

with momentous issues: Norton was still silent with some entered, saying: non am, but I am ready BE CONTINUED.

THE CELTIC TONGUE.

An Address to the Ancient Order of Hibernians by Professor Shanahan, of the Catholic University.

The following address has been sent out to the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians throughout the country:

Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., Oct. 14.

Dear Brother: At the suggestion of some prominent members of our ancient order, I take the liberty of addressing you a few words concerning the resolution, unanimously adopted at Omaha, to establish in the Catholic University at Washington a chair for the perpetual teaching of the language, literature, culture and history of the Gaelic race.

True it is that politically we are the most loyal and affectionate sons of this mighty Commonwealth, and that we cleave forever with the most enlightened devotion to the fundamental compact of the nation and the States and to the common institutions of the land. True, also, that multitudes of us rejoice that this is not only our adopted but our native country, and that we first saw the light on a soil as yet unlighted by religious or social persecution.

Nevertheless, we cannot forget that in God's providence we descend from the most ancient of the Western races, one which has wandered over many seas and in many climes, and which has gathered in the long centuries of its development a common fund of experiences, qualities, traits, feelings, tendencies and ideals, peculiar and distinctive, and which differentiates from other races the men of Gaelic origin.

Now all this is the common property of every one of us in whose veins flows the ardent blood of the Gael, and all this is embedded in the grand old tongue and the admirable literature of our fathers. High sentiments of veneration and gratitude, no less befitting to races than to individuals, ought to move us to save this perishing tongue and literature, through which the greatest of spiritual legacies were handed down to us for nearly fourteen centuries; our nationality, our religion and the splendid unbroken spirit of the Gael.

No doubt such feelings are latent in the blood of all men of Irish descent, but we want them quickened; we want the young generations to be conscious of them: to be proud of their ancestry of scholars, teachers, missionaries, saints and martyrs, and to develop for the good of this great country the noble qualities with which God has endowed the Irish race, and which they have richly cultivated in the historic past—fortitude, endurance, daring, chivalry, manly tenderness, love of science and culture and devotion to Jesus Christ and His Holy Church.

There is an inspiration in great deeds accomplished that works for ages on the communities which have done them. A great cathedral, a splendid parish church, a school or other public monument recall forever the sacrifices of the generation which toiled to uplift them. Nay, in them that generation is immortal, for every stone is eloquent with praise of the generosity and intelligence of the builders. But this chair of the Celtic tongue, literature, civilization and history will be more than any monument of stone or bronze. From it will resound the living voice of a teacher, and as long as our country lasts it will be the solid centre about which may gather all those who love the story, the tongue, the writings, the poetry and the spirit of the Gael. Whatever teaching is established in universities partakes at once of the nature of these universal schools. It shares their dignity and its results are sure to be as widespread as their influence and the fields whence they draw their students.

This chair, when established, will do an ever-increasing honor to the Irish name and cause. It will help to unite us all on the common ground of literature and learning. It will tend to make us follow the highest ideals, intellectual and moral. The great scholars of this land will learn through it what the Gael was and is in the world's history, and what the scholars have once grasped as the truth very quickly makes its way into the books and newspapers of the day. Moreover this chair will furnish a full and accurate knowledge of our literature and history to the Catholic press of this country, a power that is growing in numbers and influence: to Catholic lecturers and special students; to a vast body of readers who eagerly grasp at all that is new and entrancing.

Men are governed by ideas. When a pregnant thought is cast into the public mind it germinates rapidly, especially if the circumstance be suitable. Never was there a better time for this great deed. In France, Germany and Italy the Gaelic tongue is attracting, without any exaggeration, hundreds of scholars. Its professors easily find students and admiring audiences. What a shame for us that races totally foreign should devote so much attention to our ancestral tongue and writings, while we remain utterly ignorant of both!

The Gael is multiplying the world over at an enormous rate; hence it is high time that this good work were undertaken. His is already a powerful influence in English literature, and therefore there was never a better time nor a broader channel for the thought and the ideas which the Gael has so long cherished, and to preserve which he let go everything that other peoples hold dear.

