The cusan be asgave this successors been inwhich conanswer of inaldi re-

num. 30) ably knelt saying that ce to face, us Christ. all this to has always es since the able Pope, year 590."

f Siberia. ne of the nette, which ions, in his s after the

on the coast

inland some

found them s. He says themselves, bah!' They which they have in my miraculous to me by a sco, with the essed by the o be safe if I uch faith in ed it to the levoutly. possession of cated to the istians. You

meeting these rst strangers re than two it so thankful that day at ong Christian greater part

yet even this revented the spreading the eeting.

lling of a sins eye is thus cturing in the

In the course ll have influ-u have none; at the other little girl in his

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arry this child. lic house one oise inside she ther, don't go y! Presently I cheek. I could I turned around God for it. I when you said could not helr all have influ

speaking so dog-Protestant religy dear brethren, rotestant errors o them what we ns; for many of baptized; many, d their baptismal

Bombay, writes

Protestants.

of their death eply imbued with e able to emerge y only have the red for breaking erroneous argu-are able to pernificance of the hich an erroneous great number of able adherents, on anately so many ir immortal souls before dying re grace of eliciting ion for their sins, besides the Sacranly means of obbefore the time, o both will bring nings of darkness.

t the counsels of 4, 5.) Far be it d much more to But let us pray at our Father who are entangled e beneficent light, ought back great eep to the happy at soon there may d one shepherd.

clipse es by Dr. R. V. ical Discovery" is led in bilious disand consumption, ease of the lungs. In Memoriam.

HORACE GREELEY.

Earth, let thy softest manufe rest.
This wearfed child to thee returning.
Whose youth was nurtured at this breast,
Who loved the with such tender yearn-

He knew thy fields and woodland ways, And dreamed thy humblest son his brother:— Asseep, beyond our blame of preise, We yield him back. O gentle Mother:

of praise, of blame, he drank his fill.
Who has not read, his life-long story.
And deay we hold his fame, but still
The man was dearer than his glory
And now to us are left alone.
The closet where his shadow lingers,
The yearnt chair—that was a throng—
The pen, fallen from his fingers.

Wrath changed to kindness on that pen; Though dipped in gall it flowed with honey; One flash from out the cloud, and then The skies with smile and jest were

nunn;
of hate he surely lacked the art,
Who made his enemy his lover;
O reverend head and Christian heart!
Where now their like the round world

He saw the goodness, not the faint, In many a poor, do nothing creature, And gave to sinner and to saint. But kept his faith in human nature: Perchance be was not worldly wise, Yet who noted, standing nearer, The shrewd, kind twinkle in his eyes, For every weakness held him dearer.

Alas! that unto him who gave

So much, so little should be given! Himself alone, he might not save Of all for whom his hands had striven. Place, freedom, fame, his work bestowed; Men took, and passed, and left him What marvel, if beneath his load, At times he craved—for justice only

Yet thankless, the serpent's tooth,
His lofty purpose could not alter;
Toil had no power to bend his youth,
Or make his lusty manhood falter;
From envy's sting, from slander's dart.
That armored soul the body shielded
Till one dark sorrow chilled his heart,
And then he bowed his head and
yielded.

Now, now, we measure at its worth
The gracious p. esence gone forever!
The wrinkled East, that gave him birth,
Laments with every laboring river;
Wid moan the free winds of the West
For him who gathered to her prairies
The sons of men, and made each crest
The haunt of happy household fairies;

And anguish sits upon the mouth
Of her who came to know him latest:
His heart was ever thine, O 'South'!
He was thy truest friend, and greatest,
He shunned thee in thy splendid shame.
He stayed thee in thy voiceless sorrow;
The day thou shalf forget his name,
Fair South, can have no sadder morrow.

The tears that fall from eyes unused.—
The hands above his grave united.—
The words of men whose lips he loosed,
Whose cross he bore, whose wrongs he
righted;
Could he but know, and rest with this!
Yet stay, through Death's low-lying
hollow,

hollow, His one last foe's insatiate hiss On that benignant shade would follow.

