#### Star-Gulded. KATHEBINE E. CONWAY.

We have seen His Star in the East, and have come to adore Him— King of the kings of the earth, and none is helper Him. im. ere He abideth-love without show us where He abideth—10ve measure We would lay at His holy feet, with the wealth we four treasure.

Long have we followed the Star-at last it is O'er His abode. We are slow, for all of our sting. move leaden-winged as the quest is Minutes move leaden-winged as the ending. ending.
And the mists melt slow that show faith and the literature blending.

Is it for this we've left power and place and the clinging wives and the little ones, the patts of our kingly pleasure!

O, the changing and losing and dying, 'gainst our returning.

Naught to be ours as of old for all of our yearning.

King?-a shivering babe! Queen-Mother?-maiden lowly! King?—a shivering base: Queen-shotter:

palace?—a cave in the rock!—yet, Lord, Almighty, All-holy.

We see through the vells—Thou art; God and
none is before Thee,
And we've seen Thy Star in the East, and
we've come to adore Thee!

What shall we have, O King, for our thrones forsaken?— Sudden their lips are mute and their spirits shake. Is it the Christ-Child's answer?—Are they divining, divining, Aught of a coming woe in His eyes' clear

Ah, beyond the hearts of roca, love's patient Ab, beyond the hearts of rock, love's pattern labor defying.
Beyond the sword and the block, and the pangs of the martyrs' dying.
The Christ-Child waited again—King, Victor, and who is before Him?—
Steadfast they followed His Star, and now in Heaven they adore Him!

—Cathelic Union and Times.

#### A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER VIIII.

A PLEASURE-PARTY.

A plain, old-fashioned, solid brick building on the northern outskirts of the city was the re-idence of Mrs. Strachan, a lady whose name has recently been mentioned in connection with a toboggan-party. She was a Scotch lady of good family, a brisk, angular, but matronly the practical good sense and shrewdness of her race developed to a high degree, pos-sessing the rarest spirit of fun, and being an ardent promoter of every species of innocent, vigorous, loud recreation. Hence her snow-shoe expedition to a distant hollovers of tobogganning might find, amid remote and picturesque scenery, a hill sufficiently steep and long to ensure a thorough enjoyment of their

A party of ladies and gentlemen, all in the first, or at least the second, flush of youth, was assembled on the snow-covered Jawn of Mrs. Strachan's residence at an early hour on Thursday morning, and among them, conspicuous by the bloom of her cheeks, and the shimmer of her hair, and the quiet abandon of her manner, was our pretty Olivia, the impulsive bit of sweetness which had drawn the greatest catch of the season, the Irish baronet, from the gilded and artificial toys hanging round within easy reach of his hand. She was full of life and vivacity this morn she was tul of the and vivacity this morn-ing. Her eyes were sparkling, and her lips were saucily curved into a real Cupid's bow, as she ordered or commanded ar scolded her meek baroret, to the other damsels, or brow beat the meeker vonth whom she had honored with the posi-tion of assistant. The ladies were having their ungainly shoes put on, and the length of time which the gentlemen were allowing themselves for the operation had driven Mrs. Strachan, a most punctual and exacting woman, into a state of high

indignation Ten o'clock," she shouted from the veranda, "and not ready yet, gentlemen! Sir Stanley, you have a most obstinate buckle there, and I command you to pass it over to Mr. Crawford and lose no time in putting on your own. Miss Fullerton, how can you tolerate such awkwardness!"

"It is very cold," said Olivia, with a side-glance at the lady. "They can't work very well with cold fingers."
"But they couldn't go more slowly if they had no fingers and were working in

they had no ingers and were working in silk," answered Mrs. Strachan, "It is silk," said the baronet, very red in the face with much stooping.
"Or illusion," put in Mr. Crawford, sighing, driven secretly by his own despair to make a pun which nobody understood.

"The cold has no effect on your flattery

gentlemen," said Mrs. Strachan. "I give you every one just five minutes to get to the front gate. The toboggans have gone

the front gate. The toboggans have gone ahead by wagon an hour ago."

