"He and She." BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

dead!" they said to him; "com

"She is dead?" they said to him; "come Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!" They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair; Over her eyes, that gazed too much, They drew the lids with a gentle touch; With a tender touch they closed up well The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell; About her brows and beautiful face They tied her veil and her marriage lace, And drew on her white feet her white slik shoes—

shoes—
Which were the whitest no eye could choose—
And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away." they said; "God understands."
And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,
And jasamine, and roses, and rosemary:
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies
she." And they held their breath till they left the

With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.
But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,
He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it—alone again—he and she.
He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet

cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though the called her the name she loved ere

He and she; still she did not move To anyone passionate whisper of love. Then he said, "Cold lips and breasts witho breath, Is there no voice, no language of death."
Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?
See now; I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?
Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?
Or was it a greater marvel to fee!
The perfect cain o'er the agony steal?
Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that
sleep?

sleep?
Did life roll back its records dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things And snow, as they say it does, past things clear?

And was it the innermost heart of the bliss To find out so, what a wisdom love is? O perfect dead! O dead most dear; I hold the breath of my soul to hear! I listen as deep as to horrible hell.

As high as to Heaven, and yet you do not tell. There must be pleasure in dying, sweet, I om make you so placed from head to feet! I would tell you darling, if I were dead, And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed—

I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid

His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid. You should not ask vainly, with streaming

eyes.
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise.
The very strangest and suddenest thing." The very strangest and suddenest thing Of all the surprises that dying must bring." Ah, foolish world; O most kind dead! Though he told me, who will believe it was Who will believe that he heard her say, With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old

"The utmost wonder is this—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you,
dear;
And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never
died."

CHRISTIANITY'S TRIUMPH.

AN ELOQUENT REPLY TO THE INFIDELS.

CATHOLICITY A LIVING TRIUMPH.

ARRAIGNMENT OF THE PRESS. We make the following extracts from a brilliant discourse recently delivered in St. Louis, by Rev. Thos. Hughes, S. J.: The Soul of Modern Science is not

disembodied yet. Its radiation is not exhausted. Do you not catch it radiating from the print you are constantly paying
for? Have you not caught as yet some
of the "psychotypic" infidelity exhaling
from the press which you support?
The style of logic which is characteristic

The style of logic which is characteristic to it I have just taken the trouble to exemplify—a style so universal that it stamps the school, whether represented in its pretensious scientists, in its vulgar criers, in its solemn declaimers, or in its thirdrate copyrists of their betters. Some of them are the style of

'Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneers:" with a cumbersome solemnity of thought, and a phraseology Ciceronian, orotund and grand, wherein Jews are compared with Christianity, and the latter found wanting: Mohammedans contrasted with Christianity, and—sorry to say it!
—the latter goes to the wall; good men
with bad men, and—we blush to avow it!

-Christians come off second best; moral men with immortal men, and—alack-aday!—Christians must hide their dimin-ished heads. This class of writers treats us constantly to a stage-show, never end-ing, of the same old soldiers, under logic; and the same old soldiers, under whatever variety of garb, always get the upper hand, and the others always go under. The street-car of this enlightened age is pitted against the thumb-screw of Christianity; the gunpowder and breechloader of the nineteenth century against the stupid old men and women that knew their prayers and said them in times gone by—dull times! Modern bullets figure there, and printing presses too: all the means of tearing the bodies of men to pieces in time of war, and the thousand ways of sending the souls of children to hell in time of peace. How easy now to disseminate knowledge! and have more vice spread through a public school class-room by a single mail than whole generations of men, women and children understood in solidium under the old regime! Few men spelt their names then. Fewer still had their names spelt for them by the lettered muse, or their date ciphered in marble and in fame. Their time a moment and a point their pace!" How different are all things

