colonists of Ireland come from Greece

and was not Marseilles founded by the Greeks 400 years before Christ? Whether

IC SUNDAY.

JG. 11, 1882

Everett Hale, D. D., ne of the editors of n contemporary, the Boston, is travelling

go a series of interest-pister, on his experi-tundays. At present n, not a new country When in Rome Mr. rinciple of doing as undays in Catholic Mass with the faithin his own fashion, ye open on the cere-ndings, the Christian benefit of his obser-all his alleged knowoits and Catholic pe native keenness, Mr.

lass is and what Cathmeans, as though he to a Catholic, never ork, or never entered He is still troubled being heard during ng Mass in a languag he people. The Cath-r Mass, not to hear the s a sacrifice in which Christ is the divine t is a necessary agent ere. People are no tt, or thinking of the are praying with him e. As a rule, be they d or unlettered, they the Mass just as well They have been made from childhood. When to them he preaches in

not a sermon. It is a cal at all, is the begin-and the end. There is e priest or understand Mass in Latin is simply nience; a universal lan-rsal Church. In the Mass is said in Greek; so ordained it might Protestants, or what-the preacher is neces-they have no Sacrifice, to Church. The cona uniform language is y, who says in his His-"The priests of the Church have during daily chanted the same ns, supplications and India and Lithuania, in " At the same time e," he says, being in a ntelligible only to the ajority of the congrega-to assist as spectators litors." The service is for the reasons given ongregation assists with igence, can hear Mass y one present who has of his senses. It is not follow the prayers at to be present while the offered, and the choice to the individual. He concert to the individual. He to Christ, bows before thrist. Possibly half the ld not know the priest of they saw him on the

cle, who writes last from Granada, Spain, is dis-nings. "No man offered ple)," he says, "the con-"He is plainly, of what Catholic Comet any penny catechism med him. cession had occasion to

ey (the people) were way by vergers." Well. now the procession could so the people made way such dignitary provided the aged or infirm among that Mr. Hale is not so h ways, as he would have in the women half sit, g the services; the men at their pleasure. As a seats in Church, save a hose who wish can propiece. There are no nor any approach to such. are on the same footing

t the Catholic Sunday all Sunday is pre-eminently mankind. A day of rest f joy, for joy is rest. As by God for man, the are given to God. So nd under pain of mortal and abstain from manual gation observed, they are nuse themselves in any provided of course the wful. The Puritan Sunthis. It makes God a sour master, who frowns on s own day; on the child's ooy's play, on innocent ot God's day, but an evil

Review. OLD NEED FREE. postal for 100-page book. Diseases and Treatment," on Liver Complaints, Tor-ce, Billiousness, He dache, spepsia, Malaria, etc. Ad-kD, 24 Duane St., New York.

Grant Isle, Aroostook es: "Having used North-'s valuable Emulsion of with Hypophosphites of ne liberty of asking you and also whether you to give me the agency is I am confident there sale for it in this vicinity were made known.

geists on this continent ge and constantly increas hrop and Lyman's Veget and Dyspeptic Cure, and icent effects upon their ed with Liver Complaint, spepsia, Impurity of the physical infirmities, and cine it has accomplished s. Sold by Harkness & Jundas St.

"Only a Baby's Grave." BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

"Whom do you bury to day?" I asked;
And the sexton quietly said,
As he slowly turned to the gleaming sod,
"It is only a babe that is dead."

"Only a baby's grave;" and the space So narrow, and short, and small, To the callous man of a thousand graves, Seemed scarcely a grave at all.

"Only a babe," I mused; and lo:
As I sadly turned away,
My thoughts flew on to that darkened Where some one's darling lay.

And I thought of the head with its crown o gold, On the downy pillow pressed; And I thought of the tiny, waxen hands, Close-clasped o'er the snowy breast.

I knew they had chosen the lilly fair, And the spotiess, pure tuberose To shed the balm of their fragrant breath For the dear ones last repose.

I knew who would press a last fond kiss
On lips that were cold as clay;
And I knew how the mother's heart would As the casket was borne away.

For brighter far than the glowing sun, More sweet than the morning flowers, Has been that wee, frall babe to one Who has watched its dawning hours.

And I thought how the years would come How the roses would bud and bloom,
How the roses would bud and bloom,
With never a sign of love from the child,
Asleep in its shadowy tomb.

