger and heart-sickness and fears—  
Dear pearls for the casket of Heaven;  
Prayers breathed for joys in the future,  
Thanks breathed for favors not even  
"Ave Maria."

Over the hands of the statesman  
Grown weary with guiding pen—  
To the framing of laws and commandments  
For the guidance and bettering of men—  
Dear pearls for the casket of Heaven;  
Prayers breathed for joys in the future,  
Thanks breathed for favors not even  
"Ave Maria."

Over the hands of the beggar  
As he crouches alone by the way—  
Drawing his ragged and weary face  
Teaching his soul to pray—  
Dear pearls for the casket of Heaven;  
Prayers breathed for joys in the future,  
Thanks breathed for favors not even  
"Ave Maria."

Over the hands of the hermit  
Shut away from earth's turmoil and jar—  
When the light of the day has departed,  
And brightly shines the silver star—  
Dear pearls for the casket of Heaven;  
Prayers breathed for joys in the future,  
Thanks breathed for favors not even  
"Ave Maria."

With love in her heart for the Saviour,  
With peace and faith on her face,  
The nun, in her humble attire,  
Bends low to "Our Lady of Grace."  
And the beads of her white fingers drop  
Seen to me bright jewels of worth,  
As the pure bride of Heaven kneels pleading  
For the fallen and outcasts of earth.  
"Ave Maria."

O Mother of God, who has given  
Thy children this chapel so fair,  
Take thou each and all of our prayers,  
Close under thy sheltering care.  
May each tread the path of thy honor  
Shine fair in the records of glory,  
And win for thy servants sweet garden,  
A home in the mansions above.  
"Ave Maria."

RUSKIN ON ST. BENEDICT.

The Protestant Prose Poet and the Catholic Saint.

Mr. Ruskin's lecture, as given in the London Art Journal, began with a reference to the early life of the lecturer, and a statement of the main influences under which he made acquaintance with the abbots of England. These two influences were, first, that of his parents' teaching; and, secondly, that of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Both of these were of great value, but both in some degree mistaken. His parents were too well informed, indeed, to look without reverence on other forms of faith, but they were imbued with "the strictest principles of Calvinism," and "in common with most English people of their day, were suspicious of the monastic as distinguished from the clerical power." The novels of Scott, too, containing "a series of idealizations which are the best historical painting yet done in Europe," were over Protestant in their real tendency.

However much "the more zealous members of the Scottish Church" may have imagined him partial to Catholicism, the truth is that Scott always attributes the highest qualities to the sincere disciples of Presbyterian doctrine, while the crozier and the cowl become with him little more than the paraphernalia of the theatre; and the final outcome and effective conclusion of all his moonlight reveries in St. Mary's aisle was but, for himself and his readers, that "the monks of Melrose made good keil." On Friday evening the first question of the lecture, put by its author with a characteristic appearance of lightness: "Is not the making of good broth one of the special functions of a good monk?" What was the sentiment of the old monks of the valley, who built our now ruined abbeys? Was it entirely dishonest, or their venture entirely selfish? Let us see. We now look on the daisy-spinkled and deep-furrowed fields of our country spread in fair order before us. Were they "laid in their sweet levels by the mountain stream?" No. Where many of them now lie, the ground was once covered with shingle or wet with marsh, and, recognizing this, it is well that we should remember how "the sagacity which discerned the land and the industry which reclaimed the land" were found among the valley monks.

And so it was throughout Europe. These monks are distinct from the mountain hermits and other meditative brethren. They were, as the world will one day admit, "THE PUREST AND PROBABLY THE MOST VITAL ELEMENTS" of the Christian civilization of their time. The history of the Church shows this to be a fact. This history, now nearing the close of its twentieth century, falls broadly into great periods of five hundred years each. First, there are the fall of the Roman Empire and the establishments of the mystic saints, together with the theories and practices of ascetic monasticism. Rome dies in luxury; the Church grows up in self-enforced hardship. In these years the Vulgate translation of the Bible is finished, and the doctrinal machinery of the Catholic Church is complete. Then comes the second period. The work of the Church begins. Her saints are no longer martyrs only, but workers; "people who by no means appear only to expire and to exist thereafter only as pictures stuck full of hearts and arrows, but persons as busy as obstinate, and as inevitable as modern engineers and railway contractors." Mysticism passes to real action; fancy to fact; belief changes to law.

