Mary's Ward.

M. B. C. SLADE, IN SCRIBNER'S.

My boy lay cradled for his last long sleep
On the white pillow of his coffin-bed,
With rosebuds in his hand; I came to weep
Above the stricken glory of his head.
And, "Oh, I cannot have it so!" I cried;
"Come back to me from heaven, my babe, my own!
No sorrow such as mine the whole world wide
Has ever seen!" was my unreasoning moan.
Above me, where I wept my precious child,
The dear Madonna clasped her Infant Son;
And thus she seemed to say,—that Mary mild:
"O mother, loved I not this little One?
Yet through a life of pain I saw Him go,
Till on the cruel cross I saw Him die!
Be still and think, is this thy young heart's woe,
Like my pierced soul's long pain and agony?"
Such gentle pity seemed her lips to move,—
The Blessed Mother of the Blessed Lord,—
Her accents seemed so full of tender love
From that dear heart, once pierced by sorrow's sword,
I said, "O Mary! as thou lovedst thine,
Guard thou the treasure I entrust to thee!
Fold thy fond care, as I had folded mine,
About my boy, and keep him safe for me!"
And so I yielded him to her embrace:
I know she keeps him through the long years gone.
I charge thee, Mary, when I see thy face,
Lead back to me in heaven thy ward, my son!

RITUALISM IN BOSTON.

NOT QUITE AS SATISFACTORY TO DISTURBED CONSCIENCES AS ITS PREACHER WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE—INTELLECTUAL AND THEOLOGICAL VAGARIES OF A 'FATHER.'

Boston, Nov. 20, 1881.

To the Editor of the Catholic Review:

You have heard, perhaps, of the Church of the Advent in this city. You know it is one of those mongrel institutions which they designate as Ritualistic, and it is under the charge of a kind of brotherhood which styles itself the Society of St. John the Evangelist. Of this society the Rev. Mr. Grafton, commonly called Father Grafton, is the head. It will also be interesting to you, no doubt, to know that there is a Protestant sisterhood connected with this Church, who wear a habit very similar to that of our Sisters of Mercy, who go regularly to confession to these "Fathers," and who, in a private chapel, as I am informed, receive what they call the Blessed Sacrament and worship it, on the sly, the privilege being extended only to a few of the initiated. It is said, too, that the "Fathers" have been preaching Catholic doctrines, flat-footed, such as transubstantiation (though not, perhaps, under that name:) devotion to the Blessed Virgin, prayers to the saints, prayers for the dead, &c., &c., and they have been imitating, as far as they dared, Catholic practice and Catholic ceremonial in their church. The altar is quite like a Catholic altar and the vestments are not very dissimilar to those worn by our priests. They have candles on the altar, and they practice bowing and genuflection and making the sign of the cross, many of the people making the sign of the cross and genuflecting before taking their seats in Church as Catholics do. It is one of the curious anomalies of this little sect that while they seem to esteem it a merit to imitate as nearly as possible Catholic doctrine and practice, they manifest a peculiar bitterness against the Catholic Church on account of the few differences that remain between them. They are really at heart much more in sympathy with Catholics than with various sects of Protestants; yet they hate the Church with a most cordial hatred and waste a great deal of time and labor in fighting against it. In spite of this fact, however, this ambitious little imitation conventicle has hitherto proved a very good training school for the Catholic Church, having furnished periodically some very valuable converts from its ranks. The latest of these, and one which has produced a good deal of buzzing in the little hive, is Mrs. Nathan Matthews, a very respectable and intelligent lady, residing in Beacon street, and heretofore a leading and influential member of the Church. Mr. Matthews is a well known and very successful business man in Boston whose wealth was at one time estimated at eight to ten millions of dollars. His good lady had, for some time past, been dissatisfied with her position as a Ritualist, and after pursuing a quiet but thorough investigation of the whole subject, and becoming convinced of the imperative claims of the Catholic Church, she sought opportunity during her late summer residence at Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert, Me., to make her recantation and profession in the hands of the Rev. Father Madden, of the Diocese of Portland (himself also a convert) in the beautiful Catholic chapel, recently erected in that popular and delightful watering place. In spite of these defections from his fold, "Father" Grafton has always stoutly maintained that the principles and practices of the Ritualists did not tend to "Popery." But he has recently written a most remarkable open letter, addressed to Bishop Huntington, of Western New York, and published in the *Living Church*, an Episcopal paper in Chicago, which seems to indicate pretty plainly that the Rev. "Father" has at last begun to be alarmed and feels it necessary to take the back track, or at least to turn around and show a smiling face towards those upon whom he has hitherto been inclined to turn his back. The letter is one of the most curious and amusing specimens of theological dialectics that I have seen for many a day. He starts out with the acknowledgment that "Those born in the Roman Communion and who rightly use the word and sacraments, may and do become Saints, and in all that comes from Christ and belongs to Catholicity we are common professors and can rejoice together," and then proceeds to throw hot shot into the "Roman" camp by declaring that instead of the four "notes" of the true church "Rome is stamped with the four marks of disunion, worship, living, and a spurious imitation of sanctity," and he declares that he would "rather go down to the grave unattached" (to any church!) "and without any sacraments, then obtain them by submitting to Rome and become partaker with her in her rebellion," etc., etc. Having thus convinced his left handed brethren of his thorough negative orthodoxy, he proceeds still further to conciliate them by defining his positive views on the subject of the rule of faith, the Eucharist, and Confession. The scope of a brief letter will only allow me to give you a glance at the rich treasure of theological disquisition embraced in this part of the letter. His rule of faith, he says, differs radically from that of Rome, inasmuch as the Romanist believes that his church has the power, through the Holy Ghost, who has been made to take the place of Christ the Great Teacher, to reveal new truths, a declaration which he will excuse me for saying, reveals very great ignorance or very great mendacity on his part.

