

Dead I do be think I'm dhramin' sometimes!"

And with her old fashioned courtesy-bob the widow withdrew, but as she walked down the road the priest remarked that she had held her apron to her face.

One day, a week or two afterwards, Father Sheehan met her on the road, and stopped to speak to her.

"Yer reverence, you're the very man I wanted to see," she said. "Dye know what I do be thinkin'? Will I have to be callin' Pat Father, or yer reverence, when he's a priest? Troth, that'll be a quare thing!"

"I think, Biddy, in this instance it won't be necessary to be so respectful. You may venture safely to call him by his name."

"Ah, but he'll be a *rare* priest, ye know, yer reverence, as good a wau as 'yare yerself," cried the mother, a little jealous of her boy's dignity, which the last remark appeared to set at naught.

"Musha, it wouldn't sound right for me to be callin' him Pat! Pat, an' him a priest! I'll tell ye what—" struck by a sudden thought—"yer reverence, I'll call him *Father Pat*. That'll be it, Father Pat!"

"Yes, that will do very nicely," said the priest, composing his features to a becoming gravity, though there was something as comical as touching in the widow's sudden respect for the imp whose person but a short time before she had been wont to beat with scant ceremony. "At this moment, Mrs. Brophy," consulting his watch, "it is probably recreation time at St. Edward's, and Father Pat is very likely exercising those fine sturdy legs of his at cricket or football, and trying the strength of his healthy young lungs by many a good shout. But it is well to look forward."

"Ah! Father, sure where would I be if I didn't look forward? It isn't what me little boy is doin' now that I care to be thinkin' about, but what he's goin' to do, glory be to God."

It was indeed chiefly the thought of the good times to come that kept Mrs. Brophy alive during the many long hard years which intervened.

"Bad times," hunger, loneliness, rapidly advancing age on one side, and on the other her blessed hope, her vivid faith—and Pat's letters. Oh, those letters! every one of them from the first scrawl in round hand to the more formed characters, in which he announced his promotion to deaconship, beginning with the hope that she was quite well as he was at present, and ending with the formula that he would say no more that time—such items as they further contained being of the baldest and simplest—were ever documents so treasured before?

So tenderly kissed, so often wept on, so triumphantly cited as miracles of composition! Mrs. Brophy was a happy woman for weeks after the arrival of these letters, and was apt to produce them a dozen times a day in a somewhat limp and crushed condition from under her little plaid shawl for the edification of sympathetic neighbors.

"I heard from Father Pat to-day," she would say long before her son could claim that title, while to the young and such as she wished particularly to impress she would allude to him distantly as "his reverence."

What was Biddy's joy when he at last wrote that he was really to be ordained at a not distant date, and named the day on which he was to say his first Mass? How she cried for happiness, and clapped her hands, and rocked backwards and forwards. How proudly she got out "the bades" and rattled them, and kissed them, and hugged herself at the thought of the wonderful blessing which her "little boy" would soon impart to them.

"If you could only hear his first Mass, Biddy," said Father Sheehan, when she went to rejoice with the tidings.

"Ah, Father, jewel, don't be makin' me too covetous. Sure that's what I do be shavin' to put out o' me head. I know I can't be there, but the thought makes me go wild sometimes. If it was anywhere in ould Ireland I'd tramp till the two feet dropped off me, but I'd be there; on'y the say, yer reverence, the say is too much for me entirely! I can't git over that. Saint Pether himself 'ud be hard to set to walk that far."

Here she laughed her jolly good-humored laugh, wrinkling up her eyes and wagging her head in keen enjoyment of her own story, but suddenly broke off with a sniff and a back-handed wipe of her eyes.

"Laws, Father, it 'ud make me too happy!"

"Do you really mean that you would walk all the way to Dublin if you really had money enough to pay for your passage to Liverpool?"

"Heth I would, an' twice as far, your reverence. Wouldn't I stage it? If I had the price o' me ticket, there'd be no houldin' me back. I can step out wid the best whin I like, an' sure anyone 'ud give me a bit an' a sup whin I could them I was goin' to see me little fellow say his first Mass."

