

THE SACRED HEART'S DESIRE

Sacred Heart Review. The twenty-ninth of June, the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, ushers in that space of time which fittingly called St. Peter's month...

HERO OF THE WAR.

Gen. Rosecrans' Conversion to the Catholic Church.

(From Father Mulhane's Memorial.) While cadet at West Point Rosecrans obtained a few books treating of the Catholic Church, from an old Irishman...

Shortly after his marriage his wife also became a Catholic, and in 1846 he was instrumental in converting his brother, Sylvester, who eventually became the first Catholic Bishop of Colorado...

The days passed by—days that must often have seemed to those but half illumined men like some mysterious sunset dream. They ate and drank with the Master, they heard Him tell His simple yet profound parables...

"I want to be baptized," was the prompt reply. "I hope the priest is at home." Happily the priest was at home, and finding his caller all ready, thanks to his brother's good offices...

Many years later, when the diocese of Columbus was erected, Right Rev. Sylvester Rosecrans, who had been consecrated titular of Pompeopolis, in partibus, on the feast of the Annunciation, 1862, and appointed auxiliary to Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, was transferred to the new See, and at once took possession of his vineyard.

The following letter received by the writer some years ago, it need not be mentioned, is highly prized:

Treasury Department, Register's office. Dec. 11, 1886. Dear Father Mulhane—Bishop Rosecrans was baptized at Spring, on the North River, opposite West Point, N. Y., by the Rev. Dr. Villani, pastor of the Catholic church at that place, and in charge of the mission at the Post of West Point, in the summer of 1846...

The great warrior's faith always shone out strong and clear. It is told that at a most critical moment during the battle of Stone River, when McCook's men were wavering, he dashed to the front, exposing himself to the enemy's fire...

"Never mind me, my boy, but make the sign of the cross and go in." In his "Reminiscences," published in McClure's Magazine, the late Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War under Stanton, states that he saw Rosecrans making the sign of the cross during the awful conflict at Chickamauga.

Both his great mind and his large heart were thoroughly imbued with strong Catholic faith; and though not seeking occasion to outwardly manifest it to the world, it instinctively would drop out on certain occasions, some-

times when least expected. Some years ago, while passing through Ohio on a campaign tour with Hendricks, he reached Columbus one evening, taking rooms with his political companions at the Neil House. He soon excused himself from the party and wended his way out Broad street to the cathedral, where he made inquiry for a priest, desiring to go to confession that he might the next morning go to Holy Communion for his deceased brother, the Bishop, whose remains rest under the altar of that church.

"Why? General, where in the world have you been so early this morning? Your friends at the hotel are anxious about you, that you may not miss that early train." The old veteran answered: "Oh! I have been out to the cathedral to pay my respects to Almighty God and to pray for my brother, who used to be Bishop out there."

When telegraphed of the death and burial, the widow bore back this sweet message: "I pray my dear husband's soul to rest in peace, and God bless all who have been kind to him."

His sincerity also was the means of converting his wife.

A newspaper correspondent, describing the working habits of the General when getting the 14th Corps into condition after assuming command, wrote: "On Sundays and Wednesdays he rose early and attended Mass."

"On the morning of every important engagement, or perilous undertaking, it was his invariable custom to attend Mass and commit himself and his army to the keeping of God of the battles."

Here is Maj. Dickham's description of how he began the Stone River fight, one of the most glorious of his victories: "A little later (than the dawn of day) the dauntless leader of the army knelt at the altar and prayed to the God of battles."

Rev. Father Cooney, the zealous chaplain of the 85th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, officiated, as stated by Rev. Father Treacy, the constant spiritual companion of the General, and whose fidelity to his chief was second only to his devotion to the faith he preached.

He was averse to all needless labor on the Lord's day—a fact that was so well understood by his staff that Gen. Crittenden once said of his commander: "He did not believe that the Master would smile upon any unnecessary violation of His laws."

"I had a distressing pain in my side and was also troubled with severe headaches. My blood was out of order and my constitution was generally run down. Reading what Hood's Sarsaparilla had done for others taking it and after using two bottles I was cured."

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion, pruritus, 25 cents.

THE SIMPLICITY OF TRUE RELIGION.

One often finds in the mouth of modern sectaries of various stripes the objection to the Catholic religion that it is too complicated, burdensome and difficult to understand. True religion, they say, is the simplest thing in the world; it is only trust in the Saviour, or love to God and man, etc.

The fact is that the Catholic religion is the most simple in the world, and its simplicity is one of the striking evidences of its truth. In proportion to the power which the Catholic religion has over the lives of men the more simple do they become.

