

For the Catholic Record.
A Legend.
 From out a quiet old legendary town
 Where fabled blue waters smile and flow,
 There came a story unto me
 Of days whose light was long ago,
 When maidens fair and brave true knights,
 Buckled faith's armor on alike.

Among the fairest and of noblest stock
 Was she of whom the story's told,
 The treasure of fond parents' hearts
 The Queen of Halls and Heroes bold
 And many a knight of valiant mien
 Would fain have won and worn this Queen.
 Who though she glori'd in these valorous deeds
 Could only sigh to see them woo
 For he who woo'd her maiden heart
 Was humble in the world's proud view
 Only a hard whose fervid skill
 Caught music from the lute's still.

Musical youths throng through castled
 Or floated round the Peasant Hearths
 But he'll be ill or be it not
 Like household work as never forgot.

But not for her this song, bird knight,
 How'er sublime might be his lay,
 His daughter, said the warlike sire
 A warrior knight was long ago
 A flat that the bravest maid
 In those old days had never gained.

Time still spun on, his woof and web
 Like for rich, alike for poor,
 Blood as it had for many a day
 In sable vesture ever more
 For she, their parent's pride,
 By death was stolen as a bride.

As faded she, this treasure'd one
 So set for aye the parents' sun
 Who gave her the worship given
 To those alone whose name is Heaven,
 They never dream'd but on their child
 The God of mercy fondly smiled.

Perfect in life, death could not dim
 The halo that love never sheds
 Thus to we mortals when our own
 Pass from our ken to worlds unknown.

Retired from the world apart
 Like beacon-light on restless sea,
 Blood as it had for many a day
 A chapel, aged, worn and gray.

And here as gloaming softly stole
 Would come day in day out, alone,
 A poor old dame, whose name was
 Most refused to bear her on.

This was her resting hour, she'd say
 As some remembrance met her ear
 When God with none but angels high
 Could better list her evening prayer.

Before the altar bending low
 The same, same prayer was murmured forth
 Have pity Lord! O Love Divine,
 Have pity on those souls of thine.

Who passing through death's shadow vale
 Find none to help or pray for them,
 But like to Moses sadly stand
 Gazing upon thy Promised Land.

Have pity then, O Jesus mine
 Have pity on those souls of thine.

Through windows dim the midnight moon
 With stealthy step came creeping in
 And softly as a silver web
 Around a prostrate figure spread.

Then to the Care's wondering eye
 Who hither came from dead's bending night
 A vision seemed, till drawing near
 He found Death's angel had been there.

But not to him was given to see
 The white-robed troop then bending nigh
 Not that he knew their names or faces
 The ideal of years gone by
 With a voice as of the archangel
 We came, we came to God's best ways.

Hall! loving, true and tender heart
 Who hung for us God's gates apart
 Hall! weary pilgrim who for us
 Didst make the shadowy land a light,
 As you on earth did for us do,
 So Jesus be us for you do.

Nor was it given to him to know
 Whom these were, but he knew
 Not of which was pray'r for those
 For whom no pray'r to Heaven uprose.

He only knew this lovely one
 Had bravely fought, had surely won
 The crown that victors shall wear,
 Whose every work is but a prayer.
 Nov. 20th, 1883. M. A. B. F.

MOVING THE LEPEERS ASHORE.
 "My children: See! we are not so bad.
 Look! Fine surf, the moun'ains, the
 cottages, something to eat, each other to
 live for, and God over all. Is it not so?"
 Then he raises his cap and stars in an
 attitude of prayer, the exiles clattering
 curiously about him.

"Now my children, get ready to dis-
 embark. Do not be homesick. That is
 not brave. Here is work. We must
 live. We are not here to be unhappy.
 If our absence does good, then we should
 be content."

Pretty soon they were all huddled into
 the canoes and were off for the shore.
 There was no luggage to speak of—a few
 changes of cotton gowns for the women,
 nothing for the men and almost less for
 the children, of whom there were half a
 dozen. Naturally enough, I was anxious
 to see the reception of this new lot of
 exiles by the residents, and Father Damien
 took me into his long canoe, wherein
 I rode with great trepidation, for the surf
 was very high, and landed before the first
 batch reached the shore.

