

THE RESTLESS WOMAN.

His Eminence, J. Cardinal Gibbons in Ladies' Home Journal.

That woman was created to fill certain well-defined places in this world no one familiar with her physical, moral and mental make-up can doubt. That many women of to-day show a tendency to think slightly of those privileges and responsibilities which have come down as the best inheritance of their sex is a fact which faces us on every side in this country of ours. It is more the case here than in any other nation, I regret to say. It has spread in the last few years like some great epidemic, until, it has, to a distressing extent, affected the whole system of society and home government.

Modesty and gentleness, those two sweet handmaids of womanhood, seem to have been laid aside by many, and masculinity and aggressiveness have been given their places.

The spirit of unrest has found easy victims in thousands of American homes, until the social condition which presents itself to-day, even among the best and most cultured classes, differs essentially from the standards heretofore held as inviolable. It is a sad and a dangerous change which confronts us. Its shibboleth would seem to be: masculinity is greater than femininity. I wish I could impress on American women the dangers that attach to such innovations. I wish I could show them, as they appear to me, the ultimate results of participating in public life. It has but one end—the abandonment, or at least the neglect, of the home. And when the influence of the home is removed, the life loses one of its most valuable guides, and government its strongest ally—indeed, its cornerstone.

You remember, perhaps, what a great General of ancient times said: "Greece rules the world, Athens rules Greece, I rule Athens, my wife rules me, and, therefore, my wife rules the world." Nor is the illustration overdrawn. The woman who rules the domestic kingdom is in reality the ruler of all earthly kingdoms.

As I have said before, I regard woman's rights women and the leaders in the new school of female progress as the worst enemies of the female sex. They teach that which robs woman of all that is amiable and gentle, and makes her life less of a home and more of a battle. They give her nothing in return but masculine boldness and brazen effrontery. They are habitually preaching about woman's rights and prerogatives, but have not a word to say about her duties and responsibilities. They withdraw her from those sacred obligations which properly belong to her sex, and fill her with ambition to usurp a position for which neither God nor Nature ever intended her.

While professing to emancipate her from domestic servitude, they are making her the slave of her own caprices and passions. Under the influence of such teachers we find woman, especially in higher circles, gadding about, at rest only when in perpetual motion, and never at ease unless in a state of morbid excitement. She never feels at home except when abroad. When she is at home, home is irksome to her. She chafes and frets under the restraint and responsibility of domestic life. Her heart is abroad. It is existing in imagination, in some scene of gayety and dissipation. Her husband comes to his home to find it empty, or occupied by one whose heart is void of affection for him. Then arise disputes, quarrels, recriminations, estrangements, and the last act in the drama is often divorce.

I speak the sober truth when I affirm that, for the wrecks of families in our country, woman has a large share of the responsibility. In so many instances she seems to have entirely forgotten or purposely avoided, the place she is called upon to fill. She looks to material greatness in man as her guiding star. She wishes to do what men have done, and are doing. She thinks this fits her to all her faculties and her strength, and seems to think she is living up to a higher standard than was ever before permitted to her kind. But if she stopped a moment to consider, could she find a mission more exalted, more noble or more influential than Christian wifehood and motherhood? Then, makes her the equal of her husband, and the guide and teacher of her sons and daughters, rather than a stumbling-block in the way of all.

If woman would only remember that her influence over a child the first few years of its life can have greater effect and produce wider and more lasting results than her whole life given up to walking in the way of men.

Where are the men that have achieved triumphs and have not owned that the debt was largely due their mothers? What know we of the mothers of the world's greatest men, save that most of them were faithful to their holy station and true to the high privilege of motherhood—the most divinely sanctioned and the noblest of all earthly positions?

Christianity set its enduring seal on this Queenhood in Bethlehem centuries ago, and the woman who seeks a higher sphere will not find it among men, or even in earth.

