

CARDINAL MANNING IN LIVERPOOL.

SERMONS IN THE PRO-CATHEDRAL AND ST. ANTHONY'S.

MORNING DISCOURSE—THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

His Eminence, the Cardinal, Archbishop of Westminster preached on Sunday morning, 17th Sept., at the Pro-Cathedral, Copper-hill, Liverpool. There was a very large attendance. The clergyman officiating at the Mass were as follows: celebrant, Rev. Father Lennon; assistant priest, Rev. Father Lennon; deacons at the throne, Rev. Fathers Flynn and Cosgrave; deacons of the Mass, Rev. Fathers Kelly and Wasenhowe; deacons of the Cardinal, Rev. Fathers Davison and Dowling; master of the ceremonies, Rev. Father Spencer.

His Eminence took for his text the words: "What profit is there in My Blood?" and then delivered the following discourse.—These words of complaining and sorrow were uttered by Our Lord at a time when his sweat was as great drops of blood falling down to the ground. What profit is there in My Blood? In that divine sorrow He seemed to see not the redemption so much as the loss. In that time of agony all the sin of the world was upon Him; and all the sorrow of the sin; and His Divine Heart was for a time overwhelmed with that surpassing grief for the sins of man. In His divine Passion, there was the whole of the sins of the world from the first hour to the end. He saw all the sins of man like a flood upon the earth. He saw all the sins of those who brought fire from heaven to purify the place. He saw all the sins of the heathen, born without the knowledge of God. And worse than this, He saw the sins of His own people, the sins of those who had slain the prophets, the idolatries of those who had known the true God; the immoralities of those who had had the Ten Commandments given them; the sins which were about to be committed against Himself, when He, the Heir of Kings and Son of the Father, had come to His own and His own received Him not. Nor was this all that He saw. He saw the weakness of His own friends, who would forsake Him and fly, and the dark betrayal of Judas, who sold Him for thirty pieces of silver. He saw, too, the sins of the Christian world—worse than the sins of the heathen, worse than the sins of the Jews, because with more light and more grace, with the full knowledge of the Redemption, and the love of the Sacred Heart. And, at the end of that agony, there was seen an angel from heaven strengthening Him; and He saw at the right hand of His Father the one hundred and forty-four thousand of all the Tribes of Israel, and a multitude, that no man can number, of all nations, and people, and tongues, arrayed in white, and washed in His Precious Blood. Jesus died for all; and His Precious Blood was shed for all. And that Precious Blood was omnipotent for salvation. He gave it to the whole world; and yet the whole world has not received it. He gave it to all mankind; and yet mankind rejects it. Here, then, we understand the great difference between redemption and salvation. We are all redeemed—God grant, dear brethren, that every man who hears me now can say that they are saved!—Who, of this great multitude, redeemed in the Precious Blood of Christ, will be saved at last, and enter into His Eternal Life? What could be done that is not done? He gave Himself and His Precious Blood for our profit. But we may say: How shall that Precious Blood save me unless applied to me? The most potent medicine will not cure a sick man, unless it be brought home to him, so that its virtue and its efficacy will fall upon the wounds and the mortal hurt of the dying man. But He has not only shed His Precious Blood, but He has opened a fountain for sin in the midst of us, to which we may all come, everywhere and at all times. And if, after all this, they perish, they perish through no fault in the means which He has provided, but because they will not come for them—they will not apply them. We are told of a fountain in Jerusalem that was the scene of miracles of healing. From time to time, there came down an angel to stir the water in the pool; and, whenever the angel stirred the water, the sick and ailing came to the water, and whoever went down into the water first was healed. And round about the pool there were multitudes of sick and ailing waiting, day by day, and month by month, for the angel to stir the water. And, when the angel had stirred the water, it was only the first who went down that was healed. Not so with the fountain of the Precious Blood of Jesus. It has a divine virtue in itself; it needs no angel. It needs no stirring. There it is, full and inexhaustible. And it does not heal only the first that comes there, but it heals all who come down. And there was one poor man at that pool in Jerusalem who had lain there waiting for thirty-eight years; and had seen the water stirred again and again, but, having no one to help him when he was going down, some other man went down before him more speedily and took away his blessing. Not so with the sacrament of Baptism. It is not the first only that goes in that is absolved. From first to last all are healed alike. And it is not in one place only. It is in all the world. Nor is it at one time only, but always, in the morning and in the evening, at all hours, on the broad sea, in the midst of the tempest, on the battlefield, and in the hour of death, there is the Precious Blood brought home to every penitent sinner. There is no need of any man, to help another down into that saving fountain. The priests may preach from the altars; but there is one mightier than the priest who helps the penitent soul. God the Holy Ghost enlightens the heart, brings sins to remembrance, moves the will, and gives fortitude to the sinner. He gives the almighty hand of grace to help the weakness or reluctance of those, who, being conscious of sin, are wavering and fearing, resolving and drawing back; and in the end, by the help and power of His grace, they are absolved. And that great love is always striving to save you. The Good Shepherd rejoices over every soul that is brought back to be washed in His Precious Blood, and all that we could do would be unworthy in return for His gift. If you have in you a spirit such as this, if you acknowledge that you belong to the Divine Master, then your hearts must be moved with a desire to do Him service. And I know of no service dearer to Him than that of saving little children. He gave them tokens and marks of His special love when he was on earth. He took them up in his arms and blessed them, and made them an example to His followers; and therefore, in asking you for the service which is the most precious in His sight, the schools contain a thousand children, and I call upon rich and poor to contribute annually, according to their means, so that their pastors may depend upon it. I ask you to remember for what purpose I call upon you. It is to save the souls of those little ones, for whom He shed His Precious Blood. The poor child, who in the eyes of man is an outcast, is an heir of eternal life; and it may be asked of you, What did you ever do for their salvation? Have you not carelessly passed them by? Had you thought that which was in your power to do, they might have been saved. How will you feel at the last day when that question is put to you?