The difficulty in this case, as in so many others, arises from a failure to grasp the true meaning of the term in question. What is simplicity? It is unity of principle, of life, of aim. Simplicity implies order; the subordination of all the parts or elements or activities to one dominating idea.

Now the Catholic religion has the attributes of order, harmony and economy in the highest degree thus far attained upon earth. Considered as a social organism it is infinitely more perfect than any other. Its activities and adaptations are far more manifold, and yet its unity is far more complete.

It has one single principle of life, the Holy Spirit of God, of which all its activities are the manifestations. It has one Head, Jesus Christ, to whom its members are united as branches to the vine, or cells to the Body. That portion of it which is on this earth is subject to one central authority which is the plenary representative of the Headship of its Universal Ruler.

Just as its organization is unified in the kingship of Jesus Christ, so is its doctrine unified in His teachings, its morality in His legislation, its spiritual life in His companionship, its worship in His priesthood, and its devotion in His sacramental presence.

As the Mystical Body of Christ the Church has the simplicity of the crystal, the rose, the dove, the child—but in a still more perfect degree. Interiorly it has the ineffable simplicity of the Godhead; while exteriorly it has the fruitful diversity of the cosmos.

The life of the individual Christian becomes more simple as it becomes more perfect. If he is not a dead branch of the True Vine, a lifeless and corrupted cell of the Mystical Body, he has within him a supernatural principle of life which should completely vivify and dominate all his thoughts, words and actions.

The will of the perfect Christian is conformed to the adorable Will of God; his intellect is a reflection of the Eternal Word; his heart pulsates in accord with the Sacred Heart of Jesus; his worship is united to the Bread, are one Body, in the fullest sense of the word.

To be separated from the Church is to be stranger to this simple and perfect life. The separatist, the sectary, is cut off from the One Body; he is a rebel against the one authority, a rejecter of the one truth, a violator of the one law, an exile from the one Presence, a contemner of the one life.

He who does not honor the saints he dishonors the Fountain of sanctity; if he does not venerate the Sacrifice of the Mass he despises his Priest and Victim; if he refuses to be a child of Mary he is no brother to Mary's Son; if he scoffs at indulgences, he has no part in the universal solidarity of spiritual life; if he makes light of priestly blessings, he gives his preference to the curse of

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Adam. There is nothing superfluous in the Catholic faith and polity; nothing that can be deliberately rejected without rejecting Jesus Christ and with Him all true religion.—Church Progress.

MORE NOTED CONVERSIONS. The Tablet (May 21) announces the reception into the church of George Alston, who was for seven years a professed monk with Father Ignatius at Llanthony Abbey, where he was known as "Father Cadoc," and for the past three years a member of the Cowley Community at Oxford.

At the Church of Holy Rood, Swindon, on the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, Mr. William Ralph Cator, of Swindon, and of Bulidge House, Chippenham, Eng., was received into the Church by the Rev. Dean Loneragan, rector of Swindon. Mr. Cator is a nephew of the Rev. H. W. Cator, of the Oratory, Brompton.

A conversion of interest has just taken place at King's Lynn, Eng., brought about by the Holy See's decision on Anglican orders. Mr. H. B. Collins, Mus. Bac. Oxon., the new convert, was trained at the Royal College of Music for the organ under Sir W. Parrat, and became a fellow of his college. Four years ago he was appointed organist at St. Margaret's, the chief Protestant church in Lynn, and his ability excited general admiration, so much so that the grand old Snetzler organ in the ancient church in question was not deemed good enough for him, and £1,700 was spent in improving it. His salary was a handsome one, and of course, he had many private pupils. All this he has given up on his reception into the Church by the Rev. G. Wrigglesworth, priest of the Lynn mission.

He wants method in order. He values adverbs above verbs; because good deeds should be well done that they be altogether good.

The germs of consumption are everywhere. There is no way but to fight them. If there is a history of weak lungs in the family, this fight must be constant and vigorous.

You must strike the disease, or it will strike you. At the very first sign of failing health take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

It gives the body power to resist the germs of consumption.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Religious Liberty in Spain. From the Jewish Messenger. The statement is made in several of our Jewish papers that Spain is prospective in its policy toward the Jews. This is entirely untrue. Civil and religious liberty is enjoyed by Jew and Protestant in the realms of the Catholic Queen.

FIVE OF THE BRAVE MEN WITH HOBSON WERE CATHOLICS. Pat Mullen fired the first shot for Uncle Sam in the present war; and one Hickey, a gunner on an American ship in Manila bay, sent off a charge which disposed of it, said of a hundred Spaniards. At any rate, Hickey's shot became famous through the whole fleet.

