

In Memoriam

OF MRS. M'GRATH, MATHIEU M'GRATH, AND MISS E. BLAKE, WHO WERE KILLED DEC. 25, 1880.

Lay the sod gently upon the fresh mould. For beneath its loved ones silent and cold. Breathe a sad requiem over each grave— That encloses the heart of the faithful and brave. A fond, noble husband, and his gentle young wife, Have been snatched from this earth in the springtime of life. In the midst of their pleasure—to be robbed in the shroud, "Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Two other dear friends have been hurried away, Ere the morn of their young lives had flushed into day. Still in thy heart, Matt; hushed is thy mirth; Never again shall we see you on earth. And still there's another, a schoolmate so dear, Who in memory's fond wanderings will ever be near. Gone from this earth, gone, and so soon, As a blossom that fadeth ere it reaches its bloom. May God in his pity comfort this day, Those who weep broken-hearted for friends called away; May they look up to Heaven, far above the cold sod, Where in happiness ever they reign with their God. Wardsville, Jan. 10th, 1880.

WOMEN OF FRANCE.

The "Eldest Daughter of the Church" the Mighty Mother of "Valiant Women."

THE AMAZONS OF BELLEVILLE.

In many ways and words it has well and often been said that women's best excel man's best and becomes more angelic than human, and that woman's worst sinks below man's worst in a corresponding degree, and may reach a depth of cruelty and evil where human nature is almost lost for something lower. In a general manner, the women of a nation collectively are apt to show the world the same extremes of good and evil, when a critical time throws out in strong relief the lights and shades. They divide into factions with the men of their day, through a more delicate and easily-influenced medium the spirit of the time, and probably, if events become sufficiently exciting, some individuals are found to mark their course by action in either extreme. At this moment, while the Republic of France is divided against itself and falling, while it plunges the nation more and more into a war of persecution, we see in that country the division of the time strongly marked by the opposite extremes reached by the women of France—the old France whose hope is rooted in faith and suffering, and that new-fangled France whose dream is Communism. On the one hand, we see the *petroleuses* of 1871 again mustering in the light—the amazons who, as any one who knows the streets of Paris at the time can vouch, were more terrible of aspect and more ruthless in deeds than the men of the barricades. The Communist *citoyennes* must by this time share the common dishonor with them, for they have become an undistinguishable crowd; and the large part taken by women in every public demonstration of French Radicalism is one of the most confirmed and most repulsive features of the growing Communist agitation. Last month witnessed one of those now frequent demonstrations, when, on Sunday, Dec. 5, some

FOUR THOUSAND COMMUNISTS at Montmartre assembled to welcome the notorious Louis Michel, late of the convict settlement, New Caledonia, and formerly of Paris. The bust of the Republic wearing the Phrygian cap, and the display of red and black banners, dated 1871, were prominent characteristics of this, as of so many other meetings called together to fan the smouldering fires of that evil year. With the ultra-Radicals of such assemblages M. Gambetta has long been a condemned R-actionist, the war-cry in a public hall and in the open streets, is *Vive la Commune! Vive la Revolution Sociale!* The Communards of '71 are martyrs, and the women of the strong-armed and strong-minded type like Louis Michel are exalted as heroines. The woman of the Commune is one of the most unnatural monstrosities that the Revolution has yet brought into being. The ordinary typical specimen of the race begins in her own person "the social revolution." It is well if, like the wife of the Communist Humbert, she mates "under the majesty of the civil law, united in its name to some red-handed hero of her choice after a chapter or two of the Civil Code has been read aloud in the *mairie*. The typical *citoyenne* is a woman who despises even such a contract; who makes platform speeches and wrings herself advocating unwomanly "right;" who becomes a mother, and gives up her children to be henceforth public property educated in common, the children not of her but of State; who, finally, shouts the "Marseillaise" in the streets, is abroad in a moment at the smell of blood and the noise of musketry, and literally helps, rifle in hand, to man the barricade. It is a hideous picture. On the other hand, side by side with them in the crush of life, and yet at extreme distance, are the women of the France of faith and suffering. That

"ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE CHURCH"

is "still what she has always been—the mighty mother of generations of "valiant women." From her have sprung the majority of those orders that have sought out with compassion every depth of human suffering; and if from France had arisen no other religious sisterhood than that of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, that vast army banded together in world-wide charity would alone be sufficient to place beyond all human praise the womanhood of France, and the heroic spirit of the country whence so magnificent an organization arose. It would furnish abundant food for thought and for sorrow if any one was to contrast the present position of the sisterhoods of France, and the freedom of the speechifying women of the Social Revolution, whom it is almost an indignity to name in the same breath with them. But it is not our intention to do more than suggest that painful contrast. Rather we would point out what hopeful lights we can trace in so dark a picture. It is not only those bound by religious vows who form the extreme opposite of the most repulsive product of

the revolution. As every one knows, frivolity, half-heartedness and worldliness are words but too characteristic of a great number of even well-meaning Frenchwomen. But—some standing firmly among the glittering crowd, and many more hidden in thousands behind it—there are the true daughters of the grand old Catholic nation, the mothers and guardians of generations that will learn wisdom from the miseries of this. The mother's character too purely admirable to be known or appreciated abroad, her natural gifts held unconsciously a d undeveloped, the strength of soul that made her a "valiant woman" in untold warfare of prayer, toil and suffering—all these gifts are the birth-right of her sons, and there are few of the world's master minds that have not acknowledged a debt of gratitude to the unconscious mother in whom all that was best and greatest began for them. The trials of the present hour are precisely of the kind that strengthen and develops all that is noblest in those prayerful daughters of France. Devotedness is never at its strongest till some form of sorrow has touched what she loves. We can imagine a hero who has not suffered; but there was never yet a heroic character in woman without

THE HEROISM OF SUFFERING AND COMPASSION.

There can be no doubt, then, that however much the present times may increase the number of Amazons of Belleville, on the other hand, the opposite extreme, the true heroines of France, will infallibly gather in greater numbers for the present rescue and the future glory of their country; and many a Frenchwoman will be startled out of half-heartedness and apathy by the shock of open persecution leveled against the Church, which hitherto she had scarcely recognized as a reality in the world. Among the many types of the noble extreme of Christian womanhood, there is one that recurs to our mind as especially refreshing after our glance at the un-Christian type. Last Summer, when the churches of the Society of Jesus were closed before the feast of the founder, there were some good hands who, when the day came, honored even the deserted homes whence the Master had been exiled. They heaped flowers and wove chaplets to be hung against the sealed doors; and that labor of love might not be undone by impious hands, some humble work woman sat all day close by, working and keeping watch. What an exquisite ideal of womanhood rises to mind with that picture—the closed portal loaded with branches and blossoms, the patient sorrowful workers, waiting out the daylight by the barred doors whence "they have taken Him away!"

It is of such material as this that the great heroines of France were made. The shepherdess Genevieve, feeding the starving city from her virgin hands, saving its inhabitants from the barbarian horde by the might of penance—she was only in outward aspect another such as these, a humble, faithful "daughter of the people." And in after days the Maid of Domremy, who became the glory of her nation, was, as her crowning glory, no Amazon, but a veritable woman. The old chroniclers tell us of Jeanne, "mout belle, de grande force et puissance;" they describe her *splendor, ornament and clad in white armor*, wearing at her side the sword found mysteriously in St. Catherine de Fierdo's. But they also tell us it was not the sword, but her banner, that she loved—the standard whereon was typified the Almighty holding the world, and on the other side the virgin of virgins; and her contemporaries who saw and heard her record that her appearance, strong and "mout belle," was perfectly feminine, and that the voice that moved armies was the simple voice of a woman. The maiden-warrior who delivered France from peril had nothing whatever in common with the masculine heroines of these days; but she had much in common with those humble women, working and praying in the street beside their flower offerings, and silently taking to heart their country's sorrow, and with the illustrious Duchess whose words, uttered before one of her country's tribunals, we record this week: "Ten years ago I was able to give the life of my sons for France; to-day they would tear from us the souls of our children; as a mother, as a Christian, and as a Frenchwoman, I protest against these odious acts." Well might her eloquent advocate say of this noble lady, "Her sons were worthy of her—she is worthy of her sons."—*London Tablet*, Dec. 11.

THE NUN OF KENMARE.

A STIRRING LETTER ON THE IRISH QUESTION.