So I could not echo his calm, cold words, But with pitying love I said. "Oh! shape the grave with tenderest care, For a pure, sweet babe is dead." THE CASE OF A METHODIST FRIEND.

The case of a young man in Boston, who writes to us as follows, is worthy of very serious attention:

"Sir, I would like to ask through your columns one question. I am a young man 25 years of age. I have been keeping company with a young lady 23 years of age for about nine months. Five months ago I joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. The question I wish to ask this. Four years ago this young lady is this: Four years ago this young lady was married to a man who treated her so badly that in six months she had to leave him and applied for a divorce, which was granted. Now in reading my Bible, I find in Matthew, chap. 5, verse 32, also Mark, chap. 10, and the first twelve verses, also in other places in Christ's teaching, that a divorced wife is forbidden to marry again while the husband is living. am very much attached to the young lady, and still want to be true to my creed and honorable to her, I am at loss how to act. Will you please give me your advice, and

By the laws of Massachusetts, where the two reside, undustedly the woman is entitled to marry again if her divorce was properly obtained. Our converse was

entitled to marry again it her divorce was properly obtained. Our correspondent can make her his legal wife.

But can the two be united in wedlock without disobeying the commands of Christ? That is a very different matter. The present divorce laws of Massachusetts and of New England generally, were not and of New England generally were not framed in accordance with the teachings of Christianity. They were based on the theory that marriage is a contract which may be broken by the misbehavior of one may be broken by the misbenavior of one or the other of the parties to it, if that im-proper conduct shall be satisfactorily pro-ved before a Judge. The marriage may be dissolved not only because of adultery, but also on account of abandonment, and for various other causes.

It seems that very many people in New England both men and women, are glad to take advantage of the divorce laws to throw off marriage bonds, without caring whether the laws are in accordance with Christian precepts or not. They are eager to escape from a conjugal yoke under which they chafe; to be rid of obligations to husbands who treat them ill or abandon them or to put away wives with whom they cannot live peaceably. Very often, perhaps generally, they are anxious to separate from mates in order that they may be happy with new ones. The divorced are more likely to marry than any other class of people, if they can get the chance. They therefore have not ac-

quired a distaste for matrimony because of hardships suffered in married life. But what does Christ say in regard to divorce and marriage? We quote the passages from the Gospels of Matthew and Mark to which our correspondent refers:

Mark to which our correspondent refers:
"But I say unto you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the causes of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery. -Matt. 5: 32.

"And He saith unto them, whoever shall put away his wife and marry another committeth adultery against her. And if a woman shall put away her husband and be married to another, she committeeth adultery."—Luke 10, 11, 12.

There is no mistaking the meaning of this language. The simplest man under-stands it as well as the most learned. The teachings of Jesus Christ are in opposition to the divorce laws of Massa-chusetts. No faithful Christian can take advantage of those laws, with the words of Christ so clear and so positive before

m. Freedom of divorce is undoubtedly opposed to Christianity. The marriage of the woman divorced is also expressly stig-matized by Christ as adulterous in the passage above quoted. Our young Metho-dist friend in Boston cannot obey the commands of Christ and marry his sweetheart

Yet we do not deny that very many men who call themselves Christians would not hesitate to wed her in spite of the words which are a stumbling block for him. Genuine Christians are not very numerous in these days. Even ministers of the Gospel will explain away the words of Christ.—N. Y. Sun.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Bilionsness.

A furred tongue, bad taste in the mouth, nausea, vomiting, variable appetite, alternate diarrhœa and costiveness, faintness, weariness, yellow cast of eyes and coun-tenance, indicates serious biliary trouble. Jaundice is a dangerous disease, it is an overflow of bad bile in the circulation, any of these symptoms should be remedied without delay, and Burdock Blood Bit-ters is the remedy upon which you may surely rely.

THE POPE'S SOLICITUDE.

HIS GREAT ANXIETY IN NAMING BISHOPS-A MATTER OF CONSTANT PRAYER THAT HE MAY SELECT THE BEST MEN-LEO XIII.'S ALLOCUTION TO THE ITALIAN

From the London Tablet.

