To Nursing Mothers!

A leading Ottawa Doctor writes: "During Lactation, when the strength of the mother is deficient, or the secretion of milk scanty,

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gives most gratifying results." It also improves the quality of the milk.

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PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

OUR LADY OF PITY.

By Katharine Tynan.

She stands, the Lady of Pity,
Over the old church porch,
Outside of the walls of the city,
The sea creeps up to the church.

She is stained with the wind and weather
No Baby is at her breast;
Her crown is browner than leather.
Where swallows have made a nest.

Your Lady of marble is fairer,
Your Lady of silver is fine,
But the Lady of Pity is dearer,
Stained with the rain and brine.

So lonely she leans forever,
Her arms outstretched take in
The city with woe and fever,
The city with want and sin.

The old folk say and aver it,
Her hands were clasped on her heart,
Till the cry of a broken spirit
Brought them in blessing apart.

Was a young maid, wailing and crying
In her chamber under the moon,
With a hurt heart, hurt and undying,
That must be hid at the noon.

Her cheeks grow grayer and grayer,
Her hands are fevered and dry,
Her lips would utter a prayer,
They only fashion a cry.

She is hurt past human recover,
With a mortal pain in her side;
And she dare not think of her lover;
Her lover is with his bride.

She said: "I will out of the city,
Where nought of comfort is found,
And the dear, dear Lady of Pity
Will give me staunch for my wound.',

The wind is moaning, and blowing
The snow on her soft fair head.
No light in the casements showing;
The good townsfolk are in bed.

She steals through the gates of the city,
And out where the breakers roar,
And the lonely Lady of Pity
Is over the old church door.

She sobs her pitiful story
To the lonely lady of stone;
The stars look down in their glory,
The wind goes by with a moan,

The stars gaze down in their splendor,
What marvel now doth betide?
The Lady of pity, most tender,
Has opened her arms out wide!

The heart that hath suffered and striven
Is filled with a sudden peace;
"Oh, 'tis the rapture of heaven!"
She cries in her pain's surcease."

In the early morning they found her,
Dead as a frozen bird.
And the snows had drifted around her,
Like the ermine cape of a lord.

Our Lady of pity be praised;
She leant from her place above,
Her arms outstretched and upraised,
As though in blessing and love.

See! yonder she is leaning forever,
Her kind arms stretched to take in
The city with woe and fever.
The city with shame and sin.

—*The Rosary Magazine.*

Corpus Christi.

A BEAUTIFUL SCENE AT CAIRO.

A beautiful and very edifying sight was witnessed on the evening of the Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi, at St. Joseph's Church, Ismailieh Quarter, Cairo. In cordial and ready response to the earnest desire of their chaplain, Rev. Father Twomey, his Catholic soldiers came from all parts of the garrison, Abbassiyeh Citadel, and Kasr-el-nil to take part in the magnificent procession of Corpus Christi, which he proposed to hold for a public homage to our Blessed Lord in the Holy Sacrament. "It was most fitting," he said to his men, "that here in Cairo, the hiding-place of our Infant Saviour when He fled from Herod's hate and escaped being involved in the slaughter of the Innocents, that here within sight of that sanctuary-cave, in old Cairo, where His first few years of persecuted infancy were passed, that here we should make Him some slight atonement by bringing Him out from His tabernacle home and bearing Him in public procession with every display of pomp and rejoicing and worship due to our King and our God." And very deeply were the Catholic and religious instincts of his Catholic soldiers touched by these simple and touching words. The work of preparing for the procession went on vigorously for days. Nothing was left unthought of that could contribute to the public decorum of the assemblage or to the credit of the religious military parade. In fact a warm enthusiasm was aroused, and a laudable rivalry arose among the men of different regiments and corps as to which should share the largest in making it a lasting success. Success indeed there was, but it was the happy result of the combined efforts of all.

