Dirge for Devin Reilly.

"When the day has come, darling, that your darling must go
From the scene of his struggles, of his pride and his woe,"
Lay him on a hillside, with his feet to the e the soul of the verdure is faintly stealugh-e of a hill, with his face to the

light, Which glows upon the dawn, and glorifles the night;
For the grand old mother nature is mightier than death.
The subtle Irish soul, of which the beautiful

The subtle Irish soul, of which is breath; is breath; Which needles and dreams in the solemn wounding trees, and dings out its locks to the rapture of the And dings out its locks. And 'twill crave for God's wonders, from the

daisy star close by.

To the golden scroll which sparkles with His scripture in the sky." God rest you, Devin Reilly, in the place of your choice, your choice, where the blessed dew is falling, and the flowers have a voice; Where the conscious trees are bending in homage to the dead, And the eath is swelling upward, lik a pillow for your head;

And His rest will be with you, for the lonely seeming grave.
Though a dungeon to the coward, is a palace

Though a dungeon to the coward, to the brave—
Though a black Inferno circle, where the recreant are bound,
Is a brave Valhalla pleasure dome where heroes are crowned;
Oh! His rest will be with you, in the congress of the great, by corrow, and are victors

of the great.
Who are purified by sorrow, and are victors over fate;
Oh, God's rest will be with you, in the corridors of Fame.
Which were jubilant with welcome, when Death called out your name.

Way among the heros, for another hero soul! Room for a spirit which has struggled to its goal! Rise, for in life he was faithful to his faith, And entered without stain 'neath the portico And entered without stain 'neath the portico of death; And his fearless deeds around, like attending angels stand angels stand, Claiming recognition from the noble and the grand : Claiming to his meed—who from fresh bound-

ing youth,
To the days of manly trial, was truthful to
the truth—
The welcome of the hero, whose foot would not give way.

Till his trenchant sword was shivered in the fury of the fray; And grand will be that welcome, if the Devin

gods above Can love with but a tithe of an humble mor-tal love! "Lay me on a hillside, with my feet to the Where the life of the verdure is faintly steal-

ing through; On the slope of a hill, with my face to the Which glows upon the dawn, and glorifies the night;"
Would it were a hillside in the land of the Would it were a littiside in the land of the Gael, Where the dew falls like teardrops, and the wind is a wail; Where the winged superstitions are gleaming through the gloom, Like a host of frighted Fairies, to beautify the tomb, On the slope of a hill, with your face to the sky

which clasped you, like a blessing, in the days gone by; When your hopes were as radiant as the stars of the night, And the reaches of the future throbbed with constellated light.

Have you seen the mighty tempest, in its war cloak of cloud,
When it stalks through the midnight, so defiant and proud;
When 'tis smouldering the ocean, 'till the

From the thunder of its voice, and the lightning of its eye;
And the waves, in timid multitudes, are
rushing to the strand.
In a vain appeal for succor from the buffets
of its hand;
Then you saw the soul of Reilly, when, abroad
It dashed aside, with loathing

onquest, and his blow Have you seen a weary tempest, when a

harbor is near.

And its glant breast is heaving from the speed of its career;
How it puts off its terrors, and is timorous and weak,
And it stoops to the waters, with its is near, nt breast is heaving from the speed s to the waters, with its cheek to

And it stoops to the waters, with its cheek to their cheek; As it broods, like a lover, over all the quiet Till the dimpling smiles of pleasure are eddys trace? aw the soul of Reilly, when, ceas-Then you saw the soul of Reilly, when, ceasing to roam
It flung away the clouds, and nestled to its

ome; n the heave and swell were ended, and

when the near a street,
the spirit was at rest,
And gentle thoughts, like white winced birds,
were dreaming on its breast;
And the tremulous sheets of sunset, around
its couch were rolled,
In voluptuous festooning of purple lined with
gold.

oh! sorrow on the day when our young apostle died.
When the lonely grave was opened for our darling and our pride;
When the passion of a people was following the dead,
Like a solitary mourner, with a bowed uncovered head;
When a nation's aspirations were stooping o'er the dust;
When the golden bowl was broken, and the trenchant sword was rust;
When the golden bowl was broken, and the trenchant sword was rust;
When the brave tempestuous spirit, with an upward wing had passed,
And the love of the wife was a widow's love at last;