Messrs. Editors:—I write to ask those of your readers who wish for shamsrocks from Ireland for St. Patrick's Day to give me timely notice. Dean Swift said that the only thing in Ireland not taxed in his day was the air. Well, that is taxed now as far as possible, for an attempt has been made by our paternal Government to prevent meetings in the open air for the discussion of Irish grievances, but the shamsrocks as yet are free. Let me add that even this may not continue, since penalties have been taxed by an Irish landlord. Possibly you may consider this an exaggeration, but the statement is not mine. It was published in the *English Daily News* by the special correspondent of that paper, which, as you probably know, is the London organ of the English Liberal party. He says these Irish landlords cared very little so long as he found fault with the people, or described them as dirty or lazy; but the moment he says one word of a landlord they stick up their bristles like hedge hogs. And it is true, as I know to my bitter cost. What a judgment there will be one day on these miserable men, who have thought of nothing but their own gain and greed, and have left God's poor to live or die like dogs—like dogs, I have said, but alas, no. English dogs have comforts and luxuries that are utterly denied to the poor Irish.

I am suffering now for my defence of the poor, but I am content to suffer, still I am beginning to be well-nigh worn out with it. I would need strong men to bear the brunt of such a battle. I have been bitterly attacked in the *English papers* because I fed and clothed the poor in the famine with your munificent alms.

Yet in the very same paper where Lord Lansdowne's brother so bitterly attacks me

for feeding the poor, Victor Hugo is praised for doing the same thing in England. So I have asked, is there on law of charity in England and another for Ireland? I have said, it may seem uncharitable, but there are times when truth is the most perfect charity, I have said that I believe Irish landlords, Catholic and Protestant, would rather their tenants had died in the famine than to have had them fed. Next, I am threatened with assassination, the reason being plainly told in the threatening letters I have received. They say it is because I have written so much against Irish land agents. Well, I have only one life to give, and except for the sin of which the assassins would be guilty, I would rejoice to give that life for Ireland. But when there is so much said about threatening letters being sent to Ireland, it should be remembered that it remained for English people to send threatening letters to a woman and a nun.

But there is, if possible, still more to be told, and if I write for true things it is simply the think such matters cannot be known too publicly and widely as they show the true state of English opinion about Ireland, and how hopeless, how almost impossible, it is to get justice from England. My books have hitherto sold very largely in England, but yesterday I received a letter from an English publisher to say a number of gentlemen, some of them I regret to say English Catholics, had called on him and insisted that my books should not be kept on sale. So I am "Boycotted." I need scarcely say that this is a heavy loss, both to the convent and to the poor, but what do these people care. The bitterness that exists against Ireland in England to-day, is beyond all that you could possibly imagine, and I am made to bear the full torrent of it.

I beg you prayers, God knows I need them, it is hard for a weak woman to stem such a torrent. I ask your alms, God knows I need them, for all English sources of charity are closed to me and the poor, God's own dear poor, whom I love so dearly, must be the sufferers.

I read the coming of the post morning after morning, for one day letters are more bitter than another, and I am daily getting appeals for help from the poor who are living on what English dogs would not live on, and yet I have nothing to give them. In one of the great famines after Cromwell desolated Ireland, our poor people were obliged to live on grass and shamrocks. This is stated by an English authority. Well if the great Irish societies and the great benevolent American societies would send me a dollar from each member, I would send them a large box of shamrocks, and so we could live on shamrocks again! I hope for the last time, for England must no longer be allowed to keep the Irish living on public charity. To-day I have a letter from an English Protestant gentleman, who said he admired my works of benevolence, and who gave me large and generous help, especially at Christmas, for years, but now he will give no more because he says I am shooting poisoned arrows from Kenmare at England, and yet I have tried to be studiously moderate in what I have said of landlords and land agents. To-day, also, I have had a most bitter letter from a most influential English Catholic, one of those who are trying to have my books "Boycotted" in England. He is furious because I wrote an article in the great French Catholic paper the *Univers* on the state of Ireland and told the truth. Your authority, he says, will go out all over the Continent, that Irish landlords are treating their tenants unjustly, and that, of course, what I say will be believed.

I cannot conclude without a most urgent entreaty to the American people to support the Land League. If America knew the tyranny to which Ireland is subject, I believe there is not in America man, woman or child who would not support this organization. One thing is certain—that the Irish in America should support it even as a national benefit. Every dollar sent to the Land League will save five hundred dollars in years to come. If Ireland is made free and independent, and if her people are allowed to exist in their own country, there will be no more famine, and no more claims on America for support in famine years, nor will the pockets of the Irish in America be taxed and money taken by the Irish landlords to foreign countries. I am amazed that the great Americans do not see this and do not demand justice for Ireland as an act of justice to themselves and from their own glorious love of liberty.