But the tendency of the times is altogether apart from such things. Women must be independent, they say. They must even indulge in all the sports formerly classed as masculine. They take to these as occasional pleasures, but as constant pursuits. I see no harm in a woman's taking part once in a while in a game of golf, or any other outdoor exercise that befits her station. She is not to be housed like a plant, and never to be watered with benefits derived from fresh air and moderate exercise. Any proper outdoor pursuit should be encouraged as an occasional recreation, but as a regular avocation it must be condemned. For pleasures that become habitual are no longer mere recreations, but serious occupations.

Then there is the woman who must join a club, or perhaps give or three clubs. These will require her presence on attention several hours of the day. How can she do all this and at the same time fulfill the duties of domestic life? After the labors of the day the

HOW FATHER LACOMBE BECAME A MISSIONARY.

(Told almost in the words of the celebrated Canadian missionary, Father Lacombe. The writer is Father Cullen, O. M. I.)

When I was eight or nine years old, I was an altar boy, and Father Vian, my parish priest, who later became vicar-general in Montreal, would call me "My little Indian."

Here is the reason. At St. Sulpice, my birthplace, there is an old mouldering house, where an Indian scene took place long ago. My mother's forefathers dwelt there. I remember a story which my mother told me over and over again, advising me never to forget it.

Long ago the Alouquins, who had always been friendly to the French colonists of New France, used to roam over the colony, entering houses, and taking, without any ceremony, where-with to eat, when they were not hidden; they even kidnapped children. Once upon a time, it happened that a party of roving Indians entered the old house which I have just mentioned. They found there a maiden who had charge of her little brothers and sisters, while her parents were working in the fields. In a moment, they had the girl away with them. Having made sure of their captive, they took to flight in their bark canoe. You can imagine the despair of her parents on their return home. They set out in quest of her, they beat the woods; but it was in vain.

Five years later, a trader by the name of Duhamel, in the service of the Great Fur Companies, was conducting to St. Sulpice, a trading canoe carrying six men. One day, they stopped at an Indian camp for the purpose of bartering. Duhamel perceived among the squaws a white woman.

"Do you speak French?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"What was your name at home?"

She told her name, she spoke of St. Sulpice, of her adventure, of her marriage with one of the Indians, and then showed her two young sons.

"Well! well!" Duhamel said, "get ready this very night with your children. I shall take you off! I am your uncle!"

They acted accordingly.

Imagine how surprised and happy the parents of the maiden were, when they saw their daughter come back to Saint Sulpice! The two boys were baptized, and called by the name of Duhamel. They grew up in the parish, among the French, and later on brought up their own families. Their mother had often spoken to them in their father's language, and a few Indian expressions were preserved among them. My grandmother, a daughter of one of these half-breeds, used to say to me: Kiamik, be quiet!—Kaniwiein, is it not nice.

When I was a schoolboy, Father Vian told my father to send me to college. But my father was poor.

"I can not afford it," he said.

"Send him," the priest replied; "I will pay for his board and tuition."

Thus, I went to L'Assomption College. During the summer holidays, I was given no rest. I was obliged to work in the fields, from morning till night with a rake or a sickle in my hands. When seeing my classmates walking around and amusing themselves, I envied their happiness, and I was asking myself why I was dealt with so harshly. Later on, I knew why!

While a seminarian I heard that a priest from the Red River (now Saint Boniface, near Winnipeg) was to preach in the cathedral at Montreal. Spell-bound by the words of the missionary, I said to myself, "Well! Albert! be a missionary, my dear fellow!" I acquainted Monsignor Bourget with my intention. I opened my mind to Rev. Father Vian. He said to me: "Not now; wait till I die!"

The time of my ordination to the priesthood having arrived, I had to go to Saint Hyacinthe for the ceremony.

A few months later I was at Saint Boniface. I did not stay long at the Red River mission. . . . But in 1852 I returned to St. Boniface with Bishop Tache. I was determined to become an Oblate Father.

One evening Bishop Provencher called me to his room, and said to me with tears: "My dear son! you come to help me. I am in great trouble. God, I suppose, sends you here to free me from perplexity. Will you promise me to do what I will tell you?"

I was in tears also. I fell on my knees, saying: "My Lord, I came here to obey you!"

