

FRIDAY, AUG. 13.]

St. Mary Magdalen.

Whether with face averted, half-concealed... Within white trembling hands...

KNOCK APPARITIONS.

THE APPARITIONS IN MARCH.

ACCOUNT OF AN EYE-WITNESS. — ARCH-DEACON CAVANAUGH'S DIARY OF CURES CONTINUED.—A GOLDEN STAR.

The following letter, containing an account of an apparition seen by the writer and others at Knock, has been sent to us for publication by Archdeacon Cavanaugh. We suppress the author's name, as he does not desire to have it made public.

16 Roman Street, Cork, June 4, 1880.

VERY REV. SIR: I regret exceedingly I did not take advantage of an earlier opportunity of acquainting you about having seen apparitions at Knock upon the occasion of a visit made some time since to that holy shrine.

I have reason to flatter myself that I had been more than compensated for the long journey which I made—all the way from Spain. I write, first, to give you information about what I saw; and, secondly, that I might acquit myself of the responsibility which I lie under in reporting the matter. Having arrived at your wonderful church, the first thing that I noticed to be edifying (on the night of the 1st of March) was a beautiful reddish light on the wall near the external door of the sacristy—three pillars of light on the famous gable—and two flashes of red light issuing from the church roof. Next day, about two p. m., I saw the oil-painting over the great altar, the nail illuminated. A little later, the nail in the right foot of the crucifixion splendidly illuminated—the nail was lit up by some terrible light (which I am unable to picture so as to give you a clear idea), with a darkened ring of matter around—it fancied it was bruised flesh; then a ring of beautiful light, which emitted no rays beyond itself. I saw this nail until six in the morning. The apparition of Our Blessed Lady continued until the three hours. On the 5th I saw the apparition of Our Blessed Lady again. It struck me very forcibly that the impression of Our Lady remained on the wall at the little altar where I saw her vision, which I saw every day during my stay at Knock—there, in the beautiful features, as it were, the shadow, with a golden crown around the head from ear to ear, and a golden star on the right elbow.

I consider the oil-painting of the crucifixion of our Lord in the Church at Knock as being a miraculous picture. After having seen the apparition of the nails of our crucified Lord on the oil-painting, I continued to see portions of it illuminated every day I remained. I could see no light cast upon the painting of the crucifixion before two o'clock on the 24th of March—it was my third day in Knock.

A young man from Clister, who in my arms the previous night was cured of a contracted leg in front of the famous gable, saw with ecstasy on the oil-painting the nail in the foot of our Lord resplendent with light from above. I could see nothing celestial from some time—the young man pointing out to me what he was still gazing upon—until at length, behold! the time has come: Almighty God was pleased to remove the veil from my eyes. I believe I am authorized to believe nothing at all in Knock did not hear of anyone having then seen the apparition of the Immaculate Conception. It may be important for you to know that our Blessed Lady has vouchsafed to manifest herself to me, her most unworthy but humble servant, as the Immaculate Conception. Our Blessed Lady has then manifested herself to her servants in Knock as the Queen of Heaven, the Mother of God, and as the Immaculate Conception. Before closing I desire to state that I give you the above brief statement firmly believing that none of the effects mentioned can possibly be traced to a natural cause. I am prepared to give my sworn testimony, if such were required. I am already established, even beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the apparitions of Our Blessed Lady and of our dear Lord have appeared. Those who do not believe those apparitions having been seen in Knock had better believe in being solely to instruct the next council held in Knock. I am, very reverend sir, very faithfully yours,

ARCH-DEACON CAVANAUGH'S DIARY.

We continue as follows the publication of Archdeacon Cavanaugh's diary of miraculous cures:

Margaret Donnelly, of Borrisokane, County Tipperary, finds herself much better of an intercalary. She was suffering during thirteen years.

Margaret Mullane, of Cork, is recovered from a tumor in her stomach.

Patrick Merrigan, of Cross Avenue, Patrick Street, Kingstown, was for fourteen months nearly blind, and could only see the day's light, and could not discern a friend or stranger, and now he can see his way perfectly well, and

distinguish all objects and colors nearly as well as ever.

