[For the Post.]

"Take Care of the Emigrant Girls!"

(The last words of Father Riordan, of Castle Garden, N. Y., who died during the winter of 1888.)

No hero's last breath upon victory's field
As his soul met the spectre's demand;
No soldier when forced to the victor to yield
E'er uttered a sentence more grand
Than Erin's dear son, as in liberty's name
He thought of old Ireland's bright pearls;
No dying request more endearing to fame
Than "Take care of the emigrant girls."

The verdure of Erin's dear valleys and hills
Shall fade e'er his name be forgot,
It shall live on the hills, the rivers and rills,
Be blessed in each hovel and cot,
And in ages to come some child of our race,
While sparning the lords and the earls,
Will sing the dear words in a spirit of grace,
"Take care of the emigrant girls."

For glory of God, this request of his heart,
By heeding, our fealty extend,
Kind words from our lips can we often impart,
Though struggling, still let us befriend
The daughters of Erin, who come to our beach,
Of faith they're its glories and pearls,
Their virtue illumes and by actions they preach,
"Take care of the emigrant girls."

They brightened the past, and the future they'll bless,
We feel it is Heaven's decree
Expells them from home, in the day of distress,
To climes of the brave and the free,
And the sons of Columbia soon learn to prize
The beauties with bright eyes and curls;
From depths of true hearts fond affections arise
To "Take care of the emigrant girls."

Our prelates and statesmen, our soldiers of rank
Slight not the poor emigrant child;
In boyhood their mothers, to check a gay prank,
Spoke tales of the ocean so wild;
God bless them, they equal the best in our land;
Guard them in trials and perils;
Yes, Father! God rest you; we'll keep thy command,
"Take care of the emigrant girls."

Thy name and thy tomb we shall ever enshrine.
With hallowed affections impress,
No child of old Erin shall ever decline
To honor that holy recess
Where patriot dust of Melchisedech's pride
Appeals for the purest of pearls;
His last words to earth on the day that he died,
"Take care of the emigrant girls."

P. J. LEITCH, Montreal.

THE MISSION CROSS.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

Lizzie did ask Mrs. Rafferty when she went home to tell her who was that crucified One hanging on the cross. And the poor woman, wiping her eyes as she rocked to and fro with her baby in her arms, told the girl with many tears as much as she knew. She was touched at the account of Lizzie's cross, and kissed it tremblingly as the two together hung it up on a rusty nail over the fireplace, and blamed herself wearily for not having taught the child, and her own children too, more of what she herself had learned in her youth.

"Ah, deary me, one forgets—one forgets!" she wailed; "I don't never seem to have time to think of my soul. When I was a girl I went to chapel for the sake of a walk, and showing off my clothes and seeing the others; and then I got baptized a Catholic when we married, to please Rafferty, but never thought much about it. I wish I had."

"Can't we begin now, mother?" said Lizzie, with flushed face and eager eyes, looking up at the black cross, which stood out distinct and clear against the white-washed wall.

"Well, wait till the priest comes, and he'll tell you everything," was the weary reply, as the mother rose to continue her evening toil.

And come he did, the very next day, with his kind, grave face, soft voice and pleasant smile, drawing the little children about him as he talked, and winning the hearts of all. He told them much that they had longed to know—of the meaning of the crucifix, and many, many other things; asked whether Lizzie could read, and finding that she could not, and must needs works all day for her bread, directed her to a girls' night school, where she might come each evening and learn under the kind nuns all she wished to know—reading and writing, and, above all, the mysteries of the faith. The younger children were desired to attend the parish school, and Ned and Polly, he said, should also be looked after and prepared for their First Communion.

Then there followed many happy days, when Lizzie came home evening after evening from her street-selling, to snatch a morsel of food and run off breathlessly to school, that not one of the precious moments might be wasted. And how she came home, brimming with fresh interests and new information to the little home, spelling over her Cathechism with Tommy and Jane until long past bed time, and repeating over and over again the words of her new prayers. And then the father and mother, for the first time for years, went to their duty together at Easter, leaving Lizzie in charge, and a happy day that Easter Sunday was, with Ned and Polly home for the afternoon, all talking together of the new church home and the good priest, the kind nuns and Lizzie's beloved school.

