THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

At Low Tide.

6

to ven packed to north and south othed by the touch daintly smoothed by the touch outgoing tide; abe's soft hair set in place by a 06 as a be

ser's hands, tes of the late-left sea-wood is ghtened and spread out wide.

Further, far off are the breakers, a sudden emerald wall Lifted against the sky, and topped with a flamelike foam; Joyous the white creet gleems, then crash-ing down to its fall. Oreamy and speat, it sobs itself back to its comm home. Joy

Wide are the pale blue skies that melt in the infinite cloud Where sees and sky are one on the far herison's verge; But the lighthouse down at the point stands starkly, solid and proud, Its feet in a baffing mist of breakers and cands and surge.

On the wide, vague sea of thought are sud-den gleams of light Lifted high np to heaven, bright with a new hope's ann; As we watch they waver and fall, and noth-ing is left in sight But the beffing mist of doubt where faith and unfaith are one.

Yet, steadfast in whirl and wave, a tower of

Standa with its feet on a stone, crowned
Standa with its feet on a stone, crowned
With a quenchiess light;
Despite the doubte that darken and the force of the tempest's shock,
It stands, a pillar of strength by day, and a pillar of fire by night.

-M. B. M. in the Catholie World

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

Au Eiglish correspondent relates this charming incident: You will perhaps remember that a fortnight ago I gave you the particulars of the wedding of Mr. Henry Gladstone, son of the ex Premier, and Miss Maud Rendel. The story of the wooing has just transpired. It seems that the two met last summer at Poslilipo, the young lady's father having at that pictureque little hamlet on the Gulf of Naples a lovely villa.

little hamlet on the Gulf of Naples a lovely villa. One beautiful evening the two were in the garden overlooking the water upon which the moonlight hung like a misty gauss; the scene was one of postic love-liness—young Gladstone feit that there could never be a fairer epot or a better moment for the confession of his love, so he declared himself to his inamorata with a farvor which the picturesqueess of the surroundings enhanced, if it did not inspire. ispire. Instead, however, of answering him,

the pretty girl covered her face with her hands and fied precipitately into the villa. Of course this astounded the young lover; he could not understand it at all; should he interpret the maiden's conduct his imagination and thus produce an opti cal illusion. As a rejection ? If so, it were better for him to leave Posillipo at once. Bat no, his Scotch instincts came to his rescue ; he had done the proper thing properly-he Would blde his time,

Next morning, after breakfast, at which his idol did not appear, he sought the garden and meandered gloomily therein ; wondering what tactics he ought to pur-

sue. Suddenly he heard Miss Maud call to him, and turning he beheld that young girl advancing. She put both her hands in his and said, with charming frankness : "I would not answer you last night fear-ing you were under the influence of the insidious summer evening and of the postical and almost magical scene, and that it was not your heart that spoke ; so I would hear in the daytime if you love I would hear in the daytime if you love me, and, if this is so, I will tell you that I am willing to give you my life and my

love." Now, isn't this bit of truth quite as pretty as anything that could be culled from fiction ?

A DRUNKARD'S DEED.

A DRUNKARD'S DEED. "The most terrible story I ever heard," said Rev. C. Lune, in a sermon preached last Sunday at Trinity Church, Atlants, "was told me by a man addicted to drink, and it but serves to illustrate with what terrible fetters the demon of drink can blad a meta. ay now.

I am ashamed to tell the story I am going to, as it reflects on my manhood, but I want you to know to what depths