"I have heard," continued the Bishop, "that you intend to join the Oblate Fathers. But I must have a priest to take the place of Father Thibault at Edmonton. I have nobody but you to send there. If nobody goes to Edmonton, the mission will be ruined." I said, "My Lord, you ask a very hard thing. I wish to live with the Indians, on condition of being a religious."

"My dear son," replied the Bishop, "you will be a religious if you like—only wait a few years more."

And so I left for Edmonton, in the far Northwest, greatly honored by the trust my Bishop put in me, and happy because I was able to be of some help to him.—Missionary Record, O. M. I.

THE CONVERSION OF AN EDITOR.

Irving J. Keyes, of Milford, Conn., and His Daughter Embrace the True Faith.

Irving J. Keyes, a writer well known in Connecticut literary circles, and a son of Rev. J. J. Keyes, formerly a prominent minister of Brooklyn and Buffalo, has become a Catholic. Writing from Milford, the scene of his present labors, to the Catholic Transcript, of Hartford, Mr. Keyes says:

I feel sure my many friends who have known me since I left the Episcopal faith, for the true Church of Christ, will be pleased to know over my own signature that as a result of my studies, as well as of the increasing doubts of the validity of Anglican orders which had taken possession of me in late years, I have and do hereby formally renounce my belief in and membership in that church, and have accepted the Episcopal Church, and have placed myself under the instruction of two learned and reverend priests of the Connecticut Apostolate, Fathers McClean and Hart, in order to properly fit myself for entrance into the one true fold of our Blessed Lord and Saviour, the Catholic Church. My father, the Rev. J. J. Keyes, formerly a well known clergyman of Brooklyn and Buffalo, once told me years ago that he would rather see me a good Catholic than a lukewarm, indifferent Protestant, so that I feel that, after all, I am still in line with parental advice.

"Certain it is that after facing all the varied consequences of this action on my part, I have decided that henceforth and so long as life shall last, I will be found doing my duty in the ranks of Catholic laymen as God shows that duty to me; and I have felt a peace and an assurance of divine approbation of my course that I have never felt before. My gratitude is enhanced by the fact that my little daughter Mary will accompany me into the Church with the full consent of her Episcopalian mother."

Trust God.

Trust, reliance, dependence, are things to be exercised by the creature, not by the Creator. There's no trouble with God; it's all with us. If we will trust, He will bestow; if we will lean, He will support; if we will hope, He will fulfill; if we will have faith, He will bring it to pass.

Episcopal Minister a Catholic.

Rev. Alvah W. Doran, until last April a curate at St. Clement's Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, was baptized into the Catholic Church last week in the Cathedral chapel, that city. On Monday he made his first Communion and was confirmed by Archbishop Ryan, together with another young man, James Hazen Hardy, who was formerly an acolyte at St. Clement's church. Mr. Doran will study for the priesthood. He stated that it was the writings of Cardinal Newman which guided him into the Church.

Mr. Doran is the third clergyman connected with St. Clement's to join the Catholic Church. A few years ago the Rev. Basil William Maturin, widely noted in this country and in England as an eloquent and thoughtful preacher, and for a number of years rector of St. Clement's, became a Catholic, and was ordained to the priesthood. He has since labored among the English speaking Catholics in Rome and also in the Archdiocese of Westminster, under Cardinal Vaughan. The Rev. Alfred Boyer Sharpe, who became rector of St. Clement's about 1888, also became a Catholic in England a year or two ago.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR AN ARCH-BISHOP.

In a little address delivered at the opening of a new institution in Dublin the other day Archbishop Walsh showed that he was in about the same position as the editor who was the only man in the world that didn't know how to run his paper.

"I may tell you," said His Grace, "that I have more than once had letters from persons of that always numerous class who are most enthusiastically energetic in doing good by proxy (laughter) calling upon me to get up a home such as this, to get it up and, presumably, to undertake the management of it, including, as a matter of course, the superintendence (laughter) of all those interesting features of its work that I find enumerated in the prospectus—music and the dancing of the young ladies here and their occasional garden parties in pleasant places by the seaside, cycling excursions to places of interest in the country, and so forth (renewed laughter). It is wonderful how many things I find people lamenting that I do not undertake the establishment of."