The lady's flat was respected, and with a great deal of laughing, and running hither and thither, and entanglement of straps and dresses, the whole party, thirty in number, assembled at the front gate. in number, assembled at the front gate.

Mrs. Strachan was there in a short dress
and snow-shoes. Though forty or over,
she was not the slowest of foot nor the
least skilled in a walk of this kind, and
the four miles to be travelled within the
next two hours, up hill and down dale,
had no work tervors for her than, for the had no more terrors for her than for the youngest of her friends. They started at once, after the hostess, who had constituted herself general of the expedition, had given out the information that there was to be a moon that night, that they were to start for home at seven o'clock, and that the first gentleman who allowed his lady to fall—a most ignominious event—or fell himself—the very height of disgrace—

would be subject to a heavy fine. The day was a delightful one, there being no wind, any amount of sun and blue heaven, and crusted snow which lay so deep that only the fences were in sight along the road. The road itself would have been lost but for the track which the advance-sleigh had made, and they could follow the trail as it wound down the valley and entered the woods on the hill be-yond. Walking on snow-shoes is not the most graceful movement in the world, although skilled and practised walkers go through the performance with an enviable case and repose of manner. The legs are spread out and the toes turned in, and the forward movement is an insinuating, gliding process after the fashion of skating, but without a particle of its poverty. Mrs. Strachan's party were perfectly at home on the shoes. The members were thinking more of one another than of the cial unloveliness of their manner of The jest and laugh passed walking. The jest and laugh passed through the merry crowd, and an occa-

sional chorus from the gentlemen gave food for an usement and criticism to the ladies. The country along their line of march was thinly inhabited. A log-hut in a clearing, out of sight but for the smoke curling from the chimney, an occasmoke curling from the chimney, an occa-ional chopper with his axes wung over his shoulder, or the first traveller moving city-ward laboriously through the great drifts, were the only living objects that crossed their path. They were under no restraint, and felt all the better for it. They laughed and ret all the better for it. They haughed to the full extent of their lungs, singly, doubly, and in chorus. They talked very loud and all together, and the general, a very model of etiquette at home, was

remost in discarding rules here. Olivia walked with a cavalier on each side to guard against accidents—Sir Stan-ley autocratical and indifferent in his bearing, and Mr. Crawford meeker than the proverbial lamb. As a matter of course she petted the latter as he grew meeker, and snubbed on every occasion the proud baronet, who never would un-derstand the drift of such performances

from one whom he loved.
"There's something hurting my foot,"
said she when the first half-mile had been passed. "It is the very shoe which you put on, Sir. Stanley.'

on, Sir. Stantey."
"Then we must stop and arrange it," said he in a matter-of-fact way and not with the air of one who had committed an unpardonable blunder. "Here is a itable spot."
An old tree, with a gnarled and obstin-

an old tree, with a gnaried and obstinate root thrust upward, lay in their path. She sat down in a pet, and called Mr. Crawford to make the required changes. "You did the other one so well, Mr. Clawford. I couldn't trust it to Sir Stan-

ley, for I would be sure to sit down at the end of the next mile." The baronet was in no way disturbed, and presently the general's commanding eye had caught sight of them, and her commanding voice was heard from a distance expressing loud disgust at their

sluggishness.
"Gentlemen," said she, "you seem two too many for that young lady. I shall condemn her to a post beside myself if you

break ranks again."
"Not I," Sir Stanley shouted back gravely. "Crawford it was that did the mischief"; and "Crawford did it!" creamed the crowd, until the meek youth was overwhelmed with shame. Olivia did not know with whom to be angry

most.
"The old ogre!" whispered she to her cavaliers; "she seems determined to have this journey without incident. Mr. Crawford, but that I do not wish to expose you to a fine, I would fall at the first opportunity."