On the subject of confession, he says: "We do not hold that one falling into mortal sin after baptism cannot be forgiven of God without first confessing his sins to a priest and receiving absolution," evidently leaving the impression that such is the doctrine of the Catholic Church. He probably never saw the explanation of the Catholic catechism, or if he had seen it he chose to ignore it.

Question What is perfect contrition?

Answer. A hearty sorrow for having offended God, because he is sovereignly good.

Question. What effect has it?

Answer. It has the effect of justifying the sinner by itself and before absolution, yet with the desire and obligation of receiving it."

But his explanation of his doctrine of the Eucharist is so curious and unique that I think those for whom it is specially designed will be disposed to award him a leather medal for conspicuity. "The Blessed Sacrament, translucent to the eye of faith, is also for us the certificated point of contact between the things seen and unseen." Again, "All worshipful acts of recognition of our Lord's sacramental manifestation are to be directed not "to" or "at" or "towards" the elements considered by themselves, but to the person of the eternal word, through the elements which our Lord takes up and sanctifies, that by them he may communicate himself to us." Is it transubstantiation, or consubstantiation, or what is it? He hopes the line of thought he has suggested "may lead brethren to greater forbearance and remove misunderstanding if not effect reconciliation." That is certainly a very desirable consummation, but I fear it must be said, in all candor, that his negative protest against "Romanism" will go much farther towards it than his positive "translucent" explanations of "Catholic" doctrine.

LIVINGSTON.

IRISH LITERATURE.

BY D. O'DOHERTY, WINDSOR, ONT.

Continued.