EVENING DISCOURSE—THE LAST JUDGMENT.

On Sunday evening, his Eminence preached in

St. Anthony's Church, Scotland road, in aid of the recent renovation and decoration of the church. An expense of between £700 and £800 has been incurred in this direction; and the result is really magnificent. The ornamentation of the sacred edifices has been designed with great taste and executed with consummate skill by Messrs. Jolly and Hughes, ecclesiastical artists and decorators, Slater street, Liverpool. The appearance of the extensive and commodious interior is pleasing in every respect. The congregation was very large, the building being crowded in every part. The Cardinal was attended on the altar by the Bishop of Liverpool, the Rev. Father Nugent, the Rev. Father Collinson, and the Rev. Father Bradshaw. Rosary commenced at half-past six o'clock, and at its conclusion, his Eminence, after referring to the renovation of the church, and reminding the congregation of the purpose for which they were assembled, delivered the following discourse:—"And I saw a great white throne, and One sitting upon it, before whose face the heaven and the earth fled away; and there was no place found for them: And I beheld the dead, great and small, standing in the presence of the throne; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life; and the dead were judged out of the things that were written in the books." It is not more certain that you are here to-night than that you will stand before the great white throne. We know this because the Word of God has declared it. We know this because, according to the prophecy, scoffers say it will never be. It is written in the Word of God that there shall come in the last days, scoffers, unbelievers, mockers, walking after their own lusts, saying, Where is the promise of His coming; for, since the fathers slept, all things are as they were from the beginning. We here this at this day. We are forewarned that we shall hear it; and the hearing of it is the fulfilment of a prophecy. That great throne will be white from the surpassing splendour of Him that sits upon it. As the light of the noontid sun, so shall the Throne of the Son of God be from the splendour of His person. And there will be thunders and lightnings; and the sound of the trumpet; and the Divine Majesty, the manifestation of the omnipotence of the great Judge come to take account of all mankind, the living and the dead. The earth and the sea, death and hell, shall give up the dead that are in them; and they shall be judged, each one singly, as if there were no other soul. The earth shall give up the dead, from just Abel to the last that shall be laid in the dust before the trumpet shall sound. The sea shall give up those who have been wrecked in the mighty tempests, with those who were drowned in the great flood that covered the earth; and they shall all stand before God, in soul and in body, to be judged for all eternity. Let us then, dear children in Jesus Christ, think well of this last judgment which is before you and me. And no man knows how soon it may be. Of the great multitudes I see before me the youngest may be called first; the strongest may be followed to the grave by the man with grey hairs. Let us, then, first, think who the Judge will be. He will be the Son of God and the Son of Mary; the Son Incarnate; the Eternal Son, co-equal with the Father and with the Holy Ghost, clothed in our manhood; and His apparel will be as the lightning, and His countenance as the sun in its strength, and yet there shall be the wounds in His hands and in His side. He will sit there as God, the All Just, the All Holy, the All True, before whom the impure, and the false, and the unjust must stand to receive their sentence. