

**Her Refrain.**  
 BY JOHN BOYLE O'BRIEN

"Do you love me?" she said, when the Cakes were blest.  
 And we walked where the stream through the branches glistened;  
 And I told and retold her my love was true,  
 While she listened and smiled, and smiled and listened.

"Do you love me?" she whispered, when we sat  
 And her eyes searched mine with a patient yearning;  
 And I told her the words she sought,  
 While she listened and smiled, and smiled and listened.

"Do you love me?" she asked, when we sat  
 By the stream, embosomed with Autumn glory;  
 Her cheek had been laid as in peace on my breast,  
 But she raised it to ask for the sweet old story.

And I said—"I will tell her the tale again—  
 I will swear by the earth and the stars above me!"  
 And I told her that uttermost time should prove  
 The fervor and faith of my perfect love;  
 And I pledged it and vowed it, that thought  
 While she listened and smiled in my face,  
 And then  
 She whispered once more—"Do you truly love me?"

**FATHER RYAN ON TRUTH AND CHARITY.**

Last Sunday evening Rev. Abram J. Ryan delivered a sermon in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, corner of Mosher and Division streets, for the benefit of the poor under the care of the Sewing Society of the parish. The sacred edifice was crowded on the occasion, and it is safe to say that the congregation was the largest ever assembled within its walls; not a seat was left unoccupied, and even in the aisles the people were packed almost to suffocation. Before reaching his subject proper Father Ryan said he never liked to begin a discourse in words of an apologetic nature, but he felt very tired. On Friday he lectured in Winchester, Va., travelled all day on Saturday, reached home that evening, preached in St. Ignatius' Church and attended an entertainment in the afternoon; he thought, however, he would be able to get through; and he did get through, and in a manner that surprised and delighted his hearers, holding their keenest attention for upwards of an hour and twenty minutes.

He said that whatever culture he had, and whatever of mind or character he possessed, he owed to an education he had received under the guidance of Lazarists; they were his teachers, and the happiest moments of his life were spent in their company. Father Maloney, who was known so well to the majority of his hearers, was a schoolmate of his; he heard his, the speaker's, first sermon which he delivered when only nineteen years old. He had begun young. Whatever the Lazarists asked him to do, he did with a will and a love.

In this introduction, he branched off to a most eloquent discourse on "truth," using rather the suggestive than the argumentative style in his remarks. He read his text from the 15th chapter of the Gospel of St. John in a style peculiarly his own.

"Then they led Jesus from Capuchin to the Governor's hall. And it was morning; and they went not into the hall, that they might not be defiled, but that they might eat the Pasch."

"Plato therefore went out to them and said: What accusation bring you against this man?"

"They answered and said to him: If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up to thee."

"Plato therefore said to them: Take him you and judge him according to your law. The Jews therefore said to him: It is not lawful for us to put any man to death."

"That the word of Jesus might be fulfilled which he said, signifying what death he should die."

"Plato therefore went into the hall again, and called Jesus and said to him: Art thou the King of the Jews?"

"Jesus answered: Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or have others told thee of me?"

"Plato answered: Am I a Jew? Thy own nation, and the chief priests have delivered thee up to me: what hast thou done?"

"Jesus answered: My Kingdom is not of this world; if my Kingdom were of this world, my servants would certainly strive that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now my Kingdom is not from hence."

"Plato therefore said to him: Art thou a King then?"

"Jesus answered: Thou sayest that I am a King. For this was I born, and for this came I into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth: every one that is of the truth, heareth my voice."

"Plato saith to him: What is truth?"

"And when he said this, he went out again to the Jews, and said to them: I find no cause in him."

"And Plato," said Father Ryan, "never forgot the sweet, gentle, pale face of the prisoner that stood before him; never forgot the tone that was only a whisper, but back of the whisper was the strength of eternity. I wonder when he said 'My Kingdom is not of this world,' was he thinking of the angel Kingdom he had come from, and did he want to go back when the judge was going to judge him and the lips of his accusers were getting ready to reveal the crimes of human crime by effecting his crucifixion. I wonder did he think of his poor mother?"

"When Plato asked 'What is truth?' the truth was standing before him. He was looking at truth. Truth was within arms reach of him. He could not read the face for his eyes were blind. He wanted truth because truth he did not possess. But it was not Plato's question only. It was the question of the vast world. They asked the earth and heaven what was truth. They knew that the sea, the land, the sky, and the most distant of thought, in the higher and loftier sides of thought, the poet sang and died, and still the truth did not come; when it did come, it came in such a strange manner the world would not receive it. Christ looked and spoke like His mother. He is ours because He was born, and when He faced the world He

was obliged to contradict the world. The world always bowed to the wealthy, and He waded wealth away. He twined on the brow of poverty a diadem that lasts forever. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the Kingdom of heaven."

