A Wedding Ring BY JAMES RILEY. Only a piece of gold,
Yellow, shining, and bright;
Only a tale of trouble told:
Only a heart's deep blight.

Only a little finger-ring,

Recalling memories dear-To a fond heart's lingering For a voice it cannot hear For a voice as low and tender As song at eventide; For a form as fair and slender As ever graced a bride;

For eyes of lustrous beauty, I see them through my tears, With their look of loving duty, Through the slow receding years.

Only a golden wedding-ring, Placed on a finger fair— Only a bride in heaven, Breathing an angel's prayer.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

We could not, dared not, stop her work. She would have obeyed her commands, but the effort would have destroyed her more quickly than the work itself. What that child effected in three years is almost incredible. How many she instructed, converted, and reconciled to their fate. How many she brought to be sincere Christian in the control of the c Christians, instead of nominal converts.

How many she saved from cruel treatment; for she sometimes succeeded where the magistrates, and even the governor the magistrates, and even the governor in his last letter. I do not think he hought of it, of late at least, as seriously in the neighborhood who would not listen to her when she beggrd, on her knees, the remission of a sentence or the pardon of a runaway slave. She was so beautiful, so engaging, so eloquent. M. de la Bourdonnais, that great and good man, now in the Bastille, for having dared to defend having dared to defend the cause of humanity and good faith against the passions and prejudices of in-terested men, used to say that when discouraged at the sight of evil, which all his efforts could not prevent, stole upon him, the sight of Mina at work amongst the slaves, strengthened and cheered him. And the poor negroes of our own plantawould not listen to any white man, whether priest or layman. But Mina could always gain a hearing. She had learnt the Angola language, which most of them speak; or, if they belonged to other tribes, her early acquaintance with the use of signs gave her facilities for communications. ting with them. I really believe that at first they took her for a celestial visitant. No other European woman came near them. The sight of their wounds—the stench of the places they inhabited on first landing—kept them away, even from the vicinity of these buildings. But she used to go with her father or with Antoine. I can see her before me, even now, starting on these errands of mercy; her face liter-ally beaming with joy; her large straw hat shielding it from the sun; the wide pockets often green silk apron filled with sweet-meats and biscuits, whilst some of our own slaves carried behind her fruit and wine and cooling drinks. The angel in the fiery furnace, breathing a moist refreshing wind through its flames, could scarcely have been more welcome than this dear child in those haunts of woe. She used, her father told me, to kis the children and embrace told me, to kis the children and embrace all her poor negroes, and made them little the women. He hardly liked to see her presents as if taking leave of them, though do it, so loathsome sometimes were those poor wretches; but the effect was unfail-ing. Their hearts were touched, and des-pair vanished before her like a dark mist before the sunshine. And it was all done so simply, so joyously! It was such a real joy to her. When notice was given us of the arrival of a ship laden with slaves, her impatience to rush to the port, her active preparations, her solicitude at to the selection of her little gifts and offer ings, was like that of an affectionate child anticipating the arrival of much-loved re latives. M. de Saxe, am I wearying you?

Madame, I remember once saying to your angelic daughter, that next to fight ing battles, I loved to hear of them. Next to the happiness of performing heroic deeds, is that of listening to the record of such a life as hers."

We saw that she was growing every day more delicately fair, her complexion more transparent, and the light in her eyes more unearthly in its brightness. But there was no feebleness in her step—no althere was no feebleness in her step—no alteration in her spirits. She was always ready for any exertion. No call upon her away, and was obliged to lie down. Anused to ride with her father, or with our old servant if he was too busy, to every hut in the neighborhood where there was she would usually have been, to give ackness, to every spot where help or con-all the many spot where help or con-all the many spot where help or con-al the many spot where help or con-tains the many spot where help or con-tains the many spot where help or con-tains the many spot where he many spot wher solation was needed. Sometimes, if a great wrong was done, or some act of cruelty committed towards a slave which the could not prevent, a passionate burst of grief and indignation would shake her frail form, and bring out a crimson spot under the marble paleness of her cheek. She would go into a church, or into her own little room, and I have heard her town for hours prostrate on the grannd. I when the grand I have heard her to whom she was so dear, felt that her work was done—as if the signal of eternal rest was sounding in her ears. From that moment her sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from one loved face to another, with a look of indescribable tenderness. Not one of them to whom she was so dear, felt that her work was done—as if the signal of eternal rest was sounding in her ears. From that moment her sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or on the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or or the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or or the sky or or the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or or the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or or the sky or or the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or or the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or or the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or or the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or or the sea, or fondly turning from the sky or or the sea, or fondly turning from the pray for hours prostrate on the ground. I

