A rider passed me, and his silver buttons Were in the sunset glowing sparks of fire, the spoke a greeting in soft Spanish ac-cents— Singling of angels to a golden lyre!

A troop of children from a low-roofed jacal Gave the same greeting through the high And o'er the ruins of the gray old Mission Subset and twilight sadly seemed to meet

Far, far from home at nightfall! No bright of hearthstone fire to hint of coming cheer, No face of friend or even half-known neigh-Only these strangers and a heart-chill drear.

Oh, for a voice, however rough and rugged, To break the softness of this Spanish To make sweet discord in this Southern

A word of English, whether said or sung-A frosty nip—a pelt of Northern rain-drops— A stream of smoke above a chimney-pot— An old rail-fence—a purkin in a corn field— Some homely thing from the dear, homely

hold accents
I craved, all heart-sick — I, unused to

A bell rang out our Mother's tripple Ave.— My heart was comforted: it spoke of H me.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

WARNING TO PARENTS.

THE PERILS OF THE STREET AS PLAYING GROUNDS FOR THEIR BOYS AND GIRLS -EVIL NEWSPAPERS-BAD COMPANIONS.

From a Secular Journal

The troupe of giddy beings on the streets are not to be found exclusively from the lower classes. The avenue as well as the alley furnish the members thereof. The sweet girlish bloom of youth is daily rubbed from their souls, and it is astonishing, as the lecturer remarked, that compassed as they are with danger, they do not fall victims to the cruel designs of those who watch with sinister eye

close approach.

To what must this evil be attributed? To too much liberty granted by the parents and to the reading of bad books, and weeklies and bad dailies The parading of crime, which to the aged may appear in the light of the castigat ridendo mores of the the ight of the castigat ridendo mores of the ancients, is enjoyable and delectable to the youths of both sexes. Let us speak plainly. An ordinary criminal offence which would pass unnoticed in our police court report, is made appetizing in a certain class of papers, by an illustration. The talent of the artists are mainly devoted to meretricious surroses; the voted to meretricious purposes; the papers are bought, read surreptiously in many cases, but the readers are surely and slowly inoculated with the poison, which it takes years to eradicate from their mental and moral tendencies. The danger is unknown to them till they are engulfed, and then it is too late.

OUT AT NIGHT From the News.

The dangers to which young women expose themselves, as Jennie Cramer did pose themselves, as Jennie Cramer did, says an exchange, are constantly emphasized by the experience of all who have had occasion for observing the evils that her fate has so startlingly brought to public notice. The chief of police of New London, Conn., very candidly, but none the less wisely, says that the force of that city could tell a great many examples. that city could tell a great many people in New London who pride themselves on their daughters, some stories that would not be believed, and they would only get

insulted for their pains.

"I have myself within the past two months," he says, "warned three young girls, the oldest of whom was hardly 15 years, that if I caught them walking the streets again at such an hour, and with such companions, I would take them to their fathers and mothers and tell the whole story.' The hour was nearly mid night, and the girls' companions were sailors from the Minnesota. These were the daughters of respectable people, who would, as the chief said, have insulted him for his pains had he told what he had seen. What is true of New London is of every large town and city, and calls for parental thought and interfer-

From the Chicago Interior.

A short time since, one of the merchant princes of Chicago, busy with his money making, which kept him at bis office until a late hour, was astounded to see his son, the pride of his palatial home, staggering from a saloon with a company of height programmers. company of boist erous companions. His mind had been so continuously occupied with business that this accident was a revelation which spoke volumes of his neglect of his family. He could only his hands and exclaim:

"O my boy, where have you been to-night?"

There are a multitude of parents who might well repeat that question. The dens of vice are very alluring, and unless you throw around the boys and girls your strong arm of love, before you are your strong arm of love, before you are aware they may pass beyond your reach and be overwhelmed in that vortex which snatches as eagerly, and often as successfully, the brightest and best from the most luxurious homes as from more humble abodes. Parents should know their children and gain their confidence. We should know where and how they

spend their evening and leisure hours. We should know the literature they peruse and the character of their associates; not spyingly but by the kind, considerate ans which parents should study who have the care and guidance of children and young people. Let us study the happiness of home and the wants of our children more and more and fashion less, and we shall have more real happiness better children, and make home what is is intended to be, a training school for the young and a solid comfort for both par-

Humbugged again.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife who was always octoring, and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months use of the Bitters my wife was cured and has refor eighteen months since. I like such humbugging.—H. T. St. Paul.—Pioneer Press.

THE "REPTILE PRESS.