AS THIS LETTER CAN SCARCELY BE PUBLISHED

IN THE AMERICAN PAPERS BEFORE THE END OF JANUARY, I WOULD ASK THOSE WHO SEE IT AND WHO WISH SHAMSROCKS TO WRITE AT ONCE FOR THEM, THAT THEY MAY REACH AMERICA IN GOOD TIME; AND THOSE WHO WILL KINDLY HELP ME TO GET OVER THE LOSSES I HAVE SUFFERED AND THAT THE POOR HAVE SUFFERED FROM THIS ENGLISH UNMANNY "BOYCOTTING" TO WHICH I HAVE BEEN SUBJECTED, CAN SEND ME HELP EITHER BY POST-OFFICE ORDERS OR IN DOLLAR BILLS IN A REGISTERED LETTER. YOUR GRATEFUL SISTER IN CHRIST,

SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE. THE CONVENT, KENMARE, CHRISTMAS, 1880.

A BRAVE DOCTOR.

Queen Victoria has conferred on Mr. Gier, an Irishman and a surgeon in the British army, the first Alert medal ever accorded to a medical man. It was given for an act of singular heroism. Lieut. Graham, an officer in the same regiment, was attacked with diphtheria so fiercely that the tube through which breathing was effected was choked up, and his throat was cut to allow air to pass, but the deadly membrane grew so fast over the wound that suffocation was imminent, and to prevent it Dr. Gier for three days sucked out the poison with his tongue to keep the passage clear. His efforts were ineffectual. It will be remembered that Princess Alice caught this "terrible complaint, of which she died, from kissing on of her sick children.

Cardinal Reigneir, Archbishop of Cambrai, France, died on the 3rd inst. He was born in Saint Quentin on the 17th of July, 1794. He was made Bishop of Angouleme in 1842. In May, 1850, he was Archbishop of Cambrai. He was proclaimed cardinal in the consistory of December, 1873, and was made a commander in the Legion of Honor in February, 1875. He published a treatise, "Pastoral Instructions and Mandates," in 1867.

THE BANSHEE.

THE REMARKABLE STORY RELATED BY MR. CROFTON CROKER.

Very remarkable was the skill—I leave others to decide whether it was instinct or genius—with which Walter Scott seized upon traditions and popular superstitions and wove them into his romances in verse and prose. He was by no means scrupulous, when he stretched out his hand, as to what he grasped, so that he could make use of it as an author. In this manner he seized the Irish Banshee; and, in "Waverley," adopted it as a family tradition of the Scottish Highlands. It will be remembered that Scott represents Fergus MacIvor, after the retreat of the young chieftain's adherents from Derby, as under the influence of some depressing mental agony. His eye, we are told, had lost much of its fire, his cheek was hollow; his voice was languid; even his gait seemed less firm and elastic than it was wont, and his dress, to which he used to be particularly attentive, was now carelessly flung about him. When challenged by Waverley to explain this depression of spirits and change of appearance, he answered

"I HAVE SEEN THE BODACH GLAS," and states that this is the spirit, or apparition, of one of his ancestors, slain in battle, which always crosses the path of the chief of the MacIvor clan when any great disaster was impending, but especially before approaching death. "My father," he added, "saw him twice: once before he was made prisoner at Sheriffmuir, another time on the morning of the day on which he died." On the evening before he made this statement Fergus MacIvor had seen this ghostly visitor—described as a "tall figure, in a gray plaid, such as the shepherds wear in the South of Scotland"—which moved at what pace the chief took, kept regularly about four yards before him; and finally, when solemnly adjured, with the sign of the cross and a direct challenge in the name of God, solemnly answered "Vich Ian Vohr" (beware of tomorrow) and then vanished into thin air. On the morrow the doomed and warned man is taken prisoner; on the eve of his execution the Bodach Glas again visits him.