Now-let us repeat it and insist on it for the glory of the age—now the young can be taught, by the simple contrivance of a public education, to hide the pangs of conscious truth, and, in the gentler and purer sex, to quench the blushes of in-genuous shame! Now, how readily may they not be taught, though it does entail a slight taxation—that sweet and precious burden—to lose their innocence before they know it, and to see vice before the recognize it; to be vicious before they are taught what virtue is; nay, never to know the difference between mortal sin and

venial. You ask, is Christianity a failure? I answer, in vile material it is. In material that has lost the form of Christianity, as a corpse has lost soul, it is. In material which cannot receive the leaven, because it will not, Christianity is a failure. And why? Because the material is vile, and the will low. And Christianity must be high. The soul of Christianity must find its organism high, or must make it so. But if it cannot do either, as in a corpse, t

through the fault of the material, through the fault of the material, which is too far gone, why then Christianity goes too, and lets the carrion rot." The soul of every man is a failure in the same sense when his body is left to be a corpse. But the body of a man is unwillingly a corpse. The mass of society is willingly so. It is by the action of free-will. Therefore, wherever (hristianity willingly so. It is by the action of free-will. Therefore, wherever Christianity does not quicken the masses, and so far seems not to trumph, there you have a proof of man's free-will. And where Christianity does triumph in man or society, there you have a proof not only of free-will, but of a right mind besides.

Let not the infidel ignore Christianity as a great and stupendous moral fact, and a triumphant fact in the world; as a dom-inant and reigning fact. Why, in France, is he ousting her by legislation, under the title and style of zeal for education? Why, title and style of zeal for education? Why, in Germany, is he persecuting her with Falk-laws, which, by the way, in self-preservation, he is trying to undo? Why, in Italy, is he "appropriating" her goods—inventing a pleasant name, because "thieving" is in disrepute. Why in Ireland and Poland, wherever Christianity is distinctly Catholicity, is never a word of sympathy from the world, but grind, grind, the Christianity out of them, if you can ne Christianity, out of them, if you can. No, the infidel cannot ignore Chris-

tianity-I mean Catholicity. The reason lidentify the two I explained in my last lecture on "Out of the Church no Salvation." Is sy he is too busy plying his trade of grinding, exiling, robbing, legislating, to palm it off on us for an instant that he has forgotten Christianity or thinks her a failure. And when he succeeds in treading the camomile in the dust, the more the camomile grows! Trample Christianity down and its thrives. It thrives when trodden on. It thrives when ten-derly nurtured. It thrives and grows independently of human means, and there-fore it is a miracle, one of the very first

fore it is a miracle, one of the very first class.

It is a miracle if compared with Islamism. It is a miracle in itself.

Islamism has gone with the tide of sense and of flesh. It has ridden on with the violence and impetus of armed bands, with the promises of lust and rapine; with every vice, except cowardice,

TO SIGNALIZE ITS LEADER, and without a single virtue, save clever-ness and craft. Blood and immortality, national decadence and social degradation are the heraldic sighs and hereditary brand of Islamism. And you may give the lie, my friends, to that imprudent and audacious infidelity, which coolly preaches to you—and you pay it for doing so—that Islamism is good and civilizing, or that vulgar, infidel criers are intelligent, honest and good. The emblems and insignia of Mohammedanism are the same as those which distinguish robbers and tyrants, to wit: The might of arms, and the right of the strongest. He did not give such credentials to his followers. He who sent them without scrip or wallet—not to break, not to bruise, not to kill men by thousands, nor to lay cities low. "My kingdon," He said, "is not of the world." Without shoes, without staff, without cincture or purse, He sent them. Wherefore? To snoes, without start, without cincture or purse, He sent them. Wherefore? To do and to teach. "Store not up to your-selves treasures on earth, where the rust and the moth consume." Whoever sowed of the flesh, should reap of the flesh, corof the fiest, should reap of the fiesh, corruption. Whoever exalted himself should be humbled. They should love their enemies. Fortune-seekers should look for the kingdom of heaven within them. The inquisitive should know no more than was expedient, nor otherwise than was true.

tention of leavening numarity through-out all space and all time, so that when even rotten limbs should fall off from the Christian trunk; when gangrened members should be amputated from the Christian body, still the form and color of Christianity should be found inhering while in the corpse and deceiving the eye; and the warmth and flexibility once communicat-ed by the Christian soul should be found still continuing a while, cheating the touch, after the soul had fled, so that an unchristian and unbaptized generation should be found talking Christian talk and thinking Christianity thoughts, should be moving in Christian guise, and be impregnated with Christian influences long after infidelity had become master of its prey, and like an upstart government had come, by fair means or foul to control the thew and sinews, the nerves and ganglia, of the whole social organism.