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Divine God, for our God is a consuming fire. But He is not God only; He is incarnate; He is Man; and He will therefore know from the experience of His manhood, what our life and temptations have been. He will be compassionate and pitiful and full of sympathy. Oh, wonderful mercy of God, that when He comes to judge, He will not come only with the terrible attribute of His perfection, but He will come also with compassion for the infirmities of our nature! He will come to judge man, having the nature of man. That indeed is our hope. But how have we treated Him? When that Redeemer of the world who was crucified for us, comes to be our judge, how shall we stand before Him? That Redeemer from whom we have turned away our ear, and averted our heart, whose footsteps we have not walked in, whose laws we have broken, whose Sacred Heart we have wounded, whose Precious Blood we have despised—how shall we stand before Him? How shall we stand before the Redeemer whom we have crucified again, ourselves committing the same sins as those by whom He was nailed upon the cross? More than this; when He took our human nature, He was made to be our brother; and our brother will be our judge. We may say, then, surely there is hope for us, if the last Judge is our brother. But He is a brother whom we have sold, whom we have betrayed, whom we have not loved; how shall we stand before His face? More than this. All kinsmen are not brothers; and all brothers are not friends. But Jesus is the friend of sinners, and sinners will be judged by Him who is their friend. When He was upon earth He ate and drank with them, He was surrounded by them, He forgave their sins; and He was reproached as the friend of sinners. Surely there will be hope for us! But that friend is the friend whom we have not loved as we ought, to whom we have returned coldness for all his friendship, whom we have treated ungraciously, ungenerously, slightly, to whom we have made no return as a friend to a friend. And He will sit upon that throne that day invested with all the majesty and the glory of His Divine attributes, being God Eternal. And the Word of God is living and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and of the intents of the heart. Dear brethren, there is our Judge. What shall we say in that day when He questions us of the life that we have led upon earth? And if we begin to make excuses, there will arise up a multitude of witnesses. And the first witness that will stand up will be Satan, he who has hovered about us all our life long, even from our childhood; who has been so near us, that he has breathed upon our cheeks and we have not been conscious of his presence—and into whose very presence we have rushed—Satan, whom men mock at, whom they turn into jest, will in that day rise up in all the malignant strength of his supernatural being, with all the craft, and the subtlety, and the malignity and the falsehood, and the hatred that he bears us. And he will lay to our account a multitude of things which perhaps we have not committed—good, perhaps, evil magnified. But he will lay to our charge a multitude of things that we have committed. The falsehoods of Satan will not condemn us; but the truths which Satan knows and are written in the Book of God's remembrance, they will, every one of them, bring swift condemnation upon us in the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ. And when Satan has borne his testimony, there will come in a multitude of those companions whom from our childhood we have known; who have tempted us; or been tempted by us; those from whom we first learned the first evil word that we ever spoke; who perhaps learned from us the first evil word they ever uttered and which may have been in their mouths when they died; those companions who have been with us in breaking the laws of God; in grieving the Holy Ghost, those companions of sinners, upon whom the stars in the heavens, in all their purity, have looked down and blushed. Those who love merely one another to have been guilty, alike, and with a double sin and a double condemnation, shall stand before the great white throne. Those whom the eye of man has never suspected,