This apparition, as I have said, is of Irish rather than Scottish origin. Miss Edgeworth, when she wrote to Scott about "Waverley," praising the introduction of the Bodach Glas as a Highland superstition, might have remembered that it was so only by adoption,

THE BANSHEE

really being peculiar to Ireland, though something like it has obtained some degree of credence in France and other European countries. The Banshees, or spirits of women attached to families, who, by their bitter cries at night, announce the approach of death, are almost exclusively Irish. Moore alludes to it in one of his melodies, and Mr. John Banim, in his "Tales of the O'Hara Family," has a story called "The Banshee." In the "Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe," she relates how, when in Ireland with her husband in the middle of the seventeenth century, she was a guest in an old baronial castle

she was AWAKENED AT MIDNIGHT

by a terrible and supernatural scream. On looking out of the bed she beheld in the moonlight a female face and part of the form hovering at the window. The face was that of a young and rather handsome woman, but pale, and the hair, which—alas! for romance—was red, loose and dishevelled. The dress, as far as could be judged, was that of the ancient Irish. This figure remained visible for some time, and finally vanished after giving two farewell shrieks. On telling her next day what she had seen he gave full credit to her story, de-laring that a near relation of his had died in the castle on the preceding night, and that the Banshee had given the usual warning. She was believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank whom one of his ancestors had married, and afterwards thinking the union disgraceful to his ancient lineage, had dissolved it, much faster than ever has been done in any of our divorce courts, by causing her to be drowned in the moat which surrounded the castle.

The Irish Banshee has been described thus by one who said that he saw and heard her: "We saw the figure of a tall thin woman, with uncovered head and long hair that floated around her shoulders, attired in something which seemed either a loose white cloak or a sheet hastily thrown about her, uttering piercing cries." It is considered a mark of dignity in an Irish family to have a Banshee attached to it, the ordinary belief being that once but the very ancient families are thus attended.

MR. CROFTON CROKER,

the well-known collector of Irish legendary lore, has devoted some space to the Banshee in his entertaining and instructive "Fairy Legends, and Traditions of the South of Ireland," published in 1825. In particular, he relates a remarkable story of what occurred, in one instance, where the event appears to have been well authenticated. When a boy, long before Mr. Croker's book appeared, I heard the tale in various quarters. About the middle of the last century the rector of Buttavant, an old town in the County of Cork, was Rev. Charles Bunworth. At that time the national instrument (the harp) was more common than it is now. Mr. Bunworth was an admirable performer upon it, and was fond of exercising liberal hospitality to the minstrels who, after the fashion described by Scott in his "Lay," wandered about the country from house to house. Mr. Bunworth possessed as many as fifteen harps, bequeathed to him by these members of a tuneful race which has almost passed away from Ireland. One evening one of Mr. Bunworth's shepherds heard the Banshee

MOANING AND CLAPPING HER HANDS

under a lightning-struck tree near the rectory house. At that time its occupant was apparently in good health. Immediately after he sickened, and on the eve of his death, his two daughters watched by his bed, which had been removed to the drawing-room. The night was silent, serene and moonlit, and scarcely a tree rustled in the stillness. Suddenly the two watchers—who were in the opening spring of womanhood—heard a sound at the window nearest to the bed. Outside, so close to this window that it touched the glass, grew a rose-tree. This they saw forced

aside with some noise, and then a low moaning was heard, and a clapping of hands, as in animation. One of the young ladies went into the next room, and asked: "Have you heard the Banshee?" Two gentlemen, very sceptical, then heard the wailing sounds, and rushed out to detect the person who they presumed must have made them. They walked all round the house and saw nothing. Under the window, where the rose-tree grew, the bed of earth had been dug that afternoon, and a footprint would have shown on it if the "tree" had been moved aside by mortal hands; but there was none. They went out on the road to ascertain if any person lurked about—still they found none; but were told when they returned that all the time they were out of the house the moaning and hand-clapping continued louder and more distinct than before. Every hour after this the sick man became worse, and died at sunrise. It is said that this strange story was well authenticated.

THE ENGLISH RITUALISTS.

CHRISTMAS TROUBLES OF ENGLAND—THE RITUALIST "MARTYRS."

LONDON, December 25.—"On earth peace to men of good will" for this is Christmas day. But how do the sworn ministers of the established church celebrate the birth of the Saviour? Peace and good will forsooth! Where are they? Perhaps the clergy who have been driven from their churches and cast into prison can tell. Mr. Dale, Mr. Eyracht, Mr. De La Bere, and a few others who have felt the hard hand of the ecclesiastical law presumably have their own opinions on the subject.