If we may judge by the telegrams from London, prominent Englishmen seem to have concluded that, as Lord Granville recently put it, "all naitve Americans and respectable Irishmen in America were on the side of the Government in the Irish the side of the Government in the Irish contest." This, Lord Granville said, he had "on excellent authority." On the same authority Englishmen in England are constantly making the wildest mistakes in regard to the attitude of Americans and Irish-Americans on the Irish question. It may seem like "excellent authority" to Lord Granville and the rest but to Americans. Lord Granville and the rest; but to Americans who know the drift of public opinion here, the "authority" seems anyth ng but

"excellent."

If Lord Granville, or any other Englishman of perception, had the opportunity and time to sift real American opinion, as expressed by the press, from manufactured opinion in America, he would not be long in discovering that, from the d y the British Government inaugurated the reign of Coercion in Ireland, American sym pathy-native American sympathy, if you will—however cold prejudice had kept it up to that time, was with the Irish people. As to "respectable" Irishmea, no Irishmen, "respectable" or not, except, per-haps, some rabid, bitter glorifier of the haps, some rabid, bitter glorifier of the Battle of the Boyne, refused to sympath-ize with Iteland when Gladstone's despotic sentence fell upon it. There are, in every large city, cliques of men who are intensel pro-British, and the voice of these men is always against Ireland. But the wellknown existence of a Secret Service Fund may account, in a measure, for the zeal of

may account, in a measure, for the zear of these worthies, who wear fittingly the mantles of the elder Tories.

Bismark's most important weapon was the "reptile press" of Germany. It was not a German "reptile press," but a Jewish "reptile press." Subsidized by this not a German "reptile press," but a Jewish "reptile press." Subsidized by this
unscrupulous despot, it corrupted its
readers and spread false impressions
abroad. The persistent lying of some
anti-Irish papers; the constant coloring
of the telegrams from London; the skilful changing of every evised in the ful changing of every episode into evidence of Irish worthlessness and England's good intentions, by papers like the Herald—can lead to only one supposition,—that these people are subsidized by a British "reptile fund."

Native Americans are not sufficiently interested in the Irish question to care much to read lies about it. It does not affect their pocket. An evidence in Mayo of a successful "boycotting" in Tipperary did not make Wall street tremble, or par ticularly affect the interests of this country. They would not refuse the Herald because the Herald favored the Irish, as they do not refuse the Herald because that they do not refuse the Herald because that treacherous sheet panders to England; consequently, the pro-English papers must have had another motive than that of pleasing their subscribers. They must have gained something by their course; and, if research could be made into the mysteries surrounding the handling of the British Secret Service Fund, just how much they gained might be appearent.

British Secret Service Fund, Just now much they gained might be apparent. American sympathy was strongly with the struggling Irish until the publication of the anti-rent manifesto. People on of the anti-rent manifesto. People on this side of the ocean had not yet learned to understand that the Irish were, heart and soul, with Parnell right, but that they were not with Parnell wrong; that the moment he listened to demagogues who, at a distance from their enemies, breathe blood and thunder, that moment they dis-regarded his orders. They ought to understand it now; even the hirelings of the "reptile fund" changed their tone when Mr. Gladstone—acting, perhap, on unform ation supplied through a liberal use of th Secret Service Fund, but certainly on no other warrant-threw Parnell and the other "suspects" into jail. Mr. Gladstone, other "suspects" into Jan. Mr. Gladstone, who seems to be sensitive to American opinion, and Lord Granville, who quotes it on "excellent authority"—had better refer to the columns of the dailies during the week that followed Parnell's arrest. They would find that the most reptilian of the "reptile press" had the fear of the sense of justice of Americans before their eyes, and that such an open and inexcussible execusive for the sense of descriptions. able act of despotism on the part of a "Liberal" Government met with the denunciation it deserved. It would indeed be inconsistent if Americans, celebrating at Yorktown their triumph in a struggle against British coercion, should hail with pleasure an outrage on the liberties of a people to whom the ties of blood and brotherhood have bound them, iu spite of prejudice. American indig-nation found voice in the dailies, which to-day do not dare to oppose a popular cry. Reptilian as some of them are, they

were compelled to follow the opinion of the country, which was unmistakeably against Mr. Gladstone's exercise of arbitrary power. Lord Granville's "ex-cellent authority" may have been care fully manipulated by the persons wh "arrange" the Irish cablegrams for the Herald, until it was sufficiently soothing to those statesmen who, with many pre-tences, undertake to govern a country in the spirit of a stubborn mule which will

neither hear nor see.