but whom the stones in the wall have borne witness against, in that day will all be laid open and they will bear this witness: And that which is sacred in the eyes of men, and which they will be buried with them in their graves, will be revived again in the bright light of that last day before the throne of the Judge. And when they have given their testimony, there will come another—in the divine and awful silence, after the clamorous testimony of those many voices is still, there will arise one, bright, beautiful, full of sadness, coming as it were, constrained by the justice of God to give his testimony—the guardian angel of each man—who, with a surpassing love, and with an inextinguishable patience, has watched over every soul, singly and alone, from the hour of baptism to the hour of death; who has seen all our actions, and heard all our words, and knows so far as creature can know—for none but the Holy Ghost can enter the heart of man—all our thoughts, and all our inward life. That guardian angel will stand to give his testimony. And, when that intimate and searching witness has said his last word, there will arise before the tribunal a witness more terrible than all in majesty, and surpassing all in glory and in power; all Eye, all Ear, all Intelligence—God Himself—who has seen all things, and heard all things, and read the inmost thoughts of our hearts, from the first moment of our consciousness to the last hour and last breath of our life. God is the witness of all we do; and, in that day, no man will be able to escape from the searching, piercing eye of God, who will sit upon the throne. But there will be a witness still behind. Downcast, full of awe, full of self-condemnation, that witness will be each man's own conscience, bearing testimony against him. And his conscience shall be like the reflection of that page in the Book of God's remembrance, in which all the thoughts, words, and deeds of each man's whole life has been written down; as if you took a mirror, and placed before it the pages of the book and the pages are reflected in the glass, so will it be in the conscience. There will be no forgetfulness on the Day of Judgment. The sins of childhood, boyhood, youth, manhood, middle life, old age, in thought, word, and deed, of commission and of omission, the grieving of the Holy Ghost, the resistance of the Holy Ghost, the quenching of the Holy Ghost—all these will be seen in the conscience in that hour. The breaches of the law of God, the violation of the Ten Commandments, the resistance of conscience, the bad confessions, the bad communions, all these will be brought to remembrance. As we are told that, in the consciousness of a drowning man, the whole life is brought to a focus and centred in one throb of consciousness, so will it be in that day, for the conscience will be rectified and illuminated by the light of the presence of God. There will be no forgetfulness then, no partial knowledge of ourselves, nothing will be hidden from our own sight, as nothing is hidden from the sight of God. Alas, where then shall we be? Where is the man who will not lay his hand upon his mouth, and, like the leper of old, cry "Unclean, unclean," and acknowledge himself to be guilty, and deserving sentence of eternal death, if it were not for the death of Jesus Christ Our Lord, our God and our Judge! But, once more, by what shall we be judged? We shall be judged by all the perfections of God, by all the laws of God, by all the light of nature upon our conscience, by all the laws written upon the Two Tables of Stone, by all the laws that He gave by the mouth of Jesus Christ, by the law of the Eight Beatitudes which He gave on the Mountain—by all those laws alike we shall be put to the test and tried in that day. Every action in which the will within and the act without have united, the deeds that we have done, to what can we compare them? The waves of the sea, the sands on the sea shore are nothing in multitude compared to the