A Gift.

What can I give. O well-beloved, to the, Whose clear, firm knock at my heart's Whose clear, fifth anter door I hear I reading o'er my life's old pages blurred where bitter lears had fallen fast and free? For thou didst enter in and comfort me, whose soul was passion-tossed and angulan-stirred Till I grew patient as a brooding bird, and rest came down upon me verily.

What can I give thee for a guerdon meet? The utter depths and heights of love su me inot fathom, dear I cannot climb, ored things to strew before thy feel thy suppliant, and I give the

sweet,
The right to go on giving for all time.
- Emily H. Hickey.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

A NAME DESTINED FOREVER TO LIVE IN

THE WORLD'S HISTORY C. A. Wingerter, in Fordham Monthly. All the world seems unanimous in allowing that the century in which we now find ourselves is destined to have a most noted place in history. In the light of this fact there is a world of Protestant clergyman writing for the Andover Review of August, 1885. He To comprehend our age we must be well not merely Carlyle and Darwin

and Martineau; we must know as well John Henry Newman, his life and his works. For when the history of the nineteenth century is written, no influence

will be found more potent and persuasive At first sight we might be inclined to protest against such a broad assertion, did we not know that all the intelligent litera-ture of the past forty years which at all touches upon "that protentious birth of time," the Oxford Movement, agrees that it marked an epoch not only in the Anglican Church, but in all history. And Mr. Mozley, in his interesting Reminiscences, only voices the common thought of his intelligent contemporaries when he says of the actors in it, "I may honestly say that, with the exception of Keble, I do not think one of them would be a living name a century hence, but for his share in the light of Newman's genius and goodness." m this it is seen forthwith what a broad field opens to the one seeking to treat of the life and influence of Cardinal Newman; and this we are free to do, because, in view of the greatness of the movement in which he was the most prominent actor, he already belongs to history. The field widens to our gaze

when we recall to mind that this foremost figure of our times has been a prolific writer whose pure and vigorous English has made his works classic even in his life time, and deserved that no less eminent a critic than Matthew Arnold should style him the greatest living master of English prose. Nor will one who has ever read that poetic prose deny that, besides being philosopher, theologian, historian, preacher and lecturer, Dr. Newman has received the gift of poetry as part of his birthright. But it is not my intention to treat either of the great Cardinal's life or works,

or of his connection with the history of Yet my task, whose only excuse imperfect fulfilment will be that it is a labor of love, is no less venturesome than would be the attempt to treat as they deserve the life and works of him about "A great luminary drew after him the part of the stars of heaven.

Volumes have already been written on this wonderful man, and volumes will yet be written. In all, however, whether from the pen of friend or foe, there exists, to a remarkable degree, the one common tone of admiration. It is true that at tone of admiration. It is true that at times hostile writers only give vent to their admiration because they cannot help it, but there are many who write with the same frank spirit as Kegan Paul's in the Century for June, 1881: "A liberal of the liberals, one of those, therefore, falling under Dr. Newman's stern dis approval, I write with the affectionate sympathy of a pupil for a master whom he cannot follow, with genuine admiration the most unselfish life I know.

Surely any one who has read the countless like passages in writers somtimes wholly at variance with each other in all things else, and nearly always having different opinions from those held by Dr. Newman, must have asked himself the question I have proposed to answer in this short paper: "What is the secret of Cardinal Newman's power to win admiration from all intellects alike? and why i it that every item of his career is read with a keen interest akin to that we are wont

to attach to some mysterious and traditionary figure of romance or fable?" That there was a peculiar charm of winning attractiveness in his person he himself notes in one of his earlier poems, where he places among his manifold blessiers.

"Blessings of friends, which to my door,

All who have met him speak of this attractive power which held in his friend-ship men from whose communion he had broken off, at the cost of their and his unbroken off, at the cost of their and his unspeakable pain. On her visit to Oxford in 1878, Dr. Pusey welcomed him most sincerely. And in his earlier days, when more than his spirit and his name ruled Oxford, this personal influence was at its full and well nigh irresistible. Mr. Mozley describes in it many instances, and thus in the case of poor Sidney Herbert: "Every Oriel man, without a moment's hesitation, sets down the redeeming features of tion, sets down the redeeming features of nhappily brief career to the influence of Newman, penetrating him in spite of a wilful and stubborn resistance, and asserting possession of him in due time."

