To Columbia.

The following magnificent poem from the pen of Michael Scanlan, was written on the Centennial celebration of American Independence in 1876.

I.

Columbia agra, just here awhile
A soldier of the rank and file,
A native of the Emerald Isle
Your uniform adorning;
Who comes, his poor respects to pay
In the good old democratic way,
And wish you on the centennial day
The very cream o' the morning:
And ask you ma'am, if you would wear
Amid the glory of your hair
Right in that nest of cupid there,
This emblem of his sireland,
Fed by soft winds and heavenly dew
Wept down from skies of deepest blue,
This simple sprig of shamrock grew
Near the very heart of Ireland.

II.

You now have royal beaux, aroon,
Who flash about you late and soon
Like stars about the summer moon
Out-rivalled by your glory!
But in the days when you were young,
And sleuth-hounds on your footsteps hung,
And royal lovers gave them tongue—
'Twas then a different story,
But in those dark and bloody days
Old Ireland rose beyond the seas,
And backed your throne-upsetting ways
In the face of rack and prison:
And gave you all she had, asthore,
Strong arms, true hearts and love galore,
And cheered you from her sea-beat shore
Till all your stars had risen.

III.

When you had sprung from war's alarms
Jack Barry took you in his arms,
And smiled to see your budding charms
On a cold St. Patrick's morning.
He wrapped you in his flag and said:
"When thrones are mouldering, monarchs dead,
Amid the stars you will hold your head,
Their pretty kingdoms scorning"
Montgomery was standing near
When on your pleased and listening ear
Rang dragoon Moylan's charging cheer,
While the shamrock was adorning
That curly-crowned head and brow of thine,
And along the Continental line,
That cheer was passed with nine times nine
On that St. Patrick's morning.

IV.

You may forget those misty things,
Which time has shaded with his wings,
But yet from out those shadows springs
Your brightest, highest glory.
When Jackson fought at New Orleans
And by his side, the Jasper Greens;
You were a maiden "out of teens"
And may forget the story.
Your olden foe had come once more,
To trail you as in the days of yore,—
You met him on the sounding shore
And dared the mighty foeman:
And Jackson shook your banner free,
And swore "by the eternal," she
Shall hold her course o'er land and sea,
And cringe or stoop to no man."

V.

And in your fullest womanhood
Sure Ireland's sons about you stood,
And freely poured their warmest blood
For you, their second mother.
Where'er along the cattle tide,
One of your own boys charged and died,
An Irishman was by his side
Like brother unto brother.
Tho' sundered in the public mart
You cannot tell their graves apart.
Two in race, tho' one in heart
For God and Godlike freedom,
Whene'er the dread occasion come
And war shall lower above you home,
Lo! at the rattle of your drum,
They're ready when you need them.

VI.

Your cheeks like reddest roses blow,
Your eyes with bright traditions glow,
Your bosom, whiter than the snow,
Can bear the world's inspection;
In looks, in act, in pride, in mien;
You seem like Nature's free-born queen,
Darlin' a little bit of green
Would suit your fine complexion.
By tears bedewed, by martyrs blest;
'Twas borne on many a gallant crest,
'Twas worn on many a queenly breast,
And shone 'mong golden tresses;
And he who to this emblem's true
Can ne'er, agra, be false to you,
Till the emerald fields whereon it grew
Are turned to wildernesses.

VII.

Just stop your regal head a while—
No wonder, darlin', that you smile—
A soldier of the rank and file
Has mighty awkard fingers
About a troop of 'wildering curls,
But his faith is truer than an earls',
His heart as gentle as a girl's,
Don't blame him if he lingers
About your wealth of golden hair,
To set old Ireland's shamrock there—
May blackest sorrow be his share
Who would the twain dissever,
Now lift your head to all men's view,
Columbia! while I drink to you,
The green, the red, the white, the blue,
Forever and forever.

OBLATES OF MARY.

IN THE BLEAK NORTHWEST; WITH THE SAVAGES.