It cannot be otherwise, because Chris-

tianity has tempered the moral atmosphere and purified the national manners, and molded the sense and bodies of men and morted the sense and bodies of men to purity, propriety and love. And in-fidelity will have to reduce the corpse to dust befort the body of society is strictly infidel; and in the meantime infidelity must 20 through all the intermediate processes so suggestive of infection, contagi-corruption and abomination before body of human society, lately so instinct with the beautiful soul of Christian mor-ality and laws, shall be reduced to the pulverized atoms of every individual seeking himself, every man at daggerends with his neighbor, every one

social LLY a Savage, and social authority, grinding all with the will of a tyrant and the heel of a brute; with of a typian and the need of a brute; steam cars, my friends, street cars, suspen-sion bridges, printing presses, mitrail-leuses, breach-loaders, rifled guns and every thing else notwithstanding. I say that was a miracle, was it not? To face the world with such credentials,

and come out of a crucial test of eighteen centuries, duration, as the church stands forth now! Eighteen centuries duration!
Yes; but how many kinds of men and
nations besides! How many crises and
storms, which have swamped races and
annihilated governments! She saw the annihilated governments! She saw the commencement of all the governments that are; and when the oldest of those now existing came into being, she had the moderate antiquity of ten centuries on her brow. And, now, is she antiquated at last? Is Christianity the failure some would like her to be? Is Christianity the would like her to be? Is Christianity the dumb corpse some are just dying to see her become, and to make us believe that she is? Apply the test of Gamaliel: "Ye men of Israel," he said, "consider with yourselves what you are about to do.
If this design, or work, be of men, it will
fall to nothing. But if it be of God, you
cannot destroy it."

of half Christian and half beast. Analyze historically how the church's doctrine has established the principle of right against mere might; of rights in the individual, of rights in the family, of rights in vested authority—the free will of the individual

authority—the free will of the individua-being everywhere secured.

Is this a miracle in the moral order, a miracle of the first-class, transcending all the efforts of mere human industry, wisdom, power, passing beyond all the laws of mere humon prudence, and only by a steady interposition from on high working ever with a wondrous success? Is it a miracle, too, as being a distinct prophecy, foretold in all its parts, foretold in its cir-cumstances, foretold in it success? But I must desist, or I shall never end.

By way of conclusion let me address the infidel, and ask him: Is Christianity then a failure? What do you mean by a failure? That she has not apprehended to the appropriate of the state of the share of the state of the share o you, and succeeded in Christianizing the like of you! But that may be a proof that you are a failure, not she; that you are unfit material for so noble a soul. On the same principle, the soul might be called a failure, whenever the body becomes unfit to domicile it, and falls away to be

THE CONFESSIONAL.

HERE SHINES THE OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD.

SPEAK, MY SON, AND SPEAK FREELY.

for the kingdom of heaven within them. The inquisitive should know no more than was expedient, nor otherwise than was true.

