# THE CA1HOLIC RECORD.

W ..... for The Pilot Queen Imm

Let me scho the song That angels sing; The radiant ones who wait In choral throng Around their King, With the Queen Immacu'at

2

my anthem arise Far, far above, To where, in her regal state, syond the skies On throne of love Reigns the Queen Immaculate.

ow Gabriel rth thro' the golden gale;

ame forth the owner in the owner is the owne

et me carol anew The hidden days Of the Lord of poor and great, Who warsed and grew, The Scripture says, Near the Queen Immaculate.

appeared. The servants, pussed by the adventure, began to look for him; they searched the hill in all directions, but to no avail. They then returned to the prelate, well convinced that they had been duped. They assured the bishop that the Indian was an impostor and that he ought to be chastised, if he again dared to present himself before him. In reality, it was neither through malice nor through cunning that Juan Diego disap-peared, but heaven wished it so, because the prodigy was to have no other witness than the poor Mexican, who, by his humility and candor, had merited to draw on himself the tavor of the Queen of heaven. their trials and afflictions. My wish is, that a temple be built on this spot, (\*) where I will see your tears and hear your sighs, so that I may console you and re-lieve you. Now, so as to put this project into execution, you must go to Mexico, see the bishop, and make known to him my desire. You will tell him all you have seen and heard; rest assured that I will be grateful for all you will do tor me.

My son, you have just heard the ex-pression of my will; go in peace, and be certain that success will crown your efforts." The Indian prostrated himself at the feet of the marvellous apparition, and with a heart overflowing with love, he promised to execute what she deigned to command to him. III. JUAN DIEGO BEFORE THE BISHOP OF MEXICO.

humility and candor, had merited to draw on himself the invor of the Queen of heaven. Directing his steps to the spot where the Blessed Virgin swalted him, Juan prostrated himself before her, and re-lated all the circumstances of his inter-view with the bishop; he told her that the bishop, not relying on his word, wished a sign by which he might know that it was really the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, who sent him, and that it was she who asked for the building of ths temple on the hill. The Blessed Virgin seemed satisfied with all the Indian told her. With great tenderness, she induced him to return the next day, promising to give him the desired sign. Juan, happy and confused at so much kindness, promised to return the next day, and he retired with the greatest marks of respect and humility, from the holy place, where the Queen of angels deigned to speak to him.

The Indian defended himself as well as he could, but his aggressors finished by discovering his treasure. On perceiving the roses they wanted to take them, but itay were well duped, because they found, whenever they wished to saise them, only painted roses, drawn on the Indian's tilms. The servants notified the bishop of what had taken place. He sent for Juan piego; the latter draw near with respect and again exposed to the prelate the errand which he had orders to communi-cate to him, and at the same time he partly opened his tilms to show the sign which was to affirm his words. Fresh and sweet-scented roses, which were yet moist with the morning dew, rolled to the floor, and left visible an admire the posture of the Immsculate Virgin, im-presed on the tilms. The bishop was surprised at the sight of this prodigy. He did not know what to admire the most, the delicate flowers atsuch a rigor-ous season, or the beautiful and marvel-lous picture, which seemed to be the work of angels. A reverential faar filled is soul. "The finger of God," said he, "is sparent in these miracel soon spread di over the city. Juan Diege spent the bis oratory. The tame of the miracle soon spread wheel kind attentions on him, as to a man singularly favored by the Mother of dot.

will mention Father Luis Becerra Tanco will mention Father Luis Becerra Tanco, who was parlsh priest at the archbishopric of Mexico, and professor at the uni-versity. He was one of the commission of 1668, and was enabled to obtain infor-mation from the most reliable sources. Our recital, as given above, is only an abridgment of his.

abridgment of bis. The illustrious Francisco Antonio Lor-enzana y Buitron, archbishop of Mexico, furnishes me with details, stated circum-stantially, which I have turned to good account. L. G. GLADU, O. M. I.

### CHURCH AND STATE.

AN ENGLISH JESUIT ON DEMOCRACY'S

#### JUNE 6, 1885.

spent. She could not regard the pre-sent distribution of wealth in the world as satisfactory; like the Socialists, ahe sought to work a great reform in the world. But the reform was not to be brought about by violence and blood. shed. There had been, indeed, one great Bloodshed, one sacred Bloodahed for the conversion of the world; but the Church wanted no violence; she con. stantly tried to bring round the hearts of men. Great evils were threatening us which nothing but the Church and the teaching of the Church could avert. He did not mean those evils against which our holy resource was prayer, as epidem-ics, bad trade, &c.-but he referred to that rising up of the poor against the rich about which he had been speaking in previous sermons.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

## JUNE 6. 1885

### . & June Rose.

Royal Ress I the Roman dress'd lis least with thee; thy petals pre-Augustan brows; thy odor fine, Mixed with the three-times-ming ent the long Thracian draught its

What marvel then, if host and gues By Love, by Song, by Thee caressed Haif-trembled on the half-divine, O royal Rose !