"I am extremely grateful," murmured Mr. Crawford. "Mrs Strachan is not to blame," said the baronet. "She does not wish to have her rules upset to suit the whims of every one. What a pretty sight is that old farm-house half buried in the snow near the

No one responded. "I feel humbled," Olivia thought, "at

"I feel numbled," Onvia thought, "at this calm fashion of waiking over me. Doesn't he know that he shall be pun-ished for every one of his idle words?" He might have known, but it was quite evident he didn't care. They walked on in silence until an accident took place and the party was brought to a stand still. A lady in the front rank had stumbled and fallen, and three or four gentlemen were establishing the unfortunate on her feet. her cavalier guilty and shame faced the

"It's the general herself," cried enthusiastic Crawford. "She'll not have a word for the rest of the day, if most of us

do not suffer the same accident."

Olivia looked up at the baronet.
"You might begin, Sir Stanley," she

"If I were sure," answered he, pulling

Twould tumble over a precipice. Otherwise, it would be too absurd. Perhaps Crawford would be more obliging."
"Would you, sir?" she asked.
"I wonder that you ask," replied the gentleman reproachfully.
"I wonder, too," said Olivia. "You are both very tiresome. How far is it to the hollow yet?" the hollow yet?"
"Two miles more."

There was another long silence, until a second commotion in the laughing crowd ahead brought the whole party to a halt. A gentleman had lost his footing and gone headlong into a drift. His ornamented feet were sticking in the air, and every one was laughing, even the indignant general, who had not yet recovered from the chagrin of her own unexpected and ludicrous fall.

"Four accidents in two and a half miles," said Crawford. At that rate there is a fair chance of an upset for every one between this and our return." But we are going to have a moon," said

"That will add to the number of catas trophes," said the baronet. "By the light of the moon is the most forgetful, if the mest entrancing, time for the everage young man. He never looks for obstruc-

"I shall dismiss you both if that is the case," Olivia replied. "I wish to be taken care of. Pardon me, Mr. Craw-ford, for having to turn you away. Perhaps you are an exception to the average

oung man."
"I am afraid not, Miss Fullerton. The noon does affect me, even in daylight oc-"What a pity! But here are the

The party had left the road, and striding fairy-like over buried fences and hol-lows filled with snew, was entering the winter silence of a forest. Olivia did wish to grow sentimental over the loveliness of the scene. The branches above their heads bent low under the weight of the snow-mantle, upon which the sun at times dropped a ray of his brilliancy. The old trunks, straight as savages are we rose from a wondrously smooth but hellowed floor, and like pillars, seemed to support the interlaced roof above. There vas no apparent outlet, and they seeme ing in and out through the tree-labyrinth with laughter and song, under the guid-ance of the general.
"It wouldn't be much of a surprise to

meet an old Druid wandering here some day," said Crawford, venturing, after

much reflection, upon a remark which he had heard made under similar circum-

stances.
"With long, white hair," said Olivia, brightening, "and the most secret and ter-

"There's a more practical and useful inhabitant," said the baronet, flinging a pine cone at a squirrel and hiting Mrs. Strachan instead. Olivia laughed at the general's surprise when the missi e lighted on her own hood.

on her own hood.

"You were more prosaic than you intended, Sir Stanley," said she. "Now be good enough to say something poetical and appropriate. Aren't you really touched by all this winter loveliness?"

"Of course," cried the bold nobleman, with a direct and unmistakable glance into his lady's eyes. "It is a temple with something of the heretical about it, for the worshippers take things comfortably and worshippers take things comfortably and there is neither altar nor priest. If there

she will be so kindly foolish," he thought, "to ask what may be the rash things."

But she was too wary, and, alti ough her upward look was very innocent and engaging, she could not resist making some fun out of his words." some fun out of his words.'

"There isn't an organ, and the choir is

"The real choir have gone south for sake of their voices. But haven't we the musical silence. And sufficient wind will "Ah! that will do," said she. "There's

something too realistic in your poe-try; so stick to plain prose."