It was against this salutary influence es Anthony Froude struggled in his college days, with what a most un-happy effect can be judged by all those acquainted with his—to put it most charitably—unfortunate writings. Yet even he whose perverse will had led him into a path the very opposite to Dr. Newman's pays a glowing though unwilling tribute to the person of the Cardinal, attributing to the person of the Cardinal, attributing to him a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of aim and purpose; he says that he was formed by Nature to command others and had the faculty of attracting to himself the passionate devotion of his friends and followers.

Although Cardinal Newman founded no sect; he yet resembled the old Greek philosophers in this that he had a follower.

osophers in this, that he had a follow-of young friends who were with him leart and soul, ready to go through fire and solemnly weighed in the most rigid phers in this, that he had a following of young friends who were with him

and water for his sake, and some of them, like Hurrell Froude, "only likely to quarrel if the pace was too slow," The wondering parents of the young man who came home from Oxford with the one name of "Newman" ever on his admiring lips must have asked themselves the question which naturally prompts itself to us and which must have come to a spectator who had seen what Principal Shairp describes when he tel's us how, more than describes when he tel's us how, more than forty years ago, in Oriel Lane light hearted forty years ago, in Oriel Lane light hearted undergraduates would drop their voices and whisper, "There's Newman," when, head thrust forward and gaze fixed on some vision seen only by himself, with swift, noiseless steps he glided by, filling them with awe for a moment as if it had been some apparition that had passed.

And it was this same mysterious per-sonal charm which drew all Oxford to fill St. Mary's with eager ears to hear those thrilling Sunday afternoon sermons, and to revel on the presence of "voice"—I use the words of Anthony Froude—"so keen, so preternaturally sweet, whose very whis-per used to thrill through crowded churches, when every breath was held to hear; that calm gray eye; those features so stern and yet so gentle." This was the power which, added to his genius and his style, made him the one great figure of those days, and make his name a great one to the imagination still.

But when all Oxford resounded with

that name, the memory of which even in the aftertime was to be the one potent power in the university, "alike a charm to conjure with, and a dangerous force to exectate," the ever memorable 9th of October, 1845, drewnigh, and with it came the end of twelve long years of intense and earnest thought; and "Ho Megas," as Henry Wilberforce used to speak of him, chose "the reproach of Christ as to be esteemed greater than the treasure of the Egyptians." And when he was gone, the small hamlet of Littlemore, once his sojourn, became a Mecca for enthusiastic young Oxford men who loved his memory.

How sacredly he was remembered we may learn in hearing Kegan Paul tell us of a home near Oxford in which a veiled crucifix seemed to its possessor to have gained a special sanctity because it had been Newman's; and how those who had attended his former church at Littlemore prayed all the more fervently because he had prayed there before them; while the young zealots of that day loved St. Mary's most because of its pulpit where Newman

had preached.

The secret of the charm that fascinated while it awed the younger enthusiasm of Oxford is partly to be found in man's veneration of the mysterious and the solitary, and his admiration of the tamelessness of soul which was ready to essay the impossible. Although in Oriel days Cardinal Newman was known to be almost romantically devoted to the inner circle of his friends, to the world at large he seemed as one who dwelt apart from the age which claimed him. With an earnestness would not permit him "to pause, to make an end," he occupied his whole future we are told he was ever yearning to baild up as fast as men cast down, and to plant again the waste places. Mr. Mozley says, "It was never possible to be even a quarter of an hour in his company without a man feeling himself to be invited to take an onward step sufficient to tax his energy or his faith."

Not satisfied to follow the example of other tutors, he made his connection with the undergraduates something more than imply official or nominal, and thus won their love to him as a father or an elder and affectionate brother. Like Walter Scott in being one of the most noble and lovable figures in English letters, he re-sembled him also in this, that he was ever seeing the best and highest parts of the human character. He looked for water from the deserts, and trusted that the

broken reeds might yet rule the forest, ever hoping against all hope.