It is no disparagement, however, to others to state that the Catholics of the 2nd South Lancashire Regiment had the most to do with it. They have the advantage of numbers—being about half the battalion—but, more gratifying still, their hearts are sound, and beat responsive to ever call of duty. A little while ago close upon three hundred of these "Lancashire lads" received their Pascal Communion. Let this be some satisfaction to their relatives and friends in the mining districts. What wonder, then, that these were anxious to do all they could to prove their love and deep thankfulness to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament? And so it was. A party of them "drilled" by Sergeant Campbell came and used their strong and lusty lungs in giving voice and volume to those beautiful hymns, "Sweet Sacrament," "Faith of Our Father," "Immaculate," and others in such fashion as was never heard in the open air at Cairo before. Another party, all non-commissioned officers, volunteered to act as armed escort or guard of honor to the King of Kings. Through the kindness and courtesy of the officers commanding, the Lancashire band attended, and under the skilful and sympathetic direction of Mr. Ramsay, the bandmaster, performed most exquisite pieces of sacred music. The time named for the starting of the procession was 5.30, but long before that hour the church and grounds attached were thronged by vast crowds of all nationalities—the majority sincere and devout worshippers, but all curious and anxious to see what *les soldats Anglais* were going to do. Sharp to the moment the processional cross, borne aloft by Quartermaster Sergeant Dooley, Lancashire Regiment, emerged from the church, and was a signal to the multitude that the procession was moving. Quickly all the troops took up their positions as prearranged. They ranged themselves in double ranks, with a space between, from the church door to far out in the street. They numbered over five hundred. There was something superb and majestic—one might even call it overaweing—in the manner in which the Real Presence was acknowledged by that military assemblage when the Blessed Sacrament carried by Reverend Chaplain, Father Twomey, came into their midst, and the clangour of presenting arms by the guard of honor was heard resounding whilst they took up their posts, flanking the canopy on both sides. The canopy was carried by the four senior non-commissioned officers representing the regiments and corps in garrison. The idea of the chaplain was that Our Divine Lord should be in the very midst of his men. The procession, therefore, moved on with half the troops, headed by the band, preceded by two mounted military police in front, and the other half, led by the military choir, behind the canopy and attendant clergy. The general public followed in large numbers, whilst the streets on both sides and the windows and verandas of all the houses *en route* were crowded. A body of mounted police attended to keep order and prevent any rudeness or disturbance from fanatical Arab groups. But there was not the smallest incident to mar the beauty and solemnity and splendor of the entire scene. God had surely visited His people, and the Divine Babe who passed His infant years in the poverty and obscurity of that dismal little grotto a few streets beyond seemed to be pleased with our purpose of doing Him special honor and of making Him public acts of reparation, for He held the hearts of that vast multitude of varied nationalities in silent homage as He passed and reflected the sweetness of *His* satisfaction in the soft evening sunshine that lit up the beautiful banners and brought out the various colors in a scene and spectacle as pretty and as splendid as ever wended its way in holy procession. The general supervision of the whole, the marshalling and arranging of the different groups so as to prevent gaps or crowded gatherings was officially carried out by the Rev. J. C. Coleman, O.S.F., officiating chaplain to the troops at Abbassiyeh Benediction was given at three altars—first at the altar erected with lavish and tasteful care by the Christian Brothers in the vestibule of their house fronting the street. It was an entrancing scene to witness so many devout worshippers and so many respectful, silent on-lookers, as the Blessed Sacrament was raised up for exposition, and sensibly impressive was the feeling when the "present arms" and muffled roll of the drum indicated the supreme moment of Benediction. The procession was speedily reformed, and, to the stately slow march time of the full band, playing Mozart's Gloria 12th Mass, it moved quietly round the remaining two sides of the square towards the main entrance to the church. Here the spacious grounds were filled by crowds desirous to see the close of the procession. As at starting, so here again the troops formed up in close lines; between them, as between two walls, the Blessed Sacrament was borne from the outer gate to the beautiful altar erected against the facade of the church. The decorations of the whole facade and church grounds were very pretty, and in some instances very beautiful. Festoons, with fresh flowers let in at intervals, garlands and wreaths, ornamented the front of the church, and were traced round the main entrance and windows, whilst plants and palms, gracefully arranged, converted the temporary altar and church doorsteps into a bit of fairyland.