Now we notice among the seven men who achieved that daring deed with Hobson, Friday morning, the following named: George Charette, a French Canadian Catholic, from Lowell, Mass. John Patrick Phillips from Boston, probably a Romanist.

Francis Kelley, born in Scotland of Irish parentage, not Scotch-Irish. Daniel Montague, born in Ireland. The audacity of these Catholics, crowding into positions of danger in our navy, is something intolerable. It threatens the integrity of our institutions. We believe that these places at the front should be reserved for those only upon whose loyalty to the flag we can depend. How can a man like Murphy, who owes allegiance to the Pope, be trusted to scuttle the Merrimack, or a man like Kelly to run the Spanish guns? We are surprised at Lieutenant Hobson's choice. He must be another one of those persons like Woodruff, our examiner at Madrid, who is reported to have said that he "always liked to have an Irishman near him when he got into a tight place."—Catholic Citizen.

There is one little maxim That now I will name, Which may bring what is better Than the riches of fame. All those who will heed it Good appetite find, Strong nerves, rosy cheeks, And vigor of mind. It will banish dyspepsia, Rheumatisms and gout, That Tired Feeling conquer, Drive scrofula out, And here is the maxim— Its wisdom is sure— Take Hood's Sarsaparilla And keep your blood pure.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased or simulating to action the dormant organs of the system, thereby removing the cause of the disease, and in fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell Co., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and that will sell well."

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness are sure symptoms of worms in the bowels. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother's Worm Exterminator; it is an effective cure.

Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure a bottle.

Windsor Salt. For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best.

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON. Sixth Sunday After Pentecost. ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE. "And they did eat and were filled." (Mark 8.) The astounding miracle, which our Saviour works before our eyes in the gospel of to-day, is daily repeated in nature. For God's providence watches over all creatures, gives to everything that lives and breathes food and drink at the proper time, feeds and guides even inanimate beings to that great end for which they were created. For thousands of years the system of the universe has existed in all its glory and magnificence. It is the Almighty who has thus long preserved and upheld it, and were He to withdraw His hand for an instant, it would be, not simply in ruins, but altogether annihilated.

Innumerable heavenly bodies, worlds larger than the earth, we see glittering high above our heads. Since the beginning of the world they run their course assigned to them, each in its definite time. And is it chance rather than the hand of the Ruler of the universe, that has prevented these immense bodies from rebounding on against another, and thus bringing destruction to the world?

From the innumerable creatures of God, select the most insignificant, for instance a swallow, and ask the wise of all unbelievers, if, in looking at the little creature, he has the courage to deny God's paternal providence in nature. When in the fall, thick fog arises, the swallow leaves our region and flies hundreds of miles away into warmer countries. As soon as spring has come again, this little bird returns from his journey, and how wonderful it not only finds its former abode, but even its little nest. Now, tell me proud atheist, who is it that shows the little creature its way back? Is it blind chance? Oh, most nonsensical of words! Chance, and what is chance? An "I do not know what," which the world knows, but no one can explain. Chance! An empty word, invented by infidels, and put in the place of God, the Supreme Being, whom the so much fear. Chance! A word which appears as though it could explain something, whereas, in reality, it is a nonsense, an insanity. A should such a nonentity, which men are pleased to call chance, be capable of governing the universe? Ah, you say, if for very fear of the name of God you wish to fit yourselves for an insane asylum, do not suppose that others will do the same.

No, it is not chance, not fate, not mere perhaps that governs the world; but it is the God and Creator, who produced both great and small. His omnipotence, omniscience and paternal love directs the universe, as well as the life of man. It is as if God were as easy as it was for God to call everything out of nothing, just as easily for Him, the Being of all beings, to provide for His creatures, and to direct them altogether, as well as to individually, to that end for which each was destined from eternity. Therefore it is related in Holy Scripture: "God hath equally care of a Wis. 6, 8. He maketh grass to grow on the mountains, and herbs for service of men. He giveth food to the beasts, and to the young raven that called upon Him." (Ps. 136.) And how touchingly does not Jesus to us in the gospel: "Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow nor reap, and your heavenly Father feedeth them." (Matt. 6, 26.) Our Saviour assures us in the gospel: "The very hairs of your head are numbered." (Matt. 10, 30.)

With what filial confidence, therefore, should we not, in every condition of life, trust to God's wise and loving providence, commend all our cares and afflictions of life to Him, God who clothes the lilies of the field and gives food to the young raven, will certainly not forget us, but according to His promise, give us the requirements of body and soul. We will, rather, humbly adore Him in all His trials of life and submit to them with child like resignation. We will gratefully exclaim at the end of God: "The Lord hath done good things well." (Mark 7, 27.)

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