"We salute in you to-day the new pastors designed to govern each his portion of the flock of Jesus Christ, and We rejoice in seeing the number increased of those who are called to share the cares of the Apostolic ministry with Us. Most deeply is the need now felt of having holy and worthy pastors in the Church of God: now, on account of the malice and the power of Our enemies, whose aim is to combat religion and to cause the loss of souls, and on account of the continual difficulties which are opposed to the action of the sacred ministers, there is required in them all the force of a truly sacerdotal courage, all the prudence of an enlightened spirit, all the patience of a soul filled with charity and with the sentiment of

"Thus the nomination of our Bishops is one of Our greatest solicitudes, while one of Our most constant and fervent prayers is the ostende guenn elegeris, with which, according to the example of the Apostolic College, We ask of God to show Us who those are that He has chosen and who are those are that He has chosen and who are most according to His heart. We have the firm confidence that the Lord has pleased on this occasion to listen to Our humble prayer: all leads Us to think that your work in the Episcopate will be to the glory of God, to the advantage of souls, and to the honor and consolation of the Church. We see among you the illustri-Church. We see among you the illustrious Patriarch of Antioch; this dignity is the reward of a just and laborious life from his earliest years; it is the reward for long and important services rendered to the Church and to the Apostolic See in the various offices which he filled with

most praiseworthy diligence.

"On account of all this, it might be hoped, dearly beloved sons, that the way hoped, dearly beloved sons, that the way would be left open to you to enter on the peaceful possession of your sees, as all right and justice demand. But unhappily that which is occuring in Italy for some time past keeps Us in this respect also in the most serious and painful apprehension. There are still many Bishops nominated by Us who, during several months, or even years, still wait the removal of the obstacle which prevents them from entering their own diocese. Nor is it without reason We speak of obstacles and impediments opposed to them: since unless the

reason We speak of obstacles and impediments opposed to them; since, unless the
newly-elected do not prefer to enter their
own sees in an absolutely private form:
destitute of every human subsidy, constrained to shelter themselves in the
houses of others, exposed to the danger of
seeing the very act of their episcopal jurisdiction not recognized, but even incriminated, as has happened at Chieti, the refusal of according to them that which mated, as nas nappened at Cherch, the con-fusal of according to them that which they have a right to possess is equivalent to their removal from the diocese intrus-ted to their care. Now this is greatly to be deplored; for it is not only an indignity, having regard to the illustrious qualities of the persons selected, against whom the political authority itself has not been able find any just cause of complaint, but to find any just cause of complaint, but it is also a very grave in jury to the inter-ests of religion and to the regular progress of the administration of the diocese, con-strained to remain for a long time deprived of their legitimate heads. Thus the wishes of the Catholic population are frustrated—they who desire to have their pastor in their midst, and who receive him

with joy and transport when it is given them to have him.

But the worst is, that this manner of acting on the part of the public power gravely offends one of the most precious and vital liberties of the Church, notwithstanding the promises to the contrary made so amply in former times to the Apostolic See. Therefore in continuing not to do justice to the rights of the Bishops demonstrates to evidence that it is sought to hold the church in Italy in a state of oppression and slavery, and to render it impossible to Us to render it well. What would, indeed, be said of the supreme political authority, if having selected for the army the leaders deemed most fitting, and for the province the rulers esteemed so able, before sending them to take the rule in hand they should available and the church in the most fitting and for the province the rulers esteemed so able, before sending them to take the rule in hand they should available and the church in the most have a sending them to take the rule in hand they should available and the church in the most have a sending them to take the rule in hand they should available and the same of the given the leaders deemed most fitting, and for the province the rulers esteemed so able, before sending them to take the rule in hand they should available and the same troubled periods of the faith has been the fruit of generous sacrifices and of struggles sustained with Christian courage.

"We have it deeply at heart, dearly beloved children, that always, that, dearly beloved children, that always, that, dearly beloved children, that always, that, dearly beloved the faith has been the fruit of generous sacrifices and of struggles sustained with Christian courage.

"We have it deeply at heart, dearly beloved the same. I took the crucifix in my hand, held it before me, and told them all to fol.

Shots and arrows flew about us from every direction, yet, black gown, owing to the power of Him whom we invoked, we passent the middent that always, that, dearly beloved children, that always, before sending them to take the rule in hand, they should await the good pleasure of another authority which would refuse or delay it for a long time without any plausible motive? Would there not be reason to cry out against the usurpation, against the abuse? Now this is exactly what happens to Us in the nominations to the Bishoprics of Italy; about twenty dioceses have long waited in vain for pasors. This fact is a very sharp thorn to Our heart; and We should denounce it, in order that it may be still better known how difficult is the government of the Church for Us, and how intolerable is our

present position.