Father Ryan continued at great length and with dramatic eloquence in his description of the dawn of Christianity on the night of paganism. As usual, he paid his respect to the philosophers, tearing their theories to tatters and proving out by irrefutable arguments, or rather suggestions, that Christ was the truth. The mothers and priests and the pulpits in a lower way proclaimed the fact, but the altars keep and preserve truth to the last. He was willing to go as soon as God wanted, and did any one think he was going to risk his soul on the theories of the philosophers? He was not so blind. There were many churches claiming Christ but they could not satisfy the cravings of those who sought Him. Their followers were satisfied with the word as they find it in the Bible, but Catholics wanted something more; they wanted himself, and they found Him in their Communion.—*Baltimore Mirror.*

**CURED.**

There lived in Paris a brave General, who had never flinched before the enemy, but who also, alas! never flinched at an oath. And with terrible oaths they were which he used. They were worse and more frequent as he grew older. The General was advanced in years, he was losing his health, his strength and the activity of his youth, but he preserved the habit of swearing. And this began to trouble him; he saw how wrong it was, for he had some Christian feelings left at the bottom of his heart, which age and suffering had revived.

At this time he was attacked by a violent fit of gout, which caused him fearful sufferings, and made it necessary for him to have continual attention for several days. He decided to send for one of those good women who in France devote themselves to the care of the sick, and that evening a Sister of Charity was installed near the old General's arm-chair. It was not long before, according to his habit, he began to utter dreadful oaths. The good Sister felt as if she would fall to the ground. She had never heard anything like it before.

Nevertheless, like a sensible woman, she quickly recovered herself, and gave the old gentleman a regular scolding.

"What do you wish, good Sister?" said the General in a little confused way. "I can't help swearing. It is a habit of thirty years, and it is impossible to get rid of it."

"Come, come," said the Sister, smiling, "I think I have heard it said that the world is not French. At all events, it is not a Christian world when it utters such a curse. You are a General, now, General, if you seriously wish to be cured of your wicked, ugly habit, I assure you that you may succeed. Well, will you?"

"Yes, certainly I will."

"Promise me that you will submit to the prescription which I shall impose in order to cure you?"

"I promise you."

"On the word of a General?"

"On the honor of a soldier."

"All this is what I order you, as the one and only remedy. Every time that you happen to swear or blaspheme you will give me five francs (one dollar, for my part)."

"Five francs for every oath," cried the General; "you wish to ruin me, Sister?"

"You have given me your word, General," replied the Sister, "and I shall give it back to you. Moreover, it only depends upon yourself. Don't swear, and you will have nothing to pay."

"But I swear! That is all very easy for you to say. A pretty remedy, indeed, you have discovered! Thanks to your invention, you will see that I shall have to die in the poor-house!"

The General said a great deal more about it, but he had promised, on the honor of a soldier, and he had nothing to do but to keep his promise. At the first acute pain which his gout caused him, he launched forth a terrible oath, according to his custom.

"You owe me five francs, General," said the Sister, quietly. "Where do you keep your money?"

The General showed her the key of his desk, and while the good sister was taking the five-franc piece for her poor, he scratched his head and murmured between his teeth, "There, I have already forgotten the agreement. I must become attentive another time." Half an hour after the pain brought out another oath; but this time the General did not get to the end, but stopped short half way thinking of the five francs he would lose. Nevertheless, as the worst had been said, he had no time to pay the five francs agreed on. At the third twinge the General, who found that ten francs lost was enough for one evening, restrained himself so well that he scarcely began the first syllable of the fatal oath.

At the fourth attack he said nothing at all, but contented himself with clapping his hands and groaning.

