Y 2 1

give you your sins if you are not sorry for them?"

we are fully determined to do all ir our power to avoid sin for the future; for there could be no sincere re-

sin for the future; for there could be no sincere repentance unless there was also a determination to commence a new life, to avoid sin for the future. My dear Protestant friend, have you any objection to that? "No, sir; that is precisely my opinion." Well, then, you are so far a Catholic without knowing it. There is the Catholic doctrine; you see, if you only knew the Catholic religion many of you would alreaden your cross and would enders the

would abandon your errors and would embrace the

would abandon your errors and would embrace the truth. But the misfortune is that many of your preachers keep you in error, and they will not let you see the doctrines of the Catholic Church, for they know very well if you were to know the doctrine of the Catholic Church you would become Catholics.—Extract from a late sermon by Father

QUEEN VICTORIA.

RUMORS OF HER ABDICATION.

"Rumors of a varue but somewhat alarming

deal of speculation it would be idle to make definite statements, but there are those who think that a

somewhat startling surprise is in store for Parlia ment before the present session closes."

ms below, whose miscrable candle s's faces. and Landor saw oale, and delicate. The infuriated

and it is time! held by a bookthe by a book-ettling accounts. to Landor, "you try and leave me t to her to think ut a slur on his nd pastures new; s hell!"

e other, a strange to her fiercely. held together, t he was? , good, noble. He

you, and brought who or what his

nis hands: swear never to re ent, though it could s the truth"—(this but what does it

I have spent days, nunting them up— e they are; they are ce the light of day, and street, on every know that you are ou fled to hide your bil, the stain is upon fil, the stam is upon
concealed it, and
now to your adorer?"
nda.
went on, the colour
coals glowing in his

has come at last. I we suffered too much opportunity. I have t! You shall not es-

ndor. The latter now this burst: angrily to her. "It is to this. Would that I nan will kill me, and I

astonishment—Naylor astonishment—Naylor eyes. But at that ing himself for a desper-ne had flung himself on was—and had brought

emory of that fearful thumberland Street was ing or sleeping—the two her in a desperate em-cain the pistol, on which As they wound and he aim was to twist the from its fatal direction, she could do nothing, he swaying and swaying, e swaying and swaying, chest, and just as the on the trigger, a desper-ray again. Of a sudden and flinging up the wincreamed again for help. came, no one heard, but , passing in the Strand, ain she screamed, and it

Dorinda, running to the But it would not open.

wav. ned to enter the room nds of figures struggling a crash, and the candle or, It was all dark now, cried Dorinda in a par of the pistol, and for a

gth, and then she heard—rds!—"Have no fears. I

ect in the madman's arm, ath struggle had ended with helpless man was presently ylum, where he sly insane. Stra sly ir.sane. Strange par-ned to waste and consume ould only be considered a preservation. But she was hock of that scene.

If on his journey, as he had

my life now," she cried, "as or lost Algy's. Doubly my "I go to seek my fortune, her's name, and to clear my

nim with her fine wondering nys clear with me!"

tys clear with me!"

1. That is my duty. Years gain, who knows? Deus his ow what these words meant,

end her.
"I shall hear of you, but

L'ENVOI.

andor returned to England, etence. That rough training ad taken away a great deal of or, in prosaic phrase, self-connother name for selfishnesse exhibit rather too strongly. elped him to dismiss the ought him such troubles.

nese thoughts came crowding o after his arrival, as he stood ray to his old haunt—leaning the Adelphi Terrace looking ding lights of the Thames tek to what was associated with e Dorinda and her trials. What e Dorinda and ner trials. What was she suffering still? had her d? These questions, however, him now, and had best be left sticed a white label in a window They were to let. A fancy came rould take them again, and relife. He did so the following ntly engaged in his old life as een no interval. But do what not shut out the old dream.
of life is interrupted, it is dif-Though the tree may be ig is bent," you cannot bend a ined. An irresistable curiosity him to know all about Dorinda; g an announcement that "Lady ued on Seventh

READING FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SHORT FABLES. THE BOYS' BED-TIME STORIES.—BY UNCLE ZACK.

