

RELIGION AND PATRIOTISM.

GRAND SPEECH OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

On Sunday, surrounded by all the pomp and pageantry of the Church's most solemn ceremonies, the festival of the parish was celebrated in the Church of St. Laurence O'Toole, Leville Place, Dublin.

His Grace officiated at Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. After the sacred function a meeting was held in the parochial hall, where addresses were presented to His Grace by the priests and clergy and other representative bodies of the parish.

The first address from the clergy and people of the parish was read by the Very Rev. Canon O'Donnell, P. P.

A deputation from the North Dock Ward branch of the National League attended, and Alderman Mesinger read their address.

The most Rev. Dr. Walsh, in replying, said: Last year, as you all remember me, when journeying from Rome to enter upon the labours of my episcopate, I had the privilege of visiting, but not indeed for the first time, the little town in Normandy, where St. Laurence, wearied with the wanderings of his exile, laid down to die. It was there that I found most forcibly borne in upon me a sense of the full weight of the dignity to which I had been called.

For there, if possible even more than here at home in Ireland, the memory of our patron saint and of his virtues, and the traditions of his life and of his death, are cherished with an enthusiastic devotion which, to my shame and confusion, I found expending itself in lavish manifestations of respect to myself—nothing was there known, and of whom nothing could be known, but that he was the successor of our great St. Laurence. For from the aged parish priest of the place, a dignified and saintly man, I could not, of course, conceal that I was the prelate newly appointed to this See of Dublin, and that I had come there as a pilgrim, to kneel before the shrine, to venerate the relics, and to place myself, and to once more place the priests and people of my charge under the protection of our patron.

OUR FIRST AND ONLY CANONIZED ARCHBISHOP. From that venerable man I heard, as we have so often heard at home, of the marvellous devotion of the people of the place to the memory of our Irish saint, of the jealous care with which they guard his relics, and of the devotion which they showed up the hill side to the place, now marked by a little oratory, where St. Laurence first caught sight of their ancient town and hailed it as his resting-place, the end of his last weary journey.

But more than this, I heard from that devoted priest, and he told me of it with tears of gratitude in his eyes, that in the years of your prolonged ministry among his people, no case had ever yet occurred, not even one, in which the grace of a good and happy death had been withheld from those who, though they might in many ways have seemed throughout their lives unworthy clients of our saint, had never shrunk from taking part in that great public act of devotion by which, year by year, the relics of St. Laurence are borne in procession to that consecrated spot. May we not hope, then, all of us—myself, as his unworthy successor in the see of which he is now the patron, and you the priests and people of this parish, so specially placed under his care—that this tribute of devotion which he has left to him in this public telegram, the conference of the English Liberals has adopted a resolution pledging the Liberal party to maintain without flinching the principles of the R. R. for Ireland, to maintain that principle without flinching until the question is finally settled? (renewed cheers).

And "We congratulate the English Liberals on their fidelity to the programme of liberty and of restoration. In view of the usability of the new Government to find a satisfactory solution of the problem, the nations of the world—A sympathy which assuredly cannot be regarded as thrown away when it is thus given to a people who, when forming to themselves their ideals of the purest types of Irish patriotism, have selected one from the line of Archbishops of this See, and in doing so have selected, out of all the prelates whose names are recorded in our annals, the one who is held in such honor here to day, St. Laurence O'Toole, the patriot Archbishop (cheers)—the only one in all that long succession whom the Church has raised to the honors of her altars—as yet the last canonized Irish saint, and the first and only canonized Archbishop of Dublin (loud and prolonged cheering).

Forty years' experience, in every clime, has proved Ayrer's Cherry Pectoral to be the most reliable remedy for colds, coughs, and lung diseases. Colds should not be neglected. The Pectoral will prevent their becoming deep-seated in the system.

Searching for Proof. There is no trouble in ascertaining from any druggist the true nature of Higyard's Yellow Oil, for all painful and inflammatory troubles—rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, frost bites, burns, bruises, sprains, contracted cords, stiff joints, aches, pains and soreness.

MOST EXHAUSTING are the twinges which rack the muscles and joints of the rheumatic. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, by promoting increased action of the kidneys, by which the blood is more effectually depurated, removes through the natural channels certain acid elements in the circulation which produce rheumatism and gout. The medicine is also a fine laxative and bilious medicine and general corrector.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as worm medicine; the name is Mother Grove's Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

FAITH AND PATRIOTISM. But here in this hall, and especially on this day, this feast of our sainted Archbishop, I should find it hard to conceive of any address that I would regard as more thoroughly in place than yours (loud cheers). Your very presence here is a public and an emphatic expression of that combined sentiment of Irish faith

and of Irish nationality which, thank God, is as vigorous and as active amongst us now as it has ever been at any period in the history of the past. That we have today to give thanks for this—let us make acknowledgment of it—in no small degree due to the watchful prayers and intercession for us of St. Laurence, our special patron, and of the other sainted patrons of the Irish Church.

