What spell is on thy sparkling What magic chains thy shore

Shall thy rich music thrill no

What magic chains thy chord hat shadows this, that lonely Round carven wood and glitt

THE SILENT HA

Written for the Catholic Record. THE DUCHESS.

The brilliant light is failing
O'er the vast and tofty hail;
A thousand waxen tapers
Lend their radience to the ball;
Adown the fineing visia
Countless beautes flit,

And many happy matron.

Countiess beauties int,
And meny happy matrons
In stately grandeur sit.
A nush-and all is slient;
The guests, in pomp arrayed,
Are all in eager waiting
For the Royal Cavalcade;
But only for a moment
Their eyes read to group—
Then one fair matrons them,
A nush early matrons them,
White o'er that noble forehead
The jewels reat so bright,
Around the stately figure
Fail robes of splendious light.
Those eyes, whose tender passion
Portray the fire of the soul,
That with eager thirst is longing—
Longing for a nobler goal.
Down through the crowded ball-room
She waits with queenly grace;
She scorns that worldly pageant
And all that soulces race
Then a sad, psined smile filts over
That dark and lovely face.
As she hears some beartless flattere
Praising her matchless grace.
Now tired of the pageant.

Praising for matchiess grace.

Now tired of the pageant,
With all its pomp and glare,
She seeks the moonlit garden
And breathes the clear, crisp air,
Fragrant the perfume of roses
Shining wito dewy tears,
And the sar-off sound of music
Brings memories of other years;
And now from the ground she rises—
An hour she's spent in prayer.
She feels not the dew on her showy rob
Nor the damp on her shining hair;
Tarough the court again she passes
To bid it a last adieu—
She knows she is leaving forever
The old life for the new.

'I was eve—the sun descending
On his throne of plak and gold;
His dying rays are snining
On a convent, gray and old.
Down through the dim old hallway
At eve she wends her way,
Into the silent chape!
To gray at close of day.
Before have I seen that figure,
To grace the royal court;
Now I see in the holy chape!
The same, the noble port.
Where the curls that off did fall
Over that queenly brow?

Where the queenly brow?
Where the gems that used to shine:
Where is the spiendor now?
It these in the justre of her eyes, It shows in the justre of ner eyes,
It gleams in the happy smile,
It lightens the hearts of the ill and painer
And helps their sad hours to wile.
She exchanged the court for a cloister,
The bail-room for a cell.
And the gayest dance and music
For the sound of vesper bell.

The cold gray dawn is gleaming The cold gray dawn is gleaming
Upon a dying bed;
The first bright ray of suplight
Fair on a Sister-dead.
While soft the footfai echoes
Taroughout the oaken hall,
And sad the hearts of the gazers
As they look on the sable pall—
Softly over the sitent heart
The little hands are clasped,
Holding a snow white lity
In dying struggle grasped.
Dim are the beautiful shining eyes,
For the soul hath heavenward fied;
Stilled forever is the soft, low voice—
Another is with the silent dead.

Detroit, Mich., June, 1889.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE,

CHAPTER XXXIX, INUENDOES.

Captain Dennier received Morty Carter with the same cold and dignified manner which had characterized his former recep-tion of him; while Carter, aithough his air was marked by a deference but sittle removed from obsequiousness, still be-trayed by his nervousness and the expres-sion of bis face, the indignation under which he labored.

"Your business?" demanded the officer frigidly.

Carter was stung; he writhed under the lash of the contempt implied in the freezing tone, the scorpion whip of that haughty demeanor, and he threw aside his deference and assumed a boldness born of his desperation: "I have come," he said, straightening himself, "to know why the paper containing information of im portance to the government, which I gave into your hands, and which Lord Heathsured me should play an essential part in the trial of yesterday, was not

The officer's lip curled for an instant, "Permit me to a k, Mr. Carter, who delegated to you the right of putting such a question to me? your tone, sir, implies her, I would tear it out from the roots." doubt of my having fulfilled the commis sion intrusted to me regarding the paper of which you speak; for your satisfaction, I shall say this much : the document passed from my hands to the proper authorities."