You want something more about "when I was a boy," do you? Well, I like to remember it pretty well myself. Let's see. This is June. In June, school used to be out, and the fishing was good, and we began to go barefoot—my! what fun that was, all except the stubbing your toes, or stepping on a bumblebee, or getting a "stone-bruise." Of course we had to drive the cows too, and sometimes to weed gardens: but we could go in swimming on Saturdays. dens; but we could go in swimming on Saturdays, and that made up for a good deal of work. And then—that stain on your mouth makes me think of

them—that stain on your mouth makes he think of it—we used to go a-strawberrying.

I s'pose when you eat these big market berries, that cost twenty-five cents a box, and take so much sugar to sweeten 'em that the seasoning costs about as much as the fruit, you think you've had strawberries. But you havn't—not the real article. They have feel the price which means strawberries. are garden or field berries, which means strawberries improved; and before you've lived to be as old as your uncle you'll know that improvement doesn't

The berries are a great deal larger than they used The berries are a great deal larger than they used to be, and some kinds are very nice, but most of the sour things we get in our city market would make a pig squeal:—if you don't believe it, pass me that saucer!—I mean, ask somebody who remembers the real strawberries. They were so called because they grow wild among the grasses of the fields. It isn't size that makes goodness, and it would take about six big Wilson berries concentrated to make the sweetness, and fine flavor, and delicate perfame that were wrappd up in one of those small, come shaped, wild "Indian strawberries," as we used to call them, that grew in the old meadow by the side of the woods.

But this isn't telling how we used to get them. They grew mostly in the meadows; and as we village boys didn't have any fields of our own, of course we had to go into somebody else's meadow. And this is where the trouble began—and the fun, too sometimes. For you see the farmers, unless they were uncommonly elever and good-natured, didn't like to have a swarm of boys and girls treading down the grass hunting for berries. One could raise watermelons on a base-ball grounds about as easy as to keep his grass straight and nice for the mowers, with a troop of children picking berries in it.

But the berries must be had. We couldn't bear to have'em to waste, you know. One old farmer a But this isn't telling how we used to get them

to have'em to waste, you know. One old farmer a mile or so from the village, had a meadow that we knew had lots of good strawberry beds in it; but he knew had lots of good strawberry beds in it; but he was very cross and stingy, and very watchful besides. I can see him now come running up from his barn with a big whip in his hand, to drive us boys out of his butternut grove, though he never gathered half the nuts himself, or crawling along the lane fence to catch us in his meadow a-berrying.

But one Saturday, late in June, four of us boys started off bound to outwit the old fellow and have a good mess of herries.

a good mess of berries.

So three of a took our fish-poles on our shoulders and went whistling off "up stream." We passed close by the farmer's house, and saw him looking at

us pretty sharp.
"That's right, boys," said he, "it's a good deal better to go and catch fish for your Sunday break-fast, and save your pa's money, than to be tramp-ing down folk's grass looking for berries."

We winked to each other and passed on, looking rather nervously at the big dog that stood growling

by the farmer's side.

Up the creek we trudged, to the lower edge of the berry meadow, and there I gave three loud whistles, like a quail. Back from the fence at the upper side, and the state of the lower edge of the berry meadow, and there is a quail. next to the woods, came a whistle is answer, and we knew that Fred Brown was there with the baskets. He had gone up over the hill and come down, bringing all our baskets, and was hidden in the bushes by the So two of us went busily to fishing while one

crawled around and joined Fred, and both squeezed through the fence and crept on their hands and knees to the berry bed.

The farmer and his hired man came up and went to mowing, in a field not half a mile away; beseing two of us following the creek, and nobody in the meadow, they kept about their work, while the old dog slept and snapped his jaws at the bothering flies under the shade of a tree. Every-time they faced our way, one of us would whistle

At that the boys in the grass would lie low and keep quiet. As quick as the men turned we would whistle

And then the boys would send for another place

And then the boys would scud for abother place where the berries were thicker.

Pretty soon their baskets were full, and they came out one at a time, dodging behind bushes and fences, and took our poles while we went in and picked our baskets full. And being so few, and so still, we didn't hurt the grass any. As the berries were wild, we had a right to then, if we didn't do any lower to the grass. I remember as though it any harm to the grass. I remember as though it were yesterday how hot the sun shone; how sweet were yesterday how hot the sun shone; how sweet the clover-blooms smelled, and how busy the bees were among them; how gayly the bobolink chat-tered in the air above us, seeming to wonder what we were doing in his meadow, and I can see how handsome the ripe berries looked—so clean and how "thick" they were, and how I "took toll" by eating some of the biggest ones—thinking I would make sure of those by putting them where the farmer couldn't find 'em if he caught us. No berries since then have ever tasted quite so good as berries since then have ever tasted quite so good as those we found in the tall grass of the sweet-smelling meadow, with our mates keeping watch and the

bobolinks singing in the summer air.

