THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

NOV. 9, 1362.

THE SISTERS OF BON SECOURS.

SFCOURS. The Cottage Hearth is a well conducted and ably written monthly published in Boston. A late number contains a sketch of the Sisters of Bon Secours written by a Protestant, which will, we feel assured, a Protestant, which will, we feel assured, interest and please our readers as it has interested and pleased ourselves:

One bright May morning in the latter part of the last century, a small proces-sion might be seen passing quietly along the main street of a French village, paus-ing midway, and entering the humble church which lifted its cross above the un-even roofs of the neighboring dwellings. It was a very small affair that had brought these people to church—only a wee mite of a baby, a few hours old, whom the par-ents, being honest, hard-working peasants, were hastening at once to place under the last century, a small proceswere hastening at once to place under the protection of the church and its cross. It protection of the church and its cross. It seems rather strange that any one should have thought of such unimportant matters as babies and religion in those days; for it was a wonderful, dreamy, unreal time in the history of France. Giddy at the height she had already reached, yet strain-ing every nevre for greater eminence.

ing every nerve for greater eminence, she attacked, surmounted, beat down obstacle after obstacle, nation after nation. On this very day Napoleon was busily en-gaged in constructing—what? a book? a palace? a city? No, a Republic of North-ern Italy; while the world looked on, paralyzed with amazement. But the baby knew nothing of Napoleon

Rome."

otestant.'

nor Milan; knew not that his business in life was to heal the wounds that the great Conqueror and such as he, should inflict ; knew not that he was come, not to destroy men's lives but to save them. Little Paul Sebastien Millet, not yet old enough even to wonder, submitted unquestionably to the rite of baptism with what grace he had inherited, or acquired in the few hours of his earthly experience. I say "inher-ited," for, according to the little grey pamphlet I have before me, his parents "were good Christians, and during the Reign of Terror had hospitably and courisly concealed several priests under

Twelve years pass, and Paul Sebastien now a strong youth, presents himself at the communion services for the first time. Already he has displayed a marked "faith, purity and charity, and his excellent have come to my personal notice. mother has spared no pains to cultivate these divine germs in the bosom of her son." The boy is old enough to look about son." The boy is old enough to look about him and listen attentively to the reports of war, the acclamations of victory, the muttered rumors of defeat, which fill the

air. The district in which he lives, the Department of Aube, lies directly in the path between Paris and the Rhine, and has been have come to associate the idea of monks, nuns and priests with the more bigoted between Paris and the Rhine, and has been crossed and recrossed by army after army. Two years later the Emperor wins one of his terrible victories—always disastrous to both sides—at Arcis, a few miles away. The vineyards are stripped, the hot white due of the roads rises and mingles with

A Mother's Grief. Maynooth over Dr. Murray. DY DENNEMATUS. Mater Almas i still you're grieving, and your eyes are wet with weeping. And your heart is filled with sorrow, kneet-mater here basel being are wet with weeping. And your heart is filled with sorrow, kneet-mater here heat is filled with sorrow, kneet-mater here heat is sidelight. The origin waiting for the coming of the Judge. Mare your latest loved one, lying coldty, and meek and holy. Mare your is death is sidelight. Mare and meek and holy. Mare and his sheart he gave yoo, mother, longing. Mare and his sheart's cold your hearts around her. Mare and holy surfare grieving. Mare and holy surface and the mane, Socur, Mare and Sceur Josept. The infant Society was called the "Congregation of Bon Se-ours," the words "of Troyes" being a harged to that eity. A third sister infant durspotless white, frontlet of the same, and plain round "bonnet," as we would call it, with a black veil falling upon the shoulders on each side and behind. The frontlet and bonnet quite conceal every wisp of hair, so that nothing but the pale, quiet face can be seen. A crucifix is sus-pended at the side by a long string of beads, or rosary, and another at the breast by a piece of purple braid, which is the distinguishing mark of the order. The congregation, or community of Bon Secours has representatives in most of the large cities of Europe. Go where you will, you will see the quiet little figure, with her black drapery and cruci-fix upon royal purple, in church, street and car, on her errands of mercy. It is an imperative rule of the order that the sisters shall obey all commands and regu-lations issued by the Lady Superior at the Maison Mere. In 1571 a large number of emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine, having proceeded as far as Algeria, were

of emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine, having proceeded as far as Algeria, were attacked by a terrible epidemic. Like the Egyptime in the desert, they bemoaned their fate. The disease thrived, and the their fate. The disease thrived, and the cries of anguish grew more bitter. Would that we had remained at home at the mercy of the Prussians! No help, no help! No physician, no medicine, no nurse; almost, it would seem, no God! But what is this? a ship in the ofling! Nearer, and nearer,—what is her fag? French, French, thank God! Rising and falling on the waves, she comes swiftly on; the sails flutter and close like the wings of a bird alighting upon her nest; the anchor chains rattle; a boat puts off and the water foams white under its plunging bows; it nears the shore; what shadows are those in the stern, behind the men who are pulling with strong, steady strokes? "See, my friends—it is the Good Help - les Soeurs de Bon Secours !" Here, on the parching African soil unchanged to that city. A third sister joined them a few months later, and durall others of this order being dependent upon it. Up to this day over one hundred and fifteen of these have been established,

many of them under such circumstances of fortitude and heroic devotion as the angels might sing in heaven, to see. The fortunes of the Community have varied from time to time, but their progress is steadily onward. Pope Pius the Ninth addresses them, in 1855, with the words, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the

Here, on the parching African soil un-der the fierce rays of the tropical sun, they move to and fro as calmly, as patiently as in the cool corridors of their own Mother-"Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. "Wars and pestilence riot in the land, but the sister is at hand with her good help, her tireless watch, her gentle voice, her loving, woman's ministration. I cannot close the merely historical portion of this account better than by quoting a few lines from Cardinal Morichini's book on "Charitable Establishments at Rome." house of Troyes. One of them, to be sure, dies there a few years later, of fever con tracted from a patient, but she knew when she came that already one had died a short time before, of a fiercer malady contracted in the same way: a little sister it was too, only twenty six years old, hardly beginning the grave work; but it was nothing; they were commanded to Africa, they went. Pages, yes, volumes could be filled with "The sisters who belong to this congre gation," (of Bon Secours), he says, "have nothing to do with education ; nor do they serve in hospitals. The purpose of their order is unique; it is the care of the sick in their own homes. Several times similar instances of devotion. Five years ago Sister Simplice had in charge the little children of a gentleman of rank near Paris. She was walking with them in the garden when a sound in the shrubbery near by In their own homes. Several times already, in preceding centuries, has Chris-tian charity under taken this work, par-ticularly under the inspiration of St. Francois de Sales and of St. Vincent de caused her to start and turn pale. She knew that the fierce dog whom the owner of the chateau should have kept chained Paul; but these experiments failed, and almost from the very start deviated from of the chateau should have kept chained must have freed himself. There was still time enough; she could easily reach a place of safety. Ah, but the children ! she will not leave them. She gathers them about her hurriedly and perhaps gains a few yards toward the house. It is too late. The huge creature is in sight, bounding toward them with red ever and forming their original aim. God has reserved the success of the plan for our times, in which success of the plan for our times, in which its need, both temporal and spiritual, is so earnestly felt. In these days when so many travel, a large number fall ill while they are far from their own country, in hotels or private dwellings, and are depen-dent upon the bired service of strangers. The 'Sceurs du Bon-Secours' care for all the sick, without dis-tinction of are or condition : men toward them with red eyes and foaming toward them with red eyes and foaming mouth—mad. What did she do? There was but one thing for a Sister of Good Help to do. With one grand sweep she thrusts the children behind her and crying thrusts the children behind her and crying aloud for aid, but never yielding an inch, faces the brute without a quiver. He springs upon her; her little white hands are entwined in his long hair, while the savage, cruel j.ws open and close viciously. Perhaps the children cried; perhaps you could hear nothing but the fierce, mad snarl of the dog as he bit, and the poor cries of the little Sister now growing very weak; but she would not let go her hold, for there were the children. I wish you coull hear the story as we heard it, in tinction of age or condition; men and women, rich and poor, (for they ask no reward for their services) Catholic and It remains for me to give a more detailed description of these sisters, or nuns, and to relate one or two anecdotes which I am earnest in endeavoring to set forth the aims, characteristics, and work of this aims, characteristics, and work of this order, because there seems to me to exist in our own country **a** widely spread ig-norance or misunderstanding of these matters. We who are Protestants, who live in New England with its puritan tra-ditions, and who are thrilled by the ac-counts of the Reformation and its firm stands against the abuses of Catholicism, have come to associate the idea of monks. coull hear the story as we heard it, in tremulous broken English, from her who brend outs of the light from her who herself nursed Sister Simplice during the month of agony through which she lived. Just before her death she turned to those by her bed, and said, "I am so glad-1-could do it. I-would do it-again---