"Lay me on a hillside, with my feet to the dew.
Where the life of the verdure is faintly stealing through;
On the slope of a hill, with my face to the

ight, ch glows upon the dawn, and glorifies the night;" and it were a hillside in the land of the

Gael.
Where the dew falls like teardrops, and the wind is a wail—
Where the winged superstitions are gleaming through the gloom,
Like a host of frighted fairles, to beautfy the tomb!

on the slope of a hill, with your face to the sky. Which clasped you like a blessing in the days gone by:

gone by;
When your hopes were as radiant as the stars
of the night,
And the reaches of the future throbbed with
constellated light.

—Joseph Brenan.

Queen Victoria once presented a Bible Queen Victoria once presented a Bible to an African chieftain, said that in that lay England's glory. Who gave it to England's A Pope! Who preserved it for the world? Popish monks! Ethelbert, pupil of St. Augustin, dowered England with parliamentary representation; that came from mentary representation: that came from Rome. King Alfred enriched her with King Alfred was educated by trial by jury: monks. The common law of England was framed by the Bishops who came from Rome during the Heptarchy. Magna Charta was wrested from imbecile oppress-ion by Popish barons. Nay, the very legend to this day retained on British coins of Fidei Defendsor-"Defender of the Faith, was inscribed upon them in Rome by Leo X., on the 11th of October, 152l.

THE NUN,

In a room, on the third floor of a house in B., a woman lay dying. Though the room was ample it was almost void of fur-niture, which made it somewhat difficult niture, which made it somewhat difficult to judge to which class of society she belonged, or had belonged. Old curtains, scarcely showing that they had once been blue, hung in front of the windows, their folds had grown yellow, and the dust had perforated them in many places. Only one straw-bottomed chair, and a little wooden table covered with medicine bottles and glasses were there, and on wooden table covered with bottles and glasses were there, and on the floor lay two or three towels, a sponge, the floor lay two or three towels, a sponge, and a plain white earthenware basin. the first glance, one could not keep off the thought that want and poverty reigned here, for nothing else was there, beyond here, for nothing else was there, beyond the articles enumerated, with the exception of an old moth-eaten arm-chair which stood at the foot of the bed; in spite of the obscurity, which the drawn curtains spread, one could see that a hand had robbed it of the lace with which it had formerly been adorned, probably to sellit. The room looked out upon a country yard in the middle of which stood an acacia, surrounded by a small plot of

acacia, surrounded by a small plot of grass. The dark, bare branches waited yearningly for the first rays of the coming spring, to recommence a new life, when nature revives with fresh verdure. "Therese," faltered the patient, "I am

thirsty." A woman of about fifty years, who had been standing by the window, approached the bed, and poured a few drops into a glass of water. Then she gently raised the head of her mistress from the pillow, ond put the glass to her lips.

"You seem to be in very great pain, my lady," said Therese.

"Inexpressible," replied the invalid, and laid her thin hand on her chest. "It burns like a fire." Then she sank back again on the pillow groaning. woman of about fifty years, who

again on the pillow groaning.

This woman, who was awaiting her last hour in the dreary, empty room, was the the once illustrious singer, Aurora Franchi. She had left behind her a widespread reputation in her art and for the charms of her person. Only a few years since the whole land had been full of her praise. Persons of the highest rank had contended Persons of the highest rank had contended for her favors. Riches, luxuries in pro-fusion had surrounded her, and of all that lavish wealth, there only remained to her an old Turkish shawl, in which she was enveloped, for she could not even call a counterpane her own. What a con-trast to her former life! Many a noble-What a contrast to her former life! Many a nobleman retains to this day her picture, in which her beautiful and loveable face is displayed. Now all her beauty has vanished. Her still black hair seemed too heavy for her sick and tired head. All the freshness of life had flown from her cheeks and on her wan know was written. cheeks, and on her wan brow was written her approaching end. A dry cough appeared to shake her chest painfully.