Around the grounds, having festoons of green leaves, interspersed with flowers, hung from tree to tree, and in some places having been drawn crosswise, imparted a bright and festive appearance to the scene. Benediction on this occasion was most impressive, amid hundreds of lowly worshipping troops and thousands of civilians, the even-timed movement of arms, and the thunder-roll of the big drum.

The final stage, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, in this splendid ceremony on the glorious May evening was soon reached. The third Benediction in the church followed immediately. The Divine praises were said, and Our Lord returned into His tabernacle home once more.

Many and loud were the words of admiration and praise and thanksgiving that British troops, under their chaplain, should break through the blighting traditions of Mahommedan fanaticism and hatred of the Christians of centuries, by successfully inaugurating in the streets of Cairo that glorious profession of Catholic faith—a Corpus Christi procession.—New York Catholic Review.

K. D. C. the household remedy for stomach troubles.

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Christian Soldiers.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF A MISSION GIVEN TO THE SOLDIERS OF BOGOTA.

That able and zealous defender of the faith, the *Colombia Christiana* published in Bogota, relates a most interesting occurrence which took place lately in that city. "The Chiefs of the army of the Department, the Officers and the entire Batallion of Boyaca, received Holy Communion, in the Church of St. Augustin, from the hands of the Illustrious Archbishop of Bogota. This was the edifying conclusion of a spiritual retreat given for them by the Rev. Father Monteil, assisted by other priests. The success of this mission amply repaid the good Fathers for the labors of the mission. Happy Columbia, that is blessed with an army that is truly Christian."

The Spanish settlements, unlike those of the Anglo-Saxons, are composed largely of the descendants of the native races. The Indians form the base of the population of the Department of Boyaca. They are gentle in disposition, agreeable in manners, and kind to those around them. As foot-soldiers, none better can be found in the world; they are well disiplined, sober, and possess an extraordinary amount of Stoicism. In battle, they march always in advance, never wavering, without exhibiting any signs of vanity they move with the mathematical precision of a machine, and the firmness of people who know their duty and are resolved to do it. They might be called the Prussians of the Columbian army, if they had not even a stronger claim to be called the Swiss. They join the army with some reluctance but, when they have changed their rural dress for the uniform of the soldier, they never wish to change it.

Adjoining this race, who have been the inhabitants of the cordilleras is the terrible lancers of the plains. They are remarkably intelligent and brave even to rashness, without discipline, and disposed to be quarrelsome. Like the Arabs of the desert, or the Cossacks of the steppes, whom they resemble in many respects, they love their freedom and above all earthly things they love their horses. In the war for independence they gained an imperishable reputation for their impetuous charges, which made them the terror of the Spanish soldiers.

The history of this state is one of unusual interest; while the people are mainly devoted to agriculture, it furnishes an unusually large proportion of the soldiers in the army. In the plateaus, among the Andes, the climate is healthy and the population doubles in about thirty years. Before the conquest by the Spaniards, Boyaca formed a nation, governed by a king, called Zaque who owed fealty to the Zipa or king of the powerful nation called Muyscas. Within the limits of his state was the sanctuary of Iraca, the Rome of the Chibchas, whose chief pontiff was chosen by the four powerful Caciques who had the title of electors. It was the seat of the theocratic government of the empire, the resort of pilgrims from all the surrounding parts, and the recipient of large and valuable offerings. Quesada, the Spanish discoverer, took possession of the sacred city of Iraca, where he found the famous temple of the sun, the most sumptuous of all those in the new world except that of Cuzco. It was, for the period, a splendid structure, and was carpeted with a sheet of gold. It was burned by two Spanish soldiers who wished to pillage it in the night, and accidentally set it on fire. Within this Department was the seat of the ancient theocratic government of the Sugamouxi, the high priest of the Chibchas. At Cniquinquira is the church in which is venerated the wonderful and even beautiful picture of the Blessed Virgin, said to be miraculous. It is visited every year by more than sixty thousand pilgrims. The soldiers retain, in the army, the religious spirit of the people.