Literature in general terms is the expression of thought. And thought is made up of all those ideas, images, fancies, spiritual operations, which fill up, furnish and inhabit the vast region of the spirit. The spirit being gifted with language and capable of being understood, utters forth its voice in written language and discloses voluntarily a part of its thoughts. Having the pleasure of attending a lecture delivered by the celebrated Dr. McLennan in Sandwich, on 27th of last month, his elaborate address to about 800 persons, and his disquisition on the various nationalities, aroused my enthusiasm and impelled me to write this Literature—for he recommends the perusal of the Literature of different nations. I said in m last communication to the Catholic Record that the original national character will manifest itself up to the remotest antiquity under the strongest influence of improvement or debasement. We will see presently if this is true of the Irish race. What we call race are innate and hereditary dispositions which man brings with him to the light, and which as a rule are united with the marked differences in the temperament and structure of the body. But they vary with various peoples. The Dr., by his great erudition and observing faculties, exclaimed that the races are fast retrograding in stature, are more debilitated and have less endurance to undergo physical labor than our great grand-fathers. We admit the fact and surmise the cause of the effect before our eyes by crossing the border. Rules generally have exceptions. If actions speak as well as words we will except the Irish race from the last imputation. The great labor exerted in making the Canadian canals and aiding in making all the railroads in America is a tangible proof of the strong muscles and physical endurance of Irishmen, and bears out Dr. Leland, the historian, in characterizing them both physically and intellectually. I do not pretend to criticise any of the words of our worthy Mr. McLennan, only contend that the innate characteristic manifested in the ancient Celts has been inherited in their descendants and shows signs of physical bravery and intellectual abilities. If they have been the chief element in making all those public improvements, by hard labor, it tells well for physical endurance; such men are worthy of consideration, as being the bone and sinew of the country. Not only have they opened facilities for trade and commerce, but have been good pioneers of the forest. They have helped to build cities and towns, also remarkable for their zeal in aiding the erection of Churches. Like the Puritans who abandoned their native country for conscience-sake to seek a home in 1620 amidst the rugged hills of Massachusetts, the Irish, being disgusted at the oppression and injustice in their native land, took advantage of the American revolution, when the Western coast of Ireland was lined with American privateers. This afforded a chance to emigrate and to seek an asylum in a congenial clime where they could better their condition in life. Accessions to their numbers constantly increased until they embraced one-fifth of the population of the U. S. The early emigration accounts for a greater number of Irish in the U. S. than in Canada. And emigrating from an impoverished and oppressed country accounts for so many being working on public works. Is it not natural for men arriving in a strange country, without much means, to go to work, even on the railroad? Suffice to say that poverty is no treason and industry brings its reward. Let me remark that the Almighty works in a mysterious way. He wills that thousands of those Celts would be assembled together in different localities to be instruments of raising temples to his honour and glory, for they have carried their faith and virtue with them; indeed it is a rare thing to find an infidel or Mormon belonging to the Irish nation. The reminiscence of persecution and tyranny rolls into their minds, viz., of the time when deprived of every pecuniary emolument and privilege even the liberty of worshipping God, according to the dictates of their conscience. But it often happens that good springs from evil. We will see an instance of it in the following paragraph: Reflecting on Irish Catholic persecution, how joyful must the Irish have felt on those public works of which I have spoken, in seeing missionary priests collecting money to build up the symbol of their faith, a Catholic Church, to be dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus or to his beloved Mother.

The benevolent Irish have contributed liberally, for the Church is the Christian's chart, which guides him safely over the stormy waves of persecution to the harbor of repose and safety. The result of the liberality of the Irish in this way during years gone by, is a vast number of splendid churches being erected all over America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. In a former paragraph I depicted the Irish on public works. We see them at a later period in the Legislative halls, in Congress, in the House of Representatives. We see them in the various cities, as commercial men, very prosperous. As agriculturists, we see them in opulence and comfort We see them in Australia members of the Cabinet, and in the Canadian Parliament showing their native energy and intellectual power; finally we see them all over acting their part in the world's drama. I have proven plainly that the muscular power of endurance is inherited in the Irish according to Dr. Leland. I will venture to prove similarly regarding the intellectual powers. The last century has had many names of renown in the different departments of learning, especially as poets, statesmen, patriots and orators. We will only mention a few. She has her Burkes, Sheridans, Grattans, Currans, Goldsmiths, Moores, Philips, Emmets, O'Connells, Shields, Mitchells, O'Briens and McGee. Behold the seven years' trial of Warren Hastings, Gov. Gen. of India, tried in England and conducted by Burke, the Demosthenes of his day, pleading against him. Nothing ever in England equalled the eloquence he displayed in that royal court. I was not at all surprised when I heard Dr. McLennan say to a large audience that he owed his success to Irish teachers. Nearly all teachers acknowledge that he is one of the best mathematicians in America. We learn by this that the Irishman acts his part as an Educationist in his adopted country (Canada) and one of his qualifications is a zeal and love for his profession. He has a right to that zeal, for his labors are durable in life and wide in extent. If evidence is needed of Irish influence, look at the teacher's roll in the Department of Education or at the superannuation list, and you will find that the Scotch and Irish outnumber all the rest It is true that the influence and efforts of teachers are more durable than all the monuments of mental glory. I have seen Canada a wilderness comparatively speaking. I have had the pleasure of seeing it a few years ago competing in literary productions, &c., with other nations and handling the palm at the Worlds' fair. What causes such sudden rise and intellectual greatness? 1st, a good system of education. 2nd. From the reflex of teachers' influence has sprung up an enlightened people, from enlightenment has sprung intelligence, from intelligence we select good statesmen to represent us, from good statesmen we get salutary laws, from salutary laws spring the happiness of the people of which Canada may feel proud and her citizens may safely say, we are as free a people as are living under the canopy of heaven.

