The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1888. VOL. XVII. NO. 24

The Charlottetown Herald

—IS ISSUED—

EVERY WEDNESDAY

—BY—

The Herald Printing Company,

FROM THEIR OFFICE:

Corner of Queen and Richmond Streets,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

Subscription: One Year, in Advance, $1.00

ADVERTISING AT MODERATE RATES.

Contracts made for Monthly, Quarterly, Half-yearly, or Yearly Advertisements, on application.

Remittances may be made by Draft, P. O. Order, or Registered Letter.

All Correspondence should be addressed to

The Herald Printing Company, Charlottetown.

Calendar for April, 1888.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter 3rd day, 5h., 28.8m., a. m., S. W.
New Moon 11th day, 5h., 52.2m., a. m., E.
First Quarter 19th day, 7h., 39.7m., a. m., N.
Full Moon 26th day, 2h., 9.6m., a. m., S. W.

D M	Day of Week.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets.	The Moon. Rises	The Moon. Sets.	High Water Ch'town
		h. m.	h. m.	af'rn	m'rn	af'rn
1	Sun	5 44	6 21	morn	9 2	1 59
2	Mon	42	25	0 30	9 50	2 55
3	Tues	40	26	1 30	10 44	4 7
4	Wed	38	27	2 21	11 42	5 30
5	Thur	37	29	3 3	aft 44	6 52
6	Fri	35	30	3 37	1 46	7 54
7	Sat	33	32	4 10	2 49	8 32
8	Sun	31	33	4 37	3 52	9 22
9	Mon	29	34	5 1	4 56	9 58
10	Tues	27	35	5 25	5 54	10 32
11	Wed	25	37	5 48	6 45	11 1
12	Thur	23	38	6 12	7 55	11 23
13	Fri	22	40	6 38	8 56	morn
14	Sat	20	41	7 7	9 56	0 4
15	Sun	18	42	7 41	10 55	0 37
16	Mon	16	43	8 20	11 52	1 13
17	Tues	15	45	9 6	m'rn	1 53
18	Wed	13	46	9 59	0 46	2 40
19	Thur	11	47	11 0	1 35	3 40
20	Fri	9	48	aft. 5	2 19	4 54
21	Sat	8	50	1 16	2 58	6 17
22	Sun	6	52	2 28	3 32	7 32
23	Mon	4	53	3.50	4 2	8 28
24	Tues	2	54	4 55	4 30	9 19
25	Wed	0	55	6 23	5 14	10 3
26	Thur	4 58	56	7 48	5 37	10 45
27	Fri	57	58	9 1	6 12	11 27
28	Sat	56	7 0	10 14	6 50	aft. 10
29	Sun	54	1	11 19	7 40	0 58
30	Mon	52	3	morn	8 34	1 45

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the HERALD Printing Company are hereby required to pay the amounts so due by them forthwith, otherwise legal proceedings will be immediately instituted to recover the same.

January 19, 1887.

Credit Foncier Franco Canadien

LOANS on Mortgage for periods not exceeding 10 years without sinking fund, and from 10 to 50 years with sinking fund.

The borrower is privileged to pay off his loan in whole or in part at any time.

Circulars giving detailed information can be obtained on application at the offices of Messrs. Sullivan & McNeill, Solicitors Charlottetown.

W. W. SULLIVAN,
Agent for the Company.

Jan. 2 1885

Fruit and Confectionery.

B. BALDERSTON has a full supply of the purest and best

CONFECTIONERY,

Manufactured on the premises every day. Customers can rely on their Candies being fresh and pure.

We want every country dealer to call on us and see if he cannot save money by getting his Confectionery from us.

Choice Fruits in their Season.

Best GROCERIES at Low Prices.

Colgate's Soaps & Perfumery.

B. BALDERSTON.

Charlottetown, July 27, 1887.

SULLIVAN & McNEILL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Solicitors in Chancery,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building Great George Street, Charlottetown.

☞ Money to Loan.

