

CARDINAL MANSING AT BAYSWATER.

ST. PATRICK OF IRELAND—ST. AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY—ST. WILLIAM OF YORK—ST. MARGARET OF SCOTLAND.

A crowded congregation assembled in the Church of our Lady of the Angels on Sunday morning, when His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster was announced to preach his first sermon since his late indisposition. The object of this special sermon was to benefit the poor schools of the parish, which have for a long time been burdened by debts necessarily contracted in the past. His Eminence took for his text the 17th and 18th verses of the first chapter of the epistle of St. James: "Every best gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no change, nor shadow of vicissitude. For of His own will hath He begotten us by the word of truth, that we might be some beginning of His creatures."

The Cardinal proceeded to say that God, as St. James told them, is light, and in Him is no darkness—that is, He is the Eternal Intelligence and the Eternal Reason that knows all things. He is Eternal Sanctity, Eternal Holiness, and Eternal Purity, in whom there is no shadow of vicissitude or alteration. Every best gift and every perfect gift comes from Him alone, for apart from Him there exists no other fountain of life or of holiness. He is the Father of lights, for He has created three great firmaments. The first was the firmament of the holy angels He created before the world. They were, like Himself, filled with a pure intelligence, without any shadow of vicissitude. Then He created the firmament of the lights over our heads, and when they were created "the sons of God" sang together. As the Holy Scripture speaks of the angels, they made a melody of joy. The third firmament He created is mankind, for every soul born into this world is a light. God is the Father of lights because He is the Father of all men. The word of God is the Eternal Son, by whose merits, by whose Precious Blood, and by the grace of the Holy Ghost we are born again to be a sort of beginning of the creation of God; not as

THE OLD CREATION WHICH SINNED AND DIED,

but of a new creation which already is, but which is not yet perfect. Under the Old Law, when the harvest was ripe, the reaper first gathered the most perfect grain, carried it into the temple for the priest to lift up before the Lord as a thanksgiving for the gifts of nature. The words St. James uses here, "that we might be some beginning of His creatures," mean that we are born to be the first fruits of the creation of God. The first creation of God was that made in the six days, but the most perfect work of that creation is man, and man is the first fruit of all God's creatures. The firmament and its lights, the sea and the earth, and the living creatures thereof, the trees of the forest and the flowers of the garden, the cattle on the plains—everything on the earth was but the prelude to man, the most perfect work of God, created on the sixth day. God gave His likeness to this creature of His hands; He gave him an intelligence, a heart to love Him, and a will. He made man the highest and chief of His creatures, and crowned him with honour and glory, gave him intelligence, and set him over all the works of His hands. That creation sinned and died. Darkness overtook the light, and then came the second creation, still the work of the Son of God, and that was by the incarnation of that Son Himself. He became the first fruits among men, as man was the first fruits amongst creatures. The scale of creation rose above that of the first six days. The first man Adam was, indeed, the image of God, but was human. The second Adam, who came to restore the first, was God Himself—the most perfect humanity that ever came from the hand of God—Jesus Christ our Lord.

THE MANKIND OF JESUS

was like unto that in which you are clothed, but it was united with the manhood of God, and the blood that flowed on Calvary was the blood of God. What Jesus was among men, His mystical Body, the Church, is among the nations of the world. The nations of the world into which mankind are divided are, in the state of nature, without the great gifts, those perfect gifts, from the Father of Lights. The first is the gift of the light of the knowledge of the true God; and, secondly, the gift of the grace of the Holy Ghost. The nations of the world round about the unity of the Church of God are still in that shadow which is without the knowledge of the true God. The Church in which we profess, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," the Catholic Church—is the perpetual presence of our Lord, who is the Head of that body in heaven; the presence of the Holy Ghost inhabiting that mystical body—the Sanctifier and Creator of all the saints, and of the Church against which the world makes war, and of which occasionally some of her children speak as if she were a human creature burdened with human infirmities. Races, empires, and Kingdoms have passed away like the shadows that fleet over the earth, but the Church never passes away. It remains with the same imperishable light that illumined it on the day of Pentecost, and amidst the dissolution and decay of all human things, it stands majestic in its unity, for the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. The unity of the Church is a Divine creation in which there is an unclouded knowledge of the truth, the perpetual presence of our Lord, who teaches the Church for ever, and under whose discernment the very words in which the Church of God condemns the errors of men have been delivered from the beginning. This is another first fruits to mankind, the beginning not only of the creation of God, but also of the resurrection. The gift of God's Son to man of His word was the best gift of God. What was the greatest gift of God?