Peace! while we shroud this man of Line of unhallowed word be spoken!
He will not answer thee again.
His mouth is sealed, his wand is broken.
Some other cause, some vaster trust.
Beyond the vall, he doth inherit;
O gentle earth, receive his dust,
And heaven sooth his troubled spirit!
From the Tribune.

From the Tribune.

TWO DEATH-BEDS.

Last Moments of two English His-

these writers be, it is impossible to read the closing scene of their life on earth without experiencing, in the case of St. Bede, an enthusiastic glow of fervor and IN THAT OF MACAULAY, A DEEP, INDES-

warmest rays of divine charity. St. Bede loved God, and he loved his neighbor for God's sake. His heart responded to the love of Jesus Christ, and the contempla-tion of the love of his Saviour, as manifested in our redemption, mastered him, ruled him, influenced him, and was the motive, the end and aim of the actions of his life. To find in his writings, therefore, a Christian spirit, to drink in along with his knowledge the sweet breath of Christian love that breathes in every page, is looked upon as a matter of course. St. looked upon as a matter of course. Bede is a saint, and hence we are not surprised to find his writing redolent with the fragrance of sanctity. To the last of the long years he passed on earth, he re-tained the buoyant spirit, the glad heart of Christian youth. And, as his eighty years seemed but a day of perpetual spring, sunny, bright and fresh, so his leparture from this world resembled nothing so much as the gorgeous setting of an autumn sun.

of his death, we experience delight and pleasure. How different in every respect was the modern English historian! It was Lord Macauley's misfortune to be born and bred a Protest-ant, and both in life and death, he is a fair sample of what Protestantism produces. No Catholic can read his biography without a painful consciousness of the absence of that divine fire Jesus Christ brought on of that divine fire Jesus Christ brought on earth. If it ever touched his heart, he kept the secret admirably. We do not think that the tiniest ray of supernatural love can be discovered in any of his recorded writings or sayings. This absence of the heavenly flame can be accounted for only on the ground of his religious persuasion, for otherwise his natural disposition was very attractive. He had a warm unselfish heart; he loved to do a good turn, and never forgot one done to himself; he was devoted to his family. In the self; he was devoted to his family. In the listory of the world, and yet who self; he was devoted to his family. In the last respect, he displayed a tenderness of affection that could hardly be surpassed, and reading his life, in spite of ourselves, we are drown to love him for the love he bore his sister. Animated by lofty aspirations, spurred on by an honorable ambiguity of the Catholic Church, as exhibited in his essay on Ranke's history of the Popes. ations, spurred on by an honorable ambition, nevertbeless, throughout a brilliant

transference of the second commence of the second commence of the second commence of the second commence of the took upon Him our nature in order to become his friend, had he realized that for his sake and out of pure love to him the Son of God lived a life of sorrow and died a death of shame; then, surely we should hear from his lips, we should see traced by his pen, the sweet name of Jesus. Surely, now and then, there would have dropped from his cloquent lips or from his graceful pen, some little expression of gratitude, some fairt sign of love to disclose to us the secret of his heart. And, as the shades of death began to close around him, there would be seen, peoping out amid the gloom, a hope at least, if not an ardent longing, to see his Lord. Nothing of this sort is discernable from his written life. He foresces the end approaching; he knows that he is about to die;

YET HE NEVER SPEAKS OF JESUS CHRIST, who died for him; he never speaks of heaven; never speaks of the judgment to come; only bewails the parting from his beloved ones on earth; the cutting of the bands which bound him to his kindred; the duty of bearing up manfully; of not

die;
YET HE NEVER SPEAKS OF JESUS CHRIST,
who died for him; he never speaks of
heaven; never speaks of the judgment to
come; only bewails the parting from his
beloved ones on earth; the cutting of the
bands which bound him to his kindred;
the duty of heaving from his company to the cutting of the the duty of bearing up manfully; of not showing the white feather; of getting in-to his "little narrow crib, like a weary factory child." That is all. It seems as though the grave was the end of all things.