William Tyrrell, of Leith, Scotland, has recovered his sight here.

Ellen Geary, of Middleton, finds her left foot a great deal stronger since she came, though not able to dispense with the support of the crutch as yet.

Michael McNamara, of Liverpool, has recovered the use of his hands, which were for a long time contracted.

Michael Duffy, of Silby, England, has been cured of a great swelling in his stomach and feet, and of other maladies.

Michael Hughes, of the parish of Cool, near Enfield, was so far recovered from his lameness as to leave his crutch.

Michael McNamara, of Liverpool, finds his hand very much improved, so that the fingers, which were contracted during eight or nine years, are being extended.

Margaret Leonard, of Johnstown, County Kilkenny, was cured of lameness, so that she was able to walk without the aid of a crutch or stick, which she left after her.

Patrick Darcy, of Charlestown, has been cured of a fearful cough, so had was that his mother felt sure that there was no hope of his recovering except by the powerful intercession of the Mother of God.

Peter Murphy, of 65 West Street, Glasgow, Southside, finds himself cured of a rupture, and was able to leave his truss after him.

Catherine Campbell, of Tullysoran, County Anagh, finds her hearing very much recovered. She can hear very well now.

Mrs. O'Neil, of 67 Augrim Street, Dublin, was cured of violent pains in the left foot by the use of the cement. She had previously had recourse to medical aid, but to no purpose. She suffered frequently intense agony, so much so that she was quite wasted.

Mrs. Cahill, of Brunswick Street, Dublin, was cured of an internal disease of ten years' standing.

One of the Sisters of St. Mary's Convent, Kingstown, recovered her hearing.

Catherine Healy, of James street, Newtownmore, near the Swanage, is partially cured of chronic rheumatism in the wrists and joints of the right hand.

Mr. McTigue, of Glen, County Limerick, was cured of rheumatism in her hands and feet, and can now perform all the ordinary duties of her station in life, which she could not do previously.

Dan Murtogh, of Shanavagh, in the parish of Knock, has recovered his sight. He was nearly stone blind when coming here.

Michael Duffy, of Middlesborough, England, is cured of paralysis in the left hand and foot, and in the tongue.

John Ginty, of Drumlish, County Longford, was cured of a disease of ten years' standing, which rendered her unfit for the performance of her duties.

Father Mulhody, St. Clement's, Rome, was dying, and given up by priests and doctors. He had a novena made for him by his friends in honor of our Lady of Knock, and had taken some of the cement, and the result is that he is fast recovering, and is nearly fully restored to his former good health.

Archibald Murray, of Middlesborough, England, was cured of a pain in the left arm from which he was suffering a long time.

Mary McTigue, of the County Tipperary, was cured of rheumatism of many years' standing, which rendered her unfit for the performance of her duties.

Father Mulhody, St. Clement's, Rome, was dying, and given up by priests and doctors. He had a novena made for him by his friends in honor of our Lady of Knock, and had taken some of the cement, and the result is that he is fast recovering, and is nearly fully restored to his former good health.

Henry Padlan, of Stokerstown, was cured of paralysis of the left foot and arm, and his speech has recovered completely.

Lisannallard, Omagh, 25th May, 1880.—Rev. Archdeacon Cavanaugh: It is with most grateful thanks to God and His Blessed Mother that I consider it my duty to report to your reverence the cure of my child, Michael McCann's, eye. For my child, Michael McCann's, eye. For my child, Michael McCann's, eye.

Dennis Murray, of Skibbereen, County Cork, was suffering from a heart disease. He was in the Cork Infirmary, and got no benefit of being there. He has recovered by visiting Knock.

James Donegan, Dundearry, County Cork, thirty-three years blind. He could not see anything during all these years until Friday, May 21, when he was so far cured as to see the daylight, but nothing more.

Thomas Sloughness, Kilkenny, twenty-five years of age; about fifteen years paralyzed, and completely crippled in a most painful manner. He can now raise his left arm over his head, which he could not do before. His speech is also greatly improved.

