

CATHEDRAL NOTES.

A new marble altar for the Blessed Sacrament is being manufactured by a well known firm in Buffalo, and will be ready for consecration on the 8th of November.

The distinguished Jesuit Fathers Doherty, of Guelph, and Kenny, of St. Mary's College, Montreal, will give a mission in the Cathedral on the 15th of November.

We understand that the new organ, which is being manufactured for the Cathedral by Warren & Son, of Toronto, will be in place the first week of November, and will be solemnly opened on the 8th of the same month.

A retreat for the priests of the Diocese of London commenced in Mount Hope on Monday last. Rev. Father Schwartz, C. S. S. R., of Detroit, is conducting the exercises. Sixty priests, presided over by His Lordship the Bishop, are present.

During the week of the Fair, as well as on the day of the performance of Barnum's circus, St. Peter's cathedral was from an early hour each day thronged with visitors. It seemed to be the centre of attraction, and the beauties of the structure are doubtless the subject of discussion in every household in the county of Middlesex. The voluntary offerings at the doors amounted to the handsome sum of three hundred dollars.

On Saturday last two priests were ordained in St. Peter's Cathedral in this city, by His Lordship Bishop Walsh, Rev. Hubert J. Traher and Rev. Thos. Quigley. They had the privilege of being the first priests ordained in this magnificent structure, a fact to be remembered by them. A very considerable congregation witnessed the imposing and edifying ceremony. Rev. Thos. Quigley celebrated his first Mass on Sunday in his native parish of Biddulph before a large congregation. Rev. Hubert Traher celebrated High Mass in the Cathedral on the same day. His Lordship the Bishop preached on the dignity and character of the Christian priesthood. We hope soon to be enabled to lay this remarkable discourse before our readers.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Rev. Fathers Miller and Kauls held a renewal of mission in St. Thomas last week, and are this week engaged in the same work at Maidstone Cross.

The consecration of Rev. Jeremiah O'Sullivan, pastor of St. Peter's Catholic church of Washington, as bishop of the diocese of Mobile, Ala., took place at that church Sunday, Sept. 20th.

In the County of Waterford, Ireland, some parties recently fired shots into a house. No one was injured. The cable man deemed it his duty to telegraph this item all over the world. The person whose duty it is to supply us with this news has a purpose to serve. This purpose is to belittle the Irish character—to create the impression that the Irish people are lawless—and thus in a measure remove the odium attached to those who have misgoverned the country.

Rev. C. W. K. Morrill, formerly rector of the St. James' Episcopal Church, Woonsocket, R. I., on Thursday, September 3, tendered his resignation to the Right Rev. Thomas W. Clarke, Episcopal Bishop of Rhode Island. Rev. Mr. Morrill, accompanied by a friend, who is a priest, arrived in Richmond a few days ago and was received into the Church by Right Rev. John J. Keane, bishop of the diocese. Mr. Morrill returned North to make preparations to attend college to study for the priesthood. He will probably take a course in the American College in Rome.

The Philadelphia Times refers in the following terms to the rapid increase of the Irish element in the New England States: "Some facetious Yankees have suggested that the name of New England should be changed to New Ireland, as the sons and daughters of the Green Isle are fast crowding out the descendants of the Puritans, or more strictly speaking, perhaps, are filling up the vacancies voluntarily made by the latter as they emigrate to other and more desirable localities. The census of 1880 shows that 798,682 of the 1,783,085 people living in Massachusetts at that time came of parents born abroad, while 82,079 had one foreign-born parent. Of this number the fathers and mothers of thirty per cent. were born in Ireland. In Rhode Island these born of native parents and here, as in Massachusetts, thirty per cent. of the population were born of Irish parents."

It is reported that at the Spanish Embassy in London it was announced that the Spaniards had complied with the demand of the Spanish Government to replace the Velasco.

The population of Philippopolis, the capital of Eastern Roumelia, rose in rebellion on Friday, seized the Governor-General, deposed the Government, and proclaimed an union with Bulgaria, and effected all this without any bloodshed.