They would have gone on wordless for

the rest of the journey had not the fifth accident occurred. Crawford, finding himself at a loss to take part in the connumser at a loss to take part in the con-versation, and perceiving its drift in des-pair, had wandered aside to enjoy his own-glocmy thoughts alone. A hidden twig caused him to turn a somersault in the air, and he disappeared in a drift so deep that he went out of sight altogether. The evident astonishment and nervousness of the gentlemen at this mishap filled the ladies with alarm. Some lost their footing in consequence of the excitement. emoralization seized upon the party, and for a few minutes the general's powers and the general's temper were severely tried. Olivia sat on a convenient stump and laughed in her sleeve. The appearance of the inverted ones was too comical for the gravest to resist laughing, and in spite of young Crawford's danger and the general's severe countenance, and the tears of some of the more impression able ladies, Miss Olivia laughed quietly

Mr. Crawford was more unfortunate eneath the snow than he had been above it, for his shoes had slipped under a pile of brushwood and would not release them-selves until a bitter jack-knife battle had been begun and ended, while the gentle-men tugged at his body. The good humor of the party received from this event too violent a shock to permit of chaffing the unfortunate Crawford. Each endeavored to calm his own disturbed soul, and to check the rising anger against the author of so many misfortunes via would have not been daunted if she could have restrained her desire to laugh,

ut she dared not open her mouth. When they left the woods Staring Hollow was before them. A stout log-house with three apartments had been hired for their accomodation at the foot of the long hill, and its puffing chimney in the vale below carried the gayest and cheeriest of messages to the tired and disgusted snow There was a general rush for the toboggans. The ladies whipped off their own shees with great agility, and were ready and eager to take their places with-out assistance. The gentlemen fought hilariously at the wagon, and the general, half angry, yet compelled to laugh at the boyishness of old boys, shouted and ordered in vain. Sir Stanley was wicked "If I were sure," answered be, pulling enough to seize upon a toboggan of the his moustache with ca'm indifference, "that the ladies would take upon themeselves the task of placing me upright again." I would tumble over a precipice. Other rear, and she sat in front of him, and Crawford in front of her; and, unheard of this meek cavalier, the baronet whispered various pleasant things over her shoulder. The rush down the hill was brief but full of intensest pleasure. There is little time given even on the longest hill to analyze the sensations of a tobeggan-ride. A feeling of airiness comes over you; you seem for an instant to be disembodied; an exquisitely, painfully sweet dizziness forces you to close your eyes momentarily, and then all is over. You are at the foot of the hill. Having come down, it becomes necessary to walk up again, which is not the most prosaic part of the sport, if you have been properly favored

in your partners.

The general with two of her lieutenants led the way, followed by six others two abreast. There was a cheer from the gentlemen, and a gasp from the ladies, whose fascinating tongues found the occasion too much for them. At the foot of the hill there was an upset and a few collisions which amounted only to a laugh, and all withdrew to the secluded retirement of the cabin. A lunch of the hottest kind was spread in the main apartment. The general in her short dress did the honors, and was livelier though more ironical, than a girl of sixteen. She had not quite recovered from her mortification at her fall in the snow, it was still a sore point, and she collected her fines from the cavaliers with a great display of actimony. Sir Stanley sat deside her, with Olivia opposite on her left hand; "for next to the baronet," Mrs. Strachan observed to a lady who usually occupied the post of honer, "the baronet's future wife is our most distinguished

"People have a rather conclusive and annoying way of settling these things be-forehand," thought Olivia as she marked her position and the glances telegraphed around the table. "It would be serving

them right to disappoint them."
But the prospect of such a disappointment, it must be confessed, made her heart beat faster. Sir Stanley was looking anywhere save in her direction, but was saying in secret:
"She must understand this move of the

general's, at all events. There is a moon to-night, and by the light of the moon—" He went off into a reverie of so moon shiny a character as to pass the salt to the general for sweetening her coffee. Mr. Crawford was lost to sight at the remotest corner of the room. He was in disgrace with Mrs. Strachan since his unlucky dis-

appearance in the snow; but this did not grieve him one-half so much as the uncon-cealed merriment in Olivia's face when she looked at him and thought of his vanishing heels. There was an unusual smount of appetite among the party, and no attempt to conceal or stint it. In a short time the table was cheerfully bare, and the gentlemen, rising, left the ladies in the main room, while they retired to smoke and chat unrestrainedly in the

apartment set aside for them.
"We had better stuff the crevices," says "We had better stuff the crevices," says the teneral, with her Scotch nose in the air, when they were gone, "or the odious moke will stifle us right away."