That night, after we had taken our berries home, and I was driving the cows down the farmer's lame,
I heard him say to his hired man.—
"I never heard them pesky quails whistle so con-

trary as they did this afternoon. First it was 'More wet,' and then 'No more wet,' and I'm blamed if I know whether it't going to rain to-morrow or not!"

I smiled a funny kind of smile—one that starts at your mouth, and runs all over your face before

your mouth, and runs an over your her value an help it—and the farmer said — "That's a good-natured little chap, that Zack. He's always a grinning at something."—Independent.

Thomas Francis Meagher was born in Waterford in 1823, and was educated by the Jesuits. He entered the Repeal movement, but in 1848 left it and became one of the leaders of the Young Ireland party. He was arrested on his return from France, where he had been sent to congratulate the French Republicans, tried and acquitted. In August, 1848, he was arrested near Rathgannon, tried for high treason, and sentenced to death. The sentence was altered to banishment to Van Dieman's Land, from which he escaped in 1852, and reached New York, where he received a grand reception. The next two years he spent in lecturing. He studied law, was admitted to the Bar, and in 1856, he became editor of the Irish News at New York. In 1861 he organyears he spent in lecturing. He studied law, was admitted to the Bar, and in 1856, he became editor of the *Irish News* at New York. In 1861 he organized a company of Zouaves, joined the Sixty-Ninth, and served under Corcoran through the first campaign. He organized the Irish Brigade in the latter part of 1861, the company of which are part of 1861, the services of which are a conspicuous matter of history. He was accidentally drowned in 1867, and his untimely end was mourned by his countrymen, who have a just appreciation of his sterling patriotism and love of country.

THE MORAL ENGINE REVERSED.

Resulting from the constitution of the family, Resulting from the constitution of the family, as
God has made it, is the duty on the part of the parent to command, and the duty on the part of the
child to obey. This is the divine order. Both
these duties are, of course, pervaded by love, parental on one side and filial on the other. A family in
this condition will always enjoy the favor of God,
be happy and prosperous. Of course these are not

this condition will always enjoy the favor of God, be happy and prosperous. Of course these are not all the duties binding either upon the parent or the child, but these if conscientiously observed, will, in most cases, lead to all the rest.

But just here it is, at this radical and vital point, that the defeat in our times is the greatest. The divine law of obligation is, for the most part, reversed. Generally it is the child that commands, and the parents that obeys. The action in the versed. Generally it is the child that commands, and the parents that obeys. The action in the moral engine has been reversed, and it has been moving backwards instead of forwards. The original normal law of order is violated. The family is guilty of a great sin, and every movement seems to be attended with pain. Never, perhaps, in the previous history of the world, certainly not under the light of Christianity, has the will of the child been so absolutely enthorned in the government of the family and become so completely autocratic as at the present.

at the present.

There are several ways of accounting for this, but There are several ways of accounting for this, but we do not care to refer to them now. The consequences are beginning to be seriously felt at every point. Children have grown bold, reckless, improvident, irreverent, haughty and libertine; whilst intelligent parents, taking in the ultimate and in evitable results, are disperited and sad. Society, in some places, has become alarmed, and good men and women have banded together for the purpose of devising some means by which to restrain and and women have banded together for the purpose of devising some means by which to restrain and curb the libertine propensities which have thus grown among the youth, and which have already conducted to almost all conceivable crimes, crimes, too, of the most degrading and wicked character. They have devised their plans, and have been seeking also, with greater or less carnestness, to apply their devices; but it must be confessed that, thus far at least, their success has been exceedingly limited; and we are hardly permitted to hope for anything much more encouraging from this source in thing much more encouraging from this source in

the future.