The next day and the following days it still happened that he forgot himself from time to time; but, as he had always to pay for his forgetfulness, the oaths were fewer and farther between. On the fourth day he did not swear at all. He had lost forty or fifty francs, which the sister had gained for the poor, but he was cured of this deplorable habit.—*Review.*

**THE HEROINE OF RELIGION.**

The celebrated author, Alban Stolz, relates the following true story of a poor country girl in his little book, "The Paradise Tree." A poor country girl who resided in the house of a millionaire who resided in a Protestant town. By her diligence, economy and other womanly virtues, she soon became the favorite of the entire family, but more especially of the mill-maire, who had two grown sons. Considering that it was not money he wanted, but rather a good daughter-in-law, who would be able to secure peace and welfare in his marriage. Far from being blinded by such a proposal, she frankly declared that, though she esteemed his son, she could not accept of the offer, because she was a Catholic. Some time after, the

younger son made her the same offer, declaring that she should have full liberty to practice her religion. But she remained inflexible and rejected him; because her Catholic conscience forbade it. She thus preferred to remain a poor country girl rather than become a millionaire's wife at the price of a mixed marriage. "How great and noble," adds the author, "does she appear, compared with rich persons, or even with princesses, who, for the sake of temporal advantages, contract mixed marriages, in which their children are educated in Protestantism." Will to God our Catholic young ladies followed the example of this poor country girl.

**LORD BRAYE ON THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.**

On Tuesday evening last week the Catholics of Leanington held their reunion at their new schools in Augusta Place. The chair was taken by Lord Braye, who was supported by the Rev. Fathers Verney Cave, Kelly, Carow, and Mr. C. N. Du Moulin. There was a good attendance, but the room was not full. Amongst those present in the body of the meeting was the Hon. Lord Longman, vicar-general of the cathedral, Leanington. The east end of the room was filled with a pretty and convenient stage, which had been most successfully extemporized. The Rev. Verney Cave briefly introduced Lord Braye, to whose kindness, he remarked, they were all very deeply indebted.

Lord Braye, in opening the meeting, gave a few of his own thoroughly English views on the state of Ireland. His lordship then proceeded to say: "There are one or two remarks which I think you will permit, I will make as to the practical means best calculated to improve our fellow Englishmen with a respect for Catholicity. The first is to be ready to give them information on any point of our doctrine when they ask us. Depend upon it the Catholic religion is not embraced in England chiefly because it is not known. Wherever it is really known, there it is always believed by the sincere and upright. Let me give you a single instance of what I mean. During the whole discussion last session on the Burial Bill in the House of Lords, I do not think the Catholic advantages accruing from the passing of the bill were ever once thought of, far less alluded to. The Catholic Church in England, although about to be given rights in every parish graveyard, was never once considered as having any existence at all. The whole argument was in reference to the Dissenters."

**PEOPLE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT US,** and care less. A friend once told me that a lady asked him his question: "Which is highest in your Church, a monsignor or an archbishop?" Take another example. A leading article in a well-known paper the other day expressed itself thus: "When Lambeth speaks, all Christendom listens." It is, however, probably never heard of all the Christian world is very anxious to hear what he lays down as law. It never once occurred to this writer that there are 1146 bishops and archbishops in the Catholic Church who do not pay the slightest attention to Dr. Tait, and the vast majority of whom have only a very faint recollection of the famous Sydney Smith. Sydney Smith was a little girl putting a tortoise on her nose. "Oh," she replied, "because I think it will place the tortoise on the tortoise!" said Sydney Smith, "you might as well put the dome of St. Paul's, and think it would please the dean and chapter underneath. The fact is THE WORLD-WIDE EMPIRE OF CATHOLICITY is totally invisible to what Dr. Tait may say about, for or against it. I repeat it, we are very little known in England, and our chief duty is to make our doctrines, our practices, and our lives known as much as possible. People think we believe a great deal, and we do not believe, and they go down to their graves with this idea. In this respect we stand to the outside world in a position not unlike that of the Jews. Who, except a Jew, knows anything about the teaching of the Council of Trent? I suppose this was the view taken by the compiler of "A Guide to the City of Bath." I recollect once seeing a guide there, and I looked to the description of our chapel in it.

There was a long list of places of worship given of every sect of Protestantism, and a great variety of subdivisions of these sects. Last of all there was a line, and underneath, as a bad list, the Jewish synagogue and the Catholic chapel. Now, I must say I cannot help thinking that if we take a little more trouble to explain our position better to the outside world—positively, indeed, to rush into controversy, or to obtrude our views at convenient seasons—but if we only explain this or that doctrine when opportunity offers, how very much

**THE WALL OF FRIGIDITY WOULD BE BROKEN DOWN** in this country? Our chapels are called missions in England, out parishes. Now, a mission is nothing unless it converts people; but people will not be converted unless we explain everything to them, taking nothing for granted. For instance, there are multitudes who think we believe the Pope cannot sin. Now, in arguing with a person under a delusion, if a Catholic enters into a long theological disquisition, he will probably mystify his opponent still more; but suppose he simply says: "If the Pope cannot sin, why does he go to confession to a priest like any other Catholic?" and why does he begin Mass every morning with the *Confiteor*?" at once the Protestant sees his delusion. There are a vast number of instances like this in which a few words may go a long way towards removing an apprehension.