# And yst-and yst-I love thee best in our old gardens of the West, Whether about my thatch thou to Or hers, that brown-eyed maid of Who lulis thee on her lawny breast, O royal Rose !

AUSTIN De THE FLIGHT OF THE EMPR

The Empress Eugenie did not despair after the catastrophe of She had a lingering hope that as of France she might restore, at I her son, the fortunes of the Boas But the Corps Legislatif pronoun decree of decheance. "The news o now in the streets. The fire was streggling grains ; in a moment it reach the mountain of powder." crisis she at last consented to fi Henry F. Keenan vividly, and p with accuracy, recounts the details flight, in his novel, "Trajans":-The vague noises in the anter-the wide the grave strength of the wide didnot warn the empress that p time was wasting. The wan grou glaases in hand scanned the Plac Concorde. There was yet a possib quelling anarchy. Even Trajan r sphast at the spectacle. Not les 150,000 white-faced, fierce-eyed corded the great square. Trichtful crise came in blood or who he empire-down with Bonag death to the Man of Dacember "

Frightful cries came in blood-cu echoes from thousands of throats. " with the empire—down with Bonap death to the Man of December!" soldiers, however, were there. S ranks of blue jackets and silver co the cuirassiers of the guard; they f a line of scarlet and blue, between t yet, unmolten passion of this dense of destruction, and the hall of the L tors. The alert, fierce swords glean reassuring menace, the chassepots infantry were at the touch. Wou undisciplined mob, or the educate of order, gave way ? The empress w. the deadly dumb show, dumb her the sphin below her. The soldiers, lute, statue-like, wait in silence. swaying horde, equally resolute, but ing as the sea surges when the first in of the simoon is upon it, waits. clamor rises louder and louder. A i act, a touch, and the guns will vomit into the packed mass, unarmed, sa the mysterious paralyzing potent numbers.

numbers. "Great God-forbid them to fire !"

numbers. "Great God—forbid them to fire ! the empress, choking, and sinks ba the seat behind her. Hark—silence—a sullen roar, sw until the very walls seemed to reel soldiers close up impassively ; the r ment makes a wave of flashing brightness, like lightning playing o edges of a cloud. Silence again, om and profound. "To the lantern with the Bonapar the guns are raised, the guns are poin "Banishment for the emperor !" the are aimed ; the ranks close in once : until red seems like a vast liberty covering the 150,000 heads. "Yive la Nation !!"—"Vive la Fran "To arms for the patrie in dam versed ; the flash of the swords glint an instant and all is dark. The p surround the soldiers ; they embrace. evil empire of fraud and sham is at ar —throttled by the people's hands ev the stronghold of its strength. It was two o'clock. A tall man, almost as an African, sauntered care into the apartment. The empress st up. It was the Italian ambassador Ngra. He scrutinized the anxions, i group, and then approaching the em sid :—

BARINGS. -- WHY HOSTILITY NOW PRE-BEARINGS. -- WHY HOSTILITY NOW PRE-VAILS-- DOOTRINES THAT ARE INIMICAL TO BELIGION, AND THOSE NOT SO-WHAT WE MAY SOON EXPECT.

Added : "She who sends me, tells me to certify that she is the Mother of our to doubt in a sid to himself." What is it that I see and hear? To what place an ported? Can it be that I am trans-ported to the paradise of delights that our first parents called the Garden to the eyes of men?" He had ceased idoubting at what he saw and distrut-ing himself, when he heard a voice, sweet as an echo from heaven, which came from the cloud, calling him light emanated from her tace and gar-ments, transforming the stones and precious stones under the ardent rays of the sun. II. A MESSAGE FROM THE BLESSED VIR-GIM. When the Indian drawn near, the Mother of God-for it was she-said to him in the Aztec language, with a voice of inexpressible tenderness: "Napidizin Juan, campa taub?"-"Wy son Juan where are you going?" "I am going noble Lady, and my Sovereign," replied the virtous Indian, "I am going noble Lady, and my Sovereign," replied the virtous Indian, "I am going noble Lady, and my Sovereign," replied the virtous Indian, "I am going noble Lady, and my Sovereign," replied the virtous Indian, "I am going noble Lady, and my Sovereign," replied the virtous Indian, "I am going noble Lady, and my Sovereign," replied the virtous Indian, "I am going noble Lady, and my Sovereign," replied the virtous Indian, "I am going noble Lady, and my Sovereign," replied the virtous Indian, "I am going noble Lady, and my Sovereign," replied the virtous Indian, "I am going noble Lady, and my Sovereign," replied the virtous Indian, "I am going to Mexico, in the quarter of Flateloco, to hear mass, which is said for us by God's ministers, thy servants."