IRELAND AND ROME. It is owing also to the constant unwavering fidelity of your attachment to the centre of Catholic unity, the holy See of Rome (cheers). That fidelity you have preserved without a rupture or a flaw, despite the efforts of those enemies of our nation, if not of our faith, who have not scrupled, sometimes by bold unblushing statements, sometimes by the cunning of a crafty insinuation, to sow in your minds the seeds of suspicion, and thus of loss of confidence in the Holy See.

In speaking to you thus I have especially in mind a speech or statement which I have recently met with in a newspaper. It was delivered not many days ago by a certain prominent English nobleman, one of our own faith.

In it he managed to convey, though he did not date openly to assert, that the influence of the Holy See could now be secured for the advancement of English interests in Ireland (cries of anger). I am glad to hear that confidence, for, believe me, it can never be secured for any effort to crush out a movement such as that of which the organization from which this address has been presented is here the local representation. I mean, of course, the constitutional effort in which you are engaged for the restoration of our native legislature (loud cheers).

The nobleman to whom I thus refer seems to have conveyed to his hearers that the feeling of the Holy See is adverse to this national movement, and that the influence, if not the authority, of the Sovereign Pontiff may soon be exercised, at the suggestion of an English Ministry, to withdraw from all further expression of sympathy with the movement myself and other prominent ecclesiastics whom it is unnecessary for me to name. Now, of course, the HOLY SEE CANNOT CONDESCEND to contradict such ridiculous fictions. But it is, I think, of some importance that they should not be allowed to pass altogether without notice.

And so I have thought it well to refer to the matter here to day (cheers). I have brought here with me a copy of a Roman newspaper, the *Moniteur de Rome*, which reached me from Rome this morning, and I have brought it that I may read for you a short article in reference to the present position of the Home Rule cause. It may be well to say to you that, although it would be an exaggeration to speak of this paper as being exactly the "organ" of the Sovereign Pontiff, it is well known throughout Europe that no view is likely to be put forward in it of which His Holiness disapproves. Now this article which I am about to quote has reference to the present convention of the English Liberal party at Leeds—the convention that was presided over by our late Chief Secretary, Mr. John Morley (loud cheers). What, then, does this article say? I will read it for you.

"As was yesterday announced (it says) in the public telegrams, the conference of the English Liberals has adopted a resolution pledging the Liberal party to maintain without flinching the principles of the R. R. for Ireland, to maintain that principle without flinching until the question is finally settled? (renewed cheers).

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IN SOUTHERN SEAS.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES WHO LABOR IN THE SAMOAN ISLANDS, WHERE FRUIT AND FISH FORM THE MOST OF THEIR FOOD, AND WHERE THEIR LIVES ARE SPENT AFAR FROM HOME.

Amongst the crowd of passengers on board the City of Sydney there was one who deserved special mention, writes Rev. P. F. Kavanagh, describing a voyage from Sydney to San Francisco, in the *Cork Herald*. Reserved and silent, he took little part in the amusements which occupied the time of the rest. He was cheerful and courteous in manner but grave and sedate, like one whose mind was occupied with some engrossing idea which made him indifferent to what passed around him. He was a French priest, named Forresterie, on his way to join his brethren, who were missionaries in the Samoan Islands. Father Forresterie was quite a young man—was only one year ordained.

Filled with the spirit of holy zeal and self-sacrifice, he had left his native land, La Belle France, never to return, for the members of his order make this vow to themselves, family, friends and country all abandoned forever; all the advantages and allurements of civilized life relinquished; the world literally trodden under foot and self-love annihilated. He made no vaunt of this, but spoke of it as a mere matter of course—it was his duty—it was a little offering to his Master. In his eyes it was nothing. No doubt he thought himself highly blessed and specially favored in being permitted to make such a sacrifice. I asked him how he intended to live among the savage or unenlightened people who inhabited those islands. He said, "Oh, we live just as we live."