George Barrett, of Hacketstown, County Carlow, got the use of his right foot, which was crooked for years.—Dublin Nation, July 17.

WONDERFUL CURES IN AMERICA.

MR. MARTIN PETER WARD (SAYS the editor of the Anglo-Celt), formerly of Islandeady, late of San Francisco, Cal., and at present of Hartford, Conn., U. S., writes to us as follows from the latter city under date of 9th June:

DEAR SIR: AS YOUR well known and widely-edited paper is known both far and wide as the "Journal of our Lady of Knock," I feel it my duty, as a sheep of the one true fold and a son of the historic hills of Mayo, to state to your numerous readers what has come within my notice with regard to the wonderful healing power of small portions of cement taken from the sacred shrine at Knock.

No. 2. A young lady who objects to give her name publicity if not earnestly asked for. She was taken ill and became a very critical case. At the end of two weeks a sudden change came for the worse, which her medical attendant, a most skillful surgeon, said was caused by inflammation of the bowels. She sank very rapidly. I had chance to get a portion of cement from Knock sent to me by my brother from Westport, and as this young lady and her people were friends of mine I called to see her. Here I may state in candor that when going I did not think of the cement at the time of starting. As I entered her apartment a ghastly sight met my view. A maiden whom I had seen but a few days before in the bloom of youth lay in pain and desolation, surrounded by a weeping mother and fond sisters, nothing being able to ease her dreadful pain. She did not seem to notice my coming in. I thought of the sacred relic in my possession, and broke a grain no larger than a few seeds of mustard, and cast it on the sick bed in four parts in the name of the Holy Trinity. At this stage she opened her eyes and thanked me. I soon after left, but I was told she slept well that night, next day felt much better, and as I write she is in perfect health as any in the city.

No. 3. R. S. Cunningham, the wife of a respectable liquor-dealer of this city, who has been affected for years past with rheumatic pains all over her limbs and body. But since she got the sacred cement from Knock she has got no pain or ache and is quite well. I am glad to state that none of the American papers has made unfavorable comments save the Boston Herald.

No. 4. Michael McNamara's child, of Norwich, who was an object of pity almost from her birth. She was paralyzed all on one side, and her limbs no larger than an infant's; she also was addicted to fits. As soon as she got a drop of water where the Knock cement was dissolved she there and then got well, and so continues up to date.

THE JESUITS.

AN EYE-WITNESS FURNISHES SOME TOUCHING DETAILS OF THEIR EXPULSION FROM PARIS.

We have been favored with the text of a letter written by an English lady in Paris, who witnessed the action of the authorities in the Rue de Sevres, and we present the following condensed version of it to our readers. It will be observed that even the police were disgusted with their work:

The feast of St. Peter and Paul, the date fixed for the execution of the infamous decrees, was also the day already named in the programme of June services as a day on which was to be held an extraordinary meeting of the Association of the Bona Memoria.

It seemed almost incredible that the Father Lefebvre, the President of the Association since its establishment at the Jesuit's Church (I think 20 years ago), could really have the meeting that day when all Paris except the Fathers themselves—who went on with everything just as if no trouble was being over them—was tremblingly looking forward to some desperate calamity. However, the meeting took place, attended not only by the members of the Confraternity, but by thousands from every part of the city; besides the gentlemen in the body of the church, the sanctuary was filled with the card and parlor.

alter steps as the meeting progressed. I was witness, that immense mass of human beings all in one feeling on that occasion. The usual congregation of that church sung the hymn the "Cantique au Sacre Coeur." The old Father requested "As there are many who do not know our words of this verse, so that all may join in singing it, and make it a true prayer, as it is." He then read it and I shall copy it for you, but you will not be able to judge the effect without the air, which is very pretty:—

"Accordez-mous, Seigneur, une telle grace incomparable, O Dieu mon Dieu, de me montrer sur votre croix adorable!"