"May the Lord be pleased to stretch forth his hand soon and bring a remedy! Meanwhile to comfort you in your arduous office, beloved sons, We impart to you from the bottom of Our heart the Aposto-lic Benediction."

The Superintendent in Love.

Supt. E. J. O'Neill, of the Dominion Police Force, Ottawa, Canada, thus spoke to a representative of one of Ottawa's leading journals: "I am actually in love with that wonderful medicine St. Jacobs Oil. I keep it at home and likewise here in my office; and though my duty should call me hence in an hour to journey a thousand miles, St. Jacobs Oil would surely be my companion. It is the most wonderful medicine in the world, without any exception, I believe. My entire family have been cured by it. We have used it for twenty different ailments, and found it worth half a score of doctors. My men here on the Dominion Police Force, use it right along and very justly think that there is nothing like it. I be-lieve it is the long sought Elixir Vita and possesses the power of making the old young again. I know it often enlivens me, and although I am past fifty years of age, I am, thanks to that wonderful agent, a lively man yet.

Davy & Clark, Druggists, Renfrew, writes us June 3rd. "We have sold writes us June 3rd. "We have sold Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for a number of years, and find nothing equal r the purpose for which it is des-Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures all forms of Bowel complaints incident to Summer and Fall.

The Cross Taken Down From The Capitol.

Pilot.

Rome, July 15th.—In an audience granted to the Federazione Piana of the Ca-tholic societies of Rome, the Holy Father delivered a very remarkable discourse.

His Holiness said:—
"To the heart of a father, the affection of his children is so much the more dear, as the circumstances in which this affecas the circumstances in which this affec-tion is manifested are the more sorrowful and painful. Such is precisely the charac-ter of the testimony of love and devotion which you offer to us to-day, dearly be-loved children, in presenting to us these new volumes filled with numerous signa-tures of Romans, as a solemn testimony of their inviolable attachment to the Church of Jesus Christ and to its visible "These repeated manifestations have a

very high significance for us, for they give a denial to those who would wish to affront the Romans by believing them, in general, less devoted to the cause of the Church, or indifferent to what is done against her within the walls of their city. "In truth, that appeared impossible.
The facts to which you have referred,
and which have come to pass, above all
on that fatal night which witnessed, a year ago, the sacrilegious offences com-mitted against the venerated remains of our glorious predecessor, demonstrate to evidence how very fierce is the war which is waged against Religion, against the Church and the Papacy, with the open intention of crushing and of destroying them, if that were possible. "Rome is chiefly marked out as the point of attack, because it is the centre of Catholicity, the See of the Pontificate, and because the faith has been able to plant deep roots here and to manifest itself here in all its

splendor.
"Men educated in hatred of religion, "Men educated in hatred of religion, and who have been allowed, with full leisure, to grow up filled with arrogance and audacity, give, in Rome here, the proofs of their iniquity. There are journals which scatter wildly and with inpunity doctrines of implety, in blaspheming and in cursing the most sacred thinge; they launch forth their offences and outrages against the Divinity itself, and, horrible to say, they chant hymns to

"Here, from the summit of the Capitol on which it had been placed with great honor by the faith of our ancestors, they have taken down and removed the august sign of redemption and salvation. Here, they have paid the tribute of honor to men who dedicated their whole lives to men who dedicated their whole lives to insult religion and to outrage the priest-hood and the Church. Here, the sects are preparing, with the approbation of the most extreme parties, to hold their assemblies, and they do not conceal what they intend to make of the Churches, the Vatican and the Pope, on the day when they will have the power in their hands.

"In presence of so sad a picture it is intended to the control of the cont

impossible for a Catholic to remain in-different. It is even necessary that all those who love Religion and the Papacy with a sincere love should henceforward openly show themselves as they are. The promoters of impiety make their attacks vithout a mask; it is fitting that Catholics should in like manner defend themselves in constituting themselves the intrepid champions of their faith, and in showing that they are not disposed to sacrifice it at

any price. "This costs, it is true; but remember,

which you have undertaken, and, above all, strive with all care to keep enkindled in the people of Rome love for the Cath-olic faith and the sentiment of those duties which are imposed upon them by the very serious and sad condition of the present

