#### Working and Waiting.

[Ada Isaacs Menken, the author of the following lines, was a woman of uncommos ability in versification. Born at the South a Jewess, she led a chequered life; went to Europe, where her name was coupled with that of the elder Dumas. She filtted back and forth, appearing in fourth-rate parts in second-class theatres. Her poems,—'Infelix and other Poems," published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,—continue to sell. She was a very remarkable woman, combining the seriousness of her pen with a sad seriousness of her pen with a sat she was married to J. C. Heenan, bu found the mercy whose signet

died! Working and waiting have rebbed from the artist
All that his marblefcan show for his pride.
Statue-like sitting
Alone in the flitting
And wind-haunted shadows that people her
hearth.

hearth,
God protect all of usGod shelter all of usFrom the reproach of such things on the

All the day long, and all through the cold Still the hot needle she wearily plies, Haggard and white as the ghost of a spurned one, Sewing white robes for the chosen one's

eyes—
Lost in her sorrow,
But for the morrow
Phanton—like speaking in every stitch.
God protect all of us—
God shelter all of us—
From the curse born with each sigh for the

Low burns the lamp. Fly swifter the needle!

Swifter then asp for the breast of the poor!
Bise the pale light will be stolen by pity,
Ere of the vital part thou has made sure.
Dying, yet living—
All the world's giving
Barely the life that runs out with the thread—
God protect all of us—
God shelter all of us—
From her last glance as she follows the dead!

What if the morning finds her still bearing
All the soul's load of a mercless it,
Fate will not lighten a grain of the burden,
While the poor bearer by man is forgot;
Sewing and sighing—
Sewing and dying—
What to such life is a day or two more?
God protect all of us—
From the new day's lease of woe to the poor

Hasten ye winds! and yield her mercy
Lving in sleep on your purified breath;
Yield her the mercy, enfolding a blessing.
Yield her the mercy, whose signet is des
In her toil stopping,
See her work dropping,
Fate! thou art mercifu!! Life, thou art do
God protect all of us.

God protect all of us—
God shelter all of us—
From the heart breaking, and yet living on

Winds that have smited her! tell ye the story Of the young life of the needle that bled: Making its bridge over death's soundless waters,
Out of a swaying and soul-cutting thread.
Over itgoing,
All the world knowing.
Thousands have trod it, foot bleeding, before;
God protect all of us—
God shelter all of us—
Should she look from the opposite shore!

#### From the Catholic World. A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XII. MR. QUIP FINDS HIS SPHERE.

To be settled definitely in a certain cor dition of life is a consolation afforded only to a fortunate minority. The changes incident to Canadian society, situated it is on the borders of civilization, are capait is on the borders of civilization, are capa-cious, and he who but yesterday found in himselt the dispositions, tastes, and ten-dencies for one settled pursuit, is to-day, by a turn of the proverbial wheel, a prey to doubt and indecision as to his fitness for anything. Social ship-wrecks are not uncommon in a sea where vessels are left suddenly without helm or compass. Morn-ing suns turn into clouds of portentous meaning, and—

"So I might go on," observed Mr. Quip "So I might go on," observed Mr. Quip placidly to the patient who was awaiting either the arrival or convenience of Doc tor Killany—"so I might go on heaping up hyperboles, oxymorons, and similar llustrations, all tending to one fact, shedding light on the same subject, that I am out of my sphere, pining in an unconge-nial atmosphere, and, figuratively speak-ing, dead-broke."

There was a pause, and the patient There was a pauce, and looked up admiringly. He was one of the simple kind, who looked upon everythe simple kind, who looked upon every-thing professional as something divine; one of the kind upon whom Mr. Quip's most outrageous pranks were played, and before whom he delighted to display his extraordinary and humorous erudition. extraordinary and numorous erudition.
"I repeat." Mr. Quip went on, "that I might continue this strain of eloquence. I might build up mountains of rhetoric, valleys of thought, canals of flowing speech silvered over the rays of reason, and do many other impossible and absurd things orthy of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, and worthy of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, and these would not move you one-half so powerfully as the simple fact which I have stated, and which all these figures could but feebly illustrate, that I am pining out of my sphere and dead broke. The worst of it is, I know my sphere and can't get into it. But yesterday I was a man of an orphan, wifeless, childless, moneyless, and heartless too, I believe, for such a succession of griefs must wear away that sen cession of griess must wear away that sen-sitive organ. I never experience any feeling here," said Mr. Quip, laying his hand on his throat, "and that is the region where my heart always was before I came here; for causes of this phenomenon see an account of escaped criminals in the Michigan prison records.

