you to move. When the sad, funeral bell tolls

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> struck his talons into the weatnesses of an antagonist, he preferred to yield rather than to wrangle. Truly was not this a noble, a soaring spirit? Shall we not grieve that Death's arrow found our young eagle, when he had fairly winged his way into the region of grand possibil-itize? ities? One of our sweetest prose-poets; one of our keenest wits; of our most acute logicians; of our most original thinkers has gone from amongst us. And to sum up all, he was a man whose reasonings confirmed his faith; whose knowledge taught him charity; whose wows made him an humble, an earnest worker in the vocation to which God had called him.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

<text>

HATE IT.

Catholic Review

when the sad, funeral bell tolls your Requiem, you will have merited the call which I verily believe was ad-dressed to our dear, departed brother---"Well done, thou good and faithful ser-want; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord !" Catholic Review. "The obnoxious law placing crucifixes in halls of justice in Quebec, which was the subject of official statement in the British Parliament, Tuesday, seems destined to stand, now that Mr. Stanley, the colonial secretary, has affirmed that the province can enforce the act without the approval of England. In this instance bigotry gets encouragement, but the prin-ciple of no interference in these matters is sound, and in due time the province will repent of its singular act of narrowness." —Springfield Republican. The world, in the sense of those who war againt the standing and the spread of

Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord !'
in the prisethood is an awful responsibility, and that even the angels are not pure before God's face—you will pray for our dear brother; that if any slight taint of an asy soon be released from his suffering?.
All are sinners, from the Pope down, and although many special privileges and that use the province can enforce the sct without the printing although many special privileges and in due time the province will repent of its singular act of narrowness." If any soon be released from his suffering?.
All are sinners, from the Pope down, and although many special privileges and the sare act of its singular act of narrowness." If any soon be released from his suffering?.
All are sinners, from the Pope down, and although many special privileges and the saces do its an arduption of the saces of souls entitles them to speak—that very much, some to fill. You may not realize them to speak—that very much, some time to speak—that very much, some false criticism, and from the sting of a calumny; burdens too heavy for his office is a saction the has often to suffer from the work class of criminal were to to turk his soften to sear. No matter how holy he may be, he has thermation the seare of the seare of the seare to seare. No matter how holy he may be, he has thermation in the sight of all. who chas he has often to bear. No matter how holy he may be, he has thermation in the seare of the seare to seare of the seare the world, he world the representatives of the world's Empire. The world is the seare to the set is heas still to strike his breast if to strike his stores to heas which he world the iter ensores, of the single to the there is the soft to no the stile of the curious and the doubtful, and of the representatives of the world's tempire. The world is the isoft of the world is the world ever the world Rome. There foor place, in the signt of the world, the last act in the life of the completest self-sacrifice that the world ever knew or ever will know. There began the new birth of the human race, the ex-If the just man fall server times a dry for him. The Holy Secrifice of the memory of the dead, will present kept pulses of the dead in the dead will server the the venerable Displarary, whose very resence begavises of an adverte the the opening of the king does honor to the memory of the Holy Secrifice if While our brother lived, his generous heart kept pulses the secret of the dead will not forget his name in the secret of the dead will be presence begavises. The crucific beat the world a week the secret of the dead will be dead, will presence begaving the secret of the dead will be dead will be dead will be the secret of the secret of the dead will be be dead will be dea

rible mutilations and desecrations took Redeemer was substituted the worship of the Goddess of Reason in a form a twich the world still shudders with horror. So to-day, when atheism is again rampant and powerful in France, the most ascred of images, the concen-trated type of all virtues, self-ascrifice, justice and truth, was dragged down from to place in the halls of justice and the homes of education. They will not suffer faise judges with reason cannot look upon the face of Alim who was and is all that they are not. As a last token of their mainly, it is only the other day that they hacked the image to pieces last it should church to which they, amid scenes of ribaldry and debauehery, consigned the mainfested by a journal like the Spring-for the face of Min who was and is all that the Ordering to see the same spirit mainfested by a journal like the Spring-for the image of Him who, of all manifested be est up in the halls of justice in Quebes. The image of Him who, of all mankind, presched justice for and to all mankind, high or low, rich or poor, is offensive to the Republican's eye. The is pronounced "obnoricen." By the act "Updry is encouraged." It is a 'magnar act of narrowness." In fact, it is un-provide the image of Christ on the Cross it imply joins hands with those who crust-ter in print. If the Republican choces to pit at the image of Christ on the Cross it imply joins hands with those who crust-ter Him.

