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the outlines of His image in themselves? The Cardinal then proceeded to enumerate the marks of a soul that is turned to God: the knowledge of His revelation and its full meaning and a will to be guided by the Church of God. How are we to know what that whole revelation which God has given us is? Some will tell me out of the given us is? Some will tell me out of the Scriptures. Is there a country in the world in which the written Word of God the or Holy Scripture is to be found in such millions of copies scattered up and down, FROM THE PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN TO

There is not on the face of the earth a people who possess the written Word of God as we do, and is there a country in which there are so many forms of contradictory Christianity, so many norms of contra-dictory Christianity, so many inconsistent interpretations of that one Book. I will not go on with this argument; you know it yourselves. That Book, indeed, is the Word of God, but only when it is interword of God, but only when it is interpreted in the true sense. Scripture is not Scripture except when interpreted in the true sense. As a man's last will is not his will if his executors interpret it otherwise than he himself interprets it, so the Scripture ceases to be the will of God except, when it is interpreted according to cept when it is interpreted according to the will of God. There was no New Tes-tament when the revelation of Christian-ity was given; Christianity was preached and believed in two generations of men and believed in two generations of men before the New Testament was collected into a book. Christianity was anterior to the New Testament; was not derived from that book, and is independent of it, and, therefore, to appeal to that book, though it be the Word of God, is adverse altogether to the Divine order by which God has revealed His law to the world. The Church of Christianity existed before The Church of Christianity existed before the Holy Scriptures in the New Testament were written, and if you read them they recognize the existence of the Church. How could there be an epistle to the Remove.

Pentecost? I answer at once from that one living witness our Lord founded when He said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church;" from that one living witness the said, "Thou are living witness the said," from that rock I will build My Church;" from that one living witness the apostles founded in all the world that one Universal Church which is made up of all nations, and which, till to-day, running down from the beginning, has taught the same, not only in all things, but in all places. If you wish to know what was taught in the beginning, read the living Scripture, the living Church of God, that which was written by the Holy Chost before Mat. written by the Holy Ghost before Mat-thew, Mark, Luke, and John ever put pen to parchment. Our duty is to hear that Living Voice, to submit our-selves to that Divine Teacher. There we have no human guides, but a living and Divine Teacher, the Holy Spirit of Truth Himself, of whom our Lord said: "He that heareth you heareth me." and St. Paul heareth you heareth me," and St. Paul says: "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." How shall they call on Him in whom they have not be-lieved? Holy Scripture tells us that they who are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. Now, you know what it is to be led. If a man takes me by the hand to lead me, and I have no will to follow, I am not led because I am not willing; I have two guides, one without and one within. The prophet foretold of old, "Thine ears shall hear a voice

His truth are incomparably and unimaginably beyond them all. Thy word is BETTER TO ME THAN THOUSANDS OF GOLD AND SILVER. I will buy the truth at any price, and I will sell it at no tempting offer the world can make me."

to know God and His truth and to know it in perfection. Whatever it costs me,

whatsoever cross I have to bear, whatso-ever sacrifice I have to make, God and

Why the Irish Tenant has no Fruit.

When travelling in Ireland (I explored that country rather exhaustively when editing the fourth edition of "Murray's Hand-book"), I was surprised at the absence of fruit trees in the small farms sence of fruit trees in the small farms where one might expect them to abound. On speaking of this, the reason given was that all trees are the landlord's property; that if a tenant should plant them they would suggest luxury and prosperity, and would auggest luxury and prosperity, and therefore a rise of rent; or, otherwise stated, the tenant would be fined for thus improving the value of his holding. This was before the passing of the Land Act, which we may hope will put an end to such legalized brigandage. With the abolition of rack renting, the Irish peasant may grow and eat fruit may avon ant may grow and eat fruit; may even taste jam without fear and trembling; may grow rhubarb and make pies and puddings in defiance of the agent. When this is the case, his craving for potato potash will probably diminish, and his children may actually feed on bread.— From "The Chemistry of Cookery," by W. Mattieu Williams, in Popular Science Monthly for June.