It was on Thursday in Easter week that poor Jim's month was up, and his father went off himself to await his discharge and bring him home to their new abode. None of them spoke much as Rafferty entered, followed by his son, looking shy and half-dazed as he walked hesitatingly in. His mother rose and kissed him, saying, "My poor lad, you look ill;" and so he did, from the effects of hard labor and prison fare, his close-cropped head, pale face and downcast look adding to the appearance of illness.

"I'm fearfully hungry, mother," was all he said, sitting down, and leaning his head on his hand, while she placed some hot coffee before him. But he could not swallow it, something seemed to rise in his throat and choke him, and after a few ineffectual efforts to gulp it down he burst out sobbing, "Oh, mother, I'm so glad to be home again!"

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCERTS AT OUR CLUB.

Jim Rafferty had come out of prison in a very humbled and penitent state of mind; ready and anxious enough to begin a new life, and full of good resolutions for the future; but he soon found out to his cost that a character once lost is not so easily regained, and that however clearly he had been acquitted of any suspicion of dishonesty, the fact of his month's imprisonment told fearfully against him in the eyes of the public. Not only was he unable to obtain employment under his old masters, but at every place to which he applied for work he was coolly informed that they required "respectable" hands, with a conclusive glance at his closely-cropped head. So he was forced to earn what he could in the unpleasant though not unprofitable work of assisting to pull down old houses for rebuilding purposes—a somewhat dangerous occupation, inasmuch as it is usually carried on by night to avoid possible accidents through the falling of rotten timber or loose stones on passers-by, to which, indeed, the workmen themselves are no less liable as they flit to and fro, scramble over heaps of broken rubbish, or climb a half-dismembered scaffolding to reach some giddy height of masonry above.

The men who worked on these piles were usually those who, either from restless idleness or bad character, preferred or were driven to such intermittent occupations rather than steady daily labor, and many were poor Jim's temptations when, after some especially hot and dusty bit of work, the other men would troop round the corner to "take a glass" and rest a bit before closing timecame. But he resisted them manfully, having taken a pledge of total abstinence under the good priest, Father Williamson, who came often now to see them all, and had won Jim back to the practice of his long neglected duties, admitting him also, to the lad's great joy, to a club for men and boys which only the most well-behaved of the congregation were allowed to join, where, as winter came on, in a cosy, well-warmed and lighted room, quite close to St. Ethelbert's, its members could spend their evenings reading the papers, or playing chess or billiards, smoking if they chose, and ordering up hot cups of coffee at a penny each from the coffee-room below, with large bunches of currant cake to match.

Then some days there were concerts given in another room, at which any of the members or their friends performed, singing songs, reciting poetry, or even on occasion dancing an Irish jig; and to these entertainments all the mothers, wives and sisters in the neighborhood would come, paying their penny fee for entrance, with glad and happy faces as they ranged themselves in rows along the old deal benches, and clapped, laughed, applauded or joined in the choruses at will.

Mrs. Rafferty and Lizzie began saving up halfpence and pennies for their "concert money" with great eagerness, enjoying the treat all the more, be it known to you, dear readers, that they paid their way in with the rest, and so felt their right to afford their patronage of hissing and applause, as truly as any of their grander sisters handing in her half guinea ticket for "the stalls." Very little hissing and unbounded admiration you may be sure they gave, considering that the performer was always "poor Poll Myer's boy," or "little Kitty Ryan," or "Emily Brady's young man," or some one equally well known to the assembly, and as such entitled to the kindly votes of his or her audience.

Jim was always lamenting that he couldn't sing—he hadn't a note of music in him; but Lizzie could and did; and her sweet, true voice having sometimes leapt out in spite of herself when everyone in the room was roaring out at the tops of their voices some merry chorus line, the "stage manager," a smart young man, postman by trade, and poetical genius in his own estimation, who sang nothing but "his own compositions" whenever he favored the public, one evening rapped smartly on the table with his little hammer, and announced in a stentorian voice that "Miss Willis" would oblige the company with a song!

All eyes were turned towards Lizzie with an accompanying murmur of "Yes, Lizzie, do"—"Now, then, Lizzie!" till she colored up to the eyes and blurted out, "Oh, no, I can't!" However, after a little persuasion she climbed up the rickety steps to the platform, folded her hands, and sang a pretty, sad ballad which she had learnt—"The Blind Girl." Hearty rounds of applause followed Lizzie's first song, and she sang another and another, and finally returned to her seat quite proud and pleased, on good terms with herself and all the world.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GOOD SHIP "SPERANZA."

