

Into The Sunset.

Row me out to the sunset—row me fisherboy Ben, Out where the golden cloudlets dip in the sea again; I always wanted to reach them, nestling against the sun: Row me, then, fair and softly—we shall get there ere day is done. He took the oar and he rowed her, his little sister Sue— He rowed her towards the sunset, lilac, golden and blue; The breeze blew soft in their faces, and smiles came all unthought; But they had to turn in the twilight, to turn in search of port, Susy wept at the landing, wept as she stood on strand: "I wanted to stay," she pleaded, "out in the sunset land; You by my side, Ben darling, always smiling and true, And beautiful clouds around me, golden lilac, and blue. She stood no more on the pebbles, nor played by the waves again; Nor yet where the fisher-ladde took ship for the sunset sky; But pale and patient, wasted, on cottage pallet laid, On the eve of a longer voyage, wistful yet not afraid. Fisher boy Ben was near her; her mimic boat on the floor— Toys and the old earth-pearls were not for the maiden more; The curfew bell was ringing, and the August sky was aglow, When she bade them lift her, lift her, to gaze on the western show. Golden lilac, and crimson—crimson, lilac, and blue, Dear friends of the fisher-maiden, these clouds of brilliant hue! "I am going, Ben, to the sunset," she whispered, her face ashine, "Which we tried to reach long ago, dear—tried, but we hadn't time "Home, where God and Jesus, where happy angels dwell— Ben, draw the curtain well, I want so to see them well. Yes they are there in the sunligh, waiting, calling for Sue, Ben, you must follow me, dearest: I cannot come back to you." Crimson, lilac, and golden—lilac, golden and grey, Fell the sunset shadows that pleasant summer day, When Ben the fisher boy stood and strained his eyes on the strand For one last fond look at his sister sailed for the Better Land. —In the Irish Catholic.

A Ghost Story.

Reviewing Father Benson's "Mirror of Shalott" in the Chicago Tribune, Elia W. Peattie writes as follows: These stories remind me of a tale I heard not long since and which has not yet found its way into print. A friend of mine was in some discouragement or depression and thought best to have a comforting talk with her priest. She had hoped to emerge from her perplexity alone, and so had not gone to him at the hour when she might have seen him at the confessional, but as evening drew on and her discomfort became more acute she feared a sleepless and miserable night unless she could be helped to some conclusion, and so set out alone to visit her clergyman at the parochial house. It was not far from where she lived, and she was soon there. A white mist had come up from the lake, and through this the moon was trying ineffectually to shine. It was beautiful and mysterious, and somehow it increased my friend's sense of sadness and bewilderment. She was glad when she reached the steps leading to the priest's house, and was about to run up them when she was withheld by a woman who stood opposing herself to my friend. The woman was a tall, stately creature, clothed in white, as became the summer night, and with her hair in long braids, which, considering her age, seemed curiously inappropriate. "I beg your pardon," said my friend, but the woman made no answer. She seemed to lock from half closed lids, and her lips were pressed tightly together as if she was afraid words would escape from them. "I wish," persisted my friend, "to call on Father Blank. Will you allow me to pass?" Still there was no answer, and the woman barred the way. My friend concluded that it was some demented woman, and to have no further bother went around to the side door of the residence, leaving as she supposed, the woman behind her. But what was her amazement when she reached the side door to find the woman there, too, still with arms outstretched! For the first time a sensation of fear disturbed my friend, but she had no intention of giving way to it, and she went back to the front door. And there, guarding the steps, stood the woman once more. Then for the first time my friend saw her eyes, and knew they were the eyes of a soul in torment. She was so frightened that she would have run away, but so compassionate that she could not, so instead she whispered: "I, too, am unhappy. Let me pass and I will pray for your soul." And then, suddenly, there was nothing but the white mist and the moon

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat. No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, damages the stomach and affects the appetite. To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic. "I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." MRS. HENRIE B. BOLTON, West Liscomb, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system. ebbing through, and my friend went and told the priest of the woman, forgetting her own sorrows. And he, good man, smote his breast and told how, the night before, being weary, having been out half the night with a sick and unhappy man, he had but just got in his bed when he was called again to administer the last sacrament to a dying woman! He had answered when he was called, but answered in his sleep, and though the sense of what was said trickled into his mind, perhaps for fifteen minutes more. Then, when another knock came upon his door, he awoke himself and sped on his way. But he was too late—five minutes too late. The husband of the woman was weeping because, he said, she had had a great secret on her soul and that she had died with her lips close shut, lest the words should leap from them—words which it was best for none save her confessor and absolver to hear.

The Oldest Bisop in the World.

