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TE-A FRENCH

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England and the into their heads to fine mornings and ces at the cannon's -it is our country orincipal theatre of e no interest. we are told, pre-

swallowed up by The contrary is said, a war between d Great Britain is ble. Let the war ericans gain a vic possible-and what ada? Our country exed to the neigh it our having dehastisement.

IRISH-BRAZIL-EST. iting from Brazil,

Right Rev. Father Dontreloux, Bishop essor of the great Walloon country, rder of Priesthood O'Connor de Cam-ince of San Paulo, Kilcascan branch t family of Daunritten Daunt. The visited Ireland last with him to Brazil he misgovernment ected. One of the

by the newly or-priest was offered t brother of Father er Harold de Tracy and Dauntre, is a cese of San Paulo true Irish patrio tion of these two ated to be of great of religion in San occupies the high-nhappily, such vorely rare, owing to of Freemasonry on ablin Nation, 27th

EWS. hibition this year

est held for a numies are far ahead of

band concert will ads of the Mount for the benefit of the patronage of y, the members of ard to make it a mission is only ten present. last destroyed the

Freen, situated on and Bathurst. The shborhood of \$25,-is only \$5,000. the official steno-the Biddulph trials

oncluded a trans-ken at the second ntains 2,700 folios 0,000 words in all Mr. Arthur W. ost popular officers ce, will hear with ken a partner for isss Mary J. Kane, Kane, of Ingersoll

afflicted with deafnote the advertise-k & Co. in another

was presented in a picturesque district called Lhabough, near New Ross, in the county of Wexford. At early noon a county of Wexford. At early noon a strong force of cavalry, infantry, and police moved along the high-road, evidently on serious business bent. In the rear of the little army there followed a number of ballifis and "general utility men," carrying crowbars, pick axes, sledge-hammers, ladders, and other "properties." They were en raute to the residence of a widow woman named Holden, who was a tenant on the property of Mr. Boyd, whose son was shot dead one Sabbath afternoon some time ago while driving along the road with his father, who at the time escaped with his life as if by a miracle. The widow Holden was under eviction. She, through her family, held possession of the farm-house, and the large civil and military force was proceeding to civil and military force was proceeding to aid the sheriff in the execution of the law's decree by force of arms, if necessary. When the widow's house was reached, it was seen that "No surrender" was the order of the day, and that there was tough work

AN EVICTION DRAMA.

Cavalry, Police, and the Sheriff Tur-

ning out a Widow.

The latest sensation drama in real life

to be done.

The scene is well "set" on a stage acres in extent; infantry, soldiers and police in a semicircle in front of the widow's cottage; a fringe of cavalry in their rear, and a background of excited peasantry—men, women and children. In front of the women and constrent. In front of the troops are the "property men" and the officers in command of the expedition. There is heard the rattling of "nuskets as the soldiers bring their arms to the rest; the clanking of sabres, the champing of bridle-bits, the light laughter of the troops, and the angry talk of the peasantry in and the angry talk of the peasantry their native their native tongue. Enter now the sheriff, with the original writ of eject-ment in his hand; the door of the cottage is shut and the windows are barred from rithin. The sheriff knocks at the door rith the handle of his riding-whip, and in a somewhat uncertain tone of voice, de-mands possession by virtue of the Queen's writ to him directed. There is no resonse save a derisive shout from the crowd grouped around the line of military; all is as silent within the cottage as if it were deserted. But the sheriff knows that it isn't deserted, and this is the trouble with him. At a sign from him the "property men" advance and set to knocking in the door with sledge-hammers and crowbars. The first blow of a sledge is the signal for action from within. From an upper window comes a deluge of boiling water on the men beneath, who drop their implements, and run swearing from the scalding shower. A wild shout of triumph comes from the crowd, there is a short consultation among the chiefs of the expedition, and the "property men" again advance to the door, not at all with alacrity; again the boiling water leaps out at the windows on their heads and comes hissing into their faces through every action from within. From an upper win hissing into their faces through every space in the gaping door. One powerful fellow, who has been badly scalded on the shoulders and back, takes up a great stone and with a giant effort, hurls it against the door, which shakes on its straining hinges, but dosen't give way. A long and heavy ladder is now used as a "battering ram," and before some of its impetuous blows the enfeebled door groans, gapes still wider, and ultimately falls in.

