

In Memoriam.

(MR. MICHAEL ADAMS)
O God! the darkness of his night
That comes to me from the light
Of that first sin which changed the sky
Of Eden into sorrow's night...
The Rev. Michael McAleer, pastor of St. Columba's Roman Catholic Church, in West Twenty-fifth street, died at the pastoral residence, No. 343 West Twenty-fifth street, at half-past five o'clock yesterday morning of bronchial pneumonia.

THE LATE REV. MICHAEL McALEER.

The Rev. Michael McAleer, pastor of St. Columba's Roman Catholic Church, in West Twenty-fifth street, died at the pastoral residence, No. 343 West Twenty-fifth street, at half-past five o'clock yesterday morning of bronchial pneumonia. Father McAleer was the oldest priest in the city in years and ordination. He was born in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, on the 4th of March, 1811. While he was yet in boyhood his family emigrated to the United States and settled in Frederick, Md. He entered Mount St. Mary's College, in Emmitsburg, in 1828 and was ordained in 1832, when the Rev. Fr. Parell was promoted to the see of Cincinnati he persuaded young McAleer to accompany him to the West. After three years of conscientious labor in Canton, Carroll county, Ohio, Father McAleer went into Tennessee as a missionary, and founded a church and erected a house of worship in Western Tennessee, and built the first Catholic church in Kentucky. Then he settled in Memphis, and erected a brick church edifice there; and while attending to his pastoral duties in that city he made frequent visits to stations at a great distance, sometimes riding two hundred miles on horseback to reach remote points in his district. In 1846 he was selected by the Bishop of Dubuque as his theologian to accompany him to the sixth Provincial Council of Baltimore.

Immediately after the Council of Baltimore Archbishop Hughes received Father McAleer into his diocese and assigned him to the Church of St. Columba, in West Twenty-fifth street, this city, which was then financially embarrassed to the extent that it was threatened with ruin. But the very Father undertook the task of re-erecting him with the courage that marked his character throughout his life, and ere long he not only cleared off the church debt but remodelled and beautified the church edifice and added a commodious vestry. In 1854 he bought a site for a parochial school, and the schoolhouse was completed in 1856. The boys' department of this school was placed under the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and the Sisters of Charity guided the girls of the parish in the way of knowledge and piety. A change was made in 1878, the Brothers of the Christian Schools retiring to other duties and the Sisters of Charity taking entire charge. The number of pupils is over eight hundred. This school is the parent of the Academy of St. Angela, in West Twenty-second street, which the Sisters of Charity opened in 1866, with a view of giving a higher course of education to girls whose parents could pay for advantages afforded by an academy. In 1849 Father McAleer's parish was stricken with a fatal malady, and for some weeks the devoted priest slept on the sofa in his parlor, with his horse and wagon standing all night before the door, ready to carry him to any point of his district at which a stricken Catholic claimed the consolations of religion. The necessity for this preparation for hasty transit will be obvious when it is noted that the Father's district at that time embraced all the territory bounded by Fourteenth and Forty-second streets and the North and East rivers.

Church of St. Columba the poor will miss the great-hearted man who dispensed it so long and bountifully and who gave much of his time to visiting them. "I was sick and in pain, and he visited me," says the Father's benevolence was never more severely taxed than at the time of the Irish famine. He strained every nerve in the relief movement in New York and with eminent success.

The incumbent Archbishop, Alhambra, of San Francisco, was Father McAleer's assistant in Memphis and temporary with Father McAleer in Mount St. Mary's College, where Archbishop Hughes, Cardinal Metlosky, Bishop Loughlin, now of Brooklyn; Quarter, first Bishop of Chicago; Gartland, first Bishop of Savannah; Young, first Bishop of Erie; Conroy, of Albany, and Elder, of Natchez; and while he was a mission in Tennessee the Rev. Dr. Spaulding, later Archbishop of Baltimore, was Father McAleer's companion. At one time Father McAleer acted editor of the papers in this city, and for many years he was a valuable contributor to the higher periodical literature of his day.