W. W. SULLIVAN, Q.C. | CHAS. B. MACNEILL.

jan. 17, 1884

CARSLAKE'S GRAND DERBY SWEEP

$25,000.00

1st horse (in duplicate) $3,000 each prize, $6,000
2nd " " $2,000 " $4,000
3rd " " $1,000 " $2,000
Other starters (divided equally) $2,000 in duplicate $4,000
Non-starters (divided equally) $4,500 in duplicate $9,000

5,000 Tickets at $5 each.

Drawing May 23th. Race May 30th, 1888.

Ten per cent. deducted from all prizes.

Address,

GEORGE CARSLAKE, Prop.,
Mansion House, Montreal.

Jan. 18, 1888—4m

SEWING

MACHINES,

AT A BARGAIN.

ONE first-class RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE, new, and also one second-hand for sale very cheap. Apply at the

HERALD OFFICE.

Charlottetown, May 25, 1887.

FOUND.

SOME years ago, on the Glasgow Road, a wallet containing a sum of money. Apply to S. Blanchard, at the office of Bayfield & Blanchard.

March 21, 1888.—1m

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

PUTTNER'S

HAS obtained a widespread popularity as a cure for COUGHS, INFLUENZA, CATARRH,

EMULSION

SCROFULA, SKIN DISEASE, NERVOUS, PROSTRATION, CONSUMPTION, IMPOVERISHED BLOOD,

OF COD LIVER OIL

And the many diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Blood and Brain.

WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Puttner's Emulsion

Is made from the purest material, is very palatable, and can be taken and retained by the most delicate.

BROWN BROS. & CO.,

March 21, 1888. Chemists, Halifax, N. S.

FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS,

Previous to Stock-Taking,

—We offer the balance of our—

Winter Goods,

Such as Ulster Cloths, Dress Goods, Tweeds, Overcoatings, Shawls, Scarfs, Gents' Underwear, Cardigans, Jersey Jackets, Skirts, Gloves and Mitts, Fur and Cloth Caps, Overshoes, Millinery, &c., &c.,

At PRICES TO CLEAR.

Come & Get Bargains.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.

Kensington, Feb. 29, 1888.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1887-8. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1887-8.

On and after Thursday, December 1st, 1887, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.
	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown.....dp.	7 15	1 50
Royalty Junction.....	7 34	2 12
North Wiltshire.....	8 17	3 05
Hunter River.....	8 30	3 20
Bradalbane.....	9 00	3 57
Emerald Junction.....	9 09	4 07
Freetown.....	9 23	4 22
Kensington	9 40	4 45
Summerside ..... ar.	10 10	5 20
Summerside ..... dp.	P. M. 12 40	
Miscouche	1 00	
Wellington.....	1 27	
Fort Hill	2 08	
O'Leary.....	3 22	
Bloomfield.....	3 45	
Alberton.....	4 20	
Tignish .....ar.	5 15	

STATIONS.	No. 9.
	P. M.
Emerald Junction....dp.	4 10
Cape Traverse.....ar.	5 00

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.
	A. M.	
Tignish .....dp.	6 00	
Alberton	6 55	
Bloomfield.....	7 20	
O'Leary	7 54	
Port Hill	8 07	
Wellington	8 49	
Miscouche	10 15	
Summerside ..... ar.	10 35	
Summerside ..... dp.	11 25	A. M. 6 30
	P. M.	7 05
Kensington	12 05	7 28
Freetown	12 23	7 43
Emerald Junction.....	12 36	7 58
Bradalbane.....	12 45	8 39
Hunter River.....	1 15	9 45
North Wiltshire.....	1 29	9 57
Royalty Junction.....	2 12	10 00
Charlottetown.....ar.	2 30	