I cannot give you an idea of the effect of this little prayer, sung by all those voices, for there were many thousands who joined in it. It was truly grand, and there were not many dry eyes in the church when the last sounds died away. Father Lefebvre gave as a little instruction, as it was St. Peter's Day. He did not make much direct allusion to the burning question of the little prayer for la petite Compagnie de Jesus. We do not deserve all the hatred they have for us, nor do we deserve all the love you have for us." He said no more; he did not take his leave of us, but quietly went down from the pulpit, leaving us in tears.

No one could exactly say if the Masses would be said next morning, or how early the Fathers might bedrive out of their home. I got up before 4 o'clock, and reached the church door before 5. Finding it locked, and seeing the terrible group at the priest's door (a few feet further on), I burst out crying. Some police begged me to stay there. I went to the opposite side, where there is a square (or garden), and as I could not cease crying, some police tried (and gently, too, poor fellows!) to console me, and in answer to my question, "What are they going to do to our dear good Fathers?" said: "Nothing, but let us stay undisturbed for a while; however, when presently one of the Fathers was seen outside the door they drove us back farther, for at the sight of him the air was rent by loud and continual cries from the Catholic gentlemen, and men, who had collected in large numbers, the opposite side. I need not describe the excitement of the next few minutes as we saw coming towards us an old white-haired priest (Father Foulgnee, I think, is his name), surrounded by policemen, and I think surrounded by policemen. This I do not know, as I saw nothing but his pale face, looking calm and dignified, evidently touched deeply with emotion at the sight of the crowds who fell on their

knees as he approached. He was walking in the middle of the street and we all knelt there to get his blessing as he went by. I saw several of the police drying their eyes; no one was ashamed to weep. As the young men formerly pupils of the Jesuit Father awaited his approach on their knees, their hats held off high above their heads, and as the Father got near, many of them rushed forward to kiss his hands and get his blessing. At about 6 o'clock I was joined by some American friends—a mother with two of her grown-up daughters and their Irish maid. The lady is a daughter of an American General of Mexican renown, so we were not a party likely to be easily frightened by Jesuit officials, and we determined to remain to add our protest to that of our French co-religionists, with whom we most heartily joined in every expression of love and sympathy towards our common fathers.

Before half-past six the police had cleared the square opposite the Jesuits' house, not allowing the sympathizers to stand, not only in the path of the garden directly opposite, but even on the other side of the square in the Rue Baby-lone, nor on the footpath of that street facing the square. I then asked a policeman where they intended us to go. He said: "You had better go home, good little lady." "Oh no (I said); we have come here to help to represent Catholics in every part of the world in protesting (as far as we are able) against this fearful outrage and insult to our Church and Fathers." Still, ever it was "back! back!" until they thought they would get the Catholics to quite away. The conduct of the policemen all through certainly deserves a word of praise. As far as I saw, they were utterly disgusted with, and ashamed of, the work they were engaged in, and, with some exceptions of course, I should say they felt as we did; as the poor fellows are public servants and must obey orders, I shall not repeat what some of them said now and then to show how truly they felt with us.

Mrs. G. and I were in the afternoon speaking to an old gentleman, who said that though he was a Republican he was bitterly opposed to, and thoroughly ashamed of, the conduct of the Government, and he said, "So are all the honest men amongst the Republicans. I have seen (I think he said) three Revolutions, and I know well the symptoms of their approach; and we are not far from another." I said, "Do you not imagine that this is the beginning of the end of the present Government?" He said, "You have exactly expressed it; that is just what it is."

A CELTIC COLONY.

HOW A WIDE-AWAKE AND ENTERPRISING SCOTCH PRIEST SAVED HIS FELLOW-CATHOLICS—A CANADIAN BISHOP WHO IN HIS DAY ANTICIPATED SOME OF BISHOP IRELAND'S WORKS.

[Letter from John McDonnell to the Dublin Freeman.]