He inquired what means of subsistence had they. "Well, they have fruit, vegetables, fish." "Have they no bread or meat?" "No," he said, "I never may eat bread again, nor meat either, once I leave this ship; but there is a kind of fruit which our priests say is quite as good as bread, and is indeed of meat we shall have."

PLENTY OF GOOD FISH, for the islanders are good fishermen. "No wine, either?" "No; we can do very well without that." This he said quite simply and with a cheerful expression of contentment, as if he looked upon such fare as quite good enough for him. He was evidently no epicure, and thought little of what with mundane people is of great account. He had evidently taken to heart the words of the Master: "Not on bread alone doth man live, but on every word that cometh from the mouth of God." He informed me that he had voyaged first in France to Australia with a number of other missionaries. I think they numbered eighteen in all—they had a bishop with them. They came by one of the "Messageries Maritimes." They (the missionaries) had been treated very ill by the captain of the ship—their own countrymen were one of the officers who, he also, so numerous in that once Catholic country. "And," said Father F., "he was noble, too, and of an excellent family. His conduct was most unusual. He refused to give us any place to celebrate the holy sacrifice, and said insolently when one of the fathers went to him to make a request for such accommodation, 'I don't know anything about your religion—I am a Jew!'"

MERELY A BUDDHIST, and you come here to pester me with your 'gros sabots'—to pester me with your nonsense about your mass and prayers." "But," said the good father, "we have written home a complaint of his conduct, and I do not think that the interests of the company will permit them to tolerate such shameful conduct. 'Are there many like him in your country?' Father F. answered, "There are too many." "To what do you attribute the progress of infidelity in your country, which was once so Catholic?" "To infidel works, the writings of Voltaire and of the Free thinkers who succeeded him, and to secret societies, which enslave the young men and fill their minds with hatred to God and to religion; also, to a wicked press—immortal and blasphemous—which is the only literature of nine-tenths of the people. But," he said, "I have hopes for France; there are numbers of good Catholics who, by their prayers and good example, will bring back their deluded brethren to the practice of the truth, which in their hearts they believe, for the infidelity of the people is, after all, only superficial; for few dare to face death without seeking pardon and reconciliation with God, through the ministry of the church, which during life they abandoned or persecuted. Yes, there is good hope for France," said the good missionary. Hope, indeed, there must be, I thought, for a country which can produce men like you—heroic souls who, in a worldly age, can make

self for truth. A few days after the above conversation with Pere Forresterie we came within view of the group of islands, five in number, which formed his mission. I believe his destination was to one called Pago-Pago. His brethren, ten in number, were expecting him on shore. Like himself, they were all Frenchmen who had devoted themselves for life to the same holy object—the conversion of the heathen, or, rather to keep the lamp of faith burning in the souls of those who a few years before had been heathens and savages, but were now devout Christians. We could now see the little mission house quite plainly from the deck of the ship—a white square cut in the green of the wooded hill that sloped down to the narrow border of golden sand which the ocean waves were now laving with a gentle motion. Here a boat came within about a mile of the island. She was met by two large boats manned by a number of islanders. They were splendidly formed men of reddish-brown color. It would be hard to find anywhere more perfect models of manly strength. They were nude to the waist, their only particle of dress being a loose linen blouse. If their strength corresponded with their large and muscular, but finely moulded forms.

THE STOUTEST SAILOR on board our ship might find himself overmatched by one of them. Their features were regular, and some of them classically so. One young man who sat in the stern of the boat nearest the ship

might in form and face have served for the model of a Roman gladiator. And yet these men—hear it, ye advocates of temperance and of abstinence from flesh meat—are water drinkers and vegetarians—eat neither bread nor meat, and drink not fluid save pure water, but subsist solely on fish fruit and vegetables. They had come for letters for the missionaries, and also to take away with them their new priest, our good Father Forresterie. He bade us good bye, and then went to take his place in the boat. It was no easy matter for an inexperienced hand to descend the side of the tall ship by that seeming frail rope ladder which swung to and fro with the wind like a pendulum. But the brave heart of our young missionary who had torn himself from home and country at the call of his Master was prepared for greater perils than this. The rope ladder proved too short to reach the boat and he had to drop a considerable distance into it at some apparent risk of falling into the water. However, his Indian friends took good care that he should come to no harm. One splendid looking giant stood up in the boat and caught him in his arms, and bore him as easily as if he had been a child, and placed him in his allotted place. In a few moments the boat was cast loose from the ship—the full steam was again put on, and the little craft is soon a speck upon the water—the green wooded island begins to fade in the distance, and we are again swiftly pursuing our course over the deep blue waters.