"You will find but a few people," said
 the reverend Father, "down to see the
 who land. They will be for the most
 part the last arrivals previously. Later
 in the day the other residents will stroll
 out to see the last additions. You see,
 the time elapsing between the voyages
 is such as to allow the earliest living res-
 ident to become apathetic."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that they do
 not care whether, among the arrivals,
 there may not be some relative, wife or
 child?"

"Yes. But the apathy sometimes has
 with it a physical condition which pre-
 vents them from moving much in a day, and
 they reserve the time when they can
 move with punctilious care till the evening,
 when they will meet all new comers.
 We have social observances here of the
 strictest nature. They are the outgrowth
 of a peculiar condition. Yes, and all the
 difficulties and troubles to contend
 against that an established form of soci-
 ety brings—ambitions, slanders, envy
 and the rest of it."

LIFE ON THE LEPER ISLAND.
 By this time we are at the little cottage
 occupied by the priest, it has a few
 books, a chair or table, no beds, some
 blankets rolled up in one corner of the
 principal apartment, which, with the one
 forming the kitchen, makes up the
 establishment. Presently a Kanaka,
 dressed in a pair of Nankeen trousers
 and a coarse shirt, fetches coffee in
 mugs. He is a leper; that I can readily
 see, and feel inclined not to have coffee.
 "Dear sir, do not be afraid. They have
 attended me for years. The disease is
 not contagious, except in a few ways,"
 remarks the Father, as he swallows his
 own portion.

"Now come along," he adds, "we must
 meet these people." And thus he clat-
 tered as we moved along together, the
 questions being asked by me, the answers
 given by him.

"Isn't there a superintendent here?"
 "Yes; but he lives over at Kalae. They
 can't get a good man to stay here."

"A maid?"
 "No, not that. Most people who come
 here are soon overpowered by the depress-
 ing condition of life. The Government
 has not given us a resident physician
 yet. They will sooner or later, and pay
 enough for a man to him stay here. As
 it is, the superintendent comes over at
 occasional intervals only. We are practi-
 cally alone here."

"No maid?"
 "Have no need for any."

"The Government sends you food?"
 "Some poi, which is not very good
 always, being sometimes sour; then
 there is a ration of seven pounds per
 week for each leper, which, with twenty
 one of poi, is the ration for each person.
 If they will go to work and raise the
 vegetable for poi the Government pays
 for it. To encourage the lepers to work,
 we have established a little store where
 they may spend their earnings for lux-
 uries, such as coffee, tea, or sugar and
 clothing."

"Does not the Government give them
 clothing?"
 "Yes, in small quantities. They do not
 need much."

LED TO THEIR PRISON.
 But here we are at the landing. The
 boats were taken ashore with their bur-
 dens of lepers, and standing at one side
 of the little pier I watched them land.
 Some of them gave signs of half awak-
 ened curiosity, others were apathetic or
 morose in mood. They looked and acted
 like people being led out to execution.
 Among the last to come on shore was a
 half white girl. She was the child of a
 native woman, whose father was a chief
 of Kaula, by the owner and master of a
 Yankee whaling bark. When the whal-
 ing business, becoming rich, retired from
 the islands, he settled in the islands of
 Hilo, he brought his native wife to the
 home he had made, and set to work to
 make a Christian of her. You may read-
 ily believe that his methods were crude,
 like his orthodoxy, and he indulged in
 rum and spiritual lessons in such unequal
 proportions, punctuating his teachings
 in one of his indulgences in the other with
 wife-beating to such an extent that the
 simple-minded woman thought it well to
 die. This she did, and the jury who were
 considering the responsible share that the
 captain had in her demise, found them-
 selves deprived of any painful duty by the
 suicide of the captain, by the sailor-like
 method of a rope. The girl lived for a
 time under the charge of the Presbyter-
 ian missionary, and became a teacher in
 the school. She was, and is yet, a beautiful
 creature, and a young English engineer,
 engaged at one of the big sugar planta-
 tions, fell in love with her. He was a
 fine young fellow and the match was ap-
 proved by all who had the interest of
 either of the two at heart, when one day
 he appeared on the face of the girl
 a blinding red spot, which spread from
 the cheek to the ear and then developed
 into tubercles over the neck, and they
 said she was a leper.