It seems not to have struck bim that there is
"The eternal life beyond the sky,"
and that the grave takes nothing except
the tenement of dust
"As garments by the soul laid by." "As garments by the soul lade by."
Now how can we reconcile that fatal blindness in one of Macaulay's vast intellect and highly developed powers of appreciation of whatever was right and fitting? He was far from being insensible to the good fortune he had made for himsolf, or the many blessings he enjoyed even as an invalid. In 1852 he writes: even as an invalid. In 1852 he writes:
"My reason tells me that hardly any man
living has so much to be thankful for."
Again, in the same year: "I have very
little to complain of. I suffer no pain.
My mind is unclouded. My temper is not
soured. I sleep sound. I eat and drink
heartily. Nothing that care and tenderness can do for me is wanting." Once we
find him wishing to die, and the wish is
expressed in words as near an approach to
prayer as anything recorded by his biograexpressed in words as near an approach to prayer as anything recorded by his biographer; not that he "desired to be with Christ," but in order that he might escape the anguish of weeping over the death of his friends. "God grant," he writes, on the 1st of January, 1858, "that if my dear little circle is to be diminished this year by any death it may be mine! Not that I am weary of life. I am far from insensible to the pleasure of having fame, rank, and this opulence which has come so late." and this opulence which has come so late."
In the February of the year of his death,
Macaulay expresses the view he took of the supreme moment when the soul re-turns to Him that made it. He says: "I thave thought several times of late that the last scene of the play was approaching. I should wish to act it simply, but with fortitude and gentleness united." He regards everything from an earthly point of view; never once does his mind pass beyond the material form and try to frame a notion of what will be found in the world of spirit. Nay, that throroughly materialistic theory, the outcome of Pro-testantism, which considers the grave, and not the "home eternal in the heavens," Last Moments of two English Historians—Lord Macauley and Venerable Bede.

[From Catholic Progress.]

Venerable Bede and Lord Macauley, among writers of English history, stand out with peculiar distinctness. The former was the father of the history of our native land; the latter threw into his history a fascination and a charm so as to beat out and out the most fashionable novel of the day. Famous though both these writers be, it is impossible to read the closing scene of their life on earth

And six days later he gave utterance to a thought which almost implies a doubt about there being a "hereafter:" "The day before yesterday I had a regular fainting fit, and lay quite insensible. I satisfaction for me to be pray, that I may also sit calling upon my Father.' And thus on the pavement of his little cell, singing: Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, when he CRIBABLE SADNESS.

The gift of holy faith crowned all the other gifts nature had bestowed on St. Bede. Not a barren belief, indeed, was his; but a faith lit up by the purest and warmest rays of divine charity. St. Redo. reveals to us the disposition of mind with which a great man and a good one, as far as purely natural virtue confers goodness, regarded the mystery of human existence. To do one's duty, to live uprightly, to achieve a name, to leave behind a work of worth enough to endure, and then to die and be laid in the grave and there all to end; such would seem to be the sum total of all one's duties on earth. Not a thought on the future life. Not an aspiration to the God who made him. Not one act of grateful love to Him who poured out His life's blood to redeem him. For do we see any other explanation than that this is the outcome of Protestantism. Macaulay was not an unbeliever. He professed to hold the doctrine of the Triune God as taught in the established Church. He put his trust in his Redeemer. He looked to Jesus Christ for salvation. But he had as much faith in these divine verities as Protestantism can give, and WHETHER WE READ OF THE SAINT'S LIFE OR that is, as Cardinal Newman expresses it. just enough to inspire, "a decent reverence for the Supreme Being," but not enough to lead one to contemn the things that are seen for the sake of the things

that are not seen. LET IT NOT BE SUPPOSED that we wish to cast dirt on the memory of this eminent historian. We do not blame him, we blame the "persuasion" in

ations, spurred on by an honorable ambition, nevertheless, throughout a brilliant career and a most splendid success, the bright star that drew him on seems ever to have been to provide for, and render those happy, who held the dearest place in his heart. But if Macaulay believed that the Son of God loved him, as we Catholics believe; if he believed that the Son of God

