

A Mother's Grief.

(Maynooth over Dr. Murray.) BY HENRI-SATUR.

Mother! still you're grieving, and your eyes are wet with weeping...

O my mother! Alma Mater! he was wise and meek and holy...

Mother! mother! still you're grieving Brothers, fold your hearts around her...

THE SISTERS OF BON SECOURS.

The Cottage Hearth is a well conducted and ably written monthly published in Boston.

One bright May morning in the latter part of the last century, a small procession might be seen passing quietly along the main street of a French village...

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon nor Milan; knew not that his business in life was to heal the wounds that the great Conqueror and such as he, should inflict...

Twelve years pass, and Paul Sebastian, 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 mother has spared no pains to cultivate these divine graces in the bosom of her son.

The district in which he lives, the Department of Aube, lies directly in the path 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 from the vineyards and the hot white dust of the roads rises and mingles with the smoke of battle, the very streams are turned to blood.

The little village of Meriot, like every other in the land, is full of mangled, fever-stricken, dying men. Where shall they go? The hospitals are full. Nurse them at home! but the women must work in the field, or we shall starve.

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.

And now the time is at hand when the dream of his life is to be realized. Perhaps 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 witnessed.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

But the holy knew nothing of Napoleon 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.

limited in duration and number, and afforded but little relief; the hospital was the only other resource.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

spotless 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 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 crucifix upon royal purple, in church, street and car, ever serene of mien, and full of the Egyptian in the desert, they bemoaned their fate.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1840, being Annunciation Day, M. Millet opened with his blessing a charitable house at Arcis-sur-Seine.

After much prayer and meditation M. Millet confided his design to certain women, who received it with enthusiasm, and encouraged the formation of such a society, in spite of the inevitable opposition which at once arose.

from top to toe, waiting quietly to be asked in.

"I am—come—from the Convent of—Bon Secours. I am—Sister 'Valentine,'" she said in her broken English.

"But, pardon me, you are so—small; I am afraid you cannot find Madame."

"Ah," with the least flash of a smile, "but I am very strong. I shall stay all the night."

Ten minutes later she was as much at home in the sick room as if she had been there a month. She had gone straight up to the bed, taken the feeble, drooping hand in her strong ones, and said simply, "I am—Sister Valentine; I am—come—to help you; to make you—well."

What she was to do in the days that followed, no words of mine can tell. Somehow the responsibilities of the sick-room slid straight off from our shoulders and rested lightly upon hers.

Every afternoon and all night she watched tirelessly, leaving the bedside in the early morning to go to the cathedral and "pray for Madame," always ready to do the slightest service and suggest little comforts and alleviations.

On 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 additional touch.

It was against the rules of the order that any of its members should be photographed, and the celebrated French painting from which the frontpiece is taken was from a sketch made by the artist while the sober little nurse was quite unconscious of the process.

The Continental physicians have learned to rely upon the Sisterhood, and of late numbers who profess to take entire charge of the patient, administering medicines and arranging bandages with deft and skillful hands.

The poor people in all large foreign cities have learned to venerate them, and in Venice, Sister Valentine was quite troubled by the persistent numbers who pressed to her door, where the crucifix she wore, as she went to and from her daily devotions to St. Mark's church.

It was painful to see their eyes light up at sight of the one great power, religion, that exerted itself not to oppress, but to relieve them.

The Sisterhood of the Community of Bon Secours. It is enlarging its fields every year. The first American house of 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.

Many other orders have other missions. They feel the hungry, visit the 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, the cities of Europe, but their footsteps are light, and leave no sound behind them; their voices are gentle and few know of their presence. They die in our midst, 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 from ours, though, are so far as many of our good people are apt to suppose—their religious belief may be, but above all they love God, and their neighbors as themselves. Protestant, Catholic, atheist, you are a man, a woman, a child, a neighbor; and the Sister of that faith, who is kind, long and kind, beareth all things and seeketh not her own, will watch over you while you are hungry, sick, in prison, for the sake of her Master.

The Cardinal's Pride.

Written for the Catholic Mirror.

A lady writes, who has been called in Dublin. The sick person was at Hotel, the proprietor of which was a Protestant. A stormy, wet, dark night it proved. As soon as the messenger got to the house, he found the sick person at the hotel, saw the sick person, and gave him the Sacraments. Everything went off as usual thus far, but now the curious part began.

The proprietor of the hotel, thinking to do a little private proselytizing, invited the priest to come into his room, and after administering some welcome refreshments, this Protestant evangelist left himself out.

"To think Father," said he, addressing the priest, "of the pride and sloth of these Bishops and Cardinals! Is it not monstrous? I warrant now that, while the Cardinal has sent you this long tramp through the muddy snow, he is comfortably toasting his heels and drinking a good warm punch."

"I think you wrong him."

"Why?"

"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 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 received into the Church. This incident is strictly true.

That poor heirloom, invalid wife, sister, 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!

IRELAND'S MARTYR-PRIMATE.

SOME LETTERS OF THE MARTYR-PRIMATE, OLIVER PLUNKETT.

Bishop Moran in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record.

ARCHBISHOP PLUNKETT TO F. MAURUS CORBER ON THE EVE OF EXECUTION.

SIR—I do most earnestly recommend myself to your prayers, and to the Most Holy Sacrifices of all the noble Confessors who are in this prison, and to such priests as you are acquainted with; and I hope soon to be able to require all their aid and kindness. Above all, I recommend myself to the prayers of the holy families of M. Sheldon and the Lady Stafford, and in general to all the good Catholics in this city, whose faith and charity are great.

I do recommend to you and to my faithful servant, James Mac-Kenna, who served me these eleven years, with all fidelity. Some of the good Catholics who came to see me told me they would be charitable to him after my death. I desire that you would be pleased to tell all my benefactors that for all eternity I will be mindful of them, and that I will pray for them until they will come where I shall be, and then also will thank them in conspectu Supremi Domini. They deserve all praise in this, and, by God's grace, a crown of glory in the next world. I doubt not but that their faith, charity, and good works, will be efficacious with our Saviour, and that they will be soon an end of this persecution, and that iniquitas murtorum non revelabit, fiat voluntas Dei, fiat, fiat. And