T. P. C.

England's Return to Catholicity.

At the time of O'Connell's Catholic Emancipation Bill, English hostility to Catholicism had somewhat abated, although a spirit of distrust still rankled in the Protestant heart of the nation, against the ancient faith. While this was so, it was vaguely believed and admitted that Catholics had at least a right to live, but it was considered a very dangerous experiment to increase their liberties. That the measure of Catholic relief passed into law, was partly due to the foresight of British statesmen, but primarily to the extraordinary influence of the great tribune who championed the Catholic cause.

It was not, however, till the accession of Cardinal Wiseman and the withdrawal from the Anglican Church of the late Cardinals Newman and Manning, and the present Lord Ripon, and many others that the eyes of the nation began to open to a just conception of the inherent and indestructible qualities of the Church of Christ. The thinking Protestants logically reasoned that men of high culture and position in the Established Church would not willingly incur the odium of their friends for the sake of a mere whim or idle fancy. Inquirers found that the real moving cause was the prompting of conviction and conscience, which led those influenced thereby to regard the things of eternity as of higher value than the perishable concerns of time.

The eminence of these converts attracted widespread attention, and drew hundreds of fair-minded Protestants after them, who had already tasted the first gleams of the true faith, but still lingered in doubt on the very threshold of the Catholic Church. Honest conviction gradually conquered all unworthy fear, and fervent souls, who had received from God the grace of conversion, boldly embraced the true faith despite the jeers and scorn of relatives and friends. Their good example was like the seed that fell upon the good soil, and increased an hundred fold.

A singular feature in the movement towards Catholicism was the fact that most of the converts came from the higher ranks of the people and from the Anglican clergy. This proved clearly that the men who had profoundly studied the merits and doctrines of the Catholic Church, were the readiest to acknowledge her supremacy, and to seek rest and shelter under her saving truths. The repudiation of Protestantism by old-time adherents was fiercely denounced in the pulpit and in the press. In deploring Newman's withdrawal the London *Times* said, "the Protestant world had lost a star of the first magnitude, and the brilliant luminary had dragged down hosts of minor lights in its descent." The peace of the new converts was not disturbed. Strengthened by sentiments of heavenly security, they communicated their happy experience to other seekers of the truth, spreading thereby the good work of conversion in families and circles that had been living in ignorance of the doctrines of the Catholic Church, her civilizing influences and moral precepts.

Having survived, by the protecting power of God, the inhuman cruelties of the penal laws, and gained her present standing in England, the Catholic Church is destined not only to hold her own in the nation, but to make steady, solid and onward steps towards a higher influence and a stronger position in the land once consecrated by the martyr blood of Thomas A. Becket, Sir Thomas More and the heroic bands of noble Christians who sacrificed their lives in defence of their faith.

A sure and practical proof that Catholicism finds increased favor with the English people is evidenced by the recent appointment of an Irish Catholic—Sir Charles Russell, ex-Attorney-General—as Judge of the highest appellate court in the Empire. Even in Lord Salisbury's last Cabinet, Mr. Matthews, a Catholic, was Home Secretary. And in a previous government under Mr. Gladstone, Lord Ripon—an English convert—was made Governor General of India, the highest appointment under the Crown, and a year or so ago, Sir Stuart Knill, a strict Catholic, was Lord Mayor of London.