miraculous conversion, as related to me by one of our R-demptorist Fathers, I re-counted for the Poor Fould' Advocate Bo now I had the longed-for opportunity of the Public school but from the tipe of God's consecrated sona, the techess of Oriesns, February, 1890, in The Poor Eoule' Advocate. From the (London) Month-1883. LOUIS VEUILLOT. C.NTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE When Veuillot took up and mended the pen which Lamennais had dropped, and succeeding to the Avenw founded the onsers of the Church, the moral and intellectual stmosphere of Poris, the would-be headquarters of toging vitilated then as now, and thes as now hatred of God coessionally paraded to streets, boulevards, and other public place is but the attitude most commonly affected in those days, as in these, by un-C.NTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE. When Veuillot took up and mended the pen which Lamennais had dropped, and succeeding to the Aveniv founded the Univers in the interests of the Church, the morai and intellectual atmosphere of Peris, the would be headquarters of modern civilization, was no doubt ther-oughly vitated then as now, and then as now hatred of God occasionally paraded its streets, boulevards, and other public places; but the attitude most commonly affected in those days, as in these, by un-believing Frenchmen, was one rather of lofty disdain than of intolevant violence. Men ware in the habit of looking upon religion as a kind of appanage belonging to particular families, which they accepted without question and handed on with other respectable but useless heir looms from father to son, and to which they ing out of a certain traditional fdelity to the memories of the past. Voltaise hea spitofully described his countrymen as a make up, half tiger and half monkey. When Veuillot came upon the scene the inger was in abeyance; it was the monkey's turn, and he was chattering and monkey description — from the Frad-hommes of the so-called liberal school and the Coquelets of a filppant press down to candlesticks, vases and ornaments were all stationary, until my eye reached the other side of the altar. Then I saw that other side of the altar. Then I saw that the companion angel was also swaying his scroll. Soon both angels were waving their scrolls quite far, from one side to the other, always in rhyme with the organ music. Their whole attention somehow seemed fixed upon my son's coffia, their getures seeming to have reference to the densated con departed soul. "Though believing the whole thing to be only a clever piece of mechanism com-monly used in Catholic churches at funerals, I nevertheless felt comforted by the sight, and thought it made the service very beautiful, impressive and consoling. The movement of the angels symbol ized, I thought, a joyous greeting to the soul arrived in heaven. the Coquelets of a flippant press down to that exceedingly vulgar person the "com-mis voyageur," all of whose likenesses, grotseque but true to the life, Vauillot "Next day I was trying to bomfort my poor wife, who was prostrated with grief, trying to divert her thoughts, so I spoke of how beautiful and consoling it was to witness ceremonies so impressively car yied out as they were at her church?" has so repeatedly dashed off for us with a few bold, rough and rapid strokes of his witness ceremonies so impressively cat ried out as they were at her church." The rost of his narrative I related in my last—his incredulity at hearing that the statues were not automatic, his going to the church to examine them, his amaz." ment at finding them solid, immovable stone. "I actually tried to litt one of them in my arms," he said, 'but I could not budge it. Why the ecroll itself, which I as winging in the atr so plainly, is of hard stone." laughter moving pen-were daily pleased to assume airs of lofty contempt, or mock pity, or patroniz ng condescension towards the most venerable institutions of their statues were not automatic, his going to the church to examine them, his amszi-ment at finding them solid, immovable stone. "I actually tried to lift one of them in my arms," he said, 'but I could not budge it. Why the ecroil itself, which I asw winging in the air so plainly, is of hard stone." But now, after all, was it a miracle? Perhaps the novel situation, the weird music which he had never listened to before, the unknown ceremonies, the solemn, unearthly chant, the black vesture before, the unknown ceremonies, the solemn, unearthly chant, the black vesture of pricate, acolytes, altar, bier, the smok-ing candles, the clouds of slowly rising in-cense-all may have combined to excite ame impunity. He taught corcombs to respect, if he did not induce them once again to embrace, the old faith of their fathers.

Few men were ever better fitted for s task such as this in a country where fashion and opinion rule the day and cal illusion. So argues the skeptic. Very well; let that explanation stand, lame though it be (for why should the angels alone have seemed to sway to the music, while all else was stationary?), however, let it stand. But I challenge any one to ex-plan the greater miracle which resulted— the computing the formation of the second th work at times the malicious mischief of a very sprite of hell with the pages of his very sprite of hell with the pages of his adversaries as easily as at others its light, delicate touch impires his own with the softest grace and beauty. It is no wonder then, if, with that which was, perhaps, the predominant characteristic of a many-sided character, his exquisite sense of the ridiculous and equally unrivalled power of expressing scorn, superadded to a fund of big, burley common sense, a wholesome appetite for straightforwardness in thought and word, a thorough honesty of purpose as conspicuous as the instinctive faculty he possessed of detecting knavery in others, in which foces as well as friende were forced to join, against the hitherto Yes, let any one explain it. Let any one find an earbhy reason for that man's subsequent conduct. Think of his taking the trouble and time to cross the river once a week in order to say his catechism. Pleture him, big, powerfully built man that he is, quietly seated before the priest --a young, mesk-looking little priest at that--and simply recting from the little book. Why does he do it? What object has he? Will it benefit his health? Not has he? Will it benefit his health? Not in the least. Is it an amusement? Hardly. Will he make money by it? Not a cent. Will he make friends? Not one. Was it to please his wife? No; she was satisfied with him as he was. What earthly reason has he then ? None. None whatever. So what can the skeptic were forced to join, against the hitherto jubliant enemies of religious and social order in France, and became, in an age of order in France, and became, in an age of shallow rel-concest, faise principles and declamatory sentiment, a terror to the quacks, literary, political and philosophi-cal, who stalked the country on stills, puffing their nostrums for the mental

and moral regeneration of the human

"Was told me by a man addicted to drink, and it but serves to illustrate with what terrible feiters the demon of drink can bind a man. "The fellow approached me and said : "I am ashamed to tell the story I am going to, as it reflects on my manhood, but I want you to know to what depths of infamy the force of habit drag one. ""My family had been begging me to give up drinking, and finally I promised

whipped bounds, turn round upon the hand that scourged them and drive their testh into it.