A SAD STORY.
 That happened in June. The girl de-
 clared that she was not, but the inexor-
 able law forced her away to Honolulu.
 Meanwhile she declared she was not afflic-
 ted, and insisted on having her lover be-
 lieve that she was temporarily in Hono-
 lulu, visiting and making purchases and
 so on, preparatory to the wedding. But
 there came a time when she could no
 longer deceive herself, and no one would

undecieve him. One day he came to
 Honolulu on business. It was the day
 appointed for the sailing of the lepers,
 and her case rapidly advancing, she with
 the rest was being led to the steamer
 when her lover saw her. One wild
 scream from her and he has dashed at
 the guard in a vain effort to rescue her.
 In a few minutes he is dragged away by
 the police, and she, in a fainting con-
 dition, is carried to the vessel. All night
 this girl lay on her breast sobbing, and
 now she springs ashore and casts a look
 around. Then she sees the priest stand-
 ing there, and falling at his feet clasps
 his knees and cries for help.

"You are good," she says, "I love
 him so. He is in prison. I shan't see
 him again. Let him come to me. He
 will come! We love each other. I have
 given him everything, but he does not
 love me less because I am a leper." But
 the priest strove only to raise her. Then
 she called out, "Oh, God, if this be in-
 deed Thy priest, show me Thou art kind
 and move his heart."

I turned away, but I saw the old
 priest's cheeks were wet with tears.

but they had no church and were too
 poor to build. The French Catholics
 offered them their hospitality; so of a
 Sunday morning, after Mass, the little
 act of Presbyterians held their service
 and said the prayers to God in a Roman
 Catholic church, and to-day there stand
 two beautiful candlesticks on an altar
 here, the gift of the Presbyterians in
 their prosperity, a token of their love
 and gratitude to their Catholic brethren.
 —Catherine Armstrong, in Philadelphia
 Press.

IMPRESSIONS OF IRELAND.

Bishop Fitzgerald Makes Known his Observations.

During a recent visit to his native city,
 Limerick, Bishop Fitzgerald wrote to an
 American friend the following impres-
 sions of his trip through Ireland:

Behold me again in the "City of the
 Violated Treaty." An Limerick wel-
 come to her son with an incessant drizzle.
 The tear I have seen in Erin's eye, the
 smile—not at all. Not unlike her people,
 the sunlight has gone from their hearts,
 gloominess and hopelessness over-
 shadowed them. No music, no stir
 of business, no playful children, nothing
 enlivens the streets, unless you call the
 loaves of bread of the itinerant ballad-
 singer an inspiring sound. Every one
 wants to go to the "land of the free,"
 Wheat and other grain, formerly a chief
 export from the south of Ireland, no
 longer safely mature, and tillage lands
 have been turned over to fattening of
 cattle for the English market:

"It falls the land, to hastening till a prey."
 Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" is a
 picture of no small part of Ireland.
 There is, however, a vast improvement
 as to educational matters in Ireland. I
 was greatly pleased with the appearance
 of the bright, intelligent, vivacious little
 children present. The churches and the
 convents in Ireland—taking them all in
 all—are finer than those in America.

Here, in Limerick, I do not think there
 are any church buildings in New York
 (except the Cathedral and St. Francis
 Xavier's) that can excel the parish
 churches, or those belonging to the
 Redemptorists and Jesuits. The parish
 churches in Dingle and Tralee are also
 very fine, and the Dominican church in
 Tralee is a gem of church architecture.

You would be charmed with the poor
 people, so good, so religious, and so child-
 like in their simplicity. What the rain
 and fog permitted me to see of Dublin
 surpasses my expectations. Its principal
 parts are grand. I was particularly
 pleased with Sackville street, because of
 the many fine monuments of many Irish
 worthies—the great councillor O'Connell,
 Burke, Grattan, Moore, Goldsmith, Wel-
 lington, and others. Dublin appears to
 be prosperous. The people are healthy,
 looking and well dressed, having the
 same rosy cheeks and beautiful complex-
 ions that I saw in the south of Ireland.
 Yesterday was a fine day for Ireland, as
 it did not rain more than twenty hours
 out of the twenty-four. Besides, it was
 not a wet rain, as they say here, trying,
 no doubt, to make the best of it.

