

Truly, the figures which have filled the canvas in this picture have been the figures of Saints. To be a soldier in Christ's army in those first days meant to be a Martyr. St. Paul himself, and St. Timothy beside him, and Philomon and Appia, and Aristarchus, made by the Apostle Bishop of Thessalonica, all these were Martyrs; Archippus, too, the "follow-soldier," of whom the Martyrology speaks on March 20; while of Epaphras, the "follow-prisoner," it is recorded on July 19 that, having been ordained by the Apostle Bishop at Colossæ, and being "renowned"—even in those days—"for his virtues, he won the crown of martyrdom there in his see, struggling with heroic struggle for the sheep committed to his charge. His body lies buried in the Basilica of St. Mary Major at Rome.

Fancy bids us wonder what was the story of the soldier to whom the Apostle, with the Saints around him, was chained. Would not the chains be powerful sacramentals conveying grace to the soldier as the Cross convey it to Simon the Cyrenæan?

May the slave-Saint, the centre figure of our group, the slave-Bishop and Apostle, who was full of profit to so many, be profitable also to us.

#### Mr. Gray.

At the meeting of the shareholders of the *Freeman's Journal* held the other day, Mr. Gray, the representative, in the third generation, of the family which raised the paper to its former high estate, bade farewell to his countrymen:—

Mr. Gray said that on this occasion, which was a painful and even a humiliating occasion for him, he might perhaps claim the indulgence of even his bitterest enemies while he said a few words on a personal matter. He was plunged into politics at a time when there was a tremendous upheaval in national affairs. He took admittedly at the beginning a wrong side—(hear, hear)—and that mistake had never been forgiven. He would ask had he met with ordinary fair treatment? Was it generous of experienced politicians, politicians who had been ten and twenty years in public life in Ireland, to take advantage of the mistakes of a young man, made before he was of age, to take advantage of these mistakes for the purpose of drawing a ring of fire round him and of endeavouring to hound him out of public life in Ireland. He was still very young, and he had no doubt that if he simply stuck to his guns people would gradually come to see that he was not quite the character depicted in the "Day by Day" columns of the *National Press*. But in matters of this kind a man had to consider whether the game was worth the candle; and as far as he was concerned the disappointments he had experienced in connection with this journal and public life in Ireland, taken in connection with other troubles of a domestic character, had made him resolve that really it was not worth his while to wait until these people whose minds had been poisoned against him had had an opportunity of revising their judgment; and, therefore, he now bade good-bye to Irish public life and to his connection with the *Freeman's Journal*. (Applause.)

Mr. John Dillon, M. P., said he was perfectly certain that there was that amount of good feeling left in the hearts of those in that room that there was not a man who listened to Mr. Gray that did not wish him well wherever he might go, and who would not frankly and freely accept the explanation he had just given. (Hear, hear.) He (Mr. Dillon) thought a mistake made by so young a man, which was so frankly owned before his countrymen, ought to be forgiven and forgotten and buried. (Hear, hear.) The votes of the shareholders at this same meeting ratified the recom-

mendation of the committee of investigation, that Mr. T. Healy, M. P.—Mr. Gray's "Day by Day" opponent—should retire from the directorate of the *Freeman's Journal*.

#### Ladies and Smokers.

Walking recently upon Fifth Avenue in New York, says a correspondent of the *Christian Advocate*, at a time of the day when that gay street is filled with people, I noticed several times what I have often seen and marvelled at before—a young girl, hardly old enough yet to be called a young lady, walking with a boyish young man who was smoking. Both in every case were well dressed and refined looking, yet the girl seemed not to know that her escort was doing an impolite thing when he smoked as he walked by her side, and he looked as innocent as if he thought he were doing her a personal favour. If girls were more careful to demand the respectful treatment which is their due from the boys with whom they associate, they would gain not only respect but admiration. *Indian's Young Folks* tells of the lady like way in which the Empress Frederick reproved a man who proposed to smoke in the carriage where she was riding.