Is that a miracle or not to proceed with such credentials in the world? to go forth into the whole world with the express intention of leavening humanity throughout all space and all time, so that when were true lively hard to the kingdom of heaven within them. It is in the lower plains? Falling from one cascade into another, it finds the deep valley in the open country, and there is weeps into the mighty river, spanned by great towns, tention of leavening humanity throughout all space and all time, so that when of war, until at length, turbulent and with of war, until at length it becomes a little a ripple on the ear of the priest, thrills for an instant on the delicate tympanum, and passes from that into the unfathomable occan of the merciful heart of Jesus Christ. The waters of Christ's mercy close over it; and that sin is gone—"gone for ever." Not eye of angel, not eye of God at the hour of judgment, shall with the way is again to the world in the sound of the sinners's voice makes but a ripple on the ear of the priest, thrills for an instant on the delicate tympanum, and one cascade into another, it finds the deep valley in the open country, and there sweeps into the mighty river, spanned by over it; and that sin is gone—"gone for ever." Not eye of angel, not eye of God at the hour of judgment, shall with the capters of the priest, thrills for an instant on the delicate tympanum, and one cascade into another, it finds the deep valley in the open country, and there is a tit longth in size until at length it becomes a little a ripple on the ear of the priest, thrills for an instant on the delicate tympanum, and one cascade into another, it finds the deep valley in the open country, and there is a tit length it becomes a little a ripple on the ear of the priest, thrills for an instant on the delicate tympanum, and one cascade into another, it finds the deep valley in the open country, a a thousand impurities, it falls rapidly into the deep, wild ocean. This is all natural. That a man should stand upon that river's side and say:

> is natural; but that a man should be able to stand in the mid-tide of that mighty stream, and with his hand to push it back against its course; to make it flow up through the upper lands, and up to the higher levels; to bring it up, purifying it as it goes, until at length, from the turbulent, im-pure, and muddy stream, he brings it back again over the rocks, until, pure as crystal, it arrives at its source, and empties into that source—this would be an achievement, this would be power. And what this would be is just what the omnipotence of God does in the confessional as compared with his action in permitting the damned to go down into hell. That God should permit the sinner to go down into hell, and that he should visit him there with his everlasting punishment, is natural and necessary, and shows the power God possesses, and need excite no astonishment. But that the Almighty God should stop the sinner in his mad career of sin; that he should make him stand while he was hurrying on through every channel of impurity and pride, and avarice and dishonesty, gathering every element of corruption and defilement as went along, swelling forth in the tide of his iniquity as he was nearing the great ocean of hell—that God should stop him send him back again into the halls of memory, and there, through the pure stream of his life, cleanse him from hi impurity and sin as he went along, until at length he brought him back to the pure, limpid fountain-head of his baptismal innocence, this the wonder.

HERE SHINES THE OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD. And this is precisely the act which he does when he takes the sinner and cleanses

him from his sin.

But how wonderfully are his love and mercy blended in this action of Christ! We suppose that the subject—the very subject—of his omnipotence is the sinner; a man who has violated, perhaps, the most essential and important of God's laws; a man who may have the blood of the innocent on his red-stained hand; a man from whose soul every vestige of divine remembrance and of spiritual aspirations may have departed because of his impurity; a man who may have committed sins worse even than those that brought the deluge of fire from heaven on the cities of Pentapolis; a man who may have liked only to devote himself to every most wicked and diabolical purpose, until he has frittered into pieces and broken every one of God's holy laws and com-

Have you destroyed it? Fifteen years ago, the Catholic Church in Europe was 147,000,000 strong; in Asia and Oceanica, nearly 10,000,000; in Africa, 4,000,000; in Africa, 4,000,000 grace he has trampled upon, whose blood strong, making a total of 208,000,000 fifteen years ago. With the fraction of a million the supernatural spirit of Christianity could leaven the world, as it did long ago with the fraction of a score. It is the soul of the Church that is the soul of the world—that lovely soul, which now I should like to describe to you, but I must perforce pass on.