RESTORED ON ENGLAND OR ON IRELAND?

It was the gift of faith which St. Patrick bore to Ireland and St. Augustine to England—the full illumination of the day of Pentecost. The unity which made this England of ours to be one was not the work of warriors. Again and again have warriors established powers which have been overthrown and forgotten. Neither was this unity the work of statesmen.

The one illumination, the grace of regeneration, the Sacrament of Holy marriage, which created Christian homes and Christian education, springing from Christian parents, one worship under one supreme pastoral authority in the infallible unity of the Christian Church, made all these jarring and restless races one people in one great brotherhood. Our land became united in that supernatural unity which is the first fruits of the creation of God. But the other day we kept the Feast of St. Augustine, who founded the see of Canterbury. Who in England remembered him that day but the Catholic Church? The day before yesterday we celebrated the Feast of St. William, Archbishop of York. Who remembered him but ourselves? This very day we observe the festival of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland. Who remembered her in that country but the Catholic Church, whose undying traditions live to this day in all their fondness and friendliness among you? You are

THE PRIVILEGED INHERITORS OF THAT

ROYAL FAITH, not through any merits of your own, but through the grace and mercy of God. Are you worthy of such joy? What are you in the spiritual life? You are born to be the first fruits of the creatures of God. What ought you to be in holy living? Is it not wonderful? Perhaps there is not a people more divided in Christianity than here in England. Divisions, sections, subdivisions, perpetual warring and dissensions on every side. Rationalism spreads over the face of this land, which once was full of the illumination of the Holy Ghost—when from sea to sea, from north to south, there was but the one true faith. In every part there were churches, cathedrals and parishes, chapels by the way-side with their altars and tabernacles, and the presence of Jesus shedding light and radiance on every side. Men were then of one heart and of one mind, because all worshipped at the one altar. Now, the Catholic Church, reduced to a handful in England, is the only unity that remains, and you shall share in it. In the midst of the doubts and the unbelief of men, you have that Divine and Infallible faith,

THAT BRIGHT GUIDING LIGHT

in which there is no change and no shadow of vicissitude. In this land, where there are no fountains—nothing but arid sands and wide tracts of waste ground—the unity of the Church you have, the sacraments of grace, the perpetual outpouring of the Blood of the Lamb, and the seven sanctifying gifts of the Holy Ghost to guide and protect you. Ought you not to be the first fruits in every sense—to offer your children, the first fruits of your homes, to be consecrated to God—to train them with a diligence and love that casts all cares and industry for the things of this world aside—to give the best of your time, the first hours of your day, and your constant sollicitness to make your children the first fruits of God's creatures? The wisest men of old offered their gold to the Infant of Bethlehem; but what is gold compared to the mind and the heart of man made to the image of God? That is beyond the price of all gold. You are called to be the first fruits of the grace of God. Try and live always in the spirit of that inspiration. His Eminence then appealed on behalf of the local schools.

—London Universe, June 16.

MR. GLADSTONE TAKEN TO TASK.

