Death of Napoleon at St. Helena.

"The 5th of May, 1821, came amid wind and ain. Napoleou's passing spirit was delirusly engaged in a strife more terrible thar he, elements around him. The words tett cames (head of the army), the last which scaped from his lips, intimated that houghts were watching the current of seavy fight. About eleven minutes before ix in the evening Napoleon expired."

Wild was the night—yet a wilder night Hung round the soldier's pillow; In his bosom there waged a flercer fight Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by— The few that his stern heart cherished; They knew by his giszed and uncarthly That life had nearly perished.

They knew by his awful and kingly look, By the order hastily spoken, That he dreamed of days when the nation And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword And triumphed the Frenchman's 'eagle," And the struggling Austrian fied anew, Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian be scourged again, The Prussian's camp was routed, And, agaio, on toe ntils of naughty Spain His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows, At the pyramids, at the mountain, Where the wave of the lordy Danube flows, And by the Italian fountain.

On the snowy cliffs, where mountain streams
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led, again, in his dying dreams,
His hosts, the broad earth queiling.

Again, Marengo's field was won, And Iena's bloody battle.

He died at the close of that darksome day, A day that snall live in story; In the rocky land they placed his clay, "And low him alone with his glory."

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XLI. TIGHE'S EFFORTS TO AID CAPPAIN DEN-NIER'S COURTSHIP.

It wanted but a week of Carroll's trial, the interest and excitement which had centered about those recently tried for participation in the attack on the barracks participation in the attack on the barracks was not yet allayed; it received fresh and startling impetus from the youth and meputation of Carroll O'Donoghue—stories were told of his darling, his wonderful escape from Australia, the loss of his ancient home, which could hardly fall to attract and interest the most indifferent hearts. His name was on every tongue, and more than one fair maid was anxious to obtain a sight of the brave, handsome young prisoner. Even Nora was forced to hear the gossip about him; in the very shop to which she carried her work men were discussing the probability of his speedy execution. She drow her vell tighter, and clasped her hands on her side under her cloak, to quiet a sulden pain; and all the way home burning tears red her vision, and unhappy thoughts made her brain ache. When Rick came in that night she assailed him with questions about the approaching trial, striving to speak with unusual vivacity in hide her horrible anxiety. He

"Will you take me to the court when the trial begins?" she asked, her voice frembling a little; "we can stay in some retired part, and I shall be so heavily fled that no one will recognize me."
"Yes," responded Rick, looking at her

sharply, but not suffering his countenance to show the thoughts which that look engandered; "we can go where much motice will not be taken of us."

About the same time, in a different part

of the town. Captain Dennier had startled his valet by saying: "Tighe, I am think ing of a journey to Dhrommacohol—can guide me to the home of Miss

Tighe's face became immediately aglow, and his eyes danced with delight. and his eyes danced with delight. "Faith, yer honor, you couldn't give me a task more to me moind! Pit be proud an happy to show you the way."

"Very well, then, we'll take the morn-

another shpell o' sickness!" and the look of distress which accompanied the observation was most ludicrous.

"Oh, bring him by all means!" laughed
the captain; and Tighe, relieved, left the
moom to impart to Shaun at his first ortunity his opinion of Captain Dan of the special part of the

love that's takin' him; he's as lost a man wid regard to his heart as there's in Tealee, s there's in the whole o' Ireland thi day; he's as far gone as that poor omadhaun Garfield was! How an' iver, as I said Garfield was! afore, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, an' the wind that's blowin' him to Miss O'Donoghue will blow me to Moira an' faith it'll blow Corny O Toole's letther to me mother !

And laughing softly as he imagined what might be the ridiculous contents of tle, he begun to busy himself with preparations for the journey.

admitted them, and the presence of the military etranger awing her somewhat, prevented the scream of delight with which she would have greeted Tighe. She ushored the officer into the parlor, saying imminent dashe would summon Miss O'Donoghue, your means." and with one of her pretty, haive courte-cies withdrew. Tighe was waiting for her

Tell Miss O'Donoghue," he said, catching both of Moira's not unwilling hands close within his own, "that I'd lolke to see her first. I have somethin' to say privately

Why, Tighe, what can you have to say

the same harrowin' shtate as mesel' an' are crushed nat do you mean, Mr. Carmody ?"

and Moira gave her pretty hoad a toss.

"Mr. Carmody!" repeated Tighe, with Indicrous amazement; "is that the ex- excitement. He watched her a moment she bestowed upon it was turned edy.

prission o' yer sintimints for me now? well, mebbe I had no roight to say you were in the same shtate as mesel'. Faith were in the same share as meser. Faith there's no trust in wimen these tolmes—if you have thim one day, you're not sure o' thim the nixt, an' I wouldn't be surprised, Moira, if yer head was runnin' this minit on the fiathery that some omaditum's hear girl' you."

dhaun's been givin' you."