THE "QUEEN OF THE POOR" IN PARIS. During two whole days of the past week, writes the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, the Queen of Greece was not to be seen. The "Queen of the poor," as she has been called, devoted these two days to visiting some of the chief charitable institutions of Paris, and it has not been easy to trace her steps during the forty-eight hours thus snatched from amusements and pleasure and bestowed on the afflicted and outcast. Her first visit was to the Asylum St. John de Dieu, in the Rue Lecourbe, for deserted and incurable children. There are about 400 inmates, blind, lame, scrofulous, disabled in every way, beings miserable at the very birth and doomed to be miserable to the grave. Next her Majesty went to Pasty to the "Ouvre des Apprentis," conducted by the Abbey Ronsard, which has under her care 400 or 500 boys rescued from idleness and poverty, and mostly deserted by their parents. Then came a visit to the "Ouvre du Calvaire," where young widows of station tend patients suffering from the most revolting and incurable maladies. A more consoling spectacle awaited her next day on visiting the Central Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul. Here incognito was impossible, for except crowned heads, no "outsider" ever enters the house. The Queen's visit was expected with the simplicity becoming the spot and the visitor by the 400 professed Sisters and 700 Novices, and conducted to the chapel which was lighted up as on a grand festival. Having visited the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Queen concluded her rounds in the realm of charity by visiting the establishment of the Nursing Little Sisters, founded twenty two years ago, and now numbering eighty communities. These Sisters, who are the counterparts, go to the dwellings of the poor and carefully nurse them without even accepting a glass of water. The Queen was told that one of them had just died and was still unburied. "I will see her," she said, and went down to a kind of mortuary under the chapel. The Sister, half reclining in an arm-chair, had her countenance so sunken with flowers and tapers. Others were watching round the remains, calm and composed. The Queen asked what sheet of paper was in her hand. The paper was carefully taken from her, just as though from a living person. It was the paper on which she had signed her vows which had been placed in her hand. The other Sisters spoke of her in tender terms, in which a sleeping child is referred to. "Has she not, madam, the appearance of sleeping the sleep of the happy? Is she not beautiful in her last dress?" They contemplated the corpse with the anxious look cast by a laborer on a sleeping comrade who has finished his task. "Behold," said the Queen, "the secret of their unalterable cheerfulness. With the idea of death always before a dark veil. With them death has nothing but what is pleasing; they regard it as the end of every ill and the dawn of all felicity. What faith there must be to march thus towards the Infinite."—*London Tablet*, Oct. 16.

When the Dark Comes. A little girl sat at twilight in her sick mother's room, busily thinking. All day she had been full of fun and noise, and had many times worried her poor, tired mother.

"Ma," said the little girl, "what do you suppose makes me get over my mischief and begin to act good just about this time every night?" "I do not know, dear. Can you not tell?"

"Well, I guess it's because this is when the dark comes. You know I am a little afraid of that. And then, Ma, I begin to think of all the naughty things I have done to grieve you, and that perhaps you might die before morning; and so I begin to act good."

"Oh," thought I, "how many of us wait till the dark comes, in the form of sickness or sorrow, or trouble of some kind, before we begin to act good! How much better to be good while we are enjoying life's bright sunshine! and then, 'when the dark comes'—as it will in a measure to all—we shall be ready to meet it without fear."

More Money for Your Work. Improve the good opportunities that are offered you and you will receive more money for your labor. Hall's & Co., Portland, Maine, will mail you, free, full information showing how you can make from \$5 to \$25 and upwards a day and live in the home wherever you may be located. You had better write to them at once. A number have made over \$100 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. Hall's & Co. will start you. Don't give up. Great success awaits every worker. Send your address at once and see for yourself.

THE REPUBLIC OF THE SACRED HEART.

On the 8th of October, 1873, Garcia Moreno, President of the Republic of Ecuador, consecrated his country to the Divine Heart of Jesus, and inspired by him, the Senate of the House enacted the following decrees: I.—The Republic of Ecuador is from this date consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus,—that adorable Heart is hereby proclaimed its Patron and Protector.

II.—The Feast of the Sacred Heart shall hereafter be observed as a national feast of the first class. III.—In every cathedral there shall be erected an altar dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

IV.—Upon the front of each altar shall be placed, at the expense of the State, a marble tablet, on which these decrees shall be inscribed. Garcia Moreno was a member of the Apostolate of Prayer, and what was more, an ardent worshiper of the League of the Sacred Heart; we need not be surprised, therefore, at his earnest desire to promote this great devotion throughout the Republic. Our Lord rewarded his zeal and fervor by martyrdom, which he viewed in the light of faith, the most precious of all graces.