Father McAleer had been repeatedly attacked by the malady that took him off, and more than once were his physicians apprehensive of a fatal result of his prostration with pneumonia; but his strong constitution carried him through, and he was spared for his works of beneficence to within a fortnight of the Psalmist's allotted period. He would have been seventy years of age had he lived until the day on which the nation makes a change of rulers. He was attacked about ten days ago, but his symptoms were not alarming until Monday last. Then the door bell was muffled and visitors were forbidden. During his last sickness he was constantly attended by his brother, Mr. Hugh McAleer, of Frederick, Md.; his nephew, Hugh McAleer, and Mr. Stuart McAleer, the Sisters of Mercy, and the Rev. Fathers Ward and Haran.

The body lay in state yesterday in the front parlor of the pastoral residence and all afternoon, and until midnight the parishioners were calling to take a last look at the face of him who had so long loved and revered.—New York Herald, Feb. 23.

A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Oakland (Cal.) News reports the following portion of a sermon delivered in the Independent Presbyterian church of that place by Rev. Mr. Hilditch: "We are compelled to own that this old mother Church shows an astonishing vitality. More than half Christendom still bows at her altars. The common people cling to her robes. Through pitiless storms that leave the seats in our Protestant sanctuaries nearly vacant, we see them crowding to her worship, morning, noon and night. Wherever a few of her children make their homes, a cross-surmounted church will soon be seen. She builds wisely to meet conveniences among the poorer communities, to win aesthetic culture wherever wealth creates a taste for the pleasant, and her people pay for her churches. Her missionaries are also crowding to every heathen country, and among the great populations of India and China number their converts by scores for every one that Protestants can count its fruits. In the most advanced stages of possible self-sacrifice, she sends her work turns them back. No danger appals them. Wherever she gains a foothold she speedily erects the university, the college and the seminary, as well as the church, and wins thousands of the sons and daughters of other religions, and even of pagans, by the most liberal appliances, with which she furnishes them. And close by the side of her school and church you will soon see her asylums for indigence and misfortune spring up. She is also a gentle and tireless nurse of human pain. Where the pestilence mows its deadliest swath of human life, she sends her Sisters of Mercy and father confessors, never shrinking from the touch of the plague and never leaving the field or remitting their ministrations of care till the scourge departs or death discharges them. And many a gentle priest has seen his eyes at transparent slumbers, millions of souls, generation after generation, do not rush to a fountain which has long ago run dry. When human hearts are seeking eternal life they do not hold it so cheap as to take up with a patent counterfeit. Catholics find some deepest want of soul met in their Church, or they would turn away from her as a false mother. The judgment of charity is beginning to supersede the judgment of prejudice upon her. The tone of Protestant utterances respecting her value is rapidly changing. The Atlantic Monthly, not long ago sent forth an appreciative article that fully conceded her merits. The Rev. Thomas K. Beecher followed with words of high commendation. The Rev. Mr. Jjams, in his sermon lately at the installation of Dr. Bexford, in San Francisco, notwithstanding the place she fills among the religious organizations of Christendom in the same tone. And lo! within the week past comes to us the Christian Union, one of the most widely circulated and powerful papers of Protestantism, bearing this sentence: 'With all respect for the earnestly religious agencies of the old Catholics and the Continental Protestants, we judge that the Church of Rome contains by far the greater part of the living spiritual faith that exists on the Continent' (of Europe). Testimony could hardly say more. The power of the Catholic Church and her sphere, are not to be questioned. Wherein lies the secret of this great strength? One short sentence gives the answer. That Church has come to fixed conclusions. In doctrine and practice her mind is made up. It is not double-

she has the stability and force of the single mind. Her ritual is one for all the world—for the Pope at Rome and for the Diggee Indian in California. The very sound and accent of its words are the same. No thought of innovation is tolerated for a moment. There is no debate over methods. The preliminaries of work are all settled. All hesitation is cut off. There is nothing to be done but the work. And what that is was decided ages ago—to extend and govern the Church as she is. Each member soon learns his part. Age after age, the command goes forth from the triple crowned Head at Rome. The whole mighty organism, from the scarlet Cardinal to the rag-picker in the street, moves responsive to that command.

THE APOSTLE OF BRUTE FORCE.