In the third five hundred years the energy of the Church is developed and its laws perfected; Gothic architecture is created and the lost art of Apelles revived. "Perfect laws of honest commerce," "a perfect scheme of Christian education, and the perfect victory of civil justice in Christian knight-hood" are centralized on the Rialto, written on the walls of Florence, and exemplified in the submission of their quarrel by the barons of England to

THE ARBITRAMENT OF ST. LOUIS.

Then, fourth and lastly, in these present preceding and fast concluding five

hundred years, you have printing, gunpowder, and steam; Liberty, Reason, and Science; your parliamentary "obsequence" and your parliamentary closure—signing for you it yet remains to be seen, exactly what."

Returning, then, to towards the end of the first five hundred years of the history of the Church, and beginning with the year 480, the opening year of the reign of Theodosius, Mr. Ruskin put before his audience a picture of Rome, "then fallen forever from her war throne," "more luxurious and wanton in her disgrace than in her majesty."  
"THE MOST GODLESS CITY OF THE EARTH," justifying in her pleasures and in her shame the emphatic utterances of Mr. Frothingham, delivered before the University of St. Andrew's, that there was no atheism like the atheism of Rome—a state of mind illustrated just now by the pictures of Mr. Alma-Tadema, which are fast becoming very admirable and wonderful pictures of very detestable things."

At this period there was born of a senatorial house a child who ran away from his home to the hills, and there found a hermit to teach him "the hope of a better life than that of Rome," a child whom ever since all generations have called blessed—St. Benedict.

HE IS THE FIRST AND CHIEF OF THE WORKING SAINTS; he begins his life by mending things; the repair of his nurse's comb-sieve, "only because she was so vexed about it," being the first and most famous miracle. And this story of him, explained away as may be by "the vulgar Gibbonian theory of pious impostures," or by supposing the young Benedict "to have been neat with his fingers as some of our own boys are, though their virtue does not always show itself in the mending of things,"—this is still to be noted as a fact in the minds and an influence on the lives of all subsequent Benedictines.

Before his time the Christians had talked and quarrelled and suffered, but they had, so far, neither mended, nor produced, nor shown the way to anything. "They had gone mad in great numbers; had lived on blackberries and scratched themselves violently with the thorns of them; had let their hair and nails grow long; had worn unbecomingly old rags and mags; had been often very dirty, and almost always, as far as the people could judge, St. Benedict examines into all that, tries what advantage there may really be in it, . . . and finally determines that

ought not only to be hermits, but also helpful members of society." And thus, in the words of Mr. Viollet le Duc, to whom Mr. Ruskin paid a splendid tribute of praise, "La règle de Saint Benoît est peut-être le plus grand fait historique du moyen-âge." "The rule of St. Benedict is, perhaps, the greatest historic fact of the middle ages."

Of the results of that rule there soon were given visible and tangible signs. Before the opening of the eleventh century the order of St. Benedict had founded over fifteen thousand abbeys, and "up to the time of its division into two branches of

CLUNY AND CITEAUX,"

had provided the Church with seven thousand Bishops and four-and-twenty Popes. But this worker-saint had also a spiritual message. The extinction of paganism had, in one sense, preceded him, but "in the deeper sense nothing that ever entered the human soul is afterwards extinct in it."

St. Benedict and his disciples constructed, but they also destroyed. The temple of Apollo, on Monte Cassino, was laid low by their hands. They declared by their message the lordship of another sun, proclaiming, in a word, "useful labor as a man's duty upon earth and the Son of Righteousness as his Lord in Heaven."

The pomp of Cluny, said the Professor, in conclusion, went too far in luxury, and so St. Bernard checked it, and worked and watched, and prayed. What are we doing? We have no St. Bernards or St. Benedicts, but we have the over-seer's factory, the quire's threshing-machine, and the board's school. For all these we have one watchword, "Eat, drink, and for to-morrow we die!"

THE EXACT CONTRADICTION OF ST. BERNARD'S

"Let us watch and pray, for to-morrow we live." "It is not mine to tell you," added Mr. Ruskin, "which of these is true—I feel far too like wanting to be preached to myself than to preach to others; but there is one word that is the best of all, and for all it should be enough: 'Let us labor joyfully while we have the light. The night cometh, but thou knowest not what shall be on the morrow.'"