CONVENT BRED WOMEN ARE THE TRUEST, PUREST AND BEST ALL THE WORLD OVER.

SPEECH OF JUDGE C. W. WRIGHT AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNERSTONE OF THE CONVENT AT CHEVENNE, WYOMING TEE,

SPECH OF JUDGE C. W. WRIGHT AT THE LATING OF THE CORNERSTONE OF THE CONVENT AT CHEVENNA, WYOHING TER. From the Cheyenne Tribune. There has always been a warm fight against monachism. It began with the first monastery, and will not end until the last one has ceased to exist. The world claims that every man and woman is put here clothed with certain duties, and that to withdraw from the world is to shirk these duties, and to adopt a life that is unharmonious with its existence. On the other hand, the monachists insist that the world is but a training school from which one graduates into heaven or hell. That inamuch as the time here is short, and the time there represents sternity, it matters not what may happen to you here, so that you go to heaven when you die. The argument of the world is purely selfah, and rests for its efficacy only upon the uncertainty of any life after death, the uncertainty of what that life is. It is well expressed by the old phrase : A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. The monachists, with a perfect faith in the hereafter, with an all abiding conviction of a future state, and of the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, urge that howscover the true object of this temporary existence may be with the most certainty obtained, that way shall be adopted. The natural characteristics of the individual, you will see at a glance, assume a very conspluous figure in set-tling this question for each person giving it consideration. If my ambition leads me to woo worldly success, and to encompass earthy pleasures, these desires will incline my heart to may life and to my neighbors. I can encompase this only by remaining in the world. But to that person whose faith is true and strong, whose vision is clear, and who looks to the future instead of the present, we see a spirit, a truer insight, a deeper widom, and a more heroic spirit. To so live, that dying we may be saved, and to so live that your life will point

The evil habit of promenading the streets after dusk is spreading among the Catho-lie girls of Columbus.

OCT. 3, 1885.

CUT. 3, 1886.

come to you from a life of discipline, who is to answer for that girl in the great is of her life? The wines of ignorance and antipathies from our minds and our hearts, and then look at the results: Take the girls that graduate from the public schools and the one that come from the convents, and compare the lives of the two. How will the account stand, think you f I asy to you here to-day, and it is a subject to which I have given much heed, that the truest, purest, and best women all over the world, are convent bred. They bring with them a desire to win favor only with God. To this end they have come the irse so the world, they have to any with God. To this end they have the first backs on the world, they have the first backs on the world, they have renounced its pleasures, they have divorced themesloves from its rewards. They bring with them a desire to win favor only with God. These things fill the heart full to overflowing, but they have renounced its pleasures, they have divorced themesloves from its rewards. They bring with the overflowing but they have renounced its pleasures, they have divorced themesloves from its rewards. There is no home for them. They may never watch for the coming of the good man. No loving babe may be pressed to their hearts, as flesh of their flesh, and blod of their blood. These things fill the heart full to overflowing, but they are not for them. The cold wall of a cell, the crust of bread, the toil by day, the long prayers by night, are the bridegrooms of these holy women. And how much heroism there is to be found in that? It represses a course the bid by day, the soft these holy women a these have we no wel-come f Is it not an honor to rever them is we who are of the world and are worldly, may we not gel into the light of the halo othat illumines their lives, and by the aid of this encompass our own aslaviton. I now who hey wou may think, but as for may we not get into the light of the halo othat illumines their lives, and by the aid of wow not hew you may think, but as for

OCT. 3, 188

Naught remain for an houset wight But to write for bread, as the posts do, Begerging serving for pairy yous. The writing-mechine are all as one. The writing-mechine are all as one. If the fee be paid he is well content. If the fee be paid he is well content. To heart in one's trade, ah ! one s

THE CORPORAL'S LETTER.

When the sword is sheathed and the cannor

"lies Dumb and still on the parapet. For the spider to weave his silken net And the doves to nest in its silent mouth When the manly trade decilines and dies And hearts shrink up in ignoble drouth, When pitful pasce reigns everywhere, What is left for old Corporal Pierre?