Next to Ireland, the Ritualists and their suffering are what one at present hears most about. The decision of the Court of Queen's Bench that Lord Penzance did just right in sending Mr. Dale to prison has called forth all manner of opinion. It has also driven the Ritualist faction into a corner where they must fight or die. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Co. who, together with the Bishop of Rochester, are largely responsible for the present uncharitable strife, are getting as good as they give—or better—if not in deeds, at least in words. It must be said to the credit of the Ritualists that they do not show the least sign of being cowed by the energetic action of their opponents. They seem to have something of the martyr spirit in them, and the fiercer the happily, purely, metaphorical flames roar, the more uncompromising becomes their language. Even the usually cautious Canon Liddon has lately said some very sharp things in his sermons at St. Paul's, and if he were not so distinguished a person he might possibly be brought up by his very Low-Church Bishop. The difficulties in the way of removing him would, however, be found too much for Dr. Jackson's abilities, and as the Canon has so far contented himself with holding his peculiar Ritualistic services in a little side chapel instead of in the main chancel of the cathedral, he has not even been re-monstrated with on the score of his preaching.

That the law and the bulk of public opinion are with Dr. Tait and the establishment, there is no doubt at all, but at the same time it is equally certain that the present prosecutions are not approved of in the political world, and for the very cogent reason that it is feared that if they beyond a certain length, a very large number of people who are utterly indifferent about the matter now, will take sides with the Ritualists as the under dog in the fight, and that then, should the Low Church party win, as it would be most apt to anyway, the bulk of the really conscientious on the defeated side would have but one refuge left,—they would seek for admission into the Roman Church.

The truth, therefore, is that the present uncharitableness which scandalizes the Church of England, has the sympathy of very few persons outside of the clerical body. Parliament is more indifferent than the public in the matter. It does not care what is preached from the pulpits so long as everything is done with decency and in order. It does not care to have anybody prosecuted and cast into prison for conscience's sake, and it is very probable that some alteration in the law will be made which shall make such treatment as has been meted out to ministers of Ritualistic proclivities an impossibility. Low churchmen will fight such a proposal, but they are apt to get few people not of their own particular mental cast to listen to them, for while most people are inclined to think that the courts are right, they at the same time blame the Archbishop and his ilk for a set of intermeddling fools in ever raising these questions at all. PIETRO.

—Catholic Review.

WHAT did the Duke of Wellington say of the Irish soldierly who served under him? "It is well known," said his Grace in a speech which is too often suppressed by the compilers of "history," "that of the troops which our gracious sovereign did me the honor to entrust to my command, at least one-half were Roman Catholics. Your lordships are aware for what length of period and under what difficult circumstances they maintained the Empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people—how they kept alive the only spark of freedom which was left unextinguished in Europe. It is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud predominance in our military career, and that I am personally indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow. We must confess, my Lords, that without Catholic valor no victory could ever have been obtained, and the first military talents might have been exerted in vain." It is because the sons of soldiers who won this splendid eulogium from the Iron Duke, are enlisting in fewer numbers year by year that Colonel Butler raises on behalf of the peasant his earnest and eloquent plea.

If you are suddenly attacked by Pain or Inflammation, Colds, Burns, Cuts, Bruises and Wounds, or suffer from any painful or inflammatory disease, or from accidents or emergencies, don't delay till the doctor comes, but use Haggard's Yellow Oil according to special directions, and the chances are that you will find relief before you could find a doctor. Every household should keep this well known and valuable remedy at hand.

WHY GERMANS EMIGRATE.

The Milwaukee *Wisconsin* prints the following letter from a Bavarian to a gentleman in Milwaukee who shows why Germans are anxious to emigrate to America. It is dated Karlstadt, Bavaria, November 1st, 1880:

To an agent in Copenhagen I thank the honor of your address. I wish to emigrate to America, but, sad to relate, it is hard to sell anything, and then only at a heavy loss. Our Germany has become a poor country. Its unity brought poverty in its train. Everything groans under the pressure of military, State officials, and police. Whoever has the means, goes his way and lets Germany be. Before two years have passed by the whipping-post will be introduced among us again. In the Bundesth the question is already being discussed. And then the citizen who does not bow and lick the "spit" is no longer safe. Some beautiful and fine morning he will arise, only to lay himself down again at night with twenty-five stripes on his back. What a disgrace to us Germans! This is our reward for the year 1870. Believe me, I do not take a gloomy view of things. In two years we will have the whipping-post.