During a recent debate in the House of Commons, England, Mr. Thomas Sexton, M. P., thus made reference to Mr. Gladstone's recent utterances regarding the notorious Garibaldi: "Mr. Sexton said it was very instructive to note a little while ago the cheers from gentlemen opposite when the Prime Minister endeavoured to minimize his speech with respect to Garibaldi. They knew that the most conspicuous characteristics of Garibaldi did not include respect for human life, and that he was one of the most prominent of foreign conspirators and revolutionists (hear, hear). It was very instructive to Irish members to find English Radicals cheering the man whose personal characteristics, if they mean anything in politics, resolved themselves into those of the political assassin, while the same gentlemen had nothing but horror and detestation for the same characteristics when they presented themselves in the persons of convicts in Ireland (cheers from Irish members). It was not so long ago since the Prime Minister published a very remarkable pamphlet on Vaticanism (hear, hear). The Holy See had probably a long memory, and it had not forgotten that pamphlet, which had so startled the public life of England. In that pamphlet the right hon. gentleman spoke of the 'rusty and medieval weapons of Rome'—(hear, hear)—of its 'rusty armoury refurbished for modern use'—(hear, hear)—and the right hon. gentleman had nothing but contempt and scorn for the puny Pontiff of an outworn creed (cheers from Irish members) daring to interfere with the political affairs of a free and intelligent Protestant nation (renewed cheers). The right hon. gentleman had shown on many occasions in that House that his convenience could effect remarkable transitions in his views. To-day they could see that the Pontiff who, but a little time ago, was nothing but a figure for scorn and contumely, could be treated with a condescension more insulting to that ancient Sovereign than the scorn of the right hon. gentleman (hear, hear). The noble lord had pointed out that one day the right hon. gentleman was glad to accept the assistance of the Pope, and on another that he pronounced an eulogy upon the man who overthrew the Pope's power. The fact was that Garibaldi was the political engineer who had conducted the series of events which had led to the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope. The Prime Minister had shown himself singularly ungrateful to the Pope for the assistance he had given him. He thought, however, that the value of the service which had been rendered had been greatly overrated, because the effect of the circular would be to ruin Mr. Errington in Ireland as a politician, and to consolidate and unite popular opinion in Ireland against the rule of the English Government and of the English people (hear)."

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WHAT MEANS "LEGITIMATE"?

New York Freeman's Journal. A correspondent, giving his name and address, asks us to answer the following, saying most truly that "there are many whose notions on this question are very hazy. It is a question that requires a thorough analysis to correct mischievous impressions of well-meaning but hasty minds. No fear but a thorough solution of it will reach far and wide." The following is the question:

New York, June, 1888. Editor N. Y. Freeman's Journal: Dear Sir—In all recent comments on Irish matters in the Freeman, severe stress has been laid on "the use of legitimate means to obtain national self government." As one who accords due deference to the learned and impressive disquisitions in your columns, as a Catholic anxious to harmonize profound deference and eager allegiance in religious duties with ardent national affection, and an impatient desire of deliverance tending to vigorous and maybe extreme measures, I would respectfully request to have explicitly set forth wherein legitimate means consist,—where the line of demarcation must be drawn between the "legitimate" and "illegitimate." I am sure it is a subject of the elucidation of which will be of deep interest to all who accept the designation of IRISH CATHOLIC.

It must be noted that no means are legitimate except the end they reach towards is good. For one to ask a Catholic to go to Mass with him, is a good act, but becomes vicious in the case of the rogue who seeks it as a means of picking the pocket of his victim while the latter is saying his prayers.

To answer our correspondent in regard to Irish interests, which is the practical matter he has at heart, we would need to know what is that good end that requires means to reach it. Is it the buying out of the decayed and death-stricken Irish estates,—relies of a departed feudalism,—by the Imperial Government? Is it the Irish Home Parliament,—with the present landlords dominating it,—a complete severance from the British Crown? Is it, "What is it?" Let us put the "good end," desired by the only people rightly interested,—the Irish living, and purposing to stay, on their native soil,—as an unknown quantity. Let us call it "X."

"X," then, as an unknown quantity, we put for that political good that it is lawful to seek. This cleared up, in this way,—it is easy to answer the doubts proposed. To attain this "X,"—it is, first, necessary that the general body of the Nation, or People, interested, unite on the Irish salutory for the whole nation, or people,—that is "X."

It is legitimate for any fully organized nation, or people,—regard had to the fulfilment of just obligations existing,—when the interests of the people require it, to change their rulers,—or, if necessary, their form of Government. Such is the common, and almost universal voice of writers on public law; and of the great theologians of all the different schools in the Catholic Church.