But this is not much of a gain for the

storming party, who find themselves face to face with a well-built barricade of stones and wood in the hall. The house is now surrounded by the military and police, who have orders to capture the garrison. The bailiffs set to work to tear down the barricade, and the boiling water does cruel execution upon their heads and It seems as if they had been be ing water for a week in the cottage in anticipation of the siege; the supply appears to be unlimited. The barricade in the hall is at length torn down, when new trouble and danger resent themselves in the form of the widow's stalwart sons and retainers holding the pass armed with pitchforks. The sheriff's men, regarding this obstruction as more serious than boiling water, refused to advance. onets are ordered up. A party of police, led by an officer, confront the men with the pitchforks, upon whom the officer calls to surrender or take the consequence They won't surrender, they say, and they don't care for the consequences, and say-ing this they take up a strong position on the stair-landing. "Prepare to charge," the stair-landing. "Prepare to charge," says the officer to his men, and the bay oneted rifles drop to the regulation angle for charging purposes. "Charge," shouts the officer, and away go the bayonets up the staircase. There is a struggle, short and sharp, and when it is over the men or the landing are in custody and disarmed, They are handcuffed and led out prisoners of war. The process of clearing out every article of furniture is now begun, and when it is completed the woman of the house and her daughter alone remain. They refuse to cross the threshold, which the law requires to be done, otherwise the entire proceeding would be abor-tive. The end of it is that the widow and her daughter are carried outside the threshold, and then the legal process is com-pleted. There are loud lamentations from the women of the crowd, the men are excited, and, probably, but for the presence of what they call "the army" in such overwhelming force, they would plunge into the scene. The house is now garrisoned in the interest of the landlord, and the troops re-form and march off the ground with their prisoners. All this, I think, leads to the conclusion that if dramatists who now write "powerful Irish plays" would give up attempting to invent sen-sation scenes and stick to the facts as we have them now, they would produce plays intensely sensational and at the same time

There has never been, since the creation, a period in which more has been written disprove God, either in His essence or His attributes; and there never, since the creation, was a period when the sense of God was more universal, more profound, or more intense, than it is now. Nothing proves it so much as the effort to disprove. We do not attack myths and legends with the animosity, the acrimony, and the sub-tlity with which we attack truth. False philosophy is the inside-out of truth.— The Divine Sequence.

A MODERN DISEASE.

Indiscriminate reading is a modern dis-ease; any man who to-day thoughtfully considers the abuse of the art of printing, considers the abuse of the art of printing, can hardly set down its discovery as an unmixed blessing. Everybody reads. The small boy on his way to school carries among his books a sensational story-paper, and dips into the adventures of "Billy, the Body-Snatcher" between lessons; the school girl has her novel of love and murder stranged united. der strapped up with her luncheon-box; and the young woman, fed on novels and caramels, ruins her health, physical and mental, by a constant indulgence in romance-reading.

There are novels and novels; Mr. Ona han, Ex-President of the Chicago Public Library, in an interview, republished in last week's Freeman's Journal, makes a proper distinction. He divides Scott, Thackeray, Gerald Griffin and Bulwer from a host of superficial scribblers who, under the guise of knowledge of men and the world, thereby disguise sensuality and materialism. And yet, Bulwer, clever as some of his books are, can not be recommended without reservation. His philosophy is false, though glittering and sentimental; and in several of his novels his aim seems to be to excite sympathy with There are novels and novels; Mr. Ona aim seems to be to excite sympathy with nteresting criminals-not because their penitence, but because of their crime. But leaving out "The Last of the Barons"—in which there is a scene that would tarnish the mind of any young man or woman—and "Eugene Aram" and "Ernest Maltravers," Bulwer is comparatively harmless. atively harmless.

Of late there has come into the world a swarm of women-writers whose works are worse than the plague—whose effect is more blighting than that of the locusts which devastated the land of Egypt. They kill souls. They turn the blush of maidenhood into the flush of sinful excitement. They leave no freshness in the human heart. They inflame the imagination until sensual thoughts are everyday companions and passionate anticipations take the place of hope. They weaken the will and ruin the memory; and yet we find their works in almost every bookstore, in most parlours, sought for eagerly and dis-played in every library. They are read until the eyes fail in the twilight, that no phrase may be lost. They are read until gaslight grows dim and weary eyes close in restless sleep, to gaze upon distempered dreams.