Whilst these and such like efforts may not be discouraged, it is manifest that they are not sufficient to accomplish the end at which they aim. The enquiry presses. What else can be done to reach and remedy the growing disease? Shall we call upon the Legislature to pass new laws to meet and jish the various forms of transgression to w the Legislature to pass new laws to meet and punish the various forms of transgression to which youth have been accustomed? This has already been done, and the statue-books abound with all the law which is requisite. No less vain is it to look to courts of justice to cure the disease by a faithful application of these laws. The disease is too deep for this form of remedy. That which aims only at the children and the outward lawless conduct of which this form of remedy. That which aims only at the children and the outward lawless conduct of which they may be guilty, cannot reach and cure the vicious cause of that conduct.

The real trouble lies in the family itself. Its

divine character has been lost sight of; its normal order has been reversed; its true mission has been abandoned; so that, instead of its being the original abandoned; so that, instead of its being the original source of virtue, it has become, even to an alarming degree, the source of vice. This the fountain of those bitter waters which are seen so generally to be running over and blistering the face of society, be running over and bistering the face of society, the soil whence grow those noxious weeds which are poisoning the moral atmosphere. The disease lies thus at the very foundation of society, and is plainly of such a character that no more external remedies can reach or cure it.

What is the cure? We answer, not legislation, not courts of justice, not proved species.

There is hardly a doctrine of our holy religion on There is hardly a doctrine of our noty reagon of account of which we are so frequently calmuniated and misrepresented as on account of confession. How often have you heard it asserted, sometimes by ministers of the Gospel, sometimes in Sabbath-schools, and sometimes in books, that Catholies believe that, in order to obtain the pardon or their sins, all they have to do is to go and tell them to a priest; and, after having done so, they can com-mence again their course of sin; and others have gone so far as to say that we Catholies have to pay gone so far as to say that we Catholies have to pay to the priest a certain amount of money in order to obtain the pardon of our sins; and a certain English minister or preacher has even ventured so far as to give the various prices for which sins are forgiven in the Catholie Church. He says that when a Catholie has been guilty of murdering his father or his mother, and wishes to obtain pardon of the sin, he has to pay a pound sterling—that is, \$5; when he has been guilty of adultery, half that sum, or \$2.50; when quilty of fornication, the same, when he has whipped his wife, a crown, or \$1, and when he has been gloriously drunk, a shilling will do.

Well, now, all of you, my dear Catholies, you who have been going to confession all the days of your

well, now, all of you, my deal canoling, the have been going to confession all the days of your life, well know that you have never paid one penny to obtain the pardon of your sins. What must we the well know that you have never paid one penny to obtain the pardon of your sins. What must we think of these men who preach the Gospel, and what must we think of a religion that endeavors to put down another by calumny and slander? Is that the religion of God? Is that Christianity? I leave it to your own good sense to judge, to the good sense of those who are not Catholics, and who have they not attack the real doctrines of the Church?
Why have they beaten the way by attacking doctrines of which, in reality, their ignorance clearly shows they know nothing? Every Catholic abhors the idea of believing that sins can be forgiven for money. The Catholic Church considers such a thing one of the greatest sacrileges possible. If the priest were to take money for forgiving sins, according to the laws of the Catholic Church that priest could never exercise priestly functions any more; but there never has been an instance of that kind, for the priest would be degraded for life. What, then, is the Catholic church tenses that them, is the Catholic church tenses that no sin can be forgiven without true and sincere repentance on the spart of the sinner for the sins by which he has offended by the future. Ask any Catholic, "Can the priest for-

MULE EMIGRATION.

give you your sins if you are not sorry for them? Even the most ignorant Catholic will answer you, "No, sir." No sins can be forgiven without true and sincere sorrow and repentance for them. Do you not believe in that, my dear Protestant friend? "Of course I do," you say in reply. Now, this is the Catholic doctrine. Then, again, the Catholic Church teaches that no sin can be forgiven, even if we have true and sincere sorrow for the same, unless ways fully determined to do all ir our power to avoid SHIPPING ANIMALS FOR THE BRITISH ARMY IN AFRICA-SCENES ON THE PIER.