It was such qualities as these which made him the ido! of those who lived in his immediate presence; while the shadows of the beautiful features of his It would be superfluous to add, "May his he cannot follow, with genuine admiration shadows of the beautiful features of his for the subtlest intellect, the largest heart, attractive soul made him revered to those who saw him through his works or heard his "most entrancing of voices breaking the silence of St. Mary's with words and thoughts which were a religious music."
His severity of soul was linked to a
gentleness of spirit which filled him with "A hate of hate, a scorn of scorn, A love of love;"

which made controversy distasteful to him and the thought of ridiculing an adver sary, though he never lacked opportuni-ties and ever had the power, foreign to bim. And what a world and a wealth of meaning is there in the fact that his bit terest enemies could not accuse him unfairness.

But we must not hope to write th secret of his popularity in a few words. Many circumstances combined to produce t; and there was never a like example of such popularity because there was never like combination of such circumstances bave told of some. Any one who wil alike read between the lines of his sermons may there field another. These sermons, while ever teaching the human soul's direct relation to God-"the everlasting face to face with God"—were the first since those of Jeremy Taylor to teach also that beauty was consonant with holiness; that piety need not be ugly; that the love of God need not be hideous. Beautiful poems they were rather than sermons, a overflowing with an earnest and heart filling love for God which was as new to

nis hearers as it was attractive. Little wonder then that they were held to Newman. But we, who have never seen him with our bodily eyes, nor heard his unforgetable voice with our bodily ears and yet have learned so well to admire and love him from sfar off, even from beyond the wide sea, we have other spells added to these. They were certain qualities of soul which do not court but command admiration from all men. Dr. Newman was, in the most literal meaning of the word, a true man. His pupil Moz-ley, who had spent a lifetime in his near presence, says: "During the whole period of my personal acquaintance and comtion with Newman, I never had any other thought than that he was more thoroughly in earnest and more entirely convinced of the truth of what he was saying than any other man I had come

And we can even see this in his printed

balances or truth before it was given to the world forever. I believe he must corner where one would expect it. He have thought of God oftenest as the In-

And on the altar of this Truth he laid his whole life, for its sake setting at naught all things that the world of men most prize, wishing only to do right, and that at all hazards. There is something beart-rendingly pathetic in his attempt to find reasons for not abandoning the Church in which he was born and reared, when he from the head been taught to look upon as Anti Christ. Hear these words to the Church of England wrung from his heart when he preached his last sermon in an Anglican pulpit: "Oh, my mother, whence is this unto thee that thou hast good things poured upon the head canst good things poured upon thee, and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet datest not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to use their services? nor the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise, falls from thy bosom and finds no home within thy arms !"

A man born to "Face the spectres of the mind And lay them,"

he was yet beaten back by Truth step by step. One plea after the other against Rome was defeated until his theology was gone; and then he opposed The Woman of the Seven Hills on the grounds of politof the Seven Hills on the grounds of political policy and her popular errors, until what he hoped might be rocks proved to be only quicksands. "And so the end was come. The foremost man in the English Church was content to send for the humble Italian monk, Father Dominic, the Passionist and falling at his feet to the Passionist, and falling at his feet, to ask reception into the Roman Church. At the call of conscience he had already resigned preferment and leadership; he now abandoned home and nearly all his friends forced. resigned preferment and leadership; he now abandoned home and nearly all his friends; for ease he accepted comparative poverty; for rule over others he took on him obedience; et exist, nescione quo iret," his heart praying those words his lips had framed twelve years before in an orangeboat on the Mediterranean.

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encirclin Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me

I was not even thus nor prayed that Thou should'st lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
I loved the grayish day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years."
When Carlyle was a-kel what he

thought to be the secret of Cardinal New-man's great popularity, he replied: "A man who does something which all men worth the name are trying to do, each one after his fashion, and does it effectually, to, is and must be a curiosity to his fel-lows. Newman thought his way through great difficulties to a logical issue, and those who have the same soul fights are curious to know how he did it." In other words the rare frankness and courage which faced and overcame everything that stood in its path towards Truth have given him the prestige of a hero: Men see in him one who has braved all odds to win the fight for life and heaven over death and error, who willingly foreswore all brightest, worldly hopes, clasped hands with all dearest friends, to go out alone into the path where he was to meet new thoughts, new feelings, new faces, ne everything save God and truth.