There are oils white, and oils black, Put up in bottles short and tall, But Hagyard's Yellow Oil, for pain, Is the very best oil of all.

It cures rheumatism, neuralgia, deafness, sprains, bruises, contracted cords, sore throat, frost bites, burns and all soreness of the flesh. It is for external and

More than once since his death this periodical has contributed its tiny pebble towards the cairn that must be raised to the memory of the great Dominican; and the memory of the great Dominican; and it has vowed, that, as far as its modest influence goes, the good that he did shall not be "interred with his bones." This devotion to his fame procured us the privilege of being entrusted with some relics of Father Burke—relics of so sacred and domestic a kind, that we feel ourselves justified in making only a very sparing use of them here. They are chiefly private letters to his nearest kindred.

It is not a little curious have marked.

to the Romans

Therefore, are we to know that full and perfect revelation through Christ on the day of one living witness our a character of the perfect of the could there be seen messages to the Church in Asia Minor if there were no Church in Corint? How could there be seven messages to the Church in Asia Minor if there were no Church there? Common sense and a little patient reference would teach all men this, but people don't think. How, therefore, are we to know that full and perfect revelation through Christ on the day of Pentecost? I answer at once from one living witness are all them to be austere, self-contained, self-sufficing, not needing the friendly gossip of correspondence themselves, and averse to induging others therewith. Xavier, for instance, during his marvelous career in the East—so far away from Rome and Lisbon, immensely farther, as regards our present point of view, than the secondary of the greatest canonized saints have excelled in letter-writing. You might expect them to be austere, self-contained, self-sufficing, not needing the friendly gossip of correspondence themselves, and averse to induging others therewith. Xavier, for instance, during his marvelous career in the East—so far away from Rome and Lisbon, immensely farther, as regards our present point of view, than the secondary of the greatest canonized saints have excelled in letter-writing. You might expect them to be austere, self-contained, self-sufficing, not needing the friendly gossip of correspondence themselves, and averse to induging others therewith. Xavier, for instance, during his marvelous career and the present point of view, than the secondary of the greatest canonized saints have excelled in letter-writing. You might expect them to be austere, self-contained, self-sufficing, not needing the friendly gossip of correspondence themselves, and averse to induging others therewith. Xavier, for instance, during his marvelous career and the present point of view and the present point of view and the present point of view a

That Father Thomas Burke possessed the kind, affectionate heart that inspired the letters of those saints, might be abundantly proved from even the fragments of his correspondence in our possession. We may begin our scanty extracts by remarking that his handwriting might be referred to by the graphiologists in confirmation of their idea that character is indicated by handwriting. His is bold, clear, free, unaffected, each letter plainly and fully formed, and each word perfectly legible, with nothing of

about it.

The light-hearted boy, so innocent in his gaiety, had in his seventeenth year made his choice of his lot for life, and had offered himself to the Order of Friars'

Personne Wis superports are him to traly. ont and one within. The propnet rore told of old, "Thine ears shall her a voice saying behind thee, this is the way, walk you in it that you turn not to the left or right." There shall be a living, audited by the poem with a shire with the world. Another voice which shall speak to us for guidance, and that it the voice of the living dod in all the world. Another voice is the voice of conscience, illumined and guided by the poem with admiration, and offended by the poem with a poetic poet, who is a calculation of that poem the tricks of rhetorics, for the tricks of rheto and Margaret. With one of his sisters he kept up a correspondence in Italian, and later on in French, in which he was much less expert. Nearly all of these have been preserved by the jealous fidelity of affection. But since the opening paragraphs of this paper were writed. ing paragraphs of this paper were writ-ten a different arrangement has been made about the publication of these relics of Father Burke, which relieves us of the responsibility of deciding how much might be confided to the general reader. Before transferring the deposit, however, we have ventured to transcribe textually a little note of consolation to a beloved young relative, dated "Tallaght, June 22,