"May the assistance of Heaven, which certainly cannot fail you, sustain you in your arduous enterprise, and may Our your arduous enterprise, and may Our Apostolic Benediction, which, with the effusion of Our whole heart We impart to you all here present, to your societies, to your families and to all the Catholics of Rome, be a comfort to you. TAKING DOWN THE CROSS FROM THE SUM-

MIT OF THE CAPITOL.
"Our Senates vote down Jesus
As old Rome degraded Jove!"
The Trial of the G

"From the summit of the Capitol, the cross, which entered into Rome after the defeat of Maxentius, and was borne by the conqueror under the arches of the Trium-phal Way, and from the ancient Via Sacra, ascended the capitol, on which it was placed by the victorious Constantine, has now been removed by the Roman Municipality, in accordance with a vote delivered in the Palace of the Senators. When the ancient colossus of the Roman Empire was nearing its days, when the barbarian was at the and famine decimated the inhabitants within the city walls, it was proposed by Symmanus, the last of the pagans, that the old worship should be renewed and that a pagan simulacrum should replace the Christian symbol. But the Emperor, to whom the application was made, refused, and by his refusal sealed the sepulchre of dead paganism, and, as one poet says:

"To prove there is no Jupiter.

The Senate votes for Christ!"

"Never was there a more important

cause," as Baunard, Histoire de St. Am writes, "nor did a more serious debate ever occupy popular attention in those days." There was on the one side the false wisdom of at least twenty centuries, on the other, the true faith and the true wisdom which for 1800 years has made, and will make even to the consummation of the world the dear object of our thoughts and combets. But now, the majesty of the Christian capitol has been violated. Upon the summit of its high

LEO XIII. ON THE STATE OF ROME. tower has appeared the new Rome which would strive to ape the ancient Rome. The statue which crowns this tower, and which until three months ago held the Cross in its right hand, the statue of Rome, rows in its right hand, the statue of Rome, now grasps a lance in the right hand, and holds the globe of sovereignty, of world wide rule, in the left. Late events at Tunis furnish an ironical comment on the symbolism of the globe of sovereignty The Capitol surmounted by the Cross was the symbol of Christian Rome, of that Rome which, in a new way, was the mis-Rome which, in a new way, was the mistress of the world by religion, liberty and civilization. By the change from the Cross to a lance the modern Rome, capital of Italy, would seem to declare that henceforth it is not by Christianity but by "blood and iron" it would reconquer the world. Well, so be it. But, at present, these saviestions of Francis and extended these aspirations of Empire and extended rule, are so many simple dreams that are sure to be dissipated by the first cannon shot in an inimical war. Meanwhile the modern city fathers have given a new

answer to the old question "Whether Jupiter or Jesus Shall be God henceforth in Rome?"

THE INDIAN AND THE CRUCIFIX.

Father De Smet, S. J., the celebrated Indian missionary, used to tell the follow-ing remarkable occurrence. It is given as nearly as possible in his words: "In 1840," he said, "I visited the Blackfoot Indians, he said, "I visited the Blackfoot Indians, who, though they are a very warlike tribe, received me with a kind welcome. Ou this occasion I gave them a crucifix, merely explaining to them who Christ is, and how He died on the cross for them, to bring them to heaven with Himself. Again I paid them a visit in 1855, when I was still warmly received and welcomed, in fact, with every mark of affection. This greatly surprised me, and I was going to ask the cause of it, when I was invited to a council of all the warriors of the tribe. I went, and soon found myself in the presence of their great men, and of their chieftain himself, who wore on his breast the crucifix I had given him years before. When I was seated, you may guess my surprise and delight when he began his to me by begging me to send them black-gowns to teach them the way to heaven. 'Black-gown,' said he, 'we know that what you teach us is true,' and when I asked what had brought this conviction to their minds, he told the follow-ing fact: Three snows ago, black-gown, said he, I and my warriors, thirty in all, went on the war-path against the Crow Indians, our enemies, and we entered their territory. We knew that the moment we territory. We knew that the moment we entered their land we were beset with dangers, and, therefore, we took every precaution to prevent our track being dis-covered. Besides, when we camped for the night, we built up a kind of fortres of dead wood to protect us in case of a surprise, from their shots and arrows. Spite of all our care the Crow Indians dis-Spite of all our care the Crow mains dis-covered our trail, and during the dead of night surrounded us with a body much larger than ours, and then raised their wild war-cry. We, who were within the enclo-sure, giving ourselves up for lost, began to sing our death song, when I bethought myself of the crucifix which you, black-cover, gave me and the words you said. gown, gave me, and the words you said.
I saw there was no hope but in it. Then
I addressed my fellow-warriors, and I said
to them: "Trust in Him who died on the
cross for us!" and taking the crucifix, I cross for us!" and taking the crucifix, I held it aloft in my hands, and prayed to the Great Spirit to save us. I then kissed the crucifix and placed it on my head and rubbed it over my arms and breast, and gave it to my companions. They all did the same. I took the crucifix in my hand,