"Ouida," a prolific novelist, is a favorite with the young girls of our time. When a new book by this writer is announced, the public libraries can not supply the demand. The philosophy of this writer is that passion, which she calls "love," should know no law; that temptation was made to be embraced—or resisted only long enough to keep up the interest of the story. Sensuality she condemns with such minuteness of detail that, after each paragraph against vice, she seems to lick her lips over the pleasure of describing it. Her women are all rakes at heart, attired Her women are all rakes at heart, attired in the luxuriousness of modern life and painted in glowing colors, and her men vile wretches, whose "superb length of limb," "tawny, leonine beards," and deep langerous eyes, added to their open vices, make them adored of the women. A pagan sensuality, tricked out with borrowed scraps from old books, constitutes her stock in trade; and yet helf the her stock in trale; and yet half the young girls in the country crave a new novel by "Ouida" as a drunkard craves his bitters in the morning. She has taught them that a hero "with soulful eyes and a shimmering, subtle, tawny beard" will come to them one day, at whose feet they will worship, mindful only of "loye." She has taught them that women are prostitutes at heart, waiting only the opportunity to sin, and that men are libertines the more vicious, the more splendid and worthy of worship. All this she teaches in a high-wrought style, with a spurious show of scholarship, and with rhetorical ornaments after the manner of Froude. A spinster of an uncertain age and vivid imagination—which she reinforces by the reading of translations from the most unspeakably vicious of the old Romans-she eaches our vestals to know the world as she knows it. And yet, we repeat, her books are read openly by young women of our time, who pass them, with commendation, each to the other. Catholic girls—the daughters of thoughtless, calous, or ignorant parents-read them; and these same parents, blissful in their apa-thy, would swear to you that their daughters take no harm from them. Why? Be cause they are their daughters! Soft Soft.

fond, foolish, soul-killing, parental logic! It is so thoroughly understood in American life that girls are capable of taking care of themselves, that a properly-edu-cated girl, "abreast of the times," has learned to resent parental interference. Besides, this favorite novelist, if she have been a careful student, has taught her to suspect that each of her parents was no better, "when love was young," than the rest of the world. "Ouida" has given her reason to believe that her business-like father still cherishes the smouldering embers of a "soulful passion" for sor male other than her mother; and that her mother probably has her regrets or re-morse as she peels the potatoes or darns the family stockings. Believing this, she becomes more cynical. She knows that the world is dust and ashes, that duty is a sham, love for the coming man the one reality, and constant dreaming the only

thing worth doing Roda Broughton is another infamous writer whose books should never be read by any pure-minded girl. Impropriety and an endless flow of words are her stock in trade. The success of the indecency which Charlotte Bronte introduced into which Charlotte Bronte introduced into "Jane Eyre" was the signal for the rising of this vile swarm of femmes-auteurs, of which Roda Broughton is one. Recklessness, utter disdain of all that is good, pure and true, mark her pages with the devil's sign-manual. It is better that our daughters should read the books of Smollett and Eighlig of Stores over the state of the store of the state of the store of the state of the state of the store of the state of the rigidly true to real life. - Dublin Cor. New lett and Fielding, of Sterne—even of Zola—than the works of this female and her class. They would shrink from Sterne in disgust. The poison would be too appavent—not presented in delicately-carved cups wreathed with flowers. But this she-Broughton, Mrs. Ross Church, Annie Thomas, Mrs. Edwards, and sometimes

heroine a low barmaid in aesthetic gowns. They embrace and caress each other, pass from one equivocal situation to another, until the writer—in fear, perhaps, of the police—is forced to draw the curtain, after a series of burning kisses, sensual longings and impure suggestions, which tell plainly what the feature does not do not do not also the feature of the series of the seri what the feanne-auteur does not dare to say openly. In Suctonius we read that Nero kept persons whose business it was to in-

taken the lowest passions. Novelists have taken the place of these wretches to-day. We pay for their books that they may inflame the passions of our children. Were any father thoughtfully to glance at the pages of these "popular" writers he would say this is true. Mr. Onahan's words, the text of the