Admiral Miot, the French commander in Madagascar, has asked for reinforcements and the troopship Scamander is about to leave Brest for Tananarive with a force of 700 men. The French squadron at Madagascar will also be increased, raising Admiral Miot's command to 5,700 men and 17 men-of-war.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Cleveland Universe
"Lounge" in the Cleveland Plain Dealer is very contemptuous of "Spain's rage over the German occupation of the Caroline Islands." He thinks Spain should be "wiped out" from the map of Europe. If Prussia, quoth "Lounge," had "gone at her" "Spain would have sought a hole and would have stayed there." May be so. Indeed, Spain being Catholic, it must be so. Still, we can not help reflecting how hard it is to instruct Methodist ignorance, divest it of its crass prejudices or attune it to a broad American patriotism. Spain's maritime enterprises which gave us this new world might well entitle her to American sympathy when bull Bismarck seeks to build up German commerce by brute force seizure of a Spanish early discovery and possession. That Spain substantially helped us here and in Europe in our struggle for independence when the same Protestant Germany sent its Huns and other British pay to our throats, would have counted in Spain's favor with our people before the advent of Republicanism—and of Miss Cleveland. As the Caroline affair still remains unsettled there may yet be surprises in store for the tribe of "Lounge," who would do well to lounge less and study history more. Spain is the same land that threw off the Moorish yoke after centuries of oppression and rescued Europe from the Saracens; that furnished the Old and El Gran Capitano to arms; that built the martial record in our continent of a valor undaunted and unsurpassed; that gave to the world Pizarro and Zaragoza. There might have been no Waterloo had Napoleon not invaded Spain. An issue between the Spanish and Prussian navies might not prove ignominious or unfruitful to the former; Spain, derided because Catholic, may shortly prove that she can effectively resist where even powerful Great Britain has failed to resist threatening Prussian occupations, bent on commercial control—a hecoting without any of the enterprises with which the venturesome Spaniard early traversed the unknown seas. The Spanish exhibit at our Centennial opened the eyes of our more alert press men—but the hindsight is always the strongest in the penny-a-liner. Dublin Freeman's Journal.

The Corporation has by a unanimous vote decided that the new street from Cork hill to Christ Church place should be called "Lord Edward street" in honor of the great Geraldine, whose bones rest in the vaults of St. Werburgh's. The part which he took in the terrible struggle of '98, when he flung aside all thoughts of himself, his rank, and his claims, will never be forgotten by the people for whom such a sacrifice was made. He died in the effort to save the freedom of his country, and though no monument is needed to keep his memory green in the minds of a grateful people, it is but fitting that his name should be recorded in such a manner that it may ever be in all men's mouths. Catholic Citizen.

The *Unita Catholica*, of Rome, says of the go-between Errington: "Let the noble baronet rest satisfied that nobody at Rome has fallen into the snare of his vulgar Machiavellism, and that if anybody has been trapped it is rather the noble baronet and his patrons, than those whom he has marked out as the victims of his deceit."

Catholic America needs to nurture a healthy and vigorous intellectual life. The address of the Board of Trustees, of the Catholic University, contains one very striking passage: "How many of our prominent men leave no lasting trace of their influence, because they lack the finish and completeness without which nothing that man does is beautiful or enduring! And who does not feel that it is better to do what one is called to do, in the best and perfect manner, than by the eager, hurried exercise of immature or rudely-cultivated faculties to win a passing celebrity?"

United Ireland.