A most unusual and exciting scene was witnessed last week on Pier 44. North River, New York, in the shipping on board the British transport Ontario, No. 19, of 500 mules for the Cape of Good Hope, to do service in the Zulu war. The steamer a large, iron vessel, was despatched here from Liverpool, by order of the English Government, for the special purpose of transferring these mules to Africa, their purchase by an agent having been effected in Missouri and Kentucky. They were brought by rail to West Albany, and there put on board of several river steamers, and finally landed at Pier 44, belonging to the National line. A space of about one hundred and fifty feet from the end of the pier was devoted to the mule emigrants, a barricade composed. devoted to the mule emigrants, a barricade composed devoted to the mule emigrants, a barricade composed of bales of pressed hay protecting the numerous crowd of spectators from acquaintauce with the offensive weapons which form a part of the mule's anatomy. Twenty young men were in charge of the whole body of animals, and moved about among them with a degree of freedom that excited the awe and divisation of every lock area. This they did not with a degree of freedom that excited the awe and admiration of every looker-on. This they did, not-withstanding the fact that two of their number had been placed mule de combat in West Albany, one having the whole side of his face kicked off, and the other being bitten through the right arm. They (the mules) appeared to be a fine, stalwart class of beasts, chiefly of a dark brown color, and fully equal in size to the average horse. While assembled The London correspondent of the Dundee (Scotland) Advertisa, writing to that paper since the recent journey of Queen Victoria to the Continent, beasts, chiefly of a dark brown color, and fully equal in size to the average horse. While assembled on the end of the enclosed pier, without haltar, bridle, or any other incumbrance, they displayed a few of their playful characteristics, to the intense anuscment of an audience of back-drivers, stevedores, and boot-blacks from West street. They were closely massed together while awaiting shipment, and had no room for exercising their heels in mid-air. But on the edge of the throng, and near the stringpiece of the pier, where men of venture-some spirit kept coming and going, many of them had a splendid chance to indulge the traditional propensities of the race, and one, who was provoked by "Rumors of a varue but somewhat alarming character have been current for some days with regard to the health of the Queen. I have not hitherto alluded to these reports, but they have become so persistent that it would be useless longer to ignore their existence. It is said for some time past her Majesty's health has not been in a very satisfactory state. The death of the Duchess of Hesse gave her a shock from which she has not recovered, and the Majesty's health has not been in a very satisfactory state. The death of the Duchess of Hesse gave her a shock from which she has not recovered, and the fatigue incident on the celebration of the marriage of the Duke of Connaught exercised a depressing inflaence on her health. The journey to Italy is not a mere holiday trip. Sir W. Jenner considered that a change of scene and an almost entire absence from official duty of any kind were necessary for the Queen, and this is the reason why she has buried herself on the secluded shores of an Italian take. It is no doubt in consequence of the somewhat gloomy statements regarding her Majesty's health which are passing in society that other reports connected with the succession to the throne are also current. It is said that unless a considerable change in her Majesty's health takes place, she will no longer be able to discharge the functions which belong to the sovereign of the country, and rumor points to the possibility of an abdication. It is an undoubted fact that since the departure of the Queen for Italy the Primc Minister has several times seen the Prince of Wales. On Tuesday he had an interview with his Royal Highness of more than an Four's duration' and the Prince would seem to be since to some extent discharging the duties of the Queen with regard to public affairs during her absence in Italy. In a matter where there is necessarily a good deal of speculation it would be idle to make definite statements, but there are those who think that a had a splendid chance to indulge the traditional pro-pensities of the race, and one, who was provoked by being struck with a piece of a wooden hoop, let fly with both heels, and bowled over a darkey who had been previously boasting that "he neber knoo a meule he couldn't tackle." The spectators roared themselves hoarse over this incident, though the victim received a mark he will carry to his dying

The great fun was in watching the people who ventured down to the end of the pier from the barricade of hay bales, in the rear of the mule squadron. Some dodged around the wooden braces shed and drew their coat collars about their ears, shed and drew their coat collars about their ears, as if every mule was lying in wait to make them a target for its heels. Others put on a great deal of bravado, and with xtreme temerity brushed right up against the very tails of the mercurial brutes. That no more serious accidents than the demolition of the darkey did not happen must be ascribed to the novel surroundings of the mules and the serious the novel surroundings of the nules and the serious character of the undertaking they were on. Their ordinarily playful natures were more or less re-strained under the circumstances, and fewer casual-ties are in the hospital in consequence. "ALL ABOARD."

They were driven on board the Ontario over a slightly inclined gangway in couples, and on reaching the main deck were placed in stalls on the port and starboard sides. When the main deck was filled ment before the present session closes."

HOW THE FARM WAS BOUGHT.

What is the eure We answer, not legislation, not anything human or of mere human origin; but a true more sterinal remedies an reach or cure it.