One of the chief misfortunes of the Irish people is that their enemies have written more than their friends. Americans have read principally what lrelands teamthes have written. When a fair and honest book finds its way among them, it does incalculable good. Professor Swing, the powerful Protestant orator of Chicago, has been reading "Ireland of to-day," and he says:—

In a work just written by Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, the public can find valuable information upon the Irish question. This gifted woman, who to make a complete survey of the withing upon public affairs, was invited in the past year by an eastern publishing house to make a complete survey of the situation of the Irish people. Correspondent, he will be the situation of the Irish people correspondent being drawn to the mean who complete survey of the come hidden behind much speaking. It seemed very desirable that some patient and capable person should devote some time and adequate study to the condition and hopes of the people toward whom the sympathy of the western world had been unity of the western world had been only half told. The sorrows of that we way to the many of the western world had been only half told. The sorrows of that people are greater than they have been predicted, and the causes of the Irish agitation had been only half told. The sorrows of that people are greater than they have been in the professor of the Baronetey of Burke of Glyusk. The Causes of the Irish agitation had been only half told. The sorrows of that people are greater than they have been in the professor of the proper desired the professor of the county of Galway, aged 52, and her to the Baronetey of Burke of Glyusk. The Cause of the Irish agitation had been only half told. The sorrows of that the professor of the Baronetey of Burke of Glyusk. The Cause of the Irish agitation had been only half told. The sorrows of that th his name again." Then the cloud fell on him. Troubled by affection of the heart, and feeling incapable of serious occup-ation, he sought relief, as he had often done before, in a novel. Late in the afternoon his nephew found him in the library, "sitting, with his head bent forward on his chest, in a languid and drowsy reverie. The first number of the Cornhill Magazine lay unheaded before him, open at the first page of Thackeray's story of Lovel the Widower.' "When his favorite sister heard the report of his state she hastened to his house, to learn from the tears of the maids, who ran crying out into the darkness, that all was over. "We found his?" writes his history."

found him," writes his biographer, "in the library, scated in his easy chair, and dressed as usual: with his book on the of the maxim that "there is a silver lining of the maxim that "there is a silver liming in every cloud." In the sky of that one island the cloud has been simply black all day long and all the days of the year. Two and a half millions of Irish people live in mud houses which have no winhe level; and leaving behind him a great and honorable name." We can well un-derstand the grief of his sister, the void his death made in the hearts of those on dows or chimney. A million and a quarter live in mud houses which have ms death made in the hearts of those on whom he had lavished all the wealth of his love, all the fondness of his noble and unselfish nature. We can understand, too, that they felt a satisfaction in the potatoes he eats; when potatoes fail he must starve, for the other forms of produce must go toward paying the rent; knowing that he had died as he wished to die. But to our eyes the picture of his departure is one of indescribable mel-Ireland to the tenant when oats, and barley, and other produce are going out to meet the landlord's demands; the tenant builds his house at his own expense; built, it is the property of the landlord, the man who builds it may be evicted as soon as it is completed, and with his family may die along the highway; he may drain a wet field, but it is at his own cost, evicted he is allowed nothing for his permanent improvements to the estate: if he makes his patch of ground more productive, the agent raises his rent: the ancholy. Macaulay's death is not the one we should choose. We could not say, "let our last end be like his." "let our last end be like his."