As Father Faber might have put it, his was indeed a heart with the full noontide of God about it; he believed in deing from principle and not in wasting a lifetime in speculation about principles; he was

"One of that small, transfigured band Which the world cannot tame,"

but is forced to admire. And his reward has begun even in his lifetime. At one time the only Catholic to whom English audience for the truth, and made the name live through a decade of centuries for the intelligent world has long since decided that he shall live forever.

DR. BROWSSON.

THE STORY OF HIS SEARCH AFTER TRUTH AND HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE CATHOLIC

CHURCH, A few years ago the greatest of Ameri can philosophers was laid to rest, and ntly his remains were deposited in the recently his remains were deposited in the vault beneath the altar of Brownson Chapel, connected with Notre Dame Institute, at South Bend, Ind.; but his glori ous work survives him, and an eternal monument to truth, it shall perpetuate his memory to future generations. By the iron hand of death the strong frame was stricken, the manly voice forever husbed. Never again will that hand grasp the all powerful pen in defence of inno-cence and injured truth, nor that voice proclaim the principles of right and lib-

Ty.
Whilst he lived like all great men, his enemies were many; now when he is gone, all unite in sounding the cymbals of praise. It is a fact to be remembered praise. It is a fact to be remembered that it was in the heat of discussion where he created enmitties; for outside of controversy, and under the influence of his home, Dr. Brownson was universally

loved and respected.

It would be practically impossible to follow out in a limited space the course of thought which led him to the portal of the Church. Brownson was at this time just forty years of age, in the prime of a glorious manhood, in comfortable circum-stances blessed with a wife and family. What more could he desire? He had w for himself a prominent station in the American literary world; yet his position was peculiar and embarrassing. While yet a Protestant, nominally a Congregational Unitarian, he had defended, in his Review, many Catholic doctrines which others attacked, but which his powerful understanding, aided by deep research. understanding, aided by deep research, pronounced true and consistent with ason. His friends often reminded hir of the folly (i) of his course, and advised him to follow in that rut of abuse against the Catholic Church which distinguishes Protestant religions. But Brownson'

imple "would-not" settled the matter.

Having eventually examined Catholicity fully, impartially, and understandingly, he was surprised and confounded! Here he had been seeking the truth for twenty

from Puritanism to lax Rationalism; nov he finds it in the Catholic Church—the last he finds it in the Catholic Church—the last lurking place, the very last in which he would have sought for it—in that Caurch which his imagination, influenced by Pro-testant prejudices and Protestant misrepresentation, had thrust aside as a despicable thing, unworthy of any consideration presentati whatever, and painted as the very person-ification of every superstition and error, the very fountain-head and mother of the very fountain head and mother of witchery, heathenism and lies! Now he stands convinced beyond a doubt that the Catholic Church is the one, the holy, the Catholic Church, established by Christ and propagated by the Apostles; all was clear to his mind. But here lay the crisis: What should he do? Embrace Catholicity with the knowledge staring him in the face that he should then be come an unworthy, a despised renegade in the eyes of his best and dearest and oldest friends, and, worst of all, be thrust aside from them as contemptible, mean, aside from them as contemptible, mean, and half-witted? Or remain as he was,

pelieving all the convictions of his reason and judgment? The latter could not be thought of; Brownson was far too noble to stoop so low as that of public favor at any time, much more so when honor and self-respect were at stake. So, throwing aside every human considera-tion, he followed the course pointed out by his reason, aided by faith, and was re-ceived into the Church, on the 20th of October, 1844, by Bishep Fi zpatrick, of Just as he and his new friends had ex-

pected, his enemies immediately began to assail him on all sides; they accused him of inexplicable inconsistency; of un-accountable contradiction. Finally, the whole non Catholic press united in trying to break the force of his conversion by representing lim as eccentric, variable, a lover of notoriety, tossed about by every variable wind. They prophesied that he would soon reject and scorn the Catholic faith as he had hitherto done all forms of Protestantism; but it was all to no pur-pose. Their charges were lies, and every pose. Their charges were lies, and every one knows how miserably they failed in their prophecy, how steadfast was his adherence to truth and allegiance to law-

ful authority.