came which announced the approaching arrival of the Chevalier de la Croix. A work of a life had been done in a few singular feeling came over both my hus-band and myself, as we found afterwards, soul breaking its bonds. There was wild to put it into words; and did not mention it to each other. We wished as much as ever this marriage to take place, but we dreaded to speak of it to Mina. Less than over we felt that she could be constrained for us. We bent down in anguish, but dreaded to speak of it to Mina. Less than ever we felt that she could be constrained in the free exercise of her choice of a state did not pray to detain her.

"She left us fourteen days after the shale e-ship had arrived." of life. Perhaps she would still plead the old promise, the old allegiance she had alleged three years before. She had not alluded to it again, nor had we spoken to her of marriage. Letters had passed between her and Ontara. He seemed to be making rapid progress in knowledge and in virtue. In two years his studies would not be a light of the property of the proper be finished, and then he hoped to visit us in our new home. One day, about this in our new home. One day, about this

time, she received one from him, and the expression in her face whilst she read it but broke down in the attempt. He could expression in her face whilst she read it immediately showed me that its contents were deeply interesting. An exclamation burst from her lips; she let the letter drop, and clasping her hunds together, she bent her head over them, pouring forth thanksgivings, as I found afterwards, but at the moment I felt uneasy, not knowing if she was sorrowing or rejoicing. But the instant she raised it, I saw it was joyful emotion which filled her soul.

"What is it dearest?" I asked, still feeling anxious.

ing anxious. "I am too happy!' she cried. 'Oh, too, happy! It is what I have longed and prayed for. Ontara is going to be a priest. God has put it into his heart to devote himself to His service, and to that of hi brethren. As soon as he is ordained, he will be sent to the Missions of New France to preach the Gospel to his own people. Oh, dearest mamma, I am so happy; I have nothing left to wish. He will do for them what I could never have done. Mamma, you know the Indians were my first love, though I am so fond of our poor negroes

"Well, I was very happy also, and vet my heart was not free from a vague un-easiness. I have always been a believer in presentiments; is it not one of our Ger-man traditious? Some days afterwards we spoke to Mina of Raoul's approaching

arrival, and her father said to her:
"'Now, my Mina, that Ontara has re nounced every worldly tie, I suppose you consider yourself free from a promise which we always teld you was not bind-

husband ?

"'And have you now any difficulty in receiving Raoul de la Croix for your future "I have never forgotten the expression of her face when this question was put to her. She did not seem troubled or grieved, or glad, but a tender, thoughtful look came over it. She took up her long accustomed position between us, joined our hands together, and then kissing them, said, 'Would it make you happy?' Her father said, 'Yes.' I kissed her without speaking. 'Let him come,' she said; 'dear Raoul, I shall be so glad to see him.' My And the poor negroes of our own planta-tions, how they worshipped her! And with what wonder those freshly imported from Africa looked upon the white angel who met them on their arrival! Many of them, when they landed after the horrors of the passage, were sunk into sullen des-pair. They were persuaded that nothing but tortures and death awaited them, and would not listen to any white man, all but worshipped the girl of seventeen who was about to become his wife; but he has since told me that though he fell pas-sionately in love with her, he had, from the first moment of his arrival, a mis-giving that there was something too pure, too ethereal, he had almost said, too divine about her for an earthly bride. I think myself that she had a clear presentiment of her approaching death, and did not expect to live to marry him. She seemed very happy during the weeks which followed his arrival. Two orthree times she and the product of the product of the seemed to be a s said, 'I am so glad Raoul is come. I am so glad you will have a son.' I used to listen to his joyous laugh and her sweet voice mingling together, as they sat on the seashore, like the whispering of the breeze and the ripple of the waves. She seemed willing to give up much of her time to him, and was always ready to talk and to laugh when he was in the hamor for it. or Raoul! he is now married, and has children, but I do not think as long as h

> presents as it taking leave of them, though nothing had yet been said about her de-parture from Bourbon. We knew she must go to Europe if she married, but no definite time had been mentioned. Madame d'Auban paused, and the Marechal de Saxe exclaimed abruptly, "You cannot go on. I am sure you cannot go on!" His eyes were full of tears.
> "Yes," she said, "I will tell you all.