Having given his blessing to Beaulieu and his family, and also to a large group of Indians, and having shaken hands with everybody, the bishop embarked again on the Salt River on his way further north, his companions being two Indians and a little boy, a grandson of Beaulieu's, who was to become his sacristan. After two days' sailing and rowing, during which they encountered very severe weather, and frequently got thoroughly drenched, they arrived at the Great Slave Lake. St. Joseph's Mission, to which they were going, was situated on a little island in that lake. The bishop writes to Monseigneur de Mazenod:—

"On approaching the shores of the island, we saw a crowd of Indians led by Fathers Eynard and Gascon and Brother Kearney, awaiting our arrival. This is the mission which I expected would be confided to me at the time when God was about to load me with graver responsibilities. I was deeply moved when I reflected on the suffering and privations which those Fathers who were sent here in my stead have had since then to endure. Having warmly acknowledged the affectionate greetings by which I was received on my arrival, I was conducted by the Fathers to their little oratory, a room scarcely nine square feet in dimension, which was screened off from a public room in which the Indians assembled for holy mass, and evening devotions on Sundays and holidays, and for instructions on week days. This little oratory, poor and narrow as it was, nevertheless contained as really as did the womb of Mary, Him whom the Heavens and the earth cannot contain. Could you visit this humble sanctuary in the wilderness; I am sure you would pray here with as much fervor as if you were in one of your magnificent churches of Marseilles. I found the whole furniture of the house to consist of a few trunks which served as sitting benches, five roughly made chairs and three tables. I could not find in the whole establishment letter paper wherewith to continue my correspondence with your lordship. The Fathers are driven to such shifts for want of writing paper, as to be obliged to register births and marriages as concisely as possible, in order to economize the few scraps still at their disposal."

His lordship attributes this scarcity of paper, and of other essential requisites, to a disaster that occurred the previous year, when the greater portion of the supplies intended for those distant missions was swept away by the floods of a swollen river, which was being crossed at the time. This disaster happened under the eyes of Monseigneur Grandin, who nearly lost his own life in seeking to save supplies, so much needed by the hard working and isolated missionaries, for whom they were intended, and who would have to endure severe privations of many kinds, for a whole year, if deprived of them. The two Fathers who were then attached to St. Joseph's Mission were seldom to be found both in residence there at the same time: one or the other was generally engaged in missionary work in behalf of some Indian tribe, sometimes at a distance of three or four huudred miles. Shortly before the bishop arrived at St. Joseph's, on the Great Slave Lake, Father Gascon came back from a prolonged visit to a tribe that was encamped far away in the interior of the desert. The place of their encampment was so difficult of access, that he could not use a sledge for the conveyance of his luggage and provisions. He was forced to carry, on his own shoulders, for hundreds of miles, a great portion of his effects; an Indian who accompanied him carried the remaining portion. On the 26th of July, the bishop left St. Joseph's Mission on the shores of the Great Slave Lake, for the Mission of the Sacred Heart of Mary on the Big Island. This mission had been established two years previously by Father Grollier. The Big Island lies at the head of the Mackenzie River, at the point where it issues from the Great Slave Lake. The bishop accompanied by Brother Kearney, his little sacristan, and two Indians, reached that island on the 30th of July. In crossing the Great Slave Lake it was with difficulty they kept their canoe afloat, as the water was continually oozing in through its many leakages, placing their lives in continual peril during the whole of their voyage. The bishop spent a week of apostleship in the midst of the Indians of the Big Island, at the close of which he embarked on the Mackenzie for Fort Simpson. At that time he was occupied with the project of establishing, somewhere on the banks of the Mackenzie, a mission, which would be suitable as a place of rendezvous for the Indians, and which would serve as a central depot for collecting supplies for the outlying missions of the Mackenzie regions. On the first evening of his sailing from the Big Island, he and his little party drew ashore and encamped on a spot which, on further examination the next morning, seemed to be well adapted as a position for his projected establishment. After praying to God for light and guidance, he came to the resolution of founding a mission there, and of dedicating it to Divine Providence. He planted a large cross on a site on which he hoped to see afterwards a new church erected. His hopes were fully realized. The Mission of Providence, on the banks of the Mackenzie, is now one of the most flourishing of the Oblate mission in those far regions. Proceeding with his voyage, he arrived at Fort Simpson on the 10th of August. Here an extraordinary gathering of divers nationalities occurred at the time of the bishop's visit. The death-stillness which habitually reigns around those lonely posts of the Hudson Bay Company, called "Forts," was disturbed at Fort Simpson on that occasion by a jargon of voices and a babel-like confusion of tongues. The ten large barks that had conveyed the furs purchased from the Indians to the Great Portage la Loche, had then just returned to Fort Simpson laden with merchandise. Each bark was manned by a crew composed of different nationalities. The traders and their families, and a large number of the employees of the company, were also assembled there. The motley crowd was composed of English, Irish, Scotch, Canadians, Norwegians, Arcadians, Canadian half-breeds, and others. Among the Indians assembled there at that time were the Santeux, the Maskegons, the Crees, the Esclaves, the Dog-Ribs, the Montagnais, the Conteaux-Jaunes, the Peaux de Lieuvre, the Letanais, the Secanais, and some Esquimaux. Fathers Seguin and Gascon accompanied the fleet of boats from Portage la Roche. With their assistance the bishop was able to begin a mission in regular form, in behalf both of the Indians and of the white men then assembled in such unusual crowds at Fort Simpson. His Lordship preached four times daily during the mission, twice in Montagnais and twice in French. He and Fathers Seguin and Gascon were almost continually employed during the intervals between the sermons, in giving private instructions to several Indians whom they were preparing for the grace of Holy Baptism.