"Dear Mrs. Strachan, don't," says a

ove the smell of tobacco!" "You'll recover from that attack of

mannishness, Miss Buttonhole, when you have arrived at the years and dignity of a

"The foolish old thing!" thought Olivia;

"she smiles as if Mrs. Strachan were com-plimenting her."

This was the strain of the ladies' conversation, and trivial as it was, they man-aged to sustain it for an hour with a success that would be marvellous to any but ladies with a great amount of time on their hands. Not one succeeded in escap-ing a thrust, or failed to give one; and hence, when the gentlemen appeared to claim their partners, all were in high ciaim their partners, all were in high good-humor. Mr. Crawford lingered mournfully in the distance, and would not have approached Olivia had she not codded encouragingly to his inquiring glances; and as the matter stood Mrs. Strachan could not forbear from some scathing remarks on his ability to take care of a lady when he could so poorly manage himself. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. The day had preserved its early beauty unimpaired, and the sun ran downward through a steely-blue sky, its rays turning Staring Hollow into a fairy dell for brightness and

enchanting colors.

"It pleases me," said Olivia to her attendants, as they were walking up the hill with the others, "that we have no literary people in our vicinity. You would hear so much of the chiaro-oscuro cant on these sun-glories in the valley, and the mythologies of Persia would be ransacked for picturesque adjectives."
"Perhaps it would be as well, Miss Fullerton," answered the baronet, "to hear that sort of talk rather than to hear

nothing at all."
"Well, give me time and a chance to wen, give me time and a chance to breathe," said she, stopping; "and I shall get enthusiastic after a sensible fashion. But you, Sir Stanley, take the sentiment out of one by your astonishing love for the practical."

"Then I won't say another word."
"I think," said she, looking back, and
onscious that the baronet and Mr. Craword was looking at her with interest-" think that the Hollow looks much like lake just now, a fairy one, I mean, where the trees and houses and people are under the water, and the water itself is sun liquid. 'And we are the mermaids and mer

Mr. Crawford ventured to remark. "The general now would take the su perstition out of a sailor on that point fancy her with golden hair and a com'

and—"
"Don't be personal," Olivia went on "See how the sun lies against the snow on the opposite hill. Doesn't it look like water up as far as where the shadow breaks the line of light, just as the bank of a river breaks the line of water?" "That is chiaro os uro," said Sir Stan-

You are ungenerous, you are envicus, Sir Stanley, and I shall not say anothe word. Hurry up the hill."

At the summit a surprise awaited them. Fullerton was just assisting Nano out of his cutter. Olivia gave a few gasps of astonishment, and then rushed to greet her friend, who was icier this afternoon than the air itself, and received her em-brace chilily. "The doctors insisted that I should ride

out," she explained, "and your brother was kind enough to offer me his cutter and his company."
"And you found both just splendid, dear, I know you did. Isu't he a young dear, I know you did. En't he a young—a young—Centaur? There, don't laugh at my similes. I wanted you to fill up the remark, and you wouldn't, so that I had to say something."

But Nano was reserved in the present of a mixed company, and talked little. They did not remain a long time An hour's sport with the toboggans, a short chat in the cabin with the general and those of the company there assembled, and they were ready to return to the city.

"A very handsome pair," said the general to the ladies. "I wouldn't be surprised if—" "But he's only a doctor, and is not very distinguished," cried the elderly young thing in alarm. "And he has no money

and no connections."

"She has enough for both," replied the general: "and the brother in-law of a baro net will never want for patronage."