AGNES DEIS.

The Ceremony of Blessing and Origin and History of the Custom.

On Wednesday, August 8th, in the Monastery of Sta. Croce in Gerusalemme, Bishop Marinelli, Pontifical Sacristan, by order of His Holiness, blessed and privately consecrated the wax cakes, known as *Agnes Deis*, which, by antique usage, are given to the faithful and to devout pilgrims who come to Rome to venerate the tomb of the Apostles; the manufacture of these cakes of wax belongs, by a very ancient privilege, to the Cistercian monks, serving that Cistercian Basilica. Mr. Segrista was assisted in the function by the Prefect of Pontifical Ceremonies, and the other Masters of Ceremonies, and by Mr. Pallami, vice-keeper of the Papal wardrobe, who is specially charged with the custody and distribution of the *Agnes Deis* which he does every Saturday at midday, at his apartment, No. 18, Piazza Rusticucci. The above sacred function, according to the ancient custom of the Roman Church, was performed by the Sovereign Pontiffs in person in the first of their Pontificate, and repeated usually at each septennary of the same Pontificate. Yesterday afternoon the above-mentioned Palatine Prelates repaired again to the Monastery Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, and, in company with the Abbot-General and members of the community, proceeded to the grand hall, to terminate the ceremony of the *Agnes Deis*, which since the birth of Christ, had lain to dry upon long tables covered with fair linen cloths. They were then packed in proper cases, and conveyed

to the Apostolic Palace, under guardianship of their official custodian, Mr. Pellami, for gratuitous distribution to all who seek that favor. Some suppose this rite to have originated in the ancient custom of distributing to the faithful, on Holy Saturday, the remains of the Paschal candle blessed on Holy Saturday, which they used to burn in their houses, fields, and vineyards, as preservatives against storms, tempests, and the wiles of the devil; the blessing of the *Agnes Deis* dates from the seventh century—the first Roman Order known—penned of it as taking place on Holy Saturday. Atquin and Amalarius, deacons of Metz, writers of the ninth century, mention it. According to Baronius and others, the use of the *Agnes Deis* was originally intended to replace the golden bullae, worn on the neck by the children of Roman patricians (those of simple citizens, or freedmen, using those of a less precious metal), for they were given to the new Christians on the octave of Easter to remind them of the rights and duties of their dignity. As is expressed in the beautiful and impressive prayers of the ceremonial of blessing, the *Agnes Deis* had the power to protect those who devoutly wear them against the malice of the demon, against tempests, pestilence, sickness, fire, and enemies. It is related in the life of Pius V. that the city of Rome was saved from destruction, threatened by the overflow of the river Tiber, by an *Agnes Dei*, which, when thrown into the river, caused the waters to subside. The miracle was witnessed by thousands of people, and is mentioned in the process of the Holy Pope's beatification. Sixtus V. ordered several *Agnes Deis* to be placed on the pin-nacle of the Vatican obelisk as a protection against lightning and thunderbolts, which have ever respected this monolith, now boasting an existence of over twenty centuries. We are told that Innocent III, for precisely the like intent, placed with his own hand an *Agnes Dei* in the massive brick mediæval square tower enclosed within the precincts of the Convent of Sta. Caterina di Siena, sometimes styled "Xenia's Tower," but generally known as the "Torre delle Milizie." Paul II., in the Bull *Immoderate*, March 21, 1470, and Gregory XIII., Bull *Omni*, of May 25, 1572, confirmed by Clement XI., 1716, and by his successors, prohibit, under pain of excommunication, to sell, put, or cover with gold or silver the sacred wax cake. The silk covering of the sacred wax cake, however, bearing impressed thereon holy words or pious emblems. Those who presume to distribute sacrilegious imitations, either of *Agnes Dei* or of the relic dust of the martyrs, incur the like penalty. The "relic dust of the holy martyrs" are cakes of similar form to the *Agnes Dei*, made of wax mixed with the dust gathered in the tombs of the martyrs, in the catacombs; they have not the purely white color of the *Agnes Dei*, and have no special form of blessing. They are also distributed by Mr. Pellami.—Cor. London Tablet.

