

of freedom in their... the politeness to... for Mr. Lowell... the gentleman who... for the Aryan... a Governor, a red... of the Aryan... desparately divided... among all orphans... Since no man... ther, though there... for the coun... for the Aryan... use a circular con... of Governors, etc... Arnold, and some... might be offered... of the regu... American citizen... sioners, officers... and blankets were... Washington's army... a crest, if we want... might esteem it... from. But, be... we are sure that... America would per... with the beautiful... which distinguishes... us wrath has been... in Order of America... as much as another... only loved a lord... myself for doing so... sense Americans, too... making of money... rage against... like the tailors of... an aristocracy for... not harm any one... a Peonahon or a... if we want... a crest, if we want... against it. The man... usually looks up his... he picks out the... merican will be fool... ordinary ancestor... to buy a gallery of... Rubens hats and Van... the New Englander... in peace, the Virgin... Colonial Governors,"... than coronets... Norman blood."... over in the steer... and their panegyric... of the Faith... hearts, honest ways... first—then follow... fix on any ancestor... your crest, and... others. The country... the "Argus-eyed"... it an indication of...

For The Pilot. The Unhappy One.

By JOHN BOYLE O'NEILL.

"He is false to the heart," she said, sternly
then; "as an intruder, he promises fair as a tree in blossom, and then
He promises fair as a tree in blossom, and then
The fruit is rotten ere ripe. Tears, prayers
and youth,
All withered and wasted, and still—I love
this falsest of men!"

Comfort! There is no comfort when the
soul sees pain like a sun;
It is better to stare at the blinding truth; if
it blind, one woe is done,
We cling to a coward hope when hope has
the seed of the pain;
If we tear out the roots of the grief, it will
never torment again,
Ay, even if part of our life is lost, and the
dear dead nerves
That carry all joy to the heart are wounded
or killed by the knife;
When a gangrene takes in the bone, it is
only half-death that serves;
And a life with a careless pain is only half a
life.

But why unhealed must the spirit endure?
There are drugs for the body's dole;
Have we wholly lived for the lower life? Is
there never a balm for the soul?
O, Night, cry out for the healer of woe, for
the priest-physician cry,
With the pouring oil for the bleeding grief,
For the lives that may not die!

"He is false to the heart!" she moaned, "and
I love him and cannot hate!"
Then bitterly, "Why have I done,
my God for such a fate?"

"Poor heart!" said the Teachers; "for thee
and thy sorrow the daily parables
speak."
Thy grief, that is dark illumines for a sign
that was dim and weak.
In the heart of my garden I planted a tree—I
had chosen the noblest and best,
It was sheltered and tended, and hope reach-
ed out for the future; but now, and I looked
on a spreading tree,
All gloried in its promise to me;
I smiled to gaze on its blossoms that fell,
I lingered to watch its color and shape—
I knew I had chosen the noblest and best,
And I smiled to gaze on its blossoms that fell,
But the joy was faded, though the lip
had smiled, and the eye
had shed, and the heart
had died.

The heart of the petals was withered to dust,
Then, for the first time, I trusted again;
For who will stand if God should frown on
the two-fold faith?
Unloving I tended, with care increased, but
never a soul smile;
For duty is love that is kept
from the grave for awhile.

The third year came with the sweet young
leaves; I could not fear or doubt.
But the petals smiled at the sun and shed—
and the heart of the petals
"This corpse," I cried, "that has wasted
the earth, let it hence to the cemetery."
That moment of wrath beamed its death,
while to me was a life-true sorrow;
The strange young truth, that I met
And read the pitiful secret the noble
sprung from the heart of the pit, in its softest
young, it had bared its breast;
The heart of the petals was withered to dust,
Then, for the first time, I trusted again;
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Unloving I tended, with care increased, but
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Archbishop Gibbon's "Faith of Our Fathers."