It must be admitted that the cause of Ireland has suffered as much in America from those who pretended to represent it, as from those who misrepresented it. It is the misfortune of all good causes that demagogues should be able to use them for their own ends. It is the misfortune of the Irish cause that its enemies should sily cover themselves with the disguis of its friends, and that violent and empty rhetoric from a demagogue should be pre ferred to calm and earnest reasoning from patriots who, rising above the passion of the moment, would lead the people afar from pitfalls and quicksands. The violent rhetoric has been abundant here; the calm and earnest reasoning not so abundant. The rhetoric has convinced no man, and the anti-rent cant—a reflex of the Socialistic teachings of the Irish World-has dis-

Wendell Phillips, Mr. Redpath and Pet-roleum V. Nasby have defended Ireland according to their lights, and with more or less success. But it is doubtful whether their methods have had much effect on

broken front," says Mr. Phillips, with something of his old, anti-slavery fervor, "let her assault despotism in its central point, rent. Honest rent is the surplus left after the tenant has lived in comfort -material, intellectual, personal and social Americans who believe that Catholic

Irishmen in Catholic Ireland hold this definition of "honest rent" have been deceived. It savors of the spirit which makes Irish landlords leave for their ten-ants the surplus after they have lived in what they regard as comfort—"material, intellectual, personal and social comfort." The trish people do not hold with Mr. Phillips and the demagogues. They want land reform and the disestablishment of the landlords, it is true; but, in the mean time, they are willing to pay a fair rent, founded on the value of their holdings, not on the caprice of their landlords or the Utopian theories of Socialists. American sympathy is with Ireland, in spite of the "reptile press," "friendly" demagogues and all misrepresentation; and the importance of this sympathy in the eyes of the "Liberal" Government is shown by the stress that English statesmen lay upon it.

THE POWER OF A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A lady connected with the Sanitary Commission during the war gives the fol-lowing incident:

lowing incident:
"On a bleak day in February" she "was
making preparations to visit the army at
Young's Point, and was to leave in the
night train for Cairo." A bright-looking
woman, leading two handsome little boys woman, leading two handsome little boys came in, saying, "I have brought a box for you to take to my husband, and my boys for you to see. When you get to Vicksburg, please find Peter R——. I want you to tell him his boys look well, and his wife, too. Tell him we are all getting along first rate; that I get plenty of work, and the boys are good and obedient, and not to fret about us." "I am glad to be the bearer of such good news." glad to be the bearer of such good news,' replied the lady, "and I will see your husband and give it to him." Then the woman drew her hands from her coarse mittens and held them up, cracked and bleeding. "Don't tell him, I beseech you," she said, "that I have worn the skin off my hands washing every day; and don't tell him that I have to put the little boys to bed when they come from school to keep them warm, as I have no wood nor lights; don't tell him that often when I come home after a hard day's scrub-bing my garments freeze stiff. It is all rue, but still we are well, and keep warm in bed, and not marching in mud or snow, or sick in hospital. Tell Peter all the good you can, and keep back all the bad."
This was the power of love. Miserably poor, she could still send her husband ably poor, she could still send her has a box, and she sent him all that she could a box, and she sent him all that she could that was good, but kept back all the bad. Salf was forgotten. The beloved objects that was good, one of the beloved objects self was forgotten. The beloved objects always worthy

"THEY WERE A GREAT PEOPLE SIR."

Such is the title of an article contribated by Lieutenant Colonel Butler to the Contemporary Review. The words were used by a loquacious car-driver.
"He informs us that the country through which we are passing, and the castle we

see rising up—gray ruined towers on the green slopes—all belonged to the Mc-Mahons once, that they held the land far and near, from six miles on this side of Ennis to the rock at Loop Head; that they were a great people, but that they are all gone from the land now."

Colonel Butler paints in his own vivid way both the landscape and his in

ormant, the friendly car driver : "The road now begins to ascend a long ncline; we alight, to walk the hill. Before we are half way to the top the driver as forgotten the MacMahons, and is enlightening us as to how it was he never got married, though there was a girl of the Maloneys, he says, 'About two miles off the road on the left, who was near breaking her heart for him.' At last we are on the top of the hill. Below—at the further side—the land spreads out in many a mile of shore, ridge, and valley, into the golden haze of sunset. The estuary of the Shannon opens westward into the Atlan-tic; from shore to shore many miles of water are gleaming in the evening light large green island lies in the estuary, and from its centre a lofty round tower rises above many ruins, dark in the sunlight, back from the shore rolling ridges spread westward, green, wild and treeless. These westward green, wind and treeless. These ridges, this long line of shore, far as the eye can reach in front, were all Mc-Mahon's territory; behind us, further than we can look back, was MacMahon's

land too ' WHERE WERE THEY GONE ?" This is the question asked by Colonel Butler in reference to the MacMahons, who no longer own the land. The car driver cannot enlighten him. But others can, and with the help of members of the can, and with the help of memoers of the family he has traced the fortunes, or the race. We rather the misfortunes, of the race. We have not room here to follow him into the details of his inquiry—to tell where and when and how those MacMahons were half the States of Europe, and how they have fought and fallen in the service of every king and country save their own. One thing is certain, they are gone from their land, and their place is occupied by "men alien in nationality, hostile in faith,

nel But er takes the case of the MacMahons as one of a multitude, and protests against the continuance of an alien plebian oligarchy in his native