"M'sieu, if you please," and a timid hand Is aid on the soldier's threadbare sleeve. Pierre was bearish that day, I grieve To say, and his speech was ourt, As will happen when want or old wound hurt-

"I wish you to write a letter, please." "All right. Ten sous." But the little boy Has turend away. "Morbleu! Well, then, You haven't the money? You think that

And juk and paper grow on trees ?-Halt ! Can't a soldier his joke enjoy But you must flare up ? I understand

A begging letter, of course. And who Shall be invored to-day? Dictate-'M'sleut' "Pardon. 'Tis not 'M'sleut' Madame, La Sainte Vierge.'' The writer stopped, And the pen from his trembling inge dropped; The deak was shut with an angry slam. "Saprist! You litle rascal, you Would jest with the Holy Virgin, too?"

Wound you was weeping, and old Pierre suppressed his wrath and indulged a stars information of the stars and indulged a stars there two while days, and the room is cold and abe will not awake. It is very wrong I know, for a boy to be afraid When a boy is as many as five years old : But I was so hungry, and when I prayed and the Virgin did not come, I thought Perhaps if I send her a letter, why "-

He paused, but old Pierre said naught. There was something new in the old man's

He proves something new in the old man's eye; threat, and something strange in the old man's eye; at length he took up his pen and wrote. I long it took him to write and fold and seal with a hand that was far from bold Then : "Courage, small comrade, wait and

Then: "Courage, small contract, ..... see: Your letter is mailed, and presently An answer will come, perhaps, to me.

An answer watches, behalf, 'dis there! 'From Heaven,' it says,'s M'sien Pierre.' You do not read? N'importe! I do. Tis a letter from Heaven, and all shout you And, what? 'Mamma is in Heaven, too; And her little boy must be brave and good And live with Pierre.' That's understood. While Pierre has a crust or sou to spare There's enough for him and thee, mon other.''

Do you think that letter came from above, Freighted with God's and a mother's love ? The child, at least, believed it true, So at the stat Pierre did, too. When the Heavenly mail came once again, To a grim old man on a bed of pain, Whose dying eyes alene could see, And read the missive loyfully, He knew the Hand, and proudly smiled, For it was as the hand of a little child. JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

## TWO CLASSES OF CATHOLICS.

## BY FATHER BURKE.

There are many who believe in the Church of God, who have been born and baptized in her fold, or who by some ex-traordinary grace—and it is indeed an traordinary grace—and it is indeed an extraordinary grace—were called from the ranks of infidelity, darkness and error into the admirable light of God. They belong to God's Holy Church, and they seem actually ashamed of what should be their proudest boast. If they go out to a dinner party they are ashamed to do this, to make this sign of the cross, this glori-ous sign that in the day of judgment shall shine upon the forehead of the elect of God, that cross through which alone, the Scripture tells us, the joy and glory of heaven can be obtained. But there are others who are fervent, loud, blatant in their lip professions of Catholicity, who are zealous, furious in their denunciations of those outside the Church, even of those whom the Church, herself absolves. How do they correspond with their profes. whom the Church; herealf absolves. How do they correspond with their profes-sions? Do they frequent the sacraments of the Church? Do they approach the confessional? Do you ever see them partake of the sacred banquet of the Holy Communion? No, ob! no; they are a mockery and a triumph to the heretic and the infidel; they are a stumbling-block to the believers. They are spoken of as the criminal classes; the *debauche*, the drankard, the fraudulent tradesman, the dishonest servant, are all to be found in their ranks; the careless, ignorant, vicious Catholics, the careless, ignorant, vicious Catholics

of his father, and the patient train ing of his mother, goes out into the world, with the smiling vision of hope as his herald; but ere he goes, he turns half sadly, to bid the loved parents good bye: they shall never see his living face again —the wave closed over his head; or the stroke of chance smote him; or villainy emmeshed him: he has spoken his last farewell. farewell.

enmeshed him : he has spoken his last farewell. Even the man whose tremendous office, the priesthood, would grant im-munity, we should think, from sudden death, and whose sacred name presup-poses so much preparation, and so many graces and gifts, must pause, wearied, a little beyond the morn, or in the midday of this mortal life; and looking up wist-fully at the altar whose steps he shall nevermore ascend, surrender maniple and stole to the grim Warder who sits in the Duaty Lane, over which earthly pilgrim never travels again. Has not this been the experience of our dear brother priest whose remains have been placed so recently in the grave ? His farewell to the brethren of his convent seemed a premonition of the sadder fare-well he bade to life, so soon afterwards. No doubt, when he departed, in the full well he bade to life, so soon afterwards. No doubt, when he departed, in the full vigor of health, and almost in the meridian of his intellectual powers, he looked forward to many useful days; his splendid mind planned many a grand work for God; in a few days he went out by another convent gate than ours (but U, in how changed a form 1) with his hands oreased upon his preast. with his bands crossed upon his breast; with his eyes closed, fringe on fringe, in dream-less sleep; with his brow pallid and cold, to show that 'neath its dome the busy brain throbbed no longer with high mus-