CARDINAL MANNING AND HIS CLERGY

(From the London Tablet.)

At the present day, when the masses have their formed judgments on the character and influence of every one exercising authority or standing out in the world's eye, the compliment of an address is not so uncommon as ordinarily to need more than a bare record of the fact. There are, however, occasions when a spontaneous outburst of admiration and human sympathy deserves more than a passing mention, as, for instance, when it sums up a period of years and registers the estimate that has been formed by those best entitled to speak of a time of trial and suffering.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER received on Monday last a number of addresses from the clergy, secular and regular, and from the theological seminary and the two principal colleges of the diocese. They were signed by all the priests, and they are remarkable for their simplicity and for the hearty emphasis with which they touch on those characteristics of the Cardinal's life which circumstances seemed to bring into special prominence before the mind of the clergy. The Church in England has been singularly blessed in having received from God as her chief pastor two men who have stood out before the world so exceptionally in their different works as the present Cardinal Archbishop and his predecessor. This is not the time to form an estimate of the work of either, still less to draw contrasts between two so highly gifted, who have rendered services so signal and important to the Catholic Church. But this much may be noted, Cardinal Wiseman died comparatively young, at the age of sixty-three, having been Archbishop for fifteen years, whereas Cardinal Manning is now, as he reminded his clergy, nearer to eighty than seventy, and he has already been Archbishop eighteen years. Cardinal Wiseman spent the last years of his life on a cross of pain, which was not merely physical.

MR. HEALY, M. P., CASTIGATES MR. ERRINGTON.

At the Great Longford demonstration on Sunday, October 1st, Mr. Healy, M. P., gave a severe punishment to Mr. Errington, who was elected M. P. for Longford on the Home Rule platform, which he soon deserted. Mr. Healy said that they enjoyed the distinction of being represented in Parliament by one of the best and one of the worst members from Ireland. One represented them faithfully at Westminster, the other shamefully misrepresented them at Rome. On the one hand they had the able, distinguished, faithful Justin McCarthy, on the other hand, they had the pledge-breaker, Errington—(groans)—who, behind the scenes at the Vatican, represents the Irish as a people covered with blood and stained with crime, and who was himself the embodiment of all that was loathsome to the bodiment of the Convent of Kough and Sadler to the days of William Shaw and George Errington—the direct and indirect responsibility for the outrages that had unfortunately stained this land, for if the people could have obtained redress in constitutional ways by their grievances being represented to Parliament, their rights could have been obtained and their wrongs remedied. He trusted there were a good many laborers listening to him (cheers), and a good many farmers also (cheers). He appealed to the farmers of Longford to give every assistance in their power to the working out of the Laborer's Act for the benefit of the tillers of the soil. Mr. Healy proceeded to show the cruelties practised daily on farmers under the Land Act. He enumerated several shocking cases. When he heard of the oppressions that were being practised upon them his heart warmed; but he lived under a constitution where they dare not say the thing they thought. He put it to Mr. Trevelyan and Lord Spencer, the head-jailer and chief turnkey of Ireland, and that it was he who stood in the Castle with a Crimes Act and cat-o'-nine-tails, while it was Mr. Trevelyan who represented the Irish people, and that his heart was swollen with sacred anger against the oppressors of the people, would Mr. Trevelyan think it his duty to remain silent and watch the miseries of the people, or would he venture, in a sacred cause of truth and justice, to brave the man with the Crimes Act and the cat-o'-nine-tails. He, therefore, said that not only would there be no peace and security in this country while these outrages upon the people continued, but there ought to be no peace and no security (cheers). What right had a landlord to throw the people out on the roadside? What right had he to cut off their fuel, leave them to perish of cold in the winter? Were they not flesh and blood, with wives and children who required shelter from the winds of heaven, as well as the landlord's wife and children. For what reason, then, did

the law give to a man of this description the power to turn a whole country-side into confusion, and to put a whole population into agony? He had no more right to rob them of what was justly theirs than the brigand or the burglar had to steal, and he denounced him (cheers) as the worst enemy of that system of landlordism which he desired not to maintain by committing cruelties and acts which excited in the breast of every man who heard of them a horror of the idea that laws could exist which condemned thousands of people to endure the despotism of a single individual. If they wanted matters improved, let them sustain Mr. Parnell, and reinforce with an honest colleague their brilliant and patriotic senior member. Every man who had opposed the Irish party had been driven from office. First, Forster, then Dr. Lyon Playfair; and lastly came the news this week that the great Mr. Speaker himself would never air his wig in the House any more (cheers). And the Irish party had gone through four sessions, and he might say they had never moulted a feather (cheers and laughter). They would go on as they had begun—suffering, hoping, enduring, until before long they should emerge from the struggle triumphant and conquerors (great cheering).