again—" In 1850 I was travelling with a party in Europe. We reached Milan, Italy, early in July, and for two days wandered about

ing little convalues of food and drink. Remember, all these services are performed by the Sisters for no reward whatever. It would be a strange man, indeed, who would not give the convent at least the regular price of the nurse, but there is no compulsion, no suggestion of money; and the Sisters themselves of course never receive anything. They are not even permitted to have ornaments

not even permitted to have ornaments upon their person or in their room. It is against the rules of the order that any of its members should be photo-graphed, and the celebrated French paint-ing from which the frontispiece is taken was from a sketch made by the artist while the sober little nurse was quite un conscious of the process. The attitude and dress are perfect to the least detail. The Sister has on her sickroom apron of dull blue, and the crucifix may be seen hanging from the purple ribbon on her breast.

breast The Continental physicians have learned to rely upon the Sisterhood and oftentimes the nun herself takes entire charge times the nun herself takes entire charge of of the patient, administering medicines and arranging bandages with deft and skilful hands. The poor people in all large foreign cities have learned to vener-ate them, and in Venice, Sister Valentine was quite troubled by the persistent numbers who pressed around her to kiss the crucifix she wore, as she went to and from her daily devotions to St. Mark's church. It was pitful to see their eves church. It was pitiful to see their eyes light up at sight of the one great power, religion, that exerted itself not to oppress,

but to relieve them. Such is the work of the Community of Bon Secours. It is enlarging its fields every year. The first American house of the order was established in Baltimore the order was established in Baltimore two years ago, and during the last summer another house of Bon Secours has been opened on Twenty-Second street in New York. I have only spoken of one class of nuns. Other orders have other mis-sions. They feed the hungry, visit their Master while sick and in prison, comfort the weary and oppressed, and bring hope of peace to the heart-broken. Their black robes are in our streets as in the cities of Europe, but their footsteps are light, and so far as many of our good people are apt to suppose-their religious belief may

IRELAND'S MARTYR-PRIMATE.

OME LETTERS OF THE MARTYR-PRIMATE OLIVER PLUNKETT. Bishop M oran in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record.

v. ARCHBISHOP PLUNKETT TO F. MAURUS CORKER ON THE EVE OF EXECUTION.