Though but thirty-six years of age, she was marked with death's hand. So she lay, solitary and deserted by all who had formerly knelt at her feet worshipping her

In her want and abandonment she sold one diamond after the other; then the jewelry and costly apparel; and when the wardrobe had gone, then the handsome furniture was disposed of. One single friend remained to her, the Dr. B—, It dashed aside, with loathing, all the creatures of the night;
Till the plumed hosts were humbled, and their crests, white no more,
Were soiled with the sand, and strewn upon the shore;
For the volumed swell of thunder was conceptuated in his form. family; however, he visited her daily, and each time left on the table one or two shillings. From this charity one or two samings. From this charry lived the sufferer and her old domestic. This servant, Therese, who had spent the former good days of luxury, jewelry, equipages and admirers with her mistress, equipages and admirers with her mistress, could not believe that brilliant time would never again return. Her faithful at-tachment enabled her to remain true her lady in the hour of trial.

dy in the hour of trial.

She looked very pale and worn, and
o worder; food was scarce, and for no wonder; food was scarce, and for weeks she had spent her nights in the rickety old arm-chair at the foot of the sick-bed. Dr. B— saw that the feeble old Therese could not continue nursing with-out great risk to her own health.

You must think of sparing yourself, Therese," he said to her one day. "I shall send you for a time to my old aunt's, where you can somewhat recover your strength. I will get other aid for the invalid, which will certainly not be less active than yours has been. The pious sisters of the Convent of the Redemption have

the Convent of the Redemption have made it their task to nurse the sick. This very night one of the nuns will be here."
At six o'clock that evening the nun sent by Dr. B—— appeared. Therese took a weeping farewell of the dying woman, and proprised to visit her daily. She then promised to visit her daily. She then gave the sister a few words of advice about And the love of the wife was a winow store at last;
Oh! God rest you, Devin Reilly, in the shadow of that love.
And God bless you with His bliss, in the pleasure-dome above, when the heros are assembled, and the very angels bow
To the glory of eternity, which glimmers on To the glory of eternity, which glimmers on the properties of th the pillow, and gave her the draught, but instead of drinking the latter gazed with large black eyes full of astonishment

at the nun.
"How old are you?" she asked.

"Eighteen!" was the answer.
"Eighteen?" with a sigh, whispered the sick woman. She drank quickly, and

then laid down again.
"Do you know that I must soon die?" "They did not tell me so, lady; per-"They did not ten me so, nany; perhaps it will yet be possible to save you."
"To save me!" cried out in ironic tones the invalid, "and for what? what would become of me? Youth and beauty, those give life. I am already dead, my child." The nun was silent, and quietly opened

the book of prayers which she had br with her. This young girl had a face of entrancing beauty. The white cap which formed a frame round her fair brow became her wonderfully, and showed up the light of purity and innecence, which beamed in her lovely countenance. Her dark eyes (which were shaded by beautiful lashes), gazed sometimes anxiously across at the invalid, who contemplated with admiration, even with envy, this magnificent face. Suddenly she began:
"Tell me, my dear, are your vows bind-

ing forever?"
"Yes, replied the sister. "What is your name, then?"
"Sister Franziska."

"But your family name?" 'We are forbidden to tell it!"

"It is the rule of our Order."

"But, surely you are allowed to tell me POPULATION.

where your parents now live!
"I have no parents."
"Your mother?" "I never knew her."

"I never knew her."

"And your father?"

"He is dead."

Where can this lovely girl come from?
thought the invalid to herself; from what
root did this beautiful flower spring?
In consequence of what unhappy fate, or
by what chain of circumstances has this

charming creature veiled herself in a nun's dress. And then, out loud to the sister, she said:

"Oh, my poor child, you are more dead than I am; perhays to-morrow a handful of earth will cover my body and my memory, but I have enjoyed life in all its phases. You will never know any thing but grated walls and continual silence, dry bread vigorous account. any thing but grated wans and continual silence, dry bread, rigorous prayers and fasting. Oh, you also could spend a life to more advantage if you liked. Every-where homage would be paid to your beauty. You need only enter the world

The nun rose.