Dean Stanley preached on Sunday, in Westminster Abbey, a sermon in praise of the late Mr. Carlyle. We should like to have the judgment of all serious Protestants upon this act of the Dean of Westminster. It is not a question as to the genius or the acquisitions or the writings of the unhappy defunct; it is one merely of propriety that we wish to ask. Is Dean Stanley a Christian; is Sunday the special day for the Christian worship of God, and is Westminster Abbey a Christian church? On the supposition of an answer to these questions in the affirmative, is it decorous to use a mild word, to speak words of praise on such a day, in such a place, of one who openly denied Christianity, and who (consistently) practised no form of it whatsoever? Could Protestantism ever dream itself more fully than by its observation of such an act in one whom it calls its minister? We are aware that there are thousands of Protestants who will lament, as we do, for this horrible desecration of a sacred day and a sacred place; but do they recollect that their Bishops and Archbishops have chartered the defunct, as well as of the conduct, of Dean Stanley and not a man of them dares to interfere? And can that be the Church of God, wherein every thing is allowed to be taught and to be denied at the whim of the individual?

A NUT CRACKED.

A miserable sheet is published in this city which calls itself a Protestant newspaper, though decent Protestants, we imagine, are ashamed of it. Like a toothless old man, in his second childhood, it mumbles over the same stuff about "Papists" being ignorant and bigoted and hating the Bible. It is ignorant itself that all religious bodies the Catholic Church is the only one that really believes the divine inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures and really venerates them as the written record of divine revelation. This miserable sheet has seen fit to notice our statement a few weeks ago in the Standard that criminal statistics showed that the vast majority of convicts in our jails and penitentiaries are persons who have been pupils in the Public Schools. By way of offset to this statement, the sheet to which we refer gives us what it calls "a hard nut" to crack. It says that the majority of murderers who are hanged are Protestants, and that the majority of Protestants who are hanged are Protestants. We admit the fact asserted and proceed to crack the nut. It is not a hard one, neither is it hollow. Its kernel is sweet and juicy to those who have a healthy taste, but will be very unpleasant to Protestants like those who write for, or have any liking for, the sheet we refer to. The majority of convicted murderers do prefer the services of Catholic Priests to those of Protestant ministers when confronted with the terrors of death, for several reasons: 1. The majority of persons, whether sentenced to be hung or not, know that Protestant ministers can really do nothing for them, and don't, therefore, care about their coming to repeat platitudes over to them about death and "repentance," which amount to nothing in reality. They know, too, that any ministers of religion have any real spiritual power and can apply real spiritual remedies for the maladies of their souls they are the Catholic Priests, and not Protestants. 2. Wealthy murderers usually escape arrest, and when arrested often evade trial, and most of those that are tried manage to obtain an acquittal or, if convicted, they usually escape the gallows by being sentenced to imprisonment and then securing a pardon. The poor, the rude, vulgar murderers are those who are most commonly caught, tried, convicted and sentenced to be hung. Of these poor condemned murderers many have never been near any religious service for years, but have lived in practical neglect of all religion, yet down in the depths of their hearts there has been a feeling, perhaps a real belief, perhaps only a vague sentiment, that if there is true religion on earth it is the Catholic religion. They know, too, that the Catholic Church does not despise them, and they know that Protestant "Churches" do. When like the prodigal of old, they are brought to their desperate situation to reflect, it is towards the Catholic Church, the Catholic Priest their eyes and their longings turn. They send for the Priest; and neither the Priest nor the Church, at whose Altars he ministers, nor one Savior whose vicar he is, is ashamed of the penitent murderer or shrink from embracing him. If our vulgar Protestant sheet wants further explanation it may find it, if it has "eyes to see," in the Bible it talks so much about, but to whose spirit it is so alien. There we find that the poor and the outcast, the denizens of lanes and byways, the penitent thief and murderer, are brought, urged, "compelled" to enter the banquet hall and partake of the feast, while the wealthy and wise and mighty after the fashion of this world, who have plenty of excuses for not accepting the invitation, are shut out and punished. We have cracked the nut proffered us to crack. We know the paper that offered it to us won't like the kernel. It may console itself by running off with the shell.—Philadelphia Standard.

There is no republic so truly democratic as the Church. The Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, who has just died, was the son of a poor weaver of Austrian Silesia, and it was only by the greatest sacrifices that the father was able to give him such an education as prepared him for ecclesiastical studies.

