

MARCH 24, 1894.

THE END.

PREACHERS.

...from the pen...

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Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Carnival-Review.

Where Iowa's front arises from old ocean, lone...

On its summit in the sunshine stood Columbia...

Never again shall see the lightning round its...

Song of clerk or voice of bird shall thrill his...

Iona, not to thee alone, this solemn sentiment...

And hearts as tender as the "Dove's" as loving...

Then, he the ride short or long for heaven, we'll...

Literally: The back turned to Ireland—the Hill...

FATHER MURPHY AND THE SOUPERS.

Many years ago we heard a priest relate the following story...

Patrick's day lecture. He had been speaking of the efforts of English...

Well, as the story goes, during one of those...

And then after some more talk, and when...

Of course the news of Jemmie Verner's conversion...

When this Father Murphy was a man who would stand...

One morning as he was riding along the highway...

"God morning Jemmie," said the priest.

"Good morning, sir," said Jemmie, exceedingly astonished...

"Fine morning," said Father Murphy.

"Yes," answered Jemmie "It is a fine morning. It reminds me...

"I know what you are talking about. You are talking of the conversion, as you call it, of some of my people to your church."

"Yes, sir," answered Jemmie, "that's what I am talking of."

"Now, Jemmie," said the priest, "you are a man of sense, so don't be a fool. You know just as well as I do what these people are and what they were and what made them turn. But that's not what I want to talk to you about. What I want to know is—don't you think the money of your reverend English friends is going in the wrong direction? Don't you think the poor Protestants of this neighborhood have a better right to that money than the poor Catholics, as it is Protestant money? And don't you think that if you and I were to put our heads together we could get up a perfectly fair little game by which that money would be made to go where it belongs, that is, to the poor Protestants of this neighborhood, yourself among them, as you are a poor man, Jemmie?"

"I understand me," said the priest, at last.

"I think I do, sir," answered Jemmie, "I think I do."

"Oh, you think you do. Ain't you sure you do?"

"Yes, I am."

"Very well then," said Father Murphy, "but mind, Jemmie, I don't ask you to turn Catholic. Turning Protestant or turning Catholic is too serious a business to be trifled with. All I ask is call up and see me in the morning and take care that plenty of people see you coming and then we can talk this matter over leisurely and comfortably by ourselves."

"I'll do that, sir," says Jemmie. "I'll be with you bright and early,

AN EX-JESUIT'S REVELATIONS.

A recent paper on "Modern Jesuitism," published by Graf Paul Von Hoensbroech, of Berlin, sheds a curious...

"Yes, he is in," said the woman very short and very sharp. "And what does the likes of you want with Father Murphy?"

"Oh, ma'am," replied Jemmie with a deep sigh, "the times are sudden, a man must be looking out for his soul."

"Well, then, glory be to God," exclaimed the good woman clapping her hands, "I'll wonders never cease! Jemmie Verner going to turn Catholic!" Just then Father Murphy with his appearance, beaming all over with benevolence, and welcomed his visitor in the most cordial manner.

Exactly as the priest had wanted and intended, it wasn't long until the woman had run through all the village announcing everywhere the glad tidings that Jemmie Verner, the blackest of all the black Protestants, was in turning Catholic with the priest. Nor was it long either until a crowd of idlers had gathered to stare at the house in which the wonderful conversion was supposed to be going on.

When the crowd was large enough for the priest's purpose, out he came with his hopeful convert and amid a variety of half-suppressed speculations and ejaculations from the crowd they entered the church arm in arm.

"Now," said Father Murphy, "they'll think you're at confession."

"I understand, sir," said Jemmie, "I understand."

And then after some more talk, and when Jemmie was on the point of going away: "Now," said Father Murphy, once more, "all I have to say in parting is, don't go back cheap, don't go back cheap."

"Oh, leave me alone for that," said Jemmie. "I'll go back as dear as I can." And so they parted.

Of course the news of Jemmie Verner's conversion, so reputed, to the Catholic Church, spread like lightning until it reached the ears of the head man among the missionaries. That good man was shocked and scandalized exceedingly on hearing it. Here was a bad business, indeed, he had come all the way from England to convert the Irish papists and lo and behold his own people were beginning to go over to Popery! A bad business indeed!

Brother Verner, one of the lambs of the flock, straying away into the crooked paths of perdition! One of the brightest lights of the Gospel settling down into the blackest darkness of Popery. He would go to that erring brother and admonish him in the Lord. And so he did and began his admonition in the blindest manner.