The patient expressed great sympathy and offered the consoling remark that he seemed to bear these misfortunes quite well so far as outward appearance concerned. "Oh! I am used to it," Mr. Quip, with an effect of Quip, with an affectation of stoical Mr. Quip, with an affectation of stoical indifference. "I have endured it for years. I have known nothing but disappointment since my birth. Even at the first moment of my entrance into this homogenous world I suffered the greatest disappointment that could have not a large disappointment that could happen to any

Oh! indeed. Might I ask-" "I was just going to tell you. The shock was severe, and I never have recovered from it, and never will. The effects of it will go down to the grave with me. I am a physical wreck, as you may see. Briefly it was my pet wish and great idea to be a female ; but fate, a cruel fate, an untoward destiny, interfered and

The mere mention of this calamity prought the tears to Mr. Quip's eyes, and the turned away to conceal his emotion; but the patient, astonished and pitiful but the patient, astonished and pititul, observed him secretly to wipe away a tear. Mr. Quip's face was wonderfully grave after the telling of his first disappoint-

You can scarcely understand," he con-

tinued, "sympathetic as you are, the pain I felt at this circumstance. Time has shown me that there are greater sorrows in the world, and I have learned to bear mine with resignation. The birth of a son had a bad effect on my father. He died shortly after, anathematizing his luck, and declaring it was better to go then of his own free will into a better world than be own free will into a better world than be hustled into it in his old age by a devil of a son. 'Give me a girl,' the old man said, 'and you may take every mother's son in the world in exchange.' You see my desire of being a female was hereditary. I displayed a great aptitude for music at an early age. It was said of me by a great wizard of that day that my deftness in handling notes and scaling would give me one day a high place in the world. This enigmatical language contains two musical enigmatical language contains two musical terms. Why, when five years old I could play the hand-organ." The patient was almost dumb with ad-

mirati "At five years old?" echoed he "At five years old," repeated Mr. Quip; and he looked the very impersonation of modest, unassuming, but injured and crushed genius.
"Wonderful!" said the patient.

"Wonderful!" said the patient.
"Incomprehensible!" murmured the
other, with deeper emotion than before.
"And you see what I am! See how
genius can be blighted and sat down! To day I cannot sing a note or play on so much as a jew's-harp. But why speak of the disappointments of my life? They are numerous enough and thrilling enough to be put in print, if you obtained the right kind of a man to compose the book —one of those fellows that would throw in plenty of moonlight, a little philosophy to make the thing sublime, a sunset or two, and a character showing the same two, and a character showing the same amount of respectful sympathy, risible attention, and ponderous capacity for the swallowable as yourself."

"I am honored," the patient gasped.
"I know you are. I am, too. I never met any one half so agreea le. Look at my present situation. The most blinded could see my resent.

could see my unfitness for it. It is low could see my unfitness for it. It is low and disheartening, particularly so for a man who has once stood high in his professi n. I am an M. D. I took out my degree years ago, but the envy and jealousy of my brother physiciens have forced me to hide my head in this obscure position, sir—and I would not say this to a third individual in the world save yourself. These physicians here, Killany and Fullerton, are talented men; but if all their knowledge and experience were runerton, are talented men; but il all their knowledge and experience were heaped together they would fit in the cavity over my eye, and would add but a trifle to the vast and ever-extending ocean of my knowledge. of my knowledge. These men are good, I assure you. Trust yourself confidently in their hands. But, sir, they make missin their hands. takes. I never make mistakes, and I often rectify theirs; nor do I charge one-half so much. Father Leonard was here lately to consult Killany. We had a chat.
I pointed out to him on the instant his
complaint, and he handed me a dollar.
'Your penetration is astonishing,' said he,
as he handed me the bill. Magnificent, wasn't it? His reverence has an income of ten thousand a year. You, sir, are afflicted with liver complication and inafflicted with liver complication and in-born softness of the brain. I tell you this out of pure friencship. You are so agree-able a fellow that I could charge you nothing. Pray don't put your hand in pocket. The motion is offensive to me, badly as I need money. A dollar? My dear sir, you are robbing yourself. You have not. like the priest ten thousand have not, like the priest, ten thousand a year. Well, since you insist, I shall accept it gratefully. Thank you. There is the