Thus the time passed on; the short, cold winter days, and the long dark evenings, which used to hang so heavy on their hands, when Rafferty would sleep by the fireside, and Jim go out to smoke or drink, and the mother and Lizzie try to mend a few ragged clothes by the light of a solitary dim candle, their heads close together beside it, that they might see to put in the stitches. Now, Lizzie would go off every evening to her pleasant night-school, or pore over copy-books at home, while Mrs. Rafferty slipped out for a quiet half hour in the church close by; and "father" and Jim had their club to go to, where they played bagatelle and read the papers, sitting over a bright fire in a cheerful, gas-lit room.

"If only there were more places like this," Jim would say, as he sat smoking and chatting with some other young fellows of his own age at the club, "we should never want to drink, I take it. We only want a place to sit in of an evening when we come home from work; but where there's nothing to do but drink, why we do it, that's all. I used to laugh at them teetotal people; but I've come to see how it helps one, to be bound by a promise not to touch a drop of drink. A man won't press you to break your word when you've passed it; but if you're free, they think you so silly like not to take a glass with them sometimes."

"So thank God for the temperance pledge, say I," chimed in a gray-haired man in the corner.

"Aye, that we do," said they all.

The Rafferty family found their new life so happy that, as Lizzie used to say, she could only wish it might go on forever. But the wheel of life will not stand still to prolong the sweetness of a passing moment, and so our lives are borne onwards to their end by the relentless hand of fate. Nay, rather by the guiding hand of our Father in heaven.

One evening in February, almost a year after Jim's imprisonment, when Rafferty had come in from work, and Lizzie not yet gone to evening school, Father Williamson walked in, saying that he wished to have a few minutes' conversation with all of them.

He had been thinking, he said, that it was not fit that Lizzie, who must by this time be about fifteen, should continue any longer to sell matches in the streets. And Jim, though going on well at present, was also a cause of anxiety as to his future. Well, he had a proposal to make. He had been offered a certain number of free passages for poor workingmen and their families out to New Zealand. Would they like to emigrate?

The father and mother looked doubtfully at one another as he spoke and neither of them replied at once.

"It's a long way, Father," said Rafferty; "I don't feel as if I could just say off hand, yes or no. And yet it might be better for all of us."

"Well, I can give you three days to decide," said Father Williamson, rising. "To-day is Monday, so I will call again on Thursday about this time. Think of it—above all, pray over it; and then let me know your decision."

And he left them.

"Should you like to go, Lizzie?" asked Mrs. Rafferty, as they sat over the fire that night when the little ones were safe in bed.

"I think I should, mother," answered Lizzie. "I've heard about that 'emigration,' as they call it, and I know we should get on. I could get a place, for servants are so scarce there that any willing girl is taken directly. And as for father and Jim, they would make their fortunes. So I say, yes!"

"And what do you say, mother?" asked Rafferty, knocking the ashes out of his pipe as he spoke.

"Well, it's about Polly and Ned I'm thinking," she answered, doubtfully. "They won't like to give up their places, and I can't bear to leave them behind."

"I dare say they could come out and join us in a year or so," put in Jim, who seldom now gave his opinion, but at this juncture looked eagerly up; "I do wish we could go, for I know I shall never make my way here."

So, after much talking and discussion, it was decided that Father Williamson's offer should be accepted; and they told him so, with grateful thanks, when he came on Thursday evening.

"The ship sails in a fortnight, on the 10th of March," he said, "and you must be on board the night before. However, there is plenty of time to arrange all that, and you must now busy yourselves with preparing your outfit. Some kind ladies to whom I have spoken on the subject are going to send you a bundle of clothing to be made up for the children; and one of them, who has lately lost a little girl, kindly offers her clothes to Lizzie, who will need a good suit on her arrival. I shall write to a Catholic priest, who will assist you on your first arrival, and I trust that each and every one of you may be blessed and prosperous in your new life. One thing I had almost forgotten," he added, turning to Lizzie, who stood watching him with beaming eyes, "and that is, my child, that you must not leave England without ascertaining something about your father and mother."

Lizzie's face fell, and she clasped her hands imploringly.

"Oh, Father! don't ask me to go back to my mother. I can't do it—indeed I can't.

