

A CHRISTIAN HERO.

HOW A DYING TRISTED SAVED A SOUL FROM PERDITION.

Some nine or ten months after the massacre of the hostages during the Commune in 1871, I was walking down the Rue de Sevres, saw a writer in Catholic Progress for December, and endeavoring to thread my way through a dense crowd gathered round the archway leading to the church of the Jesuit Fathers, when my attention was attracted by the unusual demeanor of the people. Sketches of the Magnificent caught my ear on all sides, and a holy excitement seemed to possess the whole mass of the people. I was about to enquire the cause, when the exclamation of a lady weeping at my side checked me. "Mother of God," she murmured, "it was indeed my Father, my own holy Father!" She noticed my looks of curiosity, and she drew my attention to another woman, who was sobbing violently. The lady then interpreted to me the tale which the sole of the unhappy woman who related it rendered almost unintelligible to the ear of a foreigner.

The excitement of the crowd I had met was occasioned by the instantaneous cure of a young gentleman who had been a cripple all his life. The youth had made a novena with his friends to the Jesuit martyrs of the Commune, and was hearing Mass on the ninth day at the altar where the remains of the holy victims he buried. He had invoked particularly the aid of Pere Olivaint. At the time of the Elevation he felt himself cured, and rising from his reclining posture, first knelt with his parents and then walked out of the church as easily as his neighbors. The news of this miracle spreading through the bystanders, fell with peculiar force, it seemed, on the ear of this poor girl, who now, threading her way through the crowd, and hiding her face in her hands, sobbed out her tale.

Her story was as follows, and I, a witness of her grief, have no hesitation in believing it, though my emotion prevented my remembering her address and name, which she mentioned to some one of those who were present at the time. I seem that on the day when certain of the hostages were marched half round Paris to the Rue Haax, where, as we know, their good works were crowned, and their faith sealed with their blood, this poor creature was in the gang of women and boys that followed the soldiers, with the avowed intention of insulting the victims of their malice to the last. In the procession of doomed men, said the woman, there was an old priest, whose white hair descended to his shoulders. Weakened by his long imprisonment, he gradually fell out of the ranks; unobserved by his fellow-sufferers, he tottered forward, until he encountered a young bayonet could urge him further. At last his limbs sank under him, and he fell, like our Lord under the cross, beneath the feet of the hooting multitude, when, horrible to relate, he was "set upon" by the women and children, and, in spite of the soldiers, was torn to pieces. This brutality made such an impression on this young girl, that she, according to her own account, began to think of the last time she had gone to confession. Alas! she had neglected the good counsel given her by the zealous priest, and had returned to her evil ways. Thus musing, she arrived at the place where the "hostages" were to be shot; but suddenly the news came that the Versailles were marching on them, and terror gave place to blood-thirsty rage. The soldiers, who were fellow-prisoners with the priests, attempted to defend themselves by a hand-to-hand struggle, but they were unarmed, and their enemies numerous. A scene of the most frightful slaughter and confusion ensued; the priests stood still and passive, while the Versailles were gloatingly describing the women weeping, wandered among the bleeding bodies in search of Pere Olivaint, and found him and another Jesuit, who was dressed in secular clothes, and answered to the description of Pere de Bengy, lying near each other, and both perfectly motionless. Though frightfully mutilated, there was still a smile on Pere Olivaint's lips, and words of holy joy, to the effect that he was at last suffering a little for Jesus. As soon as he recognized her, he said, as calmly as if in his confessional in the Rue de Sevres, "Come here, my child, and make your confession."

"Oh, Father," she exclaimed, "you are suffering too much to hear me." "No," he replied, "Jesus suffered more for us, my child. Ah! to suffer for Jesus is too great a happiness!" And then this poor Magdalen knelt down in a pool of martyr blood and made her confession, while his words of encouragement grew fainter and fainter amidst the groans of the dying. The words of absolution had scarcely left his lips before some Communists rushed to the spot. The Versailles were steadily advancing. The hostages must be quick about dying, so their bodies, living and dead, were laid hold of and flung into the immense hole dug for the purpose, there to gasp out their last prayers and sighs. The earth was hastily stamped down over this dreadful grave. The angels carried the martyrs' last sighs to heaven, and the poor Magdalen crept home to Belleville with the blood of the martyrs on her garment, and the saving blood of Jesus on her soul! "It is no surprise to me," concluded the poor girl, "that miracles should be worked by the relics of these priests, for they were martyrs buried alive, after the most horrible sufferings."