THE FRENCH CANADIAN.

Proud of their Language, Lineage and Faith.

Just now Lord Lorne's name, with
 Lord Lansdowne's, bringing up a long
 vista of past years with Lord Dufferin's
 regime, is the cause of some lively, grave
 and intense discussion. Lord
 Lansdowne is on the verge of making a
 grave mistake in casting his hopes for
 the future of French Canada, and this
 before he has informed himself of the
 character and aims of this distinctive
 people; but with only his stock of Eng-
 lish information, which in regard to
 Canada is practically ridiculous and
 profoundly silly, he is hoping and trust-
 ing and promising what will never come
 to pass until, as Macaulay puts it, the
 firmament is rolled up.

Briefly to this address of Lord Lans-
 downe, in which he hints at leveling and
 effacing old marks and instituting anal-
 ogous ones, the French reply firmly: "We
 are American France and American
 France we remain; our own distinct peo-
 ple, guarding our language, our charac-
 ter and our faith."

Lord Lorne has been strangely insin-
 cere. During his stay here he pretended
 to grasp the situation of the Canadians
 in the economy of the Dominion, and
 said everywhere, in his many petty
 addresses, that he sympathized with and
 understood this logical and all pervading
 feeling. He intimated in this Lord Duf-
 ferin, who was the first Governor-General
 to understand and read this distinctive
 people, and, by this knowledge, to bring
 so much harmony to a confederation that
 was torn with dissensions when he as-
 sumed its rule. Loyal to English rule,
 the French will preserve their language
 and their character. And now that Lord
 Lorne is safe on the other side, "turns
 tail," and repudiates everything he has
 said and reiterated here, Lord Lans-
 downe has, in consequence of his little
 speech in favor of Lorne's "Cotemporary
 Review" idea, critics and watch-dogs
 (Lorne won't) ever on the watch to chide
 him—his every word to perpetual zeal
 and keener insight.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE FOR THE YOUNG.

Although the progress which the tem-
 perance movement has already made
 and is still making among our people is
 of a character to give consolation and
 encouragement to those who are de-
 voted to the cause, yet the further-
 ance of its principles and the extension
 of its influence, it may be questioned
 whether adequate means are being prac-
 tically adopted to secure the complete
 and lasting success which it is sought to
 attain. Liverpool and London are cer-
 tainly centres of organized zeal; meet-
 ings are regularly held, entertainments
 are provided with the double object of
 contracting the allurements of the
 public-houses and of bringing together
 assemblies of men and women in order
 that they may be made acquainted with
 the principles of the organization, and
 that those of them who have given up
 the vile habit of drunkenness may be
 confirmed and strengthened in their
 conviction, and those who are wavering
 and who are outside the movement may
 be induced to join in it; lectures are
 delivered illustrating the havoc and
 misery caused by the gigantic evil, and
 pointing out the advantages which
 accrue from total abstinence; bands of
 earnest and zealous volunteers are hard
 at work disseminating the teachings of
 temperance both by word and by ex-
 ample, bringing in recruits, rousing up
 those who are indolent or indifferent,
 and cheering on those who fully share
 their opinions and their sympathies. But
 is there not something wanting still?
 Is it not true of the vice of drunk-
 enness, as of many other vices, that pre-
 vention is better than cure? The work
 of reforming drunkards, and of inducing
 those who are moderate or only occa-
 sional drinkers to give up the practice,
 not from necessity, or from a conviction
 that the limited use of intoxicants is in-
 jurious, but from a desire to help on
 the good cause by their example, ought not
 to be the only aim in view. If the ac-
 tivities of temperance stop at this point,
 they will find that the work to be done
 in the future will be almost too heavy
 and too difficult for them to grapple with,
 if it be not altogether beyond their
 powers. The vast hosts of those who are
 slaves to the vice of drunkenness are
 being annually recruited from the rising
 youth of both sexes and it is by no means
 certain that at its present rate of pro-
 gress, the temperance movement will in-
 crease in numbers and influence propor-
 tionately with the growth of the evil
 which it has to combat.