Dr. Daniel Murphy, Catholic Archbishop of Hobart, Tasmania (says the Daily Chronicle), and the oldest working prelate in Christendom, has entered on his ninety-third year—in good health and spirits. Sir Robert Strickland, the Governor of Tasmania, and a representative deputation visited the venerable prelate to tender congratulations and good wishes. Dr. Murphy, in his reply, says he was born on the day on which the Battle of Waterloo was fought, and around that fact a certain amount of his fiction was gathered, he had read in one account of his career that he was the son of a soldier who fought at Waterloo, and that he himself was actually born on the battlefield. Unfortunately for that picturesque legend his father was not a soldier and his mother was never outside Ireland. Archbishop Murphy is a record prelate in our respects than age. He is the only prelate now alive who was appointed by Pope Gregory XVI, the predecessor of Pius IX. In 1846, when he was consecrated as a Bishop for India, he was the youngest prelate of that period—only thirty-one—and today, after the lapse of sixty-one years, he is the oldest, so that he is the holder of a double episcopal record. Dr. Murphy passed twenty years in India as Bishop of Hyderabad, and had an anxious time during the Mutiny. In 1868, for reasons of health, he was translated to Hobart, and the change of climate has evidently agreed with him. As Dr. Murphy was ordained priest in 1838, he lives until next year he will have yet another jubilee to celebrate, the seventieth anniversary of his ordination.

Progress in Germany.

The Freeman's Journal, in its issue of September 7, makes reference to the magnificent prosperity of the Catholic Church in Germany at the present day, and disposes somewhat to overlook the crisis through which it passed in the days of the Kulturkampf before it reached a point at which its existence was assured, writes M. Goyan in his "Religious Germany." Previously to the Kulturkampf, its condition was worse than precarious, and at the close of the 18th century the Church enjoyed no freedom whatever, each prince in the confederation of States desiring to be his own Pope, as well as the sovereign of his territories. An endeavor was made by all the chief of European States to limit the intervention and the rights of the Papacy and to subject the Church in every case to the State. The fall of the Western Empire had the effect of turning the whole hierarchy of Western Europe towards Rome. Up till that time, it had wavered in its attachment to the ecclesiastical power, since it received the support of the civil. Deprived of the latter, it sought again its true adviser, and the consequent revival of the Catholic spirit sufficed to counteract the great philo-sonic movement in Europe which had threatened to under-

mine Christianity and destroy the faith of men.

Although Germany was one of the centres of this philo-sonic irruption, Catholicism revived with unexpected force in all quarters, under the influence of the leaders of Catholic society and an enthusiastic clergy. Nevertheless there were sovereigns and barons who still opposed the notion of liberty in the Church, who closed university chairs to Catholic professors and who subjected the seminaries to rigid surveillance as to their curricula. Thus in Baden and Wurtemberg, the Protestant sovereign chose the parish-priests and regulated the exercises of piety and of religion. In Prussia Frederick William tried to found a common religion for all his subjects and sought to win over the Catholics by giving them a so-called evangelical liturgy. The children of mixed marriages were to be brought up in the religion of the father and the nuptial blessing was to be withheld in the case of either party refusing to agree to this condition. Gregory XVI addressed an energetic protest to the Prussian Government and an encyclical to the clergy—both of which produced the desired effect and the Church issued triumphant in its fight for the souls of its children. Even at this period, the power of the pen had showed its potency and it was the courage of the publicists that relieved the Church from the yoke under which the groaned, more even than the activity of the clergy. The great Catholic publishing house of Herder sprang into being about this time to aid the cause; the "Dictionary of the Church" was printed and the association of St. Charles Borromeo for the diffusion of Catholic truth was established—thus laying the foundation of that magnificent Catholic organization in Germany which is today an exemplar to all Catholic communities; and this, be it noted, in a schismatic country, sixty years before the idea of organization by means of the press had been thought of even in Catholic countries. In Germany, when the Pontificate of Leo XIII began, the Kulturkampf was in progress, protesting to be undertaken on behalf of civilization and culture, but really due to a belief instilled into the German Government by interested persons, that the Vatican Decrees on Infallibility had been issued for political purposes. Against the so-called May Laws of 1875, suppressing religious Orders, giving to the state the control of all educational and religious offices forbidding allegiance to the authority of the Holy See, one might well imagine that, with such a man as Bismarck in power, the Catholic Party would have failed. In many respects its position was analogous to that of France to-day. The Centre Party, however, came into the arena, as if by magic, and active measures were begun to withstand the assaults of the Bismarckian anti-Catholics. A long period of persecution followed, in the course of which some five bishops with many of their clergy, were at one time in prison and the priesthood was practically proscribed. The Government found, however, that the effects of their campaign against the Church were precisely the opposite of what they wished. It was seen that under persecution, the faith became stronger, organization was more active and, above all, that the people would brook no interference by any Government with its own private conscience. Bismarck found his adversary too strong and duly "went to Canossa."