e the night." Ten minutes later she was as much at n home in the sick room as if she had been f there a month. She had gone straight up t ot be bed, taken the feeble, drooping hand in her strong ones, and said simply, "" am—Sister Valentine; I am—come to " — help you; to make—you-well." " What she was to us in the days that followed, no words of mine can tell. Somehow the responsibilities of the sick-tr oom slid straight off from our shoulders and rested lightly upon hers. Every afternoon and all night she watched tire-lessly, leaving the bedside in the early morning to go to the cathedral and "pray and alleviations. At one time I prepared a cup of tea for her patient, as much as possible like that we have at home, and called it "mother-tea," to give it an addi-tional relish. I noticed that Sister adopted the idea at once, and availed her-slightest service and suggest little comforts adopted the idea at once, and availed her-ing little conyalescent bits of food and e drink. Remember, all these services are performed by the Sisters for no reward e whatever. It would be a strange man, faith, charity, and good works, will be efficacious with our Saviour, and that there will be soon an end of this persecuthere will be soon an end of this persecu-tion, and that iniquitas multorum mox revelabitur, fiat voluntrs Dei, fiat, fat. And I beseech my Saviour to give all the good Catholics perseverance in their faith and good works, and grant me the peace to be to-morrow where I may pray for them non in ænigmate, but facie ad faciem, etc., and be sure that I am still and will be, Vour obliged friend.

VI.

he studied and taught almost twenty years, and in Ireland, where he exercised his Episcopal or rather A postolical func-tion till he became a Champion of the Faith; but these particulars are not as yet

arrived at my hands. After his transportation hither, he was, as you know, close confined and secluded from all human conversation, save that of his keepers, until his arraignment, so that here also I am much in the dark, and can only inform you of what I learnt, as it were by chance, from the mouths of the said keepers, viz:-That he spent his time in almost continual prayer; that he fasted usually three or four days a week with nothing but bread; that he appeared to them always modestly cheerful, without any anguish or concern at his danger or strict confinement; that by his sweet and pious demeanor he contracted an esteem and reverence from those few who came near him. When he was arraigned, it near him. When he was arraigned, it was true I could write to him and he to me, but our letters were read, transcribed and examined by the officers before they were delivered to either of us, for which

of peace to the heart-broken. Their black robes are in our streets as in the cities of Europe, but their footsteps are light, and leave no sound behind them; their voices are gentle and few know of their pres-ence. They die in our milst, stricken down with every terrible disease and they make no cry. Others fill the gap and while "the workers die, the work goes on," Different frcm ours—though not so far as many of our good neople are ant of the spirit of the Holy Ghost— to save had little communication than what was necessary in order to his trial. But the trial being ended, and he con-demned, his man had leave to wait on him alone in his chamber. By those means we had free intercourse by letter to each other, and now it was I clearly perceived the spirit of God in him, and those lovely fruits of the Holy Ghost— to so far as many of our good neople are ant charity, joy, peace, patience, etc., trans-parent in his soul; and not only I, but many other Catholics who came

at the approach of his beloved. Hence the joy of our holy martyr seemed still to approach together with his danger, and was fully accomplished by assurance of death. The very night before he died, being now as it were at heart's ease, he went to bed at eleven of the clock, and slept quietly and soundly till four in the morning, at which time his man, (who) lay in the room with him, awakened him; so little concern had he upon his spirit, or rather had the loveliness of the end beau-tified the horror of the passage to it. Non sunt condignac passiones hujus temporis, says St. Paul, ad futuram gloriam quae revelabitur in nobis, nam expectatio crecturae revalationem filio-rum Dei expectat. After he knew that God Almighty had chosen him to the crown and dignity of martyrdom he con-tinually studied how to divest himself of himself and became more and more an entire, perfect and pleasing holocaust, to which end, he gave up his soul, with all its faculties, to the conduct of God, so for God's sake he resigned the care and dis-posal of his body to unworthy me, and this in such an absolute manner that he looked upon himself to have no further power or authority over it. For an in-stance of this, the day before he suffered I sent a barber to trim him; the man asked him whether he should leave anything on the upper lip; he answered, he knew not how I would have it, and he would do him whether he should lave any thing on the upper lip; he answered, he knew not how I would have it, and he would do nothing without my order; so that they were forced to send me before the barber could finish his work. Another remarkable instance of bis strange humility and resignation therein was, that about an hour before he was carried to execution, hour before he was carried to execution, being desired to drink a glass of sack to strengthen his spirits, he answered he was not at his own disposal but mine, and that he must have leave from me before he could either take or refuse it; thereupon, though I was locked up, yet for his satisfaction his man and the keeper's wife came to my here her door and then returning back