Two hundred and eight millions of men, scattered all over the globe, all actions ago. The content of the characters of the characters of immortal light upon his forehead; the man who went in loaded with crimes comes forth with the characters of immortal light upon his forehead; the man who went in loaded with crimes comes forth with the characters of immortal light upon his forehead; the man who went in loaded with crimes comes forth with the characters of immortal light upon his forehead; the man who went in loaded with crimes comes forth with the characters of immortal light upon his forehead; the man who went in loaded with crimes comes forth with the characters of immortal light upon his forehead; the man who went in loaded with crimes comes forth with the characters of immortal light upon his forehead; the man who went in loaded with crimes comes forth with the characters of immortal light upon his forehead; the man who went in loaded with crimes comes forth with the characters of immortal light upon his forehead; the man who went in loaded with crimes comes forth with the characters of immortal light upon his forehead; the man who went in loaded with crimes comes forth with the characters of immortal light upon his forehead; the man who went in loaded with crimes comes forth with the characters of immortal light upon his forehead; the characters of immortal light upon his forehead; the man who went in loaded with crimes comes forth with the cha men, scattered all over the globe, all accepting one faith, all united in one communion of authority and fellowship, all identical under one head, are a body he has insulted the laws of human society as he has insulted the Lord Jesus Christ; if munion of authority and fellowship, all identical under one head, are a body which you may respect as not quite effete, and so contrasting favorably with sects whether non-Catholics or non-Christian; of which in this one country alone, a Prussian traveler said a while ago: "There you may see a thousand and one religions, and no one believing in a God!"
Take in, over and above what I have said, the effects of the church's doctrine, now and ever, in producing rational certainly in the mind, and adding thereto the super-rational or divine certainty of faith. Consider the wide fields of higher knowledge opened out in the mind by Catholic doctrine. Ponder the effects upon society at large in leavening it intolled the laws of God; if that man is insulted the laws of God; if that man is insulted the laws of God; if that man's iniquities were only taken or gonizance of by an earthly tribunal, see how they would deal with him! He would be dragged from his house, perhaps thought the streets of the city, every eye looking at him curiously, every hand pointing at him.

As THE GREAT CRIMINAL, the man who committed such a murder, the man who did such and such wicked things. He would be flung into a dark dungeon in a prison, and, after days of faith. Consider the will have in the mind by Catholic doctrine. Ponder the effects with a man's iniquities were only taken ongnizance of by an earthly tribunal, see how they would deal with him! He would be dragged from his house, perhaps the would be taken publicly through the streets of the city, every eye looking at him curiously, every hand and one the production of the man who committed such a murder, the man who committed such a murder, the man who committed the laws of God; if the laws of God; if the man who insulted the laws of God; if the tax man's iniquities were only taken and is under the laws of God; if the tax man's iniquities were only taken and is under the laws of God; if the man's iniquities were only taken and is under the has insulted the laws of God in the has insul

knowledge opened out in the mind by Catholic doctrine. Ponder the effectes upon society at large in leavening it intellectually, till even infidelity, with all its efforts to shake off Christian sentiment, is

and that he must die a death of public infamy and ignominy to expiate his crime. Thus does the world deal with its

It must not be heard by the angel of mercy who is there, but only by the sinner and the priest of Jesus Christ. The word falls upon the priest's ear; for a mo-ment it enters into his mind, and in a Father Burke, in his eloquent discourse on the confessional, bestows the following glowing tribute upon the sanctity and purifying qualities of that sacred tribunal:

What is more natural than the idea of the water flowing from the little fountain that the little fountain the little fo on the mountain summit—flowing onward in its little bed, falling now over one rock and then over another, receiving its various tributaries as it flows along, and growing in size until at length it becomes a little giver in the lower plains? Falling from the property of the priest, thrills for eye of too at the hour of Judgment, shall ever look upon it again: for the blood of Jesus Christ has fallen upon it and washed it away. How little it cost the priest to say: "I absolve you, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost"—these few words! How little it cost the sinner! words! How little it cost the sinner Scarcely a humiliation! If, indeed, a man had to proclaim his confession and make it publicly; if a man had to make it before the assembly of the faithful; if a man had to make it on a Sunday morning before all the people, as they were crowding to Mass; even then, if such a confes-sion would obtain pardon for me, great God, would it not be a great gift to be able to purchase such a great girt to be able to purchase such a grace, even with such confession, even as the ruin of my character—even with all the ignominand contumely that I would sustain at my public confession? It would be cheap, onsidering what I got in return.