A military officer being in a dreadful storm, his wife, who was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure, that she cried out: "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it pos-sible you can be so calm in such a storm?" He arose and drew his sword. Pointing it at his wife's breast, he said: "Are you not afraid of this sword?" She rapplied "No their methods have had much effect on minds not previously thoroughly convinced. Wendell Phillips's definition of rent, given in his latest letter to Mr. Patrick Egan, Treasurer of the Land League, used as a specimen of his argument, would have little weight in showing impartial Americans how just are Irish claims. "With under the storm." it at his wife's breast, he said: "Are you not afraid of this sword?" She replied, "No,—certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his wife, "I who will be sword is in the hand of my hustiful the said: "Are you not afraid of this sword?" She replied, "No,—certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his wife, "I who will be sword?" She replied, "No,—certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his wife, "I who will be said; "Are you not afraid of this sword?" She replied, "No,—certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his wife, "I who will be said; "Are you not afraid of this sword?" She replied, "No,—certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his wife, "I who will be said; "Are you not afraid of this sword?" She replied, "No,—certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his wife, "I who will be said; "Are you not afraid of this sword?" She replied, "No,—certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his wife, "I who will be said; "Are you not afraid of this sword?" She replied, "No,—certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his wife, "I who will be said; "Are you not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his wife, "I who will be said; "Are you not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his wife. "I who will be said; "Are you not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his wife. "I who will be said; "Are you not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his wife. "I who will be said; "Are you not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his wife." "I who will be said; "Are you not." "Why?" said the officer. "

REWARE OF THEM.

False Irishmen and False Catholics Who Curse Good Causes by Maligning Bishops.

From the San Francisco Monitor If we are to believe the published proceedings of a Land League meeting in this city on Monday night last there is an ele-ment in that organization which if permitted to occupy any prominence-will kill the cause of the Land League in the estimation of every practical Catholic. We allude to that class of turbulent indi-

APPLY THE TERM "TRAITOR" TO IRISH

and who avow themselves ready to "cut the throat" of a venerable dignitary in Dublin. The freedom of Ireland can never be achieved by such foul denuncia-tions of the anointed of God; men whose holy office renders them sacred in the eyes of Catholics, and whose conscientious con-victions have led them to warn their flocks against the principles alike repug-nant to Christian teaching and the moral law. The Bishops of Ireland have a per-fect right to do what they have done, and we tell the turbulent element in the Land League organization that they can never achieve independence by hurling curses upon the consecrated heads of Irish Bishops. The Irish people have enemies Bishops. The Irish people have enemies enough in hostile camps who are willing to do that dirty work, and the man wh does it in a Land League meeting hurts the cause he may seek to help. THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF IRISH CATHO-

and Catholics of every other nationality, who will withdraw from any organization who will withdraw in the public meetings of which the name of some eminent Bishop is made a football to be kicked about by every fiatulent fellow who wants to show his contempt for the sanctified ecclesiastics of the Church, and to parade his iniquitous infidelity before the admiring atheism of our day. The "no rent" doctrine of the Land League which the bishops denounced may have been a radical mistake on the part of men whose hasty action had no maturity of thought; it may even yet prove

THE DEATH-KNELL OF AN ORGANIZATION which has accomplished a great deal of good for Ireland, and which received the

tacit endorsement of nearly every Bishop and Priest in Ireland, America, Australia, and even in Rome itself so long as its principles were founded upon the Christian ethics of doing unto others as we would be done by. But because the United Hierarchy of Ireland have opposed that 'no rent' innovation into the platform of the Land Lead to of the Land League then they are to be publicly cursed and their sacred office trailed in the dust of America!

SHAME UPON THE MEN
who would commit such a shameful sacrilege under the name of liberty! Ire-land's greatest glory is her fidelity to the Faith and her reverence for the anomted of God—the Bishops and Priests of the of God—the bisnops and Thesis of the Catholic Church—and we appeal to every Catholic member of the Land League, who cherishes a respect for the Christianity who cherishes a respect for the christianity of the Irish people, to permit no slander against the holy Hierarchy of Ireland to be belched forth at their meetings by frothy renegades to the religion of their tathers.