This is probably the last time I shall speak r to one whom I knew and she knew. I should not have done so, perhaps, but that a short time before she died she said she hoped I should see you again, and that I was to give you her love."

Tears were running down the mare-chal's checks, and he murmured, "God

"It was one morning, on a very hot day, that she fell ill, that is, if that painless, quiet sinking into the arms of death, which it was, could be called an illness. A ship laden with slaves had arrived in the night, and when she heard of it, as usual when it became evident that she was dyhave no doubt her prayers were heard,
and often obtained what she sought.

"Three years and more had elapsed
since we had left France. One day a letter
mother, or lover. She was too fit for

weeping amongst the crowds that gathered

In two years his studies would died. She smiled, and said, 'Deo gratias.

only murmur:
"God knows I feel for you madame,

and I admire your fortitude. Has it never forsaken you?" Her lip quivered.

"There came a time when it gave way, Maurice. For seven years we remained in the place when she was gone. Her father took up her work, and as long as he lived I could look calmly on those bright skies and those sunny seas, and the negroes toiling in the fields. He was stemming, with all his might, the evils of their lot. He was doing what she had done. But when he was taken from me, he on whom I leant with a too absorbing love, when for a while resignation was only despair, I loathed the sight of all that natural beauty and that moral misery. I longed for obscurity, silence, and shade. Not that of the forest, not that of the green glade or the quiet valley. I fled back to the Old World, to the deeper soli-

alone with your grief?"
"Say, rather, dear friend, alone with

"Say, rather, dear friend, alone with blessed memories, alone withdearest hopes, alone with God—bereft of all that looks like happiness, and yet happy. And now tell me something of yourself, Maurice, and speak to me of my sister's children, and of my brother. I sometimes send for a number of the Gazette de France and see their names in it, but not with the old painful feelings it used to cause me. I think my heart has softened towards them, towards every one of late years. Is it true what I read some time ago, that with the baton de marechal, His Majesty the King of France has given you the domain of Chambord, with a right royal endow-

"It is perfectly true, princess. Fortune has been a kind mistress to me, and the king a generous master. I have nothing of the sacrament at stated times being held of the sacrament at stated times being held of the sacrament at stated times being held of the sacrament at stated times being held. to complain of at their hands, and yet . . . to-night I am almost inclined to envy you, your sorrows, your obscurity, and your faith. I believe you are hap-

ier than I am."

Again, as when they had first spoken together, she smiled in her old way, and the face, once so beautiful, lighted up for a moment. They talked a long time that night of past events. They went back to scenes of early youth, and then kindly and sadly parted never to meet again. He died a short time afterwards; she lived to an

advanced age.
With him passed away the last link be tween her and the world she once belonged to. She lingered long on earth, a deceiver, and yet true; unknown, and yet known: and yet true; unknown, and yet known; as one dead, and yet alive; sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; needy, and yet enriching many. Her life was a mystery; her story has become a legend. In the by-ways of history she has left a name, which indirectly point a moral, whilst it serves to adorn a tale.

THE END.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes there is no virtue but upon his own side.

gratitude in a poor man, you may take it for granted there would be as much gen-

erosity if he were a rich man. Modesty in woman is like colour on her heek—decidedly becoming if not put on. Let no one avoided you mit form. cheek—decidedly becoming if not put on.

Let no one overload you with favors;
you will find it an insufferable burden.

The soul is immortal and with its natural love for other souls, it follows them into their eternity and asks them for help or prays God to grant those souls eternal

Confession is the healing medicine of the oul, and we must not wonder that, in the providence of God, it is somewhat bitter; yer we ought to be read to be soul's health, as we take a medicine for the good of the body, however distasteful that medicine may be.

