

The Voiceless.

We count the broken lyres that rest... Where the sweet wailing singers slumber...

SISTERS OF THE POOR.

A Sketch of the Rise and Progress of a Religious Order.

Among the many charitable institutions which have sprung from the bosom of our beneficent mother, the Church, perhaps none awakens greater sympathy and interest than that of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

St. Servan, a small town on the Atlantic coast of Brittany, was the scene of the first foundation of the institute. The men of this region are mostly seafarers, and to their toilsome and dangerous occupation are ascribable the large numbers of destitute widows to be met with in Brittany.

It is about this time that the pious community adopted the sweet but humble title of LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR, taking, besides the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, an admirable vow of hospitality.

These two the good priest persuaded to become acquainted, assuring them that God desired them both to be entirely His and to serve Him in the religious state.

By other laborers. To meet their necessities, these old women who could walk kept up their old trade, and went out daily to beg. The Sisters prepared the meals and shared this bread of charity, and in this way, with slight aid from other sources, they contrived to live from day to day.

It is true they had no means to pay for it. Father Le Pallieur sold his gold watch and the silver frame of his altar, besides other things; Jeanne had a little ready money, one of her companions had contrived to save a little, and Fanchon readily contributed all that remained of her small property.

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As early as 1856 some Catholics of New York, while sojourning in Europe, visited the house of the Little Sisters, and, witnessing the happiness of the old people there, desired to have similar houses established in this country.

On the Feast of St. Augustine, August 28, 1858, seven Little Sisters left friends, home, and country to begin their self-denying labors for the poor of a foreign land.

The most sanguine hopes of the friends of the Little Sisters have been realized. The sympathy which was shown to them on their arrival, far from diminishing, has gone on increasing.

Every day two Sisters go forth with their wagon, and call at the various hotels, restaurants, and private houses where they are allowed to apply, collecting cold victuals, coffee-ground, tea, old clothing, etc.

ing of the cheerful giver: circulating as quietly under their dark religious cloaks along the crowded thoroughfares of our cities as if they were in Lyons or Brussels; objects of momentary curiosity to some that pass them by, but respected by all Catholics and Protestants.

How great has been the success of the feeble foundation laid, with such great faith in God, at St. Servan, 1840, may be seen from the following statistics: In 1868, houses were established in Brooklyn, N. Y.; Cincinnati, O.; New Orleans, La.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Louisville, Ky.; New York, N. Y.; in 1872, in Washington, D. C.; Albany, N. Y.; in 1873, in Allegheny City, Pa.; in 1873, in Indiana; in 1874, in Detroit, Mich.; Richmond, Va.; in 1875, in Milwaukee, Wis.; Chicago, Ill.; in 1878, in Newark, N. J.; in 1879, in South Brooklyn, N. Y.; in 1880, in Germantown, Pa.; Providence, R. I. Making a total in the United States of 23 houses, with 256 Little Sisters and about 3,500 old and destitute poor.

The Corporation has in France 97 houses; in Spain, 34; in England, Ireland and Scotland, 21; in Belgium, 10; in Italy, 4; in Africa, 1. The total throughout the world is thus seen to be 190 houses, with a population of 3,200 Little Sisters and about 23,000 old poor.

GERMAN FAITH.

Flying Notes of a New York Merchant on a Business Tour—Persecution Impudent to Kill the Faith.

LUDENBURG on the Rhine, Dec. 6, 1881. —From France to Germany is not far in miles, but the feelings of the people naturally are far from close. Each has an idea of the other's courage and the other's boorishness differing widely.

Our Postoffice authority, there were those at Rome who did not fear for several days, and before the eyes of all, to turn back against ceremonial insult and ridicule, to insult the religion of all the Romans, as well as of the believing world, and to hurl with audacious sacrilege the basest outrages against Our person, Our authority, and the new saints themselves, under the most futile pretexts.