I give the story unvarnished, as it was related to me, nor have I any hesitation in saying, I believe it thoroughly. Those who had the privilege of observing closely the lives of these martyred priests, know

well that their previous lives had been but a series of preparatory steps towards this crowning sacrifice. And those who have studied the spirit of the Order which Pere Olivaint belonged will not find this story incredible, remembering that St. Ignatius' aim was to form a company of saints who should combine the soldier and the priest. In thinking of the martyrs of the Commune and their terrible sufferings, in rehearsing to myself this last scene in a long life of sacrifice, my horror gave place to a sense of infinite strength and confidence. God has not forgotten His people. There are still upon the earth saints whose lives rise up as holy incense to Him. The same faith and love, the same Jesus, that sustained the Pere Olivaint in the duties of his vocation even at the gates of death, this same faith, this same love, this same Jesus is ours. H. S.

ST. LAURENCE O'TOOLE.

CELEBRATION OF HIS FEAST IN THE PRO-CATHEDRAL OF DUBLIN.

November 14th was a day of particular devotion in the Metropolitan Church, Marlborough St., Dublin. A very numerous and devout congregation assembled to do honor to the occasion, which, indeed, was one of exceptional interest and importance, and one the recurrence of which to the Dublin Archdiocese must ever be of surpassing moment. It was the festival commemorative of the illustrious patron St. Laurence O'Toole—a name which recalls all that is great and glorious in the history of Irish faith and constancy to Irish creed and patriotism. The Cathedral was crowded, and the deepest interest was manifested.

At the conclusion of the last Gospel of Mass, the Rev. Nicholas Donnelly, A.M., Westland row, ascended the pulpit, and preached the sermon of the day, selecting as his text the words: "This is a lover of his brethren and of the people of Israel; this is he that prayeth much for the people, and for the holy city—Jerusalem, the prophet of God," taken from the 15th chapter of the Book of Machabees. He said in this chapter of the Old Testament they read that Judas Machabees, the gallant captain of God's people, sought to encourage them to strike one final and decisive blow in defence of the liberties of their country, and of the sanctity of God's temple. For this purpose he armed them with exhortations, and related to them a vision worthy of all belief. That vision was suggested in the proceedings of that day. They were that day assembled on this festival—they who had the happiness of being numbered among God's people, and who had to encounter many enemies more crafty and more powerful even than those that encounter the Machabees. They had held up to them that day for their encouragement, not a vision, however worthy of their belief, but a reality which should rejoice them all. They had seen their high priest, their worthy and beloved pastor, recalling the words of the sacred historian, and suggesting to them the name of the great saint whose festival they commemorated with such devotion. What, it might be asked, was it to a lover of one's brethren? No doubt it required the saints to realize it perfectly—it was something more than they called mere beneficence, that philanthropy that loves to extend itself in acts of kindness, and that obtains public attention and public recognition. But from all they read and all they knew, St. Laurence O'Toole reached the ideal of such love. Born in 1325 of princely parents, of loyal lineage, he was brought by his father to Kildare, the shrine of St. Bridget, and there baptized. The grace of that sacrament of regeneration was not slow in its operations. With the pious example of his parents and his own disposition, there was little difficulty in this goodness developing and maturing itself. But there was need of trial. God made His saints by giving them trials to withstand, and so it was with St. Laurence. His father-in-law, the hostility of Dermott M'Morogh, the King of Leinster, and was obliged to give up with his son Laurence as a hostage. For two years, under the cruel prince, their patron saint endured the greatest hardships and sorrows, and the life of trial led by the saint during that period was eloquently sketched by the preacher. At length M'Morogh consented to restore the son, and he was taken to Glendalough, and there it was that he began to learn those lessons of wisdom which afterwards produced such an effect. Prayer, mortification and devotion to the wants of others were the leading characteristics of his daily life. He was then about twenty-five years of age, and the Bishop under whose general way he labored having been called to his reward, St. Laurence was unanimously chosen and called to be Abbot of that institution. He was scarcely installed when a famine raged throughout the country, and this gave him an opportunity of displaying in its best form the virtue and goodness of his heart as a lover of his brethren. He devoted himself and all his means to relieve the sufferings and diminish the trials of his fellow-countrymen. But there were great things in store for him. In 1161, Gregory, the then Archbishop of Dublin, died, and our saint, much against his will and in defiance of his renewed protests, was unanimously installed in the Metropolitan See of Ireland. The preacher gave a touching sketch of the life of chastity, austerity, self-denial and devotedness led by the saint; and said, it needed all his fortitude, all the prudence and fortitude of even such a great and holy Bishop, to meet and pass unscathed through those days.