But from the mounful spectacle of a Protestant death seene, let us cast our eyes on that of the father of English history. See the close of venerable Bede's life, whose delight from early boyhood had been in the "law of the Lord." With affections warm, mind clear, zeal unabated he contemplated the approach of death he contemplated the approach of death as the day of his espousal, the commence-ment of true life, the beginning of real changes of clothing; he and she are bare-headed and barefooted, their floor the earth, their bed a pile of straw, their food

ment of true life, the beginning of real joy. To comprehend all the blessedness of our holy faith, the whole letter of Cuthbert, an eye-witness of St. Bede's end, must be read. Our space permits but a short extract. His brethren wept because he said, 'They should no more see his face in this world.' They rejoiced for that he said, 'It is time that I return to Him who formed me out of nothing.' The pitiless heart of English law has for that he said, 'It is time that I return to Him who formed me out of nothing: I have lived long; my merciful Judge well foresaw my life for me; the time of my dissolution draws nigh; for I desire to die and be with Christ. Having said much more, he passed the day joyfully till the evening; and the boy said: 'Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written.' He answered: 'Write quickly.' Soon after the boy said: 'The sentence is now written.' He replied: "It is well, you have said the truth. It is ended. Receive my head into your hands, for it is a great satisfaction for me to sit facing my holy

had named the Holy Ghost, he breathed his last, and so departed to the heavenly kingdom."
Compare this bright picture with the gloomy sadness of a Protestant death-scene; then say what thanks can express the gratitude we owe to our holy Mother Church who brightens our path through

life and gives us the victory in the hour

N. W.

my head into your hands, for it had satisfaction for me to sit facing my holy satisfaction for me to sit facing my holy satisfaction for me want to pray, that I

table beside him, still open at the same page. He died as he had always wished

to die-without pain; without any formal farewell; preceding to the grave all whom

CATHOLICS AND AMERICA.

At a time when the serpent of Know-At a time when the serpent of Know-Nothingism is again beginning to show its head the following historical facts cited by the Baltimore Catholic Mirror, will be read with interest:—"Catholicity is not a recent importation to America. It was known in this New World before Protestantism was born! To-day two-thirds of the population of the American continent are Catholic. The Catholic Church heaves." Catholic. The Catholic Church has proceedence in the order of time and number The very name America calls up Catholic times. Columbia—the poetic name given to this Republic—brings the mind back to Catholic Columbus. All the great explora-tions in this country were made by Catho-lies. The names of Sebastian Cabot, Champlain, Jacques Cartier, and Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, tell the story. Every school boy knows who and what they were. Marquette, the explorer of the Mississippi, was a Jesuit. From Quebec to San Francisco are still traceable the footprints of the pioneers of civilization and the missionaries of Catholic feet was the property of the lic faith-footprints made in the American wilds ages long ago. Of the forty States now under the Stars and Stripes all save thirteen were first settled by Catholic, And one of those thirteen—Maryland was peopled originally by Catholies.

Baltimore, the metropolis of the Eastern
Middle States; New Orleans, the metropolis of the Gulf States; San Francisco,
the metropolis of the Pacific States; St. Louis, the metropolis of the middle Central States, were all christened by Catholics. Even New York, if the thing is worth mention, was called in honor of the Duke of York, afterwards James II. and Duke of York, afterwards James II. and is, therefore, Catholic in its English origin. The oldest town in the United States, St. Augustine, in Florida, is Catholic. These are historical facts. No one will deny them. If, then, no one will or can deny them, what becomes of the boast that "this is a Protestant country?"

"Asthma, or Phthisic," a pamphlet, one stamp, giving new and successful treatment, address World's DISPENSARY

THE INFLUENCE OF A BOOK.

Is now debtor in a large amount.

The causes of the Irish agitation had been only half told. The sorrows of that people are greater than they have been pictured, and the causes of those ills more cruelly unjust than happy Americans have imagined. To one taking in at a survey the past and present of the Emerald isle doubts must set in as to the truth of the maxim that "there is a silver lining." but one room; the rent paid the landlord consumes all the tenant can raise except American charity money often flows into Ireland to the tenant when oats, and productive, the agent raises his rent; the rent is sent out of the country to be spent abroad; the Irish labourer has no

crushed out manufactures in Ireland that England might be the greater, and has re-fused to educate the Irish millions on the ground that out of ignorance could come more peace. Four-fifths of the Irish race cannot read or write, and thus is the mis-ery of the island made to reach the body and the mind.