bell. It is your turn. Good-day."

The effective tableau of the folding-doors were repeated and the gulled one disappeared within, leaving Mr. Quip in ecstasies. Fortune did not always so smile estasies. ecstasies. Fortune did not always so sin le upon him. His attempts of this kind as often brought him defeat as success, but his boldness and impudence smoothed the after-difficulties and enabled him to escape was plain fact. Mr. Quip was M. D., so far as diplomas could make him one, and had practised to some extent in Canada, his native country, and in the West. An unlucky and criminal blunder in the latter place h d banished him finally to Canada, where bad habits and bad companionship had so reduced him from his former glory had so reduced him from his former glory that he was quite willing to serve as a medical servant to Killany. The position was too good for him. His level was the gutter, which he was solicitous to avoid by taking the very means surest to lead him there. He was discontented with his him there. He was discontented with his position. The height of his ambition was o make unlimited money with the least cossible trouble. It had been his ambition from childhood, but the opportunities had not yet been afforded him. However, they were approaching. Killany was desirous of preparing the necessary evidence of the death of the wronged heirs for Nano, and he had chosen Mr. Quip for his instrument. After office hours of that day on which Nano had come to a momentous decision the doctor called Mr. Quip into his sanctum. He had never conferred such an honor on the gentleman before, and he was interested to observe the effect would produce on the volatile Mr. Quip would suffer no mental disturbance at even a greater event. The throne-room at St. James and the presence of the court of her majesty would not have daunted him. But, with the shrewdness of his kind, he suspected the nature of the doctor's intentions, and knew that some emition was expected from him. He doctors intentions, and knew that some emition was expected from him. He entered, therefore, and sat down with the solemnity of an owl, his great eyes fixed immovably on the doctor, his mouth in immovably on the doctor, his mouth in fish-like repose, his manner a mixture of timidity, smothered wonder, and alarm. The chair he had chosen for his seat afforded him no comfort, as he was poster directly on its edge. He seemed as if momentarily expecting an order to depart. It was a mistake to have invited him into

of a famous room. Killany was satisfied Mr. Quip was awed.
"Make yourself at home, Quip," he said graciously, after a silent survey of his assistant. "We may have a long conversation, and I would like to see you at

the cathedral color and silence and dignity

Wonderfully considerate," thought "Wonderfully considerate," thought Quip; but he said nothing, and moved backwards an inch or so in response to the invitation to sit at his ease. "I have a little piece of work to be done, Quip," said the doctor, clasping his siender hands over his knee and looking with all his eyes into Mr. Quip's unwinking orbs—'a delicate piece of work, requiring a man of some ingenuity, easily tickled at the sight of gold, unmindful of risk, and in the highest degree unscrupulous."

"I'm not the man," promptly answered mr. Quip, "if you mean me. I confess to the ingenuity but not to the unscrupulousness. Though given to taking risks, I am not the fellow to be trapped by gold."

gold."
"Lofty sentiments!" said the doctor, unmoved by the brevity of his speech or his expressions of sterling honesty. "How would you express what I wanted to

say?"