"That isn't settled yet, you dear match

making Mrs. Strachan!" "A foregone conclusion. I prophesied it from the first, and if it doesn't come to

pass put me down a false prophet."
Outside Olivia was gushing over her brother, and, as he did not seem to take it as well as he ought, she drew him aside and lectured him secretly.
"You are too indifferent, Harry," she was saying. Why, she is beautiful, rich,

and you are an icicle.'

and you are an tetele."
"So is she, Olivia."
"And is it going to improve matters by freezing as hard as she? Become a sun, and melt her into dripping, overflowing love. Ha! what is this? A photo-Her hand had for an instant rested on

hard, square substance over his heart.
"There," said he, breaking away hastily,
"Miss McDonell is looking towards me impatiently. I'll explain to-morrow. You have enough to do to manage your barowithout scheming to marry me to

He was off without finishing the word. and the sleigh was soon ringing its musical

way to the city.

"Supper immediately; music and conversation till half-past six; then preparations for return, which takes place at eight o'clock," were the orders which the general trumpeted from the cabin door. sun was just gone down behind the hills, and the fading glow in the west warned of

rapid approach of darkness. The moon had already made her appearance swinging round and high in the eternal

"By the light of the moon," sang the baronet, emerging from the kitchen din-ing-room with a skillet in bis hand, "we are going home."
"I would that it were by daylight," said

she, "for I am so tired that all poetry has been knocked out of me. I am more tired when I think of a four-mile walk "Say the word," cried the baronet, with an eager flourish of his skillet, as if he were about to fling it into space—"say the word, and my sleigh shall be here at your

service."
"You are dangerously kind. But I have a reputation as a snow shoer, and I must sustain it. Thank you."
"As you please." And he sought once

"As you please." And he sought once more the regions of the kitchen to assist in

more the regions of the kitchen to assist in preparing supper.

Enthusiasm was not yet wanting in the party, even after the laborious amusements of the day. Cold punch and hot punch were the mainspring of the gentlemen's good spirits towards the close of the evening, and the ladies found all thir excitement in looking at the gentlemen. The meal was slightly convivial, and the songs sung afterwards were weighed down with voelferous choruses. But the preparations for departure in the icy air neutralized the effects of the punch, and it was the most reserved of parties that started homeward by the light of the moen. The same order by the light of the moen. The same order was preserved in the line of march, and Olivia found herself in the rear with her usual attendants. Mr. Crawford, who had confessed to the softening influence of the moon on his disposition, seemed to find an opposing force in the paronet, and re-mained as hard and unimpressionable as a rock. Sir Stanley, after having made several attempts to shake him off, settled down into a ponderous gloom and resisted all the seductions of conversation. The prosaic snow of the day had been

onverted into silver dust. threw showers of shining metal into the air, which itself seemed like a blue garment shot with silver thread. line stood up from the earth, grim and pugnacious, cherishing the shadow, but pugnacious, cherishing the shadow, but bathed unresisting in the glow and carrying the stars on its head. From the nills the lights of the distant city were seen, and a broad strip of brightness, measured and defined along the horizon, indicated and defined along the horizon, indicated the presence of the lake. Olivia went over these beauties one by one. She di-lated on them and said the most provoking things about them, yet neither gentle-man could or would respond what good breeding required. "By the light of the moon" turned out a farce, and when they had reached the city, and were waiting for their respective carriages, Olivia's goodto her cavaliers was

Gentlemen, never walk on moonlight nights. So much softheadedness I never dreamed that the innocent moon could transmit to man.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Letter From Cardinal De Bonnechose

Cardinal de Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen, who, originally a Protestant, was 30 years of age when he relinquished the law for the priesthood, has issued on his return om Rome a letter addressed to laity as ell as the clergy. It is not to be read in well as the clergy. It is not to be read in churches. After some eloquent remarks on ancient Rome, his Eminence says: We see the Supreme Pontiff despoiled of his temporal power, confined within the walls of the Vatican, and consequently a cap-

