Song of the Captives. BY KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

By the waters of Babylon we sat and wept when we remembered thee, O Sion."

I.—Obscuratum Est Aurum.

How is the fine gold dimmed—the kingly purple faded—

The light of the sun in the mid-day heaven by mists malign o'ershaded!

The stones of the Temple scattered—the gems Trodden down in the mire, and the sacred cups profaned with the heathen's wine

I thought I had died to see it, but that was when I forgot The strength which is almighty and the love that steepeth not

Now I rest in His arms, undaunted; in Him is my heart's trust— The sun will pierce thro' the poison mists, the gold is under the dust.

And the stones and the gems regathered, a Temple far more fair Than the one I loved will arise at last to the passion of my prayer.

From the Catholic World. A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XXII THE FIRST FRUITS.

The social atmosphere after the consum The social atmosphere after the consum-mation of the long-planned scheme of Mc-Donell's incarceration possessed for Dr. Killany a clearness and brightness that for many a day it had not known. He was no longer in the maze of a conspiracy, meditating, struggling, hoping, fearing, filled with chagrin one moment, to be lifted with hope the next; and although there was yet much to do and more to be troubled about, still the great obstacle was removed; he could breathe and wait with comparative indifference for whatever fate estined to follow. He was manager of Nano's estate in conjunction with two nonentities. That position his intriguing had assured him. It was imperitive that one who had made himself so important and necessary a factor in late events should have an immediate reward, which would not bear the outward character of a price and yet be quite as substantial. He held his office by virtue of his conventional relationship, the world said. Nano knew as well as he that it was the sop to Cerberus, the opiate to still dangerous impor-tunings and outbreaks, and both appreci-ated it accordingly. It occurred to her often, and not vaguely, but impertinently clear, that he was looking for higher emoluments—her hand in marriage, perhaps. She had never taken pains to let him understand the hopelessness of his expectations. If he wanted money a fair fifty thousand was at his disposal when she came into the property. Considering what he knew and what he was able and unable to do, this was heavy compensation but she did not intend to offer it at any but she did not intend to offer it at any time. He might ask for it himself. She knew that to one of his disposition this was but a drop in the bucket. That, however, was not her affair. He might choose to be troublesome. She was prepared for that emergency likewise, and was ready to dismiss at the first sign of invalvable to the state of the same probability of the same caused. subordination. It never caused her a moment of pain or alarm. She could do many brave, dangerously brave things, and

time and was lavish of it, and he thought with leisurely care and diligence on his next move. He had, no doubt, passed the most dangerous period of his scheme; he was now to pass the most delicate. If boldness and skill were needed in the first the most dangerous period of his scheme; he was now to pass the most delicate. If boldness and skill were needed in the first instance, unequalled diplomacy and gentle and waited indifferently for the hour cunning were now the requisite qualities. He had to admit to himself—and with flattering man in existence—that the outlook was not cheering. She had not the slightest affection for him. Her manner very frequently savored of dislike and disgust, and she was always distant, cold, legels in the same of the slightest and the sure that it was not absolute and that disgust, and she was always distant, cold, legels in the same of the slight same of the same of th very frequently savored of dislike and disgust, and she was always distant, cold, haughty, repelling. These feelings had deepened since the crime of her life had been consummated. It was natural that a modern lamp which, at the rubbing of the one person who knew of her sin should the medical Aladdin, would bring her the one person who knew of her shandard be looked at with eyes of distrust when previous love was not in the question.

He had it in his power to show to blind waiting the doctor gave himself. Then waiting the doctor gave himself. previous love was not in the question.