The mission of Parnell is thus placed far up in the scale of moral worth, and when we shall all have become familiar with the extent and causes of the ills of the Irish, the names of O'Connell, Grattan,

and Emmet will shine out in new bright-ness. The injustice under which Ireland has attempted to live in the past centuries is almost as great as that suffered by any people in that part of the world which i called Christian. The suffering of the Jews cover a greater area of time, but have been not more disgraceful to this century. The English statesmen, and the result for its contract of the co century. The English statesmen, and the royal family, and the noble queen are all implicated and dishonoured by the situation of that one island in the united situation of that one island in the united kingdom, and can be pardoned by the enlightened world only on the assumption that they are devising the best means of removing the causes of Irish poverty and ignorance and famine. Out of the present agitation of the subject are coming the first steps of reform. Not permitted any longer to look at a certain black spot in America, the English are at leisure to in America, the English are at leisure to to discover and examine a black spot at home, and the Americans are also in a condition at last to help to call the world's attention to the slavery of Ireland. France and Germany having become full of a happier peasantry, are standing rebukes to the English nation, and out of all these moral forces the redemption of

Ireland will come rapidly and come well. THE "PILLARS" OF THE CHURCH.

Since Sunday-schools must exist for the sake of the children who are compelled to work during the day, it is only right that work during the day, it is only right that they should be made as attractive and effective as possible. And, to make them attractive and effective, the co-operation of laymen, zealous and intelligent laymen is necessary. There ought to be a revival of Christian Doctrine societies. They ought not to be left entirely in the hands of the gentlemen who act as where color the gentlemen who act as where colors. ought not to be left entirely in the hands of the gentlemen who act as ushers, collect, and appear in a devoted band on every occasion, who are perpetual "pillars" of the church. In every parish there is an array of "pillars" made venerable by long service. The rest of the laymen seem to look on the affairs of the church as no business of theirs. If their priest considers that the inauguration of a parochial school is unadvisable, owing to the debts of the church, they acquiesce, though their children go to hell. They make no attempt to show him that a school may be built and supported with a little extra built and supported with a little extra effort on their part. Now, the parent, not the priest, is primarily responsible for the soul of his child. This, judging from the conduct of the majority of Catholic par-ents, is a truth of which they are entirely inversely. ignorant. It is a great truth, nevertheless; if the meaning of parental responsibility were thoroughly impressed on the minds of Catholic parents, no priest could assert that the foundation of a parish school would add an unendurable burden to the load which his predecessor left him, or his own thoughtless devotion to bricks and mortar led him to assume.—Freeman's Journal.

BURKES CAREER.

dinal Wiseman, and was educated at the Roman Catholic College of Oscott, of which that eminent divine was for some time President. On leaving Oscott in 1847 he was appointed, at the age of eighteen, to a clerkship in the Chief Secretary's office, by his countryman, Sir Thomas Redington, the then Under Secretary, and commenced his career of unpopularity by being the clerk who opened Smith O'Brien's portmanteau in 1848 and ransacked his private letters. He continued to improve on this auspicious beginning, and made himself so generally and unscrupulously useful that on the retirement of Capt. Lorcom he was appointed Under Secretary, a position he He continued to improve on this auspicious beginning, and made himself so generally and unscrupulously useful that on the retirement of Capt. Lorcom he was appointed Under Secretary, a position he has since filled. Of course, the succeeding Chief Secretaries being almost entirely dependent on the permanent Secretary for coaching in their duties, at all events at the start, as the Foreign and Colonial Secretaries in their departments Secretaries in their departments,
Mr. Burke was in a large measure the controlling power in
the government of Ireland. He it
was who directed all the Fenian prosecutions in 1866-67, and compelled the temporary retirement of that movement. He had been during the last two years the adviser and chief executive officer of Mr. Forster, had received repeated warnings and threatenings, and had been under the close protection of the police. Pro-bably the belief that the release of the suspects and the opening of a more con-ciliatory course would bring to him per sonal safety tempted him to take that fatal unprotected evening walk. Doubt-less the men who murdered him had contemplated the assassization of Mr. Forster but finding that he had unexpectedly eluded their knife, they turned it against

