

Where are the passions they essayed,
And where the tears they made to flow?
Where the wild humors they portrayed
For laughing words to see and hear?
Othello's wrath and Juliet's woe?
Sir Peter's whims and Trimon's gall?
And Moliere and Rostand?
Into the night you go and all.

Where are the braveries fresh or frayed?
The plumes, the armor—friend or foe?
The clasp of gold, the rare brocade?
The mantles glistening to and fro?
The pomp, the price, the royal show?
The cries of war and festival?
The youth, the grace; the charm, the glow?
Into the night you go and all.

The curtain falls, the play is played;
The besgar packs beside the bench
The monarch troops, and troops the maid
The thunder huddles with the snow,
Where are the robes, the high and low
The clashing sword? The lover's call?
The hero, gleaming row on row?
Into the night you go and all.

ENVOI.
Prince, in one common overthrow
The hero tumbles with the thrall;
As dust of gold, the rare brocade,
Into the night you go and all.

SHORT INSTRUCTIONS FOR LOW MASSES.
(Delivered by the Rev. James Donohoe, rector of the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

XL.
HOLY ORDERS.

DEAR PEOPLE: I am going to speak to you to-day on the Christian Priesthood. I am fully persuaded that consequences of the highest kind depend upon the people having a just appreciation of what that priesthood is. The day when there will be no priest, humanity will be a synonym with crime; the world will be a ruin. The day when you come to judge the priest as a narrow, worldly standpoint, you destroy the salutary action of his ministry upon your life. If you lived in the time of Christ, talked with Him, saw Him perform miracles, and listened to His discourses, and still judged Him to be a mere man, His blood would be shed in vain for you. If you judge the sacerdotal power and dignity by merely human standards, you do an injustice to Christ by failing to recognize the boundless love that moved Him to institute the Priesthood. You do an irreparable injury to yourself by failing to partly appreciate the means of satisfaction and salvation He has given you. A fatal mistake may also be made by confounding the sacerdotal dignity with the personal merit of the depository of that dignity. In Christ alone the dignity and the merit are absolutely identical. In His representatives these two things are separable. Thanks be to God, they are generally in harmony, but if ever they are not it is spiritual self-destruction to despise the dignity upon account of the person. Consider, of itself, the sacerdotal dignity can neither be augmented by the excellence of Him who is clothed with it, nor diminished by the unworthiness of him who exercises it. A true conception of the sublimity of the Christian Priesthood, at the same time that it is very advantageous to the people, is for the priest himself most salutary. It is in the nature of things that a man will try to do what it is well known he ought to be. But how can I raise your minds to a just appreciation of the sublime dignity and wondrous powers of the priest? All the potestates on earth, all the power, learning and skill that have ever appeared in this world, could not make a priest. His vocation, his state, his dignity, his functions, his charge are indisputably united to his person. The power which could make a man the ruler of all the nations of the world could not make him a priest, and there is no power on earth that could take away his priesthood.

"To be a priest," says St. Thomas Aquinas, "is to be a mediator between God and man."

The Council of Trent says: "If any one shall say that there is not in the New Testament a visible and external priesthood, or that there is no power of consecrating and offering up the body and blood of Christ, and of forgiving and retaining sins, but an office only and a bare ministry of preaching the Gospel, let him be anathema." There is then a priesthood, and the priest is the mediator between God and man. If he is a mediator he is placed between two parties who are apart for the purpose of bringing about a reconciliation. The priest is the mediator between God and the people. He transmits to the people God's gifts and presents to God the needs of the people; offers for them the Most High, prayers, thanks and sacrifice; as St. Paul says in his epistle to the Hebrews: "Every Pontiff taken from among men is established for men regarding the worship of God, to offer gifts and sacrifices for sin." To be a priest is to be a mediator between heaven and earth. To be a priest is to be charged with the mission of ending the separation between God and man, of establishing the relation of love which should unite the creature to the Creator. Man in separating from God commits a crime. This crime must be expiated before a union is re-established. Hence the necessity of sacrifice. Hence in all ages the essential function of the priest has been the offering of sacrifice. His very name, Sacerdos, means offering the sacrifice. Jesus Christ is the only one who offered sacrifice sufficient to expiate man's sin. St. Paul puts this very clearly when he says: "There is but one God, there is but one mediator between God and man, Jesus Christ, who delivered Himself for the redemption of all." In a hundred places of sacred Scripture the doctrine of our mediator is clearly put forward. Christ is called the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, the obedience of one we are all made just. Jesus Christ entered into heaven that He might always appear before the face of God in our behalf, that He might remain perpetually our mediator.

