

A Poetic Prelate.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, in laying the corner-stone of the new St. Joseph's Theological Seminary, Yonker, fell into the following:

Here is the school of Christ—the upper room— Where men shall learn to know the God and man Who lift themselves above the clay And yearn to show their fellowmen the way; That he who built the Church will guide her till Christ has not died: this pompous world has need Of high inspiring word and God-like deed, Of men who lift themselves above the clay And yearn to show their fellowmen the way; Of men whose restless souls are all aflame To teach the sweetness of the saving name; Whose words and works, though, like their Lord, assailed, Prove that the gates of hell have not prevailed.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

Points for Boys. A gentleman standing beside a calm, self-possessed old captain on the deck of the vessel, remarked: "I suppose, Captain you know where every rock and shoal is along this whole coast, do you not?" "I know where they are not!" was the decided reply, and there was where in lay the safety of those who entrusted their lives and property into his hands. "There is a great deal of knowledge which one is wiser and better for not possessing. If you learn exactly where there are no rocks or bars, you may sail safely and profitably. A good old merchant prince once met a man who approached him in a very confidential way on a new scheme by which he could make a sum with a small outlay. He was never averse to making money in the right way, so he patiently heard him compound a theory for making an imitation of vinegar which cost but a trifle, but could be sold as the real cider vinegar. The old merchant came down upon him like a thunderbolt when he understood fully the scheme, and hurried him from his presence with such words of warning and rebuke and warning that his ears must have rung for a day. The grandsons of that merchant carry on his great business to-day with honor and prosperity.

Creek and Roman Chestnuts.

Genuinely witty stories, too, are rare. Wendell Phillips declares that there are but twenty-five original witty stories in existence, and that all the others are founded upon or borrowed from these. "He tells us that the story of a man who was writing a letter as follows: 'My dear friend, I should tell you how if there was not an impediment fellow looking over my shoulder and reading every word.' 'You lie sir, I have not read a word you have written'—comes from Egypt, and is two hundred and fifty years older than the New Testament. So with the story of the man who said, 'I would have been a very handsome fellow if they had not changed me in the cradle.' "Take the Irishman," said Mr. Phillips, "who carried around a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell; take the Irishman who shut his eyes and looked into the glass to see how he would look when he was dead; take the Irishman who bought a crow, alleging that crows were reported to live two hundred years, and who was going to set out and try it; take the Irishman who met a friend who said to him, 'Why, sir, I heard you were dead.' 'Well, says the man, 'I suppose you see me now.' 'Oh no,' says he, 'I would rather than you any day.' Well all these are Greek; a score or more of them of a parallel character come from Athens."

Love for Children.

The late Cardinal Newman had the rare faculty of making everyone with whom he came in contact feel the influence of his sweetness and geniality of disposition. The children of the Birmingham Catholic schools, it often happened, obtained permission to spend a day at Rednal, where the Oratorians have a small country house, and where Cardinal Newman has been buried. On one occasion a school had this privilege while Fr. Newman was seeking repose at Rednal from the wearing cares of his Oratory. So delighted was he to have the opportunity of ministering to the happiness of these little children—the sons and daughters, most of them, of poor people—that he went out to meet them, conducted them through the little chapel and house, the pleasure-ground, over the mountain side, and on to its very top, his face beaming with joy, and his manner so complaisant as if he had been showing the attention to the children of nobles. Cardinal Newman always took a singular delight in young people. His has been, to some extent, the natural outcome of an exceedingly amiable disposition; for in no man of conspicuous mark in the world of thought has the combination of sweetness and light been more strikingly exhibited.

Our dear little daughter was terribly sick. Her bowels were bloated as hard as a brick. We feared she would die. Till we happened to try Pierce's Peppermint Cure, her remarkably quick relief. Never before without Pierce's Peppermint Cure. They are gentle and effective in action and give immediate relief in cases of indigestion, biliousness and constipation. They do their work thoroughly and leave no bad effects. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose. Best Liver Pill made. There is no Evaporation or Deterioration in strength about Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The ingredients of this remarkable anti-rheumatic and lung remedy are not volatile, but fixed pure and imperishable. Pain, lameness and stiffness are relieved by it, and it may be used with equal benefit externally and internally. OCCASIONAL DOSES of a good cathartic like Burdock Pills are necessary to keep the blood pure and the body healthy.