"What do you say?" she cried, "do you not know that all the would offers is but vanity? you have tasted of all things, and yet I am happier than you are. In my profound solitude in the retirement of my convent, I meditate with so much pleasure, and it gives me comfort, lets me forget the world, and discovers to me a life of glory and splendor which far outshines all the glitter of this one."

"Vanity!" called out the invalid, "first feel what it is to be sought, loved and adored. What is life without joy and pleasure. However short it may be, enjoyment lengthens it, and only those who have drained the cup of pleasure to its dregs have lived."

Trembling Sister Franziska laid her bedge on the line of the sick woman, as if

Trembling Sister Franziska laid her hand on the lips of the sick woman, as if to hold back the words. "You speak feverishly, and blaspheme God, and pain me. Oh, repent, before it is too late, for I repeat again, your life was

nothing but vanity."

The invalid passed her hand over her brow; for a short time she remained silent, and then seemed to brush a tear from her

And even if all is vanity, my child, she then said, "one sunbeam has lighted up my path in life and now gilds these, my last hours. I have once truly loved. I was eighteen years old, as you are now, Sister Franziska: what has become of him? If he who had the first emotion of my heart grow now to stand by my head. mm f II he who had the first emotion of my heart were now to stand by my bed I should die easily. There, take," and she drew from beneath the pillowa small key, "take and open this casket, it contains "take and open this casket, it contains my papers, the certificate of my birth, and true name, Marie Amalie Berger, and my marriage lines also. A dark flush spread over the nun's face, and trembling she stretched out her hands towards her

'He whom you loved, did he call himself Gabriel von Tanensee?"
"Yes,"cried the dying woman, "Gabriel
von Tannensee. How do you know?"

"That man brought me up." "And your father?"
"Was Gabriel von Tannesee."

"You were born in Switzerland, he took you to Germany, after I had left him, and now he is dead?"

Sister Franziska nodded silently. The invalid sobbed. The nun approached her, sank on her knees, and hid her head in

her hands. The dying woman, exerting her last energies, covered her with kisses. "And you did not know who I was when you came ?"
"Of the singer Aurora Franchi my

father had never told me."
"And tell me, how did your father die?" "Four years ago in a small town on the hine. Since then I have been in the Rhine. Since He died with one hand in mine and with the other he clasped that of his only friend, a venerable and reverend priest, who now resides in our convent."

The dying woman raised herself. "You are my deliverance, my child," she cried;
"make haste, and let me speak to this
reverend man before I die."
One hour later she was dead; falling

quietly asleep. Sister Franziska held one of the thin hands, whilst in the other lay the crucifix which the priest had brought her.—The Lamp.

THE END.

A FIEND WRECKS A TRAIN TO KILL

CATHOLICS.

A report from Syrachse, N. Y., June 16th, gives the following account of a heavy passenger train thrown from the rails by a fiend or lunatic:

Chas. A. Freeman has been arrested at Canandaigua, for wrecking the New York Canandaigua, for wrecking the New York Central passenger train at that place, at midnight, the 9th inst. The train that was thrown from the track left here at eight o'clock, p. m., heavily laden with passengers. At the point above indicated the engine struck an obstruction, and was thrown over an embankment into an ad-joining field, and broken to pieces. The baggage car was also thrown from the track and destroyed. Two passenger coaches also left the track, but fortunately were not turned over, and the passengers were but slightly injured. The engineer and fireman crawled out from beneath the wreck of the engine, and were not badly hurt. An examination of the obstruction showed that two ties had first been placed showed that two ties had first been placed crosswise on the rails, and then braced by two others lying at right angles, and their ends resting against the ties on which the track is laid. Suspicion was directed against Freeman, who was found lurking in the vicinity. He was examined on Saturday, the 21st inst., and held for trial.