Moira drew herself up. "And why shouldn't I, Mr. Carmody, receive some-body else's attentions—they tell of your doings in the town—your racing, and your

doings in the town—your racing, and your sporting, and—"
"Och, Moira darlin', is it that that's throublin' you? Faith, there's not one thing in that shtory, but a lot o' balderdash about a horse which I'll explain to you at a more convanient toime; an' don't you see how thrue I am?"—he pointed to the faded bow at the side of his nat; "through thick an' thin, Moira, it niver laves its place. Come, be yersel' agin, an' give me that flower in yer breast, as a mark o' yer forgiveness." A bunch of heliotrope, picked that morning, adorned the front of Moira's dress.

Moira could not resist the tone in which the words were uttered, nor the glance

the words were uttered, nor the glance the words were uttered, nor the glance by which they were accompanied; she gave him the flower, and with an ejacu-lation expressive of her own feelings on the subject of her delay in summoning Miss O'Donoghue, she flew to find that lady. Tighe remained in the hall, and intercepted Clare when she was on her

intercepted Clare when she was on her way to the parlor.
"Only a word, miss," he said with his

most respectful bow.
"Certainly, Tighe"—extending her hand with charming condescension—"have you news of my brother?"

news of my brother?"

"No, miss, I'm sorry to say I have nothin' to tell you about him—it's regardin' the captain beyant"—indicating the parlor door by a motion of his head, and then stopping short in confusion that almost amounted to consternation, as he realized for the first time the boldness and the difficulty of the task he had imposed on himself.

on himself.
"Wel', Tighe, go on," — and Miss
O'Donoghue's wonder and curiosity in

"Oh, Miss O'Donoghue, I'm afeerd you'll be angry intoirely wid me, whin you hear what I have to say; if I thought more about it afore, I wouldn't be takin' the liberty !'m doin'." "No, no, Tighe; go on-I shall forgive

you whatever it is "Well, thin"—blurting the words out, while the rosy hue of his checks became deeper, and his hands worked awkward y deeper, and his hands worked awkwardly together—"I have the manes o' suspectin' that the captsin is dapely in love wid you; an' oh, Miss O'Donoghue, he's so noble, an' so big hearted, that it kem into me head to spake a good word for him. If he axes you, an' it'd be agin yer priaciples to say 'yis,' do the refusin' loightly, so it won't break his heart."

Clare was painfully scarlet, "You are mistaken, Tighe," she said; "the gentleman has not met me a sufficient number of times to do more than recognize my

of times to do more than recognize my

"Faith, miss, it's little matther about that—love doesn't wait for toimes nor places. I niver was mishtaken in a case o'it yet; an' whin I seen the signs an' tokens o'it in the captain, I was touched intolrely be rayson o' his goodness. For-give the liberty I'm takin', but oh, Miss O'Donoghue, promise me you won't give him a woundin' denial!"

"Really, this is too absurd !" and Clare, her painful blush dyeing her very neck, turned abruptly from Tighe, and hurried to the parlor.

"Well." muttered the discomfited Tighe a Vohr, "I thried to do him a good turn, an' if it falls, it's through no lack o' a worthy intintion on my part."

Captain Dennier, in his impatience at

the delay, was already standing when Clare entered—she had paused a moment without the parlor door to allow her flush to subside, and to acquire steadiness in her voice. He came forward with the

courtly bow she so well remembered.
"Miss O'Donoghue!" his tones were tremulous, and the color in his cheek and Tighe seem to hesitate.

"What is the matter?" asked the officer.

"I was only thinkin' that it moightn't be respictful to yer honor to take Shaun, but I couldn't lave him, for he'd pine wid the lonesomeness, an' mebbe it'd give him another shoell o' sickness!" and the lone wides.

"Tighe seem to hesitate.

"Pardon my intrusion, made could endure the scene no longer, he said: "Miss O'Donoghue, I beg of you—"

"It is nothing, sir," she interrupted, ceasing to weep, but keeping her handker chief to her eyes; "pray forget my weak-the lonesomeness, an' mebbe it'd give him another shoell o' sickness!" and the lock more to think kindly of me—I would have this assurance before I leave forever entering; he will receive you." She went a land that shall always have for me most sweet, and yet most bitter, memories."