What is the eure We answer, not legislation, not anything human or of mere human origin; but a true more sterinal remedies at the beat of the human origin; but a true more sterinal remedies in its own displation, not anything human or of mere human origin; but a true more sterinal remedies in its own displation, not anything human or of mere human origin; but a true more seed Christianity, connected with the grace of God, in the beart of the family itself. Nothing see would be of sufficient potents in its own displation, not such anything to the parent be made acquisited with he divine position and drivine obligation and bedience; let both habitually act the family. And the cure is at once affected. What power but that of God and near he had the sum of the family, and the cure is at once affected. What power but that of God and near he had the contract that the true is a state of the sum of the circles of the sum of the circles of the sum when the heels of that roystering mule struck the wooden pillar close to the officer's nose and put him to flight quick as a streak of lightning. The men who superintended the placing of the animals on board the vessel seemed to be like catchers of mad dogs, prepared for a bite or kick as a matter of course. When all were on board, the steamer wiegh ed anchor for the Cape of Good Hope, where is expected to arrived in twenty-eight days.

Dear Miss: This is an important epock into your

had last year, and then put your book to your face

nd giggle.
Object to every tune unless there is a solow into

for the sophrano. Coff and ham a good eel be-

for the sophrano. Con and nam a good eer be-fore you begin to sing.
When you sing a solow shake the artifishels off your bunnit, and when you come to a high tone brace yourself back a little, twist your head to one

life. The 1st thing to make a good quire singer is

VOLCANOES IN THE MOON.

another."-Cincinnati Times.

The elder Herschel fully believed that on on occasion he saw the flames of an active volcat.o in the moon; and quite recently Dr. Klem announced his occasion he saw the handes of an acceptance of the bound of the control of the co life. The 1st thing to make a good quire singer is to giggle a little.

Put up your hair in kirl papers every Friday nite soze to have it in good shape Sunday morning. If your daddy is rich you can buy some store hair. If he is very rich buy some more and build it high up into your head; then git a high-priced bunnet that runs up very high, at the high part of it, and git the milliner to plant some high grown artifishels onto the highest part of it. This will help you sing high, as sophrano is the highest part.

When the tune is give out, don't pay attention to it, and then giggle. Giggle a good eel.

Whisper to the zurl next you that Em Jones, which sets on the 2nd seet from the front on the left-hand side has her bunnit with the same color exact she had last year, and then put your book to your face eruption as lasting half an hour, and as being of the same color and as plainly visible as any other mountain scenery in the moon. His son also saw the phenomenon, but describes the eruptive streaks as less fan-shaped than those seen by his father. Ac-cording to the sketch furnished by Mr. Hammes the new valeagues scenned to be in the vicinity of Base. cording to the sketch furnished by Mr. Infantisce on the valcances seemed to be in the vicinity of Baco, Barocius, and Nicholai, as given on Beer and Madler's map of the moon. Mr. Hammes had, of course, no means of measuring the height of the cruption, but his sketch shows that it proceeded from a clearly de fined crater. Mr. Hammes is well known in Keokuk fined crater. Mr. Hammes is well known in Keokuk, Iowa, and the mayor, postmaster, and other officials of that city vouch for him as an honest and trustworthy man. The surface of the moon is now so closely scanned both here and in Europe that if the

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

An Apostolic prefecture recently established by the Holy See in Afghanistan has been placed in charge of the Missionaries of St. Joseph whose motherhouse is at Millhill, near

The Pope has sent a specially inscribed piece of marble, taken from the Catacombs, to be the key of the arch of a magnificent church erected at Toulouse, to Mary Immaculate, by the Abbe Ravary.

A correspondent in Paris writes us: "Things here are in a very excited state. Sisters of Charity expecting to be turned out from day to day—to be called back, of course, when the plague makes its appearance."

Conversions.—Messes. Scott, Carlisle, and Woodworth, students of St. Stephen's Protest-ant College at Annandale, N.Y., were received into the Church recently by Rev. James Fitz-simmons, of St. Joseph's Church Rhinecliff, N. Y. They will study for the priesthood.