Now, if Jesus Christ is the only mediator, He is also the only Priest. The sacerdotal power and dignity belong to Him alone. The priesthood is in some way enclosed in Him. It has in Him its origin, its fullness, its root, and its expansion. But there is a visible priesthood in the world, and it is

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A PERUVIAN MARTYR.

A DEVOTED PRIEST WHO DIED RATHER THAN BETRAY THE SECRETS OF THE CONFESSORIAL.

About a year ago, measures were taken at Rome tending toward the canonization of Fray Martin de Andres Berez, a Spanish friar of the order of St. Camillo, better known as that of the Buena Muerte, or Good Death. At the same time a like honor was proposed for a Peruvian priest, Pedro Maruliz, who was a member of the same confraternity. Of the latter but little was known, except the mere fact of his martyrdom on account of his refusal to disclose the secrets of the confessional. However, the discovery, at Rome, of an oil painting representing a priest dressed in the habit of the order of the Buena Muerte, lying on a coffin, and four musketeers drawn up before it in the position of firing, has caused a more strenuous search for authentic data in regard to the death of Fray Pedro, Don Ricardo Palma, director of the National Library at Lima, has searched the archives of that institution, and from his investigations is gleaned the following history of the Peruvian martyr:

Fray Pedro Maruliz was born of noble parents at Parma, in the year 1780, and was admitted to holy orders in 1807. Early at that time, was torn asunder by political dissensions and everything was tending towards a separation from Spain. It was the fashion to be a patriot, but Father Maruliz was too conservative to join the ranks. In his opinion, the patriots were promoters of heresy, and, for that reason, under the ban of excommunication. The good father was, if possible, a greater royalist than the King himself. When the Spaniards abandoned Lima, in 1821, leaving General San Martin, the patriot leader, at liberty to enter the city, Fray Pedro refused to submit to the new order of things and cast his lot with the armies of Spain. La Serna appointed him chaplain of one of his divisions, and he took part in all the separate combats of the campaign. When the Spanish General, Don Ramon Rodil, seized the Castle of Callao, Father Maruliz accompanied him. The battle of Ayacucho broke the military power of Spain in Peru, but Rodil and Maruliz, besieged in the Castle Callao, held out for nine months, till September, 1825, against bombardment, scurvy and hunger.

At last the soldiers began to revolt, and on the 23rd of September, on the eve of the festival of our Lady of Mercy, it was announced to the brigadier that at 9 o'clock a formidable revolt led by Captain Montero de las Rosas, the ablest of his officers, and others in whom Rodil had placed the greatest confidence, was to be made. Without a moment's hesitation he ordered all of the conspirators to be placed in irons, but, although he submitted them to the greatest tortures, they steadfastly refused to reveal their plans, and denied the existence of any revolutionary plot. To relieve himself from any further worry, the brigadier determined to shoot all the prisoners, whether guilty or innocent, at precisely the same hour fixed by them for their uprising.

"Chaplain," he said to Father Maruliz, "it is now 6 o'clock, and in three hour your reverence will have confessed these rebels," and left the dungeon. At 9 the thirteen prisoners were in the presence of God.