walls of the Vatican, and consequently a cap-tive. Alive, he cannot issue from his palace to preside over the august ceremonies of re-ligion, or to visit his churches and people without exposing himself to the insuits of the sectaries who have mingled with the Rom or population. Dead, his selves are in-suited and threatened with being thrown iato the Tiber. The outrage of July 15, which made the civilized world shudder, is the most significant and sinister of lessons No security for the Pope outside the bounds in which he keeps himself. As supreme pastor of Jesus Christ's Church we see him deprived of the means of freely exerting his influence on the world. Erected under his eyes we see temples and schools, in which error and falsehood are taught. In the streets and squares are exhibited drawings and pictures, in which the dogmas and practices of Catholic worship are turned to derision and the ministers of religion depicted in shameful caricatures before the eyes of the public and of childhood. A hostile press daily pours insults on the Church, and even on its venerated head. Lastly, there is being formed in this infected atmosphere a rising generation, which, a stranger to faith, will probably be so to morality, and threatens probably be so to morality, and threatens the future of Rome with deplorable social degradation. How can this sad picture be considered without anguish of heart? And if the Bis..ops, recently assembled at Rome, could have spoken out freely, if prudence in the very interest of the Holy See had not imthe very interest of the Holy See had not imposed on them a painful reserve, their utterance would have been one longery of pain... There can be no other king in Rome than the Pope. This was understood by the nations when, by common consent, they reserved a territory known as the States of the Church, in which the Pontiff alons reigned, governing both epiritual and temporal society... How would not the re-establishment of the constitution of the Church, he ment of the constitution of the Church, b ment of the constitution of the Church, be inconsistent with the greatness of Italy, Would not the retrenchment of this small part of her territory be more than compenpart of ner territory be more than compen-sated by peace of enactence and reconcilia-tion with the Catholics of Italy and the whole world?... It is evident to all that the head of Christendom cannot remain as at present situated. What would you gain, we ask the Italiaus, by the Supreme Pontiff being reduced to leave Rome! Would the Chils tian power long tolerate such a spectacle? reduced to leave Rome? Weald the Christian powers long tolerate such a spectacle? And do you think 200,000,000 Catholics would remain apathetic witnesses? Why not yourselves make, with generosity and dignity, the sacrifice asked of you in the very name of your beautiful country's honour and internal peace? . . Yield, like the great Constantine, to God's providential orders. Leave Rome to the Pontiff, Christ's representative, and remove elsewhere the capital of the new empire. All Europe will applied you, and, so far from thinking it an act of weakness, will admire your strength and wisdom.

## Fees and Doctors.

The fees of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in just at present. We believe the schedule for visits is \$3.00, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of daily visits, over \$1,000 a year for medical at-tendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the \$1,000 and all the year's sickness.— Post.

### AMERICA AND ROME.

AN INTERESTING RUMOR CONCERNING A POSS

AN INTERESTING RUMOR CONCERNING A POSS-IBLE SPECIAL CONGREGATION.

It is reported that in consequence of the growing importance of the work of the Catholic Church in the United States, a special Propaganda Congregation for American Affairs will be created by Lee XIII., just as a special Congregation for Oriental Affairs was created with such happy results by Pius IX. In fact, the American business at the Propaganda yearly assumes vaster proportions, and taxes to the utmost capabilities of the present staff of officials. Some say that the American Department will be entrusted to the supervision of American bilities of the present staff of officials. Some say that the American Department will be entrusted to the supervision of American officials resident in Rome, but this is hardly possible, for no simple ecclesiastics could be placed in a position to override the decisiou of American prelates. It seems more feasible that a separate Congregation of Propaganda for American Affairs should be appointed, with an American Cardinal of Prefect, and an American Monsignor as Secretary. If Cardinal McCloskey could not be summoned to reside in Rome there are Dr. Corrigan, Cosdjutor Archbishop of New York, and Dr. Elder, Coadjutor Archbishop of Cincinnati; both of them well-known in Rome, and of recognized fitness for the purple, whose advice in American matters would carry weight in the United States. Monsignor Hostlet, the Rector of the North American College in Rome, and Monsignor Chatard, the late tector, are also well known in Rome, and would doubtless be called on to assist in all deliberations on American Church Affairs, It was unfortunate that the death of Dr. deliberations on American Church Affairs, deliberations on American Church Affairs,
It was unfortunate that the death of Dr.
Conroy, the learned and beloved Bishop of
Ardagb, prevented the fulfilment of the intentions of the Holy See, which were to send
him as Apostolic Delegate to the United
States,—London Tablet's Roman Corresrendences.