He had it in his power to show to blind
admirers the crack in the perfect vase, the flaw in the long prized diamond, the rottenness of the sepulchre which was with-out a miracle of art and nature. He rejoiced in it that it gave him control over her, so haughty and daring in her fall; and it pained him, too, that she should know and feel her bondage, as it lessened the chances of affection towards himself. He loved her, indeed, as much as he ever could love at all. His heart and his intercould love at all. His heart and his interests were inseparable. Where both went
together his passion was honorable and
the night or day might be omitted in the
picture of brightness or misery. Killany
was not actually so nervous as to the rewas not actually so nervous as to the retogether his passion was honorable and
together his passion was honorable and
tog his hands? He could hardly tell. The possibility of failure so confused the clear-headed Bohemian that for some days he dared not discuss the question. Its imperativeness he never forgot, and he came down to it before very long and reasoned about it in this wise.

She was proud, intensely and morbidly

proud, and, like a certain well-known lady, proud of many things that would not have borne dissection. She was proud of her position in the world, of her natural and acquired perfections, and principally of her position as leader of the cultured disciples of transcendentalism. It was in his power to dash her at a single blow from the height of these honors into an abyss of misery and shame whose only redeeming point would be its oblivion. Oblivion she dreaded with the insane, shrinking fear of those who know no God, no belief, no life to come, and who take refuge from this fear in that falsest of refuges, their human pride. A whisper, cunning and sweet as Satan's in the ear of Eve, and it would be known that she had impris oned her father; another, and the graceful reasons would spread abroad like a blaze in the thicket of a summer forest. Supposing that proofs were asked, the necessity of liberating McDonell, of wringing or coaxing from him the confession of his early crime, of finding the children whom he had wronged, and of showing the truth of all the outlying circumstances. However, he did not need proofs. He was sure it would never come to that. She would surrender, under fear of such results, unconditionally. A weman who did not scruple

to wrong her own father so fearfully

the sake of wealth and position would not find it hard to wed an accomplished gentleman for the same reason, when by the act she would put away all danger for ever. What if her heart belonged to anthe act sne would put away all danger for ever. What if her heart belonged to an-other? There could be no serious ob-stacle in such an event, since interest, according to Killany's philosophy, was infallibly stronger than love. If from pure malice, dislike, or pettishness the lady still refused to look to her own welfady still refused to look to her own welfare—rejected him, in fact—it was not to
be supposed that he would bring his own
name into infamy for the sake of revenge.
But he had for the last desperate condition
a remedy which, if decidedly hurtful to
the other party, would be of the highest
benefit to himself.

In his calm, professional way the doctor brushed aside the cobwebs of obstruction to his pretty scheme, and set about
devising the means which, like a well-made
avenue would lead up naturally, easily,

avenue, would lead up naturally, easily, gradually to the culmination of his grand design. He had already decided that the design. He had already decided that the event must come off at an early date. Delays are proverbially dangerous. He was ready then to lay the question before Nano, but he was not so sure as to the time most acceptable to her. He set himself to work, therefore, to prepare her for its reception. In his career he had often played in the role of the serpent and the bird. The snares and tricks to lure the innocent practised among yulgar Bohemiinnocent practised among vulgar Bohemi ans were not unknown to him. The nature of the bird to be trapped in this case forbade the employment of ordinary methods. He became, under cover of his position as manager of the estate, her most devoted cavalier, and endeavored so to arrange his comings and goings that the world put upon them its most favorable world put upon them its most ravorative construction. He whispere I in the ears of his friends the most mysterious hints of coming good fortune, smiled ambiguously, and shrugged his shoulders meaningly when bantered on the subject of his growing attachment. He gossiped with the gossips to an extent that set these estimable persons at loggerheads with one another as to the truth of the varying tales they told about the matter. On the

they told about the matter. whole, he managed to impress society with the belief that his marriage with Nano was but a matter of time and expe diency. Nano, being a haughty individ-ual who brooked no meddling in her affairs, was never troubled with witticisms affairs, was never troubed with whetecams or inuendoes on the subject. Dr. Kil-lany felt and saw that he was getting on famously. Nano suffered his extraordin-ary attentions with wonderful meekness. In the rebound which her spirits had

taken she was becoming sprightly, cheer-ful, and approachable to an extreme deful, and approachable to an extreme de-gree. Even Killany came in for a share of this generosity of feeling. By degrees he won her from her usual reserve with him. The freedom of old friends seemed to prevail between them, and his confi-dence and his smiles grew broader day by

day.