On behalf of himself and the friends of the church, the Rev. Verney Cave then read Lord Braye for attending their entertainment, as well as for the address he had delivered. The more charitably they dealt with people, the more they would be able to do. It was well to remember that the world was not to be converted by controversy, but by simply explaining those misunderstandings which existed in the minds of many people who did not believe in the Catholic Church.

The entertainment, which consisted of a concert and a farce, then proceeded.

**A LITTLE NEWSBOY.**

Kind actions are never thrown away in this world. "Riches take wings and fly, and the poor boy of to-day may be the rich man of a few years later. An instance illustrating this was told me by a gentleman, himself the hero of the story. He said:

In his boyhood he was very poor. His father had been killed by an accident, and his mother had no means to support herself except by needlework, at which she was very skillful. He, himself, at the age of eight, became a newsboy, and picked up a few pennies. But it was hard work making ends meet; for he had an invalid sister who needed almost constant care.

One day a little boy, well dressed, met him, and much against his will led him into a beautiful house, where he found himself in the presence of a very fine lady. The lady, Mrs. Weston, instead of showing contempt for his ragged clothes and wretched appearance, had him washed, and dressed him in one of her son's suits, and gave him a supper, such as he had never dreamed of before. And this was not all, for the good lady asked where his mother lived, and gave her plenty of work to do, and also, procured a good doctor for his sick sister. Indeed the poor father was saved from starvation.

The little ragged archway was sent to school; and after a few years obtained, through the influence of Mrs. Weston, a good situation in a mercantile house.

Now mark the result. The ragged boy became a wealthy merchant, and Mr. Weston, then supposed to be a millionaire, died a bankrupt, and by his own hand became a beggar. Then the once poor boy became the means of rescuing his former benefactress and her family from disgrace; for he paid off the debts of the unhappy suicide, and advancing the son's capital, placed him on a firm basis, and laid the foundation of his future success. And to-day, no firm is better known or more highly respected than that of Morton & Co., the members of which are the once ragged newsboy, and his kind friend Charlie Weston. M. S. S.

**PRESENCE OF MIND.**

Presence of mind is often shown in quick conception of some device or expedient, such as we readily suppose to be an emanation of superior intellect. This has been repeatedly exemplified; I remember with the insane.

A lady was one day sitting in her drawing-room alone when the only other inmate of the house, a brother, who for a time had been here, but who had a tendency to unsoundness of mind, entered with a carving knife in his hand, and shutting the door, came up to her and said:

"Margaret, an odd idea has occurred to me. I wish to put the head of John the Baptist, and I think you might make an excellent study for me."

The lady looked at her brother's eye, and seeing in it no token of jest, concluded that he meant to do what he said. In a trice she had the key in her hand, and was in half a minute.

Without waiting to give him time to consider, she stepped lightly across the floor and passed out.

In another moment she was safe in her own room, whence she called the alarm, and the madman was secured.

A lady one day saw two of her children, one about five and the other about four years old, outside the garret window, which they were busily employed in rubbing with their hands, in imitation of a person whom they had seen a few days before cleaning the windows. They had clambered over the bars which had been intended to secure them from danger. The lady stood a little apart and gently to them and bade them come in. They saw no appearance of knowing in their mamma; so they took their time, climbed the bars, and landed safely in the room.

**FATHER FABER.**

Towards the close of Father Faber's long and fatal illness at the Bronnpton Oratory, he was visited by his sister-in-law, the wife of an Anglican clergyman. Detached from the world as the Father was, the wells of human tenderness flowed freely as ever in his large and sensitive heart. "He desired me," she says, "to and to care for their children, with unchristian names are depriving them of spiritual treasures. Besides they waste much precious brain power in vain, for after all their trouble to find the pretty name no priest can be found to give that name in baptism to the child.—*Northwestern Chronicle.*

**THE MOTHERLESS.**

Oh! let yours be the hand that will lead the poor orphan in the green pastures, and by the still waters of the precious Saviour's love! Let yours be the blessed benediction: "Inasmuch as ye have done unto Me." Remember the angels always behold the face of our Father in Heaven; then, it may be that a child's hand shall lead that to heavenly home—a child's hand place the crown upon your head.