But such action can not legitimately be undertaken by any private person. It must have the sanction of the community, and of its national or political leaders. "Obedience is proffered." It can not, without crime, be attempted by men who have not the confidence of the great body of the people, expressed by organization, in the usual forms of political life. Least of all may it be sanctioned when fostered in secret societies,—abhorrent to human as to divine laws.

When a people are driven to that extremity by oppression and wrong that they are justified in changing their rulers, or even their form of Government, their action, to be "legitimate," must be headed by men whom they, as an organized Community, have put in places of leadership. Or, by men of great weight in the Community,—civilly and politically,—or who have great stake in the welfare of their country. It were plain madness for any portion of a people to be led into schemes, hatched by hidden powers, under the mask of Secret Societies,—handed by demagogues, impetuous, except as they ply their trade of patriotism.

In Ireland the people elect their Mayors of cities, and other municipal officers. Also, we think, the High Sheriffs of Counties. Also, certainly, their Representatives in the British Parliament. These are their official representatives—their "Obedience."

Now, human society must be preserved. The words of the Holy Ghost in Sacred Scripture, by the Apostle's pen, are: "The powers that are appointed by God;"—or, to say it in other words: God, the Author of Order, has appointed that over every people there be rulers.

When, then, these elected Representatives, in overwhelming number, Parliamentary, Municipal, Rulers of the Shires, or Sheriffs, and other leading men who have much at stake,—as Charles Carroll of Carrollton had when he signed the American Declaration of Independence,—stand for the rights, for the independence, for the freedom of their countrymen, invaded, intruded upon, denied, refused by the British Government, controlled by England and by Englishmen,—then such resistance is legitimate. It is not a rebellion, for a fully organized people—a nation—can not rebel! It is, *per fas, sui juris!*

But never, under no circumstances, can murder be counted as a legitimate method in politics, or assassination as other than the act of a coward unfit to live among men. When a nation or people is so oppressed that resistance with the armed hand is the only resource, and its official and social magnates consider that there is a reasonable prospect of bettering the condition by war, the sword may be drawn. The blood that flows on the sword in a just cause ennobles. The blood that drops from the dagger of the assassin burns ineffaceable infamy on the hand that steers it.

There are many pages which could easily be written in development, but, perhaps, we have sufficiently answered our honest correspondent.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, disorders and weaknesses that are perfectly cured by following the suggestions given in an illustrated treatise (with colored plates) sent for three letter postage stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

GLADSTONE GLORIFYING THE ASSASSIN.

John Bright the other day called the Irish members of Parliament "rebels." They were rebels because they refused to acquiesce on the whole with Mr. Bright's and Mr. Gladstone's and the English Government's views in general, as to the best method of conducting the government of Ireland. John Bright was called to task in the House of Commons for his unparliamentary language. The man who called him to task was Sir Stafford Northcote, the Conservative leader in the House of Commons. John Bright took refuge in the mean subterfuge that he had used the language outside of the House. He made a most lame and impotent excuse, instead of standing manfully by the words he had used, or else withdrawing them like an honorable man. Bright has always posed as the friend of the poor and the oppressed in all lands, and as a patron of place. He was a man of great mental capacity, and almost unrivalled oratorical power. He has been a great speaker; he was never a great man, for the fellow's soul was always small. He had a great head, but his heart was little from the beginning and filled with the petty instincts and mean policy of the average British statesman—the man whose soul is made up of fractions of pounds, shillings and pence—especially pence. The Irish members of Parliament can cheerfully afford to be called rebels by John Bright. It will be a sore day for them when what is left of Bright calls them patriots; for, in his mouth, such a term would be synonymous with traitors to their country and its cause.

Yet Mr. Bright was, up to a recent date, a member of the British Cabinet. He remained with the government as long as he could, and unless ridicule had laughed him out he would have remained there to this day. Egypt broke him, and he finally shambled out because England was dealing with Egypt unjustly. But, for Ireland, never a good word had he to say in all her recent trials. Arabi, the Egyptian, was an injured patriot. The Irish nationalist members of Parliament were rebels.