'I wouldn't express it at all, sir. Bargains of this kind are essentially dangerous to the parties concerned, more especially if it ever comes before a jury and you ally if it ever comes before a jury and you get into the hands of the lawyers. I am my your employ. You want something done by a nice, steady, respectable young man who wouldn't turn from the right path for worlds. I am the man, and I do it. Because of the length and importance of my service my wages are raised to a good sum, and the whole affair goes off according to the strictest principles of according to the strictest principles of honesty, which is all in the terms nowa-

days, and in the deeds. days, and in the deeds."
"I wasn't aware of it," said Killany;
"but the logic is convenient. I want a
man who has a firm, honest belief in the
death of two children, a boy and a girl,
orphans, the boy older than the girl by
some years. Any two children will do,
and the witness need know no more about
them than that they died. But he wast them than that they died. But he must have a real belief, and must be ready honestly to swear to their death. Honestly, remember. Bought and studied evidence is too common and too treacherous. If you can find any one among ous. If you can find any one among your acquaintances possessing such knowledge—and it is quite probable you can—bring him to me; impress him with the benef that he is concerned in a most imbe lef that he is concerned in a most important case, where truth and fidelity to facts are so essential as to bring some severe punishment if not adhered to. The more respectable the witness the better."
"I understand, sir," said Mr. Quip, rising with the same solemn expression of

ing, with the same solemn expression of countenance, as if to depart.

"Oh! sit down, sir, sit down," cried Killany. "I have not finished yet. There are many minor particulars to be attended to. I rely very much on you, and let it be understood that the whole business remains a secret. Not a whisper must reach others of this affair. You may use a sufficient sum of money to pay the witness for his trouble, but not to induce him to tell truth. Clean and legal the business

must be from beginning to end."
"I understand," said Quip for the second time. His owlish eyes and manner had a depth of meaning in them that would have disturbed Killany had he been other than a desperate man himself, ready for all fortunes, and not to be frightened by such men as Quip. "You need not fear my discretion in the slightest. It is always to be trusted. The job is not difficult, nor are the consequences dangerous to me since I know nothing of the circumstan

"I will make them dangerous to you," "I will make them dangerous to you," muttered the doctor, showing his teeth evilly. Quip took the expression for a smile. "You may go now, Mr. Quip. When may I expect to hear from you?" "Not soon, sir," answered he, edging softly to the door; "yet I won't be dilatory. In the meantime I was thinking of speaking to you on the matter of my salary. I have worked well for you in the

I have worked well for you in the past two years, attended to minor cases, groomed your horses, and amused you in the interval. Now, if I might ask a few favors on the strength of this faithful disharge of duty?'

charge of duty?"

"You may, Mr. Quip, and I shall be happy to grant them. I never had a better servant, and your reward shall be in keeping with that declaration."

"Then, sir," said Quip, with his eyes globe."

and down in affected hum lity, but really

that your horses be groomed by those who have been brought up to the trade, and that my salary be raised a little. As for that my salary be raised a fittle. As for the amusing, I am always ready to use my humble powers for your benefit and pleas

Killany was outwardly calmer than an iceberg, and fiercer than a devil at this insolence inwardly. Without paying attention to any other than the request for an increase of salary, he said :

"What have been your wages, Quip?"
Twenty dollars a month and board,

"It shall be fifty hereafter. You may

"But the grooming—"
"Forty dollars, Mr. Quip, shall be your salary. I can get others to do the groom-

ng." "But, doctor-" "Every minute you remain is five dol-

lars off your new salary. Good-morn-Mr. Quip slipped through the door like a vanishing sunbeam, and carried his smil-ing face to the outer office. The rebuff his insolence had met with affected him as water does a fish. It was his natural ele-ment. He never thought of it, but was taken up with some brimstone reflections on his loss of ten dollars a month for the on his toss of ten donars a month for the sake of snubbing his employer. For some time he stood at the window drawing figures on the misty glass and smiling inanely into the street. He was realizing his good into the street. He was realizing his good fortune, slowly waking up to the fact that his salary had been doubled, and tracing in the dim feature the outlines of the new pleasure which the additional resources were to bring him. He did not speculate on Killany's motives. He knew that they were had, and that money was at the lot. on Killany's motives. He knew that they were bad, and that money was at the bottom of them, and he strongly suspected the parties concerned. He felt certain that all these secrets would come in due

time to his knowledge. "I shall become indispensible to the doc-"I shall become indispensione to the doctor," he thought, "and in that way get first at the mysteries and then at the gold. This is the first upward mount of my falder is of gold, gold. Oh! the heavenly metal that surely is coined from the stars. A whole mine of it is open before me. I have found my long-sought-for sphere, and I complain no more against destiny. Nothing to do but the most fascinating kind of brain-work, nothing to avoid but the police and Killany's poisons, and in

return I get unlimited treasure. What a glorious future is before me?"