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man and the keeper's whe came to my chamber door, and then, returning back, told him I enjoined it; upon which he readily submitted. But I neither can nor dare undertake to describe unto you the signal virtues of the blessed martyr. There signal virtues of the biessed martyr. There appeared in him something beyond ex-pression—something more than human. The most savage and hard-hearted people were mollified and attendred at his sight; many Protestants in my hearing wished their souls in the same state with his; even the most limprove were in love with him. the most limorous were in love with him. When he was carried out of the priest's yard to execution, he turned him about towards our chamber windows, and, with a pleasant aspect and elevated hand, gave us his benediction. How he comported himself after he was taken from hence, himself after he was taken from hence, with all the circumstances of his happy passage, you yourself can give a more exact account than I, or indeed than any other, seeing your piety rendered you so eminently assistant at his death and bur-ial. I shall therefore conclude this letter with blessing and praising the Almighty, who in His faithful servant hath con-founded the wicked, comforted the good, illustrated the Church, glorified Himself, and increased the number of mattyrs in and increased the number of martyrs in heaven. Sweet Jesus ! grant us the grace neaven. Sweet Jesus i grant us the grace to follow the example, to the end we may deserve his present patronage, and future company in eternal glory, which is the daily prayer of, Madam, your devoted servant in our Lord, MAUBUS CORKER.

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

The "Vicar" Elected to Assist the Aged Father Beckx.

Thirty years ago last springtime, God called to Himself the aged and pious Father Roothan, General of the Jesuits. Within two months the Very Rev. Father Pooler was closed to the term Becky was elected to the onerous duties of Beckx was elected to the onerous duties of General Superior of the renowned Society. This was in 1853,—and Father Beckx was already in his fifty-ninth year. Thirty years, and years of trials so great, have borne heavily on the devoted Father Beckx. Having reached the eighty-eighth year of his age. Father Beckx. in terms year of his age, Father Beckx, in term whose earnestness could not be passed un-regarded, besought his brethren to release him from his heavy burden, that he had carried with so universal a satisfaction of his religious sons. There has been a gath-ering at Rome of Provincial, and other ering at Rome of Provincial, and other consultors of the world. They met,—in one mind. The Society could not enter-tain the request of Father Beckx, that his Generalship should end; but they con-sented to ease the burden of their beloved General, by electing, as his Vicar, one such as they had been willing to choose as General, had death taken away Father Beckx, who has passed, by nearly two lustrums, the limit of life set by the Royal Prophet for even those who are strongest! Simulen for even those who are strongest ! Siautem in potentatibus octoginta anni. And in case of, according to the commoner meaning of potentatibus, "those who have command," potentatibus, "those who have command," how true is the rest of the text : et amplius eorum laboret dolor ; quoniam supervenit man-suetudo, et corripiemur : "And their labor and sorrow is the greater, for tameness supervenes, and we are taken away"! After many and fervent prayers and offerings, we may be sure, the choice of the society has fallen on the Very Rev. Anthony Anderledy. Father Anderledy is a native of the Canton of Valais in Switzerland, and has passed his sixtieth year. He entered the Society as a young man, and after he Swiss Radical Revolution of 1847, the and the infamous expulsion of the Jesuits, Father Anderledy, with others, came to the United States, going directly to the Western Province of St. Louis. We find his name appearing in 1848, attached to the University of St. Louis, and we think, in that year, he was ordained priest by Archbishop Kenrick. Next year he was an assistant at St. Joseph's Church, Green Bay,—then in the Diocese of Milwaukee, and temporarily served by Jesuits. In 1850, he seems to have been recalled to Europe, but we have not been able to gather authentic accounts of the posts he has occupied. He was, lately, Provincial over regions either in the German portion of Austria, or in what is called the German Empire.— N. The Songs BY JOH