This has been a memorable week for Ireland. It will be one of those over which the readers of the *Record* will long past will linger with delight and admiration. It exhibits the Irish race at a high pitch of intelligent unity as it is, perhaps, possible for human organization to attain. As Ireland was in the past the synonym for all that was most insane and fratricidal in the strife of county with county and clan with clan, is at this moment, for resolute and clear-headed national purposes, the cynosure of all the distracted politicians of England. While English parties tremble on the brink of the General Election, like dying men brought face to face with the dread uncertainties of eternity, the Irish people and their representatives are peering into the future with eyes unclouded by fear or doubt. While Whigs and Tories are pining for a policy, Mr. Parnell, on the other hand, which commands the adhesion practically of every shade of opinion in the land except that of the rent office; elicits as hearty commendation from Mr. Stephens in his exile as from Irish prelates on their thrones, and extorts as much reluctant homage from the newspapers of England, and even of Orangeism, as it stirs enthusiasm in the great depths of the Irish heart. And to think that all this is but two years and a half before the famous prophecy of a *Daily Express*, that before the end of 1893 "there would not be a decent man in Ireland who would not be ashamed to avow himself a Parnellite." To this complexion have all the prophecies, proclamations, jury-packings, calumnies, and volleys of book-shot brought matters in Ireland. Unless the *Express* circulation monopolizes all the decency of the country, it would not be easy to find many decent men outside that limited, though highly perfumed, area to-day who would not change color as rapidly at a charge of being an anti-Parnellite as at a charge of picking a pocket. As omnipresent an acquiescence of opinion has been produced before now by military depredations, a conquered country, but never before by sheer force of honest work and intellectual genius in a country where every man is an eager politician, and where every politician in the rudest but has now the political power of the seigneur in his

moated castle. Mr. Parnell has got neither bayonets to prod his followers, nor bribes to allure them; yet he and the Irish people and the people's representatives are at this moment as united as officers and regiments of a highly disciplined army on the march, and the very enemy through whose fields and fortresses they are trampling on the template the steady, long-drawn line of their irresistible onset. It is a spectacle new enough in our history, and fraught with sufficiently entrancing hopes, to make us not ashamed to feast our thoughts upon it with immeasurable joy and gratitude. Buffalo Union.

Another Protestant clergyman—the Rev. Mr. Townsend, pastor of Ashbury M. E. Church, this city—has caused a sensation among his flock by announcing his disbelief in hell. Last week, we congratulated the Methodist brethren of Buffalo, upon the arrival of their new Bishop, who is to cheer their Church here by his permanent residence. Now we beg to sincerely condole with them, upon the departure from their ranks of so prominent a preacher as Mr. Townsend, who flings to the cooling winds forevermore the uncomfortable doctrine of eternal punishment. Instead of the dread gospel "warn that never dieth and the old foggy faith that have been cherished in all ages since the foundation of the Christian religion, Mr. Townsend's fruitful brain has coined what he calls "a new theory." That theology he purposes expounding in an independent church at Jamestown, o "the Fentons, Kents, and other respectable families" in that fashionable village. And that new theology will tolerate no such infernal nonsense as hell fire to harrow the souls of "respectable" people. Mr. Townsend is a progressive gentleman and has just as good a right to emigrate to the New Jerusalem of theological dreams and fancies and stake out his squatter claim, as the Plymouth Parson or any other Beecherian explorer who seeks for Barmicidal fests without any damnation on the bill of fare. We cannot help thinking, however, that when the Rev. gentleman ceased believing the doctrines of Methodism, he should have resigned at once, rather than have continued as the paid minister of a church whose tenets he no longer held. Marshall, Ill., *Carroll Progress*.

Did it ever occur to you that the humble, patient, and hard worked servant girl who tends regularly to the duties of the Church, is someone as hell fire to many a conversion? Did it ever occur to you that a great sacrifice of personal comfort she makes to hear divine service? There are many things happening about us with daily repetition that are signal proofs of devotion and character, and their great frequency is apt to lull attention and hide the merit of the act. In our great city, the many devoted women who begin their daily task at six in the morning and sometimes earlier, it is no easy matter to manage to hear Mass. But we have seen them flock in thousands to the early Masses, in neat and trim appearance, with prayer-book in hand, hurrying to spend an hour with their Creator. We have yet to find a few not of our faith who would rise at five o'clock in the morning and hurry off without breakfast to attend religious services. Indeed, we fear there are many weak Catholics who would not make the sacrifice. And when we hear thoughtful persons speak contemptuously of the "ignorant Irish servant girl" we grow indignant and very justly so; for we remember her heroic self-denial and her patient devotion to her religious duties. When we recall the many devoted women who labor, for lack of opportunity to improve the mind, her narrow training, her poverty, her arduous labors, her loneliness in the great world, we cannot fail to admire her natural generosity and self-denial and her intense loyalty and strength of character. I have discovered many cases of conversion where the convert was first awakened to the sense of duty and truth of the Catholic Church by observing the integrity and intense religious fervor of the Catholic servant. Every vocation, every walk in life has its particular way of bringing nobility to the front; and there are nature's noblemen and noble women in every vocation, however humble it may be.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Women who spend much time in dainty but useless tasks, who haunt the shops persistently, who always have a few hours for the latest novel, ought not to complain of lack of time to work for poor churches. Let them look from the interior of their own homes, filled with rich stuffs and bright colors, to the homes of our Lord in distant places. He rests on an altar stone put on a common deal table. The vestments of His priests are torn and patched. They scarcely hold together. The Catholic woman, who buys ready-made gowns for undergarments, who spends hours in embroidery or painting for amusement, could help remedy this poverty in a day or two devoted to pleasant work. A few days out of the year taken from her own selfish employments and given to God, are not much. But they would count for much, for they are sorely needed.