"To whom dld you give it, when passed from your immediate possession? demanded Carter, forgetting, in his esger-ness, that he was not speaking to an equal, "You forget yourself, str!" and Captain Dennier's eyes fisshed in angry accom-paniment to his indignant tone. "I have given you all the information I choose to for further account I refer you to Lord Heathcote.

Carter's manner became less bold, "You refuse to tell me into whose hands you committed the paper?" he said half-im ploringly.
"I certainly do," responded the officer,

"because I recognize no right of yours to question to me. And now I must request you to end this interview."

Carter was again desparate; the inner working of his rage became manifest in the swelling of the veins in his forehead, and the spasmodic clutching of his fingers.
"I'll end the interview," he said, striving to speak calmly, but, daspite his effort, trembling in form and voice, "but I have something to say first: I'll see Lord Heathcote, as you advise me to do, and I'll communicate to him the result of this interview. Perhaps he will see as clearly as I do how little your heart is in the cause you pretend to serve, and perhaps he will think, as I do, that you are a party to the plot which kept that document from the

court yesterday; and—"
"Enough, sir!" interrupted Captain "Enough, sir!" interrupted Captain Dennier with the same accent of stern contempt which he had used from the first; "and leave my presence before I

summon some one to eject you !"
"I shall go," retorted Carter bitterly, said another word to you : you are not what you seem; you have no right to the name you bear, and it is in my power to reveal to you who you are; but your treatment of me has sealed my

The officer, with a look of withering scorn, answered: "Did you choose to reveal my identity, as you imply that it is in your power to do, do you think that I fortune, and you shall share it."

Would credit the statement of a traitor? "I see," reponded Rick bitterly, shaking conscience, and go, Mr. Carter, and when next you would ing off the hand which still rested on his give him courage for new guilt; but the

use for your own infamous interests any little knowledge that you may have gained surreptitiously of a man's birth or family, do not choose one who will be as little affected by your knowledge as your pre-sent subject." He sucg a hand-bell, and Tighe immediately appeared to show

befiled, coraged Carter out.

"Did you succeed in gettin' what you wanted?" he whispered when they reached a part beyond the officer's quarters "No!" answered Carter, his face purple

"No!" answered Carter, his face purple from suppressed 1age.
"An' you won't get seein' the young mather?" said Tighe, ia well affected dis appointment; "sure, I was buildin' on yer tellin' him how it all was the other noight, an' tellin' him also o' the achin' in me heart bekaise I can't get seein' him mesel."

But Carter was in no mood either to answer Tighe, or to volunteer any information, and with a hurried good day both mation, and with a hurried good day both parted—the former to repair to his lodging in order to deliberate on his next proceeding, and the latter to seek Shaun, and to give vent to his feelings by the following address to the deg: "Faith, Shaun, I think the intherview, as he called it, wid the captain, didn't do him much good—his face was loike a busted bate, an' his reser'd frighten one. Somehow I'm ineyes'd frighten one. Somehow I'm in-clined to think a delso' Captain Dennier; he has viry noble ways wid him, an' I wish it was in me power to do somethin' in his favor wid regard to Miss O'Donoghue. I wondher, now, if I did spake a good word for him would it help matthers? I'll think over it." And so saying he receased at his dulis.

ing, he proceeded to his duties.

Morty Carter had reached his lodging, and had just begun his old exercise and had just begun his old exercise of walking the floor in order to quiet his disturbed mind, when a knock sounded. He opened to admit Rick of the Hills. "Come in!" he said in a surly momer, as Rick seemed to pause for an invitation.
"You are out of sorts," said Rick, quietly seating himself.
"I am," answered Carter, continuing his persues strike of the room: "avery

"I am," answered Carter, continuing his nervous stride of the room; "everything is going against me."
"Everything!" repeated Rick, "why, has anything new happened since the failure of your plan for Carroil O'Donoghue's escape?"
"Yes; something that I rested all my hopes on—that I plotted night and day for, has failed me; miserably failed me!"
His pace grew more hurried, as if he His pace grew more hurried, as if he would vent his fierce excitement in increased motion. "The disappointment is eating my heart out!" he continued; "but"—he suddenly changed his voice and paused, standing directly before Rick: "all is not yet lost, and, if the hopes that remain to me succeed, there will be happiness and plenty for us both at last Rick." ness and plenty for us both at last Rick. I thought of making another journey to Dublin, but I've changed my mind-I'll write instead; and now have you come to tell me that you have succeeded—that you have Nora's answer? He bent forward

in his eagerness, his hot breath fanning the haggard face beneath him. "I have come to tell you," answered Rick hurriedly, and with a wild determination in his eyes, "that I have no answer