After this, strange to say, "the price" of Biddy's ticket was forthcoming. Poor as Father Sheehan was, he managed to produce the few shillings needful to frank her from the North Wall to Clarence Dock. Her faith in the charity and piety of her country folk was rewarded, the "bit an' the sup," and even the "shake down" in a corner, most willingly found as often as she needed it; and in due time, tired, dusty, and desperately sea-sick, she arrived in Liverpool.

"Glory be to God!" ejaculated Biddy, delighted to find herself once more on dry land. Then she chuckled her black bonnet forward, shook the

folds of her big cloak, clutched her bundle, and set out undauntedly for Everton, pausing at almost every street corner to enquire her way.

"Lonneys! isn't England the dirty place!" she said to herself, as she tramped along through the grimy Liverpool slums. But as she drew near her destination wonder and disgust were alike forgotten in the thought of the intense happiness which was actually within her grasp. She was to see Pat, upon whose face she had not looked once during all these years—and to see him a priest! To be present at his first Mass, to ask his blessing—ah! to think that her little boy would be able to give her "the priest's blessing!"—and last, but not least, she would give him her beads to bless. She had not told him of her intention to be present on this great occasion, partly because, as she told Father Sheehan, "it was better not to be distractin' him too much," and partly because she thought his joy at seeing her would be heightened by his surprise. No wonder that Widow Brophy walked as though treading on air, instead of greasy pavements.

It was touching to see her kneeling in the church, with eager eyes fixed on the sacristy door and the rosary clutched fast between her fingers, but it was still more touching to watch her face when that door opened and her son at last came forth. So that was Pat! "Bless us an' save us," would she ever have known him? And yet he had very much the same face as the little bare-legged child who had first "celebrated" under the hedge, a face as innocent and almost as boyish, if not quite as brown; but he had certainly grown a great deal, and his Latin was of a different quality, and there was, moreover, about him that which the mother's eyes had been so quick to see—the dignity of the priest, the recollection of one used to familiar converse with his God. Who shall describe the glory of that Mass for both son and mother? Who indeed could venture to penetrate into the sacred privacy of that son's feelings as he stood thus before the altar, his face pale, his voice quivering, his young hands trembling as they busied themselves about their hallowed task! But the mother! groaning from very rapture of heart, beating her happy breast, hear her, weeping till her glad eyes were almost too dim to discern the white-robed figure of her son—surely we can all picture of her ourselves.

When the young priest was investing after the Mass, there came a little tap at the sacristy door, a little, modest, tremulous tap, and on being invited to enter a strangely familiar figure met his gaze.

"Father Pat," said Biddy, in a choked voice, and drooping a shaky courtesy, "I've come to ax your reverence if ye'll bless me bades for me, an'—an' will you give me yer bless—"

She tried to fall on her knees, but the mother instinct was too strong for her, and with a sudden sob she flung her arms around his neck.

"Me boy!" she cried, "sure it's me that must bless ye first!"

"Jimmy" Logue—A Born Criminal.

Mary Logue, the terrified wife of a drunkard and the penitent mother of a thief, is likely to become famous all over the world. She is dead, but a letter left by her is one of the most remarkable contributions to the pathology of crime found in its annals. This poor mother acknowledges herself responsible for her son's moral perversity. He has lived a life of wrong doing, and his mother ascribes it to ante-natal influences. She says:

"I found it very hard to get any money from my husband for our bread and meat. At last it got so hard that the only way I could get my money was to wait until he was asleep at night and to pick his pockets. Many and many a night have I got up when he was asleep in the bed by my side and like a thief gone through his pockets and taken what money I found there. Then he had a hot temper, and I was always afraid when I was picking his pockets he would awake and find me doing it. Thus I went through all the brain sensations of a daring burglar, even such as I am informed you have become. Shortly after that you were born, and I firmly believe you came into the world a thief owing to that crime-like, though necessary, practice of mine."