One of the latest communications of the sort that came to me was signed merely "A Mother of Six" (laughter), and a people to his Master's honor. The savage herds came down in torrents from the North and Peter went out to meet them, and by his very eye he sobered them and barked them in their full career. They turned aside and flooded the whole earth, but only to be more surely civilized by him and to be made ten times more his children, even, than the older population which they had overwhelmed. Lawless kings arose, sagacious as the Roman, passionate as the Hun, yet in him they found their match and were shattered, and he lived on. The gates of the earth were opened to the East and West, and men poured out to take possession; but he went with them by his missionaries to China, to Mexico, carried along by zeal and charity as far as those children of men were led by enterprise, covetousness and ambition. Has he failed in his successes up to this hour? Did he in our fathers' day fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany, or his comrade, Charles with Napoleon, of greater name, and his dependent kings, that, though in another kind of fight, he should fail in ours?"

The answer to Cardinal Newman's question is supplied by the way in which Leo XIII. has applied himself to the solution of the social question, which has assumed such dimensions in our times. As was to be expected, the influence of the head of the Catholic Church is enlisted on the side of the poor and the lowly. In his Encyclical "On the Condition of Labor" Leo XIII. made an eloquent plea on behalf of wage workers in all lands.

It is the sympathetic attitude of the Catholic Church toward the poor which alone gives the regard of thoughtful non-Catholics, of whom Mr. Hall Caine is a type. Here is the English novelist's tribute of praise to the Church on account of the tender solicitude she manifests for Christ's poor:

"The Christianity of Christ was, above all else, Catholic, and in the Catholicism of Christ, there has been no division among men, except good men and bad men."

The Catholic Church, the church, is the church of the poor. That ought to be its honor and pride. His Holiness saw this clearly; hence his Encyclicals on the Christian democracy.

"The Christian democracy movement will revolutionize the nations and change the relations of the races. The churches could not afford to let it slip away from their tutelage."

"The Christian church that casts in its lot with the rich and the great against the poor and the lowly is a church built on the sand."

We give Mr. Hall Caine's view of the Catholic Church, not because it imparts to us Catholics any new conception of the role our spiritual Mother plays in the world's affairs, but because what Mr. Hall Caine says is one more illustration of how the Church impresses herself upon thoughtful men outside of her pale. They cannot help seeing how, even from a worldly point of view, she is the greatest benefactor of humanity. It is not given to them as it is to us to understand and appreciate the inestimable spiritual blessings of which she is an unfailing source.—New York Freeman's Journal.

A Jesuit's Challenge.

It is worthy of note that, as the author of a paper in the Month informs us, the German Jesuit, Father Koch, in 1852 issued a public challenge offering to pay the sum of a thousand Rhenish guelders to any one who, in the judg-

ment of the faculty of law in the University of Heidelberg, or of Bonn, should establish the fact that any Jesuit had ever taught the doctrine that the end justifies the means, or any doctrines equivalent to it. This challenge has been before the world for forty-nine years, but the thousand guelders have never been awarded.

A SACRED INTERVIEW.

Innocence and Penitence the Robes to Wear at Prayer.

The highest and noblest exercise of this life is prayer, which St. Paul commends to us in his Epistles.

Some consider it a great honor and privilege to have an interview with one of the crowned heads of Europe. To have such an interview, many things are necessary before you can even get to the palace where the monarch lives. Then you are obliged to remain in an antechamber until he shall say when he will be pleased to see you. How much greater, how infinitely greater it is, to have an interview with Almighty God Himself! And to enjoy such an interview, only fervent and earnest prayer is necessary.

When we go before a king of this world much thought has to be given to our attire. The only garment necessary in our interview with God is the white robe of innocence or the purple robe of penitence. You are not obliged to have any letter of introduction, couched in high-sounding phrases. High-sounding prayers may tickle the ears, but they are seldom efficacious. The prayer which is most pleasing to God is that which comes from the heart. The prayer of the publican when he cried out: "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" is a model one.