CARDINAL MANNING HAS NOT BEEN FREE FROM TRIALS

which have touched him to the quick, and in addition to these he has been visited by the physical pain of illness. The illness has passed, but not its effects, so that he was led to say to his clergy that "for what remains hope at last to sit by and to look on at your unceasing work and many enterprises and fervent zeal for souls and for the Church."

The immediate occasion of these addresses was the Cardinal's departure from Westminster to pay his canonical visit *ad limina*. The bishops of these parts are bound by law to report themselves in Rome every four years; and a Cardinal Archbishop, from the nature of his two-fold office, may have to be like St. Benedict, continually on the way. The addresses before us are interesting on account of the selection of the topics on which they dwell.

NO MAN'S LIFE HAS BEEN MORE PUBLIC than that of the Cardinal Archbishop during the last eighteen years. By force of character, by mainly straightforwardness, by knowledge of his fellow countrymen, by the gift of speech, and above all by his wide and tender sympathy with suffering and with the people, and by his labors in the public service, the Cardinal has fairly lifted the Catholic Church in the estimation of the English nation. His work has not been confined to what was directly religious and ecclesiastical; he has launched out into the sea of national life, and has been found foremost in activity and intelligence in all those social, philanthropic, and moral questions which seemed to challenge his attention, or which attracted him through his sympathy for the people. His work in philosophical and literary societies, HIS ADVOCACY OF IRELAND'S CLAIMS TO JUSTICE, his exertions for the maintenance of the oath, for the sanctities of marriage, for temperance, for bettering the dwellings of the poor, for a cheap water supply for the people, down even to the detail of cabmen's shelters, with a number of other public questions too many to mention, have made every class of the population familiar with the Catholic religion, through the presence, intelligence, and charity of its chief representative in this country. We do not speak of

WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR EDUCATION

in general. A single detail may be given. In 1868 there were 400 Catholic children in industrial and reformatory schools in the Diocese of Westminster; in 1883 the number has risen to 2,700. Over 9,000 have been provided for, according to the recently published report, during the last eighteen years, while the number of children in the parochial schools has risen from 11,342 in 1866, to 24,423 at the present time. We do not speak of his speeches, his sermons, three or four a week, and his published articles, pamphlets and books. These have been eighteen full years, with the engine always at work. It might be thought that one engrossed by so ceaseless an activity, and engaged in a multiplicity of works which do not fall

strictly within the domain of ecclesiastical duty, might grow hard, unsympathetic, and almost mechanical in the discharge of the duties and administrative detail which make up the round of every Bishop's life in his relations to his clergy. Men who are bent on accomplishing certain results often fix their eyes upon the end, and tread down without mercy, or at least without much heeding, whatever stands between them and the object they labor for.

AGAIN, WHEN MEN GROW OLD, their feelings sometimes grow dull, and the sympathetic chords of nature cease to respond as they did in youth and middle age. The answer to such a suspicion in the Cardinal's case is to be found in the addresses read to him by his clergy and signed by them all. Had these addresses recited all the facts we should have chronicled them without comment, for they would have been the commonplace of familiar knowledge. But they have been to him a revelation of the whole world, they dwell just upon that which most strikes and touches the clergy in their own relations to him as their Bishop and Father. We have read from time to time during the last few years in paragraphs and communications to press, that