So much for one leading English liberal statesman. Now for the leader of them all—a man of transcendent abilities and of the highest Christian and moral profession. Disraeli once said of Gladstone, that he would end his days in a monastery or a madhouse. Within the present century Gladstone has certainly posed as the Christian statesman of England, and the name of Christian statesman has for very sufficient reasons attained a mal-odor, on this side of the water at least. We have always hesitated to think Mr. Gladstone sincere. There are men whose passions are but not wholly balanced intellects, who hurry them into contradictions so gross that to-morrow they will defend, with all the earnestness of which they are capable, and with supreme show of conviction, what yesterday they assailed with equal vehemence and force. Mr. Gladstone has been very often guilty of such contradictions. On the Irish question, for instance, he has spoken more actual "treason" against English government in Ireland than all the Irish members of Parliament put together. John Bright has done the same. Yet Gladstone and Bright, and the government that Gladstone inspired have used the British "resources of civilization" against Ireland with the benignity of a Cromwell. If there were a "rebel" in the sense used by Mr. Bright, that rebel was Gladstone. If ever there was a tyrant in that worst of things, a go-between a tyrant and a friend, to Ireland, that man was Mr. Gladstone. Hot and cold he did not blow on the unhappy country and people so much as he preached heaven while he practised hell. Such is liberal statesmanship in Ireland. It is the policy, the purpose, and the acts of the English Government under Mr. Gladstone's regime that have driven sections of the Irish people into at least passive sympathy with the policy of despair, with the banding together of secret associations, condemned forever by the Catholic Church (which England did its best to kill in Ireland), for the "removal" of obnoxious persons and officials, and for the ruthless and mad destruction of property, which at least is innocent of crime.

It is idle to charge England with constant complicity with just such dark associations and conspiracies against friendly powers outside of England. That is something known and seen of all men. This country, for which England now professes such extravagant friendship, suffers all cruelly from English complicity with conspiracy and revolt, and continues its suffer to this day. At last England has its dose of the same bitter medicine, and all England cries out in horror that such diabolic things can be. Irishmen have turned, and, hopeless of justice, aspire at last to revenge. As the doors of the law are hopelessly sealed against them, and justly turns her deafest ear to their appeals, they take foolish revenge in a blind appeal to no law and no justice, only to fall at last into the hands of the final arbiter of England's honor, the hangman.

It is simple truth to say that no man of the misguided hand who swung recently from the Dublin scaffold for complicity in political murder but died a brave, and in a religious sense, calm and penitent death. There was no bravado, no show, no appeal for mercy to a power that they in their own individualities had entered into war against. According to accounts published, they seem, apart from this secret conspiracy, to have been men of honorable and Christian lives. They were men who, had they died this in other lands and in battle secret or open, against other tyrannies, would have been honored by the English press, and by the voice of English public opinion, as heroes and martyrs. And no man would have pronounced a more glowing and powerful eulogium on them than the present Prime Minister, the model Christian and liberal statesman.

England, from the Prince of Wales and Mr. Gladstone down, glorified Garibaldi, a life-long conspirator against the holiest and meekest power on earth, the Papacy. He was, furthermore, an avowed conspirator against all powers. Yet England glorified him in the vain idea that his conspiracies did not touch her. She glorified his fellow-conspirator, Mazzini, and made a lion of him in her capital and fashionable saloons. Their methods were known; they were

assassination and revolt undisguised and often resorted to. Garibaldi, moreover, was a man of the most degraded animal appetite. He never pretended to conceal his lust. On the very day that one of the "Invincibles" was being hanged in Dublin, London witnessed a *foe* at the Duke of Sutherland's. It was the anniversary of Garibaldi's death. A medalion, with an inscription commemorating the Italian conspirator's reception by the Duke of Sutherland in 1864, was ceremoniously unveiled at Stafford House by the Duchess of Sutherland. Mr. Gladstone, whose tender soul one might imagine touched by the miserable end that being enacted of an Irish boy-conspirator for an offence whose sacredness Garibaldi constantly preached, was present to pronounce a panegyric on the man of vile life, of blood and rapine. This Christian liberal statesman, with the Dublin political gibbet before his eyes, and its daunting ghost before his eyes, was not ashamed to speak these words of Garibaldi: "Besides his splendid integrity, besides his wide and universal sympathies, besides that seductive simplicity of manner which never departed from him, besides that abhorred and native grace which seemed to attend all his actions, I would almost select from every other quality this, which was in apparent contrast, but in real harmony in Garibaldi—the union of the most profound and tender humanity with his fiery valor." And this by England's Premier of the man who wrote: "I hope to live to see the day when the last King shall be strangled by the gut of the last priest." Shame, shame! Gibbet the Bradys and the Caffrys. Glorify and sanctify the Garibaldis and the Mazzinis. What is Mr. Gladstone's advice to the world? "Be like Garibaldi, and you will be good and great. Strangle your kings and your priests. Blessed be the murderers and glory to the profession of assassination." Can he be surprised that some Irishmen should take him at his own wicked and infamous words?—Catholic Review.