I have read with very great pleasure in your issue of Saturday, the 31st of July, an excellent letter from Dr. Cruise, containing suggestions marked by humanity and wisdom respecting the emigration to North America of such of our poor fellow-countrymen as are absolutely under the necessity of flying from misery and destitution here, with the assured hope of finding plenty at the other side of the Atlantic for themselves, their wives and children. Again, in your issue of July 6th I see an admirable letter from Mr. John Sweetman, Drumbaragh, county Meath, who avows the authorship of the information quoted at length by Dr. Cruise, adding important details and suggestions. I am desirous of putting forth in your widely-circulated journal a supplement and aid to these letters, the following succinct narrative, which you will find furnishes a striking, most successful and most instructive example of emigration conducted on principles closely agreeing with those advocated.

The argument most apt and ample. Towards the end of last century the gentry of the Highlands of Scotland having made the discovery that their importance was to depend in future more on the number of their sheep than on that of their broad acres, and a large number of families on GLENGARRY,

were in consequence deprived of their holdings in favor of the sheep. About the same time there came to settle among them a gentleman of the Glengarry family as their priest, the Rev. Alexander Macdonnell. He was, as the sequel will show, a very remarkable man. As his first public act, he proceeded to Glasgow, at this time rising rapidly into commercial importance, and succeeded in procuring employment in the manufactories for the whole adults of his flock. By-and-by came the French revolutionary war, which gave a severe check to the prosperity of Glasgow, and the poor Highlanders, being of course, among the least skilled of the workmen, were dismissed, and so reduced a second time to the extremity of distress. The rebellion of 1798 was now brewing, and the Government wanted soldiers. Reflecting on this the priest proceeded to London and negotiated the conversion of his artisans into the Glengarry Fencibles, 1,000 strong, he himself being appointed their chaplain. The regiment was immediately sent to Ireland, and as there they were aliens neither in blood, religion or language (for they were Celts by blood, Roman Catholics by religion, and their language was Irish), I have good reason to believe that they performed their military duty with consistency and humanity.

STROMLY CONTRASTED WITH THE BARBARITY OF THE ORANGE MILITIA, the ancient Britons, and the infuriated peasantry. They won the approval of Lord Cornwallis, a Victory to whom he owed a deep debt of gratitude for his loyalty to the Government. He recommended to the Government the augmentation of the regiment. But soon the rebellion, which had cost 50,000 Roman Catholic and 20,000 Protestant lives, being suppressed, the Glengarry Fencibles were ordered to return to Scotland, and were disbanded in 1802, and thus a third time reduced to destitution. The resources of the unhappy priest were not, however, exhausted. He proceeded again to London, and procured a petition to have his

Highlanders emigrated to Canada. His application was not favorably received by the Ministry. Several influential persons (Sir John Macpherson, Chief Baron Sir Archibald Macdonald, Lord Moira, then Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, and others) tried to divert him from his purpose, and offered to procure him a pension on condition of his abandonment of it. The Prince of Wales (George of unblemished memory) offered him

A SETTLEMENT OF WASTE LANDS IN COIN-WALL.

but the wise and faithful priest was not to be moved by either persuasion or bribe. Mr. Adamson, the Prime Minister, favored to proposed emigration, and procured from the Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada an order for 200 acres for every man who should arrive in the Province; and finally, nearly the whole regiment, with its women, children, and chaplain, was only situated was assigned them on which they bestowed the name of Glengarry, and every man gave to his Canadian farm the name that had belonged to the beloved old one in the Highland Glengarry. It is the most easterly district in Upper Canada, on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, near Ottawa and

THE CASE OF A THOUSAND ISLANDS, and not far above Montreal, or below Lake Ontario. Here they prospered exceedingly, under the guidance and superintendence of their priest, till the time of the rebellion in Canada, some forty years ago. When Sir James Macdonnell, younger brother of their chief, and heroic Waterloo, was Commander-in-Chief in Canada, he paid a visit to his clansmen to congratulate them on their success, and to embrace his foster brother once more, and was received with an ovation of such magnitude as will afford matter for many a day to come to the grand-mothers to describe in glowing terms at the winter-evening's fireside to their astonished and delighted children the glories of that day. In the meantime the priest had become