Mr. Quip in his exultation performed a hideous dance through the room, noiseless

Mr. Quip in his exultation performed a hideous dance through the room, noiseless and wild, with savage gestures and grimaces, looking the while like a vulgate, as hungry and fierce, and infinitely more demoniac in expression. When he had grown calm he sait down in a brown study for some minutes. Killany passed out during his meditation, and favored him with a cold, forbidding smile; but Quip did not see him, and he went on with his thinking, of which the apparent result was a note directed to Mr. W. Juniper, Insanc Asylum, City, and written as follows:

"To morrow night the circle meets at

"To morrow night the circle meets at the old rooms. Cash is plentiful, and a general attendance expected. Don't miss the fun, my Juniper, as you love and regard Quip.
"P. S. The change in your circumstan-

ces, from the dissecting-room to the asy-lum, from stupidity to insanity, has made no change in my affections. Q."

This epistle being written and despatched, Mr. Quip, perched on his studychair, seized a medical book in his claws, eyed the letters for a few minutes gravely,

and finally fell asleep in a most studious TO BE CONTINUED

### CATHOLIC OAKLAND.

#### "The Most Perfect Work of God on the First Morning After The Creation.

From a britliant seven column article From a brilliant seven column article with the above heading, written by the veteran journalist, Calvin B. McDonald, and published in the Oakland Times, we take the following extracts. The liberality of spirit displayed therein is highly creditable to our respected contemporary, as is the masterly treatment of the gifted writer. After a suitable introduction he makes this pertinent remarks. makes this pertinent remark:
"To a man of the world, who has inher-

ited somewhat of the blood, and perhaps much of the intolerant superstition of the Scottish Covenanters, it is inconceivable how enlightened Protestant clergymen and journalists of the present time can manifest so much bitterness towards the most ancient and venerable Church of Christianity; just as though their neighbor

Catholics were disposed to flay them alive and fling them from precipices."

Respecting the priesthood it has the following sparkling paragraph, with its apt and striking illustration:

"We have somewhere read a fanciful idea that the coral islands are constructed of the dead haddes of insect."

of the dead bodies of insects. A tiny organism dies at the bottom of the sea another takes its place, and, after a while expiring, adds its poor remains to those of its predecessor; and so the process of submarine architecture goes on, millions of milliards contributing to the funeral pile, until at length an island is discovered pile, until at length an island is discovered by 'some stray navigator, covered with palm and plantain trees and tropical flowers, and peopled by a strange race of mankind. In like manner the Catholic priest may be said to contribute his whole being to the building up of one great structure, the Church of Rome. A manchild is born perhaps in some that had child is born, perhaps in some thatched cottage of Ireland, and like Samuel, is dedicated to God from his birth by some mother who, in her girlish prime, has been the Colleen Bawn of the emerald slope; and, having patiently and faithfully perand, naving patiently and lattifully per-formed his part in the apostolic drama, dies after a while, a thousand miles in the depths of the wilderness, under the bur-den of salvation. Another takes his place, and so the work goes on uninterruptedly for a thousand years, these human sparrows falling to the ground, one by one unseen by the great world, but, as we well unseen by the great world, but, as we well believe, full in the sight of God, until at length the conquering sign of the Holy Cross is descried from eminence to emin-ence all around the circumference of the

Mr. McDonald approaches the convents Mr. McDonald approaches the convents in a spirit of most respectful reverence, and describes the beneficent lives of the Sisters with a refinement of feeling and a delicacy of touch that are truly admirable. He thus introduces the subject: CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