"My child, I am not asking you to go back to her; but you must know where she is, if possible. You are bound to fulfill your duty towards her, and to help her if she should be in trouble or want. I will find her out if you tell me to what workhouse she went."

Lizzie told him, rather reluctantly, as well as the name of the employers for whom her father used to work, in case they should have heard any news of him since he left. And then, for many days, their little room was the scene of much confusion, Mrs. Rafferty and Lizzie sewing, turning, mending, washing, all day long. Polly and Ned, of course, came incessantly to talk over plans, and were all excitement, calculating how soon they could save up their passage money, or get a free pass like the others; picturing their meeting in a strange land, where everyone was to make his or her fortune, and come home rolling in riches.

Poor Fanny, too, whom we have almost forgotten of late, because, alas! there is nothing good to be told of her (for Will's short-lived reformation had already vanished, and he was becoming a confirmed drunkard)— poor Fanny came and cried with them, and lamented their departure, saying that, when they were gone, she should not have a friend in the world.

"I've begun to part with my pretty things, Aunt 'Liza," she said. "I took the new salt cellars to the pawnbroker's last night, that I might have sixpence to pay my fare over here, for he doesn't leave me a penny sometimes, and I've got to tell him how I lay the money out and stint myself in food that he may have drink. Oh, aunt! do you think your priest would do him any good?"

"I'll ask him to go and see you, dear," replied her aunt, pitifully.

And so she did. But it was month and years ere the bitter seed bore its full fruit, and a long and dreary time lay yet before poor Fanny, darker and more hopeless than she had even guessed at on that bright marriage morning. And here we must leave her, in her sad home, hoping that, in after years, some bright days may have been given to William Browne and his home.

As for Lizzie's parents, it was found that her mother had died some time since in the work-house from the effects of drink; and of her father, no tidings had been heard since he left; so there was nothing to keep her in England. And, with a hopeful heart, she gathered together her small store of possessions, only begging Father Williamson to leave his address with the inhabitants of Rose-court, in case her father should return to seek her, for she clung to the hope that they might meet again; but nothing was ever heard of him, and Father Williamson guessed that John Willis was one of the many who from time to time have found an unknown grave.

The 9th of March came all too quickly, and that afternoon two loaded cabs conveyed the Raffertys and their worldly goods to the London Docks, where their ship was lying, ready to start on the following morning. Ned and Polly accompanied them, helping to carry the babies and stow away the innumerable bundles and boxes; looking curiously at the long rows of emigrant berths "amid ships," the stored-up boxes, motley assembly of tethered cows, bleating sheep and penned-up pigs, which were to serve as food during the voyage. The huge fires for cooking, great masses of cordage and busy sailors running to and fro with unearthly sounds of "Yo heave yo" as the hold was packed with cargo for transmission to a far-distant shore, interested them greatly; though Mrs. Rafferty shuddered at the thought of the many weeks which must elapse before she could hope to enjoy an hour of quiet, away from all those screaming children and scolding women, bustling about and seizing what they could of warm corners or extra space.

There was indeed one bitter hour when the time for "good-bye" came, and Ned and Polly had to turn away and cross the narrow plank to shore. Again and again they ran back to throw their arms round their mother's neck and sob out that they must go too or take her back with them; but at length the final farewells were spoken, and Lizzie, leaning over the side of the ship, watched them slowly picking their way towards the great dock gates, over piles of timber, turning every now and then to kiss their hands and wave a last farewell.

And the next morning the good ship *Speranza* lifted anchor and sailed down the river and out to sea.

CHAPTER XVI.

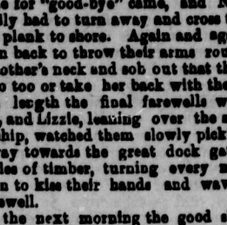
HOW THEY FARED IN THE OTHER WORLD.

And now, if our readers should desire to know how fared the wanderers in their new home, let them peep over the shoulder of a bright faced, active little nun, Sister Aloysius, as she puts away the last pile of slates and gives a final rub to the long ink-stained desks and well-worn forms in the girls' night school belonging to St. Ethelbert's Church.

She takes off the blue-checked dusting apron and hangs it behind the door, and then, with a sigh of relief, draws a letter from her pocket, opens it and begins to read:

"October 15, 18—,
"The Homestead Farm,
"Near Carlstchurch,
"Canterbury, N. Z.

