

In Memoriam.

Earth, let thy softest... Who loved thee with... He knew thy fields and woodland ways... And dreamed thy handmaid son...

TWO DEATH-BEDS.

Last Moments of Two English Historians—Lord Macaulay and Venerable Bede.

[From Catholic Progress.] Venerable Bede and Lord Macaulay, among writers of English history, stand out with peculiar distinctness...

THE "PILLARS" OF THE CHURCH.

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

look upon Him our nature in order to become his friend, had he realized that for his sake and out of His love to him the Son of God lived a life of sorrow and died a death of shame; then, truly, 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 eloquent lips or from his graceful pen, some little expression of gratitude, some faint sign of love to dis-

cern to the secret of his heart. And, as the shades of death began to close around him, there would be seen, peering out amid the gloom, a hope at least, if not an ardent longing, to see his Lord. Nothing of this sort is discernible from his written life. He foresees the end approaching; he knows that he is about to die.

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 himself, or the many blessings he enjoyed even as an invalid. In 1852 he writes: "My reason tells me that hardly any man living has so much to be thankful for."

Compare this bright picture with the gloomy sadness of a Protestant death-bed. Not that I mean to say that they felt a satisfaction in dying, but that they felt a satisfaction in living. I should wish to see the picture of a Protestant death-bed, not that I mean to say that they felt a satisfaction in dying, but that they felt a satisfaction in living.

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 with a recent importation to America. It was known in this New World before Protestantism was born! Today two-thirds of the population of the American continent are Catholic. The Catholic Church has precedence in the order of time and numbers. The very name America calls up Catholic times. Columbus—the poetic name given to this Republic—brings the mind back to Catholic Columbus. All the great explorations in this country were made by Catholics."

THE INFLUENCE OF A BOOK.

One of the chief misfortunes of the Irish people is that their enemies have written more for their friends. Americans have read principally what Irish enemies have written. When a fair and honest book finds its way among them, it does incalculable good.

The Under Secretary, on the other hand, has long been a marked man, and was perhaps the most unpopular official in Ireland. He was a Roman Catholic, of the County of Galway, aged 52, and heir to the Barony of Burke of Glyusk. He was a grand-nephew of the late Cardinal Wiseman, and was educated at the Roman Catholic College of Oscott, of which that eminent divine was for some time President.

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 brightness. 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 is called Christian.

CATHOLICS AND AMERICA.

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BURKE'S CAREER.

The following letter appeared in the N. Y. Sun on last Monday: Sir: The murder of the Irish Under Secretary, Thomas Henry Burke, was evidently the sole object of the assassin. That of Lord Frederick Cavendish, like the murder of the innocent car driver and clerk who happened to be with Lord Leinster when he was similarly slain, became a necessity to their protection. Lord Frederick had only arrived in Ireland the day before, had done nothing to make himself obnoxious, and was of so little prominence in England, and so wholly unscathed or unloved in Ireland up to that hour, that his person must have been entirely unknown to the man who committed this murder, which had evidently been premeditated and carefully planned.

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CORRECTING A WILL.

An Episcopal preacher in St. Louis, named Dr. Betts, and an Irishman, are playing the role of monkey to the Catholic Church. In the first place he calls 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 an altar with wax candles and flowers; has a lamp constantly burning, without any special purpose. This paradox of Protestantism goes through the ceremonies 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's 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 preachers are laughing at Dr. Betts and his Bishop does not trouble himself about the matter.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

How They Nursed Small-Pox Patients in an Indiana Lazaretto. Doctor D. H. V. Swarthout contributed this article to the Post-War, Indiana, Gazette: A person who has never seen a typical, representative case of confluent, malignant small-pox can have but the remotest idea of what an infernal, disgusting, and revolting disease it is. It must have been invented at a special convocation of all the devils in hell, assembled for the supreme purpose of capping the climax of filthy and loathsome illness. This at least was the conclusion at which I arrived after visiting our small-pox hospital a few months since, for the purpose of gratifying a curiosity I had to see what I never saw before—a fully developed case of small-pox. I saw at this visit fourteen of such cases. It is not now very difficult for me to understand why it is barely possible in many instances, for the victims of this horrible disease to receive proper attention even from those who are related by the strongest ties of consanguinity.

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PATENT OUTSIDE CATHOLICISM.

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 other distressing symptoms arising from disordered Kidneys. Burdock Blood Bitters is the sovereign remedy. Trial bottles 10 cents.