WORTHY SENTIMENTS FROM A NON-CATHOLIC.

At the recent banquet of Governor Perkin, in response to the toast "San Francisco," Hon. H. G. Platt, of this city, paid a generous tribute to the Franciscan Fathers, who were the pioneers of the cross in this portion of the Pacific. "San Francisco began in an humble settlement of Franciscan Monks. These missionaries of the Gospel, bearing aloft their sword and shield, the sacred cross, brave in moments of danger, enduring in hours of trial, nursing in their work of civilization, meek and lowly in spirit and life, founded upon the Western coast of this great continent the city of San Francisco only a few days before a band of heroes sounded upon the Eastern coast the tocsin of liberty, and published to the world our Declaration of Independence. The consciousness is a happy one, situated upon the Bay of San Francisco, whose Golden Gate looks out upon the lonely Pacific, where we are told the Occident and the Orient meet at the rising and the setting of the sun, spreads in many a cot and palace, a dome, turret and battlemented spires, in banks, warehouses and factories, in labyrinth of crowded thoroughfares, over hill and valley, the city of San Francisco, the Metropolis of the Pacific Coast. To its hospitable doors hundreds are at this moment speeding, with all the woe and poverty of the great American desert; to its docks a navy of ships are now sailing across every sea. Over two hundred thousand souls inhabit this queen city of the Pacific.

"The prosperity of San Francisco is the prosperity of the whole State; it must thrive or languish pari passu with the entire State; its future is as the future of California."—San Francisco Monitor.

FATHER RASLE, S. J.

A REMINISCENCE OF ANTI-CATHOLIC BIGOTRY. [From the San Francisco Monitor.] Hon. George Barstow of this city, in his History of New Hampshire, draws the portrait of the Jesuit missionary, Father Sebastian Rasle. Some of our readers will remember the burning of the Ursuline Convent many years ago, by an armed mob in Charlestown, Mass., and contemporaneously with that, the pulling down, in the night time, by a similar mob, in Maine, of the monument to Father Rasle, which stood on the spot where he was slain by the Indians. Mr. Barstow, whose history was written about the time of these occurrences, although a Protestant, closes the portrait of the missionary with a manly protest against the outrage, which we commend to the bigoted and intolerant of every sect. Here it is: "THE JESUITS PLANTED THE CROSS ON AN EARLY DAY AMONG THE TRIBES OF THE ALENQUIES. But of the missionaries whom they sent there no one endured or accomplished so much to Christianize the Indians as Father Sebastian Rasle. In early youth he left the enclosures of home and civilized life, plunged into the depths of wilds unexplored, and shrank with the Indians the privations of the wilderness. In the Indian village of Norridgewock, by a graceful curé of the Kennebec, on a beautiful prairie, stood his abode. All around lay a pathless wilderness. It was here that the missionary, then young, resolved to devote the remainder of his days to the spiritual services where he had been appointed. A church was erected, and supplied with those splendid decorations by which the Catholics seek to engage the imagination, and through that to reach the heart. Above the village stood one consecrated chapel, and below it another was erected, and bore on its walls the image of the holy virgin. By the assistance of women, the church was embellished with tasteful ornaments, and illumined by brilliant lights from the wax of the bay berries gathered from the Islands of the sea." A BELL WAS TRANSPORTED FROM CANADA, through the wilderness, which, at morning and evening hour, called the hunters and warriors to prayer. Around the village the primal forest yet stood in its grandeur and glory. Island, like Genes, studied the clear expanse of the Kennebec, and a range of lofty mountains skirted the distant horizon. The main song began to be chanted in these romantic solitudes, and with the uncoding music of the waterfall mingled the vespers hymn. The Indians that the vast majority of convicts in our jails and penitentiaries are persons who have been pupils in the Public Schools. By way of offset to this statement, the sheet to which we refer gives us what it calls "a hard nut" to crack. It says that the majority of murderers who are hanged are Protestants, and that the majority of Protestants who are hanged are Protestants. We admit the fact asserted and proceed to crack the nut. It is not a hard one, neither is it hollow. Its kernel is sweet and juicy to those who have a healthy taste, but will be very unpleasant to Protestants like those who write for, or have any liking for, the sheet we refer to. The majority of convicted murderers do prefer the services of Catholic Priests to those of Protestant ministers when confronted with the terrors of death, for several reasons: 1. The majority of persons, whether sentenced to be hung or not, know that Protestant ministers can really do nothing for them, and don't, therefore, care about their coming to repeat platitudes over to them about death and "repentance," which amount to nothing in reality. They know, too, that any ministers of religion have any real spiritual power and can apply real spiritual remedies for the maladies of their souls they are the Catholic Priests, and not Protestants. 2. Wealthy murderers usually escape arrest, and when arrested often evade trial, and most of those that are tried manage to obtain an acquittal or, if convicted, they usually escape the gallows by being sentenced to imprisonment and then securing a pardon. The poor, the rude, vulgar murderers are those who are most commonly caught, tried, convicted and sentenced to be hung. Of these poor condemned murderers many have never been near any religious service for years, but have lived in practical neglect of all religion, yet down in the depths of their hearts there has been a feeling, perhaps a real belief, perhaps only a vague sentiment, that if there is true religion on earth it is the Catholic religion. They know, too, that the Catholic Church does not despise them, and they know that Protestant "Churches" do. When like the prodigal of old, they are brought to their desperate situation to reflect, it is towards the Catholic Church, the Catholic Priest their eyes and their longings turn. They send for the Priest; and neither the Priest nor the Church, at whose Altars he ministers, nor one Savior whose vicar he is, is ashamed of the penitent murderer or shrink from embracing him. If our vulgar Protestant sheet wants further explanation it may find it, if it has "eyes to see," in the Bible it talks so much about, but to whose spirit it is so alien. There we find that the poor and the outcast, the denizens of lanes and byways, the penitent thief and murderer, are brought, urged, "compelled" to enter the banquet hall and partake of the feast, while the wealthy and wise and mighty after the fashion of this world, who have plenty of excuses for not accepting the invitation, are shut out and punished. We have cracked the nut proffered us to crack. We know the paper that offered it to us won't like the kernel. It may console itself by running off with the shell.—Philadelphia Standard.