above article, ought to make parents think. Deep in business or domestic duties, the father or mother often leaves a girl too much to herself. She finds her own amusements, selects her own friends. Material comfort is the least thing that a parent owes to his daughter; and to-day, when the whole atmosphere of life is poisoned—when novels, the daily papers and materialistic schools are the chief educators—when society has so far forgotten the materialistic schools are the chief educa-tors—when society has so far forgotten the importance of God's law as to be uncon-scious of its loss—parents have a heavy responsibility. Watchfulness and care, especially in the matter of reading, are prime necessities. We repeat Mr. Ona-han's words, based on observation: "This question has been discussed with intelligent gentlemen of the sity with

intelligent gentlemen of the city, with physicians and lawyers and other men of houghtful mind and character, who, for the most part, agreed in the conclusion that the effect of admitting such books as that the effect of admitting such books as those referred to is mischievous to the pre-sent social and future home-life of those who read them, especially upon females who give themselves up to this class of sen-sational books, and that absorbing such literatures. literature creates an unhealthy condition of the physical organization; and many physicians in the city, I am sure, will per-sonally testify to the truth of this fact."

CURES AT KNOCK. Two Skillful Doctors Testify to Two Miracles.

We have been requested to give publica-tion to the following medical certificates containing two recent cures to which a miraculous character is attributed :

BELFAST, 3rd August, 1880. Some months ago my attention was first called to the case of Elizabeth Duffy, No. —Leeson street, Belfast, aged 16, a pale fair, anæmic girl hardly able to walk, and suffering almost incessantly from pain. The morphia sickened her, as indeed I feared it would, owing to constitutional and stomach irritability. I did not see and stomach irritability. I did not see Miss Duffy again until nearly three weeks ago, on her return from Knock. The change in her condition was surprising. I had seen the girl occasionally, but not as a doctor, on my professional visits to her mother's house, while attending a younger child; but declined to interfere unless the appropriation were unless the surgicular assumption. gical examination were undergone. had then become healthy and pleasing surgical

looking, with red lips and full pulse, and the runnings healed.

I have seen her three or four times since, and each time her condition is better. and each time her condition is better. The lump in the groin is gone, and only the cicatrices of the three ulcers remain. During the entire time she did not take a particle of medicine, the carbolic oil havparticle of medicine, the carbolic oil hav-ing been used only at first, and the mor-phia but a few times. To-day I pronounce her well and fit for work. I learn from her mother that the runnings had never ceased since she was a mere child. To surgical examination of the limb made. Believing, as I did, that necrosis of the bone undoubtedly existed, I am confident that no medical treatment, change of air, or good food, could have brought a ure so rapidly, or indeed at all; and I am forced to the conclusion, though sceptical about miracles, that the all-powerful in-tercession of the Blessed Virgin has operated upon Elizabeth Duffy, in a wondrous

hile at Knock. JOHN CAMBELL QUINN, M. D., L. K.

KILKENNY, July 25, 1881. I hereby certify that I have recently attended Ellen Waldron, Aughamore, aged 14 years, during an attack of chronic peritonitis, with symptoms of formation of matter in subfacent cellular tissue, and tumors in right and left lumbar regions; and that these tumors, and all other signs and symptoms of disease, suddenly disappeared on the sixth of July, at a time when I had her life well-nigh despaired of; and that in my opinion this instantaneous recovery is due to miracle, as is stated by the father of the girl, who applied to her body, on this 6th July, sacred substance from the Chapel of Knock

This opinion is, I consider, borne out by the fact that Dr. Blake attended her during a similar attack in 1877, which attack did actually end in the formation of matter, and was discharged through the umbilicus during a period of three

JOHN CONROY, L. R. C. S. I.

ENGLAND'S "MONEY, SYMPATHY AND HELP."