His scheming was as patent to Nano as if he had traced it on paper for her amuse-ment. Like the garrison of a beleagured city, she watched with interest the gradual advances of the enemy; the contracting of the lines; the building of forts and many brave, dangerously brave things, and one of them was to resist, and even attack, so deadly, so ravenous, so disgusting an animal as this scheming doctor.

The doctor himself spent many quiet hours communing on this very subject. It on to his doom. In the first days of her bravel wight her hours communing on this very subject. It on to his doom. In the first days of her was now the nearest to his heart. He had trial she had forseen that herself might be the subject of Killany's demands. His manner during these two weeks which succeeded a never-to-be-forgotten mornwhen, with a relentless and determined hard, she would demolish the fabric of his was the most candid, least dreams as completely as he thought of destroying hers if she refused to listen to his

> waiting the doctor gave himself. Then he judged the proper moment to have come, and on one evening, at the hour which in good society is supposed to be given only to familiar friends, he set out for McDonell House with the intention of offering himself to the mistress as a husband of a superfine quality. It was an unparticular evening, distinguished by its wintry bleakness and loneliness. A lover wintry bleakness and loneliness. would have noted, perhaps, every feature of the time in which he was to stake his sult. It was purely a gaming transaction, and any turn of the die was to be met with philosophical composure. Disappoint-ment was not going to break his heart. Failure was with him only a possibility. He had made provision, however, for the possibility, and he had in any event a safe retreat. In one quarter of the city through which he passed, famous for its dirty children and brutish men, there seemed to exist some great but subdued excitement. Knots of idlers on the cor-ners, stalwart and mannish women in the

on some topic, and so interested were they that Killany's dainty, perfumed passing earned neither a look nor a comment from them.

"A fight, is it?" he said to a heavy-browed bruitish boy.

"A fight it be, perhaps," answered the surly lad, "but it ain't begun yet as I know of."

doorways, discussed in low, earnest tones

know of."
The doctor proceeded leisurely on his

The doctor proceeded leasurely on his way and was soon at McDonell House.
The conversation promised to be interesting and as artificial as the chatting of two diplomats intent on gaining admissions from each other and not quite sure of opposing methods. It was a game of skill in which neither party was to be ultimately beaten. Nano knew from Killany's manner that the important hour had arrived and rejoiced exceedingly.
The doctor saw and understood her feelings partly, knew that he no longer had a secret, and was anxious to plunge into his business without delay. The usual fencbusiness without delay. The usual fenc-ing took place, however, and the regular skirmishing which always precede a great The game was against him. He yielded,

battle. He touched upon the main point

battle. He touched upon the main point when he said:

"I never call lately without a matter of business which requires your attention. I have one for you to-night. You will learn to shudder at my footstep or at the sound of my voice, either is so apt to suggest disagreeable ideas."

"Business," said she in return, "has rather an interest for me, and, provided you do not come too often or give me too difficult problems to solve, I shall not learn to dread footstep or voice any more than I dread them at this moment. And

than I dread them at this moment. And I dread them now not at all," she added because he looked at her as if there were

a double meaning in her words.

"Well, you are very kind, Nano, and I promise you that in this affair I shall never trouble you again, unless at your own wish. The fact is, I wish to make you my wife. I offer you myself and my estate. The full value of both you under-stand, and I do not think it necessary to expatiate on my devotion. Time will show that very plainly." The murder was out, and she had re-

mained as indifferent as if he had proposed a sleigh-ride, looking straight into his face, while he spoke, with her frank, sweet eyes.

"You are calm, very calm, doctor, over

this matter. I had heard it was the cus tom—but everything one hears is not true.'

"I might remark, too," said Killany with inward unersiness, "that you are as calm as myself. I love you but I have no wish to gush over what should be a plain matter of business. That I have loved you for years is clear to you, but, being poor, I did not presume to show it. Still, if you require assurances—"
"Oh! none; I require none. They

would not sway me one way or another. My mind has been made up on this matter since I first discovered your intention of letting your heart run away with your head. I did not think you would be

guilty of such a thing."