LETTER FROM A PROTESTANT TO ONE WHO IS NOW HAPPILY A CONVERT TO THE ONLY TRUE RELIGION—VIEWS THAT WERE MODIFIED BY KNOWLEDGE.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—When I visited you last summer, we had several conversations about our respective churches, and I expressed myself quite freely, showing my indignation at your leaving the Protestant Episcopal Church, to join the Roman Catholic, and my wonder that a man of your intelligence could so far forget himself. The longer I stayed with you, the more convinced I became of your sincerity, and I observed a calm contentment about you I had never observed before, which induced me to listen more attentively to all your explanations about your new faith; and as, upon leaving you, you requested me to reflect upon the various subjects spoken of, at my leisure, after return home, and to report to you what, if any, of my prejudices were removed, I will now comply with your request, enumerating certain points, just as they come to my mind, on which my views are considerably changed.

PERGURATORY.

I cannot say I believe, neither do I disbelieve, there is such a place—perhaps I am more inclined to the former than I am to the latter, for it has often occurred to my mind that very few, if any, are prepared, immediately after death, to go to heaven, since nothing but what is pure can enter there—that being so, according to the teaching of my church, the only alternative is hell. The more I reflect upon this subject, the greater is my desire to believe in such a place. What a sweet consolation it must be to those having full faith in this.

IMAGES AND PICTURES.

Right glad am I that you have entirely disabused my mind of the erroneous ideas instilled into me in my youth as to your idolatry, in worshipping images and pictures. How I could ever have looked so often, and with such tender feeling, upon the portrait of my own dear deceased mother, and as I remembered her virtues, the love she had for all that was good and noble, thus warming my resolutions to imitate her good works, and then accuse you of idolatry, because you prayed before images and pictures of the Saints, is to me unaccountable. How great must have been my prejudice.

CONFESSION.

I cannot say I believe that confession is absolutely necessary, as your Church teaches. My own Church authorities, in the "Visitation of the Sick," the hearing of confession and gives absolution. In fact, upon referring to my Prayer Book I find that after the first prayer, both in morning and evening services, the whole congregation kneeling, make a general confession of all sins collectively, when the minister rising, gives absolution to all who are penitent. I acknowledge it requires much greater humility to confess each sin separately to a priest, and I cannot conceive how you ever brought yourself to it—however, this is your business, and I must say I see no reason why we should condemn you, when we really do almost everything that is only perceptibly different being that what is optional with us is imperative with you—what you do separately we do collectively or singly, as we may elect. I will add one word more—something that appears to me very remarkable. Although there seems nothing too bad for those priests to say who have left your Church, I have never revealed anything said to him by a convert.

INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE.

I cannot bring myself to believe in that—but as you say, every institution must have a head or final place of appeal, I have been thinking who, or what is the head of my Church. When in England, I acknowledged the ruling monarch as such; now that I am in the United States, I profess to belong to the same Church as Queen Victoria as the head—besides I have always objected to the power the Pope has over you Catholics, and which he might use, if your body was larger, to undermine this or any other government—and why might not the same objection be applied to her, under similar circumstances, presuming us to be equally obedient to all that is possible. If she is not the head, the question arises, who is? If it be our Bishops collectively, they have never proved their power, or we would not have so many differences in our Church. This matter puzzles me.

CREED.

Our creed is the same as yours, in which we say, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," as you do, but we certainly do not mean your Church. Our Church is in every part of the world as well as yours, and if our numbers are not so great at present as yours, it is none the less Catholic or universal, and the fact that when a person inquires for a Catholic Church, he would seldom or never be directed to ours, does not make it less so. I can't give way to you in that; if I did, I should be compelled to extend my belief on other points, which I am not prepared to do.

PERSECUTIONS.

Without going back to early days of Christianity, or even so far as the Reformation, I can, even in my own lifetime, see an appreciation of the darkness in which Protestants are shrouded, as those who have been in a like position. Very many of them are perfectly sincere in what they do, but from infancy up they have been taught, if not to hate the Church, at least to have a dread of all that appertains to it, and as their self-constituted instructors, blind as themselves, are unable to help them out of their dilemma, there seems but little hope for them except by the prayers and good examples of Catholics. If the latter would speak up to their duties, Protestantism would soon be extinguished.

Pardon me, my good Sir, for taking up so much of your time, but the subject is so dear to me that a safety valve is sometimes absolutely necessary.