My darling, I am praying constantly for you, and all here are praying. Try to offer these sufferings to God with resignation, so as to draw from them all the rich transment of praying. treasure of merit. I have asked Him to give me your pains, as I could bear them better. I send you my own beads, and I will go down as soon as ever I can. May God strengthen and relieve my darling." To one who was not a relative he wrote

thus, when she was in trouble:
"My dearest child, my heart is with you in your sorrow, though I cannot move, for I have been very iil for the last week, and able to get up only for an hour or two each day. May God strengthen and comfort you all. You need not remind me to pray for your mother, although I believe that her sweet, innocent soul, sanctified by so much suffering and sorrow; is tified by so much suffering and sorrow, is already with God. As you say, the loss is yours. I beg of you to take care of your-self now, and not to indulge in grieving

after your mother." In one of the pages which have been devoted in this magazine to the memory of Father Burke, we deemed it our duty to preserve the eloquent tribute paid to his gifts and his goodness in a speech by Judge O'Hagan. We have kept carefully at hand ever since a copy of the Cork Herald of October 8th, 1883, for the purpose of making similar use of a speech delivered in Cork by Mr. Papers. pose of making similar use of a speech delivered in Cork by Mr. Denny Lane. That is a name which will be new to some of our readers, but there are many who know off by heart the two exquisite ballads that Mr. Lane contributed to the "Spirit of the Nation," and wonder who

orator and philosopher, who was judged by Mackintosh, along with Socrates and Cicero, to have been one of the three greatest midds the world ever produced. If these three men could follow that young boy, Burke's son, as he rode on his stick across the hour sould follow that young boy. boy, Burke's son, as he rode on his stick across the lawn, surely Father Burke may be allowed now and again to indulge his outrageous spirits, and to let them burst forth like boisterous boys let loose from school. Unfortunately, I had but few opportunities of meeting him in private, but when we spoke together it was often on serious topics, and nothing struck me more than the breadth of his intellect. On one occasion our conversation turned upon one occasion our conversation turned upon some of the general theories of modern science—theories in which some persons feared to find danger to faith. The same dread was at one time entertained regarding the theories of Kepler and Copernicus. Yet, what is the result? The laws which they discovered have raised greatly our reverent wonder at the structure of the reverent wonder at the structure of the universe, and of the unerring Hand that guides the planets in their path. When we know that a ray of light may in a second travel eight times around our globe, with a speed a hundred fold outstripping lightning, and that some of the stars are so distant that it may take centuries for their light to reach us, this knowledge, by pushing back the boundaries of visible space, enlarges our idea of the grandeur of creation, and of the insignificance of the material man, so that it has now become a proverb, the undeadventurous explorer can nowadays penetrate. One might have imagined that such a saint, with his few years for such a mission in those distant regions, would have cut himself off from all communication with Europe. Yet he is an ardent letter-reader, begging again and again for more letters and for longer letters, and for all news, down to the names of the youngest novices of the Society, whom he knew he would never see on earth. So also the great Teresa, and many other saints. "Ah! your saints have cruel hearts." No, it is your sinners that have selfish, hard, cruel hearts. The saints have the kindest and tenderest of hearts —kinder and more tender in proportion as they become more like to Him who is "meek and humble of heart."

That Father Thomas Burke possessed the kind, affectionate heart that inspired the letters of those saints, might be abundantly proved from even the fragments of his correspondence in our possession. We may begin our scanty.

"Next, he was essentially an Irishman

—Irish as intensely, as purely as the
native music he loved so much. The
same variety, the same plasticity marked
his character. At one time joyous, wild
and buoyant as a planxty, at another time
instinct with that trades with a leinstinct with that tender melancholy which has sprung from the sad history of our fatherland, which is so typical of letter plainly and fully formed, and each word perfectly legible, with nothing of the unreadable eccentricity of genius of our fatherland, which is so typical our finest music, and often is interwoven as a sombre thread into the sparkling text-