He made a confession, stating that he lone was the cause of the wreck. He declared that he had a spite against the whole Catholic race, and he was bound to exterminate every man, woman, and child of that religion. He avers that the train of that religion. He avers that the train was loaded with Catholics, and his object was loaded with Cathones, and ins object was to kill off the whole lot. His family resides at Chenango Forks, Broome County. It is thought that he is either insane, or feigning to be so, to escape the penalty of his crime. The indignation against Freeman at Canandaigua is intense, and there was some talk of lynching him. He has been lodged in jail.

Buisness makes a man as well as tries

Death and to-morrow are never here, they are either not come or gone.

ELEMENTS OF THE CATHOLIC

Like the growth of the Republic itself, that of the Catholic Church in the United States is a constant surprise, and any speculations that look to a solution of the causes and results are noticed with interest. No church in the New World has shown so marvellous a development, and none has drawn its strength from so great a

variety of sources.

The true method of accounting for the development of Catholicity and estimating that of the future is to investigate these sources, which are to be found in the original of the fether of the catholic population in the original orig nal elements of the Catholic population of the United States; the numbers received from the accessions of new States, largely Catholic, and the propagating influence of the Church among the native born.

The original elements of the Catholic

population are most naturally considered in the order of time. Among the first may be mentioned the English Catholic Colonists, who settled Maryland under Lord Baltimore, and established the first precedent of true toleration in the land.
Though their growth has not filled so large a space in American Catholicity as the French, Irish, and German that followed, it has left a lasting and honorable mark in the Southern States, and given to the Church, through the Spaldings, the Hamiltons, and others of the old stock, some of her most distinguished prelates and ad-

vocates.

Next may be mentioned under the general heading of the French element, the Catholic children of the French race who came from various quarters, and through a variety of causes. First, there were the 7000 Acadians who were torn from their Catholic homes in Nova Scotia by English forces and scattered over the States. Next, between the years 1791 and 1799, the Revolution in France sent to the United States 23 priests, who became the noblest propagators of the faith in their time, and gave to the Church Bishops Cheverus, Marechal, Brute, Flaget, and Dubois

Several thousand French Catholics also came from the West India Islands as the result of disturbances there in 1793. Anresult of disturbances there in 1793. Another French population, numbering
32,000, nearly all Catholics, was added
with the State of Louisiana in 1803, and
there were also large French settlements
in St. Louis, Mo. Detroit, Mich., and
Vincennes, Ind. The latest and now the
most fruitful source of French Catholic
investigations of the property of the control of t most fruitful source of French Canonic increase is found in the immigration from the Dominion of Canada, which a Canadian bishop estimates at half-a-million during the last thirty years.

The Irish element, however, has proved the most important to the Church in the United States, not only in numbers but in the spirit of propogating the Faith. The early Irish settlers, though numerous, were not sufficiently concentrated in colonies to gain any great local strength, but they gave, in the Carrolls, the Barrys, the O'Briens, the Sullivans, and others, many distinguished names in the service of th Republic as well as in the Church. A

idea of the subsequent increase of the Irish population can be had from the fact that

population can be had from the fact that during the 30 years ending 1876, the Irish immigration to the United States am-mounted to 2,001,727.

Another powerful element which has ri-valled the Irish increase by immigration, is the German, which, according to the latest and most careful estimates, now number 1,237,563 Catholics in the United States. A large Spanish element was acnumber 1,237,363 Catholics in the United States. A large Spanish element was ac-quired with the 18,000 population of Florida in 1819, and the 160,000 of Cali-fornia and New Mexico in 1848.

A smaller but promising source of Catholic population is that of the colored people, now set down at more than 25,000. Lastly, the constantly-growing factor of the conversions among native non-Catholics, cannot be ignored. At present, however, it cannot well be brought within the range of statistics, the number of converts among the confirmed vary from five per cent. in some dioceses to twelve per cent.

in others. With so many and such powerful sources of supply, with the natural in-crease by births, and with the spirit of faith which has been able to blend all national elements in friendly co-operation for its advancement, the growth of the Church in future promises to exceed even its progress during the past fifty years. - Boston Pilot.

THE INDIAN AND THE CRUCIFIX.