Among those who present themselves for baptism was an old Indian woman, who belonged to an unknown tribe in Russian America. She had met Father Grollier somewhere, when he was on one of his missionary expeditions. He instructed her very carefully in the principal points of Christian knowledge; but owing to the violent opposition which was raised to her becoming a Christian, she was unable to present herself sooner for baptism. This poor, aged woman exhibited traits of heroism and constancy in embracing the Christian faith, worthy of the first confessors of Christianity. She was the first of her nation to embrace it.

On the 20th of August, the bishop left Fort Simpson for the mission of St. Raphael, at Fort de Liard. This river rises in the Rocky Mountains, and flows with great rapidity. The bishop's canoe had to face the strong current, the progress was consequently very slow and difficult. For four days they advanced between banks that rose precipitously from the waters edge to a height of four or five hundred feet. Their lives were often exposed to grave peril during the journey, in consequence of the dangerous state of the sides of the over-hanging precipices. They frequently had hair-breadth escapes from the danger of being crushed to death beneath great masses of falling earth and loose rocks, that came rushing down upon them, without any previous warning, from the side of steep declivities. The bishop saved his life on one occasion by leaping from one canoe to another, just in time to escape a huge loose boulder that fortunately he saw soon enough, to get out of its way, as it rolled down to the river. The bishop had scarcely escaped himself, when he perceived, to his horror, that Father Gascon and two little Indian boys who were ashore on the banks of the river gathering the wild fruits, unconscious of danger, were standing under a great loose rock which threatened every moment to fall on them and to crush them. The bishop, and all on board, cried out aloud to them to warn them of their danger, but the noise of the rushing current prevented their cries being heard. At last Father Gascon perceived the signs that were being made to him, happily in time to save himself and his little companions from the impending danger. On the evening of the 29th of August they reached Fort Liard. They found a great number of Indians assembled on their arrival, by whom they were very cordially welcomed, although many of them had never seen a priest before. The following day the bishop, aided by Father Gascon, commenced the exercises of a mission. After three days Father Gascon set out for Fort Scalket, to visit the Indians on the banks of the river Current Fort. These Indians had never been visited by a priest. They had expected a visit from Father Gascon the preceding autumn, but were disappointed. This year he was resolved to make amends for his forced absence from them the previous year, but unhappily he was foiled on this occasion also in his charitable endeavor to reach them. The river of the Current-Fort, as its name indicates, was very dangerous. The stories told of the numbers who lost their lives amidst its rapids and eddies are very startling. Father Gascon, in order to escape the dangers of the river, exposed himself to other dangers scarcely less formidable. He undertook to scale a high mountain exceedingly difficult of ascent. For some days he pursued this attempt, endangering his life almost at every step. He often found himself at points from which it seemed equally hazardous either to advance or to retire. Far away beneath his feet, almost in a perpendicular line, ran madly on the treacherous waters of the dreaded river; one false step would precipitate him from rock to rock into its foaming depths. Above his head rose straight walls of rockwork, on whose frowning sides he could scarcely find room for his feet to rest, in his endeavor to extricate himself. At last he had to acknowledge himself conquered by the difficulties of his way, and had to renounce for that once, his cherished missionary project. If ever God took intent for deed, as we know He does, He must have done so at that hour, when a devoted priest, going forth like the good shepherd into the wilderness in search of the lost sheep, was forced, by flood and mountain barrier, to stop upon his way and give up for a while the object of his search. We may feel sure, however, that Father Gascon renewed again, and with success, his attempts to reach the tribe of the Mauvais Monde on the banks of the Current-Fort.