If the law of Almighty God said to the

sinner: "I WILL BRING THEE TO THE STAKE.

and only at the last moment, when the last drop of life's blood is coming from that broken heart—then, and only then will I absolve thee!"—would it not b cheaply purchased—this pardon of God this grace of God, this eternity of God' joy in heaven—even by the rendering of the last drop of our blood? But, no! Full of love, full of commiscration, Christ our Lord came to us with mercy, sparing every fielding of the sinner, mak-ing every difficult thing smooth, trying to enticipate by the sweetness of his to anticipate, by the sweetness of his merey, all the humiliation, all the pain, shrouding all under that wonderful veil of secrecy which has never for an instant been rent since the Church was first founded. And, in the end, it is the only tribunal where, when a man is found guilty, the only sentence pronounced on him is one acquittal. In other tribunals, when a man is found guilty, he receives his punishment. In the tribunal of penitence, all a man has to say is: "Oh! of these I am a man has to say is: "Oh! of these I am guilty before my God. O my God! with sorrow I confess them!" The only sentence is, "You are acquitted! Go in peace!" No vestige of sin, no stain of your iniquity is upon you! The sin is gone, and the terrible curses that was upon your soul is changed into a blessing. The angel guardian that accompanied the sinner to the door of the confessional awaits without, even as the Magdalene waited beside the tomb, while the body of our Lord lay there. For even as the our Lord lay there. For even as the angels, when the midnight hour of the resurrection came, beheld a glorious figure arising from the tomb, and flung out their mandments - that man comes and stands before this enraged and offended God- fully, outside the confessional, turns for

HIS REPLY TO THE IRISH ADDRESS.

An influential deputation of Irish Ca-tholic peers, judges, and bishops waited upon Cardinal Newman at the Oratory, Birmingham, on Saturday, A ril 10 present him with an offering and an dress congratulating him upon his eleva-tion to the cardinalate. The deputation included the Archbishop of Dublin, Lord O'Hagan, Viscount Gormanston, Lord Emly, the Bishop of Galway, coadjutor to the Archbishop of Tuam: the Bishop of Limerick, the Bishop of Clogher, and a large number of other gentlemen both

posed to the groans and the hisses of the multitude.

When he is found gullty, and his crime is brought upon him, then comes the awful moment. A judge, in solemn dignity, tells him that his life is forfeit, and that he must die a death of public groups and the must die a death of public groups. much better, still my reverence for them obliges me to submit myself to their praise as to a grave and emphatic judg-

Thus does the world deal with its criminals. But if this criminal of whom I speak—if he appears before the Son of God, and says: "Saviour, judge, let us enter into judgment," Christ takes him by the hand, and he warns off the crowd. Christ takes him and brings him into a secret tribunal; calls no witnesses against him; allows no finger of shame to be pointed at him; listens to what he has to say against himself; he says:

"SPEAK, MY SON, AND SPEAK FREELY!"
He speaks his deeds of shame, it is true, in the ears of a man. That man is there as the representative of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose mercy he is about to administer. He hears the whispered word. It must not be heard by the angel of not been of those who trust a man one day and forget him the next; and though I have not much to boast of in most points of view, I will dare to say that if, on my appointment to a high post in Ireland, I appointment to a high post in Ireland, I came there with a simple desire and aim to serve a noble people who I felt had a great future, deeply sensible of the trust, but otherwise, I may say, without thought of myself—if this creates a claim upon your remembrance, I can with a good conscience accept it. And here I am led on to refer to a special circumstance on which you touch with much delicacy and sympathy, and which I can hardly avoid since you touch with much delicacy and sympathy, and which I can hardly avoid since you mention it—namely, the accident that in past years I have not always been understood, or had justice done to my real sentiments and intentions in influential quarters at home and abroad. I will not deny that on several occasion this has been my trial, and I say this without assuming that I had no blame myself in its coming upon me. But then I reflect that, coming upon me. But then I reflect that, whatever pain that trial might cause me, it was the lightest I could have, that a man was not worth much who could not bear it, and that if I had not this I might have a greater. But I was conscious myself of a firm faith in the Catholic Church and a loyalty to the Hol/ See, and that I had en blessed with a fair measure of success in my work, and that prejudice and misconception did not last forever. And now my wonder is as I feel it, that the sunshine has come out so soon and with so fair a promise of lasting through my evening. My lords and gentlemen, in speaking so much of myself I fear I must be trying you patience, but you have led me to be familiar with you. I will say no more but to offer a prayer to the Author of all good that the best blessing may descend from him on all those who have taken part in his gracious act exercised to-wards one who has so faint a claim upon that generosity.