The editor took down, some years the following story from the lips of F. de-Smet, S.J., the great Indian missionary. It is given, as nearly as possible, in his own words: "In 1840," said he, "I visited the Black

Foot Indians, who, thought they were a very warlike tribe, received me with a kind welcome. On this occasion I gave them a welcome. On this occasion I gave them a crucifix, merely explaining to them who Christ is, and how He died on the cross for them, to bring them to heaven with Himself. Again I paid them a visit in 1855, when I was still more warmly received and welcomed; in fact, with every mark of affection. This greatly surprised me, and I was going to ask the cause of it, when I was invited to a council of all the warriors of the tribe. I went, and soon found my self in the presence of their great men and of the chieftain himself, who wore on his breast the crucifix I had given hin years before. When I was seated, you may guess my surprise and delight when he began his harangue to me by begging me to send them black-gowns to teach them the way to heaven. 'Black-gown,' said he, 'we know that what you teach us is true'; and when I asked what had brought this conviction to their minds, he told the following fact: 'Three snows ago, black-gown,' said he, 'I and my warriors, thirty in all, went on the war-path against the Crow Indians,

crucifix which you, black-gown, gave me, and of the words you said. I saw there was no hopes but in it. Then I addressed my fellow-warriors, and I said to them; "Trust in Him who died on the cross for us!" and taking the crucifix, I held it aloft the parts and I proved to the Great us!" and taking the crucifix, I held it aloft in my hands, and I prayed to the Great Spirit to save us. I then kissed the crucifix, and placed it on my head, and rubbed it over my arms and breast, and gave it to my companions. They all did the same. I took the crucifix in my hand and held it before me, and told them all to follow. I burst through palisade, right in the midst of the enemy, followed by all. Shots and arrows flew about us from every Shots and arrows flew about us from every direction, yet, black-gown, owing to the power of Him whom we invoked, we passed through unscathed, not even one of us being hurt. From that moment we all longed to see the black-gown again.' "Black-gowns went, and received 1,200 of this tribe into the Church."—Illustrated

CARDINAL MANNING ON EVILS OF THE TIMES.

The apostacy, the revolt, the departure, which St. Paul foretold, have been going on for 300 years. The nations, the authorities, the governments, the powers of the world have been endeavoring to dissever and break up that supernatural unity. At this moment we see the Christian world, once a perfect whole shattered with fixed bayonets, kneel, rear and neel with fixed bayonets, kneel, rear and neel when, by the light of the flash, we could see emptied saddles. Our pursuers' when, by the light of the flash, we could see emptied saddles. Our pursuers' see emptied saddles. Our pursuers' fire was wild, passing over our head; so fire was wild, passing over our head; so we had few casualties, and these slight; but they were bold and enterprising, well led, often charging close up to the bayonets. I remarked this, whereupon the Irishmen answered, 'Devil thank them for that same,' There was no danger on the flanks. The white of the pike alone guided us. Owls could not have found their way across the field. The face of the country has been described as a succession of rolling swell, and later the enemy got up guns,