his favorite and most obnoxious agent.
In discussing the appointment of Lord Frederick Cavendish as Chief Secretary for Ireland, it seems to have been wholly forgotten that for a long period he was Mr. Gladstone's regular private secretary, and that when Parliamentary life re-moved him from that post he had always continued as a sort of semi-secretary, and might, therefore, better than any man in the House of Commons, reflect Gladstone's views and advance with a thorough the House of Commons, reflect Gladdistone's views and advance with a thorough
zeal the new policy under Earl Spencer,
who, as is well known, personally possesses
more of the confidence and regard of Mr.
Gladstone than any other member of the
Cabinet. Lord Frederick's widow is a
niece of Mrs. Gladstone's and he had been
always regarded as a member of the
family. Had Mr. Chamberlain accepted
the Chief Secretaryship, Lord Spencer
would not have gone as Viceroy, but
some such person would have been selected as Forl Commons, reflect Gladmy and Had Mr. Chamberlain accepted
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some such person would have been selected as Forl Commons, reflect Gladmy and Had Mr. Chamberlain accepted
the Mrs. Gladstone's and he had been
always regarded as a member of the
family. Had Mr. Chamberlain accepted
the Chief Secretaryship, Lord Spencer
would not have gone as Viceroy, but
some such person would have been selected as Forl Commons, reflect Gladmy and Had Mr. And let not the cold sectarian,
wapping himself up in the mantle of his
own exclusiveness, object to the Catholic
spirit of the Sisterhood. This is among
the most pleasing features of their compact. It is its pride and boast that its
ministrations are extended to all; rich and
poor; high and low; bond and free; Jew
and Gentile; white and black.

There is something truly noble—something of the spiritually sublime—in the
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spirit of the Sisterhood. This is among
the most pleasing features of their compact. It is its pride and boast that its
ministrations are extended to all; rich and
poor; high and low; bond and free; Jew
and Gentile; white and black. some such person would have been se-lected as Earl Cowper, who, on leaving, stated with naive honesty that, except in few matters of executive action within the few days past, he was not responsible for anything which occurred during his Viceroyalty. Mr. Forster was the power. Vice versu, during Lord Clarendon's long and memorable rule in Ireland, he had in Sir William Somerville a Secretary who was as irresponsible as Lord Cowper. A strong Viceroy, a weak Secretary—a strong Secretary, a weak Viceroy, has ever been the rule in Ireland. Sometimes two medium men like the Duke of Marlborough and Jemmy Lowther have got on sufficiently well, but Lord Spencer and Mr. Chamberlain could never have governed Ireland together. AN OLD OBSERVER.

CORRECTING A WILL.

Among the many pleasant stories told of the late Catholic Duke of Norfolk is the following; and this, brief, as it is, will give a good insight into his social and domestic character:—

In the service of the old duke, his father, had been a man named Whandley—a servant true and faithful, who had attended upon his master when only a attended upon his master when only a private gentleman, thence continuing with him to the end. When the will of the deceased duke was read, there appeared a bequest to this faithful servant of one hundred pounds, to be paid at once, and thereafter twenty pounds per

annum during his life.

The good old servitor, still hale and hearty, was wiping his swimming eyes, and murmuring his heartfelt gratitude, when the young duke startled him by

abruptly exclaiming:
"No no, Peter—there must be a mistake
here. My father never meant to give you a hundred pounds for a mourning legacy. We must correct that."