THE FRENCH CANADIAN CHARACTER.

I have watched this people for nearly
 fifteen years, in society, on the farm, in
 the woods, on the raft, and in the clois-
 ter. I have found them simple, bright,
 unaffected, and thrifty and virtuous. In
 the drawing-room, among the old
 noblesse, there is the very poetry of
 good breeding; and among the habitans,
 that intense clinging to the faith and
 forefathers which is so characteristic
 now of the people from which these are
 descended, the Bretons. It is not at
 all a question of graduating out of their
 religion. The most intelligent and re-
 presentative are the most devout. Even
 Herbert Spencer might get an idea or
 two by a profound study—religious in-
 toleration is unknown. The first man
 to raise the standard of religious liberty
 in Canada, Samuel De Champlain, was
 the first man to raise the standard of
 religious liberty in the United States.
 Charles Calvert, was a devout Catholic
 only heresy has been no religious
 persecutions, no burning of witches, no
 hanging of Quakers. The only blood
 shed here was poured out freely upon
 the snow—the blood of the Jesuits by
 the Iroquois Indians.

On the contrary, the first people
 here (Montreal) of any strength after
 the founding were the Presbyterians;

a potent attraction for them. It is in
 the schools, chiefly, that the founda-
 tion of this great work must be
 laid. Impressions that are formed in
 childhood and in youth give shape and
 color to the conduct and character of the
 individual in after-life; and assuredly it
 is, at least, as important that children
 should be made acquainted with the
 objects and methods of the League of the
 Cross as that they should be taught what
 the geographical text-books say with re-
 gard to the area and population of Jan-
 netta and products of the land
 of the Kaffirs. If care were taken to in-
 still the principles of total abstinence
 into the minds of our youth, either by
 their parents, at home, or by their
 teachers at school, a new army would be
 formed which would be of incalculable
 service in the cause. The ordinary work
 of the League of the Cross would be ren-
 dered much lighter than it is now, and
 the erection of a healthy wide-spread
 public opinion in favor of the object of the
 movement would be only a question of
 time. This band of total abstainers would
 indeed become the backbone of the
 League. The conviction, formed and
 nurtured in childhood, that alcoholic
 liquors are not necessary, in any condi-
 tion of body or mind, but are, on the
 contrary, highly injurious in themselves
 and in their liability to be abused, would
 grow stronger as the years went by,
 until the aversion to the use of them
 would become an instinct, a second
 nature.

Those who have been total abstainers
 from childhood or youth, and whose con-
 viction is consequently deep-seated, are
 on the one hand less liable to contract
 the vicious habit that those who are late
 converts to total abstinence are to lapse
 into their former ways, and on the other
 are generally less aggressive in their pro-
 fession of total abstinence. It could be
 wished that those who have become
 abstainers in their maturer years and
 who, intimately acquainted from sad
 personal experience with the fatal influ-
 ences of the habit which they
 have abjured, are naturally
 anxious to convert both moderate and
 hard drinkers from the errors of their
 ways, would be more moderate and con-
 siderate in their advice. Moderate
 language, well arranged facts and
 figures, calm and clear arguments, are
 immeasurably more effective than are
 heated harangues, frantic denunciations,
 and exaggerated smiles. Those who
 adopt the latter mode of wordy warfare
 do not doubt produce some good results;
 but the moderate, skillful reasoner has
 the best of it in the long run, and the work
 which they perform is more durable
 because more solid. The temperance
 movement is not the expression or out-
 come of a transient phase of public
 thought. It is a work which, springing
 from strong abiding conviction, must go
 forward steadily, without rest, from gen-
 eration to generation, until its principles
 sink deep down in the hearts of the
 masses, leaving their characters, and
 exercising over their daily lives an influ-
 ence second only to that of religion, with
 which, among Catholics, it is, and ever
 will be inseparably allied. To establish
 the movement, then, on a firm and solid
 basis, and to insure its successful pro-
 gress, our boys and girls must be encour-
 aged upon all whose positions give them
 an influence over youth—the clergy,
 school teachers, parents and friends—to
 exert themselves in their direction with
 zeal, vigilance, and promptitude.—Liver-
 pool Catholic Times.