Ontario may to-day well boast of having statesmen and orators in both Parliaments not, I dare say, inferior in eloquence to members of the English Parliament, though members of our Canadian Parliaments were not born with silver spoons in their mouths.

Windsor, Nov. 19th, 1881.

ARE THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS A FAILURE.

Mr. Grant White's Views.

Mr. Grant White has given the public-school system his closest attention, and is certainly a competent judge on the subject. Here, then, is Mr. White's testimony as to the practical results of the American public-school system; and let us observe, in passing, that he is not a Catholic, but a religionist of an extremely "liberal" type:

"If ignorance were the mother of vice, and if our public-school system were what it is set up to be, the fruits of the latter would by this time have been manifest, plainly visible to the whole world, in the higher tone of our society, in the greater purity of our politics, and the incorruptibility of our legislators, . . . in the superior wisdom and more solid integrity of our bench, in the sobriety of our matrons, the modesty of our maidens, in the greater faithfulness of wives, the diminution of divorces, in the steady decrease of vice and crime and idleness and vagrancy and vagabondage. . . . But who needs to be told that in all these respects we have deteriorated? It is matter of public record. It is known to every observant man who has lived more than thirty years. Our large towns swarm with idle, vicious lads and young men, who have no visible means of support. Our rural districts are invested with tramps, a creature unknown to our forefathers, and even to us in our youth. The corruption of our legislative bodies is so wide, and so deep, and so well known that great corporations and business men of large wealth can almost always obtain the legislation needful for their ends, right or wrong. Bribery at elections is almost openly practised by both our great political parties. The general tone and character of our bench, both for learning, for wisdom, for integrity, have fallen notably during the last thirty years. Dishonesty in business and betrayal of trust have become so common that the public record of the last fifteen years on this subject is such that it cannot be remembered without shame. Politics, instead of being purified and elevated, has become a trade, in which success falls, year by year, more and more to inferior men who have a little low cunning. Divorces have multiplied until they have become so common as to be a stock-jest in the facetious column of our newspapers. Crime and vice have increased year after year almost pari passu with the development of the public-school system, which, instead of lifting the masses, has given us in their place a nondescript and hybrid class, unfit for professional or mercantile life, unwilling, and almost unable, to be farmers or artisans, so that gradually our skilled labor is done more by immigrant foreigners, while our native citizens, who would otherwise naturally fill this respectable and comfortable position in society, seek to make their living by their wits—honestly, or, failing thus, by petty office-seeking. Filial respect and paternal love have both diminished; and as for the modesty of our young men, and even of our young women, they do not even blush that they have lost it. This is the condition in which we are after more than half a century of experience of our public-school system. And the census returns show that crime, immorality, and insanity are greater in proportion to population in those communities which have been long under the influence of the public-school system than they are in those which have been without it."

"WE ARE ALL ONE."