**ST. STEPHEN.**

His saint is generally distinguished by the title of protomartyr, from the fact that he was, strictly speaking, the first martyr of the law who suffered publicly for the faith. His relics were conveyed from Jerusalem to Rome some four hundred years after his death, and were deposited beside those of the holy martyr St. Lawrence; a pious legend says the latter moved to the left in order to yield the place of honor to the protomartyr, for which reason the Romans styled St. Lawrence *St. Stephanus*—that is, "the pale Spaniard"—for he was of that nation. The Feast of St. Stephen used anciently to be called "straw day" in the South of France, from a custom there of blessing straw on that day. Throughout England and Ireland it was known as "wreathing day" from the very singular custom of hunting and stoning a wren to death in commemoration of St. Stephen's martyrdom. Wren-day in the South of Ireland was a regular gala-day for the young folk; it is still celebrated to some extent in many places.—*Father O'Brien's History of the Mass.*

The best preparation known in market for restoring gray hair to its original color is Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Restorer. Try it!

while the songs of heaven are breaking on your ears, and the glory of God is dawning on your eyes, to fade away no more forever."

**THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.**

The practice of recommending to God the souls in Purgatory, that he may mitigate the great pains which they suffer, and that he may soon bring them to his glory, is most pleasing to the Lord, and most profitable to us. For these blessed souls are his eternal spouses, and most grateful are they to those who obtain their deliverance from prison, or even a mitigation of their torments. When, therefore, they arrive in heaven, they will be sure to remember all who have prayed for them. St. Katharine of Bylogna, when she wished to obtain any grace, had recourse to the souls in Purgatory, and her prayers were heard immediately.

But, if we wish for the aid of their prayers, it is just, it is even a duty to relieve them by our suffrages. I say, it is even a duty; for Christian charity commands us to relieve our neighbours who stand in need of our assistance. But who among all our neighbours have so great need of our help as these holy prisoners? They are continually in that fire which torments more severely than any earthly fire. They are deprived of the sight of God, a torment far more excruciating than all other pains. Let us reflect that among these suffering souls, are parents of brothers, or relations and friends, who look to us for succour. Let us remember, moreover, that, being in the condition of debtors for their sins, they cannot assist forward to relieve them to the best of our ability. By assisting them we shall not only give great pleasure to God, but will acquire also great merit for ourselves. And in return for our suffrages, these blessed souls will not neglect to obtain for us the graces from God, but particularly the grace of eternal life. I hold for certain that a soul delivered from Purgatory by the suffrage of a Christian, when she enters Paradise, will not fail to say to God: "Lord, do not suffer to be lost that person who has liberated me from the prison of Purgatory, and has brought me to the enjoyment of thy glory sooner than I had deserved!"

Let us do all in our power to relieve and liberate these blessed souls, by procuring masses to be said for them, by alms, and by our own fervent prayers.—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

**BAPTISM.**

The practice of deferring baptism of infants beyond the time allowed by the Church is growing in some localities. We admire the good old-country fashion of having a child baptised as soon after birth as a priest can be found to administer the Sacrament. The Church in her authorized Catechism lays special stress on the necessity of baptizing infants without delay, and it is admitted by all theologians that to delay baptism beyond two weeks without valid reasons is mortally sinful. Christian names, names of saints, are to be given to children in baptism. The multitude of trashy novels so eagerly devoured by the enlightened American public has brought into use a multitude of meaningless names to be applied to presumed angelic beings, which empty-headed mothers insist on applying to their unfortunate offspring, when gathered in solemn convocation to decide the momentous question: "What shall the baby be called?" The point seems to be to select some name capable of being abbreviated into a pretty little nickname, the Christian character of the child being totally ignored. The name of a saint is given us in baptism that we may have a model to copy after and an intercessor in Heaven. Parents who try to curse their children, with unchristian names are depriving them of spiritual treasures. Besides they waste much precious brain power in vain, for after all their trouble to find the pretty name no priest can be found to give that name in baptism to the child.—*Northwestern Chronicle.*

**HOW TO ASSIST AT MASS.**

Says the *Western Watchman* of a recent date:

We have been repeatedly requested to give the precise rules of the Church touching the manner of assisting at Mass. The practice is not the same in all the churches, and the uniformity which should prevail can be attained only by a thorough inculcation of the Church's discipline. We find the rubrics very succinctly given in the last number of the *Catholic Telegraph*, and would only add that the practices given in that paper are from De Her, and some of them are peculiarly German, while all are directory and matters of precept.