Respectfully,
T. O.

[Our correspondent sends us the following copy of a letter addressed to a convert by a gentleman, still outside the Church. We recommend to the writer, and to all sincere inquirers similarly misinformed, two little books that will greatly aid them. These are Bishop J. P. Ryan's "What Catholics Do Not Believe," and

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

A Philosopher Gives our Readers the Benefit of his Musings.

We said that we would come back from pagan lands to Christian realms to find—what? Christ's glory throned? His law—the supreme law? His teachings holding sovereign sway? His name held by all in adoration? Himself loved by all? His Bride, the Church, honored as virgins are honored, and revered as the spiritual Mother of men? His representatives and his guardians winning the obedience and loyalty of all Christian hearts? The peace of Faith in the tranquility of hope? and the sacred thrill of love? Governments that crown Christ with the diadem of deathless devotion? Rulers that reign in His name? Peoples whose every hour is an homage to God? Laws that are in harmony with the will of Christ? Sciences and arts that wear the benediction of His hand? And all the world His worshipper? Alas!—

Germany, England, Sweden, Switzerland, lost their vocation more than three hundred years ago. Since then they have hated, somewhat as Satan hates Christ, the Church, who is the only Bride of Christ. They broke the bonds of spiritual wedlock. They divorced themselves from the human race, and since then they have been convicted adulterers by the strict laws of pure faith; and the children born of them bear the brand of illegitimacy in the true Christian order, and suffer for it all these priceless privileges which pertain to the Kingdom of Christ here below, until the stigma has been removed by the grace of God and the hand of His Holy Church.

For more than three centuries, often by brute force, more often by sophism, and always by social scorn and unjust laws, these kingdoms of lost vocation and illegitimacy to the vows of Faith have persecuted the truly faithful and waged war against the Kingdom of Christ.

They left the Church and took the Bible, which very soon suffered mutilation of more texts. We kept the Church as it was and the Bible as it ought to be. They created churches, thereby arrogating unto themselves a right and power which long to God alone; and their man-made churches were of clay, with shifting sands for foundation; and of course, as should be, they fell into ruin to be replaced by other structures of like kind and of like doom.

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THE FIRST MASS IN AMERICA.

Columbus, in his life, beautifully illustrated the faith he professed. Catholic not only in name, but in the fervor of his practice, he sought in every action the greater glory of God and the interest of religion. Having at length, after years of disappointment and delay, obtained the sanction of the Spanish Government to his undertaking, he hastened to prepare the benediction of the Sovereign Pontiff upon his voyage, and made Heaven the object of his enterprise; and when it pleased a benign Providence to crown his efforts with success, his first thoughts were to return his grateful acknowledgments to Him who had preserved him amid the innumerable dangers to which he had been exposed.

Among the companions of Columbus there were not a few of those who were actuated by motives of interest or fame; the high-spirited cavalier bound on a romantic enterprise; the roving adventurer seeking novelty and excitement;—but the Church, which had blessed the undertaking, sought in the enterprise a higher and nobler end. Beside the robust and hardy mariner stood the meek and zealous missionary, whose sole ambition was to extend the domain of religion, and to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the inhabitants of the regions that might be explored.

As the last act of the pious navigator before leaving the port of Palos, in Spain, was to invoke the blessing of Heaven upon his expedition, his first act on setting foot upon the New World was an offering of thanksgiving to God, who had conducted his voyage to so happy an issue. Falling to the ground, which he had so long and so anxiously looked for, he kissed it with tears of joy, and raising his eyes and hands to heaven, devoutly beautiful prayer began, *Domine Deus, aeternus pater omnipotens*, which was subsequently repeated by all Catholic discoverers. His example was followed by his companions, who, in the fervor of their hearts, thanked Heaven for their preservation, and moistened the earth with their tears.