STATIONS.	No. 10.
	A. M.
Cape Traverse.....dp.	6 45
Emerald Junction....ar.	7 35

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 5.	No. 7.
	P. M.	
Charlottetown.....dp	2 20	
Royalty Junct'n.....	2 50	
Bedford	3 23	
Mt. Stewart Junc.. ar	3 55	
Mt. Stewart Junc.. dp	4 10	
Cardigan	5 22	
Georgetown .....ar	5 45	
		P. M.
Mt. Stewart Junc.....dp		4 05
Morell		4 43
St. Peter's.....		5 12
Bear River		5 57
Souris .....ar		6 40

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 8.
	A. M.	
Georgetown .....dp	7 15	
Cardigan.....	7 38	
Mount Stewart Jun ar	8 50	
Mount Stewart Jun dp	9 00	
Bedford.....	9 32	
Royalty Junct'n.....	10 05	
Charlottetown .....ar	10 25	
		A. M.
Souris ....dp		6 20
Bear River		7 08
St. Peter's.....		7 48
Morell		8 17
Mount Stewart Junc..ar		8 55

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

JAMES COLEMAN,
Superintendent.

Railway Office, Charlottetown Nov. 29, 1887—tf

Executors' Notice.

THE undersigned, Executors of the last Will and Testament of OWEN CONNOLLY, late of Charlottetown, Merchant, deceased, hereby notify all parties indebted to the said Estate of the said Owen Connolly to make immediate payment of their respective debts to them at the premises on Queen Street, in Charlottetown, formerly occupied by the said Owen Connolly; and all persons having accounts or claims against the said Owen Connolly, or his Estate, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned at the said premises, on Queen Street, within Twelve Months from this date.

Dated at Charlottetown this Seventh day of January, 1888.

ANDREW A. McDONALD,
WILLIAM W. SULLIVAN, } Executors
FREDERICK PETERS,

January 4, 1888—tf

GILLETT'S

POWDERED

LYE

99 PER CENT

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 80 pounds Sal Soda. Sold by all Grocers and Druggists.

E. W. GILLETT, - TORONTO AND CHICAGO.

JOHN S. MACDONALD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICE:

Newson's Building, Opposite New Post Office.

Charlottetown, Oct. 7, 1886—1y

DEATH.

BY PERE MONSABRE.

"Credo carnis resurrectionem et vitam æternam."

To-day we enter upon the last chapter of our studies of dogma. The great truths which I have hitherto exposed to you await their crown, which should be worthy of the edifice. The perfect God who so loved us that He consummated His likeness in us by communicating to us His own life, that he gave His Son to death in order to enable us to regain the ineffable gift we had lost; the Blessed Christ who bought our redemption by His Blood, who has become the King of our souls, and has incorporated us in His humanity by the grace of the sacraments, surely had some other end in view than merely to ennoble our quickly-passing life. Accordingly, Catholic doctrine teaches us that, beyond this passing life of ours, there is a life eternal in which our perfection, begun by grace, will be completed by glory. The torch of faith in hand, I would have willingly traversed with you the sombre kingdom of death, and explained to you its mysteries, did I not hear ironical voices cry out to me: "Stay; there is nothing beyond the tomb. Science has not been able to prove any life whatsoever after death."

Around this brutal negation, a thousand discordant voices recounted all manner of odd ideas, all in contradiction to the teachings of faith. You as well as I have heard these voices. I do not wish you to be distracted and troubled in our study of the mysteries beyond the grave, by illusions, chimeras, prejudices and errors which the spirit of evil bruits abroad in order to deter man from the consideration of his last end. For this reason I have resolved to postpone our dogmatic excursion into the kingdom of eternal justice, of darkness and of sorrow, of light and beatitude, of resurrection and of universal renewal, the existence of which God has revealed to us, in order to study with attention one truth which will assuredly open the doors of that kingdom to us: the truth of a future life.