On the 6th of August, 1875, the first Friday of the month, Garcia Moreno fell, in hatred of religion, by the dagger of the Masonic sect, which had vowed his death. That morning, as was his custom, he had taken part in the Communion of Reparation of the Associates of the Apostolate of Prayer; fortified by the God of the Eucharist, he expired uttering this sublime cry: *Diosnon muere!*—"God does not die!"

No, God does not die; and Garcia Moreno's Republic is still the Republic of His Divine Heart. The Masses for the Sacred Heart of Quito, furnishes us with glorious proofs of this fact by its description of the manner in which the National Feast was celebrated this year.

Before beginning a description of the extraordinary and truly splendid feast celebrated by the city of Quito in manifestation of its love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we will reproduce the bill voted on by the Senators of the Republic. On Saturday, June 19, the Hon. Fernando Politi, with the support of the Hon. Antonio Rivera, and other illustrious colleagues, proposed to the House the following:

"The Senate of the Republic of Ecuador, in consideration of the fact that the law of October 8, 1873, consecrated the Republic of Ecuador to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and declared Him its Patron and Protector; that the 21st of June of the present year is the second centenary of the public worship rendered to this Divine Heart; considering that it is just and suitable for the representatives of the people to prove their Catholic Faith upon such a solemn occasion—enacts the following decree:

"We will render a solemn act of thanks giving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Patron of the Republic of Ecuador; and, in token of our adherence to the pious sentiments of the people, the Senate will abstain from session upon that day."

This measure was carried without opposition. On Sunday, June 20, there was great anxiety among the people, as towards evening the sky became overcast, and pressed a storm. "What a misfortune!" was the exclamation on all sides: "our illuminations will be spoiled." But the clouds dispersed as if by magic, and at nightfall streets, squares, salaces, towers, houses, and cabins were illumined beneath the azure, star-studded heavens. Not a cloud was to be seen, in less than an hour the entire city was transformed, and presented a charming scene. Quito, usually quiet and deserted at night, was the most animated of cities. Fifty thousand people thronged the streets, eager, happy, enthusiastic; and in the centre of the city the crowd was so great that it was almost impossible to open a passage.

The aspect of the capital surpassed all expectations. At all times the grand illuminations of the Government House and the City Hall attracted the multitude of citizens, but on that occasion these were blended in the *ensemble*, and received no particular notice. The entire city was streaming with lights. In many dwellings splendid altars were erected to the Sacred Heart, and the status were surrounded with beautiful flowers, expensive candelabra, and rich draperies. The facades of some great houses were transformed into veritable monuments, and here and there effigies of the Sacred Heart stood out from the radiant oval which gracefully framed them. Upon the facades of the National Palace shone a magnificent heart, bearing the initials of the Holy Name.

It is impossible adequately to describe these illuminations. Ecuador has never seen anything to equal them. And yet they were entirely spontaneous; neither the civil nor religious authorities had ordered them; nothing was official: all was done by the people; rich and poor, young and old, bore the whole expense among themselves. The illuminations brought tears to the eyes, and they were even more numerous than those of the rich. Their houses were all lighted up with lanterns, and often the only entrance to the dwellings was barred by a glowing altar to the Sacred Heart.

To the brilliancy of the illuminations were added countless balloons of gorgeous colors, ascending every moment towards the heavens. They were made of the national colors, and each bore pictures of the Sacred Heart, beneath which were the inscriptions: "Glory to the Heart of Jesus," "Ecuador to its Divine Protector," "Long life to the Republic of the Sacred Heart." And the eye was gratified by the decorations, the ear also was charmed by delicious strains of music from choirs of children, military and private bands: the air was filled with the melody of pious canticles.

Thus began the celebration of the Feast of the Sacred Heart at Quito. At the same time all the provinces of the Republic were participating in these splendid; for, animated with one sentiment, the entire nation was preparing

to do honor to its Divine Protector. At last day dawned on the 21st of June. The populace was awakened by salves of artillery, and scarcely were the doors of the cathedral opened when crowds began to pour in, eager to make their preparations to approach the Holy Table for the Communion of Reparation. Holy Communion was administered almost without intermission until towards eleven o'clock.

At seven o'clock the vast nave of the cathedral was filled with men of all ranks and conditions—magistrates, the military, professors, physicians, authors, students, merchants, mechanics, and day laborers. No class was without its representatives. In the side aisles there was not sufficient room for the women.