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bearing on i Our sketches establishment the formatio College, Mon stitutions of very interest of the Gesu i concluding tion of the bespeak for tention of o Jesus is de the Jesuits, heroism wer and glory: The Socie finitively o Loyola, in century, 1 every pail fast as new rica, they aries of Florida, M-southern p received it tion, and C to receive t In 1611 companied New Franc by the Rec

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Your obliged friend, OLIVER PLUNKETT. FATHER MAURUS CORKER TO A LADY ON FATHER MAURUS CORKER TO A LADY ON ARCHBISHOP PLUNKET'S DEATH. MADAME-I cannot as yet so much as pretend to give you, as you desire, a des-cription of the virtues of the glorious Archbiseop and Martyr, Dr. Oliver Plun-kett. I am promised the particulars of his life and actions, both at Rome, where a ctacid, and taught almost twenty

the smoke of battle, the very streams are turned to blood. Thegrand army, wounded to the death, still drags its unwieldy length back and forth through the waving fields of grain, striking viciously and ven omously at the heel that dares to approach The little village of Meriot, like every other in the land, is full of mangled, fever-stricken, dying men. Where shall they go i The hospitals are full. Nurse them at home? but the women must work in the field, or we shall starve. While men are shot lown, lost or taken prisoners at the rate of four hundred thousand in a and the rate of four hundred thousand if a single campaign, you cannot expect that many will be left to plant and reap. So Paul Sebastien, with his faith, purity and charity, must cry out to heaven for aid to lit the sufface and must concher the all these sufferers, and must go about the streets of Meriot day by day, hearing the groans of the uncared for sick, and meeting the black-veiled processions carrying their silent burdens to the little church of Melz where he was baptized. Ab, if he were a man! But he is only a boy and can do nothing. Hold! there is one thing he can do. He will devote his life to the service of the poor and weary and heavy-laden, and to that sacred end, will enter nation, and to that sorred end, while enter upon studies for the priesthood. Accord-ingly, in the very year when the emperor's or's vanquished hand signs the first abdi-cation, Paul Sebastien Millet begins his course in the ecclesiastical college. Rapidly he takes one order after another

and at twenty six years of age is ordained priest, with a cure of over 2,000 souls under his charge. Humbly accepting his new duties, he soon became known for his love towards children and the suffering poor. "Let us visit the sick, visit the sick." he would say; nowhere else can one's time be invested at such high rate of interest.' And now the time is at hand when th

dream of his life is to be realized. Per haps the grand obsequies of the banished emperor, whose remains were in that year borne to Paris and left in repose on the banks of the Seine, may have brought to his mind the terrible scenes his boyhood his mind the terrible scenes his boyhood witnessed. The poor, reflected the good priest, they had with them always. As truly would disease and misery follow. It was true, there was charitable institutions, but up to that time the sick were obliged to seek the help they needed; again, while there was doubtless those who came to the bed-sides of the suffering in their own house these visits were pecessarily own homes, these visits were necessarily