After the departure of Father Gascon the bishop, who now had only his little sacristan, Beaulieu's grandson, at his side, continued the labors of the mission by himself alone. His little sacristan rendered his lordship important services. At the approach of the hours of exercises, he went into the woods and rang his bell to assemble the Indians. He served the bishop's Mass, and was useful in many other ways. On the 3rd of September, it was evident that something unusual was happening among the Indians. Upon inquiry the bishop discovered that their chieftain, who had been absent till then, had that day arrived in the camp. From the ceremonious solemnity observed by the Indians on that occasion, the bishop expected to see a sort of royal personage make his appearance. Great was his surprise when he saw issue forth a man, all in rags, more shabby and tattered in appearance than anyone else of his tribe. The bishop discovered that he dressed in that ragged way purposely, as he looked upon it as being beneath the dignity of a chieftain to care about fine clothes, and said that it was only silly young men that thought of such foolish trifles. The bishop, who had heard that this chieftain was a polygamist and had three wives, was afraid of the evil effect his arrival would produce in the camp. Great, however, was his lordship's consolation when the chieftain came to him to inform him that, wishing to become a Christian, he had sent two of his wives, for he knew he could not be admitted to Baptism unless he did so. Many of the huntsmen who had accompanied him sought the bishop, to declare to him that they wished to follow the example of their chieftain, by renouncing polygamy and becoming Christians.

On the 12th of September, the bishop left the mission of St. Aphael, at Port Laird, in his birchbark canoe; one of the two Indians who had been till then accompanying him, took ill, the other deserted him. The bishop had to become oarsman himself for the rest of the voyage. His hardships during that voyage were very great; having rowed all day, he had when night approached to take his part preparing the encampment, and in cooking the slender nightly repast. He returned to Fort Simpson *en route* for the mission of our Lady of Good Hope, which was situated nigh to the Fort of the same name. Icebergs began to make their appearance on the waters of the Mackenzie. One morning as the bishop's little party were putting ashore for breakfast, their frail canoe was struck by an iceberg, and the waters began to rush in, in great quantity. Fortunately they were sufficiently near the banks of the river to escape with a fright and a thorough drenching.

Their position after the wreck of their canoe was very embarrassing. They had a long voyage northwards into the Arctic circle before them; their supply of food was very limited; winter as it is only known in those dread climes was then setting fiercely in. They were alone on the desolate banks of the melancholy Mackenzie in the midst of an uninhabited wilderness. Their little canoe lay a wreck at their feet. The time of suspense rolled heavily by, and nothing occurred to lessen the dreariness of their prospect. One day they were squatted around their lonely fire and preparing in silence to partake of their midday meal; the broad Mackenzie was full in view, when suddenly a cry was raised, "A sail in sight!" Swiftly wind and current brought within hailing a large barque of the Hudson Bay company, which was returning from Great Bear lake, laden with fish, on its way to Fort Good Hope. The bishop and his party were taken on board and treated with great kindness. On the evening of the 9th of October they were landed at their destination. His lordship was met by Fathers Grollier and Sequin, and the lay brother Kearney, and conducted to their humble community residence. The bishop was much affected by the impoverished state in which the fathers were then living. Their house consisted of one room, twenty-two feet in length by eighteen in width; this room served as kitchen, refectory, reception room and dormitory. Their beds did not occupy much space; they consisted of buffalo hides and rugs, which, during the day, were piled together in bundles, and at night were rolled out on the floor. They had no better sort of hospitality to offer the bishop than a share in their own privations, which he joyfully accepted. His lordship gives an inventory of their larder as he found it supplied on his arrival. The whole stock of provisions of the community, for the long winter which was about to set in, consisted of a moderate supply of dried meat and salt fish, twenty pounds of flour, the same quantity of pemmican or dried buffalo flesh, a few pounds of tea and sugar for great festival days, and five or six pounds of rice. No bread or vegetables could be procured in these inhospitable regions. Flour and rice, and other articles of ordinary home consumption are, in these wild isolated regions, luxuries that can seldom be procured, owing to the enormous distances over which they have to be carried, and the imperfect mode of conveyance available. In the far northern latitude of the Fort of Good Hope, the sun sinks beneath the horizon early in December, and does not appear again till the beginning of February. Scarcity of candles was one of the privations which was pressing most severely on the little community at Good Hope at the time of the bishop's arrival. To save the few candles that still remained in their store, they pursued their studies and read the divine office by the light of their log fire. This want of means of lighting their poor hut was severely felt by them, at a time when sunlight was about to fail them for a period of more than two months. They were busily occupied on the bishop's arrival in putting their hut into repair, that it might stand better the storms of the winter, which was at hand. The whole of the manuel work had to be done by the Fathers themselves, aided by the good lay brother Kearney. The bishop could not remain idle in sight of the fatiguing bodily labors of his self-denying priests. "Not being skilled," he writes, "in the mechanical arts, and wishing to share, in some way, in the physical labors of the community, I undertook the task of providing fuel from the woods, and of keeping the fires kindled. Every day I put on a large deerskin blouse, which took the place of my episcopal *rochette*, and instead of my crozier I carried an axe in hand when going forth to make the day's provision of fuel." The bishop gives the following graphic description of the straits to which the community at Fort Good Hope were put, in their endeavors to raise a domestic oratory adjoining their miserable hut:

"Father Seguin having no boards or planks at his disposal, erected a number of poles and spars, which I covered with old fishing nets, over which I pasted folds of printed calico and some sacred pictures. Within this humble oratory, the best that our poverty would allow us to erect, He who was born in a stable condescends to abide and to become the partaker of our privations."

The time for performing the annual retreat prescribed by the rules of the Oblates of Mary was at hand. The little community of oblates at the northern extremity of the world was to rival in fidelity to this important point of their holy rule, their more favored brethren dwelling in the well appointed houses in France. The object of a spiritual retreat is to increase faith, and love, and devotedness in souls. If anywhere the full play of these great virtues is in an especial manner needed, surely it must be there where great labors have to be accomplished, and great privations have to be endured for God, and for one's neighbor, without any human recompense or consolation or hope whatsoever. In holiest and most devoted souls there may be winter tides—periods of mists and chills, and suspended growth, and action—winter tides that will not cease by themselves and pass away without effort of ours, to give place to a coming spring of brightness and of life. Wise, then, is the foresight displayed by the founders of missionary societies, in supplying to their subjects who labor for the sanctification of others, such a powerful means of sanctifying themselves as the annual retreat presents. Monseignuer Grandin was happy to have the opportunity of joining his brother oblates in their retreat, the exercises of which were directed by myself. When the members of that community assembled in their poverty stricken chapel in the lone wilderness, to invoke the divine spirit at the opening of their retreat, we may feel sure that He who promised to be there wherever two or three were gathered together in His name was not absent from their midst. By their labors the frontiers of the faith had been pushed forward to advanced lines, bordering on the northwestern extremities of the earth. They now entered into retreat to prepare themselves for fresh combats and new triumphs.

At the time of the bishop's first visit to the mission of Good Hope, the tribes which frequented that post were as yet only partially brought under the influence of Christian ideas and dispositions. Their original lawlessness would sometimes unexpectedly reappear in their conduct. During his stay in that place, the news of an atrocious crime, committed by some Indian families, reached him. They had abondoned in the desert their aged and infirm relatives, leaving them to die of cold and hunger. Writing to Monseigneur de Mazenod of this occurrence, Dr. Grandin says:

"I have not met the guilty ones, but I have taken measures which, I trust, will prevent anything of the sort happening here again. I have threatened with the terrible judgments of God, all those who abandon their aged parents. In our older missions we have not to deplore such crimes."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE REV. W. C. ROBINSON ON THE DIVORCE COURT AND ITS FRUITS.

[London Universe, Sep. 10.