All the religious societies and confraternities were united in this important assemblage: the Associations of the Sacred Heart, the Congregation of the Children of Mary, the Confraternities of St. Joseph and St. Vincent of Paul, the Third Orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis, the Apostolate of Prayer, etc., etc.

High Mass was celebrated by his Grace the Archbishop. No pen could describe the solemnity of the scene—those thousands of Christians, fervent and recited, preparing themselves for the Communion of Reparation. They had but one desire: to console the Divine Heart—to atone for the many outrages inflicted on Our Saviour by the impious. It was a sublime spectacle; it carried one back to the days of the earliest faith: an entire people was taking part in the Eucharistic Banquet.

At this blessed and awe-inspiring moment the organs filled the cathedral with their melody, and well-trained choirs of children sang in softened tones a series of beautiful hymns. Many of those present wept, and all were greatly moved. Never had Quito seen such a numerous and touching Communion of men.

At half past eight the Mass was over, and the last communicants were requested to make their thanksgiving in the adjoining chapel. Soon the cathedral was again filled with those who had not as yet been able to receive the Bread of Life. Masses followed uninterruptedly until eleven o'clock, and it is believed that at the cathedral alone there were ten thousand Communions, of which three thousand, at the least, were by men. It is impossible to give the figures for all the churches of Quito, but we repeat, never has anything like it been seen there.

Communion truly expiatory of the sins of an entire people—truly a reparation for the many individual and national crimes which outrage the ineffable love of the adorable Heart of Jesus! And it was not only in the city of Quito, but in all the provinces.

Surely Ecuador deserves to be called the Republic of the Sacred Heart.—*Am. Mirror*.

Nominal Catholics.

From an editorial in the last number of the *Catholic Standard*, published at Portland, Oregon, we learn that his community is perturbed by the presence of the "Nominal Catholic," as every city and town throughout the country is. The "Nominal Catholic" is a good deal like the wandering Jew, he is everywhere, and his presence soon becomes known. He is generally to be seen, and points his belief on the street corners, so that every passer by knows it. He is, in this respect, like the Patriarch of Heis, in his respect, religion on the street that he possesses in his heart. In his own estimation, priest, Bishop, or Pope, does not come near him, as a benefactor of religion. His tongue is generally pleasant and he knows all the disputed passages of the Bible. No Protestant can parry words with him, but his misfortune is, that he knows far too much for the little he practices, and when the priest does not come up to his idea of perfection, he is sure to get a dressing. It behooves the priest, not to interfere with his mode of living, but to show him giving, but to keep him staying away from mass and the sacraments, it is not, according to him, any of the priest's and he declares he will not be hounded by any ecclesiastical authority, but just do as he sees fit, irrespective of the Church's authority.

This is the man, unfortunately, whom our fellow citizens of other creeds, judge Catholics by. They falsely imagine him an ideal Catholic, while Catholics regard him only as a stumbling block, more injurious than serviceable, as a member of a Church, whose laws he faithfully fails to observe, and thus becomes an object of scandal to Catholics, who practice their religion, while, to outsiders he becomes a barrier to their becoming true followers of Christ.

Our experience as to "Nominal Catholics," teaches that the majority of them are either shifty politicians or saloon-keepers. The former pretends to carry the Catholic vote in his pocket, and seeks to the highest bidder, while the latter strives to enrich himself at the expense of his flock. These two classes of Catholics are a great injury to the profound respect which Americans entertain for Catholicity. They look upon these open-mouthed Catholics, that have their own axe to grind and falsely judge good Catholics thereby. The Church would willingly disown the membership of those rotten branches, but they will hang on, to disgrace the beautiful foliage and fruit of a good Catholic life.—*Church Progress*.

Horsford's Acid Phosphates

AS A RESTORATIVE.

DR. ECK AND MATTHEWS, Springfield, Ill., say: "In cases of nervous prostration, it strengthens by quieting nervous agitation."

Unsafe.

"I never feel safe to be without Higyard's Yellow Oil; for sore throats, colds, swollen glands, etc., it has not failed to give relief, and for my children it is so easy to administer." Mrs. Henry Deane, Berridale P. O., Ont.

A Strange Case.

Mr. Robert Kiesel, of Colton, Ont., has recently recovered from a remarkable disease—a tumor of the spleen with dropsy. The tumor estimated to weigh about six pounds. His medical counsel gave him no hope, but Bardock blood Bitters cured him.