Then, too, we may pray most effectually even when our thoughts do not take definite shape. God is ready to hear us at all times, under all circumstances and in all places. He is the source of all blessings and He tells us He will always grant our petitions, if they are reasonable. He says: "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

By prayer the soul is uplifted. When we engage in earnest prayer we are lifted up to a higher and holier atmosphere. Then, upon these occasions we realize the brevity of this life and the length of eternity; the vanity of this world and the beauty of heaven. But above all things, this will be energized and receives a new inspiration.

A lady said to me on the occasion of President Garfield's death: "I have prayed for the President's life. My family have prayed for him, our congregation prayed for him, the city prayed for him, the state prayed for him and yet he died. What, then, is the use of prayer?" I answered her that God answers our prayers either directly or indirectly. If he does not grant us what we ask, He gives us something equivalent or better. If He did not save President Garfield's life, He preserved the life of the nation, which is of more importance than the life of an individual. He infused into the hearts of the American people at a time of most political bitterness, a greater reverence for the head of the nation and He intensified and energized our love of country and our devotion to our political institutions.—Cardinal Gibbons.

The Immaculate Conception Before the Throne of God Almighty.

"It is not easy then for us to exaggerate the intellectual and spiritual elevation of the angels above ourselves. Yet how does Scripture represent their demeanor before the Vision of the Most Holy Trinity? They hide their faces with their wings!"

But look at the queen of these angelic kingdoms: at her whose empire is over land and sea, over the dim but fruitful provinces of purgatory, and over the glad realms of heaven itself. God has wound His bright glory round about her. He has crowned her with a crown of His own devising, and studded with gems of most mysterious splendor and hidden virtues. He has raised her on a lofty throne, and all over her He has hung an orb of far-reaching meditation, and the very excess of Christ surrounds the blessed ornament. He has trusted her hand to wield a sceptre, an omnipotence of maternal prayer. But how weak are all words to tell the queenly adoration of this Mother of the Most Holy Trinity? They hide their faces with their wings!"

And what is the fashion of her regal bearing before the Most Holy Trinity? She is bowed down by profoundest humiliation. She abases herself to the lowest depths of spiritual homage and prostration. She is annihilated in the vivid sense of her own complete nothingness. She is only exalted and restrained from being exalted by the force of God's own power and love, which does sweet violence to her humility. She who sang the "Magnificat," and has entranced the nations and the ages with its thrilling strains, now finds the breathless silence of her Immaculate Heart, and her more than Angelic Mind, scarce a fitting worship of so great a majesty, of so incomparable a God. And so, like the burning bush, her whole being of unimaginable sanctity, science, and affections, is ever more consumed unconsumingly, like the choice frankincense of the angelic and human creations combined, in fragrant worship and the perfumes of ravishing sweetness before the Throne of the Holy and Undivided Three." (Father Faber "The Blessed Sacrament" p 276, 277.)

The Dangers of the Careless.

There is in human nature a fatal tendency to procrastination, especially when that which we know we ought to do is something to which we are naturally disinclined. All men are naturally disinclined to do violence to themselves and force their pride and self-will to yield before the sway of Christ, but put on His yoke and carry His cross. Hence men put off and make excuses to themselves and fancy that what is difficult to them to-day will be easy to them to-morrow. Oh, fatal mistake! Each day that we postpone the task of submission it becomes more difficult, more distasteful. Why, then, do I not hasten to submit myself entirely to Christ?—Church Bulletin.

Catholics and the Yellow Journals.

If Catholics do not wish to encourage professedly religious papers, they ought at least abstain from supporting certain so-called yellow journals in which modesty is mocked and suicide made famous. It is unnecessary to say a word about the sin Catholics commit who encourage and aid the circulation of these vile sheets, directly or indirectly. If they make good confessions at the tribunal of penance they have learned it there, and no words of ours can add force to what they have already been told. What we wish to say is that Catholics who perceive and who deplore the widespread evils which these pernicious papers disseminate and foster, have a remedy which, if they will use, will be effective, if not in entirely abating the evil, at least in lessening it, and keeping it within narrow limits. Let them not only sternly denounce these sheets and discourage their circulation among their acquaintances, but also withdraw their business support and patronage from