No Irishman could read or think over this portion of our country's history without mingled feelings of veneration and shame. Ireland was given up to the most detestable anarchy. Some of the petty princes assumed the title of kings of Ireland, only to have it disputed by others equally ambitious. The reverend preacher traced the life of piety and devotion to others followed by St. Laurence, spoke of the advent of Strangobur and the marriage of the latter with Ewa, daughter of M'Murrough, and the yoke placed at the time upon the people, from which they had never yet been fully freed. The blow given to our country fell

heavily upon Ireland, but upon none more heavily than upon the heart of the great Archbishop. The stranger's rule was firmly established, and from that day and for centuries to come he could have no other prospect for our native country than that of a province subject to alien rule until it culminated in that onslaught made on the people's faith, but which, thanks to God's mercy, thanks to the prayers of our holy patron saint, found hearts strong enough and victims heroic enough to people heaven with martyrs.

Having further dwelt upon the life of the saint, his charity, self-denial and plenty, tracing his appeals from our people to Henry II, his personal beneficence and self-denial in the cause of the faithful, the preacher concluded by saying that in the dark penal days the name of our patron saint could scarcely be breathed, but no sooner were they able to breathe with a little more freedom than they saw the venerated Archbishop erecting a church under the invocation of St. Laurence O'Toole.

They all knew how the late Cardinal Archbishop, whose loss they could scarce even yet realize, revered the name of St. Laurence—a name which was almost the last that escaped his dying lips when he gave up his soul to his Maker. And now the new Archbishop invited his flock to place themselves under the protection of that saint. He did not think that he would be going too far if he was to attribute to the protection of St. Laurence the fact that those centuries removed from his death, they were able to proclaim to the world their faith without shame, without hesitation, and with all the glory that comes back to a people that, subject to terrible persecution, have passed successfully through it. Therefore, they might well have frequent recourse to him, and claim his protection and intercession. As a saint he had the greatest claims on them. He was one of their race—one, he might say, of their kindred—one of their own household—a former Archbishop of this very See and city—one who was, they knew, devotedly attached to his people, who was a lover of them, who prayed much for them, and they might reasonably infer that now that he is situated so near the throne of God, his love for that people is not diminished, but is rather intensified in proportion to the immeasurable extension of his power. Now the new Archbishop invited them to place themselves under the protection of that saint. They had amongst them the venerated Chapter of the diocese, whose history goes back to the days of St. Laurence, and it was an occasion upon which they would all pray to their patron saint to venerate him whenever they could, feeling confident that they had one of their own countrymen, one of themselves to appeal to, and that through his intercession, through the powerful graces he would obtain from God for us, he would enable us to become companions in his glory and inseparable friends of God.

After Mass the Canons of the Chapter were formally installed. The ceremonies, at which the Clonville students assisted throughout, concluded with Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, at which His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin officiated.

JOHN DUNN AND THE PROTESTANT MISHMISSEL.

We heartily approve of John Dunn's conduct in extending his mission to Protestant missionaries within his district. Of course we regret that he will allow them at all, knowing, as we do, that they will make the Zulus as bad as themselves and will put before them such a travesty of Christianity that the Catholic missionary will have first to unteach, and then begin the work of Christianizing Zulu.