But in spite of this wholesale sacrifice, the mind of the general was still disturbed. "Who knows," he soliloquized, "if there be not others here yet alive harboring the same plans as those dispatched? No, this thing shall be sifted to the bottom. The confessor must know all the details, and all who are connected," and calling his orderly he bade him summon the chaplain.

When Father Maruliz entered, the general closed the door carefully and said: "Father, it must be that in confession those rebels revealed to you their plans, and the material on which they counted. This I require to know, and in the King's name I order you to tell me all you know, by name and particular."

"But, general, you ask an impossibility. I would not sacrifice the salvation of my soul by revealing the secrets of a penitent, if the King, whom God may have in holy keeping, should demand it of me."

The general was furious in his rage, and seized the priest by the shoulders he shouted:

"Fray! either you shall tell me or you shall die!"

Fray Pedro, unmoved, replied with calmness:

"If Almighty God has ordained my martyrdom, let His holy will be done. The minister of the altar can tell nothing."

"Speak, friar, traitor to your King, your banner and your general!"

"I am as loyal as you to the flag of Castile, but never can I be a traitor to my God."

Rodil rushed to the door, and calling Captain Yoturaide, ordered him to bring a file of soldiers with their pieces charged.

The soldiers silently entered.

In the room where the tragedy was enacted were several empty boxes, one of which was about six feet in length.

"O your knees, friar!" ordered Rodil.

Father Maruliz, knowing that the box was destined to be his coffin, fell on his knees beside it.

"Make ready, sir!" ordered the Spanish general, and, turning to the kneeling priest, he said: "For the last time, and in the name of the King, I command you to confess."

"In the name of God, I refuse," replied the friar in resolute tones.

"Fire!"

And Father Pedro Maruliz fell a martyr to sacred duty, his breast pierced by the fatal bullets.

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A Terrible Ten Years.

Mrs. Thomas Acres, of Huntley, Ont., suffered all the tortures of liver complaint for ten years. Four bottles of B. B. B. entirely cured her, making her like a new woman again, after other medicines had failed to relieve her.

clergy assume externals here that are deemed becoming or even necessary in other countries? The answer, as I said, is various; but as to the argument taken from the example of Christ and His Apostles, just as, in the words of St. Augustine: "I would not believe the Gospel unless induced by the authority of the Catholic Church," so we may and must also say: I accept no interpretation of the Gospel contrary to "the sense which the Catholic Church has held and does hold, whose function and right it is to declare what is the true sense" (Council of Trent, Session 4), and to adapt it to the ever-varying circumstances of times and localities.

MORE SOMETHING ELSE THAN CHRISTIAN.

"Koozonian," in Canada Presbyterian.

Here is a man who hates Popery much more than he hates sin. He hates a Roman Catholic far more than he hates the devil. Holy water is far more distasteful to him than bad whiskey. His highest and most spiritual aspiration is expressed by the phrase, "To bell with the Pope." He sings "Croppies, Lie Down" with greater gusto than he would sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," or "Amen, My God to Thee." In fact he never does sing these hymns at all. They don't remind him of the good, old days when Catholic and Protestant neighbours butchered each other. The greatest sacrifice this man ever made for Protestantism was to curse Popery; his highest work for this fallen world was to speak against the Pope. He is against Mowat, and burn the Rosa Selections. This man is more Protestant than Christian. Pity that Protestantism should have to carry such men.

Here is a pompous looking man who puts on insufferable airs. He is not anybody in particular, but he always poses as if he were a distinguished person. He talks in very inflated tones about "the Church." He turns up his nose at what he calls "the sects." He sniffs the air and says he won't "mix" with these sects. He speaks patriciously of Spurgeon, John Hall and other men of distinction. Poor Spurgeon! He always hates Methodists and Methodism with a peculiarly bitter hatred. This man is more Episcopalian than Christian.