never any divided councils. There is none never any divided councils. There is none of the feeling of responsibility to a something which in politics would be called a "constituency" that is observable in the governing affairs of other denominations. It is more than is understood by a close corporation. It is an aggregate in which none can transcend his own business, as defined by a higher authority, the fountain of which is in Rome. Each clog in this vast and complicated mechanism knows only itself, and this knowledge it generally keeps to itself, except it be called upon for information by the superior in Orders. Many of the "institutions" of this world are almost over-anxious that everybody should know how they are flourishing, and in one form or another they are always parading real or imaginary figures. Cathnone can transcend his own parading real or imaginary figures. Catholicity does not fall under this category. It is a mighty, but a silent force and seldom parades in print. Besides, its "make-up" is such that the statistician finds it difficult to bring the details under dominion. Indeed, he is extremely for-tunate if he secures anything approaching trustworthy aggregates. Under Episcopal definitions in a city like New York, a "parish" is an abstraction. In the Catholic understanding, however, it has definite geographical proportions and lines of demarkation, generally determined by the capacity of the church editions of the country of the church editions of the country of the fice and the characteristics of the popu-lation for which it forms a religious centre. Thus, one parish may contain 25,000 Cathwhile another can scarcely muster a thousand. The number of "good Catholics in any parish is nearly always a matter of guess-work, the determining factors being the attendance upon the various services, the births, the deaths, etc. From these data, if the priest be so inclined, he can make up pretty trustworthy estimates, and such estimates are from time to time sent to superiors.—New York

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A REMINISCENCE OF A SOUTHERN

Who does not know Marseilles—that beautiful sunny city, rising as it were from the blue waters of the sun-lit Med-iterranean and warmed by the brightest rays of the god of day; fanned by the the resemblance in character be traceable to fact or not, it really exists. In both people do we find the same lofty aspirations after liberty, the same profound religdorous breezes of sweet Providence, land odorous breezes of sweet Providence, and of poetry and song, and watered by the grand old Rhone, which leaves proud Avignon, the city of the Popes, far behind to throw itself into the arms of the glorious Mediterranean at Marseilles? What a never to-be-forgotten sight it is to sail bright August morning to see the tall spires of the many churches and convents rise glistening into the radiant atmos-phere; to watch the at first, indistinct phere; to watch the at first, indistinct mass gradually clearing itself from the haze which envelops it, and assuming a thousand different forms till at last we recognise the various well-known points of view? Yes, that is Chateauneuf, that imposing-looking pile of buildings down by the water's edge; that long white line along the coast is the Cornish-road "chemin des Cornishes" which reaches away to far Genoa. Look at those fearful looking cliffs, those dreadful precipices of solid rock which form the coast from Marseilles to Coulan. Now we catch a glimpse of the Cannebiere,—that splendid Cannebiere, half quay and half boulevard, of which the honest Marseillasis so justly of which the honest Marseillais is so justly proud. There is the Prado, the fashionable omenade, where the upper ten of Mar-illes drive or walk in the afternoon, seilles drive or walk in the atternoon, where magnificant villas, stately mansions, and gay gardens abound, with here and there a "cafe chantant," a skating rink, a circus, and various other places of amusement. Now we can distinguish the dome of the grand new cathedral, which has trand Merseillais fatters himself will the proud Marseillais flatters himself will surpass St. Peter's at Rome when entirely completed; the Jesuits' Convent, those of completed; the Jesuits Convent, mose of the Dominicans, the Carmelites, and the Franciscans—all, alas! now shut up, tenanted only by the faithful guardians left in charge by the communities after their expulsion. All this and much more their expulsion. All this and much more do we see in the town; but there on the mountain, towering above all, is that glorious shrine dedicated to the Mother of glorious shrine dedicated to the Mother of God; there, crowning the steep hill, high over the Rue Paradise and the boulevard Notre Dame, rises the exquisite church Notre Dame de la Garde. That beautiful building on the eyrie-like height may well fill the heart of the faithful Marseillars with wild and in the control of the state with pride and joy. It is worthy of her in whose honour it is raised, for every charm of architectural art was used to embellish it. What a fitting throne for that gracious Virgin whom mariners call the Star of the Sea is that church on the steep hill overlooking the broad Mediter-ranean, and at whose base one of the most important maritime towns of Europe lies. It certainly cannot be said that the pulse of Faith does not beat warm and strong in the heart of erring France as long as the many pilgrims from the most remote corners of her broad land continue to wind daily round the hill to offer their homage to Notre Dame de la Garde. The many "ex-votas" with which the church and crypt are decorated testifies the touch-ing confidence of the Marseillais in their Heavenly Mother and their gratitude for Her intercession. Many and many a goodly waxen candle has been promised Notre Dame de la Garde by the tempesttossed seaman if he should ever enter port again, and behold the colossal gilt statue of le Bonne Mere et set petit Jesus, which s placed on the highest pinnacle of the hurch, and which can be seen for miles over the sea before the harbour is gained. A staircase winds up through this statue, which is pierced with windows from which most charming views greet the eye on every side. From those in the head of the Divine Infant the most enchanting prospects are obtained. You have beneath you and before you, as far as the eye can reach, a glittering blue expanse of the Med-iterranean; then the fair kingdom of Provence, its groves of orange trees, laden with fragrant wreaths of white blossoms and a wealth of golden fruit; broad fields of maize, frosts of dark, sombre olive trees; of fig trees with luxuriant foliage and luscious tempting fruit; of twining vines, bending under the weight of the heavy bunches of grapes they bear; of many ar