"Indeed!" he said, not quite sure if she

was laughing at him.
"I am glad that we have an understanding at this early date," she went on glibly.
"It will make our business relations more settled and less constrained in the future. do not like to live with a cloud over my head ready to burst upon me, yet neve

"Ah! you are going to refuse me," he murmured, with a quiver of pain in his voice quite touching from its very unexpectedness.
"You might have expected it. Yes,

refuse. Gratitude is not love, you knew and grateful enough as I am to you fo your services, I cannot make your reward as substantial and sweeping as you would

"You believe, then, in that folly—love. And have you considered—alas! I know that you have. And yet am I not a dangerous person to be permitted to stray

from you side?"
"Dangerous?" she answered smilingly.
"I cannot think so. I would as soon accuse you of a desire to bite yourself as to

"Some animals do both when hard pressed, Nano."
"That sounds like a threat, doctor, of

which I know you would never be guilty. As you said yourself, this is a pure matter of business given to me to settle. I have settled it, and you may accept your fate kindly or not. We shall continue to be very good friends, and shall take up and side other businesses as gracefully. If it is any consolation to you to know that It is any consolation to you to know that I refuse you from inclination, and not from affection or any other, take it. It is not much, but it will save you from jealousy until the force of this disappointment wears off.

He was silent for some minutes. He could not decide upon what course to adopt in this unexpected turn of affairs. She was not defying him, he thought, and yet her cool, friendly manner might hide the cunningest dissimulation. She was a puzzle to him still, and it vaxed him to think how completely he was baffled. This was not the conversation he had planned, nor had his and this a shadow of and the visions which he was vouchsafe resemblance. A bitterness rushed over him like the serge of an ocean that she should act as if dealing with a very ordinary event, and not as if her very existence him, so that he recognized the will of God him, so that he recognized the will of God him, so that he recognized the will of God him, so that he recognized the will of God him, so that he recognized the will of God him, so that he recognized the will of God him, so that he recognized the will of God him, so that he recognized the will of God him, so that he recognized the will of God him, so that he recognized the will of God him, so that he recognized the will of God him, so that he recognized the will of God him, so that he recognized the will of God him, so that he recognized the will of God him, so that he recognized the will of God him here.

was concerned.
"I am averse to creating a scene-

said sharply.
"But, to tell the truth, Lexpected something different, not on the strength of my services but of my knowledge. There is no money could pay me for that, and I hoped it was understood that my services were given only in the hope of receiving yourself some day as a reward. I am union. St. Paul went to Rome again, tempted not to let you go. Do I not know enough to make it necessary for you est welcome, ordained a priest, the rules est welcome, ordained a priest, the rules

she answered boldly. There is no man on earth could force me to that, The alternatives might be disgrace and ruin, as they are not in this instance, but could endure both."

"As they are not in this instance?" he repeated significantly, as if communing with himself. She laid one delicate hand

impressively on his arm.
"Let us understand one another, doc-"Let us understand one another, doc-tor, at once and for ever. I will never marry you. Bury your dangerous knowl-edge in that fact. It is more to your in-terest to accept our present relations than to attempt anything like an 'exposure of our recent doings. We shall not discuss our recent doings. We shall not discuss what it is in your power or mine to do, but let it be conceded that just now we are evenly matched, and that only very favorable circumstances may make us open enemies in future. Make out when ou please the amount to which your services are entitled, and it shall be paid. Then we cry quits. What do you say? Remember, I shall never marry you, whatever be the alternative. Be guided What do you

accordingly."
He lisened with increasing despair wonder, and admiration. She was a little more earnest than at the beginning of the conversation, but still business-like and indifferent. There was determination in her looks, in her tones, and a world of it in her words, and he was forced unwillher looks, in her tones, and a world of her looks, in her words, and he was forced unwillingly to believe that she spoke as she felt. It was all over with his planning and scheming on that line of action. He had hoped to fall into the possession of a beautiful wife and a fine fortune, and to his stand forever on a solid and the standard of the stan

as the gambler yields, with philosophic heroism, and took up again the old and never-to-be-shaken-off Bohemian life.