She refused to give it?" questioned Carter, his brow gathering into a so wil.
"I did not ask it," responded Rick, rising and what is more, I shall never ask it!" 'Never!' echoed Carter, as if he were

"Never!" repeated Rick, folding his arms, and confronting Carter with the apparent desperation of a wild beast at

Carter hissed : "So you, too, would turn tail upon me? perhaps you forget

A look of agony broke into the pallid, pinched face for a moment, as if the poor wretch was about to sink under a sudden swell of emotion; but some mighty effort kent it back, and he answered as firmly as before: "Could I forget her, Carter, would fling you and your hellish work aside forever? because I cannot forget her, I am still bound to your interests; but Nora is mine—do you understand, Morty Carter ! mine! and before my tongue should say to her what you bade me tell

Carter shrunk from the desperate eyes which glared at him, and feeling how im-potent would be his anger to meet a passion as fierce and determined as that now confronting him, he refrained from the Indignant burst upon his lips, and sough to snothe his visitor, "Perhaps I expected too much of you, Rick, when I asked you to do that; well, we'll let it go for the present, and when things become more settled I'll put the question bold'y and

respectfully myself."
"And it's a refusal you'll get, Certer;
mind you, I'm telling you beforehand, so ou'll be prepared that v

"I'll risk it anyway," was the response "and now we'll drink to its success brought forth a bottle and glasses from some recess in the room, and proceeded to fill the latter. Rick pushed his tumbler away.
"I'll be firm this time, Carter-I'll not

taste it. I promised Nora this morning when I left her that a drop should not pass my lips to-day, and I'll keep my word Carter laughed, and jokingly mocked Rick's determination; but he could hardly conceal his disappointment and his rage when he found that neither pleasantries nor coaxing, nor even even implied men aces, could induce his visitor to put the glass even to his lips. however, that the poor creature's resistance to the temptation cost him muchhis tremor and flush painfully attested that. "It's a wonderful secendancy she's gained over you already!" Carter said sneeringly at last, when he was forced to put back the liquor untasted, save

himself.
Rick did not answer; he stood silently surveying the floor, till Carter returned from his task of putting away the bottle; then he said in a lower tone than he had previously used: "The mensy that you

gave me is out. "And I'm not able to give you more." replied Carter; 'I haven't enough for my own expenses, the way things are going. No, Rick'—placing his hand on Rick's shoulder, and speaking in a confidential tone—"you'll have to manage the best way you can without any more aid from me till Nora consents. Then, I am not afraid to say, I shall be in possession of a fortune, and you shall share it."

shoulder: "you would make beggars of thought of the noble, self sacrificing being from whom he had just parted, the vivid the door, opened it, and going out, slammed it violently behind him; the next instant he was hurrying down the state of the sacrificing being from whom he had just parted, the vivid remembrance of her look, her voice, as she had becought him that morning to next instant he was hurrying down the

"I must set a watch upon him," muttered Carter; "he is rife for treason against me now, and he might take some step, in his desperation, that would ruin my plans."

> CHAPTER XL A STORM-TOSSED SOUL

Nora McCarthy, or Nora Sullivan, as she now called herself, had begun her self-imposed toil, Mrs. Murphy good-naturedly disposing of the fancy needle-work, and bringing in return a compensation, alas! too slight for the demands noble girl would supply. Still she wrought, happy to have employment, and happier still to show the poor creature from whom she continued in secret to recoil, that she was not wanting in a daughter's truest affection. One letter from Dhrommacohol, written conjeintly by Father Meagher and Clare, had reached her; it was full of the tender re gard of both, and it announced their income up to Tralee to be present at Carroll's Filled as was her heart with painful auxiety about Carroll, and torn as it was with anguish whenever she reverted to the thought of the barrier which she had deemed it her duty to erect between them, she still, on the receipt of the letter, looked about the little humble home with a glow of satisfaction, as she fancied Father Meagher and Clare admiring its neatness. Her hands had given a grace-ful touch to everything and the sunshine streaming pleasantly into the room, together with her own beautiful self bending over her work, made the little apartment appear so bright and inviting with Carter, paused as he opened the door in order to view the scene. She greeted him with a smile, and putting lown her work, rose to busy herself about

his comfort.
"I told Mrs. Murphy not to bring up the dinner until you would return," she said; "so now I shall call her."