MR. FROUDE ON CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Some men adorn whatever they touch, other men they mar and their subject can hardly fail to be impertinent in writing of it. To the latter class belongs Mr. J.A. Froude. One of his latest subjects has been Cardinal Newman, of whom he thus speaks: Far different from Kettle, from my brother, from Dr. Pusey, from all the rest of the Anglo-Catholic revival—John Henry Newman, who disappeared from the world's eyes. He came out again in a conflict with a deaf friend of mine, who on my account partly (I least in reviewing a book which I had written) provoked a contest with him and his friends. Newman, by the solitary publication of the famous "Apologia," a defence personally of Newman's own life and actions, a next of the Catholic cause. The writer of it is again in power in modern society, a Prince of the Church; surrounded, if he appears in public, with adoring crowds of fond ladies going on their knees before him in London salons. Himself of modest nature, he never sought greatness, but greatness found him in spite of himself. To him, if to any one man, the world owes the intellectual recovery of Romanism. Fifty years ago it was in England a dying creed, lingering in retirement in the halls and chapels of a few half-forgotten families. A shy Oxford student has come out on its behalf into the field of controversy, armed with the keenest weapons of modern learning and philosophy, and wins illustrious contests, and has kindled hopes that England herself, the England of Elizabeth and Cromwell, will kneel for absolutism again before the Father of Christendom. Mr. Buckle questioned whether any great work has ever been done in this world by an individual man. Newman, by the solitary force of his own mind, has produced the extraordinary change. What he has done we all see; but what will come of it our children will see.—Catholic Review.

Rev. Fathers Prosper, Laurent and Dominique, Franciscans, who have been expelled from their convents in France, embarked at Marseilles on January 6th for the Missions in the Holy Land. At Naples they were joined by R. P. Hilario, lately Guardian of their convent in Paris.

One crack in the lantern may let in the wind to blow out the light; one leak unstop will sink the ship and drown all on board; one unguarded point will cause ruin of character; one sin cherished will destroy the soul.