She had involuntarily started at the announcement of his departure, He observed the motion and it seemed to

assurance of your kindly feeling; despite feelings to be able to respond in the the cruel character it was my painful duty to assume, may I bear with me to the distant land to which I go the re-membrance of your charitable forgive-He had advanced to her, and had ex-

tended his hand. Blushing, trembling, confused, Clare listened; but at his approach she recovered herself, and sought to feign the dignity and reproach which she deemed it her duty to feel; affecting not to see his proffered hand, she answered: "If you did but your duty, Captain Dennier, I know not why you priest; "for Tighe has taken the liberty Father Mesgher was absent on his parish should seek forgiveness, and least of all from me, the sister of your victim; nor by Tighe, and followed by Shaun, arrived think of what consequence can be at the little pastoral residence. Moira or not, when I am only one of those rebals it is your choice, and your boast, to crush. You mock me, sir, by speaking as you do, when by brother lies in a jail in imminent darger of execution through

She paused, but it was only because emotion threatened to overpower her.
"Cease, Miss O'Donoghue, I beg of
you!" and the officer's voice was as mulous as her own had been; "you

misjudge, you wrong me!"
Her lip curled contemptuously.
"Wrong you!" she straightened hereelf,
and drew back from him. "A si le word
from you to the governor of the juli would privately to a lady like her I'.

Tighe whispered, casting meanwhile many a significant glance toward the parlor door: "Jist a word, Moira, to take the twists out o' the road that's betune the two o' thim—don't you see they're in the two o' thim—don't you see they're in the same harsowile, this a seemed and the wholes from him. "A si is word from you to the governor of the jill world have won for us the favor we craved—an interview with my brother. I knelt to you for it, Captain Dennier, but you refused—aurely, to one who bolds such stern ideas of duty, the feelings of those who are crushed by that relentless principle can make little difference."

She turned slightly from him, and

in silence, as if he would fain read some-thing in that forbidding deportment which would not chill entirely the hope still within him; but nothing appeared—eviwithin him; but nothing appeared—evi-dently she was only waiting for him to end the interview. "Miss O'D moghue,"—the sadness in his voice thrilled her—I see that the opinion

which you first formed of me has re mained unaltered, and I feel now no explanation, no entresty of mine, can change it. Be it so! I shall cease to urge you, and I shall detain you only to say that I could not leave Ireland forever without at least endeavoring to prove to you that I acted in the sad affair of your brother reluctantly, and but in accordance with my duty. Because that duty compels so bitter and so constant a sacrifice of my feelings, I am about to resign my commi

her Mej sty's service."

"Resign your commission!" she turned to him, her dignity, that was almost hauteur, the scornful curl of her lip, suddenly vanished, and in their place delighted surprise and interest. The spark of hope still within the officer's breast kindled into her Maj sty's service.' fixme; again he approached her; and again he ventured to extend his hand.

"May I dare to hope that my resignation

"May ldare to nope that my resignation will be regarded by you as a sort of atone-ment for the misery I have so unwillingly caused; and in future years, when time has closed the wounds now so painfully open, will you extend to me the charity

you now refuse?"
Clare was stient, but she could no longer refuse her hand; she gave it to him though apparently with some reluctance while at the same time she averted her fac to conceal its painful color. She was a sad puzzle to herself; admiring, nay, more, sear prizze to necessi; admiring, may, more, secretly esteeming this man, who had committed no fault save that of stern devotion to his duty, fluttered by his deference, and the too evident regard with which she had inspired him, and withal feeling that, because he was her country's foe by birth and principle, she must maintain toward him the cold demeanor which she had first assumed, the struggle between her inclina-tion to meet him with his own frank kindness, and her desire to be true alone to her own stern idea of duty, was excessively painful. Possibly the read much of her inner strife, for he dropped her hand after a moment's warm pressure, and waited is silence. She would be strong, she would be faithful to the patriotism which it was her pride to avow, and calling to mind Nora McCarthy's noble spirit of secrifice, she determined not to be less self-immo

"Captain Dennier"—her voice was tremulous from her inward struggle,— "truth compels me to admit that I honor and admire the spirit you have shown, but my sense of duty forces me to say that l cannot regard you as the friend you would be considered—to me you are still my country's foe, and my brother's captor. She sought to meet his eyes with a steady gaze of her own, but they dropped before

his sad, thrilling look. "Then, Miss O'Donoghue, I have only to say farewell !" He turned away without again extend-ing his hand, but the sadness of the tone

in which his last words were uttered had pierced her through.
"Captain Dennier!" His name had burst from her in the wild gush of re burst from her in the wild guen of re-morseful feeling, and its tone too plainly told of the unmaidenly warmth of her emotions; but the next instant she would have given worlds to be able to recall it. He turned, and read in her trembling con-

renewed hope.
"You have reconsidered your determination, Miss O'Donoghue," he said; "you will accord me that which I crave; you

will accord me that which I crave; you
will let me bear from Ireland the promise
of at least your future friendly regard?"
"No, no,!" she waved him back, maidenly shame alone asserting itself; and then overcome by her conflicting emotions,

then overcome by her conflicting emotions, she burst into tears.