"No; walt a moment—I have some-thing to say to yon." He motioned her back to her chair, while he stood before her with folded arms. "It has come to this at last: that I am penniless. The person who helped me before, and that I thought would continue to do so, has refused. It was cruel of me to take you from your comfortable home, when I knew that I might be bringing you to want such as will press upon us now: but it is not yet too late to remedy what I have done. I shall send you back to Father Meagher, and I can live as I have lived before

She was up from her seat, her queenly form drawn to its full height, her beautiful eyes humid with emotion. "Is this, then, the return you will permit me to make for your affection—send me back to comfort, while you wander in misery?
Ob, father! is then my love of such little worth that you think poverty can frighten

worth that you talk poverty can frighten at away? I shall never leave you! what your fate is, mine shall be; should you have to beg, I too can ask for alms!"
"You do not know what you are talking about!" said Rick, wearily and sadly, and with his face averted, as if he feared to look at her.
"I do," she answered, her voice losing

none of its firmness; "the poverty you speak of means that we carnot even keep this little home—we must seek a cheaper abode; that will not be so difficult to find and by using economy with that which I already earn, it will be enough for us both."

She would listen to no more from him : ond in truth he seemed too overcome by emotion, or perhaps weakness—for latterly but little nourishment had passed his lips—to have the strength to unge her farther. He sunk unresistingly into the seat she had left, and watched her in silence, when, having called to Mrs. Murphy to bring up the dinner, she busied the little meal. She coaxed Rick to eat, and to gratify her he made the effort; but every mouthful seemed to choke the poor wretch, as he thought of the life of hardship to which he was about to intro-duce the beautiful gtrl. "Nora," he said at last, pushing his plate away, "I cannot eat in the face of all you will have to suffer if you remsin with me! beside, I shall be breaking my word to Father Meagher—I promised him that you should have at least a decent, comfortable home It is no lorger in my power to give you

"I am capable of enduring much," she answered; "and Father Meagher need not know just for the present of the change in our circumstances; it might grieve him, and I know it would cause him to strain his slender purse for our benefit. After a little, when I have learned to work harder, so that my earn ings will emount to more, we shall be able to live comfortably again, and then we shall let Father Meagher know. Cheer up, father; the dear God will pro-vide for us, and I shall mind nothing— poverty, hardship, suffering—if it re-claims you to the religion you have so long forgotten.'

She continued : "I have articles of dress that I do not need, and that Mrs. Murphy will dispose of for me." Rick tounded from the table, "I must

go out," he said; "I shall smother if I stay here longer!" "Where?" she asked, her voice tremb ling with anxiety, and something akin to terror, for these wild, sudden moods dis-

oncerted, and even daunted her.
"To look for a home for us; since yo will share my poverty, you may as well face its hardships at once!" He darted out, his wild emotions lending new strength to his weakened limbs. He could have shricked in his burning re morse, his wild despair; and more than one turned to look after the rapidly walking man, whose pallid face, compressed lips, and glaring eyes tol: the story of a tortured heart. He halted as he passed the public houses, his wonted haunts,his whole being was crying for a draugh