The August Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time on the shores of America by Father Juan Perez, who accompanied Columbus in his second voyage to the New World. Selecting an elevated spot, an altar was erected beneath a rude canopy, and here, for the first time on this vast Continent, the priest of the Most High repeated the mystic words of consecration, and broke the Bread of Life. There, amidst the beauties of nature, was laid the foundation of Catholicity in the Western World. Around this solitary altar, and at this first Sacrifice, Columbus and his mariners knelt in humble adoration, and poured forth their most fervent prayers. At a distance, grouped upon the ground, the rude natives gazed upon the scene in mute astonishment. At the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice, the benediction of God turned to the venerable Columbus and his companions, who knelt before him. How solemn must have been that hour! how pleasing to the heart of the great navigator, who sought in all his enterprises rather the conversion of the heathen, and the extension of religion, than honors or wealth! How would it please heaven to impart a similar pleasure have been increased could he have foreseen the vast empire to which his discoveries were destined to give rise—an empire in which, in after times, the Holy Sacrifice at which he had assisted would be offered, not on one, but on ten thousand altars; when his hundred followers would be multiplied into millions of true adorers of Jesus Christ!

Columbus had the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated in all the prominent places he discovered. At Havana, on the original chapel still exists on the spot where the astonished natives witnessed the grand and imposing ceremony,—where for the first time that sacred Name at which every knee should bend was proclaimed. At Isabella, in Hayti, the ruins of the first church still remain.

Your Truly, THOMAS J. METHVIN.

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pilllets"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

*"Evil dispositions are early shown." Evil tendency in our systems are to be watched and guarded against. If you find yourself getting bilious, head heavy, mouth foul, eyes yellow, kidneys disordered, symptoms of piles tormenting you, take at once a few doses of Kidney-Wort. It is nature's great assistant. Use it as an advance guard—don't wait to get down sick. Head aches.

Diamond Dyes will color any thing any color, and never fail. The easiest and best way to economize. 10 cents at all druggists.

Fortunately valvular disease of the heart is not very common, its disturbed action may be due to indigestion, liver irregularities, &c. A stomach disturbed with wind or indigestible food will cause pain and fluttering by crowding on the nerves of the heart. Barlock Blood Purifier will speedily remedy all such difficulties.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN.

Address of Rt. Rev. J. J. Keane, D. D., Bishop of Richmond, Va.

The Right Rev. President of the National Union of the Societies of Catholic Young Men has issued an address to the Union, from which we extract the following important points:

Address of the Rt. Rev. President to the Societies of the Catholic Young Men's National Union.

The office of President of the Union, which your eighth annual convention has imposed on me for one year more, makes it my duty to address to you some words of counsel in regard to the aims and the work now before us.

The first work to which I must invite your earnest attention is the circulation of the address to Catholic young men, and the pamphlet entitled "Catholic Grievances in Relation to the Administration of Indian Affairs," which the convention ordered to be printed.

The present Indian policy is so flagrant an injustice, and its foundations are therefore so insecure, that nothing ought to be needed for its overthrow, save to bring the true state of the case clearly and convincingly before the minds of our legislators and of the people at large. A very long step towards that most desirable end is the brief yet exhaustive pamphlet of Major Moller, the Carroll Institute, Washington, D. C., a man thoroughly and practically acquainted with the details of the case, and well able to put it in telling shape. The publication of his pamphlet is a noble work accomplished by the Union, and its circulation now becomes an important duty. Every member of the Union who desires to be conversant with a matter of great religious and national importance, ought to read carefully this statement of Catholic grievances and governmental blundering, and then should labor to bring this information within the reach of all who ought to know it.

You will not, I trust, lose sight of the warning uttered by the convention concerning the dangers which your youth are exposed from the theatres and sensational popular publications. Use all your influence to suppress such evils in your localities, or to save young men from their contamination. Labor especially to make your reading-rooms, your literary exercises and your public entertainments, a powerful counter-action. Make them so interesting that they will draw so pure that they will chasten, so refining and elevating in matter and style that they will be a real school of genuine Christian culture.

In all things bear in mind the noble ideal placed before you by our Holy Father, Leo XIII, in the Encyclical which gave direction to almost the entire current of thought in our last convention. He appeals to our Catholic associations, and especially to the associations of Catholic young men, to be a bulwark against the evil tendencies and influences that would sweep our generation into the abyss of illegitimacy, immorality and contempt for all legitimate authority.