ings. To speak of death as certain, and yet uncertain ; to threaten us with the con-sequences of an ill spent life ; to urge us sequences of an ill spent life; to urge us to the practice of good, because no excuses will avail us when the awful summons comes, these fare hackneyed phrases, true enough; but however trite they be, they bear constant repetition, and come with redoubled force upon us, when death, we might say, is material-ized in the person of a dead friend. When the eyes that sparkled for us, are glassy; when the hand that grasped ours in friendship, lies limp in the coffin, then, we too, not only know but feel, that time is cutting the swath in which we stand; and that scon our actions, also, shall be and that soon our actions, also, shall be garnered into barns, either to be win-nowed as good grain, or burnt as chaff. Is it either uncbristian, or unmanly,

Is there not a strange Providence in

him. Is there not a strange Providence in the fact that men are often summoned out of life, when their oharacter is just maturing into fairest promise ? Still, such are God's ways ! The cak whose full growth is notched only after centuries, He fells in an hour. Think how much time and patient care are needed to fit a man for the priest-hood ! Yet, some day, when the blaring trumpet of fame begins to sound in his ears, and the world seems to consider his labors indispensable, he is commanded, on short notice, to appear before the judgment-seat of God. Is not this a re-minder, that no services are so valuable that God can not dispense with them ? Are not such human accidents, warning notes, also, startling us into the sad realization, that life is short, and that we know not the hour of our departure ? What are intellectual gifts, then-what are graces of soul or of body, but talents loaned us, until such time as God sees fit to demand both principal and interest back again ? And does not this imply on our part a constant state of watchfulness

our part a constant state of watchfulness and preparation ? Yes ! dear brethren and preparation ( rest dear orethren, for our way is beaet with snares and pit-falls, and enemies lie hungering in ambush for our soul. Besides, many duties, difficult of exact performance, press upon us, from the time our reason bids us enter this narrow path of salva-

tion, Have we been faithful, like this dead Have we been faithful, like this dead priest? Ab, I fear the consciences of some of us would have to answer in the negative! We did not prepare ourselves well in our youth ; we let some serpent-like passion lodge itself insidiously under the shade of a lax conscience, until we found that grim monster now called "habit," could no longer be chased away. Why did we pattern our youthaway.

the fires of purgatory must burn out { If the just man falls seven times a day, we certainly hint nothing derogatory to a priset's holiness, when we ask you to pray for him. The Holy Sacrifice of the

To so live, that dying we may be saved, and to so live that your life will point out the way for others to follow, is the fundamental law of all monastic orders.

and to so live that your life will point out the way for others to follow, is the fundamental law of all monastic orders. Therefore, if we believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, we are bound to accept this fundamental law of the monachists, and in so doing, we are bound to recognize in them the highest type of spiritual material heroes and heroines. The object of this particular convent is to train girls and fit them for the grave duties of matronhood. No higher respon-sibility, no graver duty, no more import-ant calling can be imagined. As is the mother so is the man; as is the man so is the motals of its people, the social life of its inhabitant, are one and all but the reflex of the hearts and the minds of its mothers. Take the oldest man in this audience and take the youngest one, and as to this their experience will be the same. Their mother was the beginning and the end of the law of each. Hence, it is, as is the mother, so is the man. If, therefore, a nation is to obtain the highest civilization ; if it is to attain the virtues ; if it is to be the God-fearing and God-obeying, our mothers must be intelligent and must be Christian. I don't mean the Christianity we are wont to see in our daily life, that tells as it believes, but that has no creed, no dis-dipline, no observance; I mean a Christian-ity that was like unto the Fathers, that was ansters, that had its dogmas, its tra-ditions, its ebervance; in discipline. A faith that rested upon a platform built by knowledge and a full comprehenency; a creed that grew out of this faith as a syl-logistic conclusion; and a discipline that held one in the straight and narrow path. How can this be attained, then, becomes a serious and an overshadowing question. Can it be obtained by a material educa-tion alwa? a serious and an overshadowing question Can it be obtained by a material educa