She signs herself "your affectionate mother." The intelligence, gentleness and affectionateness shown by the letter are proof conclusive that in her a good woman was wrecked.

Her warning will not be heeded; there is small hope of a very general reformation; but the letter suggests grave considerations in penology. If prevention of such causes may not be had, the consequences may have to be met by perhaps less severe punishment but an extension of the scope of institutions for the care of hereditary criminals.

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Describes the condition of thousands of people at this season. They have no appetite, cannot sleep, and complain of the prostrating effect of warmer weather. This condition may be remedied by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates an appetite and tones up all the organs. It gives good health by making the blood pure.

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Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or Diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

PUBLIC TESTIMONY.

A Convert's Magnificent Tribute to Mother Church.

Catholic Columbian.

Local readers of the *Columbian* will greet with special interest a little book entitled "On the Road to Rome," recently issued by Benziger Bros. It is by William Richards, of Washington, D. C., and relates in the form of an address, the impulses and influences which lifted himself and his elder brother, Henry L. Richards, from Episcopalianism into the fold of the true Church of Christ. Henry L. Richards was for many years the beloved pastor of St. Paul's (Episcopal) church of Columbus, where he is still tenderly remembered by many of the older parishioners, and anything concerning him is always a theme of much interest to them.

The spiritual experiences set forth in his brother's address, which was first delivered before the Carroll Institute of Washington, D. C., in January, 1887, are of rare and most absorbing interest, and the address in full should be read by every one who appreciates sincerity and reveres truth.

Later (in March of the same year) the Institute, wishing to raise funds for a Brownson monument, invited Mr. Richards to repeat the address, and he cheerfully did so after revising and somewhat elaborating it. It is in the latter form that it now appears with many appended notes and explanations.

Mr. Richards begins by stating that he was born at Granville, a small village in central Ohio, and describes graphically the atmosphere of religious intolerance and hostility to the Roman Catholic Church, which surrounded his early years, and says: "How any human being escapes from such an environment, and succeeds in making his way back into the bosom of Mother Church, is a question the answer to which is generally full of interest to Catholics, and especially to converts."

Beginning life in the stern tenets of Presbyterianism, a difference of opinion with the pastor drove the father out of that fold, and he entered the Episcopal Church taking his family with him. This act Mr. Richards describes as the first step of himself and his brother toward the Old Church.

Speaking of the Book of Common Prayer in their new form of worship, he remarks that he did not then know that it contained in its Articles of Religion, etc., two sets of principles—

"one set being Catholic and logically leading back to the Catholic Church from which they were derived, and the other set being radically Protestant, and in the denial of Catholic truths, leading logically to the denial of all authority and all faith." He then cites the cases of Cardinal Newman and his "talented and learned brother in the Established Church of England." How they separated in the course of time, "John Henry, the Cardinal, following the Catholic set of principles into the Catholic Church, and William Francis following the Protestant set into the denial of all faith."

The brothers pursued their more advanced studies at Kenyon College, Gambier, O., and were both graduated in the same year, 1838. Fourteen years of thought, study and inquiry finally brought the elder brother into the true Church in 1852, on the feast of the conversion of St. Paul. In a letter to the *Columbian* dated Jan. 25, 1892, and afterwards published at St. Paul, Minn., in Pamphlet No. 29, of the "Catholic Truth Society of America," under the title of "Forty Years in the Church," he paid his fervent tribute to the Church in this eloquent manner: "For forty years I have been studying the Catholic Church, both theoretically and practically—its system of teaching, of devotion and its wonderful organization; and I must say its magnitude, its beauty and its glory have grown upon me continually till I am ready to declare there is nothing like it in the world. It bears unmistakable evidence of the divinity of its origin and the superhuman wisdom of its organization and development. The only wonder is that a system so grand, so venerable, so fraught with all that is intellectually great and devotionally beautiful and attractive should not have commanded more attention from intellectual men, and more general investigation of claims whose proof lies as it were on the surface, and is so easily accessible to any candid, honest inquirer."