violation of God's law; we must obey the law of God rather than that of man," there rises up an uproar immediately, as if there was no such thing as sacred authority; because men have come to worship the powers of the world and to withdraw themselves from obedience to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Surely this is a time when we ought to pray to the Holy Ghost that he who created the Christian world may once more restore the unity which man has barred. To come nearer home, what is the state of what is called society? By Jesus Christ. Surely this is at the weary hours. Surely this is a the weary hours. Surely this is a the weary hours. Surely the state of what is called society? By society I mean our neighbors round about us—not those who, in the height of their folly, are hurrying to perdition. There was a time when the society of the world was Christian and Catholic; and if men or women were unworthy of their name, or women were unworthy of their name, or with him. During an interlude would encounter Shields, and answering affirmatively, heard: 'Them Germans is poor creatures, but Shields' boys will be afther fighting.' Expressing a belief that my 'boys' could match Shields' any day, I received loud assurance from half a hundred that the world was Christian and Catholic; and if men or women were unworthy of their name, or us—not those who, in the height of their folly, are hurrying to perdition. There was a time when the society of the world was Christian and Catholic; and if men or women were unworthy of their name, or their faith, or weak or wandering, they were held up by the influence of public opinion or the influence of society. Society was Christian and Catholic; individuals may have been weak and uals may have been weak and fallen away. Now individuals are Christrailen away. Now individuals are Christians and Catholics; society is neither one nor the other. It is worldly, self-indulgent, sensual, unbelieving. Instead of supporting individuals, it drags them down. Look at the records of the newspapers, look at the the theaters, look at the vast look at the theaters, look at the vast population that live on the vices of the theatres, look at the places of amusement all over London. I do not say that good people do not sometimes go to these places, but I do say they are of the world worldly; they have the savor of death; worldly; they have the savor of death; they are the occasion of a multitude of sins which grieve the Holy Ghost, resist Him, and quench Him. Look at the pri vate lives of men. I do not wish to be too vate lives of men. I do find men or wo-sharp, but where can we find men or wo-men living the lives of those described in the book of the Acts of the Apostles? When can we find men so detached from the world, so filled with the love of God, that they were a sign of the mission of Jesus Christ? Where is charity now Quarrels, dissensions, law-suits, disputes between brothers and sisters, disobedient children and hard hearted parents who cast their children out, withering sarcasm, ridicule—these are what we see. "Iniquity shall abound and the charity of man grow cold." Truly this is prophecy ful-filled. The members of the confraternity must pray; firstly, for their own sanctification; secondly for the conversion of sin-ners; and thirdly, for the conversion of ners; and thirdly, for the conversion of England. At the present moment a visible movement of the Holy Ghost passes over England. I could never believe that the change which has taken place in England change which has taken place in England during the last fifty years has been wrought simply through human influence. It was the work of the Holy Ghost and nothing less. Catholics ought therefore to pray that the seed which is now sown may be multiplied like the bread in the wilderness thirty-fold, fifty-fold, a human transfer of the seed which is now sown may be multiplied like the bread in the wilderness thirty-fold. may be interpreted in the many bearing may be much marked fold, and be ready for the harvest, resting assured that God will, in his own resting assured that the market may be made in the market may be good time, send out the reapers to garner the sheaves into His barn.

FRENCH INFIDELITY WITH A VEN-

GEANCE. [From the Catholic Times.] Radical writing grows bolder in France. M. Ferry has aroused a demon he will find it hard to allay. Let us give a specimen from the Marsellaise, premising that it is not a solitary note, but a part in a grand fugue: "If Catholicism is a social peril, let it be firmly attacked and pursued without pity, truce, or mercy, as we did in 1789 and 1793. No more turning aside, or legislative finessing, or half measures.

We must take the bull by the horns and ignorance by the ears." But this drastic operation is not to be confined to Cathoon the war-path against the Crow Indians, our enemies, and we entered their territory. We know that the moment we entered their land we were beset with dangers, and therefore we took every precaution to prevent our track being discovered. Besides, when we camped for the night we built up a kind of fortress of dead wood to protect us, in case of a surprise, from their shots and arrows. Spite of all care the Crow Indians discovered our trail, and during the dead of night surrounded us with a body very much larger than ours, and then raised their wild war-cry. We, who were within the enclosure, giving ourwho were within the enclosure, giving ourselves up for lost, began to sing our deathsong, when I bethought myself of the

which was waged in 1789 and 1789. The writer is as frank as his dates are ominous. What does M. Ferry think of the spirit he is conjuring into portentous activity

GEN. TAYLOR ON IRISH SOLDIERS

In General Richard Taylor's book, "De struction and Reconstruction," which abounds in bright passages, occurs the following account of a skirmish between the Sixth Confederate Regiment, and a part of Gen. Shield's command:—