"Let it be as you say," he said qufetly, and, after refusing an invitation to dinner, took his leave. Out in the streets, in that same quarter which had shown a trifling disturbance an hour before, unwonted excitement reigned. Workmen home from the day's labors now formed the corner throngs, and the talk was louder and quite violent.

"In a few days, lads," he heard one say

"In a few days, lads," he heard one say

boastingly, "and if one dares to show his head we'll split it though though an army tried to save him." He paid little attention to their lan guage, so deeply was he thinking of his

own misery.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FATHER BURKE'S PANEGYRIC ON ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS.

April 28th being the Feast of St. Paul of the Cross, founder of the Passionist Order, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated

Order, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated at the church of the Order of Mount Argus. After Mass, the

VERY REV. T. N. BURKE, O. P.,
preached the panegyric of the saint, taking his text from the 6th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians: "But God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Never, perhaps, in the history of the Church or of the world, since the Cross was first preached, was there an age in which scorn, seandal and hatred rose up so powerful in scandal and hatred rose up so powerful in the minds and hearts of man against the Cross as in the eighteenth century. The sixteenth century brought with it a great revolution against the Catholic Church. Luther and the various sectaries that grouped around him arose,

DECLARED WAR AGAINST THE CATHOLIC CHURCH,

but still at least pretended to maintain but still at least pretended to maintain some kind of Christian belief; but in the beginning of the eighteenth century another school arose, no longer disputing this point or that of the Church's teachings—no longer denying the Real Presence or the Sacrifice of the Mass, or any other de-tail of the Church's descripe but seeming. tail of the Church's doctrine, but scorning and reviling the very idea of Christianity itself. The man who might be called the founder of this diabolical sect of infidelity, which had spread its poison now for two hundred years, until the whole intellect-ual world outside the Catholic Church was utterly destroyed, and plunged into

THE MOST UNBLUSHING ATHEISM and disbelief-the man who founded all this was Voltire. He was born in the year 1694, in France: and just over the border, in the territory of Genoa, in the same year, another child was born into this world, who was to be the very opposite of Voltaire in all things—who was to be the great champion of the Church of God—to destroy Voltaire's doctrines to be the great champson of the Church of God—to destroy Voltaire's doctrines and his infidelity, both by preaching and by example, and that child, born in the same year, was St. Paul of the Cross. Here they beheld another example of the wonderful wavs of God and of divine Providence in the guidance of the Church Providence in the guidance of the Church. Almost to the very day on which Martin Luther saw the light two hundred years before,

was sent by Almighty God upon this earth. At the very time that Abelard was corrupting the schools, three hundred years before that again, Bernard of Chairvaux was raised up to combat him and to destroy his false philosophy; and at the very epoch when every element of modern infidelity was scattered broadcast in the schools and universities of Europe Almighty God raised up Thomas Aquin, the greatest scholar, the greatest philosopher, the greatest theologian of all, that he might pluck up the tares and preserve in the vineyard of the human soul the precious seeds of faith and the divine Word. Father Burke briefly sketched the MARLY LIFE OF ST. PAUL,

and the extraordinary mortifications and penances by which he disciplined himself, him, so that he recognized the will of Goo that his hour had not yet come, and with as concerned.
"I am averse to creating a scene—"
"Why should you think of that?" she
id sharply.
"But, to tell the truth, Lexpected some"But, to tell the truth, Lexpected some"I am averse to creating a scene—"
his brother he retired to a lonely mountain in Tuscany, where he subjected himself to renewed fasting and austerities.
Innocent XIII. died and was succeeded by BENEDICT XIII., A DOMINICAN FRIAR. There had been between the holy and biessed St. Paul of the Cross and the children of St. Dominic, a most intimate and loving and remarkable union. St. Paul went to Rome again, and constitution of his Order confirmed, and himself created a missionary apostolic. Father Burke gave a vivid description of Father Bulks of St. Paul, the successible preaching of St. Paul, the successible which attended his labors, and his edifying which attended his labors, and his edifying which attended: What is it for death. He concluded: What is it for which these sons of St. Paul live? they live for that for which their founder lived; THEY LIVE TO TPHOLD THE CRUCIFIED;