A RIVER OF DEATH.

Paralyzed Nitro-Glycerine Makers—Minutes That seemed Like Years.

[Youngstown (Ohio) Saturday Night.] Providential escapes are an every-day occurrence, and although those accustomed to handle nitro-glycerine become reckless and daring, I recall an instance where four old-timers were literally paralyzed from fright. There was a glycerine factory on the Kiser farm, in Clarion county, Pa., and several men were employed in various ways about the premises. The "factory" consisted of a rough board shanty, without floor or internal accommodations other than a few stools and a wooden ledge that extended along one side of the building. At one end of the apartment was a rude fire-place, over which the different ingredients were collected to make the compound. One day a can of the manufactured material, which stood underneath the ledge, sprung a leak, and one of the employes noticed the fact while a stream of the oily stuff made its way slowly along the beaten earth floor, in the direction of the fire-place.

A little exertion on his part would have prevented any serious consequences, but his eyes became riveted upon the tiny stream and he lost, for the moment, the use of both body and brain. He was dazed; he could not move a muscle nor speak a word; he was utterly and literally paralyzed. A second workman looked up when he found his fellow-tailor so still, and the horror depicted on the features of No. 1 frightened No. 2 even before he knew what was the matter. He glanced in the direction in which No. 1's eyes were bent, and when he saw the danger he, too, lost all power of speech or movement. Providentially, a hunter in the neighboring wood shot at something just in the nick of time, and the sound broke the spell. All at once the four men were released from the charm that held them, and while three rushed from the spot the fourth snatched a coat from a nail and wiped up the "river of death." But a few seconds more and the explosive would have come in contact with the fire, and the result that would have followed may be conjectured. It was probably two minutes from the time No. 1 noticed the danger until the fortunate shot was fired, but an employe named Ed. Kiser, who was yet on the sunny side of thirty, rushed out of that shanty with hair as white as snow.

SEBASTO, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1879.

I am the Pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

REV. E. R. WARREN.

A lady from Syracuse writes: "For about seven years before taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered from a complaint very prevalent with our sex. I was unable to walk any distance or stand on my feet for more than a few minutes at a time, the feeling exhausted, but now, I am thankful to say, I can walk two miles without feeling the least inconvenience. For female complaints it has no equal. In no other medicinal preparation have the results of the most intelligent study and scientific inquiry been so steadily and progressively utilized as in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. Dropsy, Kidney and Urinary Complaints, the irregularities and weakening diseases of Females are all remedied by the regulating toning power of Burdock Blood Bitters.

A Touching Incident of Missionary Life.

We are about to make known a fact sufficiently recent, of which the authenticity cannot be questioned, for it was recounted by one of the actors in the marvellous scene. We may derive great edification from the account, and, besides, draw from it the great lesson of how the Faith is propagated upon the earth. "It was in China, at the sight of the people so intelligent in material things," said a missionary Bishop to us, "that I understood the truth of those words: 'I am a Christian by the Grace of God.'" God alone has a force sufficiently strong to make a Christian; we do not think often enough of this, we who live in the atmosphere of the Faith. We are going to quote from the narrator.