However, when we remember the villas perpetrated in the Antipodes, elsewhere by the scouts sent out as missionaries by the London Protestant societies—how they robbed the poor natives of thousands of acres of the most fruitful land (the reader will please to remember that we possess wrong government evidence for what we say), we are exceedingly glad to find that in part of Zululand, at least, the Protestant hunting and land-trapper will find himself self with his natural occupation gone, and with his claws consequently clipped. He will not stay there long when he perceives there is nothing to be made out of the native.

It is evident from the wording of John Dunn's conditions that he knows the gentry with whom he has to deal and is determined that they shall confine themselves to the duties of a gentleman, and that the people in England have paid to send them out. The conditions are as follows:

"They shall not be allowed to acquire any personal title to land or to trade in cattle at their stations."

Poor persecuted missionaries, sent out, well paid, and with (we know not how many) thousands of Bibles, to preach to people who will never understand nonsense!—and to think that cruel John Dunn has forbidden you to transact just a little neat bit of business of another sort, all on your own account, and so profitable, too!

A very fine sensationalism might be got up at Exeter Hall next year out of this business. Thus: the returned missionary, with his accounts of how he had "cast bread upon the waters," and it had not come back to him; how he had poured forth the "Word in season," and how it had not fruited, and all because "a man of Belial," "a man of wrath" (John Dunn, in fact) had stood between the Zulu and the "messenger of peace" (Thompson or Johnston, or some such fellow) and stayed the "work of the Lord!"

Ah! Mr. Thompson (or whatever your name may be), you are to have no pickings out of John Dunn's territory. Better pack off at once to Australasia and see if you cannot like your brethren before you, sell your Bible for a dozen acres of land.

But we fear that even there your pious market has been closed; and so, after all, stay where you are—your real El Dorado is poor England. Here always hundreds of benighted, good-meaning creatures will receive your antiquated pack of lies as pure Gospel truth, and your hypocritical self as the model of Christian devotedness.—London paper.

DEAN MILMAN ON ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

The late Dean of St. Paul's London, in his work entitled "Latin Christianity," writes: "Thomas Aquinas is throughout, above all, the theologian. God and the soul of man are the only objects truly worthy of philosophic investigation. This is the function of the Angelic Doctor, the mission of the Angel of the Schools. In his works, or rather in his one great work, is the final result of all that has been decided by the Popes or councils, taught by the Fathers, accepted by tradition, argued in the schools, inculcated in the confessional. The sum of theology is the authentic, authoritative, acknowledged code of Latin Christianity. We cannot but contrast this vast work with the original Gospel; to this bulk has grown the New Testament, or, rather, the doctrinal and moral part of the New Testament. But Aquinas is an intellectual theologian; he approaches more nearly than most philosophers, certainly more nearly than most divines, to pure unembodied intellect. He is perfectly passionless; he has no polemical indignation, nothing of the churchman's jealousy or suspicion; he has no fear of the result of any indignation; he hates nothing, hardly heresy; loves nothing, unless, perhaps, naked abstract truth. In his serene confidence that all must end in good, he moves the most startling and even perilous questions as if they were the most indifferent, the very Being of God. God must be revealed by syllogistic process. Himself inwardly conscious of the absolute harmony of his own intellectual and moral being, he places us not so much in the will as in the understanding. The perfection of man is the perfection of his intelligence. He examines with the same perfect impartiality, it might also be said apathy, the converse as well as the proof of the most vital religious truth. Secure, as it should seem, in impenetrable armor, he has not only no apprehension, but seems not to suppose the possibility of danger; he has nothing of the boastfulness of self-confidence, but in calm assurance of victory, give every advantage to his adversary. On both sides of every question he casts the argument into one of his distinct syllogisms, and calmly places himself as arbitrator, and passes judgment in one or a series of still more unanswerable syllogisms. He has assigned its unassailable province to Church authority, to tradition or the Fathers, faith and works; but he would, within the proper sphere of philosophy, he asserts full freedom. There is no Father, even St. Augustine, who may not be examined by the fearless intellect."

ST. THOMAS OF AQUINAS' DAILY PRAYER.