"Our Protestant readers of refinement will at once recognize the extreme beauty a d appropriateness of this designation. ar a appropriateness of this designation. Such sacred nomenclature is not customary in the stern, hard-featured theology of the Puritans, who have erred, perhaps, in wholly divesting their mode of worship of these distances. of those dramatic spectacles which are grateful to the popular view. In that espect they may yet have something to respect they may yet have something to learn from the ancient and majestic Church of Rome, which, for more than a thousand years, has been the tremendous religion of the common people. With its doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, its veneration for the Mother of Christ, its widespread battalians of specificial way and spread battalions of sacrificial men and estal women, its melodious chimes of vestal women, its melodious chimes of bells, and pictures of departed saints, it has instigated the Crusades, subjugated stubborn monarchs of great nations, overspread a new continent, and is to-day one of the most powerful religious and social factors on the eastern shore of the Pacific Ocean. Among these forces of moral conquest are the religious Orders of women, vowed to poverty, nity for human misery wowed to poverty, nity for human misery. vowed to poverty, pity for human misery and courageous familiarity with the dun-geon, the scaffold, the battle field and the horrible territory of the plague. In the presence of these votive women, who, under the unattractive habiliments of their Orders, often conceal the perfection of womanly beauty, the sternest and most intolerant of Protestantism bares its head, and of a few of these we now have some-

what to say."
In his elaborate description and com mendation of the convents and their schools he occasionally rises to the dignity of poetry; as, when speaking of the young ladies wno are being educated in those de-

lightful places, he says :
"There the Eastern artist, if not too demonstrative, might make a sketch of the physical splendor of far-western young womanhood, where there is no savage cold to wither and no intemperance to distort what appeared to the wandering angel as perfect work of God on the first morning after the Creation."

The writer, evidently in gratitude for some Christian service rendered him by Catholics, during a severe illness years ago, thus concludes his magnificent article:

"And now, will the reverend ladies and gentlemen of the Church of Rome accept the foregoing as the views of a Protestant friend, who, under the ordinations of their ancient faith, could not be buried in conse-crated ground; but who, nevertheless, had the fortune to meet some of them on the dark confines of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and by their friendly help came out, at last, where 'there was a well of water and twelve palm-trees."—San Fran-cisco Monitor.

#### "IS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH DE-CAYING?

#### The New World More than Compensating for the Losses of the Old.

It is not unnatural that those who are

It is not unnatural that those who are outside the Church should represent its spiritual empire as decaying, or should seek to solace their own sense of alienation by a belief that "Roman Catholicity is wearing out." The pretense is not a new one; though of late years it has gained courage by the development of certain new kinds of scepticism. We are constantly told in the newspapers—and notably by some London journals which enjoy a good reputation for their ability—that there is an obvious falling away from the sld-fashioned Catholicity which once be und Catholic peoples as one people; and bound Catholic peoples as one people; and that perhaps the majority of the French, Belgian, and Italian races are no longer attached to the Church. We utterly re-pudiate the gross calumny. We believe that, on the contrary, there never was any period when Catalan period when Catholic peoples were more loyal to the faith; and, this equally from a numerical point of view, and in the aspect of earnestness or intensity. Numer-ically it is a cheering fact that fifty-nine sixtieths of French people are set down by their census as professed Catholics; that five-sixths of the Belgiansare so estimated; that in Italy about twenty-seven millions were so enrolled under the last official reckoning; that iu Spain there are about seventeen million professed Catholics, and only about two hundred thousand non-Catholics: that in Austria-Hungary-leaving out Jews, Greeks, and Mahomedans— there are still left twenty-four million professed Catholics; that even in the Netherlands nearly half the population is professedly Catholic; while as to Germany, once the hot-bed of heresy, there are fifteen million Catholics to twenty-five million Evangelicals, or not so very short of one half. If we should speak of the United States—with its fifty new Catholic dioceses, of Australia, of Tasmania, of New Zealand, of the almost results. the almost countless new spheres of Apostolic missions, we should have reason to be grateful that if there is loss in the Old World, there would be at least greater gain in the New. It was a saying of Lord Macaulay that, within a century after the "Reformation," the conquests of the Catholic Church in the New World had more than compensated for her losses in the Old; but it would be true now to say that in the Old World there are more Catholics than there were when Martin Luther was born. Nor are there more Catholics only in actual number, but quite as many pro-portionately to the population; a fact which many persons are too liable to mis-judge from a superficial observation of