Not only will you not lose anything by waiting, but you will gain by being strengthened in this conviction, that Catholic doctrine satisfies the most profound and imperious needs of our nature, and that from that remote point where men go to seek for the origin of humanity, to those mysterious dim distances where our destinies are consummated there is no contradiction which can arrest the triumphant march of Christian truth. Let us set to work, taking our starting point. I know none better or surer than the Catholic idea of the mystery of death. What is death? Why must man die? The general idea which experience and science give us of death, is that it is the "definite cessation of all the acts which together constitute the life of organized beings." "The cessation of all acts." All the animal functions of the human body can be suspended for a time, and the body offers nothing to the eyes beyond the appearance of a corpse, and yet this may not be death. But when all definitely stops, when, in the rigid corpse the organic elements no longer obeying the laws which determine the vital functions fall under the empire of the purely physical laws, this is death.

After death, fermentation, after that putrefaction, after that decomposition, and finally an earthly matter which loses itself in the dust of the globe. There are observers who call themselves savants, and who see nothing beyond these phenomena. It is useless to say to them: Look to the bottom of this human nature; do you not see there a force entirely different from that which animates other living things? They reply: Every where, where there is matter, there are forces; where matter lives, forces assemble. No, no, it is not so, otherwise the manifestations of life would be every where the same.

Does not the life of man, in the scale of life, compared in its manifestations to those of all other living things, does it not prove what St. Thomas calls: *Perfectoir modus vivendi*, and which reveals a force superior to all those which exist in nature? Materialistic and positive biologists content themselves with superficial observations and refuse to look to the bottom of human nature. Let us look there, let us study the life of man so as to better understand the mystery of his death. Man combines in his body the functions of the vegetive and animal life; but besides has knowledge of himself, thinks, reasons, judges, has free will, speaks, all things of which the best organized matter is of itself incapable. There is one thing which rests indivisible and unchangeable among the diverse impressions received by the body and the successive changes which it undergoes, one thing which says: I see, I hear, I touch, I feel, I live.

We are aware of being this thing, that is to say, a unity to which all sensations can at once bear relation without being confounded. This unity is the *I*, capable of knowing and distinguishing bodies and their impressions, precisely because it undergoes no material or organic determination, because it is neither body or sense, but a simple being, subsisting in itself. The preacher here entered into an exhaustive examination of this *I*, the *ego* of the schools, quoting the description of Plato, and contrasting it with the definition given by St. Thomas. He showed how it surpassed matter in the possession of a power and operation impossible to corporal substances, the power and operation of the intellect. From this it followed that human nature is in this world a nature *sui generis*, a composition of two elements of different essences which act conjointly in one same life. But what relation does the soul bear to the body? The preacher showed how the theories of Plato and the seventeenth century philosophers were both wrong, and that the formula accepted by the church, *"anima est forma corporis,"* is the only definition which is allowable.

The soul seizes the body at the moment when, like an imperceptible point, it appears in the seed which generation fecundates, communicates to it its subsistence and makes it a participator in the *I*. It is entire in the whole and entire in each part of the body. See these two dissimilar substances married together in one life. I recognize in this admirable espousal the sovereign action of God, who from his mouth breathed upon the clay of the earth a breath of life, and made of the man spirit and matter, a single living thing: *et factus est homo in animam viventem.* The body does not exist of its own force; there comes to it corruption, *corporis ruptio.* But the spirit, which Plato calls the *ego*, and the Scripture the breath of life—can it have the same fate as the force which constitutes the life of the vegetable and the animal?

It subsists itself; how, then, can matter in its decomposition take away its life? It is simple; how, then, can it be broken up? It is entire in the body, and entire in every part; how can it be dissipated along with the body, since in the fall of all the elements it is found every where whole and entire? That the body escapes from it and that the soul ceases to animate the body and falls back upon itself; this is all that the knowledge of human nature and life allows us to believe. And this is precisely the idea of death given us by Catholic doctrine. No, the death of man is not a total dissipation such as that produced in inferior organizations; it is a separation. In the books of our doctors and in the catechisms we place in the hands of our children, you will read the same definition: Death is the separation of the soul from the body.