The officer, utterly unversed in feminine moods, was too unskilled to read in that very grief a favorable sign; he was deeply distressed, and when he had watched her a few moments, as if he could endure the scene no longer, he said:

diately, and in his genial, hearty way he welcomed the officer; the latter was too make him bolder. welcomed the officer; the latter was too much under the influence of bis recent cordial manner, but the priest, without affecting to notice it, proceeded in his own hospitable fashion to make the young man perfectly at home. "You must remain to dinner," he said; "nay, no denial,"—as he saw Captain Dennier about to murmur a polite refusal; "you must test our Dhrommacohol fare this once."

The captain still courteously declined,

he begged me to make an applogy to you, and to say that he expected to be back before you would have time to miss him. So you see, captain, you are forced to remain, for, having once experienced

remain, for, having once experienced Tighe's in initiable protection, you would find it difficult to get along without him."
The officer, despite his heavy heart, found himself smiling at the priest's playful remark, and unwilling as he was to defor his departure, he was not able to defer his departure, he was not able to farther resist the kind invitation.

Tighe, on his hurried way to his mother's, with Shaun at his heels, often chuckled as he thought of the letter snugly away in one of his pockets. It was brought forth with many an amusing gesture, and dramatic display of facial expression, when at length, baving arrived in the little dwelling, and having returned the old woman's demonstrative welcome he told her the object of his visit and the

necessity for haste on his part.

She took the packet from his hand, carefully unwrapped its outer covering, and then stood turning it over and over,

in the right direction—for the position of

in the right direction—for the position of the letters made little difference to the honest old soul; her education was as magher as Tighe's own. "What's in it Tighe?" Her eyes were distended with astonishment.

He took it from her, and proceeded to open it, loking very knowing and mysterious the while. "Do you see now,"—when at length he had Corny O'Toole's deeply-shaded, cramped characters fully displayed—"that first word names—" He stopped short, and looked significantly at the old woman, whose capped head, in her eager-

woman, whose capped head, in her eagerness to see the writing, was very close to
Tighe's cheek.

"Manes what? you're enough to make
a saint mad! why don't you go on an'
rade it for me if you're able to?"

"Make wother. and I'm ween and I'm

rade it for me if you're able to?"

"Alsy, mother; sure I'm preparin' you for the contints. Listen now!" He bent again very earnestly to the letter, at one time holding it so close to his eyes that his nose well-nigh touched the paper, and again putting it at arm's length from him.

"Well!" said his mother impatiently.
"Oth, begare mother, what'll we do

'Oth, begorra, mother, what'll we do at all—sure it's Latin the writin' is in, an' that's the rayson I couldn't make it out

"Latin !" and Mrs. Carmody's mouth, as well as her eyes, was distended in as-

tonishment.
"Aye mother! listen to the quare sound that the words has:"—and there-upon he began so voluble and ridiculous a gibberish, rolling his eyes and working his face, as if the very pronunciation caused him a desperate effort, that his mother added uplifted hands to the other outward expressions of her great astonish-

"What does it mane, at all, Tighe?" she asked.

"Faith, mother, sure it's well you know I'm not scholar enough to tell you

"Well, tell me this, thin,—who you that letther for me?" and the woman stood in a very determined atti-

tude before him.
"Now, mother, didn't I tell you afore that it was j'st gev into me hand be a—"
Tighe was seized with a violent fit of
coughing, during which, pretending to be
in imminent danger of bursting a blood
vessel, he made signs for some salt and

The simple old soul, somewhat alarmed, hastened to obey; and Tighe, felguing recovery, burst at once into so long and winding an account of his ailment she forgot to press the question of the letter; Tighe hastened his departure, not ceasing for a moment, however, to talk about everything save Corny O'Tools's epistle, in order that he might continue to divert her attention. At the last, however, when she stood on the threshold, bidding him adieu, and exhorting him to take care of that distressing cough, she concluded by saying: "An' I'll go up this evenin' to Father Meagher wid the let ner; sure he knows Latin, an' he'll rade

Tighe with difficulty stifled the laugh which her acnouncement caused, and strode off without looking behind him. Out on the road, he said to Shaun:
"Faith it's the roarin' tolme

thinkin' his riverince'll have whin he ades Corny O'Toole's Latin letther !" TO BE CONTINUED.