TELL THESE BLATANT BLACKGUARDS who fling their blasphemous billingsgate at Irish Bishops that the Land League was not established to denounce the sacred character of the successors of a St. Patrick or a St. Lawrence O'Toole. Tell them that their curses, like chickens, may come home to roost, and do not permit any man, no matter how much he may prate about his patriotism, to disgrace the name of Ireland before the world by dragging the Ireland before the world by dragging the demagoguism of demons into the meetings of a Christian and a civilized people. No cause can be victorious in Ireland that AVOWS ITS ENMITY TO THE ECCLESIASTICAL

of the Church of God; and as Catholics we should remember that the curtailment of our civil liberty is only temporary, while the dangers to faith through such scaudalous scenes as that reported on Monday night, entails eternal disgrace Monday night, entails eternal disgrace upon all who degrade their souls by such diabolical denunciation. If these firebrands desire to denounce the truest friends of the Irish people let them organize under another name, but do not permit them to prostitute the cause advocated by Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Croke, Bishop Nulty, Bishop Fitzgerald, and other nucleus has the the fit and other prelates, by the foulest uses to which the tongue of traduction can be turned.

BISMARK'S RETREAT.

The Philadelphia American thus alludes to the manner in which the Catholic party in Germany has defeated the cruel

and willy Bismark :—
In Germany, the central party is that
of the Roman Catholics. It is strongest
in Bavaria and parts of Rhenish Prussia.
The Catholics of Germany have not organized themselves into a party of their own motion. They have been forced to this step by the unfriendly policy of the Government. The war upon the Catholic Church of Germany began in 1837, with the arrest of the Archbishop of Koln It culminated in the Falk Laws, after the establishment of German unity. Those laws were the work of the Liberal party, which then had almost the majority. It is inexplicable now Prince Bismark posite in sentiment to the people be-eath them; men who felt and lived as a and the Emperor, two men of religious to give their sanction to the wretch system of persecution which those laws began. Under their action there are a score of German bishoprics vacant, and thousands of parishes have had no priests and no religious offices for years past. It was the enthusiasm for the Old Catholic revolt which began this anti-Catholic "war of culture." It was the discovery of the dangers to order from the Socialists which caused the Emperor and the Chancellor to retrace their steps. With the re-establishment of toleration, the Centre party will melt away, most of its members joining the Conservatives.

"Beauty Unadorned (with pimples) is Adorned the Most,"

If you desire a fair complexion free from pimples, blotches, and eruptions, take "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

POPE PIUS VI. AND THE EMPEROR JOSEPH II.

Hardly had Joseph II. ascended the imperial throne of Austria than he began to meddle in matters of faith and to give directions about Cattolic worship. By his express command the solemn celebration of the Divine Mysteries, which inspires the faithful with so much awe, was to be abolished in the churches. The reason assigned for this was that the Church should return to the simplicity of early Christianity. He moreover descended to such little details that he even prescribed the number of candles that were to be used at high and low Masses. He forbade all controversial sermons and panegyrics of the saints in the pulpit. Pastors in their instructions were required to limit themselves to teaching the virtues. His pretended spirit of reformation did not rest until he had uprooted the foundations of all ecclesiasti-cal orders in his state, and destroyed the most important foundations, whose goods he sold. He established a so-called church fund, over which he exercised an arbitrary

directly in opposition to those of the

Pius VI. in vain made paternal re-presentations to him in regard to his doings; the Emperor heeded him not. doings; the Emperor heeded him not. The Holy Father at once perceived that against such a prince he could not employ the authority of his high office without running the risk of a schism in the Church. But consulting only his zeal and the pain caused him by those proceedings, he went in person to Vienna, against the advice of the Cardinals. He hoped that his presence would make an impression on a noble soul which was only misled by evil maxims. The Emperor on his part remaining the risk of a schism in the Church. But consulting only his zeal and the pain caused him by those proceedings, he went in person to Vienna, against the advice of the Cardinals. He hoped that his presence would make an impression on a noble soul which was only misled by evil maxims. The Emperor on his part remaining the risk of the cardinals. He advice of the Catholics. Catholicity, in whatever type of mind it has firmly fixed itself, is continuous place beyond the ballroom or the piano, and although she may smatter of reading, has a low type of thought carding, has a low type of the plano, and although she may smatter of reading, has a low type of thought carding, has a low type of the plano, and although she may smatter of reading, has a low type deepest respect, rode out four miles to nificent doctrines are consonant with fir meet him, and showed him all honor; but ness and courtesy. Among the learn deprive my land and my capital of the happiness of seeing the Vicar of Christ; but I am immoveable in my determination: I take nothing back; what I have done, I considered that I had the right and the might to do. All attempts to bring me to another way of thinking would be useless; I will make no retraction. I earnestly entreat your Holiness not to bring those subjects up be fore me. However, during your stay with me and in my states, I will give my

with me and in my states, I will give my people the example of the veneration due to the visible head of the Church."