THE CARDINAL'S PAPER ON NORTH CAROLINA.

Read at the Catholic Historical Society—Judge Gaston—The Faith of Our Fathers—Christian Field.

At the recent meeting of the United States Catholic Historical Society at De La Salle Institute, in this city, a reminiscence of North Carolina by Cardinal Gibbons was read by John Gilmary Shea. The Cardinal was formerly the Vicar Apostolic in that region, when his account of the gradual growth of the faith in North Carolina was exceedingly valuable and interesting. He writes of his first experience in his new charge:

After the departure of the Archbishop and Father McManus I was left to feel the loneliness of my situation, more trying than its material poverty. My sole clerical companion in Wilmington was the Rev. M. S. Gross. Our accommodations here (we had no house) consisted of two small bed-rooms and two other small rooms, one for an office and the other for a library, attached to the rear of the little church. But my work ahead left no leisure to brood home-sickness. Everything had to be started; missions inaugurated, schools established, priests to be had, conversions to be made. The last item was the first great work, one which called for extensive travelling, and much elementary preaching. I started out, with Father Northrop, to visit Newberne, and his district of a hundred miles and more in extent. At Newberne we found a congregation of seventy-five souls. Prominent among them was the Hon. Judge Mathias Manly, son-in-law to Judge Gaston. It is asserted sometimes, by the enemies of the Church, that a good Catholic cannot be a good American citizen. Gaston disproves so wanton and gratuitous an assertion. He was the best citizen and the most learned judge North Carolina ever had. Permit me here a moment's digression to say a word in reference to this renowned Carolinian. There is no man whose memory is more tenderly cherished in the hearts of the people of North Carolina than that of Judge Gaston. His name is a household word in every town and hamlet throughout the old North State. His parents were married in Newberne about one hundred and twenty years ago. His mother was a pious English Catholic lady. His father warmly espoused the cause of American Independence, and on that account he was the object of special hatred to the British and the Tories. When the English, aided by Tories, made an attack on Newberne in 1781, the first object of their assault was the elder Gaston, who, with his wife and two little children, fled to his river in hopes of escaping from his pursuers. He jumped into a boat, leaving his wife and children on her knees and begging the soldiers to spare the life of her husband, and not make her a widow and her children orphans. But, heedless of her entreaties, they fired over her head, and slew him before her eyes and those of his children. Hence it was afterwards beautifully said of young Gaston that "he was baptized to liberty in his father's blood."

From that moment Mrs. Gaston spared no pains in the religious and moral training of her children. She was then the only Catholic lady in Newberne. Her son lived to fill the highest positions in the State, that of Judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, to which he was elected in 1834. Up to the year 1835 a clause remained in the constitution of North Carolina forbidding a Catholic to hold certain important offices of trust. Judge Gaston was a member of the convention which that year framed a new State Constitution. He delivered a speech in favor of Catholic emancipation, which, for theological learning, soundness of argument, consummate tact, and sublime eloquence, has seldom been equalled in the halls of legislation. By that speech, unaided and alone, he struck the fetters off the feet of his Catholic brethren, and established religious liberty in North Carolina. Judge Gaston was always fond of referring to his mother, and he attributed to her not only the heritage of his faith, but also those high moral qualities which endeared him to his fellow-citizens. From Newberne, accompanied by Father Northrop, we visited the distant out-missions, preaching and administering confirmation at various posts. Our visits seemed to cheer the faith of every household. At Newberne I learned with grateful interference of a daring and timely escape of a Capt. McNamara, of the Federal Army, whereby a Catholic church was saved from desecration. Riding past the edifice and observing a body of persons about its doors and apparently in charge of it, he asked their business. "We have occupied this church for school purposes," said one of them, advancing and speaking for the rest. "Where is your authority?" demanded the Captain. "Our authority," the school-mistress replied, "is that of the United States Government and of Jesus Christ." "Well," rejoined the Captain, "that is pretty good authority; but, as a Federal Officer, I am wont to obey written instructions. Can you show papers from the sources you have mentioned?" The teacher stood silent and crest-fallen, when the Captain added: "As you can't produce the papers my orders are that you vacate this church at once; and enter it no more for such purposes."