Religious Reception.—On Easter Sunday the following postulants received the habit of the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame, Ind.: Messrs, Perry Estes (Br. Oswald) Julius Clarance Easton (Br. Edwin), Patrick Henry Early (Br. William). The two first were babtised on Holy Saturday by Rev. A. Louage, the Master of Novices, who also offici-ated at the ceremony of the taking of the

Mgr. Dupanloup one day read from the pulpit the following note sent him by a charita-ble lady of Orleans: "Monseigneur: Providence has sent me a thousand francs (8200) to buy myself a cashmere shall. I have calculatout myseif a cashinere shall. I have calculated that, bread being five sous the pound I would be carrying four thousand pounds of bread on my shoulders......Such a load would crush me, and this is why I send you this sum to be distributed among the poor."

A HAPPY CHANGE OF AFFAIRS IN SPAIN Indicated.—It is reported that the Spanish Government has taken the resolution to reimburse all the foundations of the Fransciscan Fathers in the Holy Land, which will involve an expenditure, it is said, of several millions. Permission has been granted to the Franseiscan Fathers to make new establishments in Spain. This happy turn of events may be explained by the decline of Liberalism in Spain, and the revival of the long dorment Catholic

spirit in that country. "Templeton," the Boston correspondent of the Hartfort Currant, writes: "I am told pretty positively by a lady who professes to know that we are all wrong in attributing the authorship of 'Signor Monaldini's Niece,' to Miss Fletcher. She says it was written by Miss Tincker, a lady living in Rome. She has written for the Catholic World, and had a story in a recent number of Lippincott's Maga-

Miss Tincker is also the author of "The House of Yorke," "Grapes and Thorns," "A Winged Word," etc., etc.

"WHERE WILL ALL THIS END?,,-MORE CON-VERTS.—Weare informed that the superintendent of the Sunday-School attached to the Church of the Annunciation, Washington Street, Brighton, together with the sacristan, several choir men and ladies, have just submitted to the Catholic Church. Since the defection of the St. Bartholomew clergy and lay people, the priests of the Catholic Church in Brighton have been fully employed with the instruction of candidates for reception. The Rev. N. Broder, of St. Joseph's, has been so hard worked that he has been obliged to give up duty for a short time to recruit his Rumor states that several other convertions may be expected shortly. Where will all this end?—Sussex Daily News.

An Interesting Correspondence between Monsigner Carlo, Catholic Archbishop of Scutari and Antivari, and Nicholas, Prince of Montenegro, has lately been published. The Archbishop directs the attention of the Prince to the Catholic subjects that have recently come under his dominion by the treaty of Berlin, and who for the most part belong to the diocese of Antivari. The worthy Prelate regretting his inability to reside, in Antivari reccommends his Vicar-General, Very Rev. Joseph Kovolic, lately appointed to this office, to the kind offices of the Prince, and respectfully solicits for him such assistance as would be necessary in the accomplishment of his ADVICE TO A NEW CHOIR SINGER mission. Prince Niholas sent a very courteous reply to the Archbishop, thanking him for his good wishes and praising him for the solicitude he manifests for his spiritual children. He promised to see that all the Prelate's desires be fulfilled to his entire satisfaction, and ended by humbly asking the prayers of the Archbishop and his flock.

A Good Work.—The colored Sisters of Providence, who conduct an orphan asylum and schools at the corner of Forest and Chase streets Baltimore, Md., have for a long period edified everyone around them, and been of untold benefit to their race by their unostentatious piety, their self-sacrificing exertions for the colored poor, and their devotedness and success in the cause of education. Lately, we see, these good Sisters have had to issue an appeal in belalf of their orphan asylum, recently erected, and over which hangs a debt of \$16,000. We hope our readers in Maryland and elswhere will generously cooperate with the Sisters in liquidating this side and open your mouth the widest on that side, shet the eye on the same side jest a tripble, and then put in for dear life. debt, and that the day of their golden jubilee the 22nd of July next-will be a day of joy to the Sisters, instead of a day of sorrow and painful anxiety. For all benefactors, besides a share in the Sisters good works during the three years following their Jubilee, a monthly Mass will be offered; each of the Sisters will receive Holy Communion weekly, and will recite the whole Rosary for them; besides which the orphans will recite the beads and Litany of the Blessed Virgin every Saturday. Contributions and annual subscriptions will be thankfully received by Rev. Mother Louisa Noel, St. Frances Orphanage, Forest and Chase Sts., Baltimore, Md., or by Rev. John R. Slattery, Director, 51 Courtland street Balti-