CAN THE CHURCH STOP PRIZE FIGHTING!

The cruel and brutal gladiatorial shows of Rome were stopped forever by a heroic monk. Though baffled fighters and disappointed spectators wreaked their ven-geance on him, the great moral sense of mankind was sroused. The State, guided by the mild law of the Gospel, prohibited any futher exhibition of the

The moral sense of our people needs rousing to stop the brutal prize fights, revolting relic of Saxon barbarism, which came to us from England and is sustained came to us from Logiand and is sustained because, the aristocracy of that kingdom look approvingly on the disgusting spec-tacle of two images of Old wielding their fists till all trace of humanity is effaced. Our newspapers spread all the details before the people, devoting column after clumn to the loathsome de police authorities wink at what they should suppress, for they could easily learn as much about all the arrangements

as newspaper reporters do. as rewapaper reporters co.

The Catholic Church can take the initiative, and by her words and her enxhortations rouse her children to discountenance everything connected with these contests. A movement in that direction will meet the warm applause of millions of thinking men and women in the country, who shudder and grieve over the growing popularity of these un Christian shows. Thousands of our people are led away by them, and our young people read with avidity the dis gusting accounts, and have their favorites, their champions in the ring. not the Church raise her voice against these brutal and brutalizing exhibitions -Catholic News.

Confidence Begot of Success.

So confident are the manufactures of that world-famed remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, that it will do all that they represent, in the cure of liver, blood and lung diseases, that, after witnessing its thousands of cures for many years past, they now feel warrented in selling it (as they are doing through druggists) under a receiving enganate of its giving under a positive guarantee of its giving satisfaction in every case, or meney paid for it will be refunded. No medicine of ordinary merit could be sold under such severe conditions with profit to its proprietors, and no other medicine for the dis or which it is recommended was ever be fore sold under a guarantee of a cure or no pay. In all blood taints and impuraties of whatever name or nature, it is most pos of whatever have to have considered in the constitute in its curative effects. Pimples, blotches, eruptions and all skin and scalp diseases are radically cured by this wonderful medicine. Scrofulous disease may affect the glands, causing swellings or tumors: the bones, causing "fever-sores" tumors the bones, causing lever-sores "white swellings, or "hip-joint disease:" or the tissues of the lungs, causing pulmonary consumption. No matter in which one of its myriad forms it crops out, or manifests itself, "Golden Medical Discovwill cure it if used perseveringly and

Its thousands of cures are the best advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Rem-

THE HONEST GOLD DOLLAR.

"Here's your evenin' paper, all about the money panick!"

It was a dark winter night, the keen wind whistled and howled through the

naked limbs of the trees, and the snow-flakes, driven about by the capricious breeze, piled up in hugh drifts in the Boston streets.

Under a lamp post, clad in not the

thickest or fashionable clothing stood little Jimmy Graham, stamping his feet to keep them warm, and crying between his alternate attempts to warm his flogers his alternate attempts to warm his nagers with his breath:
Here's your evenin' paper, all about the money panick; las' one I got!"
The door of a large, brilliantly-lighted drygoods house just opposite where Jimmy stood, opened, and a voice called out.

out: "Here, boy !" Jimmy hastened over with alacrity, and, handing in the paper, took the penny in his red, cold hand, and hurried off to join his more fortunate companions, who had disposed of their papers, and stood congregated under an archway close by.

"All out, Jimmy?" said one of the

largest bys, as Jimmy came up brushing the snow from his cap and clothes. "Yes, I'm out—every one gone!" an-swered Jimmy, cheerfully. Jimmy took out his well worn purse to

deposit from his pocket and was about to put it into his purse when an exclamation of surprise escaped his lips.

"What is it, Jimmy?" the boys said,

simultaneously, gathering about him. "Why, it's a gold dollar, instead of a ent!" answered Jimmy.
"Hurrah!" exclaimed one of the boys. "That's good luck, Jimmy. Let's have oysters on that."

'No," interposed another boy, patting limmy affectionately on the shoulders, 'we'll all go to the theater."

"we'll all go to the theater."