> our brogue. I have heard two natives who had it meted out to them in full measure—Daniel O'Connell and Thomas Burke. In no other form of the language could I find a medium more perguage could I find a medium more per-fectly adapted to sustain and reflect the full freight of thought that it bore upon its brimming tide. It seemed capable of all forms of expres-sion, and for my part, if I could, I would not change it for the dialect of Langaching or Vorkshipe, or even Somer. Lancashire, or Yorkshire, or even Somer-setshire. No, I would not barter it for the most accomplished drawl of a West End drawing-room, or the cold, pedantic primness of Oxford or Cambridge. The primness of Oxford or Cambridge. The metal may be vulgar, but it is genuine, and I would not gild it to an English tone—I would not electro-plate it with a foreign accent. In the hands of O'Connell and of Burke it was a weapon brilliant, strong and flexible as a Toledo blade; brilliant enough to differ in a pageant, strong, anough to Burke it was a weapon of the death and the specific property of the spe that a stream of thought, beautiful and pure, came welling up from perennial sources within, from the deep reservoirs of his large heart and his bright intellect. As the thought rose unbidden to his lips, it formed itself to language not cast it. As the thought rose unbladen to his lips, it formed itself to language not cast into any mould of art, but of itself spontaneously crystallized into forms of beauty, luminous as a crystal, many-hued as the light of a prism, pure and chaste as the ficiele that hangs on Dian's temple. It is almost a nity that

his thoughts as we can trace out the tint of the sea-weed beneath the wave of the ocean.

"I have already spoken of the way in which he read a song of Moore's on native music, and there now comes back to my ear the reality which he gave the lines. When he spoke of the gale that sighs along the banks of Oriental flowers, I could almost hear its whisper in my ear, and feel its perfumed breath upon my cheek; and I thought of the poet of poets, whose mind had condensed into shape and form the viewless air, and who saw that 'chartered libertine, the wind,' as it rushed through the petals of the violets, stealing and giving odor, like some generous free-booter of old, who robbed and rieved, but yet gave largesse of his booty.

"One image of Father Burke constantly recurs to me. It was when he was pleading the cause of those noble women who have devoted their lives to the reclamation of the erring—by the alchemy of holiness converting gross impurity into perfect purity. He described the prayer of the

of the erring—by the alchemy of holiness converting gross impurity into perfect purity. He described the prayer of the holy for the unholy ascending to Heaven for the sinner, and as he lifted up his hands and eyes aloft you knew that he saw the white-winged prayer soaring upward to the sapphire footstool of the throne of God, and saw it returning again, bearing a double freight beneath its dovelike wines—the double message of peace bearing a double freight beneath its dove-like wings—the double message of peace for the penitent, and for the merciful mercy. But that voice is now silent; the lips on whose accents we hung are cold clay; the hand that warned from danger and pointed to the right path lies folded and lifeless over a heart that has ceased to beat. The silver chain of his eloquence is broken; but yet he is not dead. Once did he pro-claim in ringing accents the charter of imis not dead. Once did he pro-claim in ringing accents the charter of im-mortality—non omnis mortar—I will not altogether die. And he has not altogether died. Into many a crushed and wounded heart did he pour the balm of consolation, and that balm was exhaled like a fragrant cloud on high, returning to the composer. cloud on high, returning to the comforter a hundredfold the precious essence with which he salved the wounds of his sufferwhich he salved the wounds of his suffering brethren. To the blind he gave vision, and they now have their eyes turned towards heaven with the fervent prayer that he who opened their eyes to the light, may himself enjoy life eternal. He will not die so long as the Order he illustrated and the Church he served so faithfully remain. He will not die so long as Irishmen can remember the champion who defended their Faith and fatherland against the libeller of their country and their defended their Fath and latheriand against the libeller of their country and their creed. He will not altogether die, but he will live that life of lives which has been promised by One who is ever faithful to his word, for he was a man who loved God shove all things, and his neighbor as him. above all things, and his neighbor as him-

was his fortune to report one at least of Shiel's speeches in this fashion: He and the orator spent the night after a great Catholic Shiel willing up and the orator spent the night after a great Catholic meeting, Sheil walking up and down, and dictating from memory the speech he had delivered, or ought to have delivered. Without this care to secure adequate written record of his spoken words Sheil's fame would be much more of a more tradition than it has yet become. of a mere tradition than it has yet become. O'Connell never took such pains, nor Father Burke, whose sermons were not made to be read, but to be heard, and from his own lips. The Dublin correspondent of the Weekly Register, Dec. 16th, 1882, giving an account of Father Burke's appeal in St. Francis Xavier's Church, The Dublin correspondent Gardiner street, Dublin, on behalf of the Sisters of Mercy, of Perth, in Australia, says: "It is very difficult to give an idea of any sermon of his on paper, for it is not alone what he says, but his manner of saying it, that casts a spell upon his audience, and excites an enthusiasm that ence, and excites an enthusuasm spreads through the multitude like a flame."