deeds of a single soul, which all its life long is in perpetual action. But not deeds only. For every idle word that man shall speak he shall give account in the Day of Judgment. We shall give account of the sins of the tongue: the sins of falsehood, of blasphemy, of deceit, of immodesty, of impurity; for those words which men speak so glibly, saying words as wind, believing that when spoken they are passed, that they are but sound, articulate sounds, and then vanished away. But every word that a man speaks expresses the state of his inward life, of his heart, of his soul, and of his mind. Every word is an action. An action and a deed may be spoken as well as done; and these verbal actions and verbal deeds are in themselves sins, written down, positive records against us in the Book of Remembrance. And not words only, but thoughts. Strange it is, dear brethren, that men seem to be unconscious that sin consists more in what we intend than in what we do. If I slay a man without intending it I am not a murderer but if I strike with an intent to slay, though I fail in my object, I am already a murderer before God. You remember the words of Our Divine Redeemer when he said, If a man shall look upon a woman to lust after her, he hath committed adultery already with her in his heart. The sins of thought are sins of the soul; if they be deliberate, dwelt upon, accepted so as to pass from thought into desire, and from desire to will, they make a man guilty before God. And when we have been tried by deeds and words and thoughts, we shall be tried by our omissions, by the good we have left undone, by the duties we have known and have not fulfilled. Here, then, dear brethren, is the matter of our judgment. And who among us can stand in that day? Who can bear that terrible scrutiny of a Power, just holy, and good? Then comes the sentence; and what shall that sentence be, and upon whom? First he will say to those on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. And there shall rise up the just, and the clean of heart, and the merciful, and the meek, and those that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake. In that day the first shall be last, and the last shall be first. And there will come forth those whom the world never knew, the poor of the world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which God has promised to them that love Him. Not that a poor man will be saved because of his poverty, any more than a rich man will be saved because of his wealth. A rich man may be saved; and yet a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. Riches are full of temptations; they change the mind; they corrupt the heart. Poverty is a hard discipline to a wholesome state of life, and it begets humility, self-denial, a spirit of mortification, and an involuntary fasting, which is taken as a voluntary act if it be done gladly and in faith. The state of poverty is a happy state for those who are born into it and who know how to sanctify it after the example of their Divine Redeemer; and in that day they will rise up and bless their Divine Master that he made them poor in this world. And He shall say to those on the left hand, Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. And there shall stand up the unclean man, and the drunkard, and the worldly man. Such is that judgment; and therefore let no man dare to live in any state, in which he would be afraid to die. Live from day to day as if you heard already on the horizon the voice of the Archangel; so walk before God in holy fear, and you will be able, when the last hour comes, with a tranquil soul, and a full confidence in the perfect cleansing of the Precious Blood of Jesus, to give up your soul into the hands of the Judge who redeemed you; and his testimony of your guardian angel, and the prayers of blessed Mothers, will go up mightily before God; and through the infinite love of Our Heavenly Father, you will enter into the haven of peace.—Catholic Times.