Letters are being received daily by Archbishop Kavanagh from large numbers of persons, certifying to having been miraculously cured through the power of Our Blessed Lady of Knock. Among the latest is one from a grateful wife whose husband had been hurt unto death by a horse, another from San Felling, Deudham, certifies to four miraculous cures having been wrought in that village, and testifies to the power and goodness of "Our Lady of Knock."

A VILE ABUSE.

SHOCKING VULGARITY OF CERTAIN AMERICAN WOMEN—A WARNING TO CATHOLIC LADIES. All first-class dailies have now a society column. It used to be a column; now it is a whole page. It was a melange of the doings and sayings of public men and women; now it is a weekly review of the matrimonial market. Our young misses, who have any pretensions to fin must now see themselves as in print at least once a week, or they fancy the crowd of wife-seekers have passed on and forgotten to call. We know now when our society belles get a new dress; when they took their last trip South on a Fifth street car; when they got rid of their dolls, and how long they had them; when they will be able to see their sweethearts, and how long they will remain at home before flying away again to greet the ten thousand lovers who are dying to greet them in all parts of this country and Europe. It is simply abominable and horribly vulgar.

The worst of it is, all these notices are sent in by the young ladies themselves. Our readers may rest assured that we know how the society department of our Sundays papers is edited. During the week thousands of censored envelopes find their way into the drawers of the society editor, and on Sunday they appear just as they were written. When you see that the charming young Miss Lisette Latesting has just arrived from a most pleasant trip to the sea-side, you may wager your backbone that all that was written to the paper by Miss Lisette Latesting herself, that she called herself charming and called her ride on a sewing machine wagon to Queen's Lake in the Illinois bottoms a trip to the sea-side. No paper would dare use a young lady's name without her knowledge and consent. The number of those notices, which are reported from associates in our papers is surprisingly large for a city making pretense to culture and refinement. In Europe such vulgarity is unheard of in decent society. A lady so gazzeted could and would recover heavy damages from the libelous editor, and on Sunday they appear just as they were written. When you see that the charming young Miss Lisette Latesting has just arrived from a most pleasant trip to the sea-side, you may wager your backbone that all that was written to the paper by Miss Lisette Latesting herself, that she called herself charming and called her ride on a sewing machine wagon to Queen's Lake in the Illinois bottoms a trip to the sea-side. No paper would dare use a young lady's name without her knowledge and consent. The number of those notices, which are reported from associates in our papers is surprisingly large for a city making pretense to culture and refinement.

ARCHDEACON KAVANAGH OF KNOCK.

A correspondent writing to the New Orleans Morning Star, on January 22nd, says:—"The readers of the Morning Star will doubtless learn with delight that the wonderful favors showered by heaven upon the humble church of Knock, so far from being exhausted, would appear to be only beginning. The letters received by Archbishop Kavanagh show that miraculous cures are still being wrought even away from Knock, by the pious use of the cement. The venerable clergyman related to me most interesting details of the many apparitions, extraordinary lights, voices, and voices, with which he has himself lately been favored. I am at liberty to make but bare mention of these; some day ere long, when the process of the Ecclesiastical Commission, still sitting, shall be given to the world, we may report full particulars of the wonderful apparitions witnessed by Archbishop Kavanagh. The apparitions, etc., seen and heard by Father Kavanagh extend to the main over the Christmas holidays, notably on the feast of St. John the Evangelist, on the octave of said feast, on the feast of the Epiphany, and within its octave. Brilliant lights, pillars of light, and stars of extraordinary lustre have been seen outside the southern gable of the church (the gable of the Apparition) on the nights of the 2nd and 3rd of January. On other nights of the Christmas holidays similar sights were seen. This has been vouchered for me by many who were present. Letters are being received daily by Archbishop Kavanagh from large numbers of persons, certifying to having been miraculously cured through the power of Our Blessed Lady of Knock. Among the latest is one from a grateful wife whose husband had been hurt unto death by a horse, another from San Felling, Deudham, certifies to four miraculous cures having been wrought in that village, and testifies to the power and goodness of "Our Lady of Knock."

Someone having urged Tasso to avenge himself upon a man who had done him a great many injuries, he said, "I wish to take from him neither his property, nor his life, nor his honor, but only his ill-will towards me."