It is to be wondered at if, on account of the facts above stated, and others of a like nature, Bishops of various nations, when they come here, should acknowledge that the existing state of things is wholly inconsistent with the liberty and dignity of the Holy See? Is it to be wondered at that all Catholics throughout the world should appear so anxious, so full of anguish with respect to the fate reserved for their Supreme Master and their Father? No doubt whoever follows attentively the development of public affairs in Italy discerns at a glance the extent to which new offences to the Church it is contemplated to commit, and how fully we are warranted in expecting still more evil times.

Another agrarian crime has stained the island, and therefore we repeat our denunciations, and we beseech the Irish people to rally to the side of Country against Crime.

Dr. R. V. Pierce: Dear Sir—Last fall my daughter was in a decline and every body thought she was going into consumption. I got her a bottle of your "Favorite Prescription," and it cured her.

Mrs. MARY HINSON, Montrose, Kan. Of all druggists.

Worse Than War. "The throat has destroyed more lives than the sword," by imprudence in eating and intemperance in drinking, but when the health becomes impaired the miserable dyspeptic may find prompt relief in Burdock Blood Bitters.

GREAT SPEECH OF HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

The following is the full text of the speech of the Holy Father to the Cardinals on Christmas eve. On this occasion he affords us the highest gratification to receive the respectful homage and hearty wishes for the future which have just been tendered on behalf of the Sacred College.

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I DON'T CARE.

How a Man Who Made a Sacrilegious Confession Was Converted.

One evening in Holy Week, two young men, taking a walk through the streets of Paris, followed a number of persons whom they saw entering a fashionable church.

"All right. What shall it be?" "A breakfast at the Cafe de Paris." "Very good."

The priest had not interrupted him at all; for some sudden inspiration suggested itself to the mind of God's servant, and Christian charity found an ingenious method of punishing the impious rascal.

"I must give you a penance." "What acknowledgment, sir?" "Do not come here to fill some bet! It is impossible to imagine otherwise; for at your age one does not feel inclined to insult thus, gratuitously, all practices of religion."

"I will be afraid, my friend; a man as brave as you are, who dares to affront the anger of God for a breakfast, must not tremble at the thought of a little act of satisfaction."

But before the fortnight was up, the good priest had a new and this time a genuine penitent. For the conversion happened in this wise: Each evening, before retiring, the young libertine, faithful to his promises as a man of the world, knelt and said aloud the exortatory words.

The New World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo, N. Y., is now completed and ready to receive patients.

HICKORY CATHOLICS.

A Suggestion to be a Little Cautious in Attacking Bishops.

From the Louisville Catholic Advocate. Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, N. Y., recently addressed his parishioners, instructing them as to the laws of the Church concerning secret oath-bound organizations, and warning them against the dangers of being deluded or led by them, in connection with the present Irish agitation.

Less than this he could not do, and conscientiously discharge his obligations as a pastor of souls, however patriotic and devoted to Ireland's cause he may be. That there is occasion for warning, every one at all posted in the existence, workings and aims of such secret organizations, and their earnest efforts at this time to influence, and ultimately control the movement in behalf of the Irish people, in the country at least, is fully aware; and they are also aware that some of our readers may differ with us, because of their intense devotion to Ireland's cause, and their readiness to take offense at anything that appears to rebuke to those who are professedly earnest in furthering that cause; but it is a truth that must be heeded. There are breakers ahead that must be avoided; and can only be avoided by cool and cautious steering under the guidance of conservative, true and tried leaders.

It is impossible to imagine otherwise; for at your age one does not feel inclined to insult thus, gratuitously, all practices of religion. I will be afraid, my friend; a man as brave as you are, who dares to affront the anger of God for a breakfast, must not tremble at the thought of a little act of satisfaction.

A Priest's Anticipation of the Electric Telegraph.

From some correspondence between the Abbe Bartholomy, who, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, was the abbot in the Royal Library at Paris, and Mme. du Deffand, recently published, it would appear that the Abbe anticipated the invention, or rather the practical application, of the electric telegraph.