THE TRULY "GOOD" PARENT.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The burning question which is now
 before society is: What shall be done
 with the old people? Society is, as we
 all know, a body of young people who
 giggle, coo and flirt. The "old people"
 are of various ages beyond forty, parents
 of the members of society.

Doctors have declared that the surest
 sign of having a healthy heart, liver or
 stomach, is to be unconscious of the pos-
 session of either. Experienced mem-
 bers of society declare that "good
 parent" is known in the same way.
 A parent of either sex who is seen or
 heard is "good."

The "good" parent of the male sex is
 careful not to show any sign of uneasiness,
 if his daughter's "young man" re-
 mains with her in the parlour until after
 midnight. The "good" parent reads his
 paper in a distant backroom, and goes to
 bed early. He never rakes the fires with
 ostentation, or bolts doors with intention.
 He takes off his slippers as he goes up
 stairs, for fear that his loving daughter
 may be reminded by his footfalls that it
 waxes late. He never asks the young
 lady unpleasant questions when she
 is at a party, and if a young man she met
 to go to a ball with a young man she met
 the gown, but he presents her with a
 pearl-handled latch-key, with "We won't
 go home till morning" engraved on the
 handle. When other "queer"—and of
 course evil minded fathers—remark that
 the young man of the "lovely mistress"
 with whom she was seen to be walking
 demand where she met him. No; he
 winks, and says, "Susan can take
 care of herself."

The model parent, if she be of the
 female sex, will be careful to conceal
 from the male parent all the peccadilloes
 of the "boys." When they come in late
 and stumble upon the stairs, she will assert
 caused by rats or cats, or any other
 mythical thing that may come
 handy. She will take an interest in
 their innocent, youthful games, and find
 enough loose change in her husband's
 pockets to keep their dear boys busy at
 billiards or poker. She will never chide
 them when they fall upon the outer
 doors of night, but make a convenient
 lie about the early milkman, and hurry
 down to put them in bed. She will be
 ready to prove that they have that in-
 estimable disease, malaria, whenever the
 male parent shows a tendency to grumble
 at the lateness of their sleeping. In fact,
 the truly "good" mother must be not
 only truly sympathetic, but full of the
 tact and power of dissimulation which
 characterizes alike the great diplomatist
 and the accomplished liar.

She will be careful not to allow her
 daughters to soil their hands by domestic
 labor. She will constantly tell them that
 "old people ought to work, while young
 ones eat their white bread." In return,
 the notes of sonatas in B flat will cheer
 her gentle spirit, while she makes the
 sausage frizzle in the kitchen or works a
 wringing machine. She will wear an old
 shawl and pretend she is somebody else
 when she meets her neighbors, that Lily,
 "who neither toils nor spins," may appear
 in a scalloped sack. She will turn all the
 heat in the house into that apartment,
 sacred to youth and love, the parlor,
 while she and the male parent sit shiver-
 ing and listening to the sound of distant
 giggling. Happy the mother—fortunate the
 daughter of such a son! How grate-
 ful will her old spring be to her for her
 self-sacrifices! How tearfully will she
 point out the way to the nearest almshouse,
 when her tottering limbs can no longer
 bear her up in her labor of love for
 her dear ones! How tenderly will she
 will break the news to her, that she is
 no longer needed in the domestic circle!
 How sweetly will they say:

"Oh, thus may I perish
 When friendship's rays decay,
 And from love's sickening circle
 The gems drop away."

after they have put her funeral expenses
 upon a distant cousin, and grumbled in
 their innocent, gleeful way, at the man-
 ner in which she had shown her "good-
 ness" during life.