When the Indian had drawn hear, the Mother of God—for it was she—said to him in the Aztec language, with a voice of inexpressible tenderness: "Napiltzin Juan, campa taub"—"I'' Am going moble Lady, and my Sovereign," replied the virtuous Indian, "I am going to Mexico, in the quarter of Flateloco, to hear mass, which is said for us by God's ministers, thy servants." On hearing these words, the Blessed Virgin acquainted him with her inten-tions and the motive of her spparition, "Learn, my well-beloved son, that I am Mary, Mother of God, and that I wish to show my loving clemency towards the Indians, the compassion I feel for them and for all those who invoke me in

rected his steps to the hill. Great was his curprise to find there a flower garden, embalmed with roses as tresh and brillnant as those of spring. He gathered as many of them as his cloak or tilma could contain ; he placed them on his shoulder and presented himself be-fore the Blessed Virgin, who was await-ing him at the foot of a tree. The Indian knelt piously before the Mother of God and with joy, displayed his mar-vellous treasure.

of God and with joy, displayed his mar-vellous treasure. Our Lady took the roses into her vir-ginal hands and then let them drop back into the tilma. She said to the Indian: "This is the sign that you will present to the bishop, and you will tellhim that these roses are the proof of the command that I give you. Be prudent, my son, do not show any one what you carry, and un-fold your cloak only in presence of the bishop."

Guadalupe, and to raise the annual cele-bration of the miracle to be the patronal feast of New Spain. If other proofs were necessary to affirm the authenticity of the miracle, we could cite the evidence of the commission of 1666, composed of learned theologians and skilful painters, chosen by the arch-bishop of Mexico; that of 1751, equally commendable, who certify that the holy picture was not made by the hand of man, but that it was miraculous. Among the historians who have related all the circumstances of the miracle, we

was the truest friend of liberty. Social-ism had been shown to be democratic, social, and revolutionary, and with it on those three points he would contrast the Catholic Church. In one sense the Church had elements of democracy about her, for all her ministers, even to the Pope, were taken from her people. Custom certainly selected the Holy Father from a single nation, for there was an immense amount of technical knowledge required for the government of the universal Church, and this was possessed in an eminent degree by men who lived in the neighborhood of the Vatican. But any baptized Christian whatsoever was eligible to the throne of St. Peter. And it this was true of a vocation to the ecclesiastical state. Her clergy were recruited from all classes, and in that way she was democratic. There never was a time when the clergy were so closely united with the people, especially with the poorer classes, as at the Dresent day. Another matter in which the Church was democratic was that she made very little of the grada-tions of rank in society. The work for

which the Church was democratic was that she made very little of the grada-tions of rank in society. The very fact of referring man for his reward to the world to come made all the distinctions of this life seem very small. The Church was social insamuch as it hegan with the

The indian left the bishop would now here rest in the values of the thermal series in the series of the series were the proof of the command that is the series the proof of the command that is the series the proof of the command that is the series the proof of the command that is the series the proof of the command that is the series the proof of the command that the the values of the the values the val

Toronto Tribure. "Bearing the impress of a scholarly and theological mind, the text sifts finely the sophistries of the Ingersoll school, and disposes of them in a manner that seals the mouths of Infidels themselves. The Reverend author is clear and posi-tive, and is equally at ease whether the point be one relating to the most ordinary question of belief, or to some subtle f question requiring the probe of the searcher who knows what he wants and where to find it: In this age of skepti-cism, Father Northgraves' book is a Godset.d, and it should be welcomed warmly by every Christian reader. It deserves a wide circulation."—Irish Cana-dian, Toronto. dian, Toronto.

"The Rev. Mr. Northgraves meets "The Rev. Mr. Northgraves meets logic with logic, history with history, science with science." The work con-tains an accumulation of historical data, biblical proofs, scientific definitions and teachings, and generally such a stock of fertile ideas and uncompromising facts which, carefully pondered over and assimilated, would constitute a liberal education in itself."—Chatham Planet. Price name 75 colott 21 of Erroril

"You have not an instant to lose revolutionists are marching in the pr They are entering by the Carrousel, must fly and with as few people as sible." For the first time the courage m Nigra led her to the door opening into salon. The spartment was crowded the remnant of the families of the fri

salon. The spartment was crowded the remnant of the families of the fri of the dynasty. Prince Metternich just about to enter; he naits at her as she stands a moment like a visio wee seen dimly through the tears of assembly; she bowed with kindly dig and was gently forced back by the pri A hand-bag is hastily packed by Mad Le Breton, and as it is finished Coun Lesseps enters the room. The crowd already in the ante-chamber, parle with the guard. Everything had is arranged outside. The party must through the palace wing that runs a the river and make its exit through Jouvre, where at the moment there; no tumult. Metternich and all save seps, Trajan, and Rawdon were to ren and keep the invaders at this point, t the fight of the empress was secured. had wrapped herself in a plain we proof and drawn a veil over her face. route to be traversed runs along the S side of the palace, a distance of a this a mile. At the iron doorway divi-the picture galleries from the Favilioo Flore, the empress' quarters, the p the picture galleries from the Favilion Flore, the empress' quarters, the p were brought to a halt. Heavens-strong doors are locked. The warden disappeared days before. The miser victim is caught in a trap. Trajan loc about for a weapon. There was n Madame Le Breton cried out to wait, hurried back along the passage. The press sank exhausted on one of the red vet banquettes used by the door-kee Trajan looked out on the river bank.