refrain from liquor for the day, held him back; he turned away and walked on, scarcely conscious whither he was going. Could he have bestowed one backward glance into the room he had left, it might have given the last impetus that was needed to make him emerge from the guilt in which he was plonged, and the mire of which was ingulfing him deeper each moment. Nors had flown sobbing to her knees, her grief all the more titter and violent because of its very reaction— she restrained it so sternly in Rick's presence, she immolated herself so remorselessly before him, assuming cheer-fulness and tender fi isl regard when her whole being was recoiling from both, and her heart was torn with the thought of all that she had sacrificed. Then Rick's own manuer-moody, silent, repellent, be-traying little of the affection of which he had given such touching descriptions to herself and Father Mesgher-all acted upon her now with resistless sway; but she had voluntarily accepted her cross, and however deep it cut she would not murmur. She dried her eyes when the burst had spent itself, and calling good-natured Mrs. Murphy to her aid, began to examine her wardrobe for the purpose of disposing of its superfluous articles. Alas! there were not many; it looked more meager than even poor Nora had thought, and by the time she had retained the very necessary articles, there was little left, and that little of comparatively small value. But Mrs. Murphy, who had been drying terret tears of compassion during the whole of the inspection, had words of cheer to offer. She comforted the poor young creature, and taking the garments which had been selected, promised to make a speedy disposal of them. She was true to her word, and returning much sooner than Nora had anticipated, poured into the latter's hand a larger sum than the poor girl expected to receive. Had Nora been aware that the amount was swelled from good-natured, sympathetic Mrs. Murphy's own pocket, she would not have been so joyfully surprised, nor

so eager to accept.

The kind landlady, charmed as she was with the lovely girl, and puzzled to recon-cile the near relationship of the latter to so uncouth and vagabond-looking a being as Rick of the Hills, was so touched when she discovered their poverty, and that it was owing to the latter they must leave her, that she would have insisted on their remaining did not her own slender means

Rick returned in the wane of the after noon, and in so exhausted a condition that Nora, filled alone with pity for his evident suffering, besought him to rest. He shook his head. "I cannot till you are settled; I have bired our new home," -speaking bitterly-"and we can go there now."

'You are so weak," she answered, "will it not be better to wait till to morrow? Mrs. Murphy has kindly said not to

"No," he said quickly, "we must go

She offered no further remonstrance, though she wondered somewhat at his sin-gular haste, but began her few prepara-

tions for departure.

The abode to which Rick conducted her did cause her to give one little involuntary shudder as she crossed the threshold it was so small, so sparsely furnished, and situated in a quarter of the town where only the poorest congregated. Still, even in that moment of bitter repugnance, she forced a smile to her lips, and spoke cheerfully, while Rick, as usual, watched her in sullen silence. As in their previous abode, she went about re-arranging the few articles of furniture, and striving to atone, by her own exquisite taste, for the lack of beauty, and even ordinary neatness, in the two little apartments. True to her self imposed mission, she suffered neither the poverty, nor hardship, nor disgust, with which her hard and isolated life was filled to cause her to betray a murmur of regret or dissatisfec tion. She was always the same, when Rick left her and when he returned— She was always the same, when

making the best of their present position, and hopeful for the future. she had learned the way to the shops, and was now able herself to dispose of ner handlwork; but she always went out heavily velied, and dressed porrly enough not to seem above the humble rank she had assumed. Rick sometimes put money into her hand which he said he had earned by loitering about the public houses, and doing chance errands; he could have told her how, driven to desperation by her noble sacrifice, he had sought for steady labor, but his weakened condition, and his wandering life, so little accustomed to work of any kind, utterly unfitted him

She had not apprised Father Meagher o the change in their circumstances, and perhaps the fact of that bitter isolation from all that she loved told more upor her health and spirits that any deprivation. She was "wilting," expressed it,—"wilting before his very eyes;" for, despite her assumed cheerful ness, he noticed her daily increasing pallor and the look about her eyes each morning which indicated a night of sleeplessness.

In her enforced journeys to bring home and to return with her work, she went far out of her way in order to pass the jillthere was a melancholy pleasure in being under the shadow of the walls which hele him for whom her heart so fondly beat, though she herself had passed the first which must perpetually separate them.

Help Wanted By all who suffer from dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, liver complaint, rheumatism, dropsy, etc. Lose no time in procuring Burdock Blood Bitters, regulator, and tonic, Heise

TO BE CONTINUED.

nature's regulator and tonic. prompt and permanent cure for all diseases of the blood, liver, kidneys, bowels and stomach. An Old Favorite That has been popular with the people for thirty years is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for all varieties of summer complaints of children or adults It seldom or ever fails to cure cholera morbus,

diarrhoea and dysentery. Thos, Sabin, of Eglington, says: "I have

removed ten coms from my feet with Hol-loway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and

THE WORK OF MEN.