Peter, naturally enough, felt his heart

reter, naturally enough, lett his heart sinking; but he was quickly relieved by the noble man's closing remark:

"No, no, he must have meant to give twenty pounds for a mourning legacy, and one hundred pounds a year after that. Twenty pounds would be but a poor annuity for a faithful old servant like yourself?"

The old records of the family go on to say, that Peter Wandley lived for many years after that, not only receiving the hundred pounds per annum, but also being given apartments in Arundel Castle, hundred pounds per annum, but also being given apartments in Arundel Castle, whereby the evening of his days was made comfortable.

Servous Weakness, Pain in the back, and other distressing symptoms arising from disordered Kidneys. Burdock Blood Bitters is the sovereign remedy. Trial bottles 10 cents.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

Who beholds not in their life-work an instance of the moral sublime? They do more than merely pity the misfortunes and weep at the woes of others. While they have a voice to say to the afflicted, "Be ye comforted," they have a heart to feel and a hand to act. What human lips can adequately speak the praise of charity? The most enlightened states of heathen antiquity were unacquainted with this God-like virtue. They had their temples dedicated to Mars, to Apollo, to Minerva, to Isis, and to a host of divito Minerva, to Isis, and to a host of divi-nities in their national mythology, but no sacred church bore upon its portals the inscription of charity, and no sodality was consecrated to the mild virtues of

common sympathy.

If there are any deeds done on this earth which ally mankind to the ministering spirits around the throne of God, they are the deeds of charity. If there be one trait which pre-eminently assimilates man to Him who sits upon the throne, it is the trait of disinterested ben-

evolence.

Even the pagan Cicero, under the faint inspiration of nature, explained that men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellowmen.

Let not the man who prides himself on these Sisters

Let not the man who prides minsel on his external sanctity, meet these Sisters with the scout, that their deeds of charity do not constitute religion; that they are but the instrumentalities of a mere negative good. Are not positive benefits the natural and unavoidable product of what is conventionally termed mere negative good? And let not the cold sectarian,

wholly lost and all personal considerations are merged in an unwavering aim of ex-tending relief to the sick and distressed; charity which recognizes all men as brethren, and which, Samaritan-like, pours consolation into the wounded heart wh ever it is found. Such a spirit confers upon them a living dignity but little lower than the angels.

They have, indeed, in the dreadful epi-

demic, which we hope, has now passed away, erected a monument which shall survive when the others shall have crumbled into dust. It shall be told for memorial of their faith and works, when the last historian shall have laid aside his pen, and the chisel shall have fallen from the grasp of the sculptor.

"Patent Outside" Catholicism.

An Episcopal preacher in St. Louis, named Dr. Betts, and an Irishman, is playing the role of monkey to the Catholic Church. In the first place he calls him-Church. In the first place he caus himself a Catholic priest, acknowledges the Pope as head of a part of his church—the Roman part. He has water at his church door which he calls blessed; has the stations of the cross about his church; has an altar with wax candles and flowers; has a lamp constantly burning, without any special purpose. This paradox of Protestantism goes through the ceremon-ies of the Mass as near as he can learn ies of the Mass as near as he can learn them out of our ceremonial and at last gets up Vespers and Benediction, and uses incense. Persons can go through the imitation of confession also at Dr. Betts' new invention and patent of Church of Englandism. Poor Betts! Your heart, we believe, is trying to be right, but your head is sort of turned. The rest of the preaches are laughing at Dr. Betts and preachers are laughing at Dr. Betts and his Bishop does not trouble himself about the matter.

Can't Get it.

Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Kidney, Urinary or Liver Complaints cannot be contracted by you or your family if Hop Bitters are used, and if you already have any of these diseases Hop Bitters is the only medicine that will positively cure you. Don't forget this, and don't get some puffed up stuff that will only harm you.

Thousands suffer untold miseries from Nervous Weakness, Pain in the back, and