tion alone? I don't wish to be construed into; an I don't wish to be construed into, an enemy of our public school system. To the extent that it goes it is well. Its fault lies in the university. It seeks to bring off and water is conceded to be a difficult one. It therefore says we must attempt to mix them. We will open our doors to all creeds, and no word shall be said as to any creed. We will confine our teaching to the material, and we will leave the scholar to his church and to his Sunday-school for this spiritual education. That is to say, five days' work in school; one day for recreation; and three hours on Sunday to

acter dust is spreading among the Catho-lic girls of Columbus. Those who are guilty of this bad prac-tice, when rebuked, reply : "Other girls can go out for a walk ; why can't we ?" We are in no way responsible for the doing of the "other girls :" but Catholic girls cannot asfely do what other girls can. Because they are called to be saints, as St. Paul says ; because they are members of the sodality and children of Mary ; because they receive the body and blood of Christ ; because they must not only avoid sin, but also the occasions of it. Therefore, as they are "bound" to Jesus, they are not free to do as "other girls," ay, please, not free to do as "other girls," ay, and to the "little ones of Christ"—other Catholic girls, younger than they are, who watch them and imitate them, and will soon do as they are doing from seeing them do it. But they retort—"there's no harm in it."

Promenading the Streets

watch them and imitate them, and will soon do as they are doing from seeing them do it. Isn't there i How do you know i is there any good in it? "No," they say. Well, isn't the absence of good a mark of evil i But there is harm in it, positive, deadly harm ; and if we dared tell you the terrible stories that come to us every week—stories of ruined lives, of broken hearts, of lost souls—you'd make a vow to spend your evenings at home. Why do you go strolling about the streets i for pleasure—find some inno-cent amusement that will not joopard your good name; is it to meet "company" —young men whose acquaintance is de-airable don't look to make lady friends on the streets. The good kind will visit and court you at home. If you are rarely in when they call, of course they'll go where they will nots be dispointed about being entertained. The bad kind you don't want. If you do, you're not fit to be called Catholic girls, and we have no more to say to you. Good girls will stay off the streets after twilight. That is the rule. Of course, duty or charity may require them to be out after that time, but then they will not be idly tramping around ; they will not be thete of home at a good hour. A young woman, who is often seen on the streets after sunset, risks her reputa-tion ; and if she is not bad, she is in dan-ger of becoming so.—*Catholic Columbian*.

Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap is highly recommended for all humors and skin diseases.

loud indeed in their professions of Catho-licity, but careless of every injunction the Catholic Church imposes. Are they truth-ful, are they real in their lives, they whom Christ describes as those who with their lips indeed confess His truth, but who in ips indeed confess his truth, but who in every action of their lives deuy Him i The very first essential of the true Catho-lic of the true man, is reality. Do you believe the Catholic faith ? The Church, he, of the true man, is reality. Do you believe the Catholic faith ? The Church, unlike anything else calling itself a religion on this earth, puts the professors of its doctrine to rude tests. Do you believe in the Church ? If you do, you will have to starve yourselves on the days of fast which she imposes. You will have to enb-mit to pain and to humiliation. Are you a prond man? are you an intellectual man? Well, you will have to go to some poor priest, who perhaps does not know half as much as you. You will have to kneel at his feet, you will have to confess to him, you will have to confess to him, you will have to confess to him, you will have to any other living being. If you be a true man, writhing in sorrow and humiliation, you will have to acknowledge to him the darkest secrets of your soul. You will have to acknowledge to him your sins, your excesses, your baseness, your will have to acknowledge to him your sins, your excesses, your baseness, your falsehood, your dishonesty, your filthiness of soul. These are indeed rude tests. Where there is reality there must be rude tests. Contemplate the Eternal God born in the stable on Christmas morning, his mother hunted from house to house, diving a last report for a stable; the mother hunted from house to house, driven as a last resort to a stable; the Child God brought forth amidst beasta, and cradled in the straw of their manger; was not this a sufficiently rude test of the truth, the reality of God, as he entered the world? Contemplate Him as He leaves it, nailed to a cross, a hard, rough bed for a dying man, his head lacerated with thorns, his body to st with scourges, his lips parched with thirst, with wounded body and broken heart, dying for the sins of men. These were indeed rude tests that God's reality endured. He came that God's reality endured. He came into the world a man. He took upon Himself the heritage of misary. He proved Himself true man, and from the moment of His birth to the moment of His death, He never shrank from sgony or sorrow. Outside the Catholic church there is no test to which those that call