Glasgow Observer, June 29. The great Anglican Communion is a bad way. It is a house divided against itself, and eventually its fate must verify the Scriptural dictum that such an erection cannot stand. The Church of erection cannot stand. The Church of England, as we have frequently pointed out, is the work of human hands, and humanity has not the faculty of impart-ing to its productions, immertality. Be the guidance of a human institution never so wise—from the narrow and cir-cumscribed radius of human wisdom—it may not last. He slone Who placed us on earth, Who is the Author of our being, and the Shaper of our destinies, temporal and eternal, He only has the power to create or found an institution which will last for all time. He only may rear an edifice that will not crumble. All this has been proved to demonstration, again and again, in the chequered and turbulent careers of the various heresies and schisms that have from time to time, arisen in the world In perverted human intellect, pride baseness, greed, or sensuality, they have their root and origin, and their lives are such as might be looked for, originating in sources like these. The great heresy of the West, which in these countries has branched off into miner sects ad in finitum, exemplifies fully our contention Wealth, power and influence are the portion of its professors; yet all these cannot buttress it, nor prevent frequent manifestations of its innate rottenness. Nor will these attributes or possessions prevent its final decay and effacement, Deep logic is not nd it; The veriest The reason is clear. tyro in reasoning cannot fail to grasp the why and wherefore. A Church, to be lasting, must be the handiwork of a divine, almighty maker. The Church of England is the work of men who are but creatures—neither divine nor omni-potent. Therefore, the Caurch of England must pass away. Last it cannot.

We know of nothing which has more strikingly revealed the crude, confused, and unsatisfactory condition of the Anglican Establishment than the recent resolution of the Lower House of Convo cation defining the sort of court of final appeal which would satisfy them The great question now agitating the members of the Establishment, especially the Riualists, is, how they shall recover themselves from the condition of subjection to the State in which the so called Reformation placed

them. They want a final court of appeal in all ecclesiastical questions independ-ent of the State.

When Henry VIII. cast off the authority of the Pope he made himself Pope in his stead. And for three hundred years the Church in England has been subject to the State, but now that Ritualists have discovered that the mis named Reformation was a great mis take, they are trying to remedy some of the evils under which they labor; espec ially are they anxious to free themselves from the damaging charge that they are really a State Church. The difficult problem which has been brought more distinctly forward by the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln is to establish a final court of appeal, independent of the

And what, in their superior wisdom do they propose as a satisfactory solution of the difficulty? Why, the proposition is to form a joint commission consisting of an equal number of lay judges and bishops. In the decision of important questions which might be brought before this court the vote would be by orders. If the majority of orders agree, the question would be settled. But in case of disagreement of the orders—what then? Why, then the commission would simply report the fact Prebendary Ainsile, who introduced the

proposal, naively remarked that "when the case was clear it would be decided." But when there was a difference of opinion between the clerical and lay portion of the commission the question then would be reported as one "about which there was a good deal of difficulty and uncertainty." but in the Missouri river we would soon it really seems incredible that a grave and get this house full of Protestants. It is dignified body of learned ecclestastics could committ themselves to such a puerile conclusion. Why, the very to decide difficult and doubtful questions It is the great glory of the Catholic Church that it has such a tribunal—a tribunal that never shirks the decision of a vital question that is brought before it and when it does decide a question in faith or morals, that decision is final and irrevocable, and the Church receives it as an imperative law which every soul is bound to believe and obey at its peril.

Alas, for the poor old Establishment ception of a true ecclesi Ite highest cor astical court is a mongrel commission composed of laymen and bishops who in cases of difficulty and disagreement would simply report the result to the Queen, Truly a stream cannot rischigher than its source.

BROTHERS IN BLACK.

Cardinal Gibbons has just ordained the first colored man ever consecrated to the priesthood in America. This event is significant. Randolph Uncles is the first of a number of colored priests whom the Josephite Fathers are training for special work among the people of their race.

For two hundred years the enslave

Africans were mostly confined to regions where Protestantism exercised excl domination. In regard to religion they were scarcely instructed at all, and were given to understand that they could not aspire to the white man's creed. This was the case with the exception of Mary land and Louisians, where the humanity inspired by their creed made some mas ters treat their slaves as the possessors of souls. In the cities and towns, too, a fair proportion of them attained to a better intelligence.