hand that scourged them and drive their testh into it. Entire and constant devotion to duty, that is one explanation of the fact that Vaulliot was found so generally in the right, so seldom in the wrong, a merit not calculated to increase his popularity with the Anarchist, Gallicans and Liberals, whom his unanswerable logic and keen wit convicted of error and hald up to ridicule. He had from the outset of his career as a writer and polemical journal-ist fired his gase irrevocably on Bome, and for safety anchored all the heppe and aspirations of his soul by the rock of Peter. In him was found pre eminently the characteristic trait, which it had long ago been predicted should distinguish the sone of light from the children of darkness, namely, that they were to be all "teschable of God." He possessed in a marked degree the spirit of Ohristian docility, knowing whence to esck gild-ence and how to submit. Veuillot and the Univers succeeded where Lamennals and the Avenis had made woefal ship-wreck, because the layma, unlike the priset, hed not the presumption to wish to be not the booking to follow the Vicar of Christ. "It is better," he once wrote, "to follow the Pope by clinging to his easeok than by endesvoring to drag him on. The Pope has wiedom enough to be neither held back nor pushed forward." A Onristian before and above all else, he aubordinated everything to his faith. Politics with him (and he had his views, subordinated everything to his faith. Politics with him (and he had his views, Politics with him (and he had his view, strong views, in politics) were of infinitely inferior importance. It mattered com paratively little to him, provided tha in terests of religion were safeguarded, which had the upper hand, Legitimists or Orleanists, Bonapartists or Republicans. He gave the support of his journal to the Government of Louis Napoleon so long as it stood by religion, and withdrew it, to his own cost, when the policy of the Emperor required that Rome should be thrown overboard to the Revolution ; and if, commoner as he was by birth, charac-ter and natural instincts, he took up the cudgels, as he had a perfect right to do, for the old monarchy this was because, rightly or wrongly, he was of opinion that the restoration of the ancient dynasty of France would conduce more than any France would conduce more than an other form of government to the social and religious well-being of his country. But because Veuillot advocated legit-imacy and spoke contemptuously of con-stitutions such as those which, since the immortal year '89, France has seen com ing and going in rapid succession, each a greater failure than its predecessor, it does not follow that he was therefore an enemy of freedom and an absolutist. He was on the contrary all for freedom, no man more so, but not at the expense of authority. "I love liberty," he says in a letter written at the close of 1865 to Pre-vost Paradol, who had ironically congra tulated him on "his conversion to thoughts of freedom," "as such as a Catholic may,

and that is very dearly ; but I also rever ence authority as much as a Catholic must." And then he concludes his letter in these forcible terms: "The world," he says, "has lost the secret of blending freedom and authority together. The secret is at Rome. But men are about to bury it under such a heap of ruins that the human race may think itself fortunate if a century or two suffice to dig it out

again." That this great Christian apologist should himself stand in need of one to should himself stand in need of one to vindicate his own conduct in the defence of Catholic truth is not surprising when we remember how thoroughly he had identified himself with this the most universally unpopular of all causes. The faithful mastiff or watch dog, whose nose, ear and eye distinguish instinctively be-tween fniend and foe, is not, generally speaking, a favorite with the tramps, beggars and other suspicious characters who haunt and infest our back premises. To him, the layman, fell, by accident or by choice it matters not, all the rough work of every battle, a work much too rough for priestly hands, as he once rough for priestly hands, as he once good-humoredly remarked apropos of a silly rumor that he was about to take Orders and receive a Cardinal's hat. It bis own words have been wonderful indeed if the temper of this rugged athlete, who went down almost daily for five and thirty answer to it. When he had done I said WNRSE'S PILLS HEAL OF SALES. INDERETION, LIVER COMPLAINT, DUS-

paper, but it eannot be consistently made at least by French L'beral-Catholica. If he did so bully the Pope, then the dis-tinction between bim and them is nothing more than the difference between success and failure. They bectored him to pre-vent, he to push on the definition; he succeeded and they failed. But once erain the charge is false as it is stilly. Vauillot drew his inspirations from Bome, not Rome from him. We have already heard what he thought about the folly of wishing to lead instead of following the Pope. Lamennais periabed, as the school of L'beral Catholicism has periabed or is fast periabing, because posing, as self-con stituted arbits: between the Church and civil society, Limennais simed at reconcil-ing them on his own, not on the Pope's, lines; whereas Vouillot owed his infu ence with the Catholic body and his suc esse in promoting Catholic union to pre-cisely the opporit tactics of never seeking to defend the interests of the Church er-cept by her mandate and in the manner and within the limits she prescribed. They certainly know little of Veuillot who will not readily agree, that while this ensemine were poweriess to wrench the pen from his graso, his hand would have men of the Jules Ferry and Paul Ber CONSUMPTION,