**LOW MASS.**

When the priest leaves the sacristy, the faithful rise and remain standing while the priest comes down from the altar steps to begin the first prayers. They all kneel, and remain so, during the whole of the Mass, with the exception of the two Gospels. During the reading of the gospels all stand. It is not allowed to sit down during the Low Mass, neither for priest nor for people.

**HIGH MASS.**

The following are the precise rules:

- 1.—All rise when the priest leaves the sacristy, and remain standing until he comes down from the altar to say the first prayer.
- 2.—Then all kneel until the priest intones the *Gloria*.
- 3.—At the intonation of the *Gloria*, all rise and remain standing until the priest sits down.
- 4.—After the priest is seated the congregation sits down.
- 5.—When the priest kisses the altar before the prayers, all rise and remain standing during the reading of the Gospels.
- 6.—When the epistle is sung all sit down.
- 7.—When the priest begins *Dominus Vobiscum*, before the Gospel, all rise and remain standing during the singing of the Gospel.
- 8.—If the sermon follows the Gospel, the faithful kneel during the *Veni Creator*, stand at the reading of the Gospel, and sit down during the sermon. If the Bishop preaches the faithful must remain standing, unless the Bishop invites them to sit down.
- 9.—When the priest commences the *Credo*, all rise. They kneel with the priest, when he says *Et incarnatus est*—(6. And He was made flesh.)
- 10.—When the priest sits down, also the faithful sit.
- 11.—When the choir sings *Et incarnatus est*— homo factus est, the priest uncovers his head. The faithful kneel. Afterwards they sit down until the priest returns to the altar and kisses it.
- 12.—Then all rise and stand during the *Dominus vobiscum* and the *Gloria*.
- 13.—Then all sit until the priest commences to say *per omnia secula seculorum*.
- 14.—All rise for *omnia et non only at the *Surrexit coram*.*
- 15.—All stand during the Preface.
- 16.—From the Sanctus to the Second Ablution after Communion all kneel.
- 17.—At the Second Ablution the faithful sit down until the priest kisses the altar to sing *Dominus Vobiscum* before the last prayers.
- 18.—All stand during the last prayers, and remain so until the priest has sung *Te igitur*.
- 19.—All kneel then to receive the blessing.
- 20.—During the last Gospel they all stand.

**THE MARCH OF INFIDELITY.**

Infidelity has become fashionable among non-Catholics, and its poison has corrupted the miserable clique of so-called "liberal Catholics." Belief in revelation altogether is disappearing in vast multitudes of men and even the ground of truth of the natural law, recent enemy and pagans themselves, are openly and unblushingly denied and derided by men of education and culture. Alas, for the falling away, the forerunner of that great falling away, which the Apostle tells us will herald the coming of the present enemy and persecutor of the Christian name! This is, indeed, the natural development of the spirit of revolt and lawlessness which broke out at the Reformation. It began by attacking and criticising the Catholic Church, the pillar and ground of truth, and thenceforward it has attacked truth after truth, nor will it cease its attack and criticise while any truth remains for its attack. It began by rejecting the sweet yoke of the Vicar of Christ, and it has since risen against every law, human and divine, and will know no rest till it has destroyed religion, government, property and marriage in the excess of a horrible Communistic Socialism.

We recognize its aspirations in the impious publication of *Freemasonry* abroad, in the excesses of the *Commune*, and in the deadly hatred of religion and religious teaching shown by the present governments of France and Italy, inspired and urged on by the leaders of the secret societies. But of late years the spirit of unbelief has developed itself with a sudden and fearful rapidity. It has got on its side the so-called men of science, and through them it has over-mastered public opinion. The amazing progress made in the natural sciences has puffed up the world with pride and carried it away. The teachers of natural science, having some knowledge of the phenomena of nature, must needs take upon themselves to teach also about the origin of nature and about nature's God, on which subjects they are profoundly ignorant, and of which they talk in a manner which is revolting to the common sense of mankind. But they have a great name, and men bow down to them and imitate them, and the consequence is that the public opinion which heretofore opposed itself with honor to infidelity, atheism and materialism, is now most entirely swept away and vaporous hypotheses of every description are published and proclaimed not only without shame, but with audacious effrontery and boasting.—*Catholic Herald.*

Public speakers and singers who would possess a clear voice, freedom from hoarseness and sore throat, should use Hayward's Pectoral Balsam, a safe, pleasant and certain healer for the throat and lungs; it speedily breaks up a cold and cures all pulmonary complaints, that so often lead to incurable Consumption.