But in the country regions of the

cotton growing parts, the slave population were allowed to frame a religion

there is an essential degree of difference between the white and the black man's religion. They will almost refuse to listen to the teachings of a white mission-

ary. Of course, this state of affairs is utterly destitute to the ideas of the Catholic Church, who recognizes no distinction of race or color any more than of rich or poor, but only children. Still, the stuation is one not created by her, and she must avail hereelf of practical means to calculate the statement of the st

must avail herself of practical means to solve it. If these poor people will listen to no white teachers, these colored priests must be sent to them. The negroes have been flocking into the Catholic Church of recent years. They now number three thousand, it is said, and have a very respectable weekly in Cincin-nati. It will be found, however, that the vast majority of colored Catholics are drawn from the intelligent classes of the towns, and not from those solid masses of the black belt, who have hardly

been impressed.

These colored people are a most docile, religious and emotional race. The beau-tiful ceremonies of the Catholic Church would attract them, even before they could understand the meaning of the rites. That very enthusiasm, so wildly and grotesquely misdirected in the un-regulated orges of camp-meeting, would make them quickly and easily appreciate the symbolism of Catholic devotion. Many Protestant gentlemen have recognized this fact, and, anxious to have the colored people adopt some restraining moral form of religion, have openly favored the introduction of Catholicity.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

RETREAT AT BOURGET COLLEGE.

The Provincial of the clerics of St. Viateur has chosen Bourget College, at Rigaud, P. Q., as the place where the members of that order are hereafter to make their thirty days' retreat. Each religious of St. Viateur has to make a thirty days' retreat once in his life. Forty of them began their retreat at Bourget College on Jane 29:h to end on July 29:h. Rev. Father Fieck, S J., is the preacher. The remainder of the religious belonging to the well known order, the Clarics of St Viateur, are on their annual eight day retreat, which began on July 24th at Joliette. The Provincial chose Bourget College at Regaud for the extraordinary retreat on account of its salubriou

THE TERRORS OF CONFES-SION.

IF HAD GREATER FEARS FOR GENERAL SHERIDAN THAN THE BATTLEFIELD.

"Confession keeps a great many people

ut of the Church," said the Rev. Father Phelan in a recent sermon at the dedication of a church. One day there was a man who came to me and said he wanted to become a Catholic. I asked him why he did not become one; he replied that he couldn't "swallow" the confession part of it. I told bim he would have to "swallow" it when he died, and he remarked that when that time came he could swallow anything. Soon afterwards he died, he had not become a Catholic and was not given a chance to swallow any-thing. There are men who know nothing of physical cowardice but who are cowards when it comes to confessing their sins to a priest. I was in Chicago when General Sheridan, the bravest man that ever carried a sword, was married. Sheridan was a Catholic, but not a very good one. He went to Bishop Foley and wanted to come to confession four times. The Bishop sent him to an old priest in the city, where he made his confession, He afterwards returned to the bishop to receive Communion, and went through the ordeal trembling like a man who hadn't an ounce of courage left in him. If we would only throw the confession get this house full of Protestants. It is the terror of all Catholic rogues and no Catholic ever left the Church unless he was a rogue. priests, and won't look them in the eyes. because the prisets know them too well. Every Catholic that leaves the Church is a thief or a libertine. He either has some-body's ox or somebody's wife.

WHAT LAFAYETTE SAID.

There are non-Catholics, who are disnest in their statement against the Cath olic Caurch. Witness the mutilation of Lafayette's words, as persisted in by so many: and repeated recently by Rav. Josiah Strong, in his volume, 'Our Coun-try." Tals writer quotes Lafayette, as follows:

"If ever the liberties of the American people are destroyed, they will fall by the hands of the Romish clergy."

What the general really wrote was in a letter, sent in 1829, to a Protestant friend

in New York, and is the following : "But I must be permitted to assure you, that I must be permitted to assure you, that the fears which, in your patriotic zeal, you seem to entertain, that if ever the liberty of the United States is destroyed it will be by Romish priests, are certainly without a shadow of foundation whatever.

The Protestant clergyman reports the French patriot as saying precisely the con-trary of what he did say.

T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and find Par-melee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when cathartic is required. They are Gestine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licerice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant agreeable taste.