Look at this grumpy, pugilistic fellow who is always anxious to do battle for his Church. If a Scotchman, he is ready for argument. He can quote from the good Book with considerable readiness and skill, and he has at his finger ends the stock arguments against Methodism. Drunk or sober he can argue. If an Irishman, he is ready to "lick" at a moment's notice any man in the town who dares to say one word against the Confession of Faith, the Catechism, or against any person or thing distinctively Presbyterian. This man is more Presbyterian than Christian.

Who is this smooth-tongued, oily-looking little man who moves about in a smoking sort of a way, with a smirk on his countenance, and his phrases on his lips? He is very civil in a quiet time. When there is no "boom" in he is soft and sweet. But let a special effort get well under way, and begin to draw, or a camp meeting raise a commotion in the neighborhood, and that sweet little brother in one hour turns bitter and abusive. His brotherly love he uses to speak about at Union meetings vanishes into thin air, and he denounces all the other denominations, especially the Presbyterians. He says Calvinism sends thousands of men to the bad place. "That little brother is more Methodist than Christian."

See this grim, ill-natured looking man who goes around the other denouncing and coaxes the people to leave. If he hears that anybody in some other Church has a difficulty of any kind, he immediately goes to him, and gives him a tract on Baptism. If the discontented man is a Presbyterian, he generally gives him some guarded extracts from Chalmers, Barnes, or the proceedings of the Westminster Assembly. This grim, angry man goes into shops and offices, and rings the changes on "into and out of." He sneaks into kitchens and back-yards, and tells the servant girl something about baptism and the lexicons. If foreman in a shop, or any position that gives him power, the power is certain to be used in favor of the tank. It is not necessary to say that this man is more Baptist than Christian. Rowland Hill said that he would not cross the street to make a man a Baptist, though he would travel a long distance to make him a Christian. This grim proselytizer would not cross the street to make a man a Christian, but he would travel around the globe to make him a Baptist.

Watch this man with the furtive glance, the slouched back, and the limp Bible. He begins his meetings by solemnly declaring a great many times that he has no object in view but to save souls. We are an honest man, and had no other object in view, he would not make the statement so often. A man who knows he is telling the truth generally says a thing but once. After getting the ear of the people this man with the furtive glance begins to make attacks on the Churches and ministers in the neighborhood. The next step is to form an organization of his own, though he declared a dozen times he had no such intention. Then follows a system of proselytizing that would make the cheek of the toughest ward politician crimson with shame. Whatever misrepresentations, trickery and deceit of the vilest kind can do to break down the Churches is done—and done under a thin veneer of hypocrisy. Lying is never so odious as when done in the name of the Lord. Misrepresentation is never so vile as when uttered with a pious snivel. Hypocrisy is never so loathsome as when the hypocrite lays one hand on the horse of the altar, and tries to stab his neighbor with the other.

A man with the furtive glance is more Plymouth than Christian. In fact he is a Plymouth Ten Years.

Mrs. Thomas Acres, of Huntley, Ont., suffered all the tortures of liver complaint for ten years. Four bottles of B. B. B. entirely cured her, making her like a new woman again, after other medicines had failed to relieve her.

cathedral and going off to be married in one of the neighboring Protestant convents by man in a black broadcloth coat. And this just about the time of those historic events, the creation of the first American Cardinal and the opening of his new cathedral.

Do we need missionaries—that is merely titular dignitaries—so soon in the American Church? I presume some will say we do. But there are those who think that the American people will still listen more willingly to the one that is addressed familiarly, that the height of the hat by which he recals his brethren helps them to remember the superior station he fills and to reverence him accordingly. Thus you see there is deep philosophy and profound knowledge of human nature even in the choice of a covering for the head. If we were all perfect, and sin had not brought shame on us, doubtless we would get on very well in the majestic nakedness of Adam, who was clothed only with the royal mantle of "original justice," and in the "beauty undimmed" of the mother and queen of humanity. But I fear that there would be sad disorders if we attempted a sudden reversion to that beautiful fable of the bygone. We were a fallen race, and are not strong enough to do without the otherwise absurd, ugly and disgusting encumbrance of clothing.