unwilling, the passio Domini nostri Jesu Christi; they live to plant that Passion deep in holy hearts sanctified by prayer, and bodies chastened and crucified by the mortifications which they were taught by their saintly founder. Thus must they live. They contain in the very idea which they express the element of their own perpetuity in the Church of God. Ignatius expressed the obedience of Jesus Christ, Francis of Assisi the poverty of our Lord, Dominic typified the teachings and labors of the Divine Saviour, St. Paul of the Cross, the Passion and sufferings by which the heart of God was broken with love, and by which the whole race of mankind is to be saved.—Dublin Freeman, April 29.

RETRACTATION OF AN "OLD CATHOLIC. -The Osservatore Catholic, of Milan, announces the end of the schism in the announces the end of the schmidth of the bound of the committee of Diocese of Mantua, and publishes the retractation of Don Paolo Orioli, the intruded Cure of Paludano, who had been elected by the popular vote in opposition to the legitimate Cure nominated by the Bishop. Don Paolo Ordioli declares that he submits himself entirely to the Bishop of Mantua and to the Holy See, and Don Paolo Ordioli declares that announces his temporary retirement into a religious house in order to make a long

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Mary could have Refused to be the Mother of Jesus.

In the annunciation, when an archangel announces to the Blessed Virgin on the part of God that she was to become the mother of the world's Redeemer, we see mother of the world's Redeemer, we see clearly the prominent part she played in the mystery of the Incarnation and there-fore in the scheme of man's redemption. What an awful moment for the immortal hopes and eternal interests of mankind that was! Mary is a free agent, and she could if she pleased, reject the grace and the ir expressible dignity offered to her. She for a moment suspends her consent, and God and nature are, as it were, kept in suspense and expectation, so necessary was it for mankind that she should freely and actively co-operate in the work of their redemption and their salvation. Her their redemption and their salvation. The consent was necessary for the mystery of the Incarnation, and, it was only when she gave it, when she said her "fint," that the decrees of God regarding this stupendous mystery ran on to their fulfillment, and that the work of the redemption of

"God was pleased so to arrange it," says
St. Thomas, "that it might be shown that
there is between the Son of God and there is between the Son of God and human nature a certain spiritual marriage; and therefore in the Annunciation the consent of the Virgin was waited for, as the representative of all human nature." (Lib., iii, Art. 30.) "Answer, O Blessed Virgin," says St. Augustine, "why do you hesitate about giving life to the world? The gate of heaven once shut by the sin of Adam is opened, and the celestial ambassador has passed through it to come to you. God is at the gate, and He awaits the Angel whom you detain. O Blessed Virgin, all the captive ages conjure He awaits the Angel whom you detain. O Blessed Virgin, all the captive ages conjure you to give your consent. He who was offended has taken the first step. He has taken away the bolt by which our iniquity had closed the gate of heaven. We shall be permitted to enter there if you give your consent. Est nobis additus, si assensus twas fuerit commodatus." (Ser. 17 in Natal Dom.)

Such, in the thought of the holy Fathers and of Catholic theology, is the prominent place the Blessed Virgin occupies in the divine scheme of man salvation.