We know what the body becomes, but the force which animated it—the soul? It is not yet time to speak to you on its destiny. I have first to reply to this question: Why has man to die? Science, which takes so much trouble to learn how man lives, does not know exactly why he dies. The Catholic notion of human nature seems to complicate the mystery; for, if there is in us a soul which animates our matter, if this evil is an unalterable essence, why does it cease to give life? "Existence," says a Christian physiologist, "is the result of the association of the soul with the body. If this association becomes impossible, death comes. The soul by its nature thirsts to be united to matter; it unites itself to the body. But if the body cannot suffice to this union, or resists it, it is not the soul which leaves, it is the body which quits the soul." This is well said, but why does the soul allow itself to be quitted? Has it not the power to retain the body? No. "There are," says St. Thomas, "in the matter of which the human body is made, certain contrary elements which necessarily produce dissolution." The moderns call that "the natural antagonism of solids and fluids." Our soul has not that plenitude of creative force, which alone can suffice to the perpetual renovation of that which is used and altered in the organism. Death is then a necessity of nature. If we do not understand the mystery, we must at least recognize the fact. But if death is natural, why does the necessary and simple accomplishment of a natural law take in the eyes the proportion of a catastrophe? This would be incomprehensible if the supernatural light which illumes this lugubrious fact did not show in us a necessity of justice. Although our body was composed of elements of dissolution and of escaping the soul, we were not made to die.

A Creator infinitely liberal, God spared nothing when He made man to His image and likeness, and not being able to make him participate in His own immense and indivisible eternity, He wished that he should be at least immortal. The grace with which He filled penetrated his soul and communicated to it, with all the virtues, a creative power which took possession of the corruptible elements of matter and corrected their innate tendency to dispersion.

Not only had this grace the power of keeping one near the other all and every part of the body which was united to it, and to configure it to its own incurruptibility; but the mistress, of all nature, grace, took only those elements of life which would help to the perpetual youth of an indestructible flesh. But with this glorious power there was a menace: "If thou sin," said the Saviour, "thou shalt die of death."

And man did sin. The break which takes place in our being is but the normal consequence of, and the legitimate vengeance for the break which took place between us and God by the fall of the father of our race. Death entered the world by sin: *Per peccatum mors;* it is also its cruel wages: *stipendia peccati mors.* Alas! the Divine prediction—*Morte morieris*—has been too well accomplished. Not only did death strike the first sinner, but every day it takes numbers of His children, fulfilling its pitiless missions with a fidelity which fills with despair. Scarcely had he terminated the account of the genesis of the world than the sacred historian shows us the generations of man struggling one with another, the first trodden under foot by the second, the second by the third, and all chanting this lamentable refrain: *Mortuus est.*

This, the first ballad of death, is full of a sombre eloquence. It is not intermittent visits that the enemy of our life makes to us—it is in us. Along with the work of life, another, dark and mysterious, is being accomplished, the work of death. It hides itself only to march on to the end the more rapidly and the more surely; nothing stops its progress, and it is when everything seems most prosperous that it is in fullest activity, so much so that the wise man said: "Life is a continual death," and a sage physiologist: "Life is the unity of the functions which resist death."

And this intestine war is continued until the moment when, feeling itself vanquished, the anguished soul makes one last effort to retain possession of the body which the hand of the enemy is taking from it. But it is futile. All is finished. Ye loving substances, separate yourselves; this way our soul, that way our body; justice so wills it. The man who sinned had said to God, the principle of his supernatural life: "Let us separate." Was it not necessary that the tragic event which ends his existence in this world should bear the imprint of his sin? And remark how vigorous and profound is this imprint! The sinner only draws himself from God to attach himself by an unjust preference to creatures. They are taken from him with his life. The sinner leaves God only to establish himself in a sacrilegious independence. To punish him God draws back upon Himself and holds aloft in some measure. Not content with shortening the days of His fallen creature, He surrounds his end with mystery, and reserves for himself the knowledge of the hour of His supreme decisions.