The world is nothing but a scene at a theatre, where we come to play our part, the actors of a moment, who disappear directly the curtain falls. The only thing good in us, the only one which does not die, is our soul; and yet that is the only thing about which we do not occupy our thing about which we do not occupy our the Chrystoff.

lest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure. It was well said by a Roman emperor that he wished to put an end to all his enemies by converting them into friends.

So I learned then, once for all, that gold in its native state is but dull, unornamental stuff, and that only low-born metals ex-cite the admiration of the ignorant with an ostentatious glitter. However, like the men of gold and glorifying men of mica. Common-place human nature cannot rise above that.—Mark Twain.

In point of virtue, that which costs nothing is worth nothing. "Sacrifice," says De Maistre, "being the essential basis of virtue, the most meritorious virtues are those which are acquired with the greatest effort." There can be no true development of heart or mind, nor growth in grace where selfishness is the predominant prin

The man of faith is mild, kind, and courteous: he is a man of veracity, generosity, symplicity, and sincerity: an invaluable friend, a wise counsellor, and an edifying companion: his temper is always even: his conversation ever cheerful and easy: and, amidst the variety of those calamities inci-dent to human nature, he is always ready to assist his neighbor.—Rev. Wm. Gahan, 0. S. A.

PROTESTANISM.

A SECULAR PAPER'S TESTIMONY TO ITS DE-CAY IN GERMANY

Complaints are everywhere rife enough that Protestanism is declining, but nowhere does it exhibit such unmistakable signs of does it exhibit such unmistakable signs of athrophy and dissolution as in the German Empire. It is a fact verified by every traveller that in the larger cities the Pro-testant churches are deplorably empty, while in the rural districts the pathway to the Lutheran or Evangelical houses of worship is rank with grass and weeds to the very door. How can we account for the eclipse, so complete and apparently so hopeless, which has come over the Church founded by Luther and Melancthon. About the facts there is no doubt. They lately been set forth in great detail by

PROF. VON SCHULTE,
in the Contemporary Review, and again in
the last number of the Edinburgh Review.
It is unquestionable, not only that a far
larger proportion of Catholics than of Protestants attend church in Germany, but back to the Old World, to the deeper solitude of a city. The dark cathedral, the obscure dwellings of the poor, the crowds that take no heed of a stranger, and this little room in an unfrequented street, are more congenial, more soothing to me now than nature's loveliest scenes, more peacethan nature's loveliest scenes, mo "And here you dwell alone, princess, lone with your grief?"

ship is only held once on Sunday; among Catholics, it is very often held twice. It is natural that pastors should grow tired it is natural that pastors should grow tired of haranguing empty benches. It resulted from an enquiry into the condition of the Lutheran Church in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg that

No SERVICE AT A LL
had been held in the head churches for 228
Sundays, because there had been no congregation. It appears, too, that the number of Protestants who every year receive the sacrament is extremely small compared with that of the Catholics. Yet statistics show that the attendance at meagre as it is, very much exceeds attend ance at church. This habit seems to b made qualification for Government offices dependent on proofs that the candidates belonged to the State Church, partaking

poverty and SOCIAL INSIGNIFICANCE of Lutheran or Calvinist pastors are, to English and American observers, among e most striking phenomena of Germaniety. The German clergymen takes no lead in the business of charity, but there is none dispensed on the part of the middle class gentry. He hallows no meal with a the monotony of country life, he may be suffered to take a fourth hand at whist but in general the clerical element is altogether absent from what in Germany is deemed good society. In a word, the German pastor stands to-day precisely where the English parson stood in Fielding' time. He is, when not despised, ignored as a minister, and looked down upon as a man. As for religious home culture, there is, Professor Von Schulte tells us, an entire lack of it in Germany. Family worship, it is stated by the same authority, is a thing unknown among Protestants belonging to the Prussian National Church, except in a few pious households. This is soon apparent to the foreigner, from the fact that the great mass of educated Pro-

CULTER-KAMF
compelled some attention to these matters

whenever you find a great deal of ratitude in a poor man, you may take it or granted there would be as much genlation is likened by one of our author their idols, yet had nothing to put in their

place.