New York Catholic Herald.

A Protestant lady correspondent writing from Spain to the *Paris American Register*, bears willing witness to the good morals and pious habits of the Spanish peasantry. She even confesses her surprise at the high moral standard that prevails among the Spanish aristocracy or "upper classes." The *Poll Mail Gazette*, she writes, "are not the most savory things in the world to handle, but I certainly shall not let the occasion pass without saying my say, in so far as it refers to Spain. What I mean is this: that I dare anybody, no matter who, in or out of Spain, to justly accuse Spain of a state of moral rottenness equal to that of 'respectable England.' Spain certainly is financially, politically, and even morally speaking, in a state of decay; but that it is rotten to the core, as the *Poll Mail Gazette* tells us the English aristocracy is, nobody can assert with justice to the Spanish aristocracy. There is a certain vitality, soundness, after all, in Spanish habits and customs, a certain sense of honor and purity, of

which many Spaniards even may be unconscious, considering how prone some are to consider themselves better than their neighbors. Shall I tell you in what I think the relative purity consists? In the total absence of hypocrisy." The sense of honor and purity that prevails among the wealthy Spanish classes, and which, as this lady well remarks, is unconscious, is the result of the teaching of Catholic doctrines and the practice of Catholic precepts. There is more or less corruption prevailing among the so-called aristocracies everywhere, but the foul pترفaction of the English "better class" cannot be found in any other spot of the animal kingdom. Yet every English tourist who makes a run through Spain, must publish a book on his return home, commiserating that benighted people, because they are not "English, you know." London Tablet.

Mr. Parnell told all the world long ago, and clearly enough, that legislative independence was the ultimate object of his desire, and his purpose has not changed, but held through the years. No man has worked with greater faithfulness and perseverance, or with fuller measure of success to effect an agrarian revolution than he, but he has also placed it publicly on record that he would never have taken off his coat only to bring about a change in the laws of Ireland. There is no room, therefore, for surprise at the uncompromising words with which Mr. Parnell has proclaimed that in the coming Parliament the one platform of the party will be the platform of "national independence." Catholic Columbian.

It is desirable that every Catholic should know the rudiments of Latin. It is the language of the Church, the language of the sacraments, the language of the Mass; and wherever—in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America—a Catholic takes part in the orthodox worship of God, he hears it. It can be easily learned. Our boys and girls could get a pretty fair idea of it in three or four years they spend on an average in the higher classes of our parochial schools. And when they understand the prayers at Mass as said by the priest, the palms when sung at Vespers, the hymns of Holy Week, how much more closely would they join in the services than now when, not perfectly trained, they follow after in another idiom! Cannot Latin be made a regular study in every Catholic school?

BRIDES OF CHRIST.

A DAY IN LONDON WITH THE SISTERS OF THE ASSUMPTION—HEROIC WOMEN WHO MINISTER TO THE POOR AND SICK.