The Catholic Church has a profound

interest in the preservation of this noble tongue. Her bishops, priests and monks nurtured and fashioned it and made it the richest and greatest of the European vernaculars. Millions of our forefathers went to their last rest with its pious accents on their lips. For nearly fourteen hundred years its sweet consoling tones were heard in the confessional, and its grave, sublime poetry was chanted from ten thousand altars. It echoed along the roads of Europe and in her impetuous forests from the mouths of a thousand missionaries, and it mingled its lyric strength with the majestic Latin at the tombs of the apostles long before the modern nations of Europe had emerged from barbarism.

It has been a mighty channel of sacerdotal labors for fourteen centuries. It was the tongue of Patrick, Bridget and Columba and has been sanctified by long use in the mouths of the most eminent saints and the most learned doctors. It is saturated in its structure and in its monuments with the purest and most spiritual Catholicism, and for these reasons alone deserves a place in an institution destined to be the mouthpiece of the Catholic Church in America.

For a little individual sacrifice a great work can now be firmly established and placed under the solemn protection of the entire Catholic Church in this country. Its results will go on, ever multiplying in the future, and the Ancient Order of Hibernians will reap forever the reputation of having performed the highest possible act of enlightened generosity, and done a deed that will greatly help to unite and elevate our race and remove the false stigma of illiteracy. I can assure you that all the great Gaelic scholars of Europe are speaking of this matter and rejoicing over it.

We may believe, therefore, that the teaching of the Celtic chair will be from the beginning a fruitful one, and a benefit at once to the ancient Gaelic race, the Catholic Church and the modern sciences.

Trusting that you will do all in your power to make the endowment a success, I remain fraternally yours in Christ, THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D. D., Professor of Early Church History.

A Poem in Prose.

John James Platt, the well-known Ohio man and former resident of Columbus, who for the past eleven years has been United States consul at Cork, says the Ohio State Journal, has been tendered a farewell dinner by the corporation of that city, during which the mayor said all sorts of pleasant things of the gentleman from Ohio. The council of Cork and her citizens were instrumental in obtaining from successive Presidents a prolongation of Mr. Platt's period of office, and it was with deep regret that he was relinquished last year to Dublin. The address adopted by the city shows high appreciation of the life of Mr. Platt.

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AN IRISHWOMAN'S ROSARY.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

Here is the story of Lady R's conversion, just as Father Conway, a missionary of twenty five years' experience, tells it:

I had just returned to London after ten years' experience of colonial life, and while giving a mission there I met Father H—

He was a convert, young and of noble family, yet he and I became remarkably good friends in a short time. We were walking together one spring morning in the direction of Kensington when Father H— said: "I have to call on Lady R— Will you come with me?"

I shook my head. "I don't know the family; but I will wait here for your return."

"No, no," the young priest said. "Lady R— is a convert, and she is never so delighted as when a missionary calls on her. So come along."

I went with him, and in a few minutes I was introduced to a stately, pleasant-voiced lady, who greeted me very kindly.

"Now," said Father Conway smiling, "I am not in the habit of starting at ladies, but I suppose I did so then, for after a few minutes Lady R— remarked with a smile: "Father, you seem to be admiring some of my jewels."

"No, indeed, your ladyship," I responded, "but I am wondering very much why you wear an Irish bog oak Rosary among your gems."

"Oh!" the lady cried eagerly, "that's the missionary that converted me and many others."

"Yes— may I tell you the story? It is not very long."

"It will give me great pleasure to hear it," I replied, and Lady R— commenced:

"You must know that the R— family were among the most bigoted known, and my ideas concerning Catholics were certainly vague. Ignorance and idolatry were among their failings, I had been taught, and both my husband and myself were careful not to allow a Catholic into our service or about our children. This, I suppose, became known, and many stories false and mischievous found their way to our ears. One day my maid entered in some excitement the room where I was."

"Oh! your ladyship, look what I have found."

"What is it?"

"It is one of those horrible Popish idols," and she held forth these beads you see."

"Really? and where did you find it?"

"At the lodge gate, and Mrs. Parr says it belongs to an old Irishwoman who comes each day to sell water-cresses."

"I carried the Rosary to the drawing room, where Lord R— and his youngest sister were, and while we were laughing over the superstitions and practices of Rome some callers were announced. The Rosary was daily inspected, and at last my young sister-in-law exclaimed:

"Let us have the old woman up tomorrow. Letty; it will be such fun."

"I assented readily to Clara's whim, and after some slight demur my husband gave his consent. The two ladies were invited to witness the scene we expected to enjoy, and one of the servants was instructed to bring the old woman to the house from the lodge in the morning."