Besides the general causes which have in our day tended, throughout the West-ern world, to depress religion, there are special agencies which have long operated to impair the influence of the Protestant Church in Germany. The Reformation had scarcely begun when
THE PETTY PRINCES

Rome herself had never exercised. Toleration was the last thing gathered from the precepts of religion, and the chief object to which the princely converts applied the newly won freedom of the Gospel was to extract from it points of controversy, on which they formed their own crude personal opinions and imposed them with the die, is our soul; and yet that is the only thing about which we do not occupy ourselves in the least.—St. John Chrysostom.

Revenge is a momentary triumph which is almost immediately succeeded by remore; while forgiveness, which is the nobelest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure. It was well said by a Roman emperor that he wished to put an end to all his enemies by converting them into friends.

sonal opinions and imposed them with the utmost rigor on their subjects. Even Luther lost the courage with which he had withstood the Pope when he found himself confronting the petty tyrants of his own land. One of the worst blots on the history of the Reformation in Germany was the wide conscience of Luther and Meianchton, by which they permitted the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, although himself a Zufrau, or companion wife—a himself a Zufrau, or companion wife—a scandal which is said to have deterred the Emperor Ferdinand from joining the Reformation. Even bigamy did not satisfy, in one instance, for the Margrave of Wurtemberg was suffered to indulge himself in three wives at once. Even as late as 1878 the Berlin Consistory, quoting these SHAMELESS PRECEDENTS, sanctioned a morganatic marriage between Frederick William of Prussia and a Frau-

has nothing to do with marriage; and he went on to pronounce the betrothal not a preliminary but a final and all-sufficient front, the band broke into ceremony. The social consequences of these tenets may be read in the statistics of German illegitimacy, and are familiar to all who have traveled through the country, which, from this point of view, should be rather called the mother-land than the father-land. The sanction of a Zufrau was not the only exhibition of Luther's subservience. To an appeal from oppressed every house in the town was lighted up; conscience on an occasion when a

he returned an answer that needs no com-ment: "That two and five make seven," he wrote, "thou canst comprehend with thine own reason; but should your ruler declare that two and five make eight,

THOU ART BOUND TO BELIEVE IT, however, contrary to thy knowledge and feeling." With such encouragement from the highest spiritual authority, it was natural that every ruler should exact prompt and absolute conformity from all his sub-jects. The abrupt and sweeping alterna-tions of creed imposed by successive sover-eigns were, of course, fatal to anything like ural that every ruler should exact prompt and absolute conformity from all his subjects. The abrupt and sweeping alternations of creed imposed by successive sovereigns were, of course, fatal to anything like religious convictions. In a hundred years the Palatinate passed through ten changes of religion, and since the beginning of the present century the tiny principality of Glachau, governed alternately by counts of pietist and rationalist opinions, has regof pietist and rationalist opinions, has reg-ulary changed its pastors with the sovereign, the one sect preaching belief in the atonement, and the other laughing that tenet to scorn. Under these circumstances, the inhabitants did just what the whole Protestant Church of Germany has been constraint of the Thoracci, the constraint of the Church of Chu constrained to do. They suited them-selves to all creeds by not caring for any

selves to all creeds by not caring for any creeds at all. The present organization,
THE PRUSSIAN NATIONAL CHURCH,
while it rigorously prescribes a specific form of worship, exhibits a significant indifference to the articles of belief professed,

THE EVANGELICAL CHURCH, furnished with a distinctive service and lit-urgy, but unprovided with any standard of belief. This omission was intentional and unavoidable, seeing that the mechanical union of doctrines essentially irreconcilable was contemplated. The act of incorporation simply asserted "God's word" the foundation of the Church, and left every member to interpret that word as he the foundation of the Church, and left every member to interpret that word as he chose. The old sects relinquished, without apparent regret, their former modes of worship, which embodied a public profession of their faith; indeed, with the exception of the protests made in a few country consider a careal, a visual of resistance at this moment, after a period of long and parishes, scarcely a ripple of resistance broke the prevailing unconcern. It is cu-rious that, under these circumstances, the civil authorities were not willing to leav-well enough alone. Wishing to make the

testants take no interest whatever in religious or ectlesiastical questions. Indeed until the so-called may be said, with some qualifications, of all the Protestant Churches of Germany, which number twenty-six, besides the Old Lutheran and several sects not belonging to any establishment. They all exhibit

BISHOP OF CASHEL.

MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION IN TIPPERARY.

rather a welcome that royalty could no purchase for many reasons. His Grace purchase for many reasons. His Grace's visit to Rome has come to be accepted as one of the most important events of the time, and has inflamed the affection of his people to the pitch of downright en-thusiasm. His priests and people determined to signalize his return by present. THE PETTY PRINCES
who embraced it resorted to a capricious tyranny in marters of conscience, which Rome herself had never exercised. Toler-the last thing gathered from the high road to accomplishment when his Grace sternly refused to submit his later specifies in his honor, and forpeople to sacrifices in his honor, and for-bade the banns. But the affection of the people was not to be baulked. It took on Friday evening an infinitely more touching way of showing itself. The Most Rev. Croke left Kingsbridge for home the one o'clock train, reaching Thurles at 4.36 p. m. The Thurles railway station approaches were thronged with men, who

LUSTY SHOUTS OF WELCOME RANG OUT LUSTY SHOUTS OF WELCOME RANG OUT high over the strains of "See the conquering hero comes," into which the band of the Confraternity of the Holy Family burst forth as the train came alongside the platform. It may be judged what a scene of wild and pissionate confusion was his greatly first creating. Darkness was his grace's first greeting. Darkness was just falling, a day of dismal mist had worked the roadways into slush, and any open-air demonstration had to be made at all possible atmospheric disadvantages; but the brawny fellows who swarmed around the Archbishop, caressing him with their own rough tenderness, had little thought of the mua under foot or the mist overhead, and, as in most other things, the Archbishop did not flinch from sharing Frederick William of Prussia and a Frau-lein Voss, the Queen giving her consent on condition that her gambling debts were paid. As to marriage, it is well known what doctrine concerning it Luther laid.

The Church, he said,

The Church he said,

"COME BACK TO ERIN," thousands of the people swarmed tumultuously around, giving a refrain to the music with their triumph shouts, and in this manner the procession poured into the lighted streets of the town. Nightfall had sufficiently darkened the sky to throw the illumination into full relief. there was no cabin too poor to boast its had been more than commonly tyrannical, few candles and laurel wreaths. The promptly. All dealers sell it.

houses of the Protestant residents were as gracefully radiant as any of their neigh-bors. In most of the houses every pane of glass in the windows had its taper burnof glass in the windows had its taper burning; in others the lights were arranged in pretty devices, and clusters and rockets, Roman candles and magnesium lights flashed out here and there along the track of the procession. A huge tar-barrel was set lighting like a pinnacle of flame upon

of shamrock in gas jets, many-colored Chinese lanterns, lamps and illuminated windows, in one of which was set forth a portrait of Pope Leo XIII.; in another of his Grace of Cashel, and in a third a representation of the Irish harp. The Presentation Convent was no less beautifully arrayed in lines of light. So was the monastery of the Christian Brothers and the presb tery. An immense cross of gas jets, with illuminated words of welcome underneath, flamed over the entrance gate difference to the articles of belief professed, this system of drill and uniformity in the externals of the Church, means no more than the presence of the Bible in the knapsack of every Prussian soldier. It is a proof of the soldier's subordination to his values not of their solicitude for his remainders not of their solicitude for his remainders. With snamrocas, with some of the cathedral gates. The windows of the stately campanile tower of the dows of the stately campanile tower of the cathedral were also gleaming with colored lights. The scene when the Archbishop reached the great western front of the cathedral was one of the wildest and most singular lever saw. The cathedral peal of rulers, not of their solicitude for his religion. Even the army chaplains, it is said, are free to inveigh against the most sacred dogmas of the Christian faith, so long as they preach obedience to military superiors. That obliteration of religious difference, whose logical outcome is indifference, was finally accomplished by the Calvinist sovereigns of utheran Prussia about forty years ago. Freedrick William about forty years ago. about forty years ago. Frederick William
IV, the brother to the present Kaiser, embodied Lutherans and Calvinists under one denomination, called