The fact that nearly all the descendants

f Sir Walter Scott are Catholics, says the

London Weekly Register, gives a special interest to the commemoration of his gen-ius in the city which is still the capital of Christendem. A great crowd of British residents and visitors, including, with one exception, every Scotsman and Scots-woman now in Rome, assembled on Satur-day afternoon in the Via della Mercede towitness the uncovering of the commemorative tablet placed by the Municipality of Rome on the front of the house number 11, in which Sir Walter Scott resided durng his brief sojourn in the city. mg his brief solotin in the city. Between the covering was removed Lieutenant-Colonel Balearres Ramsay, who stood at one of the windows, together with the Duke of Sermoneta and the Earl of Haddington, delivered a brief and effective addington, delivered a brief and effective addington, delivered a brief and effective addington. bress. It was, he said, exactly half a century ago, within a few weeks, that our great compatriot went forth from this peat comparior went form interference whose in company with an illustrious young Roman, who, now in his old age, was standing by his side before them. The idea of obtaining permission from the municipality to place a tablet on the house. had been suggested to him by his country-man, Dr. Steele, who was present. Act-ing on this suggestion he mentioned the subject to the Roman youth to whom he had alluded, Michael Angelo Gaetani, now the Duke of Sermoneta, and received from him the greatest encouragement. Other Italian nobles, Prince Doria, Prince Alfonso Doria, the Duke of Marino, Prince Odosealchi, Duke Sforza Cesarini, the Marquises Caracciolo, Calabrini, and Vi-telleschi Don Emanuel Ruspoli, and the telleschi Don Emanuel Ruspeli, and the Counts Silvestrelli, to whom the house belonged, immediately gave their names; and the Boman Municipality, on being applied to, at once insisted on making the project their own. Colonel Ramsay then said that probably, with the exception of the Duke of Sermoneta, he was the only person present who had known Scott personally, and he, therefore, narrated some interesting reminiscences of his boyish acquaintance with the great poet; and having read what Lockhart, in his Life of Scott, tells of the poet's acquaintance with the Duke of Sermoneta, he removed the covering from the slab. The Earl of Haddington then, stepping forward, proposed in the name of his countrymen a vote of thanks to the Syndic and Municipality of Rome for the honorable tribute which they had paid to the memory of the illustrious Scottish poet, novelist, and historian by placing so handsome and enduring a tablet to commemorate his sojourn in their ancient city—in that city of cities, o whose natural and artistic beauties, o whose archaic and historical associations he ventured to affirm Walter Scott was as appreciative as his great contemporary, the author of Childe Harold. "Fitly, then, the speaker concluded. "has his memory honored by your munificence; and for this honor I once more beg to offer to you and to the Municipality of Rome the heartfelt thanks, not only of those who are here present, but of ail my fellow countrymen?" countrymen.' Conversion in Rome.

The Rome correspondent of the London Tablet writes: "Mrs. Wade (widow of Colonel Henry Charles Wade, late of Madras, and cousin of Mr. Wade, of Clono-

Feverish Colds

reversal could be are broken up and cured by Dr. R. V. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-weed. It is an excellent remedy for neuralgia and rheumatism, and the best liniment for sprains and bruises. By druggists.

All those painful and distressing disease and irregularities peculiar to the female sex may be promptly cured by BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. It regulates every organ

KISSING THE POPE'S FOOT.

In his collection of recently published "Essays," Mgs. Seton says: "The custom of kissing the Pope's toot is so ancient that no certain date can be assigned for its introduction. It very probably began in the time of St. Peter himself, to whom the faithful gave this mark of profound reverence, which they have continued towards all his successors—always, thowever, having been in-—always, thowever, having been instructed to do so with an eye to God, of whom the Pope is vicar. In which connection most beautiful was the answer of nection most beautiful was the answer of Leo X to Francis I, who, as Rinaldi re-lates (Annal. Eccles., an. 1487, num. 30), having gone to Bologna, humbly knelt before him and kissed his foot, saying that he was very happy to see face to face, before him and kissed his toot, saying that he was very happy to see face to face, the Pontiff Vicar of Jesus Christ. 'Thanks', said Leo, 'but reter all this to God himself.' To make this relative worship more apparent a cross has always been embroidered on the shoes since the pontificate of that most humble Pope, St. Gregory the Great, in the year 590."

Catholicity in the Wilds of Siberia.