A REPENTANT AROSTATE.

The last foreign mail makes mention of the death of a once celebrated journalist, Thomas Sheehan, in the ninety-third car of his age. Thomas Sheehan and enjamin, his brother, were educated for the priesthood at the Roman Catholic the priesmood at the Roman Cathonic College of Maynooth, but abjuring their religion, they stated in 1820 a paper in the extreme Protestant interest, called the Dublin Evening Maid, published every second evening, and conducted it with so second evening, and conducted it with so much ability and enterprise that it soon became the accepted organ of the Tory and Orange party in Ireland, and grew into a most valuable property, yielding some \$40,000 a year. The two brothers, who were bachelors, erected a handsome residence in Dublin, where they dispensed a magnificent hospitality, enlywered by a magnificent hospitality, enlivened by their great anecdotal humor and racy Irish wit. Benjamin died in 1849, and Tom sold his interest in the paper, which still flourishes, in 1856. Tom would still flourishes, in 1856. Tom would seem to have returned to the ancient faith, as the funeral services were read by a relative, a distinguished Roman Catholic priest.—N. Y Sun.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

At this season many inducements are held orth to visit the grand cataract of Niagara, which numbers amongst its attractions a boarding school, under the charge of the Ladies of Loretto, whose reputation as educators of youth is not necessary to re-mark. The increased accommodation afforded by the large addition now in progress, together with its well-known advan-tages of position, should decide, those desirous of choosing a peculiarly charming Convent home for their daughters. Terms: \$15.00 monthly.

LADY DAY AT KNOCK.

THE SCENE OF THE APPARITION.

AN IMMENSE CONCOURSE OF

EXTRAORDINARY CURES EFFECTED ON THE SPOT.

Fffty thousand persons must have visited the church of Knock between Spy Wednesday and Good Friday. From the districts, county and province generally, large numbers came, but that many haited from distant places there was ample evidence. Although the authority of the Church has not yet pronounced upon the apparitions and the miraculous cures vouch-safed at Knock, this holy resort appears destined to promote an early developsafed at Knock, this holy resort appears
destined to promote an early development of ecclesiastical enquiry into the
highest sanction. The deep-seated religious impulse and feeling of the Irish may be
seen unceasingly working at Knock; holy
apparitions are accepted with the profoundest humility and praise as the blessing of the Almighty's protecting hand extended to suffering and devoted Ireland.
At Knock on Lady Day the remarkable
feature for a stranger in the overflowing the man who did such and such wicked things. He would be flung into a dark dungeon in a prison, and, after days of waiting and anxiety, he would be brought again into the open court, and the whole world be called on to hear the testimony of his crime and to behold his shame. Oh!

Would not be allowed to shrink into a corner of that court, there to hide his guilty head. No, but he must stand forth and confront the witnesses who depose against him, and quietly and calmly swear away his life's blood. He must be exposed to the heartless jeers and enquiring gaze of the world, that is so unsympathizing. He may be, perhaps, on his transit from the court-house to the prison, exposed to the groans and the hisses of the multitude.

When he is found a large number of other gentlemen both alway and clerical.

Cardinal Newman, who wzs visibly touched by the warm manifestation of feeling in the address, replied as follows:

Lord O'Hagan, I should be strangely constituted if I were not deeply moved by the address which your lordship has be into the honor of presenting to me on the occasion of my clevation by the grace of the Sovereign Pontiff to a sent in the Sacred College. It almost bewilders me to receive an expression so warm, so special, so thorough, from men so high in the service of the world, that is so unsympathizing. He may be, perhaps, on his transit from the court-house to the prison, exposed to the groans and the hisses of the multitude.