The Empress Frederick of Germany Queen Victoria's eldest child, is ordinarily the most affable and unaffected of royalties, yet no one understands better how to give dignified rebuke when occasion requires it. Some ten years ago, when as crown-princess she was spending the winter at *Palgi*, on the Riviera, with her three daughters, they were in the habit of making excursions in the neighborhood almost daily, travelling by train, and taking their places among the other passengers in any carriage where they found places. On one of these occasions a Frenchman, who happened to find himself in the same compartment with them, being ignorant—or affecting ignorance—of the rank of his fellow-travellers, was proceeding to light a cigar, in accordance with the universal custom of smoking on that line. But before doing so he turned to the princess and politely inquired, "Does Madam object to the smell of smoke?" "I do not know the smell, sir. Nobody has ever presumed to smoke in my presence," was the crushing reply.

#### The Sanctification of Every Moment.

Perform every action as if you were in the presence of God and He saw your efforts and smiled upon them. Perform them as if aided by a guardian angel. Acquit yourself of every duty as though you had one alone to perform, and do not desist till it is done as perfectly as possible. Perform each duty as though upon its perfection depended your salvation. Remember if you die performing it well for the sake of the Good God, it will lead you to Heaven. Finally, perform each duty as if upon its perfection depended the granting to the church or to your relatives some long-sought for grace, which God will give as a reward for your application.

#### Guard Against Cholera.

Keep the blood pure, the stomach in good working order, and the entire system free from morbid effete matter by using *Burdock Blood Bitters*, which cleanses, strengthens and tones the whole system. Cholera cannot attack the healthy.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the County of Wicklow Messrs. J. Murray and K. Howard. The Lord Chancellor has appointed to the Commission of the Peace, for the County of Wexford, Dr. N. Furlong, F. Whelan, J. Haughton, H. J. Roche, W. J. Scallan, T. Codd, and P. J. Roche.

#### A Simple way to help Poor Catholic Missions

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammoncton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammoncton Missions.

#### THE CHURCH'S BIRTHDAY.

On the Pentecostal Feast to-morrow Catholics will in effect, if not in set words, be wishing the Church many happy returns of the day. For Whit-Sunday has ever been regarded as the birthday of the Church; when, after the great spirit-imparting miracle, "Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice and spoke" to the vast crowd of Jewish worshippers of many nationalities; "and they that received his word were baptised." Since that day the conditions of the world are changed beyond recognition. The kingdoms that then were, within four or five centuries were almost lost to sight; and the great peoples of the Roman Empire have given way in history for nigh fifteen centuries before any people from the North—the Gothic or Teutonic race. The Church sprang from amidst a decayed nation, and from within a decaying Empire: gathering within itself the best spirits of East and West. Strictly speaking, the old Empire was never Christianized. The Cross was reared on high by the successors of Constantine, and paganism came to be declared illicit; but the people at large—nay, the vast majority of the more select and educated classes—never were imbued with the spirit of the Christ. In this instance was the saying true: many are called, but few are chosen. Not even Christianity could save the ancient society; simply because there was no strength of purpose upon which the higher ideals of life could possibly be foisted. An effeminate people that have betrayed their own original manhood and let slip the purpose that once was in them—no power can save, no fire re-ignite; at least such is the lesson of all history. Not until the Northern races, yet wild with original untamed energies, came under her influence, did the Church have free scope for its God-given mission to the world. In the barbaric hordes that poured from their native regions into Italy, Spain, France, and Britain, the Church found a rough but sure material upon which the life of the Gospel could be impressed, and in which the new Christian spirit could shape itself freely without that intermixture of demoralised pagan culture which was the evil genius of the old Empire. It is the glory of the Teutonic race that it has been the instrument by which the life of the Gospel has been developed in the world, not merely as a personal belief, but as a social fact. Medievalism was essentially Teutonic Christianity: but it was also Christianity in its youth and adolescence, not yet attained to the maturity of its powers. But the life of the Middle Ages was a true Christian life, however immature. Only compare the mediæval serf with the slave of the ancient world; say, if you will, that the lot of the one was no better than that of the other in material comfort; yet the character of the mediæval serf was infinitely superior to that of the Roman slave. In him at least were the germs of that self-conscious dignity and independence which grew and expanded with the growing years until the mediæval serf has developed into the present working man. His essential equality with his lord was ever impressed by the Church upon the serf; and in theory, at least, was acknowledged by the lord himself. A noble truth is ever slow of realisation, yet the poor soul that is conscious of the faintest glimmering of the truth is as far removed from its unconscious partner as is Heaven from earth.