BISHOP OF KINGSTON, UPPER CANADA, and his clansmen had increased, and multiplied, and he presided the Canadian Glengarry. He and they, I need not say, were deeply sensible of the benefits which had been conferred upon them, and on this occasion he found no difficulty in specifying raising from among them three regiments of born soldiers for the defence of the British Empire. Intelligence on the part of the rebels had taken possession of Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada. Within 24 hours 900 of them had marched knapsack on back and musket on shoulder, through the snows of a Canadian winter, to recover the town; but were met by information that it had been re-taken. My information respecting the fortunes of the Glengarry Fencibles is here. Those of their staunch friend I can chronicle to their close. He must, as well befitted his name, have possessed some military as well as ecclesiastical blood, for, reflecting on the events of the rebellion, he had devised a plan which he conceived to be the best to meet any danger from sympathizers from the United States. He proposed

TO RAISE MILITIA REGIMENTS AMONG THE CANADIANS,

to be stationed permanently at certain important points along the southern borders of the province, and which would be to submit his plan to the Home Government, the noble old man crossed the Atlantic at upwards of eighty years of age, for the purpose of explaining it to the Duke of Wellington. The Duke listened with interest and attention to his arguments, and requested that he would return in two or three weeks. After consideration, he should give his final decision. In the meantime the Bishop of Ireland gave his consent, and fortune to make his acquaintance here. From Dublin he went on a visit to Lord Gosford, who, when Governor General of Canada, had been intimate with him, and valued him highly. From thence he went to Belfast to pay a visit to my father.

The two old men had not met since they left Ireland, but they had the whole of their long lives. From Belfast the Bishop went to take a long look at his beloved Glengarry, and finally, having reached Duzaphury on his way to keep his appointment with the Duke, he fell ill and died there. "Requiescat in pace!" How many of our poor countrymen are now in the grasp of the sad alternative of starvation at home or expatriation.

SECRETLY, HOWEVER, THERE ARE PATRIOTIC IRISHMEN ENOUGH,

here and in America, to supply the funds for emigration, and devoted priests to follow the example of the brave and good and faithful man whose story my letter tells, and to lead the emigrant away from the temptations and pollutions of the great cities; and consulting their spiritual and temporal interests, settle them in some fertile spot which will speedily reward their labors with contentment, abundance, and the happy faces of their wives and children. I am, sir, very faithfully yours,

JOHN McDONNELL.

See what the Clergy say.

Rev. R. H. CRAIG, Princeton, N. J., says: Last summer when I was in Canada, I caught a bad cold in my throat. It became so bad that often in the middle of my sermon my throat and tongue would become so dry I could hardly speak. My tongue was covered with a white parched crust, and my throat was much inflamed. An old lady of my congregation advised me to use the Shoshonees Remedy, which she was using. The first dose relieved me, and in a few days my throat was nearly well. I discontinued the use of it, but my throat not being entirely well become worse again. I procured another supply, and am happy to say that my throat is entirely well, and the white crust has entirely disappeared. I wish that every minister who suffers from sore throat would try the Great Shoshonees Remedy.

Rev. Geo. W. GROUT, Stirling, Ont., says: Mas. George Francis was severely afflicted with Kidney disease, and had been under the care of three physicians without any beneficial result. She has since taken four bottles of the Shoshonees Remedy, and now enjoys the best of health.

Rev. T. C. CROW, Brooklyn, Ont., says: My wife was very low with Lung disease, and given up by her physician. I bought a bottle of the Shoshonees Remedy, and

at the end of two days she was much better. By continuing the Remedy she was perfectly restored. Price of the Remedy in pint bottles, 82; Pills 25 cents a box. Sold by all medicine dealers.

"CATHOLICS IN SOCIETY."

A writer in the "Catholic Advocate," of Louisville, thus takes in hand some precious specimens of our aristocracy-aping youngsters—who are sometimes ashamed of their good, honest, Irish Catholic parents:—

There is a decided disposition among the young Catholics to shirk Catholic society Mrs. Sadler says this long ago, and it would be well if her "Blakes and Flanagan's" was more read and heeded. Directly ignorant is at the bottom of all this trouble. The children begin as they grow up to soften those heroic old Christian names into more euphonious modern synonyms. Frances has become Fannie; Mary, May or Maggie; while Patrick or Bridget must be discarded altogether.