"THE LIVING CHRIST."

Those who have read the beautiful and most interesting Life of St. Catherine of Siena, which was published a short time ago, will remember the expression which the saint frequently uses, when speaking of the Pope; she calls him "The living Christ." To some who do not fully understand the position of the Pope in the Church, the expression may appear strange and forced. But when we rightly consider the greatness of the office which he bears, and its Divine institution, such words explain most accurately and forcibly the true nature of his charge, and the sacredness of his powers and character. For when our Lord Himself returned to the glory of the Father, and withdrew His personal presence from the Church, which he had founded, He would not leave it without a visible head, who should represent Him in its midst, and who should govern it by His immediate authority. When He gave to Peter and to his successors the "keys of the kingdom of Heaven," He entrusted to them a power which is truly Divine, and when He declared that what they should "bind on earth should be bound in Heaven and what they should loose on earth should be loosed in Heaven," He constituted them His vicegerents, and gave to them a dominion over earth and Heaven which no creature could possess of mere human right, or exercise by the mere will of man. Therefore, thus appointed and empowered, our Lord Himself lives on in them; and they may be, in this sense, truly called "The living Christ." When, therefore, we manifest our love or our devotedness for the Holy Father, we, truly, and indeed, manifest our dutiful homage to our Lord Himself. For, however great may be the personal claims of the Pontiff to our regard and veneration, and great and manifold they certainly are, yet the real motives which should move us above all others to the discharge of our duty, and should be that we are performing that duty towards Him who is the supreme Head of the Church, to whom we are all united through His Vicar upon earth.—*Bishop of Shrewsbury*.

THE ALB.

The second vestment the priest clothes himself with is the Alb, so called from its white colour—*albus* Latin meaning white. It is an ample, loosely-fitting garment of pure linen, entirely enveloping the body, and fastening at the neck by means of strings. The use of a vestment of this kind is of the highest antiquity, for we find it employed by all nations in their religious services. It is the same as the linen garment ordered to be worn by the priests of the Old Law (*Exod. xxviii.; Levit. viii.*) King David wore a linen Alb when translating the Ark of the Covenant from the house of Obbedom to Jerusalem (*Psal. xv. 27.*)

We have said that the Alb is made of linen; this is the present discipline in regard to it, but formerly it was often made of silk and ornamented with gold. King Ethelwulf, of Anglo-Saxon times, and father of Alfred the Great, presented the Church of St. Peter's at Rome, in A. D. 855, with a number of silken Albs richly ornamented in this way (*Church of Our Fathers*, Dr. Rock, vol. i. p. 426). An ancient Roman ordo, published by Hutton, prescribes silken Albs for Holy Thursday and Holy Saturday (*ibid.*).

The Alb, too, changed in color to suit particular occasions. The monks of Cluny used to wear one of pure cloth of gold in the High Masses of the greater festivals; and we find some of green, blue and red in an old inventory of the celebrated monastery of Peterborough, in England (*ibid.*, pp. 430-433 et passim).

Pope Benedict XIV., *De Sac. Missæ*, is our authority for saying that a garment of this kind, but of a black color, used to be formerly worn on Good Friday. According to Pope Innocent III., (*De Sac. Altaris Mystero*, 57) the Alb, from the purity of its color, denotes newness of life, and reminds us of St. Paul's admonition to the Ephesians, chap. iv: "Put off the old man with all his acts, and clothe yourselves with the new man, who, according to God, is created in justice and holiness of truth." This beautiful idea of a new life, as signified by the Alb, is very forcibly presented to us in Holy Baptism, where the newly-regenerated receives a white garment with these significant words: "Receive this white and spotless garment which you are to bear before the tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you may possess eternal life. Amen."—*Father O'Brien's History of the Mass*.

In reference to the last purchase of Bar-dock Blood Bitters, I have sold medicine for over twenty-five years, and in that time never sold a medicine that gave as good satisfaction. Taken for the diseases recommended, it has always helped the patient to such a degree, that, warranting the medicine, every person is satisfied to pay for it. I could get you any quantity of testimonials if I had time to see private, but we are very much drove in our business. Yours with respect, H. LAISLEY, Elgin.