Mr. Henry L. Richards was received into the Church by Rev. Father Borgess, afterward Bishop of Detroit, and was soon followed by his brother William. The drift of the elder brother's thought just before entering the Church is plainly revealed by the following extract from a sermon delivered before the professors, theological students, and *literati*, of Kenyon college, and later in the Episcopal Church at Newark, the home of his brother William.

"It is not belief merely that imparts spiritual life. We must come into organic connection with Christ the Head: As the individual is united to the head of the race by natural generation, so he is united to the Head of the Church by spiritual regeneration. The life of Christianity is a corporate body. Thus the Church is a visible, organized body. The God-man has taken it into union with Himself. He has breathed upon it the divine effluence. The Holy Ghost has taken up His abode in it, and the God-man has promised to be with it to the end of time."

In the work under discussion, Mr. Wm. Richards, touching upon the Protestant ground that the Bible is the only rule of faith, says:

"Does the Bible interpret itself?"

As well might one ask: Does the volume of statutes issued every year by Congress interpret itself? Does Congress throw out that book and say to each citizen: 'There is the law of the land; read it and find out for yourself what it means?' How long would it be before the nation would be reduced to hopeless and destructive anarchy on that scheme? To save the nation from this result, Congress has, under the Constitution, established the Supreme Court of the United States to interpret the laws and decide between disputants.

"Now is not the spiritual superior to the temporal? Is not the soul above the body? If then the Bible contains the will of God concerning the salvation of men, must it not be interpreted?"

And again: "I am just as certain that a dogma of the Church contains the truth and expresses the will of God, as I am that God exists. There is, and there can be, no error and no mistake in these dogmas. And not a single instance can be found in the whole history of the Church of one dogma contradicting another. You might just as well expect that the all-wise God would reveal one thing to-day and a totally contradictory thing to-morrow."

In another place this passage: "Is it reasonable to require man to obey a law under pain of losing his soul, and yet to leave things in such a loose way that no man can ever be certain as to what that law is?"

"Here is the grand, central starting point. Let the Catholic always hold his antagonist rigidly to this point until it is settled. If accepted, agreement will readily follow. If rejected, controversy is almost useless, especially on questions of interpretation and history, because there is no mutually accepted judge to decide, and no mutually accepted standard by which to be governed."

The French philosopher, who thought he was an atheist, said: "Admit God, and the Roman Catholic Church, with its dogmas, is the logical consequence."

Mr. Richards quotes Father Faber, where he says: "The Incarnation lies at the bottom of all sciences, and is their ultimate explanation. It is the secret beauty in all arts. It is the completeness of all true philosophies. It is the point of arrival and departure of all history. The destinies of nations, as well as of individuals, group themselves around it. It purifies all happiness and glorifies all sorrow."

This masterpiece of thought and logic concludes thus: "When at last I saw the truth, I could well exclaim with St. Augustine, 'O Eternal Truth! Ever ancient and ever new! Too late have I known Thee! Too late have I loved Thee!'"

The Pope.

Catholics have been gratified by the admiration expressed by the non-Catholic world for the present illustrious Pontiff; but the idea that "his life is being miraculously prolonged" is a new one for a Protestant to express. Such is the sober declaration of a non-Catholic contributor to the *Fortnightly Review*, whose work commends him as a man of unusual power and culture. He affirms an "unmistakable renewal in the strength and vitality of the Papacy," which, he says, is now "a greater power in shaping the destinies of the world than the Tsar, the Emperor William, or all the foreign secretaries who fret and fume through the length and breadth of Europe." He is astonished that the Pope, though still in captivity, should have attained in our secular time to a moral influence greater than the Holy See has exercised at any time since the "Reformation;" that, far from showing any signs of decay, the Church is making such strides as to threaten to overshadow all other creeds. On the other hand, "the Archbishop of Canterbury can no more compel the mildest curate to conform to his views than a bumblebee man alongside a man-of-war can cause the captain to swallow his fly-bitten pies." (The writer is a captain in the Royal Navy.)