"She had never stinted money, sympathy, or help in every way"—this, according to the veracious Earl of Carnaryon, is how England has dealt with Ireland during the

st"fifty or sixty years."
We had thought that some sense of honor, some respect for truth, some shame for falsehood remained. Lord Carnaryon has destroyed that delusion, so far as he is concerned; for a statement more obviously untrue, more deliberately deceptive, it would have been impossible to frame. Her sympathy! For three score years,

how has the sympathy of England been shown? By resisting to the uttermost every demand for justice, until a number of victims had been sacrificed to the Moloch of her iniquity. For three score years the bullet or the prison have confronted the oppressed millions. Her sympathy has been shown in the acts that committed to the dungeon every man wno served Ireland prominently, from O'Connell to the last arrested suspect; in the laws that have anulled all law and liberty in Ireland; in Miss Braddon, cover their materialism and sensuality with pretty words and falsehoods. The Broughton hero is a licentious brute in clothes of the latest fashion, the Rathcormack, as it has been in the blood

and Clare.

Help! the help of England to Ireland—the help of a shark to its prey!

We know it well; it has been profuse and persistent—that help to famine, help to banishment, help to depopulation and devastation! Let the accusing figures, which speak the number of the people, tell of the efficiency of that help. Look upon this list! this list

45 the population was 8,295,061 1850 " " "

Now it is little over five millions.
Thus, during only thirty-six years, the help of England has driven three millions of Irishmen out of Ireland:—Dublin Irish-

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

WOLF TONE'S GRAVE.

The annual visit to Bodenstown Churchyard, wherein lies interred the remains of
Wolf Tone, took place on the 15th instant. The Martyr's Band, headed by their
president Mr. Beach and the decided by stant. The Martyr's Band, headed by their president, Mr. Braken, left the Kingsbridge Terminus by an early train for Sallins. A large concourse of people awaited their arrival and formed themselves in procession the band playing the 'Dead March in Saul,' As they proceeded by Clane the procession increased in numbers, and when they arrived at the lonely and now almost unfrequented churchyard of Bodenstown the scene was indeed solemn and imposing frequented churchyard of Bodenstown the scene was indeed solemn and imposing—the whole assemblage knelt down and prayed for the happy repose of the dead patriot's soul. The Martyr's Band, having gone the circuit of the cemetery, again played the "Dead March in Saul," returned to town, followed by an unusually urned to town, followed by an unusnally large number of people.

A BOY SHOT.

A BOY SHOT.

On Friday evening, at a place called Doonan, in the Queen's County, a lad named Leonard was shot and mortally wounded. He was one of a crowd engaged in hooting two laborers employed on the farm of a boycotted farmer, when one of the two men fired a revolver at the crowd. He was arrested, and was with difficulty saved from being lynched. BREAD AND LEAD.

Bread and Lead.

Four hundred loaves of bread were sent on Saturday by rail from Kingsbridge Terminus to Birdhill for the use of the Orange Emergency expedition. A quantity of cartridges were sent at the same time to the same destination. Birdhill is becoming as famous as Lough Mask. On Saturday morning a special train left Lim-erick for the seat of war with a large force of military in view of the anticipated disturbance. All the spare constabulary from the outlying districts were concentrated in the city during the day, and in the even-ing they left by the ordinary train in Bird-hill.

Mr. Stanhope Townsend, nephew of Mr. Uniacke Townsend, agent of several estates in the south, was on Saturday shooting in the Galbally district, in company with two officers of the Forty-eighth Regiment, when they were set upon by a mob and obliged to fly for shelter into SPORT SPOILED. mob and obliged to fly for shelter into Lord Massey's shooting lodge, where they were besiged for a long time, while the car on which they had driven was smashed to atoms. They were only rescued from their perilous position on the arrival of a company of the Forty-eighth-Regiment and a force of thirty police who had been telegraphed for.

was such as the catholic priest,' said 1, 'you know that in the presence of death every other priest has plenary powers. I was also a priest; I apostatized like you, and became a Protestant. You therefore know that at this moment, when death is at the door, I have the power to receive your abjuration and to give you absolution.'

No BIDDERS.

On Thursday week an attempt was made at Creadon, County Waterford, to sell thirty-one head of cattle, the property of Edward Wall, seized for non-payment of rent to Lord Carew There were no bids, and the crowd, who numbered nearly five hundred, cheered loudy for nearly five hundred, cheered loudly for a which was decorated with green ribbons, and groaned for the auctioneer and landlords generally. A sale for non-pay-ment of rent on the lands of Ballykecane. near Tallow, was abandoned for bidders, and Emergency men are still in

charge of the crops. charge of the crops.