"Well, at an usually early hour we were all again assembled. Harry had entered completely into the spirit of the fun, but I was in my heart thinking how easily we might convert the poor, ignorant creature."

"Here she comes," my husband cried, and we crowded to the window to see a small, tidy-looking old woman walking beside our tall footman, and evidently talking and protesting vigorously."

"An' what does the lady want wid me?" we heard her exclaim; and a giggle went round the hall where the servants were collected.

The footman opened the door. He had brought the old woman so far, but further she would not come.

"Go in there to that grand place wid my muddy boots, is it? Bedad! I won't then. Sure the lady can come here, and say whatever she has to say."

"No, no, my good woman: come in," I said, advancing to the door. "We don't wish to harm you."

She made an old-fashioned courtesy. "Harm me! Sure what would any one harm me for?"

"Certainly not; but come in?"

With some persuasion she did so, and then I said: "My good woman, you have lost something."

"Troth, then, an' 'tis little Molly Feenan has to lose, ma'am. You have lost your God. The good God Almighty forbid! An' what do you name at all?"

"Don't be excited, Mrs. Feenan. You have lost an idol, one of the things you Papists worship; this, in fact," and I held out the Rosary.

"Och! did ye find my bades? Well God reward you, ma'am; that's all I can say. An' 'tis greatly obliged I am to ye for thim."

"Stop, pray. Don't you know it is sinful and wrong to worship idols, my good woman?"

"But I don't worship idols," said Mrs. Feenan drew herself up. "It was Father Mahoney—God give him the light of heaven this day!—that taught me to say my Rosary, and taught me the manin' of it, too."

I smiled pityingly, and said:

"You should read your Bible, my poor creature, and not be tyrannized and be fooled by your priests."

Mrs. Feenan had forgotten her timidity, for she laughed. "An' sure I can't read at all, ma'am, but I know as much of my religion as many that can."

She had been drawing the big black beads through her fingers. "I know right well that 'tis laughin' at me ye are; but here's what the bades teach, here's what I read from them; and with uplifted voice and brightening eye she began:

"Ye see that crucifix. Well, when I look at that I think how Jesus died for me on Calvary; I think of all His wounds I sufferin', an' I say: 'Sweet Jesus! keep me from vexin' you! Och, ma'am! shure if ye had the likeness of some one ye loved—a dead child, maybe wouldn't ye love it as I love this?' and she kissed the cross."

"Then ye see that one big bade an' the three small ones. These tell me there is one only God, an' in that one God there are three persons. An' ye see there are six big bades in all and one medal, that minds me of a tabernacle. Maybe ye don't know what a tabernacle is. It is a place in our church where the Blessed Sacrament is kept. Well, the six bades an' one medal mind me that there are seven sacraments, an' one of these is greater than them all. That's the Holy Eucharist."

A deep stillness had fallen on us and Clara had drawn near the old woman. "An' these six bades mind me, too, that there's six commands beside those of God that I must keep; and she sang them out, and paused to gain her breath."

"An' then the Rosary itself consists of fifteen mysteries in honor of the Mother of God: five joyful, and she repeated them; five sorrowful, and she repeated them; and five Glorious, and her voice rose in these last."

"An' when I am goin' about tryin' to earn my livin' in honesty, I say the joyful mysteries; and on a bad day, when I'm wonderin' maybe how I'll get my supper, I just repeat the Sorrowful mysteries, and say to myself: 'Mary Feenan, what signifies your bit of trouble? Sure one day it will all end, and God give ye grace to end well.' An' when I've done bravely 'tis little as I can do to keep sayin' the Glorious mysteries over an' over in honor of her who is the Mother of us all. An' there's the way I pass my days."

This was not as we had arranged. My friends were listening respectfully and attentively, and I was inclined to follow the example of my sister-in-law, who was crying softly.

"There, we've had enough of this," whispered my husband. "Give the woman her beads and some money, and let her go."

"None of us cared to speak of what we had listened to, but I wondered if that was the religion I had been taught to despise. I saw Mary frequently afterwards, and she gladly gave me her cherished Rosary when I asked her for it; and at last there came a day when I begged Father to instruct me for baptism."