As our readers are aware, our Holy Father Leo XIII. uses all the influence of his ecclesiastical power and of his mastery of intellect, to bring the schools back to the thorough study of the deep and solid learning of the Angelic Doctor. He makes devotion keep pace with science, and he has lately, by a rescript, granted 300 days indulgence to all the faithful who shall, with contrite heart, recite, before beginning any work or reading, the following prayer:

"Concede nobis, quæso, misericors Deus, quæ tibi sunt placite ardentem concupiscere, prout in vestigiis, sanctis, agnoscere et perfecte implere, ad laudem et gloriam Nominis tui. Amen."

"Grant us, I beseech Thee, O merciful God, that we may ardently desire, prudently investigate, truly acknowledge and perfectly fulfil all things pleasing to Thee, to the honor and glory of Thy Name. Amen."

St. Thomas of Aquin composed this prayer, and used to say it every day on his knees whilst shedding many tears. We suggest that this prayer be adopted in our Catholic schools and colleges before class work or learning of lessons begins.—Home Journal.

A BRAVE IRISH SOLDIER.

Perhaps the most daring deed that ever old England's Legion of Honor was that which was successfully performed by Kavanagh during the Indian mutiny. Lucknow was besieged and his garrison was starving. Besides the little band of devoted men, there were also women and children crowded up in the residency, at the mercy of some 50,000 or 60,000 savage and relentless foes. Daily, nay hourly, the little garrison was growing weaker and weaker, and nearer and nearer were pressing the dusky Sepoys, until it became a matter of life and death to the heroic few that Sir Colin Campbell, who was known to be advancing to their relief, should be at once informed of their real state, and their utter inability to hold out much longer. A volunteer was called for, a man who would consent to be disguised as a Sepoy, and who would risk his life among the mutineers, in order to make the best of his way to the advancing army. The call was immediately responded to, as it generally is by Britons in the moment of supreme danger—and two or three men expressed their willingness to undertake the task.

From these brave volunteers an Irishman named Kavanagh was chosen, who to his other various qualifications added a knowledge of the enemy's customs and a thorough acquaintance with their language. The commandant shook the brave man by the hand, and frankly informed him of the dangerous nature of the task he had undertaken; how it was more than probable that he might meet his death in the attempt. But the gallant fellow persisted, and his skin was at once colored by means of burned cork and other materials to the necessary hue. He was then dressed in the regular outfit of a sepoy soldier. When night set in he started on his lonely and perilous mission, amid the heavy "Godspeak" of the famishing garrison. In his breast he carried despatches for Sir Colin Campbell, and the contents of which he had been made acquainted in case of their loss. We have not the space at our command to give all the particulars of his remarkable journey. He succeeded, however, after many narrow escapes and great hardships—during which he often had to pass himself during the detested enemy's camp, and to march shoulder to shoulder with them in the day-time; and,

when he left them, to swim across rivers, or to crawl through the tangled thickets where the deadly tiger asserts its sway—in reaching Sir Colin Campbell's camp; where, to finish his stirring adventures, he was fired at and nearly shot by the British outposts. Kavanagh's narrative was listened to with rapt attention by Sir Colin, who immediately gave orders for the army to advance as quickly as possible to the aid of the gallant defenders of the Residency. How the latter were rescued is a matter of history. Kavanagh lived long enough to wear his cross, though he lost his life shortly afterwards in battle with the same enemy; but the noble example he left behind him was not lost on the brave hearts who eventually saved India for England.

SEMINARIES OF THE SACRED HEART.

(From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.) All the seminaries of the Sacred Heart in all parts of the world, constituting now one of the most powerful educational agencies in existence, are subject to the religious congregation of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the central establishment of which is in Paris, where the superior General resides, in the Boulevard des Invalides. This order was founded in Paris, November 21, 1800, through the exertions of Joseph Desire Varin, Superior of the Fathers of the Faith, after the failure of two attempts made by his predecessor, Pierre de Tournay, to organize a society of women for the education of young women.

The constitution and rules of the order are modeled after those of the Society of Jesus, but it has not, as many suppose, any dependence on the Jesuit Society. Pere Varin formed a distinct constitution and rules for it, which received the approval of Pope Leo XII, in 1826, more than a quarter of a century after the order was founded. The delay was due to misgiving on the part of many in the Church as to the prudence of encouraging the higher education of women by women, and intrusting this work so fully to a distinct order.