"Where," said a neighbor to a Catholic, did you get such a pretty name for your child?" "Oh, we saw it in the New York Weekly." Precisely! You couldn't expect them to disgrace themselves by such names as they learned in the old country. Master Carl will not associate with his more vulgar-minded friends of early youth, and Miss Mary scorns Bridget, the daughter of her mother's old friend. Why, she has been educated and trained to more refined manners, and you cannot expect her to hold communication with those below her station in life, in manner and training. She associates with society (?) out of the church, and that is a lift in this world at least. When visiting Miss Somebody she meets her brothers and other nice young men who are so tony. Perhaps they cannot make a living, but that is nothing. They are not degraded by honest toil, and have plenty of money on every occasion. They are not troubled by any qualms or conscience about their actions. True, they are not guilty of things socially, which her small Catholic training tells her is not proper, but then that is hushed by the thought of how much she gains by being allowed to frequent their society. She hears things which her early training tells her are not strictly true, but she does not object, lest she give offence. Of course those who carry white hands, who do not labor, must be more elegant than others. Pa and Ma can sit down to converse with a neighbor from the old country, they have learned something too of their faith, know how glorious is the record, but they cannot expect the young folks to care for the trials of their forefathers. They cannot help the matter, or turn the scale, or change history. Why should they be troubled about the persecution and suffering of their ancestors? The tony society in which they move knows nothing of these things, and consider people fools to endure so much. Every day and every hour we are not so troubled, and we cannot understand why they should be. Are we accountable for what your ancestors endure? They are Catholics certainly, but do not tell anyone. It might hurt their influence, for Catholics never do anything remarkable. The few Catholic soldiers in the army of the United States, who sacrificed their lives and shed the blood at the battle of Long Island during the Revolutionary war. But no respectable historian would tell such tales, they have not heard it. If they did it might not be well received by their set. A few men will tell what Catholic soldiers have done in every war for the United States. But some of these men are under the table, and they could not think of quoting their names. They do not know that their pet daily has two or more Catholics on its staff who are its best writers, and more who, if they have not the best faith, keep it securely in the background. They do not know that our best lawyers, doctors and merchants are, in many cases, Catholics. O certainly—in the eyes of these tony young Catholics. What are talents, ability, upright, stainless lives compared to the tony society of which they are despised members.

Who ever saw a Catholic subdued because of his religion when he possessed all other requisites, and did not meanly seek notoriety and notice at the expense of his religion? It is only the mean, cringing and despicable natures, who are ashamed of their faith in order to be tony, who are embled and snored at by their society. Manliness will be respected even by the despisers. Tony, yes, tony in all that is degrading to man is all their need of praise. Have they one honest impulse, one generous thought, one noble aspiration? Self is at the bottom of all their actions, and the ruling principles of their lives. Where do we find the refined society, the young man, the pleasant, happy fathers and mothers? Surely not in the tony society. Are their children safe among their own associates? Is there constant strife among them for the unmerited pre-eminence? Constant bickerings and detractions are the bane of such society. But they are tony. In what? In all that is lowest and vile, mean and despicable. There own lives are a burden to themselves, and a curse to their associates. Only their parents who wish their children to be tony will make them idiots. It is the neglect of proper training which makes them prefer the glare of life to its realities, by failing to teach them a proper contempt for the vanities, and a just regard for man; they have led the children to despise themselves, and are, but reaping a richly deserved harvest from their own sowing.

Let us stand at our posts, and do our duty like good soldiers, under the eye of our true and sovereign Chief, and when death comes it will find us ready; its summons will be to us an awakening from sleep, the vanishing of a dream, the dawn of the real day, and of the life which is the beginning of bliss.—Mgr. Darboy.

MISERABLENESS.

The most wonderful and marvelous success, in cases where persons are sick or pining away from a condition of miserableness (but no one knows what ails them, profitable patients for doctors), is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose and keep it up until perfect health and strength is restored. Whoever is afflicted with any ailment, when they can get Hop Bitters, "Truth" and "Proverbs" in another column.