Immortal man was master of time; after his fall, time possessed him and betrayed him; at any instant he may be surprised. And this is what death, the daughter of sin, is: a universal and complete separation, and at the same time the most horrible of surprises. Are you astonished, then, at the inquietudes, the sadness, the anguish, the fears which invade and torment our poor nature at the though of death? Time has not been able to efface from our recollection the idea of the glorious state in which humanity was created; and mortal as we are now, we feel rise within us, at the approach of death, a mysterious instinct of immortality.

That which most impresses us, in the tragic event, is the destruction, and, as it were, crumbling away to nothing of a flesh which we have seen full of life. We should be stricken with despair, if in the very notion given us of death by the Catholic doctrine, there was not an appeal to the unknown. It is true that the flesh is destroyed; but whither goes the soul which separates itself from the body? There is no power that could harm it, it must live somewhere. Oh! the merciful goodness of Him Who chastises us! He does not leave us to seek beyond the tomb, in a world which the pale light of reason scarcely illumines, the solution of this promblem: Himself He gives it to us and tempers our inquietude, our sadness, our anguish, our fears by completing by his consoling promises the sad lessons which sin has taught us.

Death separates; but, while the flesh that is dust returns to the dust, the soul returns to God, Who created it: *Revertatur pulvis in terram suam unde erat, et spiritus redeat ad Deum qui dedit illum.* While the elements of our body are being decomposed and scattered, our soul, full of life, spreads itself in the light of God. What do I say? The flesh itself is only destroyed apparently. Death, which has ravished it, will not keep the dispersed elements forever under its dependence. A God, victor over sin, has conquered also death, sin's terrible daughter, by dying Himself for sin. When it shall have nothing more to do, "the old and irreconcilable man will be destroyed: *Novissima autem inimica destructur mors,* and its conqueror will restore life to our mortal bodies: *Vivificabit et mortalia corpora nostra."*

We shall rise again: *Omnes resurgemus.* Admirable and fortifying doctrine! It penetrates the Christian soul, consoles and strengthens it. While reason, trembling and uncertain, asks, in face of death: Where go I? What shall I become? Faith cries out: Forward! to the future life! *Ad vitam venturi sæculi.*
—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

A Valuable Work.

We have received from the celebrated publishing house of Messrs. Burns & Oates, 28 Orchard street, London, W., England, a new and valuable addition to Catholic literature, bearing the title of "A Treatise on Prayer," by the Blessed John Fisher, Bishop and Martyr. The scope of the work may be judged from the author's preface, which is as follows:

This little work of the Blessed John Fisher was written in Latin about the year 1520; that is to say, about 15 years before his death, and when he was 60 years of age.

The teaching of Luther had already made some way in England; for in 1521 the holy bishop preached at St. Paul's Cross on the occasion when the heretic's writings were publicly committed to the flames; but as yet, in spite of the abuses which were rampant around him, the future martyr had not been forced into that conflict with the lust of Henry VIII., which finally won him his crown. He was still living that life of holy retirement and fulfilment of his episcopal duties in the comparative obscurity of Rochester, wherein was nurtured and strengthened the sanptity which later enabled him to take his bold but lonely stand in defence of the Queen's marriage, and in opposition to the King's demand for divorce. His later works, with the exception of what he wrote when prisoner in the Tower in 1534-5, were controversial and polemical, called forth by the spread of Lutheran doctrines or the progress of the Royal divorce, so that in the present book we have the last utterances of the peaceful days of, practically, the last of the old English hierarchy.

It is significant that such an utterance should treat of prayer, for prayer was soon to be the only heritage, as it was the only refuge and strength of the faithful remnant whom he was soon to leave behind him in his native land. As he himself says (page 22): "And at this present time we have most need to pray, seeing the times be such, and so dangerous as they now be, sinners being now so multiplied upon the earth, and sin itself so daily increased as we see it is."

Moreover, the manner in which the subject is treated, giving us as it does an insight into the author's own habits of prayer is a testimony to his holiness that should be peculiarly grateful to his fellow-countrymen at a time when the holy See has so recently declared his worthiness of their public veneration. The precision and calmness of the style, and the simplicity of the advice and methods given, while at times recalling the man of scholastic learning and university pre-eminence, reveal to us still more forcibly, especially in the latter portions of the book, the strong and patient concentration of a contemplative soul, taught by the holy spirit to understand and appreciate the full depth and breadth of the simple truths and maxims of the gospel, and finding all its energy and comfort in the presence of God.