THE PROGRESS OF MEDICAL ENLIGHTEN-MENT has led to the abandenment of many lation were allowed to frame a religion of their own, compounded of their original fetichism and such fragments of Methodist and Baptist addities as they chose. That religion they have still, and it would be a grote-que misuse of terms to say it was Christian in the least degree. They think, and many of them say, that antiquated remedies of questionable value

Exultant through the dear of shall loving fingers ope the doc And tender eyes peer through Only to see thee, spectral, stand With sbrouded slience round Like some dim wreck on twilig Whence life and light have, lo

A sister's gifted touch may stra Across the fair plane keys— But Memory, weeping, turns at Missing thy kindred harmoni Missing that master hand (now And crumbling) neath the cou Which smote thy brilliant stric And gave their grandest strai

Ah! drifting down from he Sphere, Sweet echoes float from white-Celestial music full a) d clear, Evoked from glorious, golden

And 'mid the throng, one thoughthe shiftes forth—soft flps, bright O sister! dost thou know her mainstrel-maid of Paradis Trough doomed to silence and The golden barp she strikes to-Shall never cease to sound on

Written for CATHOLIC R CATHOLICS OF SCO BY THE REV. ENEAS M DONE

LL D, F. R S. We now find Bishop Cam for the first time as coadjutor. 1802, he met the bishops of b at Edinburgh, and transacte with them the usual busin annual meeting. In the lette ganda it was mentioned that B memory had failed so much leave him often without word his meaning. After the meeti his journey back to Aquorties with Bishop Cameron. The a month among his friends in

winter. A new and better church w vided at Aberdeen, Mr. Gor zealously exerted himself in subscriptions among his frien £300 without interest. It would be a serious omi-record the death at ninety you of a venerable priest who ha

and then returned to Edinbu

faithfully served the mission no other than the ex-Jesuit, Maxwell. There was no ot than the decay incident to ol servant found him one day in a state of stupor. Mr. C. Ma ened to his assistance, and at o stered extreme unction and th Immediately after this its rest. Mr. Maxwell we contributor to the seminary former bretbren of the suppr established at Stoneyhurst.
was £400 in gold. Notwithsta
difference of opinion as to the the ex Jesuits in Scotland. always a warm friendship be and Bishop Hay, who highly es and often consulted him. He his money, with the exception already mentioned, to his or event of it being restored, and thereof, in the meantime, to aries of Scotland. In conne Mr. Maxwell's will, the Bisho necessary to visit Edinburgh. turn to Aquorties he wrote a to his coadjuter in which he co his fast-declining health, which impaired by his recent journe same letter he refers to a relic gone time-a silver thurible w post attached together with strence or Soleil for the exposi-Blessed Saciament. These all t old to the royal chapel of Palace, when the Duke of York, James VII and II, held his c The Bishop's friend, M. L'A desired to have these things as the use of his small congregation

It does not appear that ther want of cordiality between the his coadjutor. The former certs not have given to the latter a more friendly welcome. The ju was now to reside at Edinburg place for the commencement of that was destined to be so brigh also entrusted with the sole che country south of the Grampian ! chapel at Aberdeen we

much enlarged that it migh

termed a church. In our day

were kindly sent to him

have this designation.

Bishop Hay was now relies
more concrous duties, the coacording to the arrangement en baving taken up his residence burgh. The congregation the destined as yet to have a new The want of sufficient funds of

Rattray to abandon his favori The estimated cost, £4000, was bamount that he had been able Meanwhile, Bishop Hay was de time and his pure at Aquori improvement of the seminary now," he said, writing to Bis holm, "in a manner, out of t and with good reason, for, I a good for nothing." He was however, to do one good thing was to transer his property and sion funds that were held in hi trustees, in order to avoid the u and expense of disposing of i The legacy duty alone, at th inconsiderable item; litigation, always costly, might also have je Bishop Chisholm, before rep

the annual meeting, took post his seminary at Liemore. He the over the Grampian Mountains ties, where Bishops Hay and awaited him. The annual let prepared on the first of August these was a complimentary lette Erskine on occasion of his cle the dignity of Cardinal. The succeded Cardinal Albani, a fer later, as Cardinal Protector, of Propaganda had also a new passession to Cardinal Box