The whole tone of his Review immediately changed. In it he discussed and defended, with great ability, the doctrines of the Church, till 1862, when domestic trials, and infirmities consequent upon old age, compelled him rejuctantly to give

During the war he was a steadfast Nor therner, and advocated the strongest of war measures; the slaves had his pity, the South his execration, the North his love and services. In politics a Democrat, his word carried weight; and, it is said, he was once considered as a candidate for the

nomination for the Presidency.
In 1873, being persistently urged by his many friends, among both the clergy and laity, he was moved to re-establish the Review. On its reappearance it was greeted with the utmost cordiality, and was well supported all over the country. In Octo-ber, 1875, forced by family bereavements and failing health and sight, after much hesitation and against the advice of his most valued friends, it was again discon-tinued. He retired to Detroit, where he ad a son living, at whose home he shortly afterward died.

Dr. Brownson married early in life a Miss Sarah Healy, of Camilius, New York, a woman of "singular sweetness of character, deeply religious, single-hearted and clear-sighted." Through all her husband's wanderings after new theories she re-mained unblinded. When he became a Catholic she followed him into the fold, where she died an edifying death, in 1872. Eight children were the fruits of the union—seven sons and one daughter—all Catholics, of whom but three survived their

After that he seemed to have lost all ambition and energy, only writing an oc-casional article for some review or other periodical. Where will we find a more beautiful tribute to a father's affection

and husband's love than this? His health, which had hitherto been good, slowly declined, and on the lst of January, 1876, he was confined to bed by a severe ailment, from which he was slowly recovering when he suffered a re-lapse. He lingered on until the 17th of April of the same year, when he died, after being fortified by the last Sacra-ments. After the services at St. Ann's Church, the mortal remains of the illustrious convert and publicist were interred in the Catholic cemetery of Detroit.

By the death of Dr. Brownson the Church lost a faithful and staunch supporter; the commonwealth a patriot, tried and valuant; the world of letters a philosopher and essavist of rare merit. Truly

sings Edward Young:
"Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales;
Each man maxes his own stature, builds himself;
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt
falls."

In private virtues, Brownson was a Sir Thomas Moore; in stern integrity and honesty of purpose he was Samuel Johrson, All gifts of head and heart were his—

"And the elements So mixed in him that nature might stand

And say to all the world, this was a man!" What his personal appearance was we can conjecture from an anecdote related of him shortly before his death. A little daughter of one of Dr. Brownson's intimate friends who was visiting him, after gazing at him intently for some minutes, exclaimed : "Is he not just like a great

lion?"
"Nothing," says the contemporary, "could be more graphic or accurate than this sudden and happy stroke of a child's

"We never saw Dr. Brownson, or read one of his great articles, without thinking of the mien or roar of a majestic lion; we have never seen a remarkable fine old trying to make Protestant Americans magnify peccadilloes into sins and make sins appear peccadilloes.

Mr. Jones, for instance, denounces massive figure, and surrounded in old age by a mass of white hair and beard like a constant of the magnify peccadilloes.

Mr. Jones, for instance, denounces all dancing, round or otherwise; by a mass of white hair and beard like a constant of the magnify peccadilloes. showy Alp, made him a grand and reving games" so popular in religious erend object to look at, such as we might circles, where the spectacle of a jig,

JONES' GEMS.

N. Y. Freemans Journal. The self-appointed "evangelist" who was plain "Sam Jones" in the West, is the Rev. Sam P. Jones in New York the Rev. Sam P. Jones in New York State, where he is now preaching, and "gems" from his sermons are freely dis-tributed through the journals. Mr. Jones talks to God with that easy impudence with which Peck's Bad Boy ad dresses his father, and his assumed insight into the ways of Providence is appalling to reverent minds