Be a bulwark then against the tendency to *unbelief*. Love your faith; glory in your faith; make your faith the animating principle of all your life and work as societies. While you are not called upon to go outside of your own sphere and flaunt your religion in the faces of those who differ from us, yet within your own sphere it is your duty to be thoroughly and heartily and outspokenly Catholic. Logical thinkers acknowledge that between the Catholic faith and the unbiblical tenets of the modern world, there is a wide and unbridgeable gulf. Therefore, let the Catholic faith be naturally and unfeignedly, but steadily and undeviatingly, the mental atmosphere of your societies.

Be a bulwark too against the tendency to immorality, which goes hand in hand with the tendency to loss of faith. Faith is a salutary restraint on the unruly passions of the human heart. He, therefore, who loses faith, naturally loses the restraint upon his passions; and, conversely, he who seeks to fling off the faith which restrains them. Guard the faith, therefore, that morals may be pure; and guard purity of morals, that the lustre of faith may not be dimmed.

And be equally a bulwark against that tendency to contempt of authority, which, whether on a great or a small scale, seems everywhere endeavoring to lay the foundations of all social organization, whether civil or ecclesiastical. In the true Catholic there must be no servility, but there must equally be no lawlessness. Legitimate authority, whether in church or in State, has God's authority for its sanction. As true Catholics, therefore, in all your works and acts, the most dutiful children of the Church. And in all your dealings, especially with the ecclesiastical authority immediately above you, aim at being the chief comfort of your pastors and the most docile to their guidance and holy instructions, and their right arm in all their good works.

All the advice I give you with a heart full of the deepest affection and the warmest solicitude for your welfare, and in the conviction that the pathway pointed out by the Supreme Pastor of the Church is the only one that can ensure the stability and the usefulness which you desire. Reflect upon them earnestly, and them energetically into practice, and they will assuredly make our societies of Catholic young men a blessing to humanity and a glory to the Church.

Your sincere friend in Christ,
JOHN J. KEANE,
President.

Richmond, November 7, 1882.

"Beane Sound and Well."

HATCHER'S STATION, Ga., March 27, 1876.
R. V. PIERCE, M. D.: Dear Sir—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, and had been told that she would never be cured, and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good.

Little by Little.

The constant dripping of water will wear away even the hardest stone. So the constant irritation of a cough will wear upon the lungs as to induce incurable Consumption. Hagar's Pectoral Balsam will cure the worst cough, speedily and effectually.

THE INCIDENT.

ran away from the... He was strong and made his way across pursued. He arrived at a cottage in an effort to get something... while he reposed a... of the latest distress. Four... in the corner, weeping and tearing her... the galley-slave asked... and the father re... that morning to be... because they could... to despair," said... wife and my children... and I without... to his tale with... and said:
the means. I have... the prisoners. Whoever... ed prisoner is entitled... How much... to?"
answered the father.
"I will put you to... I will recognize me... try frames for bringing... claimed the astonished... ren should die a thou... I would do so base a... insisted, and declared... and give himself up if... consent to take him,
the latter yielded,
server by the arm, led... to the mayor's office... surprised to see that a... father had been able to... long young fellow; but... re them.
were paid and the pris... condemned the young... that he had... half his term, ordered... Correspondents,
my inquiries from... mentioned the wonderful... Remedy... mentioned in our last... inform them that the... obtained from our retail... their aid. Ask for St... the dealer does not keep... be able to procure it... be wholesale houses. We... is existing an immense... remedy, which is not so... when it is considered what... fishing in the way of re... in some instances, and... s. Oscoda, Mich., writes:
"Thomas' Electric Oil on... it diseases, and found it... recommended. It has... every time used.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER CURED OF CONSUMPTION.

When death was hourly expected all remedies having failed and Dr. H. J. WILKES was experimenting with the many herbs of California, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of CONSUMPTION, which she now in this country enjoying the best of health. He has proved that the worst case of this disease can be cured positively and permanently by his medicine. The doctor now gives this recipe free, only asking two three-cent stamps to pay expenses. The great price is \$1.00. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1882 Race St., Philadelphia, naming this paper.