Catholicity is a recognized power in New York, and its importance from any point of view can scarcely be over-esti-mated. It is always a unit. There are old ivy-covered chateau; of hundreds of charming white villas, with bright red roofs and green blinds, embedded in rose gardens, and stand out under the un-clouded blue sky against the dark green foliage of the olive groves. Ah! the beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten country. Is it any wonder that gay Provence was the land of the troubadour, of romance and of poetry! Surely, these beauteous surroundings are calculated to awaken poetry in the soul and call song to the lip. Let us look further. What is that dark line, broken at intervals by white spots, which bounds the horizon on the right The dark line is simply the chain of the Maritime Alps which stretch into fair Italy, and the white spots are the snow-capped mountains, of which there are many in this range. Turn to the left and behold the gloomy Pyrenees meeting and supporting the sky. Here there is no lack of eternal snows glistening dazzlingly in the sun all the year round. And now look at that broad silver band which winds away as far as the eye can reach, and then divides itself before joining the sea—that is the Rhone. Yes, there is a brave sight to be seen from the windows of Notre Dame de la Garde. Let us descend and stroll to the flower market (a charming spot) early in the morning. It is held in the open air on a quaint old boulevard, the numerous stalls spread out under the shade of gigantic trees, while the fleuristes, many of whom are young and pretty, dressed in the gay and picturesque peasant costume of their pays, make bouquets and offer their sweet-smelling, many-coloured wares to the passers by.
And there are many other places of interest to be seen in Marseilles. There is the Palais de Justice, Longchamp, the Peo-ple's Park, the Zoological Gardens, the Botanic Gardens, and many more.

Decidedly Marseilles is well worth a visit, and even those who go out of

their way to spend a few days there never regret doing so. But what shall we say of the kindly, insociant Marseillais? Truly,