And the "good" father, who is so
 beloved by society, who has neither been
 seen nor heard nor asked unpleasant
 questions, may have disgrace brought
 upon him; he may discover that his
 daughter was not more than mortal; that
 temptation may overcome young per-
 sons "able to take care of themselves";
 but, when he reflects that there are many
 fathers like him; that he never "crossed"
 his daughter in any wish of hers; that
 he has always tried to please the young
 people; and that nobody will call him
 queer; will he be not happy? His name
 may appear in the scandalous chronicles
 of the daily press; he may be asked
 unpleasant questions on the witness
 stand; he may even be inclined to
 kill one of the amiable young men who
 are so attentive to his daughter; his hair
 may turn white; but no one will dare
 to point the finger of scorn at him and say:
 "There is an old fogey who wouldn't let
 his children have their own way." No;
 that reproach, galling alike to the "good"
 American parent and dutiful children,
 will be spared him.

He will find consolation in the thought
 that if his boy knows life thoroughly—
 even the life in jail—this knowledge is
 due to his own good nature. He always
 held that boys ought to be boys, and that
 the "old people" ought to be amused at
 the sowing of wild oats. He will smile
 when he thinks that he never "broke the
 spirit" of his children by contradicting
 them. He will recall their "cute," in-
 fantile remarks on the adventures they
 read in the story papers with keen pleas-
 ure. He will laugh outright when he re-
 members how the eldest boy—now com-
 fortably serving a term of ten years—
 told him the story of some pleasant
 tricks he had played on car conductors
 and theatre door-keepers, and how he
 patted him on the head when he said to
 him that "smartness was better than re-
 ligion." What a truly "good" father he
 was in those days! How often he had
 smiled at the indiscretions of youth,
 which other "queer" fathers had
 checked!

Then he will consider how carefully
 his indulged children are provided for;
 how warm they are kept, winter and
 summer; how happy he is to know that
 should he die, his beloved ones will be
 carefully kept by the States in whose
 care they happen to be!

SISTER ROSALIE.

There is a story of her having saved an
 officer of a Guards Mobile, who had at-
 tacked a barricade in the Rue Mouffe-
 tard. He was alone among the enemy,
 and his only chance for life was to rush
 into the Rue l'Épée de Bois, into the
 door of the Home itself. The revolution-
 ists were there almost as soon; but they
 found the Sisters of Charity on guard
 at the door, refusing to give up the fugi-
 tive. They listened with respect,
 and at such time as this, to what Sister
 Rosalie said to them; but they still
 insisted on having their victim. As they
 crowded about the door, pointing their
 guns, Sister Rosalie fell on her knees be-
 fore them. This was what she said: "I
 have devoted my life to you for 50 years.
 By all I have done for you, my wyes
 and children, I beg of this man's life, you
 and moved away, leaving the officer in
 her hands. This revolution was soon
 followed by cholera, through which Sister
 Rosalie fought bravely with her little
 band. They went into the most terrible
 scenes of suffering and death, and not one
 of those who thus faced the disease took
 them. It was even more in the
 long course of her every-day life among
 them than in these special times of sick-
 ness and danger that the people learned
 to love Sister Rosalie. If they were not
 grateful to her, it would indeed be
 wonderful, for, besides all the personal
 help she gave to their bodies and souls,
 the institution she founded for them
 were so many and so good. There was
 help for those of every age. Her first
 foundation was a large school for poor
 children, in the Rue de Banquier. An
 industrial school was united with it, and
 both were in the care of some of her
 Sisters. Then she set up a Creche, a
 nursery where poor mothers who go out
 to work can leave their babies during the
 day, and also an infant school. One of
 the best institutions was the "Patron-
 age," a society for watching over young
 girls who had left school. This was joined
 by many ladies, and every Sunday they
 met these girls in the Rue l'Épée de
 Bois, taught them, and made friends with
 them. The girls themselves, as they
 grew up, were formed into an association
 for watching over their younger compan-
 ions, and both these societies did an im-
 mense amount of good. Perhaps one of
 Sister Rosalie's own favorite works was
 the Old Men's Home in the Rue l'Épée.

AMERICA.

Rome—Points Gramme.

—The Herald's 29th, says:—I
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