has step by step brought it about that men now talk irreligion who formerly only secretly practiced it. There is a blatancy of professed scepticism in these days which is due to half a dozen different causes; every one of them extraneous of the Catholic faith, the Catholic life, and the product of developed Protestan: principles. The "Reformation," which logically developed the revolution of 1789, has so fermented the social fabric of Europe, in its principles of both civil and religious liberty, that it has become habit. ual with most men to talk as freely about religion as they talk about politics or poor schools: while the art of printing being developed to its utmost, ten thousand newspapers, reviews, pamphlets, and magazines, give wild currency to every new fledged idea. The conscenence is magazines, give wild currency to every new fledged idea. The consequence is that a frightful literary hubbub has taken the place of the old literary calm; and parrot-screams from mere imitative millions are mistaken for popular enlighten-ment. Now what we contend for is that ment. Now what we contend for is that the same class of persons who, in the days, say, of Henry the Seventh, or of the saintly Louis, would have been secretly indifferent livers or captious thinkers, are now blatant sceptics, complacent journ-alists, would be scientists, who make out all men to be as flippant as themselves, as their only excuse for their own decadence. It is not that modern thought—which means speculation without knowlwhich means speculation without knowledge—has made inroad upon the old Catholic faith; it is only that the same classes which used to be disloyal though kept in order are now permitted by the social custom to reveal themselves. And since it is exceedingly agreeable to air one's wit and one's originality, and to pull to pieces what we are incapable of building up, the newspapers, and the bookshops, and the bookshops, and the bookshops, and the pieces what we are incapable of building up, the newspapers, and the bookshops, and the bookshops, and the bookshops. this blatant nego leaves utterly untouched this oraxin nego leaves utterly untouched the tranquil credo, which is now exactly what it was a thousand years ago; though dinned in both its ears by the assumption of a "science" which is nothing but the oldest error rehabilitated.

There is only one public scandal for which Catholics are responsible, and that is the shameless character of the ments. Infidel Governments have now become an institution-thanks mainly to become an institution—thanks mainly to the culpable apathy of Catholic peoples, who hold aloof from party faction, party turmoil. This institution—infidel Govern-ments in Catholic countries—encourages an arrogance in reckless sceptics, who take it for granted that what a government is seen to justify, may be justified, and even the for granted that what a government is seen to justify, may be justified, and even elaborated, by its subjects. Nor, indeed, can we much blame them for thinking so. If Catholics will not trouble themselves with politics sufficiently to turn the tide at with politics sufficiently to turn the tide at elections, or sufficiently to make their wills publicly respected, it is but natural that political apathy should be put down for religious apathy, and that politicians should say, "The nation is with us." Hence the flow of sceptical talk, or sceptical literature, of Pagan enactments, all justified on the hypothesis that a nation must be sympathetic with the ideas of the

rulers whom it elects. We Catholics know the fatuity of the interference; but we have only ourselves to blame for keeping our earnestness out of politics, as though mere contact with such scandals were conmere contact with such scandals were contaminating. Still, the truth is sufficiently known by outside critics and ought not to be perverted so recklessly. It should be recognized that the Frere Orbans, and the Depretis, and the Paul Berts, are not types, in any sense, of the Catholic peoples; and that they cause a vast deal more scandal among their own Catholic compatriots than they do even in non-Catholic countries. The "popular misapprehension," about which we are writing, is generated by the confusion of two opposites; the one, the listless attitude of most Catholics towards politics: the other, their inner the one, the listless attitude of most Catholics towards politics: the other, their inner Catholic belief. The confusion is easily explicable among non Catholics, who have not that discrimination of the supernatural from the natural which is common to those brought up in the Faith. As a matter of fact there are fewer sceptics in Catholic countries than there are in the second. Catholic countries than there are in such countries as are called Protestant; and countries as are called Protestant; and there is probably more scepticism between Northumberland and Sussex than in all other "Christian" countries put together. Whatever scepticism exists in Catholic countries has been bred by the principles of the "Reformation," whose logical outcome, religiously and socially, was the "principle of 1798." Scepticism on the Continent more blatant, more savage, than it is in mild, Protestant England, because it has to oppose itself to Church authority. has to oppose itself to Church authority; but the same class of people who make so in any age, have been classed as bad Catholics.—Liverpool Times.