After recognition by the Pope, he immediately visited the order to establish a house in Rome, in the Convent and Church of Trinita de Monti. Here is now one of its most flourishing schools. The order extended with rapidity throughout Europe, and in 1817 several of the Sisters came to the United States with Bishop Dubourg, of New Orleans, and soon after in 1818—founded a house near St. Louis, Mo. In 1841 Archbishop Hughes, of New York, brought to that city Marie Elizabeth Gallitzin, who opened a school at the corner of Houston and Mulberry streets, New York, and subsequently one at Astoria and another at Mandanville. Seminaries of the Sacred Heart are now in flourishing operations in nearly every State of the Union.

In 1875 the order had eight provinces and forty-two establishments in France, including one in Algiers, one province and four establishments in Belgium and Holland, one province and five establishments in England and Ireland, one province in Italy, with five establishments, one province in Spain, with three establishments, one province in Austria, with five establishments, three provinces in the United States with twenty-one establishments, one province in Canada, with five establishments, one province in Chili, with five establishments, and one establishment in Cuba. These embraced 2,325 of the choir religious, and 1,947 lay sisters.

A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN SEIZES THE CATHOLIC POSITION ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

From the Boston Pilot.

The recent agitation of the School Question in New England has done a great deal to clear away prejudices from the minds of our people. Of course the Joseph Cooks and the Providence Journals will continue to spatter venom; but the note of harmony has been struck, and we observe a growing sentiment in intelligent quarters that at least the Protestant and Catholic view should be fairly understood. This is the first step to a settlement, for assuredly the majority of the American people will justly prefer the Catholic school controversy, said:

ANOTHER PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN'S OPINION.

At the annual reunion of the Charlestown, Mass., High School Alumni Association, on the 12th inst., the Rev. Horace F. Barnes, of the class of '61, (in the absence of the President, Andrew J. Bailey, who is indisposed), was the orator of the evening. Mr. Barnes, in alluding to the Catholic school controversy, said: "The Catholics are right in demanding a firmer basis for moral education. There is a lack of moral teaching in the public schools; that is, direct and implicit teaching; but every study has a tendency, with good teachers, to morality." The speaker quoted eminent authorities to prove that moral education in the young scholars should be the fundamental principle. The moral principles of our future citizens are largely in the hands of our public school teachers. Instead of making attacks on parochial schools, let us put more sense and moral training in our own public schools. Let us get out a text-book from the Bible and look to it in our moral teachings in our public schools. Dr. Arnold held that boys should be good boys, and be graduated noble men. We cannot leave our schools to ethical indifference, and moral education is what has made our schools thus far, and will make them worth preserving in the future.

Saint Francis Xavier's College a Bombay, in charge of the Jesuit Fathers, which holds a first rank among the educational institutions in British India, is attended by more than 700 pupils, whom only one-half are Catholics. St. Mary's College in the same city, also conducted by the Jesuits, has 400 pupils, with about the same proportion of Catholics. Among the students of these institutions are a great many Hindus, Parsees and Mahomedans. The British officials acknowledge that prejudices against Europeans are dispelled by these colleges, and noble sentiments are inculcated in the hearts of the natives. The other schools established in India for this very purpose are said to be complete failures.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Sisters of St. Agnes's Convent, near New Orleans, have become quite famous as silk growers. A few years ago a gold medal was awarded to them at an exposition in the Southern States.

According to the census made some fifteen or sixteen years ago, at the passing of the Marriage Act, there are in India 1,200,000 Christians, of which 1,000,000 are Catholics, and 200,000 are Protestants of all denominations.

The Irish in America, it is estimated by a London journal, have sent home to their friends in Ireland since 1837, not less than seventy-five million dollars. Much of this vast amount has been used to defray the expenses of immigration to this country, and most of it has been the earning and aid of servant men and women, who constitute perhaps the most liberal and deserving class of the Irish race among us.—Journal.