On Sunday evening the Rev. W. C. Robinson, M.A., delivered at St. Charles's, Ogle street, the first of a course of lectures dealing with the effects of the Reformation, as illustrated in the social, intellectual, moral, and civic life of the English people at the present time; "The Divorce Court" being the theme of the rev. gentleman's opening discourse. The church was densely packed, and evidence was not wanting that no inconsiderable proportion of the strangers present were not of the Catholic faith. Taking for his text the warning of our Lord, "Beware of false prophets who come to you in sheep's clothing. By their fruits ye shall know them." The preacher said that probably every one knew what was meant by the Reformation, but few knew what it really was. He believed that even still there were Protestants who spoke of "the glorious Reformation," though he did not think that they uttered the phrase so comfortably as they used to do. The truth was coming to the light, and as sure as the sun would rise the next morning, so surely would the whole truth about the Reformation be known throughout the length and breadth of the land. "By their fruits ye shall know them" declared He who was Divine Wisdom. Judged by that text, how did the Reformation fare? Let them look at its fruits, first in the personal lies of those who originated the movement, and next in the effects produced upon the world by that movement itself. Let them look at Luther. Was he a good man? He was a beautiful preacher, he would be told; but had they never heard of the saying that the devil could preach the best sermon that ever was preached. What did Luther do? He broke his own solemn vow, and then he made a poor wretched nun break her solemn vow, and married her. Perhaps some people could not see the heinousness of this, but he thought no fair, right-minded person would deny that Luther would have done better if he had not done this, that he would have had more weight in history if he had not married. And what did he say about divorce? He said, "I cannot make up my mind what the Bible teaches about it, and therefore I will leave it as it is." That is to say, he would permit polygamy. And what was his table-talk about? Oh, let no Protestant tell him that Luther was a good man. And what were the first Reformers here in England—

CRANMER, LATIMER, HOOPER, RIDLEY?

There was not a single writer on history, whose words carried any authority, that did not declare these men to have been bad men, the very vilest of the vile. Such were the men. What was the movement? About three hundred and fifty years have passed since the Reformation, and they would agree with him that this was a sufficiently long period to enable them to form a judgment as to the real character of its fruits. He intended in this course of lectures to deal with four of them. To-night he would deal with the Divorce Court. Men and women are not so many definite individuals. God in the creation did not design that they should be simply a set of units. He designed the propagation and enlargement of the human race through itself from one beginning, that man might constitute a race, and all might be one flesh and one blood. And how was the accomplishment of this design begun? In the Garden of Eden God instituted a natural contract between the first man and the first women. The contract was in the natural order of things, and yet it was sacred because instituted by God. Next, they had in that first woman the unity of marriage proclaimed—one man and one woman. That was God's design from the beginning, and therefore it was not His design that there should be polygamy or polyandry. And lastly, in that marriage an illustration of the indissolubility of the marriage bond. Nothing can dissolve their union if it be a valid contract, but one thing—and that is death. Our Divine Lord, speaking of this, uses these strong words, "A man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife, and they shall be one flesh;" and our Lord goes on to say, "Those whom God has joined let no man put asunder." When our Lord came He took this natural contract and raised it up into the supernatural order. He made it a Sacrament, and that has been the view and the teaching of the Catholic Church from the beginning, and will be to the end of time. Our Lord made marriage one of the seven golden channels of grace which He gave to the Catholic Church. He put it under the sanction and the shield of religion; He invested it with a wonderful sacredness and holiness. And see how the Church has acted upon the world as the teacher and enforcer of the natural and the sacred law with reference to marriage. There is probably no one who has studied history who does not know that there is more of paganism that more often claims attention than the miserable position of woman. Prior to the coming of our Lord the state of woman was one of utter degradation, and that degradation reached its culminating point among the Greeks and the Romans, by whom women were regarded as a mere thing, a mere chattel, a wretched slave, and it was debated in the wisdom of the ancients

WHETHER WOMEN HAD SOULS

at all. What did our Divine Lord do? Began at once to raise women from that degradation. He took to Himself a Mother, and he (the preacher) might say, though it was not his point just then, that it was by and through Mary that woman has been restored. Beautiful ideal woman. Shedding her light over the world in mediæval times, she has been the means of restoring woman to her rights. Was not woman declared by matrimony to be man's equal? The contract is made between two persons equal in dignity. There was the contract—one woman and one man, for ever—"till death do them part." What persecution and what sorrows has not the Catholic Church endured in order to maintain that doctrine in its integrity? Wicked tyrants have risen up against her because she would not surrender it; but by the grace of God, strong with strength which He has given her, she has conquered. Women has been re-invested with her rights, and we have the Christian family. And what a beautiful thing is the Christian family! It is the creation of the Catholic Church. Could the world show anything more touching than the domestic life of the Christian family, with its wealth of love—the love of husband and wife, of father and daughter, of mother and son, of brother and sister—all the outcome of the Sacrament of Matrimony. And what is Christendom but the aggregate of Christian families? Well, three hundred and fifty years ago there arose