"The Sixth (Irish) regiment was in rear, and I took two companies for a rear

"The Sixth (Irish) regiment was in rear, and I took two companies for a rear guard. The column had scarcely got in motion before a party of horse rushed through the guard, knocking down several men, one of whom was severely bruised. There was a little pistol shooting and some sabre-hacking, and for some minutes things were rather mixed. The enemy's cavalry had charged ours and driven it on the infantry. Our Federal was captured, and his horse given to the bruised man, who congratulated the rider on his promotion to respectable service. I dismounted gave my horse to Tom to lead with fixed bayonets, kneel, rear and fire when, by the light of the flash, we could Church and to make laws to limit its divine authority. They have entered into the Holy City and with impious hands have sought to dethrone the representative of Him who sits at the right hand of the Father. They would make themselves so supreme that no one might resist them. If a Christian or a Catholic, a priest or a bishop, as the martyrs and confessors said, as the Pontiffs have said in every age when the Church has been assailed, "This is a violation of God's law; we must obey the uncomfortable, for the pike I an stady, to the south. It was a fine night, intirely, for divarsion, said the Irishmen, with which sentiment I did not agree; but they were steady as clocks and as chirpy as crickets, indulcing in many a jest whenwere steady as clocks and as entry as crickets, indulging in many a jest whenever the attentions of our friends in the rear were slackened. They had heard Shield's proximity, and knew him to be an Irishman by birth, and that he had Irish regiments with him. During an interlude I was asked if it was not probable that we sired to relieve the guard, but was diverted from my purpose by scornful howls of 'We're the boys to see it out.' As Argyle's to the Tartan, my heart has warmed to an Irishman since that night."

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT LOURDES.

Rev. A. Leygrauff published in the Columbia, of Milwaukee, the following episode which was related to him at Lourdes: "The day after my arrival the Prince of Wales day after my arrival the International day also came to pay his respect to Our Lady of Lourdes. Good Brother Henry, the quard at the Grotto, told me of it. The of Lourdes. Good Brother Henry, the guard at the Grotto, told me of it. The prince had paid a visit to the brother's little picture and fancy store, the proceeds of which are destined for the benefit of the of which are destined for the beneat of the new church. He desired to drink of the miraculous water, but the four gentlemen attendants tried to prevent it. A moment, however, when their attention was centred nowever, when their attention was centred upon something else was sufficient for him to purchase a handsome sea-shell and to drink of the water. He then wanted to offer a large candle, but such was his res-istance to this by his companions that he had to renounce his design. As a keepsake he bought some photographs and statuettes. ne bought some photographs and statuettes. A poor prince, indeed, who does not share the privilege of the poorest Catholic beggar, of honoring the Queen of Heaven as he might wish to do,"—Ave Maria.

DEATH OF WILLIAM FROUDE.

A recent death in England, that of Mr. William Froude, recalls many Catholic incidents and associations. He himself was not a Catholic, though his wife and all his children have been received into the Church. He was the brother, not only of James Anthony Froud, the prejudiced historian and calumniator of Ireland, but also of the late Hurrell Froude, Cardinal Newman's Oxford friend who used to say "Do you know the story of the murderer who you know the story of the murderer who had done one good thing in his life? Well, if I was ever asked what good thing I had ever done, I should say I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other." Hurrell preceded his brother William to the tomb by many years, and on his grave Cardinal Newman laid a tribute of years as touching and as truly on his grave Cardinal Newman laid a tri-bute of verse as touching and as truly poetical as any he ever penned. William Froude was an eminent engineer, and one of his sons is following the same profession.

AN HISTORIAL CHURCH.

After the lapse of three centures, the Roman Catholic chapel in Ely place, Holborn, London, dedicated to St. Etheldreda, born, London, dedicated to St. Etheldreda, the daughter of Arura, king of the West Angles, born in Suffolk in the year 630, and who took part in the erection of Ely cathedral, is to be opened for the celebra-tion of High Mass on the 23rd of June, being the day known in the calendar as being the day known in the calendar as the feast of Etheldreda. Cardinal Manning will preach the first sermon. Evelyn, in his "Dairy," under date November 14, in his "Dairy," under date November 14, 1668, mentions the consecration of Dr. Wilkins, as bishop of Chester, in the chapel, when Dr. Tillotson preached. At one time the chapel was rented by the National society for a schoolroom, and afterwards opened for the celebration of the service of the Established Church in the Welsh language. It was purchased in 1874 by the Roman Catholic Church.

It is not easy to straighten in the oak the crook that grew in the sapling.

He only is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertions.