

Little Titian's Palette.

By Mary J. Preston.

High up in the vale of Cadore, Encircled by mountains as wild As the wilderness of gloom and of glory...

The snow-covered ridges and ranges, The gorges as dusky as night, The cloud-wracks, the shadows, the changes, All filled him with dreams of delight.

The flush of the summer, the daller White sheen of the winter above, Would move him to ecstasy—color To him was a vision of God.

Enraptured his mother would hold him With legends that never sufficed To tire him out, as she told him Of Mary, the Mother of Christ.

"How blue are her eyes?" he would ask her; "As blue as the harebells, I know? And her cheek?" (It was so, he would ask her.) "Is her cheek like a rose under snow?"

So, stirred with the spell of the story, One day as he wandered alone Deep into the blue of Cadore, Where blossoms by thousands were strewn.

He suddenly cried: "I will paint her! The darling 'Madonna' for, see, These anemone buds are the flowers, Than the tint of her temples must be.

"Who ever saw violets blue? Their stain is the stain of the skies; So, what could be sweeter or truer For tinging the blue of her eyes?"

"This rose—why, the sunsets have fed her, Till she looks like a rose of the South; I never saw one that was redder— Oh? that I will keep for her mouth.

"You bloodroot, as brown as October, Is just what I want for her hair, And the juice of this gentian shall robe her In garments an angel might wear."

Thus the picture was painted. Long after, In Venice, "The Bride of the Sea," When he sat amid feasting and laughter, When guests of the noisiest degree—

When his name, and his fame, and his glory To the height of the highest arose, And Titian, the child of Cadore, Was Titian the Master—who knows

If ever his world-widened powers Were touched with so tender a grace As when, from his palette, he drew, He painted that marvelous face?

PROSELYTISM IN IRELAND.

The Nun of Kenmare has sent the following letter to the editor of the London Tablet:

"Sir—May I be allowed to make a suggestion about Christmas gifts? No doubt there are few readers of your paper who will not wish to present a friend or a near and dear relative with a Christmas gift.

Now, as there is so much and such general distress, I would venture respectfully to suggest that the money which would be so expended should be given in charity for the intention of the friend to whom in happier times the gift would have been given, and that the friend should be presented on Christmas morning with a little picture or a little slip of paper, on which would be written that the gift had been given in charity for his or her intention.

And what greater kindness could we do to our nearest and dearest than to give alms for them, and to make an act of self-sacrifice? I put in this plea quite as much for the Sisters of Mercy at Clifton as for ourselves.

May I venture to add that the Irish poor, in their hour of need, have a very special claim on English Catholics for their patience and firmness under constant proselytism of the worst kind. How many poor Irish men and women will be found at the last day to have been enrolled in the glorious army of Christian confessions. The sufferings of our people from proselytizers in Connamara are well known, but proselytism is not confined to the West. One of the best landlords in the South is one of the greatest proselytizers in Ireland. Comfort, if not affluence, is at the command of any poor girl who chooses to renounce the faith of her fathers. For the following fact I can vouch: A respectable Protestant man of violent temper, but no religion, except that of Popery, was married to a Catholic. She, poor woman, managed to give her girls Catholic instruction, and to let them to Mass. Unhappily she died comparatively young and the father was eventually excited by his Protestant friends to keep the girls from Mass, and 'make Protestants of them.' The eldest girl, who was married to a Catholic, lay his rage could contain itself no longer. He tore the girl's clothes from her, cut them up into pieces, and then took a red hot poker and burned her hand, and to her death she will bear the fearful scar.

"A time will come ere long when the named of Catholic will be the bond of union between those of whatever nationality who will be compelled to stand together to resist the powers of darkness. For the present the world may be too indolent or too indifferent to persecute. But all the history of the Church shows how little confidence is to be placed in these deceitful slms. We know not how soon and how suddenly a tempest may burst over our heads, and compel us to cherish that feeling of fraternal love for each other which the devil does his best to destroy. We are so largely indebted to English friends here that it is not difficult for us to instill kindly feelings here amongst those with whom we have to do, and we feel it to be a sacred duty to encourage and foster such feelings in every way.

"With regard to the distress here I will only add one word. Our people are no beggars, they would rather court their distress than proclaim it; but cases come before us constantly which could scarcely be credited. Last night a poor but respectable man came to ask help. The sister who went to see him came in crying. She said, 'He looked as if he could have eaten the candle in my hand.'"

"With grateful thanks, and praying God to bless and regard the benefactors of our poor,

"SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE, "The Convent, Kenmare, County Clare."

THOSE AWFUL JESUITS!

Jesuits have found their way to the Island of Madagascar, and are at their old tricks, stirring up strife, flooding Protestant teachers, interrupting Sabbath worship, causing great excitement among the people. This they do under the plea of claiming valuable property as granted to them. What a relentless, vindictive disposition that order has always shown, whenever it had the power. We are not sure that Froude is far wrong when he

pointed out the dangers from Catholicism in this country.—Central Dispatch.

Why does not our neighbor lay his grievance before our government? It is a case which clearly calls for national interference. Our government should be stronger than the Jesuits.—Watchman.

REGRETTABLE IGNORANCE.

There is an almost incredible degree of ignorance existing among our non-Catholic citizens, respecting the claims and doctrines of the Catholic Church. There are hundreds of thousands of respectable and otherwise fairly-educated families in this country, who know absolutely nothing of the real character of the Catholic Church. Hundreds of thousands of pure-minded American women and of otherwise intelligent American men believe that we worship images, pay our priests for absolving us from our sins, buy indulgences to commit sin, and are the willing tools of a certain, or uncertain, conspiracy which has for its object the overthrow of our Republican institutions and the enthronement of the Pope in the White House. These delusions are far more common in the rural districts than they are in the large cities, but they exist to no small extent even in the metropolis. A very learned and eminent English Catholic once said to the writer of these lines that he believed that if every English man and woman clearly understood what the Catholic Church was and what it taught, all England would in six months become as Catholic as it was in the centuries before Henry VIII. and Elizabeth drove the people from the faith. So we believe it to be here. The Americans, as a rule, are a religious people. Avowed infidelity has made very little progress here, although no legal obstacles stood in the way of its dissemination, and the vagaries of the Protestant sects apparently prepared the way for its spread. But the ordinary American has a strong religious tendency, he has a respect for religion, and a wish—often expressed, or expressed with awkward diffidence—to lead a religious life. It is only the ignorance which prevails concerning Catholic truth which prevents many of these people from seeking admission to the Catholic Church. How can this ignorance be dispelled? Best of all, no doubt, would be the adoption of means which would induce them to go to Catholic churches, to hear Catholic sermons, and to read Catholic books. But ignorant prejudices have to be removed or shaken ere these means will be accepted, and probably the most effectual engine for the dispersion of sincere but ignorant prejudices against the Church is a good Catholic newspaper. All Americans who can read at all read newspapers. Let them be induced to read Catholic newspapers. "Here a little; there a little; newspaper line; precept upon precept. No one can tell how great results might flow from such causes. An error of fact exposed; a slander refuted; a clear and simple definition of what this or that feast commemorates—all these, and a thousand other things possible in the columns of a paper, might and would be the means, with God's blessing, of saving many a soul from death. How many of our Catholic readers are acquainted with some good non-Catholic man or woman, whose education or lack of education has led them into heresy, but who, if they knew the truth, would gladly embrace it? If such men and women were to read a good Catholic newspaper for a year, it might often be the first step towards the opening of their minds to the truth and their happy conversion.—Booklyn Review.

Lord William Beresford's fight with Zulu.

In most complimentary terms the lecturer spoke of Gen. Wood and Col. Royleys Buller, the latter of whom, he said, never indulged in any camp familiarities; and he continued: Beresford is the kind of fellow whom every one learns to call "Bill"; not so with Buller. Beresford was a man of a certain, or uncertain, occasion when the stiffness thawed. On the day of a reconnaissance beyond Ulundi, Beresford engaged a stalwart Zulu in single combat. The fight between the assegai and the sword terminated in favor of the latter, and Bill rode back, wiping the good steel that had pierced the savage from chest to spine. Buller, for once, flushed out with "Well done, Bill," and the moment after gave the terse order, "Beresford, get the men in hand."

VISIT TO THE DISASTROUS FIELD OF ISANDLWANA.

Describing the visit, on May 21, to the battlefield at Isandlwana, the lecturer said: In a precipitous ravine, at the base of the slope stretching down from the crest on which stood the abandoned wagons, dead men lay thick; some bones, with tattered, discolored skin like leather covering them, and clinging tight, the flesh all wasted away. Some were almost wholly dismembered, heaps of clammy yellow bones. I forbear to describe the faces, with their blackened features and heads blackened by rain and sun. The clothes had lasted better than the poor bodies they covered, and helped to keep the skeletons together. All the way up the slope I traced by the gaily taken of dead men the pitiful line of fight. It was like a long string with knots in it—the string formed of single corpses, the knots of clusters of dead men where, as it seemed, little parties might have gathered to make a hopeless, gallant stand, and die. Still following the trail of bodies through long rank grass and amid stones, I approached the crest. Here the slaughtered dead lay very thick; so that the string became a broad belt. On the crest itself, among the wagons, the dead were less thick; but the slope beyond on which from the crest we looked down, the scene was more full of desolation than anything I have ever gazed on. There was none of the stark, blood-curdling horror of the recent battle-field—no pools of yet wet blood, no raw gaping wounds, no torn red flesh, that seems yet quivering—nothing of all that makes the scene of yesterday's battle so rampantly ghastly shocked the senses. 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