

FATHER JOE.

Gilding mud the poor and low. He has hungered in vain. With his voice he had and low. On a mission pure and holy. Goes contented Father Joe. When the sunbeams gild the river. And the clouds are black with rain. Still he by the corner under care. By the sinners bed of pain.

CARDINAL MASSING ON THE IMPRISONMENT OF THE POPE.

London, Nov. 5. On Sunday morning there was a large congregation at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, at the High Mass, at which the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster assisted, and also preached. Selecting as his text the words, "Little children, it is the last hour, and so you know that Anti-christ cometh, even so are there many Antichrists, whereby his coming is made manifest."

find, think you, faith on the earth? If He were to come now what would He find? He would find a monster which even the other world never had—a monster. The heathen world was so pervaded with a belief in the existence of God that it was God in everything. It defied all the gods, so far from not believing in Him, it cannot believe enough in the presence of God, it invested with divinity the works that God made. And when a more cultured intellect rejected the grosser forms of idolatry men became pantheists; they believed that God was the soul of all things, so that every particle of the earth and every note in the sunbeam was a manifestation of the presence of God. In the Christian world there are no men who in the cold intellect of their nature, in the perverseness of their will,

cannot form them in the light of that faith and after the example of Jesus Christ. We are bound to do that for the sake of posterity. If our forefathers did not suffer even death we should not doubt that another work from his pen would cause a sensation in church circles, especially since he has become the head of the Catholic hierarchy.

under the severe strain of his duties. As soon as he was permitted by the doctors, he returned to Baltimore and resumed his usual mode of living. There is little doubt that another work from his pen would cause a sensation in church circles, especially since he has become the head of the Catholic hierarchy.

does the air ring with the word toll, and by whom uttered? By idlers who have never known what it was to experience toil, but for a real meaning of this word cast a glance at the pale faced seamstress—she weaves the tear from her sad eye, less by its fall the silk on which she sews be spoiled—pity the wretched carrier as he mounts the long steps under a broiling July sun, then compare these to the ungrateful complaining, lucky people, who should lift their hearts to God, and declare themselves insensible to His goodness. The Athenians were noted for coining line names for the vilest crimes. Their parish was styled, "The House," taxes were called "Contributions," Crime and criminal, belong to all languages, but sin and sinner to the Christian alone. In French there is no such word as listener; every Frenchman talks for the mere pleasure of talking, not for the purpose of being heard by his same race.