LEFT SEVERELY ALONE.

Mr. John Hartnett, J. P., Curryglass,
County Cork, is isolated for having lately county Cork, is isolated for having lately evicted tenants on his property at Abbeyfeale, County Limerick. Four police are guarding Mr. Hartnett, and two drive with him about the country. One man only, who is guarded by police, works on the farm. The shopkeners, Correspondent only, who is guarded by police, works on the farm. The shopkeepers in Curryglass have refused to sell provisions to Mr. Hartnett, and the local smith has refused to work for him. The people will not sit with him in chapel.

FIELD DAY. It required thirty men of the Sixtieth Rifles and twenty constabulary to guard the Drumshambo Sessions Court on Fri day week while twenty-five persons were being charged with unlawful assembly. The accused were committed on bail to the next assizes.

A FLYING COLUMN.
On reaching the Ballybrophy station, on
Friday week, an Emergency band were attacked by a crowd, and dispersed without a struggle. The "spalpeens" fled for refuge to the waiting-room, abandoning their kits and provisions. The Rathdowney police, hearing of the circumstances, proceeded to Ballybrophy, and came in for some rough usage, particularly one of their number who had recently been a witness at Borris-in-Ossory, when fourteen pris-oners were returned for trial. An investigation will be held.

THE CROWBAR. An eviction took place near Fethard on aturday. A two horse car loaded with An eviction took place near remard on Saturday. A two horse car loaded with and driven by the Royal Constabulary ar-rived from Cashel, and at half-past one the sub-sheriff, the agent, a force of one the sub-sheriff, the agent, a force of police, and the bailiffs in a covered car, proceeded from the police-barrack through the main street. When passing the corner some mud pebbles were aimed at the covered car, and yelling continued for a time. While possession was being given, the Very Rev. Archdeacon Kinane endeavored to make an arrangement between deavored to make an arrangement between the tenant and the agent.
"NOBLE" CATTLE SPOILERS.

On Saturday twenty head of cattle belonging to Mr. Wall, of Craden, were driven by bailiffs to the Cove, near this city, to be sold for rent due to Lord For-One hundred and twenty police and military were present. The cattle father, were driven home to Craden amidst much cheering. On Saturday a large party of cattle-spoilers proceeded

of those who fell, at the close of the period, struggling against eviction in Mayo, Sligo, and Clare.

Help! the help of England to Ireland — the help of a shark to its prey!

We know it wall, it has been profess. ing in for the amount of the claim. ing in for the amount of the claim. When the subsheriff was leaving Kilfinane to catch the midday train, Mr. Frazer, sub-inspector, had to drive him to Kilmallock. No other person could be found to take the "fare".

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF AN UNFAITHFUL PRIEST.

The infinite mercy of Almighty God sometimes displays itself in the most wonderful and most unexpected manner. The following letter, genuine in all its particulars, is a striking illustration of this:

"I was for saveral ways a faithful priest."

"I was for several years a faithful priest; but from various causes, and chiefly in consequence of having entered the priestly state without a true vocation, I had at last sunk so low that I abandoned my post, and, wishing to marry, I even renounced my Catholic faith and turned Protestant. I made my profession of Protestantism, and was soon afterwards called to officiate in the town of X. There I became engaged to the daughter of a Protestant merchant, and the marriage was for several years a faithful priest; I became engaged to the daughter. Protestant merchant, and the marriage ras to take place in six weeks. One Protestant merchant, and the marriage was to take place in six weeks. One evening, I was sitting in company with the Protestant pastor G., and a young student of theology. We were in the arbor of the minister's garden. Suddenly there came a summons for the pastor to attend a dying person. Will you not go, confrere? the pastor said to me. Your first exercise of the ministry amongst us will be rather a sad one, but I cannot very well leave my guests. I signified my well leave my guests.' I signified my readiness, and followed the messenger, who conducted me to the bedside of a man whose days on this earth were evidently numbered.

"I am the new preacher, and have come instead of the

instead of the paster who is engaged,' I said, looking into the pale face of the dying man. He shook his head sadly. "There is a mistake,' he said; 'I sent for a Catholic Priest.'

"'Are you not a member of the Evan-gelical Church?" I asked in surprise.

I was told,—'
"'Yes, yes,' he said, interrupting me;
but I wish to die a Catholic!' "How is that? I then enquired. 'Do you not believe in the Redeemer, who died for us on the Cross? If you believe firmly in Him, and put your trust in Him He will be a merciful Judge to you.' The dying man smiled bitterly dying man smiled bitterly.

"Faith alone will not help me,' he an-

swered. I want to make my confession and receive absolution. I was once a Catholic priest; I abandoned my faith, and became a Protestant. I know that faith alone will not suffice; but it seems that Heaven refuses me the last grace, that of being able to confess to a priest and to re-

being able to confess to a priest and to receive absolution.'
"He heaved a deep sigh, and the tears rolled down his pallid cheeks I had a feeling it is impossible for me to express. What a meeting! An apostate Catholic priest at the death-bed of another fallen priest! The condition of the side! priest! The condition of the sick man

"What I felt in that hour I will not attempt to describe. Was not this meeting a warning from Heaven to me? My cheeks were nearly as pale as those of the corpse, and my eye remained fixed in a motionless gaze on those lips that were silent forever. I seized the cold, dead hand in mine, and vowed to God to change my life. I seemed to look down into the gaping pit of destruction to which I was

adly rushing.
"I ret rned no more to the Protestant pastor's residence. I resigned the posi-tion of preacher, and begged my intended bride to forget me. I am going to a Trap-pist monastery, to try to expiate my guilt by works of penance. May Heaven be mercifu! to me

He kept his resolution faithfully; and till his death, twelve years later, he con-tinued to lead a life of most rigorous pen-ance in the retreat he had chosen.

A TERRIBLE "OUTRAGE."

An affair recently occurred in Carrick-on-Suir which created the greatest dismay and consternation. A box, securely packed and sealed in a mysterious manner, was sent to the sub-inspector of the dis-trict, who at once "smelled a rat," and suspecting the package to contain dynamite or nitro-glycerine, or some other deadly explsoive, he sent for the Resident Magistrate, Capt. Slacke. The box was placed cautiously at a distance, while consultation took place; no one ventured to open it, lest some carefully designed machinery might go off, and annihilate the daring intruder.

After many suggestions the mysterious package was placed in a grass plot at some fifty yards from any house; a platoon of the Royal Irish was told off, armed with sneiders, and the order was given to "fire!" Round after round was fixed as the base of the state of t fired, at d the box remained unscathed.

After uselessly using no less than fifty cartridges of ammunition, for which an account must be rendered to the ammutition department, Capt. Slacke summoned courage to approach the box, while the sub-inspector and party of police stood, hair on end, gazing at the effects of his unparalleled daring. The box yielded to his efforts, but—there was lady's hand

"DEAR SIR,—You have recently been so successful in cricket that your many admirers of my sex have deputed me to present you with the score.

Yours faithfully.

"FANNY." And under this note, reposing in freshly-gathered moss, lay a couple of duck eggs! Imagine the feelings of the "gallant Cap-

The Kingdom of Heaven Suffereth Violence, and the Violent Bear

BY FATHER FABER.

We have often to take serious stops in life, involving this world, involving the other: for instance, as to vocation, and even things short of that: then sometimes comes a cold doubt if we have not got entacked. tangled in some tremendous mistake, and tangled in some tremendous mistake, and so gone the wrong road and have to get tack into the right one. Now take another thought. Saints, like the great St. Anthony, have been made Saints by one word of the Gospels: what if our Lord appeared and spoke to us? He is going to speak to us now: listen to His word. If we are in earnest, all our prayers, however various, must be the prayer of the ever various, must be the prayer of the jailor at Phillippi to Paul and Silas, "Master, what must I do that I may be saved?" Jesus answers.—I. The Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away. I What fulness in the words! what a silence they make in our souls! 2. It is our Lord's one view of salvation. 3. These words were addressed to the crowd, (St. Mathew XL.) not as counsel to the the disciples. 4. I should like to have seen His face, whether He looked the Saviour or the Judge—sorrowful or peremptory when He said this—and heard his tone of voice: He was so persuasive; "Never man spake like this Man." 5. Sometimes our Lord spoke words which might have a great many meanings: Sometimes words which are like sunbeams, single, self explaining, unmistakeable darts of eternal light. These words were such. II. Well! the life you and I are living brethren, is it a life of violence? able darts of eternal light. These words were such. II. Well: the life you and I are living, brethren, is it a life of violence? What violence are we doing to self? its wills, its passions, its cowardices. 2. To the world? its false maxims, its allurements, its human respects. 3 To the flesh? its love of ease, of comfort, of sensuality.