The Pope head of the Emperor in silence, without once interrupting him. Tranquilly, and as became the dignity with which he was invested, he answered firmly: "I will therefore not knock at your heart, for it is of brass; I will not throw the torch of faith on your eyes, since your blindness is wilful; I will not use against you the spiritual sword which pierces the soul, for your soul is immovable. But I tell you with a sigh, I LEAVE IT TO GOD To JUDGE, whose counsels you despise. But if you go on in the path in which you have entered, opposing the laws of the Church, the hand of the Lord will be stretched out against you, will arrest you in the midst of your career, will open the pit before you, into which you will fell in the flower of your age; and your rule, which might have been so glorious, will come to an end. But my hands shall be unceasingly raised to heaven for your conversion, and when the hand of the Lord is upon you my only prayer will be that your eyes may be opened and you may be converted."

Joseph heard the Pope with an indifference the most remote from any signs of renouncing his errors. Pius returned to Rome with his heart torn by sorrow, and he breathed out the bitterness of his grief at the tomb of the holy Apostles. He it be asked why the primative church wai ed till the fourth century to begin the Rome with his heart torn by sorrow, and taken place, and what had been said; he wished that what he had done, as well as its results, should be remembered in the annals of the Papacy.

annals of the Papacy.

History shows how the prophecy of the Pope was fulfilled against the Emperor.

After a reign of hardly eleven years, the latter declared that all the laws and regulations made by him since the beginning of his raign ways abscarted they easily of his reign were abrogated, then sank into his grave in indescribable sufferings, not having reached the fiftieth year of his age.

WEAK-KNEED CATHOLICS.

There is a woeful want of manliness, says the "Catholic Advocate," prevalent among some Catholics. The statement has such general application to the "some" that it will be that it will be sure to raise a swarm of criticism around us if we draw a faithful portrait of the character that represents portrait of the character that represents the weak-kneed tribe. But the type is so prominent that it may be an honor to us to face the criticism. The unmanly Catholic is the one who thinks that it is necessary to apologize for being a Catholic, and who regards it as a signal favor to be inti-ate and familiar with Protestant and Infidel acquaintages. He admires Infidel acquaintances. He admires free discussion of theological tenets of which he knows nothing, and moral convention. alities, as he calls them, and he is inclined to take a mild Protestant line in regard them. He does not cave in altogether to them. He does not cave in anogenier at any time in the religious view from a Catholic stand-point, but his language and manner have the air of being Catholic regretfully—a kind of "he would if he gretfully—a kind of "he would if he gretfully—a kind of "he would if he could" but the faith by which he was reared stops him. The most advanced type of this man is to be found in the mpanionship of German freethinkers or Universalist Protestants. He prefers such society. It is more intellectually "tony," he considers, than his own. But then, any kind of Protestant society is courted by him, and one of the principal features of his enjoyment is when introduced to new Protestant acquaintances he learns afterward that "they never suspected him of being a Catholic." This is a tribute to the surpassing merits of his character to this cwn judgment, and he thrives on it to his heart's content. He deprecates a bitter Protestant attack on the Church, but Universalist Protestants. He prefers such his cwn judgment, and he thrives on it to his heart's content. He deprecates a bitter Protestant attack on the Church, but he will admit that there is a good deal needed to bring its practices up to the standard of modern progress. He will tell you confidentially that some of the views of his Protestant or freethinking finals are correct enough, and that he is the same can be said of us."

The Bishop then proceeded to echo the sentiments of Dr. Humphrey about the charitable institutions of the Catholic Church, and said it was something of which they were and well might be proud.

objects to that narrowness and despotism, which on the part of the Church prevents the soaring genius of young men or middle-aged men like himself. He will add to this, that he feels always in the

company of those "separated brethren" as if he ought to show his intelligence by holding no such "narrow views" as those which would favor fasting or abstinence or hearing Mass on holidays when business days when a man can have a pleasure day out. The final touch to his character is a doubtful credence in miracles, and to sustain his point he will cite some in which he cannot believe at all. In fact, after listening to him awhile he makes you perceive that it is a wonderful humility in such an enlightened soul to profess Cath-

olicity at all.