The quiet, black-robed nuns, moving swiftly along the streets in all parts of London, but chiefly in the poorer quarters, have long ago ceased to arouse the indignities of the passer-by. They come and go early and late, sometimes heavily laden with mysterious parcels and packages, more often silently wending their way, their hands hidden under the wide sleeves of their coarse garments. They seem regardless of their surroundings, but are evidently bent on some urgent errand. Few of all the thousands who pass by them with a cursory glance have any but the faintest idea of what the life of a nun really is. All they know is that she lives in a convent, pays a certain number of *Ave Marias* per diem on her rosary, emerges now and then from her mysterious dwelling place on a begging expedition, and returns home by an accustomed routine. She has entered a convent because her pious parents had fastidiously dedicated her to the Holy Virgin, or because some great misfortune or sorrow had fallen on her in early life, after which she retired from the world to eat out her heart in unavailing sorrow behind the sacred shelter of a convent wall; or perchance, she may have committed some misdeed, some crime, for which she now makes a life-long penitence. Such is the history of the nun as she lives in the mind of the general public. Pictorial though this history may be, it is far from accurate. The simple truth is less romantic and therefore less popular. That hundreds and thousands of women should enter a sisterhood, become nuns, and for once and all abjure the vanities of the world in order to help and serve their fellow-beings without even the slightest earthly reward; that they should leave behind them the comforts, pleasures and friends of their former lives, and become poor and lowly, this is, indeed, not easy to believe in our days of infinite selfishness. The world declines to admit it, even though it otherwise may recognize the truth of the law by which every good movement towards evil is counterpoised by another movement towards good. But the world, in the ordinary sense of the term, can be no judge where nuns are concerned; it has neither the opportunity nor the desire to trace the path of unobtrusive Sisters. The real judges of the worth and value of a nun are those outside the great world, the disinherited who live a life of poverty, of starvation and disease. They know her well, and in their eyes she is a person *gravis, magnifico*; for their darkened lives she alone is often the ministering angel, the deliverer from long suffering and almost certain death. As she walks, cheerfully and energetically through the stifling lanes and back streets, the groups of ragged, untidy women gathered round each narrow street door divide for a moment to let her pass, she is a loud harsh talk and laughter cease, and a look, as pleasant as it can be from these hard faces, follows the good Sister on her way. Where is she going to? What has she, who is herself poor, to do among the poor? The best way to solve that problem is to accompany her on her daily round. What she does on the hot days of June she does in the cold and dark of winter, for such work knows no interruption, year in or year out. In France the *Petites Sœurs de l'Assomption* have been known and appreciated for their labors among the poor for many years past; in England they have only commenced their work. Four years ago the first six members of the community came over from Paris, established themselves in a "convent" (formerly a private house) near Bow, in the East of London, and at once commenced their labors among the sick and poor. No matter what might be the religious belief of the afflicted, the

Little Sisters of the Assumption were at the bedside as soon as they were called, and the distrust at first excited by their sombre garments and their strange headgear soon gave way to feelings of sympathy.

A VERY DIFFERENT NATURE.
Early—at 6 every morning—the Little Sister begins her day's work. Her convent is poor—so poor, indeed, that her breakfast is not always what it should be with a hard morning's work before her. The tradespeople of the neighborhood are kind and help when they can; friends are willing to give; but there are not many friends who know of the work, and sometimes the storeroom is almost empty. But what is a meagre meal to the servant of the poor? She knew what she had to expect when she was wanted, and she actually laughs at so trifling a difficulty. Then she sets out on her round and makes her way through the net-work of streets. We should like some ladies with time to spare to co-operate with them—that is to say, we should like them to put themselves at the Sisters' disposition for a short time and help them in their work; go where they are wanted, and do any work that has to be done for either the patient himself or his family. In France a large number of ladies are working with the Sisters in this way; but in England there are as yet none. The first patient's door is reached, and

THROUGH THE NARROW PASSAGE we enter a little back room. There lies a dying woman, surrounded by five little children. In order to give her children bread she has starved herself during the eighteen months her husband was without employment. She is consumptive and sinking very fast. Her thin, wasted hands move restlessly about, as, with many interruptions, she talks of her husband, her children, her tiny baby, which is meaningless, while undergoing a process of washing and dressing by the hands of a bright-eyed sister. "Ah, yes, the dear Sister. They have been good to us!" she sighs, while wearily she sinks back, and we proceed further on our way. "And do you never feel disheartened, never weary of your task among these scenes?" is the natural question that arises after witnessing the pitiful scene. "Do you not sometimes long for a brighter life among happy, cheerful people; for books and flowers and pleasant rooms and easy chats?" "No, never. You may think it strange, but all these things appear vain and trivial to us when, day after day, we see this world of suffering and cruel deprivation. I am often tired at night, but never once have I wished to go back into the world."