"DEAR SISTER ALOYSIUS—Your welcome letter has just reached me, and I wish to lose no time in thanking you for it, and answering all your questions as well as I can. I must tell you first that I am still in the same situation which I took seven years ago, as nurse in a gentleman's family. Mr. Birch has a large sheep farming establishment, and is very prosperous, and they are almost kind to me. But to begin from the very beginning, as you kindly said you wished to hear everything. Mr. Rafferty got a good situation directly we arrived here, and went with all his family to settle some way from the town. I was to have gone with them, but at the last moment they thought it better that I should accept the offer made to me by

READ THE NEXT

COLUMN ARTICLE.

Mr. Birch, whom Father Williamson had asked to look after us on our arrival here, that I should go to his house and learn to be a good servant; and I have stayed with them ever since. Servants are in great demand out here, and it is very difficult to get one at all sometimes, for as soon as girls come out from home they get married. Young girls can get from £30 to £50 a year, and if one is careful one can save a good deal, and dress one's self very nicely on that, although things may be a little dearer than in England.

"On the whole, life goes on with us pretty much as it does with you, except I think people have to work harder here than at home. There is one thing, most people can get on out here if they try. There are no very poor people, as there are at home, and no such thing as workhouses or unions. Only one orphanage in all New Zealand, and everyone so comfortable and prosperous. You would not know the Raffertys again, I am sure. Mrs. Rafferty has grown so young looking, and all the children are so strong and healthy. Polly, who came out a year after us, is married, and has three children, such dear little things! Their names are William, James and Louisa Mary. Her husband is a farmer, some way from here. Jim is also married and settled at Nelson.

"It is spring with us here now, and it seems rather strange to have summer weather at Christmas instead of frost and snow, roses and geraniums decorating our little chapel instead of the holly of old England. But we always have roast beef and plum pudding, and Mr. Birch gives each of us a glass of wine to drink the health of all the dear ones left behind, when you may be sure, dear Sister Aloysius, I never fail to remember you, and to thank you in my heart for all your kindness to me.

"I am heartily sorry to hear the sad account you give me of poor Fanny Browne and her family. I wrote to her about a year ago, but she did not answer me, so I suppose my letter did not reach her. Please give her my kindest love.

"And now, dear Sister, I have left to the last my most important piece of news. I am going to leave my situation, and the next one I take I think it will be for life; for, if all is well, before this letter reaches its destination, I shall have changed my name from Willis to O'Connell. I have been engaged to be married for more than a year past to Mr. Birch's foreman, a young Irishman named Patrick O'Connell. He is a very steady, industrious young man, earning good wages, and we are to have a little home on the farm. Mr. Birch has promised us our wedding dinner, and we are to be married in about a fortnight from this time. Most of Mr. Birch's laborers are Catholics, and have taken the pledge; so there is no fear with us of our happy homes being ruined by that dreadful drink. Oh, dear Sister, when I look back to former days and remember my poor mother's sad ending, and how I used to slip into the public houses, too, sometimes, for the "little drop" which might have proved my everlasting ruin, I cannot be thankful enough to God for my mission at St. Ethelbert's, and for all His mercies to me. I have kept my word even over since, and it shall be kept up in my new home, to remind me as long as I live of my promise, and the goodness of God.

"And now, dear Sister Aloysius, with my humble duty to Father Williamson, and begging your prayers for us all, I am yours very respectfully and gratefully,

"ELIZABETH MARY WILLIS."

THE END.

THE NEGRO AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

From the Negro American.

Few persons are aware of the rapid spread of Catholicism among the colored people of this country. From the *American Catholic Tribune*, the organ of the colored Catholics of America, we obtain facts that are truly startling. Young colored men are now in Rome and in the Catholic schools and colleges of the United States preparing for work among their people in America and Africa, as well, while to-day missionaries are everywhere busy sowing the seeds of Catholic belief and worship. These teachings are eagerly accepted by the colored people. The cause of this success among them is not far to seek. The Catholic Church, of all which are ruled by whites on this continent, is the only one offering the negro communion on terms of equality. While the Southern Protestants are setting up separate synods, councils, presbyteries and conferences for the negro, and the Y. M. C. A., with the same narrow spirit, is refusing colored men seats in its councils, while northern Protestants are either neutral in this matter of caste or only half-hearted in crying down upon the sin of it; the Catholics alone have accepted in a full and literal sense the command, "preach My gospel to every creature," and have extended fellowship to all, regardless of race, color or condition. It matters not what their motives are. The fact stands boldly out. True, instances are occurring of outbreaks of color prejudice among the Catholics, but the policy of the Church is openly and boldly against discrimination of whatever sort among its members. The fear of "social equality," that shadow of a something that never did, or never can exist, that bugbear of illiberal minds and narrow culture, does not stand guard at the doors of this Church to drive away the colored worshipper or compel him not to sit at the same table at the Lord's feast. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the colored people are flocking to the Catholic fold? This they will continue to do, so long as the spirit of caste dictates the policy and governs the action of the white Protestant of the United States.