neither monastery nor convent; a travelle neither monastery nor convent; a traveller, whose thought has never over-topped the low hills about the pesceful little ortho-dox town in which he was brought up, dashes over to Europe, looks upon the rusty instruments of torture in some museum, shudders at the silent approach of the black headed or coweld firme in of the black-hooded or cowled figure in the street and hastens home to fan the popular prejudice. Even Thomas Carlyle, his unfortunate "Reminiscen works himself into a fury over the con-duct of two sisters of charity who came instantly at the call to nurse his wife, and whose worst offence, it seems, was a simple and honest endeavor to comfort their patient with the comfort with which they themselves were comforted. It is tim that those whose sufferings have been re-lieved by these gentle sisters; who, away perfectly; medicines, food, everything must be ordered in Italian or French. from home, and suffering nigh to death, have longed for a woman's tender face of The sun rose every morning into a clear, blue sky, and beat upon the city all day long. The noise of the place was almost pity, and have found it beneath the black hood; who have stood beside the sick beds of those dearest to them, wringing long. insupportable. Carpenters pounded and hammered beneath our windows; huge their hands in a very agony of helplessness; have seen the loved eyes brighten again with life, the fevered forehead moisten bells clanged out the hours and quarters; a shrill-voiced macaw filled every pause and grow cool beneath the healing touch of her who knew neither rest nor reward, with his grating cries: unwielding teams rattled over the rough pavements; in the next house a young girl practised arias and recitatives by the hour, at the open win-dow, so that to this day when I hear a beyond that her Master gave; it is time for these, I say, to lay aside prejudice, and however we may disagree with monk or non in religious dogma, give them their dues in the respect and loving admiration of all people, for their grand labors, day by day, and their utter, Christ-like self-sacrifices for their fellow-men. Our own strong clear voice ring out through a still summer evening it makes me start and quickens my pulse for a moment, until I remember that I am no longer in the Hotel de la Ville, and there is no dear one pant-James T. Fields has nobly written :

ing upon the bed near by, struggling for sleep and rest from pain. Day after day, the heat and the sickness grew. Open 'Wreaths for that line which Woman's trib-"Wreaths for that the which woman's trio-ute gave-"Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave." Can I forget, a Pligrim o'er the sea. The countiess shrines of Woman's charity? In thy gay capital, bewildering France, Where Pleasure's shuttle weaves the whirlwindows were like oven doors. The watch-ers began to give way. There were only two of us who could take this duty, and ing dance, Beneath the shelter of St. Mary's dome Where pallid suffering seeks and finds we felt ourselves growing weaker almost hourly. "You must rest," the doctor said gravely, "or you will have fever." home, Methinks I see that saintel sister now Wipe Death's coid dewdrop from an infant's brow; Can I forget that mild, seraphic grace With heaven-eyed Patience meeting in her face? Could the doctor, then find a nurse? Yes, he believed he could. He would ask for a Sister at the Convent of Bon Secours.

How we waited that day! Oh, for one word from home; one friendly face! Our face ? An ! sure, if angels leave celestial spheres We saw an angel dry a mortal's tears." How

lips quivered, and we dared not meet each others' eyes we were so weak. And she? we believed her dying. Just before night-fall, a light knock was heard at the door. It was opened, and there stood a little figure, dressed in black The costume of the Sisters of Bon Secours is, as may be seen in the engrav-ing, quite simple and unostentatious. Black robes, wide flowing sleeves, with tightly fitting ones of the same cloth beneath, a broad collar of smooth and

the city. There is much to see in Milan without going far. The wonderful cathebearch all things and seeketh not her own, will watch over you while you are hungry, sick, in prison, for the sake of her dral of glistening marble, like a great whit throne, the picture of the Last Supper, the galleries of art, the queer little shops and markets, all these things made the days full of pleasure, and at the same Maste The Cardinal's Pride. time left us utterly weary at night. The heat was terrible. We decided that we must push on to Venice the next morning, Written for the Catholic Mirror. A long while ago, when Cardinal Cullen ived, there was a sick call for a priest in all preparations for the journey were com-pleted. In the middle of the night I was Dublin. The sick person was at Hotel, the proprietor of which was a Pro called from my sleep to find one of our number very ill. Of course we must testant. A stormy, wet, dark night it proved. As soon as the messenger got there a priest started. Through mud and stay another day. But the sick one was no better. She grew steadily worse. The physician, a tall, big-hearted young Italian, came and shook his head. "It is too ver" slush he made his way, and at last arrived at the hotel, saw the sick person, and gave him the Sacraments. Everything went off hot," he said, "It is not good to be in Milano in Summer." Ah, those days and as usual thus far, but now the curious nights ! Hope lessening every hour; not a friend in the land; not a man in the great part began. hotel who could understand our language