THE CISTERCIAN ORDER OF OUR LADY OF LA TRAPPE, CO. WATERFORD.

A correspondent of the Cork Examiner writes as follows of Mount Melleray Abbey:—"I have just made a prolonged stay there. I went to the Abbey without much knowledge of monastic life, or without all knowing the noble objects that the good fathers of Melleray had in view. Perhaps a shade of prejudice may have dimmed my judgment in their regard. Belonging to a class of people supposed to be essentially practical in their views of all things, I was a little inclined to think that monastic life was not much better than a pleasing and poetical speculation. Experience soon convinced me that whatever is romantic or theoretical or enthusiastic or exaggerated is very alien to the habitual modes and practices of the occupants of Melleray. A moment's view of the issue of their undertakings places this beyond all doubt. And now, briefly for the proof. Father Lacordaire remarks that the most astonishing claim which Christ urged upon all mankind was the claim to their love. Hardly, he observes, does love exist without peril of decay amongst the members of a single family; hardly even does wedded love retain through the lapse of years its original fervour; yet Christ commands the eternal, undivided love of each individual in all the families of the earth! Father Lacordaire proposes this to unbelievers as one proof of the truth of his mission. He calls attention to the fact that none of the heroes of the human race ever conceived this idea: An Assyrian monarch might insanely bid all men worship him, and a conqueror, going forth from a province of Greece, might force all men to fear him; but which of the world's rulers ever thought of commanding all men to love him? Now turn to the humble occupants of Melleray, and see them at two every morning in the year till eight o'clock every evening praying and labouring that blessings may be bestowed on mankind, without exception of clime or creed? What is the motive that cheers them through this ordeal? What sustains them and secures them a place which the world can neither give nor take away. Their love of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. See them passing noiselessly to labour in the fields, or to sing the praises of God in their choir. Observe them at the various incessant duties of the day, and you can perceive by their countenances that their souls are entirely absorbed in God, and fed only by the waters of life, which flow out from beneath His throne. What can have so transformed men, and made them models of the charity as so described by the Apostle in the First Epistle to the Corinthians? Only the love of God could have done so. But their labour of love does not end here. The cry through the world now—the universal watchword—is "education." An ancient philosopher lays down in his politics three rules for a good education, a standard of that which is "attainable," "moderate," and "suitable." Go to Melleray, and see the beautiful school for the children living within a circuit of three or four miles round the Abbey. The school building is a model for neatness, furniture, ventilation, warmth for the cold winter and its surroundings. The children are taught gratuitously. They are educated so as to fit them for the occupation in which they are likely to be engaged during life. Their comforts are cared for with that refined and bright personal sympathy for which the Lord Abbot has been so remarkable during his long and happy career. But so zealous for the salvation of souls are these faithful sons of St. Bernard that they have achieved a great success. They have wrought into thorough working order a system of education for young boys intended for the priesthood. Reflecting on the sad need of priests and the limitless good they can effect on the foreign missions must call forth many a hearty prayer for blessings on Mount Melleray Seminary. This institution has long laboured, and is still doing so, to supply the pressing want. It is not long since Cardinal Manning appealed for means to found a Diocesan Seminary, in which to prepare priests for the Diocese of Westminster. And his appeal was answered at once by the receipt of some £16,000. One of his remarks applies an hundred fold to the present subject. He said, "No one can tell the amount of good effected by the ministry of one priest. Those whom he instructs will continue the good work, and so the salvation of souls and the glory of God will be promoted to an extent of which we can form no idea." If this be true (and who can doubt it?) of one diocese—what shall we say of the want of priests in the United States, Australia, New Zealand, in India and Great Britain? What may be the amount of good to be done for the present and future generations in those vast regions—if priests should minister in them? The efforts eagerly made by the Bishops in those countries to secure young men at Melleray for their missions prove the existence of this great want. The immense majority of their congregations are Irish, or of Irish descent. They have left the "Isle of the Saints" "Isle of the Saints," cries out the great French historian in admiration—"Isle of the Saints gem of the seas, all fruitful Ireland, where thy sons spring from thy purity, multitudinous as the flowers of the fields!" They have left us, and across the sea they call us—"Have pity on us, have pity on us, at least you, our friends" "Send us priests to watch over our little ones, and when flesh and heart are failing us, whisper peace into our ears, and cheer our passage to eternal life." Can we remain unmoved by—shall we be unmindful of this appeal? Many have gone forth—nobly gone forth, and are labouring successfully in the far off vineyards of the Lord. But the want of priests cannot be exaggerated. Melleray is meeting the want and meeting it well, but is desirous, and able to do more. Want of means hampers its efforts. Funds should be forthcoming to second these efforts. All its professors are members of the community. What they profess to teach—they teach thoroughly. The students, after finishing their philosophy, enter the home or Continental Colleges in order to complete their course. The Principal of Melleray College—through many years of labour and success—has proved what one man of ability can do whose heart and soul are in the work. Out of one hundred and twelve students—at present there—nearly all are for the foreign missions. Five new buildings now afford room for thirty additional students. But before receiving them means must be supplied. There is no difficulty in selecting most promising lads. The selection continues to be made—considering the state to which the students aspire from the *creme de la creme* of the country. In the atmosphere of piety that surrounds the Abbey—Melleray becomes a fitting place to train up apostolic missionaries, and hence many of its former students are distinguished and holy priests in the United States, and in Australia. Notwithstanding the great drawbacks in primary schools, and in intermediate education in Ireland—her sons carry of the palm at the Propaganda, and at the competitive examinations in London. Truly—the poet says:—Ireland—"Magnus parens frugum, Magna virum."

historian has written that Ireland is destined to regenerate the earth.

Dear Old Land!—In bidding once more adieu to thy shores—Exclaim!

This is our soul, our sigh, our audit, Gem of the ocean, lovely Emerald Isle

I am, sir, Yours very respectfully, VIATOR.

BLASPHEMY PUNISHED.