We quote the following passage from a reply to an address of welcome to the Rev. Father Bridgett, a zealous priest of the Redemptorist Order, by the Confraternity of the Holy Family, Limerick, Ireland, on the occasion of his second return to that city as Superior of his Community:

"As regards the Faith, it is true that my parents were not Catholics, and I was not educated in the knowledge of Christian truth as it was taught by the Apostles, and has been ever believed in by the Catholic Church. But I was born in the year in which O'Connell won Emancipation for Catholic subjects to the English crown, and I was only twenty one years old when God's grace emancipated me from the much greater misery and slavery of error. Since then more than thirty-one years have passed, and I have seen more reason every year and every day to thank God for that deliverance. This is not the time or place to dwell on such a subject. I will merely say that among the causes that led me towards the Church were some very simple words spoken by an Irish laborer. I was then studying at the University of Cambridge, and a fellow-student had invited me to visit the Catholic chapel. It was a very small building in an obscure street in the suburbs of the town, and we had some difficulty in finding it. We got the keys from a poor Catholic man, who lived near, and after we had looked at the church, my friend, who was fond of a joke, began to banter the Irishman. 'Why, Paddy,' he said, 'do you think you've got the truth all to yourselves, down in this little back street, and that all our learned doctors and divines in the University are in error?' The answer that Paddy gave was this:—'Well, sir, I suppose they are very learned, but they don't agree together, while we are all one.' I often thought of that answer, and the more I thought of it, the more wisdom did I see in it. And now that I have been a Catholic over thirty years, and I have read many books, and seen many countries and many men, I see the force of that answer better and better. Infidels and heretics have the curse of Babel upon them. They can't agree together. They can't understand each other's speech. Therefore, they can't unite to build up anything, or even to pull down the Church that God has built. We can understand each other. You may travel where you like, the world over, and have but to ask for the Catholic church to be sure to hear the same doctrine you learned in your Catechism at home, and to see the same Sacraments administered that you and your forefathers received, the same Holy Mass celebrated of which the prophet Malachias foretold more than 2,000 years ago that it should be offered from the rising to the setting of the sun. I have felt the force of that word, 'we are one,' having travelled in many countries with different tongues and customs, and found Catholics everywhere the same, and having conversed, and associated, and labored with priests from all parts of the world. It is to this wonderful unity of the Catholic Faith and Communion that I owe it that I do not find myself a stranger in Ireland in spite of my nationality.

ITS WORK IN STRATHROY.

It often happens that the opinion of an experienced man, an expert, if we so call him, conveys greater force than an aggregation of outside, uneducated testimony. And then, too, personal experience or observation is so much more convincing than mere assertion. Trained to habits of analysis and keenest accuracy, and from the very nature of their daily occupation, given to the most incisive criticism of anything of a remedial nature whose virtues have been announced through the public press. St. Jacobs Oil, however, is so universally successful and so unvaryingly accomplishes all that it promises that the able chemist, W. J. Dyas, Esq., of Medical Hall, Strathroy, Ont., sends, with his friendly recommendation, the following from David Harrison, Esq., 9th Con., Township of Caradoc:—Having suffered with inflammatory rheumatism since last July, and hearing of St. Jacobs Oil, I sent for a bottle of the article on the 15th of October. At that time I was confined to the house, and could not possibly get out of bed without assistance. After four applications of the Oil the pain ceased entirely, and I was able to go about Strathroy in less than a week. I cannot give too much praise to St. Jacobs Oil for what it has done for me, and I believe it to be a most reliable remedy in rheumatism. Its wonderful efficacy should be brought to the knowledge of everybody.

One Experience from Many.

"I had been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—The Mother.—Home Journal.

A FREE-THINKER IN SILENCE.

Baltimore Mirror.

The Rev. O. B. Frothingham was for a long while the chief of the sect of Radicals, Liberals, Free-thinkers, who deny revealed religion and make Gods to suit themselves. Two years ago he resigned his office as teacher of a congregation, and went to Europe to recuperate his health. After his return some months ago, he engaged in literary pursuits, and refused to re-enter his pulpit.