More About Expulsions From Oxford.

Nothing like the prosperity of the Catholic Church, in its modern revival has been witnessed in any country. To the great diplomatic acumen of the late Pope Leo XIII, is due this marvelous progress of the faith in Germany, but above all to the magnificent organization of its press, its sodalities and its clergy. I pointed out a few weeks ago that the unwise action of James II with regard to Magdalen College was by no means without precedent, Queen Elizabeth having expelled Catholic Fellows wholesale from Oxford Colleges, filling their places with Protestants, and I gave a detailed account of what happened at Corpus Christi. The recently published monograph on Magdalen, by Mr. T. H. Warren, affords evidence that James had some precedent to go on at that very college, Magdalen College was founded in the middle of the fifteenth century by Bishop Wainfleet, of Winchester, as "a perpetual college of poor and needy scholars." How the Reformation robbed the poor of education, as of everything else, is a fascinating theme. In Edward VI's reign the

Catholic President was removed and the chapel soaked, and a new President, a Cambridge man, forced upon the College. He sold the vestments and the furniture that were left in the chapel. At the accession of Mary the old President was brought back, but great tolerance was shown. The Lutheran Fellows had to go, but the college made arrangements for them to study abroad, and even the intruded President was entertained. Under Elizabeth, again, the Catholic President was deprived, and a man who was not even an Englishman, a Swiss Calvinist, was forced upon the College, where he established himself with his wife! Cromwell, again, expelled the then President and two thirds of the Fellows, and filled their places with Presbyterians and Independents. James II. made the mistake of trying to force an unsuitable head upon the Fellows, who objected that he was not qualified, being a Cambridge man. Edward VI. made them have a Cambridge man as we have seen, and Elizabeth a foreigner. James was unwise, but what mattered more, he was weak. Had he been as strong as Elizabeth or Cromwell, he would have triumphed. Mass was restored in the chapel at this time, and the candlesticks on the present communion table were those that held the lights for the Holy Sacrifice. William Palmer, one of the Tractarians, who became a Catholic, and brother of Lord Selborne, was a member here, and so was Luke Rivington.—Catholic Weekly.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

"It don't pay to remember everything you read," grumbled Sandy Pikes as he wrapped his shoes around the brake wheel. "Speaking from experience, pard?" asked his chum of the fast freight. "You bet old pall. I seen an item in de paper dat said people with big ears were always generous, so when I stopped at de wayside cottage and found de lady had large ears I told her I knew she was generous." "Great hoboes! Bad did she give you anything?" "Yep, she gave me a piece of her mind. Den she said her husband had big ears also." "Dat's de limit. And did he give you anything?" "Sore! He turned out to be a judge and gave me thirty days."—Chicago News.

The Cardinal Secretary of State has addressed the following letter to the Abbe Odell, Vicar General of Paris: "After having replied to your letter to Monsignor Majordomo I think it well to add another letter and send you this in order to explain my thought better, in case the telegraphic form should have left any doubt about it. The Holy Father has not yet taken any decision regarding the suspension of his jubilee feasts, but finding it impossible to guarantee the safety of his children who propose to come here to pay him their homage within a very short time, he sees himself obliged to renounce the consolation which this homage would have brought him, so as not to expose the pilgrims, and especially the bishops and priests who would have accompanied them, to the danger of being insulted during the journey and during their stay in Rome. His Holiness ardently desires the cessation of the present unworthy anti-clerical outbreaks, and when this comes about nothing will be dearer to him than to receive the representatives of the different nations who wish to come to Rome for his jubilee; but for the moment His Holiness deems it prudent to invite them to defer their coming."

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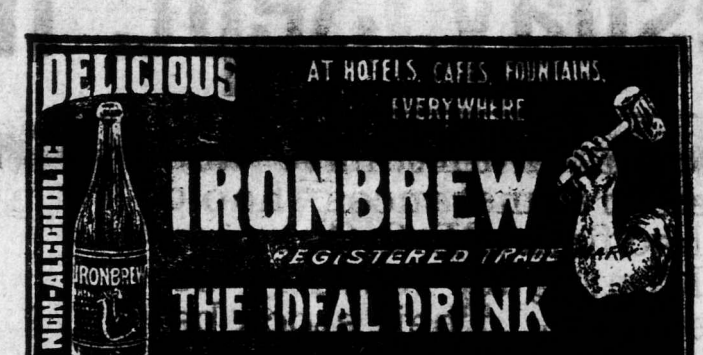
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