OUR FAITH.

Cleveland Universe.

The disbeliever prides himself that he is not like those superstitious who are led by the nose by priestcraft. He is a great man who can suffice to himself.

How far is he self-sufficing? For a road without obstacles. For health, riches, high place, whatever smiles of good fortune. Not for sickness, indigence, and the many afflictions that befall mankind.

When one is in perplexity he looks for an adviser. When one is sick he calls in the doctor, seeks nursing, change of air, of scene. When one is in financial straits he asks relief from friends, even from strangers. In every trial we naturally turn in some direction for help, for sympathy.

After all, then, we are very helpless: quite far from being individually self-sufficient. We lean largely upon others.

But do we always find there the comfort and the support that we seek?

No. The great bulk of mankind is forever being disappointed in its friendships, in its aims and in its strivings.

We are sick at heart, we find none to console us, none perchance whom we would care to trust. In consolation. We are sick in body, no physician can heal us. Perhaps our means do not allow medical relief except as paupers, and change of air or of scene would mean a costly inn or a competency, the wolf is ever at the door, no honest exertion of ours will drive him away. So on, through human hopes and fears and ills and aspirations and we meet with neglect and failure and disappointment on all sides.

In most all these cases help has been sought or expected. We have at least thought it hard that we were not relieved without the asking. We have not considered it unmanly to at times present our legitimate desires for advancement to our fellow-men. May be we made very open presentation of our wants and needs.

Is the disbeliever self-reliant above all this? Has he never looked beyond his isolation for the amenities, the favors, the *Christian charities of life*—charities that the pagan world did not recognize?

Our experience is that this class of gentry are forever, and impudently itself, pushing their petitions in public and in private. They never take a back seat for want of the forward asking for first place. But they too are often disappointed: often neither suffice in themselves or in enlisting the good offices of others. In reality they are not so self-reliant as other men. Witness their natural drift to secret societies, where they colligate for special advantages in exclusion of society at large; evilly aping and restricting the fixed common standard of God-like fraternity in the Christian dispensation—the universal brotherhood of man in Christ.

In fact the only help these prating disbelievers are above asking is religious help. But if that would attain for them the happiness they so strive to worldly compass, logically they should not refuse the aid of religion itself.

Well, the Faith of the Catholic gives him this beyond all that the scoffers vainly rage for. And until they, who so falsely pride themselves on reason and common sense, can invent, as they would term it, something to at least equal the consolations of religion, they should cease to revile those teachings which their own eyes testify to as being a blessed happy anchorage to hundreds of millions, safe from shipwreck by any storm.

There is no room to theorize there. The disbeliever sees the practical Catholic serene in his faith, secure in his conscience, whatever way dissenting beliefs or disbeliefs may blow, patient in poverty, meek in high place, unperturbed in adversity, strong in sorrow, unrepining and

resigned amid their injustices and disparities of life, triumphant in death.

Seeing that the Christian's superstition carries him bravely through the affairs of life, and is all things to all men beyond any non-Christian so-called philosophy.

Can we say the same of Disbelief? Has it cheered its dupes in absence of friend, physician, counsel; of food, raiment, shelter? Has it consoled him in loss of health, of fortune or of loved one? How could it? To him there is no treasure, no health, no body or immortal soul incorruptible body or immortal soul beyond the skies. Time with him is no mere threshold of the real life. He lives for time alone; has neither hope of future reward nor fear of future punishment.

And yet this Christian faith—with its wealth of ages and of eternity—which has happily maintained myriad millions for happy nineteen hundred years; which has created civilization; which has inspired the patriot, the warrior, the sage, the poet and the artist; which has elevated the peasant and levelled the potentate, is what upon to exchange for the eruptions of the soulless pauper of Disbelief, moths that live but in a fleeting moment, who pass us on the streets to-day and then are seen no more.