Now, he has let a newspaper man interview him, and put into cold type his present views. He admits that his ministry as an agnostic preacher was a failure, that liberalism everywhere tends to outright infidelity, that Christianity is stronger as a religious force to-day than it was twenty years ago, and that he is now in doubt concerning matters about which he had once a fixed belief. He says:

Looking back over the history of the last quarter of a century, with the conviction that no headway whatever has been made, with the conviction that unbridled free thought leads only to a dreary negation, called materialism, there has been a growing suspicion in me that there might be something behind or below what we call revealed religion of which the scientific thinkers of our time are beginning vaguely to distinguish as an influence that cannot be accounted for at present, but which, nevertheless, exists. I said a moment ago, let scientific investigation go on, by all means. Not only it can do no harm, but I am sure that the further it goes the more clearly will scientific men recognize a power not yet defined, but distinctly felt by some of the ablest of them. This question has presented itself to me many times in the last few years: What is the power behind these ignorant men who find dignity and comfort in religion? Last summer when in Rome, I was much interested in observing the behavior of the Roman clergy. Not the men high in power and steeped in diplomacy and intrigue, but the working men of the Church—the parish priests, who went about among the people as spiritual helpers and almoners. I talked with many of these men, and found them to be ignorant, unambitious, and superstitious; and yet there was a power behind them which must mystify philosophers. What is this power? I cannot undertake to say; but it is there, and it may be that those persons who deny the essential truths of revealed religion are all wrong. At any rate, I, for one, do not care to go on denying the existence of such a force.

To my old friends and followers, who may feel grieved at such an admission on my part, I would say that I am no more a believer in revealed religion to-day than I was ten years ago; but, as I said before, I have doubts which I had not then. The creeds of to-day do not seem in my eyes to be so wholly groundless as they were then, and, while I believe that the next hundred years will see great changes in them, I do not think that they are destined to disappear. To sum up the whole matter, the work which I have been doing appears to lead to nothing and may have been grounded upon mistaken premises. Therefore, it is better to stop; but I do not want to give the impression that I recant anything. I simply stop denying and wait for more light.

This is strong testimony, coming, as it does, from an unwilling witness. It receives an annotation from a correspondent of the Catholic Review, who writes:

While in Jersey City, I remember well, it was said that Mr. F. had exhibited decided Catholic tendencies. However that may be, I shall never forget a very important work of charity which he participated in. I think it was in 1857, during the season of distress which followed the failure of the Bergen Tunnel Company, when some fifteen hundred poor Irish Catholic laborers were thrown out of employment. I was at that time connected with the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of St. Peter's Church, and we were struggling with the tremendous burden of relieving the destitution of the poor workmen and their families, who were crowded into the tenement houses of the city, sometimes two or three families in a single room. To our agreeable surprise one of Mr. Frothingham's leading members called upon us and proposed to take a portion of our burden upon their shoulders; they had raised considerable sums of money he said, and as they had no poor of their own and we seemed to be overburdened, they should be glad to take a portion of our poor and look after them during the winter. And they did their work nobly and generously. That Mr. Frothingham is a sincere man I have no doubt. He is also an able man and has the courage of his convictions What he lacks is the gift of faith. Having developed his principles to their legitimate consequences, and being possessed of a nature too religious to be satisfied with the cheerless conclusions of blank materialism, he has been led to pause in his course, to "stop denying," and to "wait for light." He has been to Rome. To him the Catholic pastors of Rome were unambitious, ignorant, and superstitious; at any rate they occupied a sphere of thought with which he had little acquaintance, and he was compelled to acknowledge that there was a power behind them which mystifies the philosophers and which he cannot understand. That is certainly a great discovery for a man in his position to make, and I cannot but look upon it as an encouraging sign. What I desire now is to call upon all Catholics to pray for him. Let us beg of Almighty God to vouchsafe to him the gift of faith, that he may find in the bosom of the old historic Church that rest and peace, both intellectual and spiritual, which has hitherto been denied him, and which nowhere else in all the world can be found.

H.

"How a Life was Saved."

This book (one stamp by mail) gives the origin of the celebrated Day Kidney Pad which is unfailing in kidney and bladder disease. DAY KIDNEY PAD CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

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And joy unmixed had added its delight,
And history graved its grateful record when
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CONVERTS AND CONVERSION.