The present publication should merit a further interest from the fact that it is a reprint of a translation made a century after the author's death by a member of the English Congregation of the Order of St. Benedict, at the time when, among others, his own religious brethren were still suffering torture and death for the same Catholic unity to which the saintly Cardinal was so glorious a witness.

In all probability the initials on the title page, R. A. B., stand for the name of the Reverend Anthony Batt, the author of many similar publications. He was ordained Priest at the English College of Douai in 1604, but afterwards became a monk of the Monastery of St. Laurance's, now at Appleforth, in Yorkshire, but then at Dieulwart, in Lorraine, where he made his profession in the year 1615. From about that date till 1631 he was employed on the English mission, where he must have met with, and perhaps run the same risks as FF. Dyer, Barlow, Row, Kemp, Hesketh, Powell, and Cox, O. S. B., who suffered martyrdom between the years 1618-1637. It may have been during his missionary travels that he made the acquaintance of the Lady Herbert to whom the translation is dedicated. Who she was cannot be determined further than this, that she must have been an ancestor of the Earls of Powis, whose peerage became extinct by the death of George Arthur Herbert at the close of the last century; and also of the present Earl of Powis, through the marriage in 1784 of the first Earl, Edward Clive, with the sister of the last Earl before mentioned. The Earls of Powis were still Catholic at the time of the Jacobite rising in 1745; and seeing it is well known how faithfully the Welsh people clung to their religion, we may assume that the Lady Elizabeth Herbert here spoken of had befriended F. Batt in his missionary labors.

This Father returned to his monastery in 1631, and in 1641 we find him Superior of a small priory called La Celle, in Brittany, which had been founded in 1833, but which now has long ceased to exist. Here probably the present translation was written.

Although, in style, the text has no intrinsic merit, being somewhat involved in its manner, and, like many productions of its time, much affected for the worst by its imitation of the Latin, yet out of reverence for the author and his times, and in memory of the probability that it contains the very words read and re-read by many of our venerated ancestors, confessors, and perhaps martyrs for the the Faith, it has been reproduced exactly, without interfering with its somewhat arbitrary spelling and punctuation. It is hoped that this thought may make up to the readers for any slight difficulty in the comprehension of its meaning.

The quotations have been verified, and one or two slight notes added where considered necessary or useful.

May the holy author obtain for his readers the spirit which prompted his words.

St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, June 22, 1887.—*Catholic Record.*

A Famous Irish Nun.

On the 11th of February one of the most remarkable religious of recent times (Sister Jane Frances Bridgeman) Died in the Convent of Mercy, Kinsale, Ireland.

Thirty-five years ago it was she who organized the band of ladies who went from England and Ireland to the Crimea to nurse the sick and wounded in that terrible war.

The celebrated Miss Nightingale was one of the young ladies who volunteered to join this charitable expedition. She assisted Sister Bridgeman for several months before she herself organized an independent society of lady nurses, who spent many a day of fatigue and danger on the field of battle. But the sick and wounded in the hospitals were under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy, of whom Sister Jane Frances was the Superioress.

There was one strange incident which happened in the hospitals just before Sabastapol. Over one hundred men were lying there from gunshot, shell, and sabre wounds, all in a dangerous condition, when suddenly a cry of fire was heard, and in a few moments the wooden hospital was in flames. Consternation and fear seized the sick and even the nurses; but Sister Jane Frances begged of them to keep still, and, rushing out, requested a French officer to send a body of men to extinguish the fire. He at once complied, but their efforts were unavailable, and Sister Bridgeman was in agony for the fate of the wounded within. Suddenly a thought occurred to her. She desired the men to desist from throwing water on the flames and to follow her out of the burning building and imitate her example. There upon this great-hearted woman, with the assistance of Sister Clare, lifted up a poor little drummer boy, with his bedding and stretcher, and hurried him to a small hut which was used as a canteen. In a short time all were removed in safety, and before a new hospital was built, many of those who would have perished in the old one, but for the presence of mind of Sister Bridgeman, became convalescent under the treatment of those good ladies.