Now as to the dwelling of the priest. There is no doubt that the Irish like to have their priests live in a "decent" house, or for the same reasons which make the stork insist on the tall hat. I need, I was especially but firmly interested, once, because I did not buy a dwelling for myself that far outshone in appearance and actually exceeded in value the adjoining church edifice, in which the pioneers of a certain parish modestly offered worship to the Hidden God. And this while I was pinching and scraping to form the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a new and larger church, which the common voice demanded. Yet verily those same Irish have a remarkable predilection for the ministrations of priests who "profess poverty." The whole business looks very much as if they would force secular clergy, cardinals, bishops, prelates and all, to represent them and pocket their money before the world and in temporal matters, but when it comes to settling their private affairs with God, ah! then, "send for Frar Thomas."

In Ireland and in Canada they call the bishop's house a palace, and truly it is amusing sometimes to see the unpretending dwelling to which this appellation is applied, and it is sad too, at least to some, to notice the appalling wretchedness of the dwellings of those whose contributions went to erect the sometimes magnificent mansion that bears the regal title. Is there philosophy in this, too? There is. It is found here also in the weakness of human nature.

Alas! the German ecclesiastical historian, tells us how St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, "exerted himself to have the bishops created spiritual peers of the empire, in order that they should enjoy a certain political consideration and prerogative which all would recognize and respect, and possess some sort of protection against the violence of kings and the insolence of nobles." He says, moreover, that "the possession of allodial estates on the part of bishops and abbots, although frequently entered into from sordid motives, was necessary in that rude people, because the clergy had to establish themselves permanently in the country, and this could only be effected by entering into close alliances and maintaining intimate relations with the great and powerful, who commanded the respect and the obedience of the lower orders. Now in order that the bishops and the abbots might be regarded with familiar feelings, it was necessary that they should become in some sort the equals of the nobles, and in this they were qualified to do their places in the diet of the empire, and the only available way of rising to such a distinction and consideration among a coarse and semi-civilized people was to follow the example of the lay lords, and acquire large landed possessions, held either in freehold or in fief. But peers of the empire? Had to dwell in castles and "houses" in this way the bishop's house came to be so called. There are some of those prince bishops still among the nations of Central and Eastern Europe, and the principle on which their existence is based one of those whereon is founded also the temporal sovereignty of the Pope.

Was St. Boniface wise in this course? There seems to be no doubt at all about it, even though the people were not coarse and semi-civilized, for even the most highly cultured nations have always felt that the chief representatives of the spiritual power should have a position, a maintenance, and a State equal to that of a State of society. But what about a state of society in which the State does not exist? Of course as Alzog says, there was "danger of avarice," and God knows what frightful abuses followed this policy, but yet, as human nature is, it was the only enduring way to keep up the necessary influence of religion. For Republicanism, in all its majestic beautiful simplicity, is maintained in this fallen world only with difficulty; pride, luxury and lust, on the part of the stronger members of society, trampling on poverty, gentleness and chastity, has too often been the normal condition, and the weak must have their protectors, the bishops and priests, recognized in public life in a secure position. Have things come to this pass in the United States, that our priests must have their noble dwellings and "palaces," must attire themselves like the rich and wear titles of nobility? Is the republic fallen so low that its citizens cannot recognize the truth unless its herald is called "Your Eminence," "My Lord" or "Your Grace," and lives in a palatial mansion and preaches in a massive edifice? We may, we shall, also come to this in the course of time, for history repeats itself; but are there already? It is a hard question to answer.

