

"The meditation for the following morning, 'On the end of man's existence,' impressed me very deeply: I forgot to study the famous Society, and began to study myself. The quotations from Holy Writ were so appropriate, and the word of God never returns to Him unfruitful. I could not repress my reflections; I ceased taking notes, and at last, confounded at what I was, and the view of what I ought to be, I forgot everything else, and throw myself full length upon the floor of the diminutive apartment, calling on God for mercy. I heard footsteps, then a tap at the door; I rose, and answered to inquiries that I had an extraordinary headache. I accepted some proffered remedy, and, ashamed of my weakness, began anew to make extracts of the prelates, annotations, colloquies, etc. The following meditations equally absorbed me. At length I read in the plan that on such a day confession was to be made. Here was a dilemma. What should I say if the reception of the sacrament of penance were proposed? I was dying to make a confession, but I had not gone to the Rue de Sevres to be converted, but to convert. If asked, I resolved to say that I preferred to confess in the Russian tongue. But 'the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee.' Providence was smiling upon me.

"On the day confession was to be made the Rev. Superior came, and, after kind inquiries in a general way, said: 'My son, if you prefer to confess in Russian, there is a Father here who speaks that language perfectly; I will send for him.'

"'Indeed!' I exclaimed, thrown completely off my guard. 'And is he a Greek?'

"The excellent Father looked at once amused and surprised. 'Oh no! he is a Catholic. I'll send him to you.' He came. I at first dissembled my interior remorse and the state of my soul; but God was about to do His own work, and He inspired the good Russian Jesuit to deal with me.

"I will not enter into minute details, which you can easily imagine as I narrate. From talking of Russia we came to speak of her religion. We argued; he proved me in the wrong, gave me books to read, and finally I abjured the schism, and embraced the Catholic Faith. The remainder of my eight-days' retreat was merged into one of thirty days, and the notes I took thenceforth were those that suited a repentant, humbled sinner. And, sir, at the close of the exercises, instead of presenting my letters to the court of Napoleon, I presented an humble petition to the Rev. Pere P——, to be received into the famous Society—to be allowed to become a Jesuit myself."

"Well, sir, what did he answer?"

"'My son,' he said, 'It is too soon to take this second step. Pray, and consider at leisure what God may require.'"

"So, of course, you never became a Jesuit?"

"Pardon. I am a Jesuit, at your service."

"Then," said the elderly gentleman, rising to embrace his companion. "we are brothers in Christ. I also am a son of St. Ignatius."

The rest of the journey was made in silence. When the travellers bade each other good-bye, tears glistened in their eyes, and each said, solemnly, "Pray for me."—*Ave Maria.*

THE CHURCH AND THE TOILERS

An English paper is our authority for the following about Cardinal Manning:

"To those who have not ceased to believe in Christianity it will not be the least of his claims on the gratitude of the world that he has shown a sceptical generation that orthodoxy is no enemy of Radical progress. A young friend was speaking to him recently of the new London movements, and chanced to say they might roughly be described as 'practical Socialism.' 'I prefer to call it Christianity,' said the Cardinal."

Some Protestant historians, notably Lecky, have pronounced the Catholic Church the protector and defender of the poor of the past. We omit quotations from them. We omit proofs that the first labor organizations known in history were founded by "the lazy monks." We also omit the past events of history, which show that when the Church spiritualized the business relations of the poor to the rich there was more peace and less poverty, and confine ourselves

to narrating a few of her recent actions which prove her to be the protector and defender of the poor of the present day.

First, in Belgium:

Witness the effects of the triumph of the Belgian Catholic party, to whom the Belgian workmen owe: (1) A government inquiry into the condition of the workingman; (2) the organization of the Liege congresses on social questions, which has led to a special movement for the reform of the factory laws; (3) as a result of its report, an elaborate labor law, with special reference to the protection of women and children in the factories.

Second in Germany:

When its financial interests and public peace were endangered last spring by the great strike at Bochum, who formulated the grievance and demands of the poor miners? The answer is, the Catholic priests of the place. Indeed, we know of no other men who have been such heroes of the Democracy there, or who have better fulfilled the high ideal as set forth by the Eternal Priest. They mingled fraternally with the miners of Westphalia, and, as a consequence, all was tranquility, intelligence, self-sacrifice; for they recognized in their priests pastors who thoroughly sympathized with them in their misery and discontent. Moreover, the German Congress of a few weeks ago made labor and capital the most important and prominent subject of its programme. Dr. Windhorst, one of the many Catholic leaders who have promoted the labor cause in Germany, said: "We have come to Bochum to prove that Catholicism has the courage to plant its flag in the mining region. The interests of employers and employed are not opposed; they complete one another; the workman can do nothing if work be not given to him, and the capitalist can do nothing if the workman be not given to him. To the one we would teach Christian humility and obedience, to the other Christian justice and benevolence."

Third, in France:

Ten thousand of the Catholic working classes answered the Pope's request to visit Rome. Four trains each week, with five to six hundred passengers, ran from the 14th of October until the 18th November. Every part of France sent its representative workmen, and many wealthy Catholics contributed in aiding the poorer of these laborers to visit the Eternal City. What a splendid sight for the Italian Freemason!—the French laborer, farmer, and mechanic embracing and receiving the especial blessing of the Vicar of Christ. But more than this, it was a new phase in the present religious life of France. It told us that there are still multitudes of loyal Catholics among the French working classes. For this we thank God, since we have had reason to fear that it is through their grief-stricken hearts that the canker-worm is eating. The French anti-religious laborer is fierce and irrational in his hatred of the Church and her priests; and this pilgrimage of Catholic workmen was no doubt especially beneficial and encouraging to that class of Frenchmen.

Fourth, in Russia:

We find the more thoughtful among her people saying that the poor are sinking into atheism and vice, and that their amelioration can only be affected by a reunion with the Church of Rome.

Fifth, in Ireland:

Witness Archbishop Walsh during the strike of the bricklayers in Dublin; and the efforts of the whole Irish clergy, whether in prison or in church, fighting unto death to emancipate their suffering countrymen.

Sixth, in England:

Consider the London strike, one of the most serious conflicts of modern times between employers and employed—a bloodless war which endangered the social prosperity of the largest city in the world. We need not say that the happy ending of the battle was due to the moral grandeur and persevering energy in a leader in the Catholic Church.

"When the Cardinal," says the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "went to and fro between the dockers and the directors, refusing to despair when his established brother of London had shaken off the dust of his feet against the strike and disappeared into space, combating with the utmost patience the difficulties interposed by prejudice and passion, interposing a constant element of cool common-sense in the midst of hot-blooded counsels, he must have felt sustained and inspired