

encouraged and blessed, as they ever have been, and let us hope, ever will be, by their saintly Hierarchy and uncompromising clergy. In all these great battles for the maintenance of their religion, when oppression was bitterly cruel and unrelenting, the bishops and priests were the leaders of the Irish people. To-day, they are not less wise and practical as guides than they were, nor are the people less obedient to their counsels and their recommendations. The admirable volume just published by the learned pastor of Maynooth, Canon O'Rourke, under the title of "The Battle of the Faith in Ireland," gives abundant testimony how the good fight for religion was fought and won in that country. In the opening chapter the reverend historian records that "since the day Henry VIII. of England appointed the English apostate friar to the See of Dublin, the flag of Irish Catholic faith has braved every assault. No courage of armed assailants, no power of the most potent monarchs, no wicked violation of solemn treaties, no amount of crafty diplomacy, no persecution, however ruthless and bloody, no hoards of untold wealth thrown before the eyes of a starving people, have been able to strike down this stainless flag, so bravely has it withstood the battle."—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

It is related of the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., that while Nuncio at Brussels, a certain Marquis, one night at dinner, showed him a snuff-box having on the cover a very lovely Venus. The men of the party watched the progress of the joke, and as for the Marquis, he was choking with laughter, until the Nuncio deferentially returned the box with the remark: "*Tyès jolie! Est ce portrait de Madame la Marquise!*"

The non-Catholic world will receive the Catholic writer with plaudits and more solid tokens of appreciation, but his own people have no praise for him.—*Maurice F. Egan*.

THE GOOD PRIEST HEARD HIM FINALLY.

Father O'Halloran had a telephone put into the parsonage in connection with the church, the parochial school, etc. Patrick McFee, his reverence's handy man, was instructed in the use of the instrument. It was only the next day when Pat, dusting out the church, heard the clatter of the telephone bell. Taking down the receiver, he was pleased to hear Father O'Halloran's familiar voice asking him something or other about his work. Pat, in essaying to answer, remembered that his reverence was a long way off, and Pat consequently hollered into the transmitter at the top of his voice. "I don't understand you, Patrick," said the telephone. Pat tried again, with no better success. On his third trial he came near splitting the telephone; but again came Father O'Halloran's voice, "I can't hear what you're saying, Patrick." Pat had by this time lost something of his patience, and as he stood there gathering breath for a fourth blast he couldn't refrain from soliloquizing in a low tone, "Ah! may the devil fly away wid the ould fool." But Pat dropped the telephone like a hot potato and fell on his knees in dismay when he heard Father O'Halloran's voice once again. "Now I hear you perfectly, Patrick."—*Boston Transcript*.

During a visit to the Eternal City, the late Wendell Phillips entered St. Peter's. In the vast church a surprise awaited him, which he thus relates: "I listened to the music as it died away. Standing as I was behind a massive pillar, which obscured my view, I caught the words of a sermon, pronounced in faultless English, and, moving forward to catch a view of the speaker, to my astonishment I beheld there in the pulpit of St. Peter's a full-blooded negro, preaching the Gospel of Christ, and I said: 'Nowhere else could I have beheld such a scene, save in the Catholic Church. All honour to the College of Propaganda for its grand work in behalf of Christian civilization.'"

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