"How is this, Brother Verner?" exclaimed the devoted man with tears in his eyes. "This is strange news I am hearing of you. I am told you are not so strong in faith as you used to be."

"Well, sir," answered Jemmie, very coolly, "upon my word and honor, sir, it's very hard for a man to be strong in anything if he's weak in the stomach."

"Oh, well," said the missionary, "we'll have to see to your wants. We'll have to supply your wife and children with good warm clothing for the winter. We'll have to send your daughter to the academy up in Dublin and we'll have to set yourself up in some decent business."

Now the missionary not only said he would do all this but he did it all, and a pretty round sum he cost him before his mind was fully at ease as to the strength of Jemmie Verner's stomach and consequent strength of Jemmie Verner's faith.

But this was not all nor near all. All the poor Protestants for miles around, hearing of the good fortune of Jemmie Verner and the means he had come by it, came flocking in dozens to Father Murphy under pretence of being received into the Catholic Church, so that he could do for weeks talking to them all and putting them off as in civil way as he could until the missionary came to his relief and by plentiful supplies of provisions, money and clothing took them all off his hands and made good sound Protestants of them again.

The worst however, was still to come. This was, of course, very expensive business, so expensive in fact that in a very short time it left the missionary without a rap in his company, without as much as a ha'penny with which to bless himself. With his pockets now empty he could, to borrow the idea of the old Latin maxim, have whistled at the thief—it is sing in the Latin. But at his creditors could neither have whistled nor sung save and except to the most melancholy kind of music, for, being unable to pay the money he had to borrow to prevent his people from turning Catholic, they had him arrested for debt. No doubt he got free again. The story does not say that he did, but when he did get free and whenever the spirit moved him to preach the Gospel to the Irish papists, he was mighty careful to give Father Murphy and his parish the widest berth possible.—Church Progress.

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THE POPE AND RUSSIA.

Recent interchanges of expressions of good will between the Holy Father and the Czar have given an opportunity to the Liberal or anti-clerical press of the Continent to circulate reports to the effect that the Holy Father has been traitorously sacrificing the interests of the Catholics of Poland to the caprices of the Czar in order to secure the aid of the latter for the restoration of the temporal power. The cordial reception given to the Princess Catharine by the Pope on the occasion of her late visit to the Eternal City increased the virulence of these journals which would desire to see the Pope constantly embroiled with any and every Government, so that they might have a plea to abuse him for being at variance with the State in all circumstances.

All is grist which comes to the mill of these journals. When the Holy See finds it necessary to rebuke wrong-doing on the part of a Government, they raise the cry that the State must rule, and that the Church must yield to its authority in all things, even in those which do not fall within its sphere; but when there is a sign of cordiality between the two, the cry is that the Pope is sacrificing the interests of the people.

The true Catholic understands the motives of these misinterpreters of facts. They desire to undermine religion, and they imagine and know that the best means to do this is to destroy respect for the divinely appointed guide of mankind in matters of religious dogma and practice.

During the whole of this century the condition of the Poles within Russian territory has been most deplorable. They have been subjected to most bitter persecution, and successive Popes have endeavored to ameliorate their state. Pope Pius IX. did not hesitate to rebuke the Czar Nicholas as his face, and Pope Leo XIII. has many times written to the Czar himself, to the Russian ministers, and to the Polish Bishops with the object of protecting the interests of Catholics in Russia, and especially of the Poles.

These letters are found in a work recently issued in Rome in five volumes, containing the Acts of Pope Leo in favor of the Czar's Catholic subjects, extracts from which have been reproduced by the *Vaterland* of Vienna. One of these Acts was an agreement between the Nuncio at Vienna, Mr. Jacobini, and the Russian Ambassador, by which the vacant Episcopal Sees of Russia were to be supplied with Bishops; and by the same agreement the Catholics of the Caucasus were relieved by the liberties given them to exercise their religion. Seminaries and academies, including a Catholic college at St. Petersburg, were established under this agreement, and other benefits secured.

It is difficult to retain cordial relations with a despotic Government which breaks out into such acts of barbarity as those which are reported from Russia from time to time; and the Pope has experienced this difficulty. Under the circumstances he has succeeded as well as could be expected. But it was not by refusing all intercourse with Mr. Istowski, the Russian representative at Rome, or by discourteous treatment of members of the Russian royal family visiting the Vatican, that this was to be effected.