4. To the dor?!? its love of ease, of comfort, of sensuality.

4. To the devil? in temptations, in wearinesses, and (for they are chiefly
his) in unbeliefs. 5. To God? by
prayer, by penance, by the holy
audacity of love. Is violence at all
the right word for our lives! III. But is
there nothing to be said on the other side?

1. We must not attempt too high things
above our grace. True, but—the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the
violent bear it away. 2. We must not wiolent bear it away. 2. We must not attempt too much, but take things in turn. True, but—the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away. 3. It is better not to begin than to begin and leave off. I doubt that: but —it is useless arguing—the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away. 4. We are not saints; true—we are not talking of saints, but of saivations to the bear it away.

—we are not talking of saints, but of saivation—the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away. 5. Slowness is the great thing in grace. Partly true, but not altogether, for—the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away.

This kingdom of heaven—is it a thing I can do without? If I must have it, I mut put up with the terms—the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away. O dearest Brethren, when we think how idle aud how cowardly we are, is it not plain that we cannot when we think how idle and how coward-ly we are, is it not plain that we cannot pray for a better or a safer grace than this —all through life, when we are idling or when we are shrinking, to see by faith the well-known face of Jesus, and to hear His voice, the voice of our dear Judge, one while thrilling through the silence of our solitude, and another while mastering all the clamours of the outward world,

The tree of the Virgin-Mother is situated in the village of Metarich, a few miles distant from Cairo, and in the im-mediate neighborhood of the ancient Heliopolis, whose site is now occupied only by a few scattered ruins and a picturesque monolity over fifty yards high. Near this monolith is the present village of Metarich, a heap of houses in a state of ruin, presenting a most wretched appearance, but surrounded, however, by large and well-cultivated gardens, in the centr of which rises with an imposing appearance the large Tree of the Virgin, an old sycamore under whose shade tradition has it that the Holy Family reposed at the time of their flight into Egypt. This sycamore is very large. Seven men could hardly span the lower part of the trunk. Its age is unknown, but by the many con-centric circles which a section of one of its largest branches, which has been de-tached from the trunk for some years past, presents, we may conclude that it has withstood the storms of many centuries. The late Viceroy of Egypt, at the time of the inauguration of the Suez Canal, pre-sented this sycamors to Fence in accordthe inauguration of the Suez Canai, presented this sycamore to France, in accordance with the desire expressed by the Empress Eugenie, who went to see it. She had it surrounded with an elegant railing, and appointed two guardians to protect it and take care of the lillies and geraniums which the caused to be planted around it. which she caused to be planted around it. This tree is held in great veneration, not only by Christians, but even by the Arabs Natives and foreigners gather its leaves, to which they attribute therapeutic vir

HOW THEY SAVE SINNERS.

According to the New York Sun the Salvation Army in Philadelphia is not making progress in attacking the strongholds of sin. The ungodly go to the meetings, but it is to sooff, and instead of remaining to pray, they continue to scoff. This is very trying to the soldiers of the Salvation Army. When, the other night, the scoffers attacked Comrade Robinson, a colored brother who attempted to preserve order, then forbearance came to an end. Major More, Lieut. Morgan, and Comrade Frank showed that they box yielded to his efforts, but—there was no explosion. On the top lay a delicate pink note upon which was inscribed in a ruined. These things, however, do not discourage the Army, for the next evendiscourage the discourage that the discourage that the discourage fellows there on the bek seats to understand that I ain't going to have to understand that I ain't going to have back." no more fooling around here. We're going to have order, if it breaks m back."
Unfortunately, this course of action, while it shows the pluck of the army, is not apt to convince sinners of the error of their ways, or to awaken the im enitent