CONVERTS TO YOUR CHURCH.

Hateful as it is to us to see them go from our midst, still so far as my observation extends, I must confess that, unlike those who have come over to us, with rare exceptions, I observe that they show an earnestness in their new faith far exceeding what they had before, and proceed themselves good citizens in every respect.

MATRIMONY.

Whether it be a sacrament or not, I must confess I prefer the way your Church manages these matters to ours. We are not so liberal, and there is a great element of solemnity, in many instances, in our proceedings, and the facility of obtaining divorces is entirely too great—in fact, it is a disgrace to our religion and our country, the loose way these things are permitted to be done.

PRIESTS.

As a body, I acknowledge them to be highly educated, hard-working, self-sacrificing men, and indefatigable in their duties. No contagious diseases or sickness of any kind deters them. They are ever to be found where there is the greatest poverty—in fact, the poorest and the most depraved have their particular care. They never desert their flocks in time of epidemic or danger, and with all their hard work they do not require such long summer vacations. Our ministers can learn much from them.

VIRGIN MARY.

You have not yet convinced me of the utility of such extraordinary devotion to her, still I do not see why it should be so obnoxious to us. It seems certainly harmless, since you only ask her to intercede for you. Saying the "Hail Mary" is always supposed to be only for those who could not pray, but now you have convinced me that all Catholics, even the most intelligent, from the Pope down, use them, what should we have to say against it?

INSTITUTIONS.

You refer me to your institutions. It has often been a matter of wonder to me how people so poor as the bulk of the Catholics are, can not only build such fine churches, but also build and support so many and magnificent charitable institutions. It certainly shows the splendid organization of your Church, and the power it has over its people.

Now, my dear friend, after revising what I have written above, in which I acknowledge the removal of so many false impressions, the question of what, have been thus raised. From my early childhood, even from my own dear parents, that I have ever looked upon as models for all Christians, I have imbibed these fancies (as they are called) that I have never had taught orally, and all our ministers (of Christians generally, the Catholics were barely permitted to come under this head, were tolerated less than shown). The signal word, "Danger," as is now to warn people of unsound ideas, was ever before me, when a Catholic paper or book came in my way. You have made that signal word still more prominent, and although I do not believe I can ever become a Catholic, still since I have become so greatly dejected, I have been many points may I not have been equally deceived in all? Common honesty requires me to investigate further, and I will do it. When we find one in whom we have had implicit confidence has deceived us, unintentionally, in one thing, are we not privileged to doubt him in others, not that even if I should by any means be a former instructor of ever having truthfully deceived me, any more than I have doubtless assisted in deceiving others?

With many thanks for your kind interest in my welfare, etc., etc.

The question of Shakespeare's religion does not seem to have been at rest by a Protestant recently conducted in the pages of a Catholic contemporary. Those who claim that "the bard of Avon" was a member of the old Faith, and they are not few, will be glad to know that a painting American author, Mr. George Wilkes, who, though a Protestant, writes with intelligence and sympathy on Catholic matters, takes the same view. The author maintains that several members of the poet's family, including his father, John Shakespeare, and his mother, were Catholics, and proves his point by documentary evidence still in existence. He holds that throughout Shakespeare's works the Catholic religion is treated with great respect, and Protestantism frequently and even wantonly derided. "The great poet moreover exhibits everywhere a perfect acquaintance with Catholic doctrine and ritual. His priests and monks, unlike those introduced into the works of his contemporaries, are not burlesqued, and even Wolsley comes in for a share of praise, notwithstanding his unchristian character."—Liverpool Catholic Times.

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As a body, I acknowledge them to be highly educated, hard-working, self-sacrificing men, and indefatigable in their duties. No contagious diseases or sickness of any kind deters them. They are ever to be found where there is the greatest poverty—in fact, the poorest and the most depraved have their particular care. They never desert their flocks in time of epidemic or danger, and with all their hard work they do not require such long summer vacations. Our ministers can learn much from them.

VIRGIN MARY.