Visiting Salisbury, I became the guest of the Fisher family, and confirmed the two daughters of Colonel Charles Fisher, a gallant Southern Soldier, killed in the battle of Bull Run. The family had become converts. I found myself, a Catholic Bishop, occupying the very same room in Colonel Fisher's residence formerly given to Bishop Lewis, when he was the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina. The Fisher family is one of the oldest and most intellectual in the State. The eldest daughter, Frances, is the southern writer known as Christian Reid. The family had been Episcopalians. Salisbury has now a Catholic congregation, school-house and church. In my visitations I could not but remark how many Catholic families, single or in groups of two or three, were settled in the State. Whilst I saw in this isolation a danger to themselves, it is, to their faith, yet I saw how they were a means for the enlightenment of others, their homes became the State, and almost entirely prepared for the few zealous priests regularly visited them, sustaining and encouraging the Catholics, and helping on the work of conversion. Books of religious instruction were in great demand. They supplemented the work of preaching. The great Bishop England, on his first visit to a mission, little or great, began to form a library for the diffusion of Catholic truth among the people. This medium of conversion I fully recognized. A good book is a powerful ally. The sermons, preached in the missions, to audiences almost exclusively non-Catholic, were particularly prepared for them, and aimed entirely at their conversion. Hence, they were partly moral and partly doctrinal appeals to the heart and mind in the interest of truth that can save the soul. At the urgent instance of Father Gross I wrote then "The Faith of Our Fathers."

PRESBYTERIAN FOOLISHNESS.

The most curious thing which I have yet noticed in connection with the political crisis here, says the Dublin correspondent of the Catholic News, is the absurd view that leading Presbyterians take of it. They actually regard it as furnishing them with an opening for turning the Catholics into followers of Calvin and John Knox. It is strange that men of more than average brains and much more than average education can live all their lives in a country and yet know little or nothing of the mass of its population. The Irish Presbyterians have an association which they call their Colportage Society. It is simply a tract distributing agency. A meeting of the society was held in Belfast a couple of days ago under the presidency of the Moderator of the General Assembly. The Moderator holds office for one year; and during that year his position is virtually that of president of the Presbyterian republic. At this meeting the Moderator was full of the crisis. He told his audience that it was "a most wonderful cleavage" between the great mass of the Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen and their spiritual teachers and leaders; and he added that "it was a thing which should make Presbyterians thankful for the opportunity given them to insert into these crevices and openings the word of divine truth." The key-note having thus been given, an ex-Moderator named Lynd followed with the same tune. He expressed his conviction that the ministers of his sect have now "a prospect of access to the people such as never existed before," and he sincerely trusted that they would rise to the occasion. Then a presbyter from Galway piped in the same measure; and finally, the editor of a print styled the Christian Irishman asserted that "the Church of Rome had come to a turning-point in this country," and that the Presbyterians "had such an opportunity as had never been afforded them before."

To anyone who is even fairly acquainted with the Catholic laity of Ireland talk of that kind is the very cream of unconscious humor, and is only provocative of laughter. Such cleavage as does at present exist between priests and people here is entirely and essentially political, and does not affect the social faith of the people in the smallest degree. Catholicity is as firmly established now in the hearts of all sections of the Irish laity as it was in the time of the penal laws. Should the unfortunate controversy go on for the next ten years—and I fervently hope that it will not last for one—it is morally certain that at the end of those ten years not a solitary Irish Catholic would be found to have gone over to the Presbyterians. Ireland is the most profoundly Catholic country of Europe—and in all probability the most profoundly Catholic in the world; and the religious union of priests and people can no more be affected by a political difference than by a fall of snow. Those over-sanguine Presbyterians folk are merely deceiving themselves very badly. What Does It Mean? "100 Doses One Dollar" means simply that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most economical medicine to buy, because it gives more for the money than any other preparation. Each bottle contains 100 doses and will average to last a month, while other preparations, used according to directions, are gone in a taken average. Therefore, be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier. Jos. Beaudin, M. D., Hull, P. Q., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil commands a large and increasing sale, which it richly merits. I have always found it exceedingly helpful; as well as in all cases of Rheumatism, I use it freely to calm the pains of a broken leg with dislocation of the foot, and in two days I was entirely relieved from pain. Micaard's Liniment cures Burns, etc."