Prof. Von Osterzeck, the Evangelical teacher of Holland, recently affirmed that a wave of infidelity was steadily advancing over Protestant Europe, which not even the most favored country would escape. "They have had it," he said, "in Germany, and now have it in Holland. They are beginning to get it in Scotland. In twenty years they will have it to their full, and all their theology will not save them." In the Catholic Church only can salvation be found.

An idea of the vast amount of Church property sequestered and sold by the Italian Government may be obtained from the statistics recently published. From 1861 till the end of last September 47,819 lots of the ancient domain were sold. This comprised 161,943 hectares, which were put up to sale at the price of 261,140,335 Italian lire, and which were sold for the sum of 313,603,807 lire, or an increase upon the upset price of 24.34 per cent. Of the property returned as ecclesiastical, the amount sold from the 23th October, 1867, to the end of last September, in public auction, as well as by private contract, reaches the number of 130,514 lots with superficies of 556,518 hectares at the estimated value of 426,354,057 lire, but bringing in the price of 546,472,451 lire, with an increase of 28.18 per cent. on the upset price.

The Jesuit Fathers of Shanghai have just published their press two volumes of great interest. The first contains a collection of imperial decrees and rescripts of viceroys and mandating in favor of Christianity, and also the treaties between France and China, having for their object the free exercise of the Christian religion in the Celestial Empire; the other volume has for its subject the famous inscription of Singan-Pou, of which it contains the text, accompanied by critical observations. This inscription was discovered in 1825. It refers to the reign of one of the first Emperors of the Thong dynasty, in the eight century of our era, and affords incontrovertible proof of the existence of Christianity in China in those early times.

The Marquis of Butte has done a thing which calls to mind the good old days of Catholic England, when religion was paramount above all other matters of daily life, and when the highest in the land vied with each other in doing service to the Church. The noble marquis has prepared a translation—which has engaged some years of his leisure—the Catholic Breviary, and his object in publishing it is "to open to the English reader the whole of the prayers of the Church," and "more especially converts." A very important service, truly, and one that will render the name of the present Lord Butte everlastingly respected and esteemed. It is to be hoped that cheap editions of his Breviary, so eminently valuable and useful volume will be published, so that it may be brought within the reach of all.

The *Western Church* (Protestant Episcopal) thus closes a notice of Froude's late article in the *North American Review*: "The greater portion of the scepticism, unbelief and avowed infidelity of the present day may be traced directly or indirectly to bodies of so-called Christians spending their whole force in fighting each other, rather than making common cause against those who seek to undermine and destroy the ground of their common faith. In this work such narrow-minded bigots as James Anthony Froude find fitting employment; and by assuming as fact what is wholly untrue, and distorting such truths as can be twisted to their purpose, they stir up bitterness and strife."

F. Guido, O. S. F., Apostolic Missionary and Penitentiary at the Holy Sepulchre, writes from Jerusalem to the Liverpool *Catholic Times* to say that "The Franciscans (M. F. S.) have been for more than six centuries, as they are at present, the only keepers of the Holy Places of our Redemption. Our mission has always depended on the providence of God and help of the faithful. We have brothers collecting alms through every Catholic nation of the world. The Superior of the Franciscans at Jerusalem is entrusted with these alms, which are employed for the maintenance of the Holy Places, Catholic worship, reception of pilgrims, schools, support of poor, and for all the wants of the Franciscan missions through Palestine, Syria and Egypt. On account, however, of great political troubles, which upset many European and American Catholic nations, alms are sensibly diminished and our wants increased. It was for us a great consolation to read in your esteemed periodical that some English begin to take an interest in our poor but beloved mission of the Holy Land, which ought to interest every Catholic heart. As is shown by our archives, the last public English offering entrusted to the Franciscans, as keepers of the Holy Places, was made by Henry VIII. Before his lamentable rebellion against our Catholic Church, he wrote a very kind letter to the Superior of the Franciscans at Jerusalem, Father Nicholas, of Tossignan. The letter is dated 'Greenwich, November 23rd, 1516.' After having highly praised the charity and devotion of the Franciscans of Holy Land, the King graciously bequeaths, in their behalf, a sum of a thousand golden ducats to be paid every year by the great Master of the Knights of Rhodes, and recommends himself to their prayers."