THE CARDINAL IN CORRECTION WAS HARD AND SEVERE

that a gulf divided him from his clergy; that he lived in another region, and was felt only as a *Deus ex machina*. Such reports cannot have altogether escaped the eyes of his own clergy, and while they have been silent about them, treating them with becoming disregard, they have now taken a fitting opportunity to express a deep sense of their injustice. Their answer now comes in the spontaneous outburst of these addresses. St. Edmund's College says that the occasion allows the expression of a feeling which they had long wished to tell him of. It is our true appreciation of your undoubted sympathy with each and all of us. You have been tender to us in our times of trial, always compassionate, and full of the *Charitas Christi quæ omnia vincit*. You have shown to many in your flock a Christ-like mercy and forbearance—most towards those whose waywardness has caused you keenest pain." From St. Charles' comes the grateful remembrance of twenty years of fatherly affection and watchfulness; from the Seminary come words of admiration and thankfulness, while the Provost, Canons, and clergy of the diocese, secular and regular, without a single exception, say: "We have been especially edified and touched by the knowledge that, whereas you have held up to us the high standard of priestly perfection, by the force of example, as well as by your repeated instructions in publications written with so muchunction and wisdom in the midst of labor and anxieties, and even during sickness, you have been most paternal in your care for your clergy; forward to condone whatever might appear to need indulgence at your hands, slow and unwilling to condemn."

SUCH ADDRESSES AS THESE, signed by the whole clergy, and responded to in the terms which we print elsewhere, are public testimony to the filial and paternal mutual confidence and affection which bind together the chief pastor and priests of the Church of Westminster. They need no further comment, which would be out of place. Suffice it now to state that a journey undertaken to Rome at this period of the year, by one in so precarious a state of health, cannot but be attended by an anxiety evidently felt by the clergy of Westminster. Nor will they stand alone. The Catholics of England will surely unite with them in their prayers which they are offering up for his Eminence's safe journey and speedy return. They will pray that the evening of his life may be passed among them, in the influence on themselves and on the English people as they have been down to the present hour.

CARDINAL MANNING'S REPLY TO THE ADDRESSES

The Cardinal Archbishop replied as follows to the addresses from his clergy: "My Lords, Very Rev. Canons, and Rev. and Dear Fathers—The address which your great charity has made to me is, I will openly say, as grateful as it was unlooked for. I had been looking forward to the day of my setting out on my journey without a thought that I should be consoled and strengthened by an address from you, much more by so spontaneous an expression of your good will. It was only on Tuesday last that I heard of your intention. It came upon me unawares, and I will not conceal from you that I heard of it with joy, though for a while I hesitated to accept the intention, not doubting your affection, but my own duty."

THERE CAN BE NO GREATER SORROW and disaster for any man, bearing the burden which is upon him, than to be in the midst of an abated or a mistrustful clergy. There can be no greater joy than when a Bishop is surrounded and supported by the affection and the confidence of his priests. Such is the gathering I see around me, and such is the sense of the address you have placed in my hands. In this light I can accept it without limitation and with all my heart. The terms of it are so colored with charity, and go so far beyond all I deserve that I can only accept them as the outline of what I desired to be towards you all, and towards the flock committed to my charge. I can say with truth, that, from the day that I was commanded to bear this office among you, I have desired to have no aim nearer to my heart than to serve the Church of England, and thereby the Church of Christ, and therein the Holy See. I have looked upon you, the pastors of my flock, as in the highest and most intimate sense my special charge. For your services all days and all hours have been to me open and alike. I have desired to be, not a chief of the executive, though I could not divest myself of that responsibility, but the centre to which, not only in all works and anxieties, you would turn with full confidence of finding sympathy and affection. I am thankful to know that in these long years this hope and desire has not yet been disappointed. Eighteen years of work and trial have united us. Your act to-day justifies me in saying that our union has grown as time has run, and was never closer or more

true than at this day, when I see the clergy of Westminster united to me. It is good for us who are within to be cheered by this consciousness of mutual trust, as St. Augustine's words say, "*visus est corde de corpore, visus intus corpore et corde foris*," to know what is in your heart to me and in mine to you. I believe no diocese has been more kindly and brotherly in mutual affection.

WHEN THE PASTORS ARE AT PEACE

the flock is united. When the priests are fervent, they and their people are fruitful in good works. So it has been in the last years. You have kindly spoken of the illness which was upon me for many months at the outset of the year. The illness, I believe, is gone, but not its effects. I begin to feel the number of my years more than before. Almost daily I am reminded how short the time is by the thought that I am nearer to eighty than to seventy. For what remains, I hope at least to sit by and look on at your unceasing work, and many enterprises, and I bear witness to the self-denial and success with which you have so provided education for our poor that no Catholic child in London can fail of Catholic teaching and training, except by the fault of its parents or its own. This great work has been done by the clergy charged with cure of souls.