THAT AWFUL THING CALLED PROTESTANTISM,

And what is the first thing Protestantism teaches about Matrimony? Why, that it is not a Sacrament. He had no doubt there were Protestants present who if asked the question by him would rise up in their seats and declare that Matrimony was not a Sacrament. A philosopher who lived at the time of the Reformation could have foretold simply from a *priori* reasoning, that in about 300 years from that time there would be a divorce court in England. When you declare that Matrimony is not a Sacrament you rob it of its sacred character, and reduce it again to a natural contract. And now the State steps in and says, "On, this is a matter for me. It affects my interests and shall be brought under my control." Of course, the State looks at it as a merely natural contract. But the State goes further, and that is it can make and it can unmake, and in 1857 the institution known as the Divorce Court was introduced. He regarded that Act as one of the most shocking and scandalous things ever done by the English legislature; it was, in his opinion, calculated to bring down more curses and turn away more blessings than anything ever done by Parliament. What happened? They had, no doubt, often heard that there is a law in trade that a demand will create a supply. In the case of the Divorce Court, the supply created the demand. From the time of the Reformation down to 1857 the extra number of divorces in England—obtained, too, after infinite trouble, after Acts of Parliament and what not—was three hundred and fourteen. Let them think of it—three hundred and fourteen divorces in three hundred and fifty years! On the other hand, in the first eleven years after the institution of the Divorce Court there were over two thousand divorces, taking no account of judicial separations, and he knew not how many since 1868. These divorced people have gone into the world, and how many of them have, as they termed it, got "married" again?—how many of them, that is, have formed fresh contracts with other women and are now living in legalized adultery with them? And from this it follows that all over the length and breadth of the land there were illegitimate children—legitimate in the eyes of the law indeed, but illegitimate in the sight of God and of Heaven. England was going to become Catholic again—of that let them be assured. It might not be in their day, but the time was coming. A Protestant lady in society said to him the other day, "I am so glad to see that the Roman Church does not approve of divorce." Could they fathom the ignorance of that woman? He thought to himself, "Thank you for your patronage, my good lady, but you are aware that for one thousand five hundred years

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH WAS THE CUSTODIAN OF MARRIAGE?"

The Catholic Church was the great champion of marriage, and there was not a woman who heard him that might not, for very gratitude, be a Catholic. The women who reviled the Catholic Church reviled their benefactor. But for the Catholic Church where would the women of England be now? In the harem very likely. The Kings of the earth have risen up, and the great ones of the earth have taken counsel against her, but the Catholic Church has never flinched an inch. What lost England to the Church but the Sacrament of Matrimony—because the Church resolved at all cost to maintain the indissoluibility of the union between Katharine of Aragon and Henry the Eighth? Why did Elizabeth undo Mary's work and complete the ruins which Henry had begun? Because the Church declared that Anne Boleyn was a concubine. The English Church was raised on the wicked passions of Henry the Eighth and the wounded and incomparable pride of Queen Elizabeth.

THE "BETTER CLASSES."

A GOOD STORY TOLD BY POWDERLY.

Mr. T. B. Powderly tells a good story of the ignorance of American institutions displayed by some of the "better classes." He was talking to a party of five capitalists, and in the course of his remarks read the following words from a newspaper, as representing the principles of American workingmen:

"We hold these truths to be self evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

"The man who wrote that," said one of his listeners promptly, "was a blamed agitator. It is just such stuff as that that is turning the heads of the honest workingmen of this country." Only one of the five, all of whom were employers of labor, and one of them a bank director, recognized the incendiary quotation as a part of the Declaration of Independence.

Asthma.

Persons who have suffered for years with Asthma will find a quick relief and cure in the double treatment of Southern Asthma Cure.

Here is John!

His name was John. He was very good,
But always unfortunate. Do what he wou
His undertakings always failed,
And daily in prayer poor John bewailed
His unworthiness, yet not a word
Of heavenly comfort he ever heard.

Did he not strive, and did he not pray,
When the lawsuit swept his wealth awa
Had he not prayed, and humbly cried
To God, when his wife and children died
Every wish of his heart was crossed;
Every joy of his life was lost.

Yet he never grew bitter, his cross he bor
In meeker spirit; but asked no more.
"I will ask for nothing," he said. "'Tis cle
He thinks not well my prayers to hear.
So now my petition shall all be one:
'Since it is Thy will, Thy will be done!"