grace and vigorous action, and a fine baritone voice, rich in musical intona-

We may add here a few remarks of Father Lilly, Provincial of the Dominican Order in the United States, who was interviewed on the occasion of Father Burke's death :

"He saw everything by intuition, and never lost sight of a single salient point in his discourse. Give him a few leading thoughts and all else was clear. In his younger days he used to write out his

LAST RELICS OF FATHER ITHOMAS
BURKE, O. P.

There is one point in his character with which he spoke of sacred with which he shallow formalists found fault allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shallow formalists found fault allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shallow formalists found fault allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shallow formalists found fault allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shallow formalists found fault allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shallow formalists found fault allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shallow formalists found fault allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shallow formalists found fault allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shallow formalists found fault allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shallow formalists found fault allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shallow formalists found fault allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shallow formalists found fault allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shallow formalists found fault allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shallow formalists found fault allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shall allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shall allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shall allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shall allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shall allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shall allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shall allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shall allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shall allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shall allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shall allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shall allulate to the joyous spirit of Irish mint which he shall allulate to the joyous spirit of Patrick. But in the pulpit he found his own imagination more potent than the penned panegyric, which had cost him so many hours of labor, and, trusting in his own ready rhetoric, he electrified the congregation by a spontaneous outburst of eloquence. He was a born orator; he had grand, sonorous, baritone voice, a fluent delivery, and a splendid action; he possessed a large fund of information, a store of wonderful resources, and an inimitable readiness in applying them; his dramatic power was marvelous, and as a wordpainter I have never seen his equal. One series of his sermons, entitled "Groupings of Calvary," delivered in Holy Week, were the most perfect specimens of unpremeditated oratorical art that I have ever heard. He was a sound theological student, and was thoroughly grounded in the doctrines of St. Thomas. The thousands were the most perfect specimens of unpremeditated oratorical art that I have ever heard. He was a sound theological student, and was thoroughly grounded in the doctrines of St. Thomas. The thousands who came to hear him preach were enthralled by a sort of magnetic power; they surrendered themselves, for the time, to the sway of his resistless oratory, and kept so quiet that I assure you you could have a pin drop in the midst of the crowded church. He appealed entirely to the heart, enforcing his doctrines by a clear delivery and a use of gestures that were as little studied, and yet as effective as his language. His memory was remarkably retentive; he knew every hymn in the Breviary by heart, and could repeat the "Office of the Dead" from beginning to end. I am sure, also, that he knew Moore's "Melodies" by heart. He did a vast amount of work during his life. At a retreat given by him in St. Joseph's Convent, Ohio, I have heard him preach three times a day for nine days, and the sermons were as finished as the best of his productions. There was nothing remarkable in his personal appearance. He was above the medium height; his forehead was low, his complexion dark; in his clear, piercing eyes were the only indications of the great genius that was in him.

was in him. In a former volume of our Magazine In a former volume of our Magazine we went out of our way to quote a sample of Father Burke's verse, "The Irish Dominicans." A slight specimen of his written, as distinct from his spoken prose, may be found at page 260 of the fifth volume of Duffy's Hibernian Magazine (April, 1864.) It was evidently dictated by friendship. It is a warm review of the noems of a voung Cork man, who did not by friendship. It is a warm review of the poems of a young Cork man, who did not long survive the happiness of publishing his poems in a volume, brother to Father Condon, O. P., so well known and so much beloved in Limerick. This article, which we assign to the illustrious Dominican on his own confession—not voluntered—begins with these words: "The book before us calls back the remembrance of the dear child of genius just dead—God rest her soul!—Adelaide Procter."