The proprietor of the hotel, thinking to do a little private proselytizing, invited the priest to come into his cwn sittingroom. After administering some welcome refreshments, this Protestant evangelizer let himself out. "To think Father," said he, addressing the priest, "of the pride and sloth of these Bishops and Cardinals! Is it not mon-I warrant now that, while the trous through the muddy snow, he is comfort-ably toasting his heels and drinking a good

warm punch." "I think you wrong him." "Because he is doing nothing of the kind ?" "You don't tell me ! But how do you know ?" "I know by the best of reasons. You have never asked my name." "Your name ! what is it ?" "Cullen-Cardinal Cullen." In a moment the hotel-keeper was on his feet hat off. "Will your Eminence forgive me? I spoke in ignorance. Shall I order a carriage for your Eminence ?" "Oh, no; I can go back as I came; I am

used to such journeys." The Cardinal departed. A few days afterwards the hotel-keeper went to a priest for instructions, and was finally re-ceived into the Church. This incident is strictly true.

That poor bedridden, invalid wife, sis-ter, mother, or daughter, can be made the ter, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters. Will you let them suffer ? when so easily cured !

neighbors as themselves. Protestant, to receive his benediction and catholic, atheist, you are a man, a woman, a child, a neighbor; and the Sister of that nied to us) can testify. There appeared charity which suffereth long and is kind, in his worde, actions, and countenance beareth all things and seeketh not her something so divinely elevated, such a composed mixture of cheerfulness, constancy, courage, love, sweetness, and candor, asmanifestly denoted the Divine Goodness asmanifestly denoted the Divine Goodness had made him fit for a victim, and des-tined him for heaven. None saw or came near him but received new comfort, new fervor, new desires to please, serve, and suffer for Christ Jesus by his very pres-

Concerning the matter and state of his

prayer, he seemed most devoted to pathe-ic sentences taken out of Scripture, the Divine Office and Missal, which he made me procure for him three months before he died; upon these sentences he left his oul dilate itself in love, following herein the sweet dictate and impulse of the Holy Ghost, and reading his prayers, writ rather in his heart than in his book, according

to that of the Apostle (Rom. viii., 26), Spiritus adjuvat infirmitatem nostrum nam quid oremus sicut oportet nescimus

sed ipse Spiritus postulat porter hesenings sed ipse Spiritus postulat por nobis gemi-tibus inenerrabilibus. Qui autem scru-tatur corda, seit quid desiderat Spiritus, quia secundum Deum postulat pro sanctis, et (1 Joan. ii, 27), Unctio ejus docet nos de omnibus. For this reason I suppose it was that, when, with just humi-lity, he sent me his last speech to correct, he also writ me word he would not, at the place of execution, make use of any other set form or method of prayer than the Pater Noster, Ave Maria, Credo, Mis-erere, in Manus tuas Domine, etc., and for the rest he would breathe forth his soul in such prayers and ejaculations as God would then inspire him withal. He continually endeavored to improve himself and advance in the purity of Divine Love, and by consequence also in contrition for his past sins, of his deficiency in both which this humble soul complained to me as the only thing that troubled him. Indeed the more we love God the more we desire it; and the more we desire it the more we love; for desire increaseth our love and love our desire, and if we may neasure this happy martyr's love by the Rule of our Saviour (Jo. 13), Majorem Y. Freeman's Journal. hac dilectionem nemo habet, ut quis animam suam ponat pro amicis suis, we

shall find him perfect in love; for in him was fulfilled that of the Canticles (viii. 6), fortis est ut mors dilectio; by love was extinguished in him all fears of death; extinguished in him all fears of deals, mounced his choice his choice a pilgrimage in charitate, sed perfecta charitas foras to Lourdes. The Abbe Marchal was for-mittit timorem; quoniam timor poenam habet; a lover feareth not, but rejoiceth ing the war of 1870.

It is announced that one of the most prominent adherents of the Swiss Liberal Catholic schism, the Abbe Marchal, has renounced his errors and returned to the