REMEMBER. The mother sat still with snow-white hair, So feeble and thin and pale; The son at her side, in manhood's pride, So ruddy and tall and pale. So ready of hand, so neat of foot, So haughty in his might, That he forgot to care under care That was still in his mother's right; That the careless wrong and the cruel word Were easy to do and say, Till sorely wounded, with aching cheeks, He answered him thus one day: "If only the past could speak, my son, If thou wouldst remember right, How I carried thee in these trembling arms, And tolled for thee day and night; Loving and guiding, and watching thee, Till the years have made thee strong; If only thou wouldst remember this, Thou never wouldst do me wrong. For now I am cast upon thy love, I am frail and old and gray; Oh! son, that I pursued long years ago, Remember my love today." He dropped by her knee, as in olden times, Her pardon and love to seek; Her grey hair bowed to his young brown head. And her tears were on his cheek; And ever since in his heart she dwells, In his strong young arms she rests. For he never forgets that once he lay An infant upon her breast. O man in your strength and hope and joy Remember that waiting infants once You lay in your mother's arms; Remember she then was fair and strong; That you will grow old and gray; That the wrong or the right you do on her Will come back to your hearts some day; Medical Colleges as Schools of Infidelity. Catholic Review. Some one has said that the telescope is the best antidote to the microscope. It is a curious fact that the study of the minutiae of nature by one who has had no previous philosophical training and no sound religious instruction is apt to lead into a hard, narrow materialism. But the contrary seems to be the effect of the wide and far-reaching views of the universe afforded by the telescope. Of course a sound scholar can discern the wonderful works of God through the microscope as well as through the telescope. But, unfortunately, for a number of reasons the students at the microscope are not as a class as well grounded in learning as those at the telescope. To restrict the discussion to physiology alone, one would suppose that to be a science in which sound logic would be in constant demand. For beyond the narrow area of well attested facts, it includes a vast field of guesses and conjectures. Take almost any topic of the science, and conjecture will be bound to crop out on all sides. Careful, cautious reasoning, therefore, ought to be expected here. But what is the state of the case? Let us take a text-book of physiology written by an American as an example. It is not held in as high repute as some other text-books of the science that are used in the American medical colleges, and that are mostly reprints of English works or translations from German or French originals. There is scarcely anything original in it of value, but it is all the better as a sample for that reason of the sort of doctrine it is taught to American youths desiring to become physicians. The work is by Dr. Austin Flint, Jr., of New York, and is entitled, "A Text-Book of Physiology," designed for the use of practitioners and students of medicine. It is published by the Appletons, and has been more than ten years in print. Now, it must be remembered that the great mass of students in our American colleges of medicine have "little Latin and less Greek," to begin their medical studies with, and few, very few of them in proportion to the whole number yearly graduated, have had the advantage of any preliminary intellectual training whatever. Their powers of observation may have been developed, but, except in comparatively rare cases, their minds have never been trained to a critical spirit of reasoning. They are quick to perceive a fact, or what they deem to be a fact, and as quick to jump to a conclusion. Nothing can be more amusingly egotistical and dogmatic than such a mind after it has once come into possession of a certain number of more or less connected facts. But it would be hardly fair to blame very severely the slow young graduates of our medical colleges who are yearly recruited for the great army of imbeciles in medical science, are many of them at least, as much given as themselves to illogical dogmatism. Here is a sentence from Flint's "Physiology" (p. 655): "The brain is not, strictly speaking, the organ of the mind; the mind exists as it would imply that the mind exists as a force independently of the brain substance; and intellectual force, if we may term the intellect a force, can be produced only by the transmutation of a certain amount of matter." This is not the place to discuss a question of physiology, but it is an excellent place to call attention to the illogical propaganda that is, though partly covered up by an affectation of scientific exactness, carried on in our medical colleges. Dr. Flint, any where in his work, offers a proof of this bold assertion that there is no mind (or soul) distinct from the matter of the brain or the nervous system? Not a word. The young student is expected to take Dr. Flint's word, or the word of some other microscopical physiologist, that he is, after all, merely a brute with more delicate and complicated functions than other brutes. It is a subject worthy of attention by the right parties, and, meantime, it is apparent that for the sake of Christianity, of truth, of the young men themselves, of teachers for a knowledge of medical sciences, ought to have been unusually well instructed in their religion and in the principles of Christian philosophy. A Radical Change. Daniel Sullivan, of McMillin, Ont., takes pleasure in recommending Barbock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia. It cured him after years of suffering. From being sceptic he is now a confirmed believer in that medicine. A Wide Range. A wide range of postal applications may be met with in England. Yellow Oils James M. Jackson, of Woodville, Ont., speaks of it in high terms for rheumatism, lame back, sprain and many painful complaints too numerous to mention. It is used internally or externally.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD. (Continued from page 2) ... THE OLD INSTITUTION and for the professors who trained him for the priesthood. During the summer months he gets a rest by occasional visits to St. Charles College, sixteen miles from the city, where he received his early education. The Sulpician fathers control both these institutions, and are very proud of these visits of the prince of the church, whom they once had under their charge. His affection for them is shown in many ways. He gives to them places of honor at all ceremonies of the cathedral, and it is said, will exert all his influence to place them in charge of the proposed Catholic University. This summer he departed so far from his custom of summering at St. Charles' as to go for a week or two to Cape May. He did not go to the seashore for amusement, however, as he is decidedly averse to going to every day a gentleman is puz- zled to tell the real meaning of the word Gentleman. Our words should always be well chosen never applying wrong words to wrong things, how often