PEOPLE GENERALLY BELIEVE that if the Blood is pure, the health will be good. The purity of the blood is guaranteed only when the kidneys are naturally active. The fluids may flow freely, and yet the kidneys fail to keep the blood clean. This will be indicated if you have *MALARIA, STOMACH TROUBLES, RHEUMATISM, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, SKIN DISEASES, IMPOTENCY, HEADACHES, LAME BACK, NEURALGIA, CARBUNCLES AND BOILS, ABSCESSES, WEAK EYES, NERVOUSNESS, POOR APPETITE*, and in women *FEMALE TROUBLES*. These disorders show that your blood is full of uric, kidney, acid poison, *AND YOU CAN NEVER GET WELL* until you clean out the blood with the only recognized scientific blood tonic,

"WARNER'S SAFE CURE."

A ONE-ARMED PRIEST.

WHY HE WAS PRIVILEGED TO CONTINUE SAYING MASS.

A priest of the diocese of Ventimilla, having met with an accident which resulted in the amputation of his left arm, became irregular. Having spent his life—he is now sixty years old—in the ministry, he petitioned the Holy See for a dispensation to enable him to say Mass.

The master of ceremonies declares that the petitioner can carry the chalice with his right hand, placing his artificial left hand upon it; he would have to take up, to elevate, and to break the Host with one hand, and to leave it upon the paten when saying *Domine non sum dignus*. As to the other ceremonies he sees no difficulty, nor does he fear any disedification. The bishop supports the petition.

Against it are pleaded the law fixing the irregularity and a precedent.

In favor of it are brought forward other precedents where the petition was granted. In one, the assistance was required of a priest or a deacon; in another, fingers of silver or gold were ordered to be used in Mass, and after Mass reverently put away.

The points considered in these cases were: The disedification of the people, the multiliation of the ceremonies; the recommendation of the ordinary, the merits of the petitioner, and the necessity of a Mass for the parishioners.

The Sacred Congregation granted the dispensation, which is to be used at the discretion of the bishop, upon whose conscience the responsibility is to rest. The petitioner is to celebrate Mass in a private oratory, assisted by a priest or deacon.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

Jas. Shannon, Leaksdale, writes: For many years my wife was troubled with chilblains, and could get no relief until about two years ago; she was then not able to walk, and the pain was then so excruciating that she could not sleep at night. Your agent was then on his regular trip, and she asked him if he could cure her. He told her Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was a sure cure. She tried it, and judge of her astonishment when in a few days the pain was all allayed and the foot restored to its natural condition. It is also the best remedy for burns and bruises I ever used.

How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion; it is as palatable as milk. Delicate people improve rapidly upon its use. For Consumption, Throat affections and Bronchitis it is unqualified. Dr. Thos. Prim, Ala., says: "I have used Scott's Emulsion on a child eight months ago: he gained four pounds in a month." Put up in 50c. and $1 size.

"BITS FROM BOOKS."