When he is found the first and devoted Ireland. At Knock on Lady Day the remarkable to suffering and devoted Ireland. At Knock on Lady Day the remarkable feature for a stranger in the overflowing stream of human beings—for the people was not the number of invalidos via the of progress, happiness, sobriety on this earth, and the beautiful foretoken of a brighter hereafter, all that now passes daily at Knock must offer the most acceptable material for hope and thought,

prayer and pious labors.
At the last Mass to-day it was not only impossible to get into the church but difficult to get near it, and so we and thousands had to kneel in

THE YARD AND ADJOINING FIELDS.

The poorest we are tald are the most numerous visitors to this holy place.

Well! that is so. God has promised much to the poor and his commands in well: that is so. God has promised much to the poor and his commands in their behalf are many and decided. The poor are God's first care. We wish the English Government could learn this lesson well in reference to Ireland, where the poor have been by them the least instead of the first considered, and thus a positive reversal of just principle and violation of precept has marked misrule. But we could give a long list of pilgrims from among the wealthy and the great. Mrs. Meldon was been to-day, Lady Power and her family, the Hon. Captain Ffrench and Lady Ffrench, and others. Mrs. O'Neill, of Dublin, a pious lady, whose daughter was cured, is highly spoken of by the good parish priest. In proof of which we note that Mrs. O'Neill and some ladies and gentlemen from Belfast, Down, Waterford, and Tipperary, were deputed to wait upon and present twelve guineas to Father Cavanagh for new altar-rails. The collection was made immediately after the old altar-rails were bodily carried. collection was made immediately after the old altar-rails were bodily carried away by the great crush in the church to-day. The way in which this was done bespoke the highest qualities; the givers and their deputation were almost all strangers in the local sense, but not SHE WAS RESTORED TO HER SIGHT.

The list of cured expands weekly, and the acquisition of crutches, sticks, and other appliances of the invalid classes ecomes more varied and extended. A becomes more varied and extended. A
Mr. Thomas McElhone, of Benfieldside
Station County Durham, England, told
us, immediately after he was restored to
the power of his limbs at the church, that he had come to make the announcement to the parish priest, and to get the priest's blessing. Mr. McElhone, who was accomblessing. Mr. McElhone, who was accompanied by his son, assured us that for eight years he suffered from paralysis of both legs; that he tried the doctors and the baths and springs, but in vain. The doctors told him that they were surprised the disease, which was spinal in its source, did not go to his head. Never during these eight years could be move for one week without a stick. On this very day he could not get out of bed until assisted, and could not go to the altar-rails without aid and without a stick. After all the aid and without a stick. After all the doctors and places he went to be could not raise his legs. He had not been with the doctors for the last two or three years. His parish priest is Father Smith, of Shudley Bridge, County of Durham. Mr. McElhone walked with perfect freedom, without any assistance or staff; and though he could not a few moments previously raise his legs, he walked stoutly in our presence from the cottage of the venerated presence from the cottage of the venerated parish priest to the church. Before leaving the former he stood on each leg separate-ly, freely using the other in proof of res-tored muscular and nerve-power. He in-formed us furthermore that it failed the doctors AW BLOOD FROM ONE OF HIS LIMBS.

Mr. McElhone is a person of very good presence, being a tall man of powerful build, and about eighteen stone weight. He referred to his restoration with calmess, but always with thanks to God and s Blessed Mother, and, though not of a talkative disposition, he showed signs of excitement. Having seen Archdeacon Cavanagh, he telegraphed his improvement to his family.—Mayo Examiner.

Cold and contracted, indeed, is that view of a man which regards his understanding alone: and barren is that system, however wide its range, which rests in the mere attainment of truth. The highest state of man consists in his purity as a moral being; and in the habitual culture and full operation of those principles by which he looks forth to other scenes and longings which nought in earthly science can satisfy which soar beyond the sphere of sensible things, and find no object worthy of their capacities until in humble adoration they rest in the contemplation of God.—Abercrombie. Cold and contracted, indeed, is that

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