#### Catholic Young Men's Associations an Integral Part in Catholic

The Right Rev. Bishop Keane has issued an address to the members, in which he says
of Catholic associations:

Permit me also to ask your attention to of Catholic young men are a necessary element in the system of Catholic education. Education is not limited to School-days; it lasts as long as the mind and heart are moulded by external influences, and that is ordinarily during the whole life. School-days lay the foundation of education, a most important part of the work, and one that important part of the work, and one that needs to be well done, but not the whole work: the building up of the edifice of knowledge and character goes on during life. Now I need scarcely remind you how important a period in life are the years of youth which follow school days. On the one hand then begins the difficult and critical task of rightly applying right principles to the practical concerns of life; and, on the other hand, then the influences of passion and of worldliness are strongest to bias the judgment and to warp the will. Just then other hand, then the influences of passion and of worldliness are strongest to bias the judgment and to warp the will. Just then when the career of life is in greatest danger of starting wrong and the need of salutary influences is most urgent, the Catholic society takes by the hand the young man, associates him with others of his age who associates him with others of his age who are pressing on in the right way in which their early education started them, trains his mind to a sound appreciation of living questions and to a right application of principles to the avocations and surroundings of a young man's life, and employs his energies in those pursuits of self-improvement and beneficence to others which mould him into a noble man, a true Christian and a good citizen.

## An Adventurous Irishman

Mr. Elmund O'Donovan, the now famous newspaper correspondent, though still a young man, has had a remarkably adventur-ous life. Episodes of imprisonment have not been the least striking of its varied incidents. The first occurred in 1866, when a propen-sity for helping Ireland led him to work with the Fenians, and also to his incarceration in Richmond Prison. Soon after his release he again found himself in jail, this time in Limerick, where he was held for ten months on a charge of possessing arms in a proclaimed district. The outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war attracted him to France where he entered the Army of the Loire. He fell into the hands of the Germans as a prisoner and passed some time in a German fortress. His passed some time in a German fortress. His next appearance was in the North of England, where he took part in organizing his countrymen for the Nationalist movement which has given the Land League a strong backing in Eagland. Heescaped imprisonment then, but only for a while, for on going to Spain, not long after, he was thrown into jail by the Carlists. His release on that occasion was due, it is said, to the intercession of Cardinal Cullen. He was next heard of in Russia. nal Cullen. He was next heard of in Russia whither he went as a correspondent of the London Daily News. His passion for adven-ture led him to accompany the great expedi-tion towards Merve. When the column had tion towards Merve. When the column had reached a point about a hundred miles from that city it halted, and O'Donovan's request to be allowed to go forward, to the city was refused. He found a way to reach Merve, however, and on his arrival there he was however, and on his arrival there he was immediately made a prisoner on suspicion of being a spy. His subsequent experience at Merve, where he became the head of the government is now well known. His sixth imprisonment occured a few weeks ago at Cors antinople, where he spoke too freely about certain Turkish matters to please the authorities. A sentence to jail for six months promptly followed his arrest, but the influence of Lord Dufferin got him out next day. His acquaintance with the inside of prisons has certainly been extensive inside of prisons has certainly been extensive and varied for a man still young. It has been proposed in Ireland to elect him to Parliament. Should the suggestion be carried out, and Mr. C'Donovan take the active course to which his justincts seem to lead, he may find himself a prisoner again. But he is pretty well used to it row, and it probably would not worry him very much.

# "Live For Something."

Thousands of men breathe, move, and Thousands of men breathe, move, and live; pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were bleat by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time

monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy.

Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the true with the story of t you leave behind as the stars on the brow o evening. Goed deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.—Chalmers.