You have not yet convinced me of the utility of such extraordinary devotion to her, still I do not see why it should be so obnoxious to us. It seems certainly harmless, since you only ask her to intercede for you. Saying the "Hail Mary" is always supposed to be only for those who could not pray, but now you have convinced me that all Catholics, even the most intelligent, from the Pope down, use them, what should we have to say against it?

INSTITUTIONS.

You refer me to your institutions. It has often been a matter of wonder to me how people so poor as the bulk of the Catholics are, can not only build such fine churches, but also build and support so many and magnificent charitable institutions. It certainly shows the splendid organization of your Church, and the power it has over its people.

Now, my dear friend, after revising what I have written above, in which I acknowledge the removal of so many false impressions, the question of what, have been thus raised. From my early childhood, even from my own dear parents, that I have ever looked upon as models for all Christians, I have imbibed these fancies (as they are called) that I have never had taught orally, and all our ministers (of Christians generally, the Catholics were barely permitted to come under this head, were tolerated less than shown). The signal word, "Danger," as is now to warn people of unsound ideas, was ever before me, when a Catholic paper or book came in my way. You have made that signal word still more prominent, and although I do not believe I can ever become a Catholic, still since I have become so greatly dejected, I have been many points may I not have been equally deceived in all? Common honesty requires me to investigate further, and I will do it. When we find one in whom we have had implicit confidence has deceived us, unintentionally, in one thing, are we not privileged to doubt him in others, not that even if I should by any means be a former instructor of ever having truthfully deceived me, any more than I have doubtless assisted in deceiving others?

With many thanks for your kind interest in my welfare, etc., etc.

CONVERTS TO YOUR CHURCH.

Hateful as it is to us to see them go from our midst, still so far as my observation extends, I must confess that, unlike those who have come over to us, with rare exceptions, I observe that they show an earnestness in their new faith far exceeding what they had before, and proceed themselves good citizens in every respect.

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THE MISAPPREHENSIONS WHICH KEEP PROTESTANTS OUT OF THE CHURCH—MANY OF THEM SINCERE BUT UNINFORMED—SOME POINTS ON WHICH THEY MIGHT READILY BE DISILLUSIONED.

To the Editor of The Catholic Review.

It is barely seven years since I became a Catholic. God, in His goodness, has given me a great thirst to help others who are groping in the darkness in which I floundered for over fifty years. As a poor layman, my field is very limited, and I continually pray it may be enlarged. In the meantime, in my eager desire for opportunities, there is danger at my grasping too much.

Judging from my own experience, if we can only remove one or more of the many prejudices from a Protestant friend against the Church, we to a certain extent undermine his own faith, for he sees by so much he has been misinformed by those from whom he received his religious instruction; when naturally, if he has any sincerity in him, he will investigate the light thus given him, and investigate further.

Argument is seldom or ever effective unless there is a desire for light. If you, submit to a Protestant book of instruction, he immediately places himself on the defensive, and the pride of antagonism will prevent all light coming to him—the same when any priest may approach him. To effect a lodgment, however small, is therefore very important, and that is frequently done by the most simple means, and a layman can often accomplish what his superior might fail to do.

Those who have been brought up from youth in the Church, have not, I believe, so great an appreciation of the darkness in which Protestants are shrouded, as those who have been in a like position. Very many of them are perfectly sincere in what they do, but from infancy up they have been taught, if not to hate the Church, at least to have a dread of all that appertains to it, and as their self-constituted instructors, blind as themselves, are unable to help them out of their dilemma, there seems but little hope for them except by the prayers and good examples of Catholics. If the latter would speak up to their duties, Protestantism would soon be extinguished.

Pardon me, my good Sir, for taking up so much of your time, but the subject is so dear to me that a safety valve is sometimes absolutely necessary.

Respectfully,
T. O.

[Our correspondent sends us the following copy of a letter addressed to a convert by a gentleman, still outside the Church. We recommend to the writer, and to all sincere inquirers similarly misinformed, two little books that will greatly aid them. These are Bishop J. P. Ryan's "What Catholics Do Not Believe," and

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