The archway, while furnishing protection from the storm, also served as a short cut for pedestrians who lived in that section. On this particular night travel was unusually lively, but the boys, as they stood under the dim gas light looking at the gold piece, paid no need to passers by. Jimmy was silent for a moment. He

turned the glittering coin over and over in his hand, the boys still persuading him. The temptation was great. "Now, come, Jimmy, we can have a cand time to night. Nobody will ever grand time to night. question you about where you got the extra money," persisted one of the boys. "See here, boys," presently spoke up Jiamy, "I'm not goin' to buy oysters, nor I'm not goin' to the theater. I'm

goin' to take this money back."
"L'sten at the little idiot!" ridiculed
one of the boys. "Why, Jimmy, you one of the toys. "Why, Jimmy, you don't know where you got it!"
"Oh, but I do, though," was Jimmy's positive answer. "I got it from the man in the store where I sold the last paper."
"An you sin't a goin' to treat on your luck?" asked Ned Anderson.
"Not much; mammy told me never to keep a cent when I knowed who it belonged to, an' I sin't a goin' to do it. It's not honest!"

not honest !

not honest!"

And before any of his companions could reply, Jimmy had disappeared in the dark, blinding storm and was soon at home, where he told his mother all about his adventure.

His mother commended him for his roble action and the most him for his

noble action, and instructed bim how to conduct himself when he entered the store The next morning found him up early, and he impatiently waited the hour at which he supposed the proprietor would

As he entered the store, he addressed one of the clerks in a pleasant manner.
"Why, my little man," said the clerk

ought to see him," persisted J mmy.
"Well, I'll report to him," said the clerk, entering the private apartment.

Presently he came to the door and beckened to Jimmy, saying that he was

permitted to enter. Jimmy was somewhat confused, as he stood in the presence of the old gentle-man, who eyed him curiously from over

"Well, what's your business?" came the gruff demand.
"Why, sit," said Jimmy, with diffidence, "last night I sold you a paper, an' you gave me this dollar for a cent."

And he put the gold piece on the desk.
"Dld I! Let me see," as the old gentle. man fumbling his pockets, drew forth a penny. "Well, well, so I did. But who told

you to bring it back ?" "Mammy, sir. She always told me never to keep a penny, nor any money I got, if I knowed who it belonged to."
"Good advice, excellent advice, my boy. And now you may not only keep the dollar, but come around here to morrow, and I'il see if I cannot find you

something better than selling papers.

Jimmy hurried home to tell his mo mother all about it, and the next day he was installed as errand boy, and so dilligently and faithfully did he attend to his duty, that he was elevated as he grew older, and soon b came one of the foremost and trusted clerks in the great Boston dry goods establishment. Jimmy kept his dollar, and he was

known among his former associates as the "Honest Gold Dollar."

CHRISTIANITY OR HEATHENISM.

"Exercic Buddhism" is the name by which the new "cult" of heathenism is called. Under the leadership of certain teachers who are supposed to live in the far East the secret religion of Sakya Mundi, the Buddha, has been discovered, at least this is the belief of its devotees. Hidden for many ages from the sight of the world, the lamp of pure religion, so they say, has been kept burning by the Buddhist priests, although the masses have been grovelling in darkness and super-

In Paris the worship has been established and daily the gong sounds for the believers in Buddha to assemble. The priests, in gorgeous yellow robes, chant, and the rites of heathenism are performed with imposing ceremony.

Not alone in Paris but in America also,

Matthew Arnold's inflaence and writing and died of it about two years ago.

have given an interest to the study of Eastern religions; he has in fact magni-fied them to such a degree that Christian-ty seems to take a secondary place compared with them. It is not surprising, then, after the interest which "The Light of Asla" excited to learn of Buddhists of Asia" excited to learn of buddings being in the City of Culture, Arianism, Unitarianism, defeated Probibition and finally heathentsm. We are told that families of culture and social positions have openly avowed themselves believers hamines of culture and social positions have openly avowed themselves believers in Buddhism. Ghost of Cotton Mather! With what pleasure would that champion of New England orthodoxy light up the fires of Salem were he on the scene again! Apropos to the same subject, we read that the Unitarians have sent a mission-

ary to Japan who is to unite with them in the rative religion. In one thing we can agr e with them: They boldly say that heathenism is as good as Ohristlanity. As Unitarianism is meant by Christianity, we Unitarianism is meant by Caristianity, we fully agree with them. We do not say this in any depreciating sense, but in the sense that they themselves look at it, that both are alike as far as belief in God is concerned. Neither believes in the Chris-

tian revelation.