There were those who thought and said that Cardinal McCloskey's red of Jantzen would, like the "single hair" of New York and their wives (the latter first) irresistibly to the conviction of and submission to the truth. And yet I remember two of the most wealthy Catholics of New York turning their backs on the Cardinal and that splendid

because he is their chief social and political representative, and they feel that they will be respected according as he is, and they know the deference paid to dress and appearance generally, but also they feel that the mass of themselves are so poor and suffer so much from the ignorance which results from poverty, that they will fail to recognize the priest as their superior unless he assumes a head-gear similar to that of the easy and better informed classes. So much, too, is the imagination bound up with the reactionary faculty, that the height of the hat by which he recals his brethren helps them to remember the superior station he fills and to reverence him accordingly. Thus you see there is deep philosophy and profound knowledge of human nature even in the choice of a covering for the head. If we were all perfect, and sin had not brought shame on us, doubtless we would get on very well in the majestic nakedness of Adam, who was clothed only with the royal mantle of "original justice," and in the "beauty undimmed" of the mother and queen of humanity. But I fear that there would be sad disorders if we attempted a sudden reversion to that beautiful fable of the bygone. We were a fallen race, and are not strong enough to do without the otherwise absurd, ugly and disgusting encumbrance of clothing.

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Fair is My Native Isle.

—Erin the Tear and the Smile in Thine Eyes.
Fair is my native Isle,
Proud is she, too;
Sweet is her kindly smile,
Loving and true;
Exiled ones sigh for her,
Brave men would die for her,
Such love have I for her,
So would I do.

Dark has her story been
Down through long years;
Of her sweet face was seen
Wet with and tears;
Now all looks bright for her,
Now comes daylight for her,
Freedom and light for her,
Placed midst her peers.

Far in the olden time
Eign was her fame;
Nations in every clime
Blessed her dear name,
Peace comes once more to her,
Fame as of yore to her,
Each breast swells for her,
And land acclaim.
—T. D. Sullivan in Dublin Nation.

THE PRIEST AND THE PUBLIC.

AN INTERESTING COMPARISON BY REV. DR. M'WERNY IN THE "CATHOLIC WORLD."

I went with a priest once to call on the former Archbishop of an American See. As we approached his house, I saw a group of poor men and women, evidently of the needy class, standing about on the sidewalk, and apparently awaiting their turn to enter the house, for which I was to call. "There they are," said my guide, "Every Monday morning he gives audience to any poor people that want it, and the door is left open and no porter in sight, so that they won't be timid about entering." We went in, and for my part, to use the strong simile of a French writer, "I felt as if I were about to call on Jesus Christ."

What the priest thought and felt I will say later on, but I never before realized the character of the successor of the apostles so much as on that occasion. He is the same Prelate who was found mending his cassock while stopping in Baltimore in attendance on the Plenary Council, just as the apostle of Alaska, Archbishop Seghers, lately deceased, had to do and did, as I read in his letters, far up on the backs of the Youkon.

I might recall other instances in the lives of laymen and clergymen which have left an indelible and a most edifying impression on myself, precisely on account of their plain, unaffected ways. What an appalling thought it is, indeed, that our every slightest act may be noted and treasured up, and produce an everlasting effect on those who observe it! My object, however, is to inquire whether and how far the democratic simplicity of Sts. Peter and Paul, of Archbishop N. and Father D. and Bishop Baley are expedient for the propagation of the faith of Christ amongst the general public, and its preservation in the children of the fold. I leave Dr. Brownson and Horace Greeley and Peter Cooper, as well as Socrates and Plato, out of the question. It shocks one to have a person that bears of their wisdom, patriotism and philanthropy ask how much their income was how they spend it, or how they are spending their characters till he weighed their wealth. So much for philosophers of whom, indeed, it may be said that, unless their singularity gives us reason to suspect their sanity, their titles, abodes and apparel make no difference in their acceptability as teachers of wisdom.

But teaching of the faith: Does it make a difference whether they are entitled eminence, grace, lordship, right reverend, and such? whether they ride in a carriage or in a street car, or go about carrying their own carpet bags? whether they wear a dress hat or a Kos-suth, a cassock or a pair of trousers? It appears that it does to a greater or less extent, and among peoples of different character and condition.