Our last relic of the great Dominican must be an account of his last moments, given in a private letter, which we found in an American newspaper, copied from

n an American newspaper, copied from the Cork Examiner:
"Our dear Father Prior, as you have

heard, is gone to his rest. As morning dawned on the Feast of the Visitation, his pure soul passed to the embraces of Jesus and Mary. The preceding morning, about seven o'clock, he received for the last time the Sacraments of Holy Church. It was most touching to hear the aspirations of love and faith which he uttered as the ciborium was uncovered and our Divine Lord exposed. In accents that hatcheand his lively acting faith and our Divine Lord exposed. In accents that betokened his lively, active faith, he would every moment say: "O my Lord and my God!" O my dear Lord!" And then, turning to the Father Sub-prior and his devoted children, who sadly knelt around the bedside of their dying Father, he asked, in words of deep humility, their pardon, as well as that of the members of the Order, and of all whom he had offended. During the Sunday he lingered on. A faint hope comforted us—it might pass away; but as the shades of evening began to dim the brightness of the day we were told that the end of our dear Father was fast drawing near.

had gone to join the angelic choirs. The consciousness of his eternal happiness calmed our sorrow. Nevertheless the scene was penetratingly sad. There lay the remains of one whom we loved as a

The recollection of the pleasant hours ne devoted to recreation with his poor children came to our minds; his wit, the laugh and fun his genuine humor evoked, the effort he would make that we might be happy; but, above all, the spiritual influence he exercised made him so dear to us, and now rendered his loss so sad. Never shall we forget the instructions he delivered to us in the chapter-room. I lave not a good memory, but somehow his every word has found a nest in the recesses of my soul, and I hope shall never depart. His instructions on regular discip-line, on silence and charity, are still green in my memory, and with God's blessing shall never deepy. shall never decay. His life as a religious might be told in a few sentences. In this sermon he had unconsciously quoted Tennyson: "Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand." We have heard that in an ecclesiastical retreat he recommended the habitual study of poetry as a goes Father Burke with his stick and his goes Father Burke with Mary's child. He goes Father Burke with his stick and his rosary.' He was truly Mary's child. He was born on the Feast of the Nativity of our Biessed Lady, and died on the Feast of the Visitation. His last aspiration at the moment of death was "Help of Christians, pray for us." Tallaght was his paradise and the novices his pet children. Here among us one would have thought him inferior to the simplest lay brother. Nothing about him either in manner or Nothing about him either in manner or

Nothing about him either in manner or dress bespoke the great Father Burke, whom every Irishman had learned to honor and revere. No! simplicity and humility marked his every action. He lived as if he believed himself the lowest of all. But the virtue that shone in him consnicuously, and which. Lam sure, is conspicuously, and which, I am sure, is the highest gem in his heavenly crown, was the extraordinary patience with which he bore the terrible inward pains with which it pleased God to visit him.

Buffalo Union.

Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoli" is spreading through the country like a prairie fire, reducing to ashes everything of Ingersollism it finds upon its track. Though the sixth edition is already almost exhausted, the book seems to be only beginning its destined marvelous circulation. Large orders are daily pouring in beginning its destined marvelous circula-tion. Large orders are daily pouring in upon us; and they come chiefly from Pro-testant sources. Here is one, for instance, from the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York, which will give the work immense circulation Christian Association of New York, which will give the work immense circulation should the writer succeed in awakening an interest in its behalf among that large and influential body in the United States:

New York, May 12, 1884.

BUFFALO CATHOLIC PUBLICATION Co.:

GENTLEMEN—I desire to distribute 125 copies of your everlent publication, as

copies of your excellent publication, en-titled, "Notes on Ingersoll," by Rev. L. A. Lambert, among the General Secre-taries of our Association in the larger cities and towns, accompanying them with notes, commending the circulation of the book among young men that are troubled or tinctured with Ingersollism. Will you please inform me, at your earliest convenience, of the price of the above number of copies.