The character has a sister type. She is generally gay and festive, like the bear celebrated by Artemus Ward. She likes round dances and admires the fascination of the society which is not Catholic. is always smart and flippant, and is but fund, over which he exercised an aroutary authority, forbade the bishops to apply to Rome for instructions in regard to Church discipline and matters of fath, and on the discipline and matters of fath, and on the heels, or thereabouts. She, however, takes a disclaimer, of being a Protestant takes a disclaimer, of being a Protestant here familiars know "she is a by letting her familiars know "she bit ashamed of being a Catholic." can see no harm in mixed marriages, but rather favors them, or if she does, it is for maxims. The Emperor on his part received him with all outward marks of the trary to this. Among the unread its magness and courtesy. Among the learned, the eloquent and the heroic, they are cormeet him, and showed him all honor: but at the first private interview Joseph said to him: "I know the cause that brings your Holiness here. I did not object to your journey, because I did not want to ing power of the unenlightened. In an educated Catholic one finds a philosopher; a brilliant Catholic, the most brilliant of men or women. The namby-pamby Catholic never could glory in the Cross of Cathone never could glory in the Cross of Christ like the eloquent and powerful Saint Paul. No! He lives in our midst without a noble act in his life. He is a kind of poor vegetation on the walls of

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the church of St. Augustine, of Ignatius of Loyola and of St. Vincent de Paul. He is

a nobody during his moral existence, and lives so far from heaven that we trust he

may be able to find his way into Purga

On Tuesday last, All Saints' Day, the Episcopalians laid the foundation stone of a new hospital. We copy from the Courier-Journal part of the address of Dr. Humphreys, a life-long friend of the founder of the hospital:

"Now for a word in regard to the rela-tion of these works of compassion to the Gospel of the Son of God. In all the world before the Christian era there was no hospital for the sick or the deaf or the blind or the insane. There is not history of any old Pagan empire, or in its ruins or monuments or traditions, the such an institution—not one. The most copious language of antiquity had no equivalent in its vocabulary for the same hospital. In the Fourth century, in Bethnem of Judea unde of Jerome, a noble lady of the Fatrian family instituted a home for the sick, and Jerome coined a Greek word to describe the place. The grouping here is sugges-tive; the place, Bethlehem of Judea; the founder, a believing woman; thepatron, the translator of the Bible into Latin. If work, the first answer is that the church had as much as it could do to hold its own had as much as it could do to held through the centuries of relentless persethrough the blood cution. It was busy sowing in the blood of the martyrs the seed of the future church, planting the germs of all the char-ities in the soil enriched by the blood of ities in the soil enriched by the blood of its children. Undoubtedly these are gospel institutions. Christ healed all that were sick of divers diseases. More, He healed the sick on the Sabbath day. More than that even, after He had discussed the trouble, vindicating the sacredness of the place, "immediately the blind and the lame came into the temple, and He healed them." Here, in the example of Christ, let the church find one of its highest duties.

The lesson is enforced by the abounding

The lesson is enforced by the abounding charities of the Roman Catholic Church. Nobody doubts that one of the of its power all over the world is deposited in its hospitals and asylums and nurs ing fathers and sisters of charity. And let that church teach us to make our inlet that church teach us to make our infirmaries and asyiums places of religious worship. One of the largest hospitals in Europe is in the city of Milan. The wards radiate from a common center like the spokes of a wheel. In the center you see an altar, with its furniture and priest.

an attar, with its furniture and priest.

Standing then, as the service goes on, you shall see the sick in all directions lifting up their heads wearily from their pillows to gaze upon the lips of the priest, and the convalescents drawing near as best they can to kneel and workin. I doubt they can, to kneel and worship. I doubt not that in this infirmary the offices of religion will be blended with the ministries the sick. You have done well to this corner stone in the name of the Hol Trinity.

The last address delivered was a very short one by Bishop Dudley, who spoke in substance, as follows:

St. Nicholas and the Doves. BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY. 'Tis a legend of the past,
(In old books and paintings seen),
Of the Augustinian hermit
Richolas of Tolentine;
How within his cell he lay
Once upon his pailet bare,
With a mortal sickness on him
And the sunshine, like a flame,
Thro' the western window came How it lit his wasted cheek, With the glory of the skies! Touched his pale, etherial temple And illumed his lifted eyes; And a haio seemed to shed Round the tonsure on his head!

Till he cried; "O brothers! see, What a glorious light it is! Jacob's ladder, thronged with angel Must have been, indeed, like this! For the blessed spirits go Upand down, with constant wing, With their tender voices calling And their white hands beckoning! Ah! if God should deem it best, I would fain go up and rest!"