Lieutenant Danenhower, one of the Lieutenant Danenhower, one of the survivors of the ill-fated Jeannette, which was lost in the Arctic regions, in his description of his wanderings after the sinking of the vessel, speak of his landing with his companions on the coast of Siberia. After proceeding inland some distance, they met some of the native Indians, and to his surprise found them to be Christians and Catholics. He says of them:

of them:

"After eating they crossed themselves, shook hands and said, 'Pashke bah!' They also showed us their crosses, which they kissed, and I was very glad to have in my possession's certain talisman (a miraculous meda!) which has been sent to me by a Catholic friend at San Francisco, with the message that it had been blessed by the priest and I would be sure to be safe if I wore it. I did not have much faith in this, however, but I showed it to the natives, and they kissed it devoutly. It was the only article in the possession of the party, indeed, that indicated to the can imagine our feelings at meeting these people, for they were the first strangers whom we had seen for more than natives that we were Christians. A MEMENTO OF SCOTT'S VISIT TO ROME.

People, for they were the first strangers whom we had seen for more than two years, and I never before felt so thankful to missionaries as I did on that day at finding that we were among Christian

natives. This region is, during the greater part of the year, ice-bound; yet even this frigid barrier has not prevented the teachers of the Gospel from spreading the light of truth.

Why He Spoke in Meeting.

The good done by the falling of a single tear from a little child's eye is thus beautifully told:

A gentleman was once lecturing in the of his address he said, "All have influence; do not say that you have none; every one has some influence."

There was a rough man at the other

end of the room with a little girl in h

"Everybody has influence-even that little child," said the lecturer, pointing

"That's true, sir," said the man. Everybody looked around, of course, but the man said no more and the lec-

turer proceeded.

At the close the man came up to the gentleman and said:
"I beg your pardon, sir: but I could
not help speaking. I was a drunkard,
but I did not like to go to the public
house alone. I used to carry this child. As I came near the public house one night, hearing a great noise inside she said, 'Don't go, father!' 'Hold your tongue, child!' 'Please, father, don't go!' 'Hold your tongue, I say! Presently I felt a big tear fall on my cheek. I could

not go a step farther, sir. I turned around and went home, and have neve public house since, thank God for it. I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all; and when you said even she had influence I could not help saying, 'That's true, sir; all have influence I';

Catholics Must Love Protestants.

Bishop Meurin, S.J., of Bombay, writes to his people: "Whilst speaking so dog-matically of the various Protestant religions, let us be careful, my dear brethren, not to confound the Protestant errors not to confound the Protestant errors with the erring Protestant. We cannot indiscriminately apply to them what we have said of non Christians; for many of them have been validly baptized; many, as children, have preserved their baptismal as children, have preserved their daptishad innocence up to the hour of their death; many have been too deeply imbued with religious prejudice to be able to emerge from its thraldom: few only have the acuteness of mind required for breaking through the cobwebs of erroneous argu-mentation; only a few are able to perceive the utter insignificance of the authority and support which an erroneous religion derives from a great number of respectable and fashionable adherents, on whose example unfortunately so many rest the salvation of their immortal souls there may be many who before dying re there may be many who before dying re-ceive the extraordinary grace of eliciting an act of perfect contrition for their sins, which as you know, is, besides the Sacra-ment of Penance, the only means of ob-taining the forgiveness of mortal sin. 'Therefore judge not before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts.' (I Cor. 4, 5.) Far be it from us to judge, and much more to braney, Co. Meath, in Ireland) was re-ceived into the Catholic Church in Rome condemn, sny person. But let us pray on Easter Day at the Riparatrice Convent, by Mgr. Kirby."

condemn, any person. But let us pr. with all our heart that our Father heaven may grant to all who are entangled in error, a ray of the beneficent light, which of late has brought back great which of late which of late has brought back great numbers of erring sheep to the happy fold of His Son, and that soon there may be but 'one fold and one shepherd.' (John 10, 16.)"

A Total Eclipse of all other medicines by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is approaching. Unrivalled in bilious dis-orders, impure blood, and consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.