A missionary, at the present time Vicar-Apostolic, was sent by his Bishop to a distant part of the mission to examine whether it would be possible to establish a priest there. He arrived at the end of his journey, without money, and without the means of returning. With his last shilling he had bought a flask of wine in order to be able to say Mass, the only and ultimate resource to enable him to resist the pain of abandonment. There were in the place Europeans—some Frenchmen. He had saluted them in their native tongue, and, because he was a priest, they (through human respect) had not been willing to reply to him.

Deprived of all aid, the missionary sat down under a tree, at some distance from the houses where shelter had been refused him, and lived for weeks on roots and raw shell-fish, having no utensil in which to cook them. From time to time a passing inhabitant would cast an insult upon him, and go on his way. None would shake hands with him, not even an old man or a child. He hoped against hope, but the horror which these men had of God broke his heart, and he felt his strength diminishing day by day.

But one day he saw coming to him a young man, tall and handsome, who, after having saluted him as brother, called upon him in mercy to give him something to eat. It was a priest sent by the Bishop in search of him, and who found himself in the same destination, as he was dying of hunger and fatigue. In his poverty, he had come without resources, expecting to receive in charity what was necessary to live. The other offered him all he had—some shell-fish and muscles, the very sight of which made him sick. He could not touch any of them, and the disconsolate host saw that his unhappy brother was about to die of want. This last stroke overcame him: he felt himself vanquished.

A few days later the two missionaries were stretched beneath the burning sun, devoured by fever and vermin. One said to the other: "We are going to die! let one of us make an effort, and celebrate a last Mass; the other will communicate, and we shall both bless God." It was the Feast of the glorious Assumption of Mary. They drew lots who should say the Mass, and the one who first arrived was chosen. The missionary was obliged to recall himself as many as twenty times in order to offer the Holy Sacrifice, often despairing of being able to accomplish it. Finally, after three hours of effort, he finished. In a dying condition himself, he gave Holy Communion to his brother in his last agony. Thus was consummated a triple sacrifice, in which the priest and the assistant immolated themselves in union with the Victim of the altar. From heaven above, the divine Saviour of souls beheld this offering and blest it. The martyr expired, gazed on his brother, and the latter, at the sight of this young missionary dying peacefully, far from his friends, in the flower of his age, offered him to Jesus and Mary, and then offered himself for the conversion of the people who had left them to die of hunger.

Who can count the treasures of grace which such actions draw from the Divine Heart of Jesus upon the children of men? These are the Apostles who imitate the Crucified, and their death is fruitful as life.

After the Mass the celebrant lay down by his companion to await death. During the night the young missionary died, and went to receive the martyr's pain. His last effort was a prayer, and his brother priest, placing his hand upon his head, gave him the last absolution, and the final adieu. Hell was vanquished, and the sacrifice was about to bring forth fruit. At the dawn of day some men came to the spot and saw the corpse and the dying man. Moved with compassion, they ran to seek help. All comprehended what had taken place. Their hearts were softened, death had triumphed over hardness, and grace conquered. A great many hastened to the dying missionary with fresh water and food, and he survived.

Henceforth these people were no longer the same; the demon had been driven away by the exertion of the martyr. There where the altar had been raised they dug a grave, and placed the body of him who had obtained the victory by the sacrifice of his life. At the request of the missionary, they cut down a tree, and forming a cross with it, planted it there. The tomb was already fruitful with heavenly benedictions.

In the same country there is now a town, a church, and thousands of practical Catholics. The Bishop is the missionary who was so inhumanly repulsed; now he is beloved as a father. He said, when making this interesting recital, "I go there as often as I can. But when I have wished to speak to those people from the foot of the cross, I have never been able to utter other than disconnected words." It is an ever-touching sermon in itself; and of him who sleeps beneath its shadow it may truly be said: "He is dead, yet speaketh."

Most Rev. Archbishop Vaughan, of Sidney, New South Wales, writes: "San Francisco recently en route for Rome. The Monitor says of him: Archbishop Vaughan is a splendid picture of stalwart manhood. He is over six feet two inches high, well proportioned and robust in appearance. The knee breeches and silk stockings he wears reminds a European of the familiar costume of nearly all prelates in England, and many of the parish priests of Ireland."