## A Good Story told by Judge Dunne,

In the last number of the Catholic Review Hon. E. F. Danne gets off this good

thing: And, now, as Bishop Moore was away And, now, as Bishop Moore was away from the diocese and may not see this number of the Review while gone, Pll take my chances, and tell you a little story about him (between ourselves of course.) If you know him you know he is a gentleman, somewhat of the old grave scales and grave with is a gentleman, somewhat of the old school, grave, serious, refined, yet with a quiet sense of humor, which he cannot, always altogether conceal. Well, there was a certain high official here who had a charming daughter, and she was sent to a convent North to school. There is no haim in my telling the rest of this, for it is a matter of public history here. In a short time she asked her father's permission to join the Catholic Church. The father was horrified, but knowing she had a good share of his characteristic Southa good share of his characteristic Southern spirit, he thought it best to temporize, and, trusting to the old adage, that women's mind is variable, "la donnae mobile," he said pleasantly to her, to wait three years, and then if she persisted, he would not ourses. She assented so he would not oppose. She assented so quietly that he felt a little nervous at first. This looked more like determin-ation than he expected, but, as time wore on, and he heard no more about it, flat-tered himself it was all forgotten.

One day as he sat in the library his daughter glided in with "Papa, what day of the month is this?" "Why, my dear, this is the-this is the

henomena.

The truth is, that the altered state of all society throughout all Europe, not only of non Catholics but of Catholics, "Yes, I thought so. Now, papa! how long since that letter was written?" showing has step by step brought it about that men him the date.
"How long? Why, three years ago to

day, according to date."
"Just so. I thought I was right. Now papa, won't you please read that letter."
Papa adjusted his glasses and began to read but apply to the plant of ead, but soon lowered the letter, took off his glasses and looking at the young lady "Why this is that letter I wrote to you about you wanting to become a Cath-

"Yes, papa!" "But you don't mean to say-?" "Yes, papa."

Really? "Really."

A long pause—finally came the words "Well! I never broke my word yet and I shall not begin with you, my dear," and so the matter was settled.

Now I am coming to my story about Bishop Moore. Some little time after the above, Eishop Moore visited the capital. above, fishop Moore visited the capital. The old gentleman determined he would do everything up handsomely since he was in for it. His daughter's Bishop must be received in a becoming manner however strange the proceedings might seem in his house. So he ordered a banquet in gorgeous style and brought out all the old sile house. So he ordered a banquet in gor-geous style and brought out all the old sil-ver that hadn't been seen since the war. The servants were marshalled and each as-signed to his post. There was great ex-citement among them, and each one about the house was eager to have a charge. There was some question about letting the There was some question about letting one There was some question about fetting one lively young darkey in the dining room on account of his lack of experience in such things. He pleaded so hard, however, that it was agreed that he should have charge of an immense silver water pitcher. He

of an immense silver water pitcher. He was specially instructed not to speak a word, but to move around quietly and fill the silver goblets as requested.

The guests assembled. There are few things more solemn than the beginning of a funeral dinner under any circumstances.

This one was particularly are the solution of the solution a tineral dinner under any circumstances. This one was particularly so. The soup was passed and still the awe of the Bishop's presence was felt. The guests turned their goblets and began sipping from them as a distraction. The lively young darkey took compassion on him, and quietly

as a distraction. The lively young darkey took compassion on him, and quietly approaching, touched his arm and exclaimed in a loud stage whisper:

"I say, Boss, turn up yo tin cup and I will give your same water." vill give ye some watta."

The ice was broken, and from that on

all went merry as a marriage bell.

If you should meet the Bishop and serve him, you will know now how to address him.

# No Trouble to Swallow,

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" (the original "little liver pills") and no pain or griping. Cure sick or oillious headache, sour stomach, and cleause the system and bowels. 25 cents a