about forty years ago. Frederick William the throng of eager, impetuous and expended to the properties of the people were struggling confusedly forward towards the doors. Another vast crowd had already installed themselves within the church, and while the Arch-bishop walked up the nave, the organ organ pealing forth a triumphal march, the excitement of the moment was too much for the people. Then a deep religious silence settled down over the place. The arch-iepiscopal throne was decorated with words of welcome, and the students of St. at this moment, after a period of long and varied travels, that I should do more than varied travels, that I should do more than thank you with all the sincerity of an Irish heart for this one more manifestation of good will and affection for me which you are making this evening. I have many things to be thankful for in connection with my reconstitute the well enough alone. Wishing to make the Church still more

LIKM A MACHINE
they drew up in 1876, for the eight old provinces, a united constitution, with a General Synod as its organ. As might have been expected, the constitution proved too liberal for the orthodox, and too orthodox for the liberal. Even this quarrel is conducted in the most listless fashion, being almost exclusively confined to the ranks of the clergy. in Rome, and that not upon personal grounds,
BUT BECAUSE WE WERE IRISH

bishops. I have to thank God in the third place that there is now seated in St. Peter's Chair in Rome a Pope who, to all his qualor blame.—Madame Swetchine.

The bridge is human life: upon a leisurely survey of it I found it consisted of three score and ten entire arches.

Catholics who sell liquor on Sunday, will look to it, how far they will be made answerable for the young men whom they keep from Mass on that day.

When the marrowness of absolute praise on political grounds, it was considered an essential mark of breeding not to touch upon such topics in society. In short the influence of the home life upon the relimination of children is, in the great answerable for the young men whom they keep from Mass on that day.

The bridge is human life: upon a leisurely survey of it I found it consisted of three gious education of children is, in the great majority of Protestant families, absolutely will be made and a people with and contained and the Irish people. Finally, I have to thank God that I return to my own against the same and a people with and the Irish people it find them once more displaying the same kindness and warmth and affection I have so often experienced at their hands. I do not intend—and I am sure there are examples of pastoral faithfulness. tion I have so often experienced at their hands. I do not intend—and I am sure you do not expect—that I should speak here of all that occurred in reference to my visit to Rome and in reference to old Ireland. You have read, no doubt, in the newspapers the substance of the interview we had the honor of having with his Holiness. Substantially that account gives The Archbishop of Cashel received a royal welcome home to his little cathedral city of Thurles on Friday evening, or the received a release that royalty could not his Holiness towards us was that of a fixed a friend rather than that of the father and a friend rather than that of the august He d of the Church. He understands Ireland; he loves Ireland;

HE HAS READ OUR HISTORY, and he has read it with fruit. We may, therefore, rely upon his Holiness at all times, as a friend no less than as a father. Among the many commissions I got from him in reference to this country was that of thanking you and the people of this archdiocese at large for the contribution of Peter's Pence. me, the first time I met you, to give you, from the bottom of his heart—and I do now, from the bottom of my own heart his apostolic blessing, that it may bring all sorts of grace and benediction on your

heads.

The whole congregation knelt while his Grace communicated the apostolic blessing. The choir then sang the Te Deum with organ and full band accompaniment, after which there was a Solemn Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, at which

Many most remarkable cures of Deafness have been performed by Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the certificates of which the proprietors will cheerfully furnish; it is the most potent remedy known for all varieties of Inflammatory action—taken integrally and creatily and internally and externally applied, it cures Croup, Rheumatism, Colds, Sore Throat, and is a perfect panacea for all manner of pain, lameness and flesh wounds.

"How thin is Sarah Bernhardt, Pa, That shadow of a shade?"
"Why, just about as thin, my child,
As pic-nic lemonade."

But if Sara would only take Burdock Blood Bitters she could add to her flesh and beauty very materially. These popular bitters are no fancy drink, but a pure and powerful tonic that acts upon the Stomach, Lver, Skin and Kidneys, purifying the blood and regulating the secretions, while it renews exhausted vitality. See testimonial in another column.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam contains no dangerous narcotic drug, but is a purely vegetable healing balsam. It cures by osening the phlegm and corrust matter from the Lungs and expelling from the system. Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis Hoarseness, and all pectoral diseases yield to it