Mr. Jones has made a decalogue of his own, in which the three principal commandments are against dancing, card-playing and smoking. Mr. Jones uses the pronoun "1" as the representative of dogmatic authority. He is justified in so doing by the Protestant doctrine of private interpretation. Mr. Jones has as good a right to teach with an infallible "I" as the Kev. Heber Newton, or any of the rest. Some of the "gems" quoted by the

newspapers from Mr. Jones' orations are made to suit the intellectual capacity of the "immence audiences" he is received shows that there are "gems" that may not be thrown before swine in vain. It is said that Mr. Jones' success is due to the tact with which he adapts his speech to the capacity of his heafers. If so, his hearers are generally of a calibre beneath contempt. The most ignorant Italian or Spanish peasant would not listen with patience to such "gems, even if cast to him from the pulpit If the result of years of secular teaching in public schools and religious teaching in Sunday schools is to make Sam Jones possible, the non-Catholic American people are becoming in reality more ignorant and besotted than any of the nations to which they send missionaries "I never," said "Sam' Jones, at Lakewood, N. Y., "saw a boy proud of his father, but that his father was ashamed

of him." This saying was applauded, we are told; but it is vicious, as well as silly:
'When I get to Heaven, with my crown and harp, I don't care about Heavenly recognition. I am all fixed. We want a little more Heaven here in New York

and on the earth. "If we go home and consecrate our-selves, and obey the Ten Commandments, we needn't go to Heaven at all.
"The stock of men, like horses, should be improved. In some parts of country we are run down pretty low.

"Is there any harm in dancing? Dance all you want to, for where you are going it will be too warm to dance. Play cards day and night, for cards won' stand fire down there unless you get asbestos cards.
"Where there is love of sin of any de

cription there is no salvation in that

"Salvation is deliverance from guilt of sin and love of sin. I used to dance but was never idiot enough to play cards. You can't find a lunatic asylum in America unless you find a deck of cards in nearly every room. They amuse themselves with cards because they are idiots. The camps of soldiers and battle-fields are always covered with cards. When God Almighty's Church moves out of camp to battle she will throw

her cards, too.
"Sanctified people, who are all holiness, are like those stalks of corn that are devoid of everything but the tassel. God save us from being all tassel. I feed my horse on corn, not tassels. Holiness means wholesomeness: 100 cents on the

The death of his wife and children was one of the principal reasons which induced Dr. Brownson to discontinue public life. "If you play progressive euchre you are but if you can write anything stronger I'll sign it."

Mr. Jones is very sure of getting into

Heaven; to that end he relies on his having given up dancing, card-playing and the use of tobacco. It does not occur to him that it is the abuse of these things that makes them sinful. A man, according to the Jones theology, who smokes an occasional cigar may not enter Heaven; one who plays a harmless game of cards or who joins in a family quadrille is damned. It is noticeable that Mr. Jones is careful not to touch the real and deep sins that are poisoning the lives of his countrymen and women, and endangering the tuture He tries to make amusing of the race. speeches, and when his audience utter the truly American phrase, "He is so cute," he is satisfied.

It is an awful thing to see this bungler It is an awful thing to see this bungler teaching, unchallenged, the ways of life temporal and life eternal to people whose ignorance and self-conceit are equal to his. He is encouraged, too, by Protestant ministers, at their wits end to supply sensations for jaded congregations. Some of them have begun to draw away from him since he assumed to exercise the Protestant right of private interpretation by denouncing the vate interpretation by denouncing the "orthodox" views of baptism—which

are by no means invariable In olden days travelling friars went through Catholic countries, teaching truth by means of homely illustrations and stories pointed with the rough wit of the people. They were not free to change the tenor or the meaning of the Ten Commandments of God. Tue Church was the rock on which they rested, no matter how they might choose to adorn that rock with flowers and vines to catch the eyes of the ignor ant. There was always the strictest line between essential and non essential, and the people were not misled. But the travelling "evangelist" draws no such lines by Divine authority. In his speech he acknowledges no higher authority than himself. It is always "I."

a reel, or a quadrille, would shock pious brothers and sisters beyond recovery. He knows his people. He knows them too well. He knows that if he makes them angry by telling them the truth about the sins that are crying to Heaven from this "free" country, he will decrease the sums of money which he and Bob Ingersoll, by the same means, are drawing steadily to themselves.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Cleveland Universe