In visiting the towns of Ireland, especially south of Dublin, we are everywhere struck with the actual and visible working the Roman Catholic system. We see the parish churches, with their square towers or their tall spires pointing to Heaven; but the established religion is invisible. The churches are locked and access is not to be obtained except by searching for the sexton who keeps the keys, unless in a few places, which are open for daily service for a couple of hours in the forenoon, after which the building is hastily shut up. Not so in the Roman Catholic churches, all of which are constantly open from morning till night. The visitor, albeit a heretic, may enter unquestioned, and even if he wishes, approach the altar, and examine everything at his leisure. Nor will you ever find the church empty. Either there is a priest celebrating Mass for a congregation of devout worshippers, or there is a group kneeling near a confession box, waiting for their turn to disburden their consciences, or there are penitents here and there, counting their beads or reading the penitential psalms, or "going round the stations," in the performance of the penance imposed upon them—or nearly all these things are going on at the same time. And what a strange mingling of ranks and classes on such occasions! Richly dressed ladies, beautiful girls, ugly, starved-looking old women, tottering old men, miserable invalids, cripples, beggars—all are at home there and all equal before that altar or that confession box. I was greatly struck with the earnestness and prostration of spirit evinced by the poor people in these Roman Catholic places of worship. They never enter the sacred presents without using the holy water, and making the sign of the cross, never pass before the altar without kneeling, and I have seen old men and women, when leaving the place, stoop down and kiss the floor.—*Rev. James Godkin, in "Ireland and her Churches."*

"Everything has its day; and Lady-Day is the time for our remembering the Blessed Virgin. For our hearts and reasons tell us and have told all Christians in all ages, that she must have been holier, nobler, fairer in body and soul, than all women upon earth"—*Rev. Charles Kingsley.*

"I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity; intercepting somewhat of His awful splendor, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligently to human comprehension, through the medium of a woman's tenderness."—*Nathaniel Hawthorne, in "Blithedale Romance."*

"After the most careful examination of the influences of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. . . . . There has not probably been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe, during the whole period of vital Christianity, in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the assured prophecy of the Israelite maiden: "He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His name."—*Ruskin.*

"Look into the churches and hear the same chants, see the same images as of old—the images of willing anguish for a great end, of beneficent love and ascending glory—see upturned, living faces and lips moving to the old prayers for help. These things have not changed. The sunlight and shadows bring their old beauty and waken the old heartstrains at morning, noon and eventide, and men still yearn for the reign of peace and righteousness; still own that life to be the highest which is a conscious voluntary sacrifice. —*George Eliot.*

RELIGION IN AMERICA.

From the Clockmaker.

My poor father used to say, "Sam, mind what I tell you; if a man don't agree in all particulars with his Church, and can't go the whole hog with 'em, he aint justified on that account, no how, to separate from them; for Sam, "*Schism is a sin in the eye of God.*" The whole Christian world," he would say, "is divided into two great families, the Catholic and Protestant. Well, the Catholic is a united family, a happy family, and a strong family, all governed by one head; and Sam, as sure as eggs is eggs, that family will grub out tother one, root and branch and stalk; it won't so much as leave the seed of it in the ground to grow by chance as a natural curiosity. Now the Protestant family is like a bundle of refuse shingles, when withered (bound) up together (which it never was and never will be to all eternity) no great of a bundle after all, for you might take it up under one arm, and walk off with it without winking. But when lying all loose, as it always is, just look at it, and see what a sight it is!—All blowin about by every wind of doctrine, some away up een a most out of sight, others rolling over and over in the dirt, some split to pieces, and others so warped by the weather, and cracked by the sun—no two of 'em will be so as to make a close jint. They are all divided into sects, railin, quarrellin, separatin, and agreein in nothin but hatin each other. It is awful to think on. Tother family will, some day or other, gather them all up, put them into a bundle, and bind 'em up tight, and condemn 'em as fit for nothing under the sun but the fire.

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THERE ARE MANY INDICATIONS of worms, but Dr. Low's Worm Syrup meets them in every case successfully.

JUBILEE ODE TO LEO. XIII.

The following poem was composed by Frank A. Cunningham, of the Americ College, Rome, for the Secolemia held the students of the different college honor of the Holy Father's jubilee. The ebration occurred in the Church of San G al Corso. Twenty poems, in different guages, were recited, five minutes be allowed for each. The subjects for the po had been assigned. That which fell to Cunningham was "The Homage of Americas." Three hymns ("The Pr hood," "The Pontificate," and "The Sa dotal Jubilee of Leo XIII.") composed the occasion, were exceedingly well dered by a large choir of students, under direction of the Maestre Capocci:—

"The Americas."