For instance, I am assured, and experience has taught me, that in Ireland a priest is to prophet unless he wears that strange capital integument which is the object of so much bantering and to which so many contemptuous epithets are applied. I believe I now know technically known as a silk hat. I know many an excellent priest in this country whose mission would be barren in the Isle of Saints because he prefers the easy, graceful, sensible slouch of the Western plains. What does this show on the part of the Hierarchical? We shall see later. "Lord me no lords," our most illustrious theologian, Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, used to say. "Lord me no lords; you left your lords in Ireland."

A graduate of the college already mentioned complained in my hearing that a certain church in his metropolitan city to give Confirmation, and actually came in a street car! "O tempora! O mores!" I was expected to express a respectful amount of virtuous surprise at the forgetfulness of his dignity on the part of the first American Cardinal. I didn't. But only want to show how the people, even the educated, even in the chief city of the republic, look at these things.

There was a layman's opinion. I told about my call on Archbishop N. Would you believe me when I say that the priest who accompanied me actually found fault with the Bishop for receiving those poor wretches? I could not help remembering how "He receiveth publicans and sinners," and I was astonished at the confidence. I heard from other parties that those fellows, and also listen to the stories of those poor women, who only want a dollar? So, what edified me beyond anything I had experienced, even in my five years' residence in Rome, actually caused the ecclesiastical to find fault with one of the pioneer Bishops of our country.

I heard from other parties that the wealthy Catholics of his diocese didn't like the same Prelate either, because he accepted a splendid carriage and horses only to send them at once to be sold for the orphans. And these critics were men and women who were wielding pickaxes and hammers, and bending over washbasins and girdloths, and actually came in the rickshaws, while the bishop was already deep in the window of Aquinas and Dominis, and was reading in the footsteps of Bernard and Las Casas.

Why do the Irish want their priests to wear a high hat? I suppose it is not only

because he is their chief social and political representative, and they feel that they will be respected according as he is, and they know the deference paid to dress and appearance generally, but also they feel that the mass of themselves are so poor and suffer so much from the ignorance which results from poverty, that they will fail to recognize the priest as their superior unless he assumes a head-gear similar to that of the easy and better informed classes. So much, too, is the imagination bound up with the reactionary faculty, that the height of the hat by which he recals his brethren helps them to remember the superior station he fills and to reverence him accordingly. Thus you see there is deep philosophy and profound knowledge of human nature even in the choice of a covering for the head. If we were all perfect, and sin had not brought shame on us, doubtless we would get on very well in the majestic nakedness of Adam, who was clothed only with the royal mantle of "original justice," and in the "beauty undimmed" of the mother and queen of humanity. But I fear that there would be sad disorders if we attempted a sudden reversion to that beautiful fable of the bygone. We were a fallen race, and are not strong enough to do without the otherwise absurd, ugly and disgusting encumbrance of clothing.

Now as to the dwelling of the priest. There is no doubt that the Irish like to have their priests live in a "decent" house, or for the same reasons which make the stork insist on the tall hat. I need, I was especially but firmly interested, once, because I did not buy a dwelling for myself that far outshone in appearance and actually exceeded in value the adjoining church edifice, in which the pioneers of a certain parish modestly offered worship to the Hidden God. And this while I was pinching and scraping to form the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a new and larger church, which the common voice demanded. Yet verily those same Irish have a remarkable predilection for the ministrations of priests who "profess poverty." The whole business looks very much as if they would force secular clergy, cardinals, bishops, prelates and all, to represent them and pocket their money before the world and in temporal matters, but when it comes to settling their private affairs with God, ah! then, "send for Frar Thomas."

In Ireland and in Canada they call the bishop's house a palace, and truly it is amusing sometimes to see the unpretending dwelling to which this appellation is applied, and it is sad too, at least to some, to notice the appalling wretchedness of the dwellings of those whose contributions went to erect the sometimes magnificent mansion that bears the regal title. Is there philosophy in this, too? There is. It is found here also in the weakness of human nature.