TO SPEAK OF YOUR PASTORAL ZEAL

as I have so often spoken in Synod, is needless, but I once more thank you from my heart. And this reminds me also of the three distinct addresses I have before me from St. Thomas's Seminary, and from St. Edmund's and St. Charles' Colleges. My Lords, Rev. Fathers, Superiors and Students—I desire to thank you with all my heart. I have watched over your spiritual and intellectual growth, and over your steadily increasing welfare, with deep and constant care. St. Edmund's has kept its century, and has borne the fruit of a race of true and devoted priests. It has done in the south, in its proportion, what St. Cuthbert's Ushaw has done in the north. St. Thomas's and St. Charles' have been added to us in the last years; but they already possess a pure foundation, and have shown a noble and growing maturity. They will, I trust, be both MULTIPLY AND SANCTIFY THE PRIESTHOOD.

HOOD

of Westminster. Your affectionate words, added to those of the clergy, fill up for me consolation at parting from you. To-morrow I propose to leave you, in obedience to the law which binds me to visit the shrine of the Apostles. When I am there, you will be before me, others in my prayers. Nothing but a supreme command will hinder my being again with you before Christmas Day. In the meanwhile I commend myself and all my burdens to your prayers.

FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS I HAVE NEVER SAID

without remembering you all. And as years have run on, still more ardently I have desired your sacredness and pastoral perfection. For this, as long as I have life, I will more constantly pray, that the account you and I must give together to our Good Master at last may be with joy."

To the above reply his Eminence added a few affectionate spoken words; and after he had given his blessing and the clergy had affectionately taken leave of him, the assembly separated.

The Legend of the Jasmine.

It is always pleasant to associate a romance with a favorite flower. The story told of the cultivation of the Jasmine, with its delicate yellow flowers and delightful odor, in France, deserves to be remembered. The Duke of Tuscany, it is said, had brought one plant with him from the tropical countries he visited and placed it, with many injunctions for its careful tendance, in the hands of his gardener, intending to present it as an offering to the Princess of France. The gardener had a sweetheart, and wishing to please her, he one day broke off a slip of the cherished plant and offered it to her. She planted it, hoping thus to preserve it for her wedding day, and to her delight it took root, thrived and grew into a stately bush from which she gathered flowers saleable for their rarity, and so accumulated a sum of money which facilitated her marriage. To this day the Jasmine of Tuscany wears a sprig of jasmine at her wedding in token that they bring a lucky dowry to the man of their choice.

Strange Scene in Westminster Abbey.

Saturday being the feast day of St. Edward, King and Confessor, according to the Roman Calendar, a large number of Roman Catholic "pilgrims" from different parts of the country, after hearing mass in the Church of St. Peter and St. Edward, Palace street, Westminster, visited Westminster Abbey in the afternoon and knelt around the tomb of King Edward, where prayers were offered and the "Rosary" recited by each devotee, but these devotional exercises were so conducted as not to call for any interference on the part of the vergers or other authorities of the abbey. In the evening the pilgrims and a large congregation besides attended special pontifical vespers with benediction at the Church of St. Edward, Buckingham Palace road, where the Catholic Gregorian Association, by request of Cardinal Manning, attended and rendered the musical part of the service.

If you are a frequenter or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all new countries—ague, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

See, I have looked upon you, the pastors of my flock, as in the highest and most intimate sense my special charge.

For your services all days and all hours have been to me open and alike. I have desired to be, not a chief of the executive, though I could not divest myself of that responsibility, but the centre to which, not only in all works and anxieties, you would turn with full confidence of finding sympathy and affection. I am thankful to know that in these long years this hope and desire has not yet been disappointed.

Eighteen years of work and trial have united us. Your act to-day justifies me in saying that our union has grown as time has run, and was never closer or more

promptly, to purify and enrich the blood, improve the appetite, strengthen the nerves, and brace up the system. It is in the truest sense an alternative medicine. Every invalid should give it a trial.