No proof could show more strikingly the stupendous change in the attitude of Protestants toward the Holy See than this article in the *Fortnightly*. Twenty years ago it would have been impossible to write thus in one of the most widely circulated organs of English thought.—Ave Maria.

Still the Same.

The fact that our churches are open every day in order that the faithful may adore the Lord in the tabernacle and lay their burden before Him, has always attracted attention. In 1797, when the plantation of Pennsylvania was widely criticized for allowing the Catholics freedom of worship, the *London Magazine* for June of that year, remarked: "In the town of Philadelphia, in that colony, is a public Popish chapel, where that religion has free open exercise, and in it all the superstitious rites of that Church are as avowedly performed as those of the Church of England are in the royal chapel of St. James. And this chapel is not only open upon fasts and festivals, but is so all day and every day in the week, and exceedingly frequented at all hours, either for public or private devotion." Yes, and that despised Mass-house is still open daily and still attracts the devout to turn aside from earthly cares to converse with God.—Catholic Review.

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HOW HIS FAITH CAME BACK.

Speaking of the illustrious author of "The Monks of the West," Archbishop Moran of Sydney, N. S. W., recently gave the following interesting account of the circumstances which transformed a brilliant infidel into a devoted son and champion of the Church:

"There is no brighter name in the literary annals of modern France than that of Montalambert. His eloquence and the greatness of his soul were on a level with his ancestral dignity among the peers of France, and throughout the ever varying phases of the political struggles in his afflicted country, he was found for almost half a century in the foremost ranks of the champions of Christian liberty. In his youth it was his misfortune to have been caught up by the whirlwind of passion and to have adopted the fashionable tone of infidelity affected in the University of France. It was during a tour in Ireland that the gift of divine faith was bestowed upon him. Traveling through the most neglected parts of the country, he was again and again struck by the earnest piety and heroic spirit of sacrifice engrafted on the very hearts of its Catholic people, and producing such abundant fruits of virtue. Gradually the conviction grew upon him that the Christian faith was not a matter of theory, but rather a divine life, which, through God's mercy, is given to man, and which purity of conduct, the spirit of sacrifice and self denial and the practice of the virtues which the Catholic Church commands, can alone preserve. Finding himself on a Sunday morning in a rural district of Ireland, while the season was particularly inclement, he resolved to test for himself whether the Irish Catholics had foregone their traditional heroism of enduring hardships for the faith. In his carriage he accompanied the crowd as they streamed along the road to Mass. When they went up the hillside path he followed them on foot. At length the chapel came in sight. It was a small, thatched house barely sheltering the aged priest and a few of the congregation. All the rest knelt in front of the little chapel under the broad canopy of heaven, with naught to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather. The wind and mud and rain, however, had no terrors for them. Bareheaded they knelt, whilst their minds and hearts were absorbed in God. The prophet Isaiah's lips were hallowed by an angel with a spark of heavenly fire from the golden altar before the throne of God. It was from the lowly hillside altar whilst the fervent crowd were bowed down in humble adoration, and a throb of piety vibrated through every heart, that a ray of heavenly light restored the almost spent gift of divine faith in the soul of Montalambert. Till his last breath he ever cherished the warmest affection for Ireland, and he loved to repeat that to the heroic spirit of sacrifice displayed by Ireland's sons he was indebted for the priceless treasure of the Catholic faith."

The Priest's Work.

The priest's work is never done. He is always busy on his Master's business. The pastor of a Catholic church in the Dominion is the head of a large family who look to him as a father and a friend. His duties are onerous and ill required in this life. He has to look after the souls of thousands. The young, who have yet to learn the sweetness of Christ's yoke, and the more advanced who have forgotten how to bear it, are the special objects of his anxiety. It is often the lot of the priest to witness scenes of suffering and misery, and his heart is often saddened at his inability to relieve distress. The priest's lot is, at best, a hard one, and his family—the faithful who call him Father—should do what they can to make it pleasant for him.

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