We read in an Irish exchange that "the proportion of Catholics and Protes-tants in the town of Sligo is pretty nearly the proportion in Ireland." Our readers will remember that close upon the late Orange outrages in Belfast, there was some rioting in Sligo. It originated in a vile defacing of the Catholic Bishop's residence and of the Catholic residence and of the Catholic cathedral. What we would call cathedral. What we would call attention to is the happy finale, recorded as follows in an Irish contemporary:
The Protestants, naturally indignant that suspicion should rest on them, met and offered a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of the outrage on their Cath. olic brethren. The offer was successful, and the self-confessed perpetrators proved to be at least nominal Catholics. Then the turn of the respectable Catholics arrived. They met, passed resolutions of the sincerest sympathy with their Protestant neighbors at the unjust suspicion and the injurious violence to which they had been exposed. They backed their kind words with kinder deeds, for forthwith a subscription list was open to recoup them for any injury they had sustained. The Catholic mayor headed the list with the magnificent donation of £100, and Mr. O'Connor, a Catholic merchant, followed suit with £50. As was justly observed in a fair minded and generous leader in which the Daily Express commented on the incident, Express commented on the "Out of evil has come good."

Boston Pilot. It is but three years since the Maori mission at Wanganui, New Zealand, was established by the Rev. Father Soulas, and already its success has surpassed all hope. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Redwood lately visited Wanganui and the neighboring Maori missions of Keremite, Jerusalem, and Ranama. At the first-named place he blessed a new church, and gave the veil to religious, who are devoting their lives to the welfare of the Maori children, A banquet was prepared for the Bishop, at which the venerable Maori chief, Pontini, made the following address: "Father, good-day to you,—good-day to you surrounded by your new children! Had you been here at a feast in the days of my youth, you would have been offered human flesh. You would have found yourself in the midst of intractable and savage men. Here, three years ago we were infidels, full of vice; to-day, thanks to Divine Providence, and the labors of the good priests sent to us by you, we are a Christian people. True, we are but of yesterday, but our desire is to persevere. Behold the church: It has cost us great sacrifices; it stands there as a witness to our faith, and a promise of its endurance; we shall never don prayer. Let the priest, then, remain in our midst, to guide and enlighten us Good day, Father! Great is our happi

ness at seeing you. Catholic Review. Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, N. J., lectured last Thursday evening, at Chickering Hall, for the benefit of the Irish Parliament agitation. He said many good things, but few better than many good things, but lew better than these telling words: "We are in the midst of a battle. The first engagement has taken place, and we stand asking what we are to win by the next engagement. What have we won already? A few years ago martial law existed everywhere in Ire land. The people were bound, gagged and handcuffed. We had no Parhamentary party. The people who were true to th changed. We proclaimed the wrongs of Ireland and were scoffed at. Now the world knows our story and knows that we never told the half. The world was silent and Ireland had no voice to speak. But a man came, like Grattan, from the midst of our foes. Great in genius and great in heart, he became convinced, after trying to crush Ireland, that Ireland's wrongs were real. The world that would not listen to us listens to Mr. Gladstone."

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. "The Pope was willing to make Nico-lini a Count or a Marquis for \$50,000 and to authorize him to marry the divorced singer for another \$25,000; but La Patti said this would be paying too 'dear for her whitle,' and so they were weeded tres bourgerisement, just like other Tally Welshmen, thieves or otherwise." This extract is from the Paris correspondence of the Philadelphia Times. It is a lie, of course, and the more to be pro-tested against, because the editorial revision in the *Times* is generally so strict as to keep that journal clear of such calumnies. The Paris correspondent copied this from the wretched Figaro, the literary sewer of Paris.

Michigan Catholic "It was a kind and brotherly act of the Poles assembled in convention at Bay Cay last week to thank Gladstone in the name of the Poles of America for his offerts in behalf of Ireland. If anything were wanting to cement the sympathy that has always existed between Ireland and Poland this would supply it. The history of Poland for the past hundred years re-sembles that of Ireland for more than

three centuries. We hope that Poland will soon be as near Home Rule as Ireland is at this moment." Ayer's Sarsaparilla is designed for those who need a medicine to purify their blood, build them up, increase their appetite, and rejuvenate their whole system. No other preparation so well meets this want. Its record of forty years is one of constant triumph over disease.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrher and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their with testing and as an special to the without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's D, sentery Cordial. This measures is a specific for such complaint and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholers or summer complain.