By the prudent action of Pope Leo there is a fairly cordial understanding now between the Pope and the Czar. The Episcopal Sees of Russia are mostly filled by devoted Bishops, and in the letter which the Holy Father addressed to the Bishops on the 6th January, 1890, they were exhorted to defend the rights of the Church, to regard the interests of the souls under their charge, and inculcate observance of the civil laws while the latter did not conflict with the rights of the Church.

The Czar himself was favorably impressed with the course followed by the Holy Father, though with all his efforts he could not succeed in inducing the latter to substitute a Russian liturgy for the ancient liturgies used in the Catholic Churches of the East.

It is hard to say of the acts of any one man that they are the most prudent possible under all circumstances; yet those of Pope Leo have resulted so well that we cannot but admire his prudence throughout his negotiations. Nevertheless little reliance is to be placed upon any promises which the autocrat may make. The recent massacre of Catholics in Kroscho by Cossacks, when men, women and children were cruelly speared and thrown into a lime kiln, is evidence enough of this.

In a late number of the *New York Observer* the observations of a traveller who has recently returned from Russia are published, among which it is stated that the persecutions of the past are still going on to an extent of which few outside of Russia are conscious; but the writer adds: "If the Emperor were made acquainted with the facts, he would stop the wrong which is being done in his name."

It is certain that many in high position are cognizant of these facts, and we cannot believe that the Emperor is entirely ignorant of them, though we can readily conceive that the brutal details are kept concealed from him. We are the more inclined to believe this

as he has recently shown some disposition towards greater leniency than has been for a long time experienced from him, thus when the Governor of Samogitia was lately on the point of banishing arbitrarily the Bishop of the diocese, the Government restrained him and decided in favor of the Bishop.

This and other evidences of an improved disposition towards the Catholics of the Empire are due undoubtedly to the wisdom of the Pope's policy, a continuation of which will have the best possible effect.

Don't Touch Liqueur.

If you are the father of a family, do not touch intoxicating drinks. Why? Because your example may be the means of causing misery here and hereafter to those who look up to you as their guide and example. If you are a mother, do not use it yourself nor allow its use in your home if you value the manhood of your sons or the womanhood of your daughters. If you are a young woman, do not offer it to your gentlemen friends, and if tempted to do so just think for a moment of the terrible responsibility you assume. The glass you offer may be the means of starting the young man on the downward road to ruin and death. He may know his weakness, but from anxiety to appear well in your eyes, or from lack of moral courage to refuse anything proffered by the hand of youth and beauty, takes that which, under other circumstances he would shun.

Many a young man dates his downfall from the social glass taken under the parental roof or in the house of some friend of the family. Do not try to induce the man who, from sad experience knows his weakness, to break his pledge or resolution to abstain. This is often done thoughtlessly, from a mistaken idea of friendship or sociability, and without a thought of the possible consequences that may follow.

Do not, however, fall into the error of assuming that every man who takes a pledge is necessarily a reformed drunkard or one who needs any special restraint on his appetite for liquor.

On the contrary, many restrain themselves in that way simply as example for others to follow, hoping thereby to save some weaker brother.

Do you keep liquor in your house on the specious plea of necessity for use in case of sickness; that necessity is rarely experienced, and but too often is merely an excuse for over-indulgence.

Do not imagine you will be unable to sleep without a "night-cap" or awake without an "eye opener."—Sacred Heart Review.

His Jesuit Benefactors.

Here is a curious coincidence:—"It will be remembered," writes a correspondent, "that not long ago the Bishop of St. Asaph's sons met with an accident when out driving, but it was not mentioned that two Jesuit priests happened to be on the spot at the time. One was a qualified medical man, and at once rendered assistance. On calling at the palace to make inquiry for the sufferers it turned out that the same Jesuit had attended the Bishop when a young clergyman, on board ship, in a somewhat serious illness, and that though they had become fast friends at the time they had never met till again the Jesuit medico had a second time done a kindness to the prelate he had nursed back to health in by-gone days."—Westminster Gazette.

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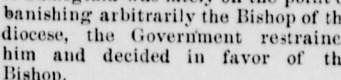
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to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is getting strong, walks around, is out doors every day, has no trouble with her throat and no cough, and her face seems to be all right again. She has a first class appetite. We regard her case as nothing short of a miracle." W. WYATT, 63 Marion Street, Toronto, Ontario.

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