But the Prior said: "Nay, nay," (Hending over his sain!) yon, "Thou must not depart, Nicolo, "Thou must not depart, Nicolo, Till thy ministry is done.

And it is the Master's will (Now thou art so faint and ill), Thou shouldst for a time relax Those austerities of thine, Which have worn thy feeble body, To a shadow,—son of mine! Therefore, thro' obedience,
Thou must break thine abstinence

At a sight a monk appeared, At a sight a monk appeared, Bearing on a wooden dish Two small doves (a feast prepared Solely at the Prior's wish); And the good Superior Turning to the saint once more, Said? "O true and faithful son! Make thy victory complete; Scorning ev'ry foolish scruble,— Take, and through obedience, eat!

Nicholas looked up and smiled, Tranquil as a little child: Took, with outstretch'd hand, doves (Roasted at the Prior's wish). And serenely made the symbol And serenely made the Of the cross above the disn Lo! a miracle of faith!

Ere the monks a word could utter They beheld the little creatures On the dish begin to flutter,— Ope their eyes and str. tch their w Happy, shining, living things!

Happy, shining, twing things!

Thro' the sunny window fell
Ivy shadows on the floor:
And a fragrance from the garden
Floated thro' the open door.
It was spring-time in the land,
(Tender grass and goiden mist),
As the little doves exulting
Settled on Nicolo's wrist;
Then up-soaring thro' the air,
Whilst the hermit smiling lay,
Round his bed went sailing, sailing,
In a graceful grateful way,
"ill, at last. (the window neared),
Thro' the vines, they disappeared!

"THE LION OF THE FOLD."

PATHER TOM BURKE'S PANEGYRIC OF ILLUSTRIOUS ARCHBISHOP OF TU HIS SPEECH BEFORE THE KNIGHTS O PATRICK, ST. LOUIS, MO.—A VOICE I THE MISSISSIPPI TO THE SHANNON.

We reprint from The Catholic Re of 1872, the following beautiful and quent tribute, in the great Dominic est style, to the illustrious Archbisho Tuam, by Father Tom Burke, O. P.

Now that the great prelate is of these thrilling words will have a fresh terest for all interested in the name fame of the illustrious "patriatch of The oration was delivered in the

sence of Bishop Ryan, the Mayor o Louis, the Governor of Missouri a great gathering of the chief men of Knights of St. Patrick,-I am a and one of the friars vows is obedi (laughter and applause). Acting

that yow a great big six-foot four friar in Ireland was once known t the whole of a roast-goose because he "It can't be done, ma'am," said he t farmer's wife. "You will have to your reverence, says she. says he, "I was brought up to obedi and I will try." The voice of eccles cal authority calls upon me to speak I thought I might resist because the not exactly an ecclesiastical me (laughter), but when the mailed ha the leader of the Knights is lifter (great laughter), and from out that of a good-humored face, the voice of telling me I am in order, I said to self, in the language of the old no self, in the language of the old no self, in the Lord Abbot may be wrong, surely when the Baron comes in with he must be right." (laughter). gentlemen, you have received with clamations of honor and joy the meable pages, and I wish in return for able name, and I wish, in return for manner in which you have receive name of the great Irishman, the be ward that I could wish you—that he here himself to charm you with his quence in responding; but the old m far away in the midst of his people it is indeed a pleasure and a joy to it is indeed a pleasure and a joy to a speak in response to that dear and vable name. Dear to every Irish wherever that heart throbs, vene shall it be, when the future histori Ireland shall come to chronicle that character of a life over which sev three, aye, eighty, winters have p and have found a man always faith his country in the exigencies of the a heart that never grew old in its love Ireland; a mind that never lost its ac in the pursuit of all that was tru the interest of his country, and a who to day, blanched with the wint nearly a century, is still as ferven youth of twenty in his love and a

tions for dear old Ireland (great appl What does the name John Me Archbishop of Tuam, bring before It brings before you the image of a crowned with glorious and beautifu of Irish genius and Irish intelli Gifted with a hereditary faith whi man of his race or of his name ev resigned or gave up; standing upo stage of our national history as prie as Bishop, whilst the nation was yet bleeding and fainting, after the last d ate struggle of 1798 (great apple John McHale as a priest, comforte poor, failing, impulsive, generous men who were brought to the so under a mockery of justice, because dared to hope in the last final eff their country (great applause). that date up to the present year of 1872, that man has stood before us his life belonged to Ireland and he ple. His was a private life, the jo sorrows of which were screened fro public eye. His was a heart conse unto the altar which he served and the country from which he drew hi age. The people of his faith and