NOT IF FATHER TOM COULD HELP IT.

AND HE DID HELP IT, BUT IT MADE THE REPORTER'S FINGERS FLIT.

An Irish paper contains an announcement of the forthcoming publication of a collection of speeches and sermons by the late Rev. Father Burke. The name recalls many pleasant recollections to Bartolo, but none pleasanter than the afternoon which the Old Man spent in Father Tom's study. At that time, he says, I was writing a series of articles for a Dublin daily, entitled "*Sundays in Dublin Churches*," and the round of official duty had brought me to the great Dominican orator. It was shortly after Father Burke's return from this country, where he had been lecturing in reply to the historian Froude's interpretation of Irish history, and the occasion was one of more than local importance, and Father Burke was expected—if so conventional a Hibernicism be permissible—to surpass himself. For some cause or other I did not get to the church where he had spoken until all was over. At first I was in despair. Father Burke, I knew, rarely or never

STOLE FROM NOTES.

All the other papers would have the oration in full, and I should in all probability lose my situation for allowing my paper to be "scooped." In this dilemma I resolved to appeal to Father Burke himself.

Most fortunately he happened to be at home, and with characteristic good nature, listened to my story. I told my little tale. The great orator heard me in silence, his face beaming with sympathy. "Well, my boy," he sighed, when I had finished, "that's most unfortunate. I haven't even a scrap of note, and don't know what to do. But I can give you the text, anyhow, and the heads of the discourse. It won't do for you to lose your place, and you won't if Father Tom can help you." With that he repeated the text, and then proceeded to give a synopsis of the sermon. At first he was seated, and his utterance was slow and uncertain, but after a little while he grew excited; the words came faster; images crowded one upon the other; he rose to the full height of his commanding stature; my pencil flew over the paper, and I sat entranced by the spell of an superb oratorical effort as I ever heard in my life. Finally, the writer being overcome by the genius of the orator, the pencil dropped from my fingers and I sat

RETRACTED, WILD HYD, OPEN-MOUTHED.

wondering, seethed.

And he, too, had forgotten his audience—the occasion—everything. His lips seemed inspired. Great streams of perspiration rolled down his hollow, wasted cheeks, for he was even then suffering from the insidious disease that a few months later carried him off, and the great voice, unmatched for richness and volume and depth, deepened in earnestness and intensity as he swept on to a magnificent close. When the end came, he stood for a moment, as if dazed. He lifted his hand to his head. Then his eyes caught mine; a ripple of laughter passed over his face; and, finally with a merry peal, he sat back in his chair exhausted, as he exclaimed: "I beg your pardon, my boy; indeed I do. I had no intention to speak for more than a minute or so, and here I'm looking at a time piece on the mantel." He had been talking for nearly an hour and a half.

So he had; and that is how a certain Dublin paper next morning had so splendid a notice of a famous sermon, which, in a certain sense, its reporter never heard.

John Howard Payne.

The author of "*Home, Sweet Home*," has found a home of loving, pathetic memory in countless hearts. How many know that his end hearted found a home in the Catholic Church? When the corpse of the homeless exile was brought to this country a few years ago—how is it that a minister of the Episcopal church officiated at his obsequies? In 1858 Payne died in the sixty-second year of his age. The Catholic Bishop of Tanis was on terms of closest intimacy with the poet, and the priest who presided at his grave spoke often of him in terms of highest praise. During his sickness the Sisters of Charity, Rosalie, Josephine, Maria, and Celeste nursed him. And they, with his Moorish domestic and his Muselman servant, Mohammed, saw his spirit pass away and closed his eyes in death. This information will be news to many, and will gladden many a Catholic heart. A. J. Ryan.

Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Decrease of fervor is the first step on a sloping, slippery ground, on which, unless timely precautions be taken, a community descends rapidly towards the goal of dissolution.—*Von Liebmann*.

A good book is not only a charming companion, but it may become, in God's providence, a safeguard against various classes of sin, and a heavenly grace.—*Father Gavin, S. J.*

Some people are so vindictive that with one foot in the grave they would kick surrounding tombstones.