When I was received into the Church I told my husband. He was angry—more angry than ever I saw him—but I waited and prayed, and after a few weeks he said:

"Go to your Church, if you must, and the children and I will go to ours; and thus the time passed, till one Sunday I said to him:

"Come with me to-day, Harry, and he yielded, and before a year ended I had the unspeakable happiness of seeing my seven children and their father received into the one true Church."

"So you always wear the Irish woman's Rosary?" I asked after a few moments.

"Always, Father; and frequently at ball or levee some lady of my acquaintance will come to examine my jewels."

"O Lady R—, such strange stories! Do they come from India?"

"No, not from India."

"And are they very valuable?"

"Oh, very valuable! They have been worth millions to me." And when I have her curiosity fully aroused, I tell this story as I have told it to you; and so you see the Irish woman's Rosary still works good— Catholic World.

A Bright Young Convert.

Northampton, Mass., Oct. 26.—Marks White Handley, a bright young man who for three years has been private secretary to George W. Cable, the author, has made a stir here by leaving the Protestant Church to enter the Catholic fold.

When he came here he was a decided Agnostic, and last June he was confirmed by Bishop Lawrence and became an active member of the Episcopal Church. He came here from Nashville, Tenn., where he was connected with the Nashville American. He belonged to a prominent southern family, and his uncle was Gov. Marks of Tennessee.

Handley was baptized last Sunday in the Catholic church, and left for Washington in the afternoon, where he will enter the college of the Paulist Fathers connected with the Catholic University.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

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A Lesson To Employers.

No monument of brass or marble, no charitable bequests, no post-mortem liberality can embalm the memory of George W. Childs in the hearts of the people, as will this anecdote told of him at a recent memorial service held by the Typographical Union.

At one time difficulties and depression in the publishing business resulted in a voluntary reduction of rates by the Typesetters' Union in Pennsylvania. The head of the association waited upon Mr. Childs and stated that its members had resolved to lower the price to so much per thousand ems.

"It will be," he said, "hard on us and our families; but we see how depressed the publishing business is. We want to do the right thing."

"I am now, I believe, paying five cents per thousand ems more than the price you have agreed upon," said the publisher. "Yes, I am making reasonable profit with that. I shall continue to pay it. I, too, want to do the right thing," he said.

He continued to pay it at an annual cost of twelve thousand dollars. When other publishers remonstrated with him, he said: "The work is worth the amount paid. I still make a reasonable profit."

Many learned essays have been written on the philosophy of strikes and how to avoid them, but they are all as straw in comparison to this noble and just act of Mr. Childs.—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

The Hail Mary.

The Western Watchman tells a pretty story of the conversion of the late Mr. Collins, a prominent citizen of St. Louis. He had married a Catholic, and their little daughter was wont to say her night prayers at her mother's knee. When Mrs. Collins died, the little girl asked her father to hear her recite her prayers; and he was so struck with the beauty of the "Hail Mary" that he learned the prayer and continued to recite it. In a short time he was received into the Church.

Appropos of this incident, our brilliant contemporary observes: "We believe that if we could get Protestants to join with us in the Rosary, we should do more toward their conversion than by preaching any number of controversial sermons."

There can be no doubt of this. It is well known that since the Holy Father issued his encyclicals on the Rosary, many Protestants have been strongly attracted to this beautiful devotion. But it is too much to hope that a form of prayer so peculiarly Catholic should ever become common among our separated brethren. The deplorable fact is that many Protestants do not pray at all. If they were faithful to the prayers that they know, there would be less controversy and more conversions.—Ave Maria.

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Sure Feet.—Mrs. E. J. Neil, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Balm, and resolved to try it, and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

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Said She Was Past All Help and wanted me to send her to the 'Home for Incurables.' But I said as long as I could hold my hand up she should not go. We then began Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is getting strong, walks around, is out doors every day; has no trouble with her throat and no cough, and her heart seems to be all right again. She has a first class appetite. We consider her cure as nothing short of a miracle." W. WYATT, 49 Marion Street, Parkdale, Toronto, Ontario.

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We have published in pamphlet form the entire Ritual of the conspiracy known as the P. P. A. The book was obtained from one of the organizers of the association. It ought to be widely distributed, as it will be the means of preventing many of our well-meaning Protestant friends from falling into the trap set for them by designing knaves. The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 5 cents in stamps; by the dozen 4 cents per copy; and by the hundred, 3 cents per copy. THOMAS COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ontario.

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