The great Western schism and the Protestant movements of the sixteenth century ushered in the mature age of Christendom; and then came the majestic Council of Trent—completed only in these later days by the Vatican Council—in which the faithful manhood of Christendom stood face to face with the rebellious. Painful, indeed, has been the tragedy of these last

three hundred years; and yet not without hope. For out of the darkness will come light, and from error truth; and when the day of the struggle is over there will be again one fold and one shepherd. But the fold will be renewed and the shepherd will look back with regret to the days of Innocent and Gregory. And wherein is the sign of the peace and unity to come? Surely in the social problem of the age. As it was when our own Gregory first turned from the Court of the Empire to the kings of the Franks and Goths, so is it now: the whole fabric of social life has to be rebuilt. The faith of men is wedded with their toil and daily life; to enlighten their faith you must brighten their toil and bring hope—hope in its truest sense, a palpable present hope—into their daily lives. Useless surely is it to lecture upon the dogmas of faith and the rites of the Church whilst the justice and purpose of present daily toil are shrouded in darkness unrent: faith will grow with a truer sense of the value of human toil and common life, not as a monotonous grinding for mere bread and roof; but a claim for human dignity and a source of spiritual power. And this is one of the grand lessons of the mediæval Church for all times—that it did not stand aloof from the life of the people and teach the Gospel from church-towers: it came down and lived among the people in their cottages and huts, in the fields and on the sea; everywhere religion went with them. Now it was with the ploughman, stopping the plough to invoke God's blessing on the soil; now with the fisherman, dedicating his boat to the honour of Our Lady; again with the peasant working side by side with the Monk on the Abbey land; and yet again it was with the people, when the Bishops stayed the tyrant's hand, or stood by the orphan in his sorrow. To-day the Church will adopt methods different, perhaps, from those adopted in a mediæval age; but her essential method will be the same—to enter into the life of the people, and to raise them to the sublimity of her own ideals and Faith. We who live to-day stand at the beginning of an era momentous in the history of Christendom and the world. Let us take a generous view of the mission of the Church to the world to-day—but, above all, let us not fail in a right view. Not by unsympathetic controversy, nor by appeals to isolated facts in the history of the Church, nor by denunciation of the disturbing spirits of the past, will the unity of faith be secured; but by a true interpretation of the value and dignity and purpose of daily life and toil.—*Weekly Register*.

#### The Cholera Scare.

Fear kills more than cholera. Severe diarrhoea, purging, colic, cramps, etc., are often mistaken for choleraic troubles. A few doses of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will remove both the disease and the terror it inspires.

In the Rolls court, Dublin, on May 9th, in the case of *Campbell v. Campbell*, the plaintiff, Patrick Campbell, deceased, applied to have a deed alleged to have been executed by the deceased set aside, on the grounds of fraud, and that the deceased at the time it was executed was not capable of managing his affairs. The deceased was a farmer living near Coalisland. He held about 73 acres of land, and also had £2,000 in the Ulster bank. A sister named Anne, since dead, resided with him; and the allegation of the plaintiff was that a man named John Gartland and Anne Campbell drew up the deed in question, which purported to convey two farms that belonged to the deceased to his sister Anne Campbell, absolutely, and put the mark of the deceased to it four days after he had died. After hearing evidence in the case the Master of the Rolls held that the deed was fraudulent, and ordered it to be set aside, and that the land include in the deed formed part of the assets of the deceased, to be distributed according to law.

#### Wash No More.

Watson's cough drops will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from colds, hoarseness, sore throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. Try them.