These manifestations in favor of Catholicity are only the first instalments of reparation made by a persecuting Protestant nation of its barbarous and unspeakable cruelties in the past three hundred years to the followers of the religion of Jesus Christ. Of the vast numbers of her faithful children who were murdered for their adherence to the faith the record is kept in heaven.—William Ellison in Toronto *Catholic Register*.

Laval University.

There appears to be one University at least in the British Empire which has solved the problem that is perplexing collegiate bodies nearer home, and combines poverty with efficiency. The Laval University at Quebec has a small endowment and a considerable debt, while the fees in its classes of law are only £6 or £7, and in the Medical School $12 a year. Yet, says a correspondent of the *Journal Des Debats*, it is a flourishing institution. This is due in part to the fact that ecclesiastical influence is strongly exerted on behalf of the only Roman Catholic University in Canada, while sentimental inhabitants see in it a relic of Old France.

With its four Faculties of Art, Law, Medicine, and Theology, each under a dean, and with its rector at the head of all, Laval reminds us of the ancient University of Paris, though its relations with the Archbishop of Quebec, its "Visitor and Apostolic Chancellor," are far too cordial to be a faithful counterpart of those which existed between the schools of the Quartier Latin and the Chancellor of Notre Dame. Moreover, it has grown directly out of the seminary opened by Laval, first Bishop of Quebec, as long ago as 1668, an institution at first intended for the training of native missionaries, and afterwards, when the original design had proved a failure, utilized for education of French priests.

Lay students were gradually admitted, and in 1852 the College was strong enough to apply for a Royal Charter. Since that time the original seminary has been entirely distinct from the University. But if its historic past combines with its sectarian character to secure for Laval a large amount of support in Quebec, it is the professional staff who deserve most of the credit for its present success. Whether ecclesiastic or laymen—and the latter are in a large majority—the uniform salary of each professor is but 50 francs a month with board and lodging. For the clerical teacher, who lives in the seminary, the stipend of the nursery governess may perhaps suffice.

In fact we are assured that in the old days the professors were simply maintained at the expense of the institution and received no salary at all, save a small present of one hundred francs for travelling expenses during the annual vacation. But lay teachers, mostly professional men, doctors or lawyers of repute in Quebec, show a very high sense of duty in devoting their time and labor almost gratuitously in the cause of education. Mr. Chapleau, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, leads the way by delivering lectures in the Faculty of Law. It has become, in short, a point of honor with the most highly educated Catholics in the province to help the University. Whatever the religious principles of the Laval Professors may be, they have the honor of making sacrifices for them.—Manchester Guardian.

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Priests on Wheels.

WIDELY ADOPTED BY THE CLERGY IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

The scrupulous clerics who appealed to Rome for guidance in the difficult question of the seemliness of the clergy using cycles can hardly be the inhabitants of these isles. Catholic clergymen in this corner of the world, like those of other denominations, have for some time past taken advantage of the cycle. The clergy quickly saw the uses of so speedy and easy a means of transport, while the cheapness and ever-readiness of the cycle contrasted favorably with the expense and trouble of keeping a horse.

Even in Ireland, where the slightest departure from old-established custom on the part of the clergy is spoken of with bated breath by a wondering peasantry; in Ireland, where the priestly top hat is invairably even in the poorest country parish, and the long black coat is never discarded, the cycle has been largely adopted by the clergy, its use is daily becoming more common, and soon the jolly P. P. in riding boots, cracking his whip at the people, will be an anachronism sufficient to condemn a whole party.

As for England, as far back as six years ago a certain Benedictine community took almost as one man to the cycle, and the dusty Thanet roads were devoured by the flying wheels of many a portly old gentleman in a black coat, beaming with heat and benevolence. What St. Benedict would have said to his children it would be hard to tell, and perhaps the good monks thought it better not to ask him. Now, however, any lurking uneasiness they may have had is removed by the Papal permission. Roma locuta est, causa finita. They may "bike" or "trike" at their pleasure.—London Daily News.

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