When the war was finished, Mother Frances (as she was called) returned to her convent at Kinsale, Ireland, and there continued her life of sanctity and piety. She founded the Industrial School for girl waifs, where nearly 200 of them are comfortably housed, fed, and clad and educated for the defferent walks in life for which their dispositions fit them.

Attached to the convent are schools where nearly 1,000 children are daily taught free, and in the winter time many of them get a good hot breakfast from the kind nuns.

A few years ago, Mother Frances commenced a literary work entitled "God in His Works," to supersede in the schools of the Sisters of Mercy throughout the world, all other primary educational works. It is now used in every clime and by many teachers outside the Catholic religion, and is a unique method of instilling learning and reverence for the Creator of all things, into the minds of the young.

Her life was one long errand of mercy and charity! Her work at Kinsale, and in the many convents of the Order, which she was instrumental in founding, will endure. And though her great labors in the Crimea were never fully recognised by the British Government, they are gratefully remembered to-day by many a man whose life she saved among the battlefields of the Crimea. *R. I. P.—San Francisco Monitor.*

A Singular Incident.

The angelus had just ceased, a well known priest of this city had thrown himself on a sofa in his room to enjoy a rest, when his attention was attracted by a feeble knock at the door. Rousing himself he bade the visitor enter, but the door remained closed. At length the second knock, louder than the first, came, and going to the door, he threw it open. There in the dim-gas-light stood two little children, a girl and a boy, respectively about six and four years old. The good father took them by the hand and led them into the room. As soon as he was seated the little girl spoke: "Papa is dying and wants to see you; please come." And the little fellow at her side, now becoming bolder, added: "Pease come."

Asking the children where they lived he learned the location, and bidding them wait, proceeded to change his coat. Having done this he turned to speak to the little ones, but they had vanished.

Thinking that like most children they had become tired and gone before, he hastened down stairs, and, meeting a domestic in the hall, inquired for the children. Upon being informed that she had seen none, and that there had been no children in the house that day, the priest was somewhat nonplussed, but thinking they had probably gone out unobserved, he left the house and was soon wending his way in the direction of the eastern part of the city. Arriving at the tenement, which had been described minutely by the children, he rang the bell. It was answered by a man who, being interrogated, said he knew of no sick man in the house, but probably there was one on the next floor. Up one flight of stairs, whose rickety balusters threatened to fall at every step, the priest found himself confronted by a woman whose hair was as white as snow and whose dress was a mass of rags held together by pins. Asking her about the sick man, she said she knew nothing of such a person and left the priest considerably perplexed. Climbing another flight he saw no one in sight, but rapped on the nearest door. It was opened by a mere child, who said she knew a man in room 146 who had been sick for a long time. Turning to the left he saw, by the light of a lamp, the number 146 in red paint rudely marked on a door. He rapped at the door and a faint voice answered: "Come in." The priest entered, and there upon a rude bed made of straw, lay an emaciated form.

The room was bare and lacked the necessary comforts of life. A large stove in the middle of the room, much the worse for the wear, loomed up like a grim spectre in the moonlight.

In an instant the priest took in the situation, saw how near the man was to his grave, and proceeded to administer to him the last rites of the church.

Looking up, the man asked why the priest had come and how he knew he was dying.

This somewhat startled the priest, but he answered: "Your children came for me."

"My children?" echoed the dying man; "I have no children. My little ones died three years ago yesterday."

The priest asked for a description of the children, and the dying man described them minutely, and the description corresponded in the smallest detail to the children who had called on the priest. The reverend father was much perplexed, but, not betraying his feeling, left soon after. The man died the next day.
—*Washington Star.*

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.