For the truth's sake I am glad thus far to have been the means of adding consid

For the truth's sake I am glad thus far to have been the means of adding consid-erably to the already widely extended in-terest in this remarkable book, as well as to its circulation. I believe it cannot

fail to accomplish much good.

Respectfully and sincerely

Yours, in the love of the truth,

O. C. Morse.

And here is another order from a gentleman in Boston, who wants to distribute
a thousand or more copies of the "Notes"
among those who lately listened to Inger-O. C. Morse.

among those who lately listened to Ingersoll's flippant blasphemies in that city:

Boston, May 10th, 1884.

BUFFALO CATHOLIC PUBLICATION CO.:

DEAR SIRS.—For what could you sell me 1,000 or more copies of "Notes on Ingersoll' by L. A. Lambert, for free distribution. Mr. Ingersoll is to be in Boston to-morrow night and I thought if we could nut a copy of those "Notes" into could put a copy of those "Notes" into the hands of each of his hearers it would in all probability dampen their enthusiasm of the infidel.

Yours, Respectfully.

All who believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ and in the revelation He has made must rejoice in the perusal and in the spread of these "Notes." They completely destroy the hissing little serpent whose poisonous tongue would wither the flower of hope that blooms in every Christian heart, and trail in the dust of despair the imperishable longings of the soul. Whosever loves the greed of the Crusifical and

which people can be taught what is pleasure, how to get and how to value it. Once a national recognition of man's need of pleasure becomes a fact, the supply of pleasure will be equal to the demand, and the stream of tendency will be quietly guided into the right channel. There seems no reason to doubt that amusements can be made doubt that amusements can be made elevating and yet self-supporting, and eventually, by encouraging habits of thrift and economy, and diffusing a higher standard of moral duty, advantageously relieve the rates. There is an obligation laid upon the educated and the holders of property not to stand aloof, inert, wrapped in a mantle of selfish indifference, for if they have acquired political interests and rights, they are also bound by social interests and duties. endeavor to spend more time in righting the just balance of toil and pleasure. more money in recreation, so that less need be spent in crime; let us inaugurate the advent of prevention rather than cure, as has already been done to some extent in medicine; let us train up healthy men and women instead of mis-erable, degraded criminals less are erable, degraded criminals; let us empty our gaols and reformatories, and fill our concert-rooms and our pictures galleries; let laughter reign in the place of sullen defiance, and let us not refuse to acknowledge the inexorable aspirations of humanity and the entreaties of heart and brain crying out for legitimate satisfac-

Danger in the Air.

The recent strange planetary move-ments and electrical phenomena have developed the fact that the earth is passing developed the fact that the earth is passing through a dangerous period when atmospheric influence will seriously affect human health. Fortify the weakened system with that grand tonic regulator, Burdock Blood Bitters, and avoid malarial blood poisons.

How to Cure a Cold.

Take some gentle opening medicine, bathe the feet in warm water, adding a spoonful of mustard; remain indoors; equalize the circulation with warm bath and frieting desired. know off by heart the two exquisite ballads that Mr. Lane contributed to the "Spirit of the Nation," and wonder why he has not been heard of since '48. Have he has not been heard from him such language as this:

tences, and spent more of the labor of the "younger days he used to write out his sermons, though I, for one, could never imagine him sitting down at a table and his itting down at a table and his townsmen often heard from him such language as this:

with which it pleased God to visit him.

Sometimes, while telling some funny imagine him sitting down at a table and patiently setting down his fiery thoughts of the Nation," and wonder why his unmeasured prodigality. The tone is a spending of the forms he created. But he was sermons, though I, for one, could never imagine him sitting down at a table and braid thrift for his genius, we at least have gained by his unmeasured prodigality. The tone is a spending of the labor of the sermons, though I, for one, could never imagine him sitting down at a table and braid thrift for his genius, we at least have gained by his unmeasured prodigality. The tone is a spending of the sermest in him such him sitting down at a table and braid thrift for his genius, we at least have gained by his unmeasured prodigality. The tone is a spending of the sermest in him such him sitting down at a table and serment indoors; story, he would get into an agony of suffering, and from the expression his face would wear one would imagine a sword was piercing his body; yet no word of be procured.