AN INCIDENT IN A MISSION.

BY THE REV. R. F. CLARKE, S. J. Ave Maria.

At the beginning of Lent I gave a mission in one of the large towns of Scotland, in which there is a Catholic population of nearly 30,000 souls, almost exclusively Irish. The following incident in it may be of interest to the readers of the Ave Maria and to all who have any devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes: One day, as I was about to leave the church, there came up to me a little maiden of some twelve summers, sent by her mother to ask me to call at their house at the dinner hour of the bread-winner of the family, whose earnings too often found their way into the coffers of the whiskey shop instead of into his wife's hands. I promised to come, and at the appointed time find my little friend watching for me at the corner. She carefully warns me not to let her father know that I have been invited to call, and adds: "Mother asks you to be kind, and not scold him; I promise, and she tells me that she will follow in a few minutes, and begs me not to say that I have seen her."

I clamber the dark winding stair, and enter the room as if by chance. The father is eating his dinner, civil and respectful, but in no way inclined to present himself at the tribunal of penance. So I talk about his work for five minutes or so, and presently my little friend comes in, and "jessitically" greets her as a stranger, and inquires her name. She appreciates the humor of the situation, and tells me that she is called Maggie—Maggie O'Brien. I had already noticed that the poor child limped, and on further inquiries find that on her left heel is a painful and angry swelling. (And here I may recommend to every missionary to provide himself with what I have found invaluable—a vial of Lourdes water. God certainly gives many graces through it, not to say works miracles.) So I produce my bottle, describe the wonderful efficacy of the water, and tell one or two stories of miracles that have actually taken place at Lourdes. "Perhaps it may be the will of God to cure Maggie's heel," I say. Then I kneel down, and Maggie does the same, and we say three "Hail Marys" together. Mrs. O'Brien kneels also; and presently Mr. O'Brien, pushing his plate away, also slips down on one knee.

The "Hail Marys" ended, I take Maggie's foot on my knee, and gently rub in some of the Lourdes water, asking Our Lady meanwhile for her gracious aid. "Does it hurt you, Maggie?" I inquire, as I give a final rub with extra energy. "Not now, Father; but it did at first," says Maggie, full of faith that she is to be cured. "Now try if you can walk better." Maggie walks across the room with scarce a trace of her former limp. "Oh, I can walk fine!" Then I turn once more to Mr. O'Brien, and the Lourdes water has worked for him a more wonderful change than for his little daughter's heel. He promises without further difficulty to "go to his duties"; and the next morning, when I enter the church at seven o'clock, there are all three—father, mother, and little Maggie—waiting outside my confessional door. Not long after I see them go up together to the altar. We will hope that henceforward the week's earnings will reach Mrs. O'Brien unimpaird by the ravages of the whiskey shop.

This story is but one out of many like it for which we have to thank God and Our Lady. As for Maggie's heel, I do not say it was cured; I will only say that next time I met her she was not limping, and told me that her foot was "fine."

Tiresome Talkers.

There are many women and some men who are so talkative about little things and nothing in particular, that life within hearing of their chatter is truly a burden. This is an unpardonable waste of energy. It is a wise economy to talk just enough to be charming and, like a skillful orator, leave the listener desiring more. Mr. Henry Graham, Wingham, writes us: "For fifteen years I have suffered with indigestion, and during that time I could get nothing to give me relief, although I tried a great many different kinds of medicine recommended for a cure. I now feel like a new man, and this wonderful change has been accomplished by the use of four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Cure. To me it has been a valuable medicine."

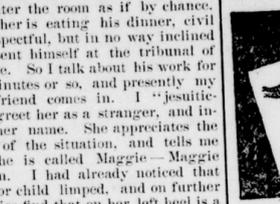
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