In the comments of the religious press upon the subject, we seem to detect a consciousness on the part of our Protest-ant neighbors that although the conclusion is wrong, it is extremely hard to pick fi:we in the argument. But why should not the Unitarious unite with the religion not the Chitarians unite with the religion of Japan? They agree practically in everything. We give them great credit for being honest and logical—the only sect which is logical. But we think that the Protestant editors

have the same thought at heart, if they would express it, which impresses us. What is this leading of a Cartesian people toward heathenism but the natural result of doubt? And what is this doubt but fal authority, "the emancipation of rea-son" it has been called more properly it son" It has been called more properly it was the emancipation of the passions and the perverse human will from the salutary restraints of religion, which is called the Reformation? It did not seem that to deny the authority of the Church must necessarily end in total rejection of Revelation, but after generations carried it still further, and Unitarianism is the result. So, likewise, to refuse the honor due to the mother of Christ did not seem to imply a dental of His divinity, but it was

the first step, and the rest soon followed.

There is no middle ground. If the Church is not the infallible judge, then we can never of ourselves find the truth. We can never of ourserves and the truta.
No sound philosopher will claim that unaided reason is an infallible guide. We know too well that a system of theology built up upon the Bible interpreted by private judgment is unstable and is no absolute guide. And so it is the irresistible conclusion, if we admit for a moment that the Church fell into error, as must be done to justify the existence of Protestant-ism, that for us there is no revelation of the truth.

Doubt has done its work and brought forth its fruits. We see with what fore-sight the Church has ever dealt with doubt as the greatest enemy to religion. The changes which are taking place about us in the many denominations would be alarm-ing did we not see in the breaking up of old things an opportunity for the new, that which is new to many, but in reslity the fath of the ages. We see less and less of positive Christianity every year. The question is fairly before us: either we must take our stand on the side of historic and Catallac Caristanian, or on the side. and Catholic Christianity or on the side of heathentsm—infallibility or unbelief.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

A CARDINAL'S PRIDE.

A long while ago, when Cardinal Cullen lived, there was a sick call for a priest in Dublin. The sick person was at hotel, the proprietor of which was a Protestant. A stormy, wet, dark night it preved. As soon as the messanger got there a priest started, through mud and slush be made his way, and at last arrived at the hotel, saw the sick person and gave him the sacraments. Everything went off as usual thus far, but now the curlous

part begun.

The proprietor of the hotel, thinking to do a little proselytizing, invited the priest o come into his own sitting room. administering some welcome refreshments, this Protestant evangelizer let himself out.

"To think, Father," said he, addressing the priest, "of the pride and sloth of these Bishops and Cardicals? Is it not monstrous? I warrant now that, while the Cardinal has sent you on this long tramp through the muddy snow, he is comfortably toasting his heels and drinking a good warm punch." "I think you wrong him."

"Why ?" "Because he is doing nothing of the "You don't tell me! But how do you

know?" "I know by the best of reasons. You have never asked my name. "Your name! What is it?"
"Callen—Cardinal Cullen."

In a moment the hotel-keeper was on his feet, hat off
"Will Your Eminence forgive me? I spoke in ignorance. Shall I order a carriage for Your E ninence?"

"Ob, no; I can go back as I came. I am used to such journeys."

The Cardinal departed. A few days afterward the hotel keeper went to a priest for instructions, and was finally received into the Church. The incident

AN AMERICAN FATHER DAMIEN.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis describes. Mrs. Resects Harding Davis describes, in the N. Y. Independent, under the caption, "The Plague Spot of America," the leper district in Louisians, on the bayou Lafourche, and urges "Catholics, Protestants and infidels" to unite in a movenent, by way of memorial to Father Damien, to relieve, isolate and nurse these afflicted of our own nation. Mrs. Davis incidentally recalls another martyr-priest of our own times, Father Boglioli, chaplain for fourteen years to the Charity Hospital in New Orleans. Knowing full well the risk, he adminis-tered the last consolations of religion to some dying lepers, nursed them to their Not alone in Paris but in America also, last breath, and buried them with his we hear of followers of heathenism. own hands. He contracted the disease,

Written for CATHOLIC RECORD. CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND. BY THE REV. MENEAS M'DONELL DAWSON, LL. D. F. R S By March 9th (1805) Bishop Hay had

Bo far recovered his powers as to be able to write a short autograph letter to Bishop Cameron, chiefly conveying the information that his sister, Miss Hay, had iately died, and praying that her soul might be remembered. Owing to the great feeble ness of the writer, the writing is weak, blurred, blotted and misspelt.