ious feelings, the same generous, warm-hearted, hospitable, open handed disposi-tion. The resemblance in the national failing is perhaps quite as striking. Like the Irishman, the Marseillais dearly loves and keenly appreciates a joke, even when it turns against himself. This reminds me of a story told me some time ago by an old French naval officer, himself a native of Toulon, and who knew Marseilles "comme la pocke," as the saying is. I will relate it as it was told me, and conclude—
"Once upon a time, some 50 years ago, a famous Harlequin delighted the theatregoers of Marseilles. He was so charming that the ladies, all of whom were in love with him, could not decide whether they preferred him on or off the stage. Some declared him equally handsome in the harlequin's costume as in ordinary garb, others the contrary. One evening howothers the contrary. One evening, how-ever, all Marseilles had rendezvous at the theatre to see this favourite player of some celebrated piece, in which he ex-celled. The house was full to overflowing: one box, however, was unoccupied until the last moment. After some minutes an old lady entered, making a great deal of noise. She was a most remarkable look-ing personage; tall, of a decided embon-point, most ridiculously dressed, laden with flowers, feathers, laces, ribbons, and all manner of gewgaws. Everyone looked at her, and it was murnured round the house that she was some grandee just ar-rived from Paris. The provincials gazed at her, and criticised her appearance to their heart's content. At length they tired of this, and found that the time had arrived for the curtain to rise. They waited a few minutes and then began to testify their impatience in the most energetic manner. Behind the curtain the engette manner. Benind the curvant the en-tire company, dressed and ready to go on, waited for the harlequin, who did not ap-pear. The manager was frantic, and sent messengers in every direction to learn the cause of the delay; but in vain. No one had seen the truant. The consternation was great indeed when a servant arrived was great indeed when a servant arrived to say that the harlequin was very ill and quite unable to appear that night. There was no one to take his place, so the manager was obliged either to return the money to the public or else announce a change in the programme. He chose the latter alternative, and the news of the favourite's illness and the substitution of another views for that in which he was to nanother piece for that in which he was to have played was received with resignation by the audience. With one exception, however. The Parisian lady rose in her box and in a loud tone acdressed the manager in the most extraordinary manner; calling him the most opprobrious manager in the most extraordinary manner; calling him the most opprobrious names, and telling him that he and his harlequin only wanted to cheat the public. She insisted that the latter was not ill, and would not listen to reason not ill, and would not listen to reason from anyone.

"I will let you see that you will not treat me thus," cried she. "If there is any gallantry left in France some one will defend me. I will have my rights. I travelled twenty miles yesterday to see this harlequin of yours; I took this box for his herefit and I am not to see him for his benefit, and I am not to see him because he takes it into his head to get sick! . . . Well, sick or well he must sick! . . . Well, sick or well he must play, or he will be sent to prison; there is a prison for such crimes!"
"But, madame, he is in bed." must have him.
... I am sure he is behind the scenes now, and trying to cheat the public in this manner."
"If you think so, madame, you may come and look for him yourself."

"Well, then, he is amusing himself. I will see him. I have paid for him, and I

"I will, then."
A roar of laughter greeted these words. It did not, however, intimidate the in-trepid female, who immediately jumped from the box on to the stage, to the great surprise, however, was still greater when they beheld this heavy, extravagant-look-ing person transformed into their youth-ful friend the harlequin.

The First Irish Mormon.

Last week a new batch of Mormons, about a thousand in number, arrived at Castle Garden. They came from Russia and that rich recruiting ground of the "Saints" the Scandinavian Peninsula. England and the land of John Knox, of England and the land of John Knox, of course, contributed their quota as usual to the unclean herd. They were forwarded by the Eric Railroad to Salt Lake City. Among them was the first, last and only Irish Mormon that ever crossed the Atlantic. He was a stout, strapping young fellow, who had just fifty-one dollars when he landed, and wanted to get as far West as that would take him. There is a special rate provided for Mormons, and one of the

asinat would take him. There is a special rate provided for Mormons, and one of the Garden officials said to him: "Why don't you join the Mormons and get a cheap ticket?"

et a cheap ticket ""
"Oh, go on out of that," said Pat.
"I am in earnest," said the official.
"But I couldn't do it," argued Pat.
"Well, you'd better try," said the offi-

cial.

"How shall I do it," asked Pat.

"Well, you see that big fellow in the sheep-skin coat? Go to him and tell him you are a Mormon, and you want one of the cheapest tickets to Salt Lake.

"Bedad, I'll do it," said Pat, and after care hittle questioning and parley, he got

some little questioning and parley, he got his stamped ticket, and then turning to his stamped toket, and then turning to the leader, he naively asked: "Will ye be after tellin' me how many of the women I will have to take?" The leader looked at him suspiciously

The leader looked at him suspiciously for a moment, and then told him he must look after his own women. Pat walked over to the official who had given him the advice, and flourishing his ticket, said: "It's all right—it't all right," and mingled with the Mormons.—[McGee's Weekly.

One of the best answers an infidel ever their way to spend a few days there never regret doing so. But what shall we say of the kindly, insociant Marseillais? Truly, it is an agreeable task for one who has lived amongst them and learned to appreciate their many sterling qualities to sing their praise. Much have they in common with us, and after all that is natural enough, for did not the earliest