They certainly know little of Veuillot who will not readily agree, that while this enemics were poweriess to wrench the pen from his grasp, his hand would have dropped it instantly and cheerfully at a word from the Sowrerign Pontiff, a Chris-tian spirit of docility which the Figuro, a journal of decidedly Liberal Catholic blas, admits and commends, when, affect-ing to believe that the great Catholic jour-nellet was in disfavor with his present Holines, it goes on to adduce it as irre-fragable proof of the solidity of his virtue. But it has been laid to the charge of Veuillot, with much more show of reason, that excessive intolerence of the opinions of other men, even on open questions and in metters of legitimate debate, led him, a Bismarck of the pen, a man of literary blood and iron, to spare his friends as little as his enemies, and in particular betrayed him on a memorable occasion into a line of conduct, which was said to have been deficient in reverence, temper and charity towards an eminent Bishop of the Church. I desire to speak with all reverence of the late Mgr. Dupanloup, a prelate whose shining virtues as a priest, distinguished abilities as a priest enterned in a a striker and prelate whose shining virtues as a priest distinguished abilities as a writer and distinguished abilities as a writer and preacher, and unquestionably great ser-vices during a long course of years to the cause of the Papacy give him the strong-est claims to the respect, affection and graitude of Catholics of every shade of opinion. If, then, Veuillot forgot, in the heat of a controversy in which both sides were sometimes wanting in perfect dignity and temper, the respect due to the Sishops of the Church, it was because, rightly or wrongly, he judged them in their turn to have forgotten the reverence due to the Courch's Head. If there was som -times a bitternees in his pen it was the turn to have forgotten the reverence due to the Courch's Head. If there was som -times a bitternees in his pen it was the bitternees to which a loyal heart is always tempted towards those whom he regards as tainted with dialoyality. He carried the courage of his convisions to excess, and it would perhaps have been as well, or better, if he had handled prelates so distinguished as Dupanloup and Darboy, and laymen so worthy as Montalembert, less roughly and less unceremoniously, and if he had reserved all the gail and vitricl of his ink for men like Loyson, Reman, Jales Ferry and Paul Bert. It is at the same time only fair to Veuil-lot to add that if the Bishop of Ocleans sometimes waxed angry—so angry as on one occasion to adopt the very extreme measure of forbidding the Univers to his prieste—Veuillot, on the other hand, was not all impleaehilts.

priests-Venillot, on the other hand, was not all implacability. There is a story to be found in a letter of condolence lately written to Mdlle. Veuillot byone of her brother's oldest and most intimate friends, the Comte de Gultaut, so much to the present purpose and so edifying that I cannot forbear to repeat it here. Veuil-lot's own elster news learnt the fact about to be told until she read it in the Count's

letter to her. The occurrence took place at the time when Veuillot, then staying on a visit at the Count's chateau, was in the thickest of his controversy with the Bishop of Orleans. "A violent and offensive letter from the pen of a celebrated Bishop"-I leave the writer to tell his own story in

to him : 'Have you guite made up

men of the Jules Ferry and Paul Bert stamp. And what, above all, is wanted, not in France only but in every country where the Church is fighting daily at close quarters with the enemy, is the type of Christian layman so perfectly repre-sented by Louis Veullot, who, in an age of half-heartedness and compromise, was throughout his carcer consolcuous for thoroughness and loyalty. There are in the Church of God numberless Religious precising daily hereic vitue in convent and monastery, but the world cannot see behind the cloister. It was the distin-guishing merit of Louis Veuillot that for forty years he set the brightly shining example of a man who, moving unceas-ingly in all the bustle, moral and intel-lectual, of a corrupted and corrupting world, never for a moment belied the character of a high-minded Christian gen-tions, but with the self ascrificing spirit of an intrepid soldier of the Oros re-nounced ease and comfort, health and refrestion to spend himself in the service of God and His Church. WILLIAM LOUGHNAN.

N its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine.

wonderinity reneved by this medicine. "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."—A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

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APRIL 19, 1890.