A certain professor of Paris, endowed with great genius and a strong memory, having for two years taught the Arts that is the *Humanities*, with great success, directed his attention to theology, in which he made such progress in a short time, that he soon filled with distinction the chair of that faculty. He taught with great ability, and disputed with still greater subtlety. His pleasure consisted in handling difficult questions hitherto unheard of, and in resolving and explaining them with elegance and clearness. He had as many hearers as the largest palace could contain. One day, having discoursed very subtly of the Trinity, and having brought forward the most profound reasons for this dogma he was obliged to defer the conclusion of argument until the following day. All students of theology in the city were advised of this; and, being eager to hear the solution of so many apparently inexplicable questions, they crowded to his famous school in mass. The professor, taking his seat, began by stating in order all the questions he had hitherto treated; and those which seemed to everybody unanswerable, he explained with so much clearness, elegance, and orthodoxy, that all his hearers were in amazement. After this wonderful explanation those of his disciples who were most familiar with him, and most eager for instruction, begged of him to repeat his questions and answers, that they might be able to take a copy of them under his dictation; representing to him, that it would be an indignity, as well as an irreparable loss, to suffer the light of so much knowledge to be extinguished. But he, inflated with pride, raised his eyes to heaven, and with an insolent laugh, exclaimed: "O Jesule! Jesule! Little Jesus! Little Jesus! How much I have confirmed and calted thy law in this dispute! But with how much stronger reasons could I not abuse, weaken, and destroy it, should I wish to be malicious, and take the matter to heart!" Having said this, his tongue failed, and he remained without speech. Not only he became mute, but an idiot and radically stupid. He did not teach or discourse any more; he became the laughing stock of all who were acquainted with the fact. Two hours afterwards he was not able to distinguish the letters of the alphabet. But the divine vengeance which weighed on him having become a little mitigated, his son, by dint of repetition, succeeded in teaching him the *Pater Noster* and the *Credo*, which he learned by heart and repeated stammering; but this was all. This miracle confounded the arrogance, and repressed the boasting of many among the scholars and professors. This fact was witnessed by Nicholas Duffy, who was afterwards Bishop of Dublin, a man of great authority, who stated it to me, and requested that I should relate it, that it might not be forgotten by posterity.—*Matthew Paris, Historia Maj. Anglie, ad an. 1201.*

THE DEMON OF DRINK.

A FEARFUL PICTURE OF THE LATE REV. J. J. TALBOTT'S STRUGGLE AGAINST IT.

The following is an extract from one of the lectures of J. J. Talbot, who died lately at Elkhart, Ind., from the effects of a drunken debauch: But now the struggle is over, I can survey the field and measure the losses. I had position high and holy. The demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office and sent me forth churchless and godless, a very hissing and byword among men. Afterwards I had business large and lucrative, and my voice in all large courts was heard pleading for justice, mercy, and the right. But the dust gathered on my open books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had moneys ample for all necessities, but they took wings and went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could suggest. The devil crosses its threshold and the light faded from its chambers; the fire went out on the holiest of altars, and leading me through its portals, despair walked forth with her, and sorrow and anguish lingered within. I had children, beautiful, to me at least, as a dream of the morning and they had so entwined themselves around their father's heart that no matter where it might wander, ever it came back to them on the bright wings of a father's undying love. His destroyer took their hands in his and led them away. I had a wife whose charms of mind and person were such that to see her was to remember, and to know her was to love. For thirteen years we walked the rugged path of life together, rejoicing in its sunshine and sorrowing in its shade. This infernal monster could not spare me even this. I had a mother who for long, long years had not left her chair, a victim of suffering and disease, and her choicest delight was in reflection that the lesson which she had taught at her knee had taken root in the heart of her youngest born, and that he was useful to his fellows and an honor to her who bore him. But the thunderbolt reached even there, and there it did its most cruel work. Other days may cure all but this. Ah! me; never a word of reproach from her lips; only a tender caress; only a shadow of a great and unspoken grief gathering over the dear old face; only a trembling hand laid more lovingly on my head; only a piteous appeal to Heaven if her cup at last were not full. And while her ray bowed in his wild delirium two thousand miles afar, the pitying angels pushed the golden gates ajar and the mother of the drunkard entered into rest. And thus I stand, a clergyman without a cure; a barrister without brief or business; a father without a child; a husband without a wife; a son without a parent; a man with scarcely a friend; a soul without hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink. MISTAKEN KINDNESS.—The father who, for a great portion of his life, has struggled with poverty is unwilling that his children should have a similar experience. So he denies himself indulgences in even necessary things that he may save and make for his family. The mother, remembering how irksome household tasks were to her girlhood, permits her daughters to lead lives of domestic ease and indolence, thinking that in so doing she makes the best manifestations in her power of maternal love. As a natural consequence of this view on the part of parents, we see growing up all around us young men and women perfectly useless for all the practical purposes of life—unable to cope with fortune. Intellectual or moral fibre is not inherent; it must be built up from within, and is the result of independent thought and action. The sooner a boy can be made to wait upon himself, the sooner will the germs of true manhood begin to develop within him. It is the kindness to surround him with such attention and care that he will not be compelled to learn the lesson of self-reliance, of patient industry, of persistent hope. The real crowns of this world are crowns of labor.