The land that first the Genoese to light
Disclosed, the vast Americas, unite
In embassy to him whom sovereign R
Her Thirteenth Leo names, and, greet come
To join with sister countries, and exten
His lov of golden years from end to en
Of earth, in jubilees of praise, and lay
Their grateful homage at his feet to-day

Young, full of hope, and free, Colu knees
To tell with loyal heart the thanks she
For Leo's special love and aid, to own
His seal that eather round his sacred th
And taught her pastors chief, and them call
Their mitred brethren all to council
In parent Baltimore, to organize
Her Church, and closer draw the holy
Or union, while in burning kindliness
O'er all, his pictured self look down to
Their work, and aid the legate of his ch
Great Carroll's heir whom late his sove voice
To purple honors called.

His blessing made
Her college here in Rome what fealty
And learning claimed, pontifical, and
With zeal to raise her people, he inspi
And blessed her primal university,
And named the nation's capital to be
Its home, and its first rector gifted K

Through him she counts another s
Of mitred sons, and ten that honored
The pallium bear; a Seshers, he whos
Found God in duty at the martyr's go
An Elder Ryan, Corrigan; a throng
Where piety, eloquence, vigilance be
All that enobles in the diadem.
Of hierarchal glory each a gem.

The tranquil Canadas their tokens bri
Of thankfulness and joy, remembering
His organizing hands, that brough calm
Of peace upon their Church, that sou arm
With never force their prelate baad raised
To Cardinal's degree whom learning p
And native worth and toil extolled named
Archpastor him whose zeal and claimed,
Or made whom sacrifices called to bea
The prelate's mingled dignity and car
An hierarchy nobly pledged to raise
Their Church, and light her path to b days.

The Mexico land her homage sen thought
And gratitude of Leo's zeal, that sou
So long from banded secrecy to save
Her holy Church—his parent care th
Her pastor band its merited increase,
And her tired people days of lon peace.

Where rolls the Amazon through the banks,
Brazil to him her offering sends and
Who three times filled her pastors th ranks:
Or where Peru upon the Andes lies,
Or where Bolivian hills perpetual ri
Or Chili's length or Argentines's e
Or Ecuador, relate their large advan
In faith through him; where New G feels
His gentle hand, or Venezuela kneel
By summer seas a million voices ble
In praise of him, and joyful offering
And thus the Western World its l lays
At Leo's feet with sister lands and p
"May God preserve him, long ar His Light
Be dawn of peace at end of conflict's

Written for CATHOLIC RECORD

CATHOLICS OF SCOTL

BY THE REV. ÆNEAS M'DONELL D LL. D, F. R. S, ETC.

PART II.

FROM THE EXTINCTION OF THE ARCHY IN 1603, TILL THE A MENT OF BISHOPS, VICARS AP IN 1694.

Only a small number of the clergy were able to remain at the after the "Reformation" was est There few spread themselves o country, comforting their breth administering to them the sac Between 1580 and 1600, Jesuits, tines, Franciscans, Lazarists and tinians established themselves in districts, to which many of the clergy had retired. The Jesuits had in Bremar, Glencairn, Strathg Buchan. As may be supposed, t but slender means of educating in Scotland. To educate ecclesi utterly impossible. Pope Clem in view of this evil, founded th College at Rome, where, ever sin tain number of clergy for Scot received suitable training. Ther valuable information in Father B narrative. This zealous priest from Paris to Scotland in 1637 as chaplain to the Countess of A Aboyne Castle, at the same ti duty as a missionary, in the co Aberdeen and Banff. There is of Father Blackhal's final career. at Paris when he wrote his "n but how long he survived is unk

On the death of Bishop Watso coln, in 1584, an Archpriest was to preside over the clergy of Eng episcopal jurisdiction, also, over lics of Scotland. This arrange exceedingly distasteful to th Scotch. They had an invincible any foreign authority, especially English. The Scotch priest, Blackwell, was nominated in 1598 and was succeeded by a Vi tolic who enjoyed the title and Bishop of Chalcedon. He also jurisdiction over Scotland. B sequence of repeated representat by the clergy to the Court of R Gregory XV. ordered the Right Bishop to cease exercising ec authority in Scotland.

It was not till 1629, that prop made for constituting a missio in Scotland under the jurisdi native superior. In that ye William O'Gilvy received facu Pope Urban VIII., as *Prefect of* In 1653, the Scotch secular cl from the jurisdiction of Prelates, and the authorit Order of Jesuits, were incorp missionary body, by a decree ganda, and were placed under intendence of the Rev. Wm. who thus became *Prefect of* The missionaries were greatly st by this appointment; and ind