Employing as his amanuensis Mr. Gordon, one of the masters of the seminary, the bishop once more begged per mission to resign his office of Vicar Apos tolic, with its onerous duties. He, at the same time, requested a dispensation from the recitation of the office. He applied on this occasion first of all to the Scotch egent at Rome, begging him to make interest for him with Cardinal Erskine. The letter gives, at considerable length, the bishop's reasons for desiring to resign. The twofold dispensation from the recitation of the breviary together with the duties of Vicera houseldle, was granted on duties of Vicar-Apostolic, was granted on Jane 16th at an audience of the Holy Father, Ex audientia S. Smi.
When Mgr. Esskine became Cardinal

Protector a brighter day appeared to have dawned for the Scotch mission and its college at Rome. His Emineuse made strong representations in their favor, and not without beneficial resuits. Propaganda, in its renewed liberality, reitted to the Procurator at Edinb grant of 1770 crowns; and the college affairs were so prosperous that its debts were in course of being liquidated in a few months. The Cardinal also had it in view to obtain for the college the long-desired boon of national superiors. There was a hope, moreover, of regaining the Neapoli hope, moreover, of regaining the Neapoli tan abbacies. It proved vain, however; and to this day they have not been restored. At the founding of the college Clement VIII. liberally bestowed funds, and, moreover, endowed it with an abbey in Calabria and snother near Benevento. Both together produced about £150 sterling yearly. The college remained in undisturbed possession of these benefices until the expulsion of the Jesutts from the kingdom of Naples. They were, on the kingdom of Naples. They were on occasion of that event, seized by the Crown as Jesuits' property. The Neapoli-tan Government ever since has found pre-texts for refusing to restore them. This information was communicated by the sgent at Rome to the bishops, in a letter of 13th of April, 1805. It may be remarked that this is the first letter of those marked that this is the first letter of those times, in which we find the bishops addressed 'My Lords,' the letter ending with 'My Lords, Your Dordships' most obedient etc." It is addressed to the Right Reverend Dr. George Hay; Right Reverend Dr. John Chisholm; Right Reverend Dr. Alexander Cameron; Right Reverend Dr. Faces Chisholm

Reverend Dr. Æneas Chisholm.

Towards the end of July Bishop Cam eron visited Aquorties. Bishop Hay was at that time able to walk with him to Fetternear, two miles distant, and to re-turn on foot after tea, without being much fatigued. Before they separated, the bishop, in a formal document, trans-ferred the whole government of the Lowand vicariate to his coadjutor.

Bishop Cameron continued his journey

to the Highland seminary of Lismore where he consecrated Bishop Æness Chis holm on the 15th of Saptember. A few days later the annual letters to Rome were prepared and signed, but for the first time without the name of Bishop Hay. And now some noteworthy changes took place. M. John Reid with drew from the mission of Preshome, Mr. James Carrethers taking his place. Mr. drew from the mission of Preshome, Mr. James Carruthers taking his place. Mr. Andrew Scott, succeeding Mr. Farquarson, commenced his career of successful labor at Giasgow, which was only closed by his death forty years later. Mr. James Robertson, who had the regutation of bierg somewhat eccentric, became a professor at the college of Manneyth with the fessor at the college of Maynooth with the

title of doctor. The bishop's physical strength appeared to improve. One day in October of this year he walked to Fetternear in order to see a workman who had been run over by a cert and severely bruised. In less than two bours he returned to the seminary. His mind was more at ease, the students giving less cause of anxlety than they had done for some time. The masters did all in their power to promote comfort, providing him with a bell d adding a double door to his room

which caused all noises from without to

be less heard.

In May, 1806, the bishop's strength was so far renewed that he undertook a jour ney to Ediaburgh. The bishops of the Highland district were there on his arrival.

and his name appears along with their in the annual letters which they des-patched, as usual, to Rome. Mr. John dordon, head master of the temicary, wa his traveling companion; and he re turned home by Dundes towards the en of Msy, none the worse for his journey Three weeks later, however, there cam another slight shock of paralysis which weakened his limbs and temporarily in weakened his limbs and temporarily in paired his speech. His vigorous constitution, nevertheless, carried him throug He felt uneasy as to what might happe in the ensuing winter. Meanwhile he d not forget his friends. In one of helters he desired to be remembered to hold friend, Dr. Wood of Edinburgh. Hoften sent kindly messages to Madam Bonnette, who was now the mistre was now the mistre Bonnette, who was now the mistre of a flourishing dancing academ at Edinburgh. In the regions of August the enemy made as other attack. It was slight, but hate other attack. It was slight, but have longer than the former che. He soo recovered through an application of the anodyne plaster. Bishop Cameron show his concern and his anxiety for the infir bishop's welfare by writing to the supe iors of the seminary a very feeling lett which he urged on all, students as w as professors, the duty of bestowing to greatest care in alleviating the suffering of the invalid. The same anxiety w manifested by Bishop Cameron on or sion of a visit to the seminary in autumn. He gave to two of the stude

written directions regarding their atter ance on the infirm bishop. The latt hearing of this, asked to see the pap and sppeared to be pleased with it. T young men then requested him to na