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See,

give up drinklog, and finally I promised my dear old mother on her death bed. I swore to her that I would never drink I swore to her that I would here drink sgain, and to make the oath the more binding I crept into the parlor in the still watches of the night, when the watchers were in another room, and kneeling be side her coffin I renewed my oath with hand placed upon that marble brow cold in death. in death.

entist; to day he is a practical Catholic He has received the four Sacraments of Baptism, Penance, Holy Eucharist and Confirmation.

the conviction which forced itself upon his mind that here was a sign from heaven

calling upon him to serve God, and his conscientious obeying of that sign !

"Superstition."

Confirmation. A strange, a very strange, feature of the case is the fact that the wife herself was but a lukewarm Catholic. Why, then, did God bestow so signal a favor upon her and him? We will never know. That is, not while time lasts. Only on Judgment day shall the reason be revealed. God certainly had a reason. He undoubtedly sw something remarkable in these souls, which therefore drew from Him this re-markable favor. However remise this

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years into the arena and mingled con stantly in the thickest of the fight, had never been ruffled by thrusts in front and stabs behind ; the man would have been either more or less than human if, when

stabe behind ; the man would have been either more or less than human if, when goaded to the quick, "nettled and stung with plemires," he had invariably de-livered his blows with all the propriety of chivalrons courtesy, due respect for persons and perfect regard for the requirements of the strictest charity. In presence of his corpse, at any rate, friends and foes have with few exceptions agreed to be silent about the mistakes, that they may recall only the merits, of of this "King of polemical journalism," as he has been called. Nevertheless a sketch, short even as this, would be manifestly still more in-complete if it did not contain at least a passing mention of one or a polemical writer. His intemperate a south mischief as benefit to the cause the championed. Well, southing similar has been more than once said of Pins the Ninth himself by Protestant and infided writers. So far form promoting union, be sowed discensions, so it is affirmed, in the Catholic camp. For this the enemie of the Church should have acclaimed not willing him. But the charge is false. The definition of the Dogma of Infaili-bility, for this is what is meant by the acusation, or it has no meaning at all, be charpioned. Wells as no meaning at all, be charpioned. Wells as mont by the the charpioned. Wells as meaned no the charpioned. Wells as meaned it the source of youth he kept, but he kept it a fire a alter the fire day to well may fire and the source of youth he word never to a source than once said of Pins the the charpioned. Wells as meaned no the charpioned my the charge is false. The definition of the Dogma of Infaili-bility, for this is mean by the the consolution, or it has no meaning at all, the source of it has no meaning at all, the source of it has no meaning at all, the consolution, or it has no meaning at all, the source of it has no meaning at all, the source of it has no meaning at all, the source of it has no meaning at all, the source of it has no meaning at all, the source of it has no meaning at all, the source o which, Veuillot in common with the

which, Veuillot in common with the immense mejority of the faithful, lay and clerical, advocated all along, and to which all, with a few unhappy exceptions, yielded an adhesion as prompt as it was thorough and hearty, is distinctly the cause of the marvellous union now observable in the Church, and which was never perhaps more visible at any previous period of her long and troubled history. This is particularly true of France, where the more visible at any previous period of her long and troubled history. This is particularly true of France, where the definition has given the finishing blow both to Gallicanism aud to Liberal Cath-clicism, those two fruitful sources of dissension in the bosom of her illustrious Church. Again, the ridiculous statement that Veuillot hectored the Pope into making the definition is worthy of the Times news.

to him : Have you quite made up your mind, my dear friend, to publish that letter, because, though you have a perfect right to do so, I have been asking myself the question, whether you would not be For Sale by All Dealers. myself W. H. COMSTOCK. Brockville, Ont. MANUFACTURING UNDERTAKERS bine. Always open. R. DRISCOLL & CO. 124 Bichmond-st., - London, Ont



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in the relations of private life his charac-ter was as gentle, good, kind and forgiv. ing as his pen could be face, rough, bitter and unsparing of friend or foe. There were only two public men, of whom, as a journalist, he had vowed never to epeak III, Marshal Bugeaud and M. Guizot ; that vow he kept, but he kept it at the expense of little M. Thiere' back and shoulders. To conclude. Whatever may have been the occasional exuberances of Veull-lot's pen, nothing can alter the fact that champion and Catholic journalism a most formidable polemical writer. Men hey had had enough and to spare of Louis Veullot, are now, like the Figuro, loud in professions of regret at his declaring the orage drage drage trading from this Agency. May not know the address of New York, who may not know the address of Houses selling articles, now the default in the oral or the same by sending to this Agency. The university and other godless educa-tional institutions of his country, gave

Catholic Agency, 42 Barelay St., New York.