So, every day, poor John knelt down
By the sacred Heart with its thorny cro
With lowly heart he kissed the ground
Whenever himself by himself he found,
And every morning the prayer went on:
Lord, he repeated, here is John!

And, one day, thus when he came to pra
He suddenly felt life ebbing away;
So he kissed the ground, but could raise
more
The weary head from the chapel floor;
But the joy was come back, and the sor
was gone,
As Lord, he repeated, here is John!
—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

DUBLIN'S ARCHBISHOP.

"I gladly unite myself with the A
bishop of Dublin," said the Card
Archbishop of Westminster, the ot
day, in a memorable letter to the *Ti*
If Dr. Walsh looked for, or needed,
tification before all men for his pu
actions, he would have found it in
simplest form in these words of the
dinal. The Cardinal is himself Eng
of the English, and he holds whate
place he chooses to take in any gathe
of Englishmen. He is equally at ho
and equally welcome, amongst legisla
and legists, Parliament men and po
But he is, everywhere and above
things, a Churchman, and amo
Churchmen the very pink and flowe
all our chivalry, the very pattern
ideal of the strict, ascetic, truly sa
dotal life. To have the approbatio
such a man is worth a thousand t
more than to receive the praises ei
of courtiers or of crowds, or even o
newspaper press. The Archbisho
Dublin must have been gratified to k
(as he knew well from the beginn
that, amidst the babel of voices t
was one man at least "who stood
square to all the winds that blew."

"I gladly unite myself with the A
bishop of Dublin. We are neithe
triguers nor separtists." The edito
Archbishop Walsh's published Addre
might appropriately place these w
in the front of any new issue of
volume. And it were well if reader
both sides of the Irish Sea, give
attention, now and again, to the wor
the young prelate to whom Nestor
God-speed not for the first time.
Dr. Walsh has to say on the rela
between England and Ireland, on
Land Question, on Catholic Educa
on various minor inequalities pre
upon his flock, and on practical de
in connection with the public and p
cal movements of the day, the rea
the Addresses will find. The Archb
has a clear mind, and he speaks cl
But he speaks with gravity and mo
tion too. And his grace has tak
sufficient interest in the publicati
this book to enable us to feel as
that we have his own very words t
us.

The first address was delivered o
4th of September, 1885, in the cat
the mail packet at Kingstown, al
two years ago! But how vivid ar
memories which make the day see
yesterday to many. It was a day
to be forgotten by those who were
to its events. It was such a day ev
that on which, a few months late
writer of this article saw and hea
Prime Minister of England stand
Parliament, and propose a law fo
land which came upon the world
something of the effect of that Im
Decree which (as Cardinal Newman
"all in one day was found upon the
of Rome *Christianam religionem profli
erum.*" And there are not a few p
in Ireland and England who look
the Archbishop's day, even as the
upon the day of the old man, elo
as being in very truth "the fair beg
of a time." There had been a del
uncertainty, and wonderings, an
wilderment. Not in all quarter
some select circles there had been
and boasting that Dr. Walsh would
be Archbishop of Dublin. Else
even if no unwise threats were
there had been the deepest ar
One cleric, a quiet man, fond of
ment and books, had written to a
mentary friend that in ancient t
Bishop of Constantinople had
given up his See in the intere
public peace; and that a certain p
if he were sent to Dublin, could
entirely respectful manner be m
perceive that the interest of
commanded his withdrawal.
warmth, indeed, there had been
fear, not a little humiliation, much
ful foreboding on behalf of th
whose eyes and minds divine and
things are hardly divisible, or
Father Faber's words, "holding
God," and to the Church, by so
rope, are easily cut entirely adrift
if fear for the present and forel
for the future, there had been als
be said, much prayer, at least
quiet places of the Church, and

AMONGST THE TRULY FAITHFUL

Well, at last the time of doubt
trial had come to an end. The y
President of Maynooth had rece
Rutland square the announcemer
appointment as Archbishop, w
Gratular Tibi of the Cardinal Secr
State. He had gone to Rome fo
cration, had prayed near the
resting-place of St. Laurence
and it was known in city and in
that he was on his way from Eng
take possession of St. Laurenc
There remained just one slight
tainty, though the crowds who ru
Kingstown recked little of it.
instinctively that all must be ri
during the previous month yo
what manner of man Dr. Wals
was, you did not easily find sure
tion. It was enough that "the
ment was agin' him." It seeme
tell whether he deserved the op
If you hinted that there was a