Those whose great privilege it was to be born in the faith cannot fully realize all that he must go through who, born an alien, deliberately seeks adoption by the great Mother of Souls. And the welcome given to a convert by those who have become his brethren in the bonds of the faith might well be warmer, and more brotherly than it often is. It is not a light thing to have left a religion which friends and relatives still cling to, and round which a thousand associations linger, against the power of which God knows it sometimes wrings the heart to struggle; not a light thing to bear the sneers and suspicions of those who cannot conceive any need of the human soul, any yearning of the human heart, which cannot be satisfied to repletion by the ministrations of Protestant preachers. True it is, that compared with the peace and joy which fills a convert's heart these things are as nothing; but in themselves they are often hard to bear; and it is surely meet and right that tender consideration and loving sympathy and warm encouragement should be extended to assuage, if possible, the pain they may cause.

In the case of my own conversion to the Church which you and I love so dearly, I can trace the course of the blessed change through three stages, in reality connected, but to me appearing distinct one from the other.

When life was well advanced, body and mind mature, there came to me a season of suffering and trouble which, devoutly I thank God, can never come again. I began to have doubts of the religion of which I was not only a member, but a minister; I began to fear that her teachings, where they were not false, were only partly true; that the position she claimed was illogical and untenable, and that her clergy could subtantiate no right to their nominal position as ministers of Christ. But as yet I had no definite idea where to turn for relief from the terrible misgivings which were settling darkly, blackly, over my mind. It was somewhat in the position of a traveller in a trackless and dangerous country, who finds his lantern going out, but knows not where or how he can get other light to guide him on his way; or of a drowning man who feels the frail plank he is crutching utterly incapable of supporting him, and yet sees not the life-boat.

This was the first stage; and at times so utterly dejected and forlorn did I feel that I said in my heart, "The light of God has departed from me forever." But a change came. By what passed under my own notice in everyday life; by the study of various works of theology and of history, and of the Holy Scriptures themselves; by calm thought and long persistent inquiry, I realized, as it were, what the Catholic faith really is—the dignity and majesty of the mighty Church of Rome. I saw how in her, and in her alone, everything for the regeneration and sanctification of human nature was provided; how in every stage of existence, in every department of life, she had concern, giving consolation, instruction and strength. But though constrained to respect and admiration, I was still unprepared for a full personal acceptance of her teachings. My mind, rather than my heart, was convinced, and to hinder the free admission of Catholic truth into my heart there were many obstacles. I was as one who stands outside some grand and beautiful palace, admiring its perfect symmetry, its thousand attractions of artistic merit; wondering at the perfection of design and construction—but seeking not a home therein.

This was the second stage. But, thank God, it did not continue long. The time soon came when I sought and found the direct path giving entrance to the one true Fold—the path of humiliation and prayer. There came a time when, alone with God, I prayed for more light—prayed as I think poor blind Bartimœus prayed when they told him "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,"—prayed that He who is the Light of the world would give me grace and strength. And from the plentitude of His grace He gave freely to me. The last shadows fled from my heart, and the false pride which would fain have held me back was crushed. Humbly, as all must do in like circumstances, I submitted to the initiatory ordinances of the Church, and in exchange for the prospects of advancement and emolument which were dangled before me in the religion I abjured, I entered into the enjoyment of blessings with which nothing on earth can compare.

Is it possible I address some who are still outside the Fold—still hesitating? If so, let me, in all charity, and in a spirit of the most brotherly sympathy, urge them to the act of final decision. The longer the delay, the more difficult may be the last step; and I beseech such to remember that in the meantime they are imperilling their eternal welfare. Outside the Fold of the Good Shepherd, however close one may be to the gates, he can never find rest, never know that peace of God which passeth all understanding. Once within the shelter of Christ's Church, if only faithful, we find our love for God growing more and more, our communion with Him growing closer and sweeter day by day.

By zeal, warm though judicious, in defending our religion from the attacks of the ignorant or malicious; by blameless conversation and godly life—by the manifestation of a spirit of love and charity—it devolves upon all to render assistance in spreading amongst our countrymen a better knowledge of our faith. And in the performance of this duty may God assist us all!—R. O. in the Ave Maria.

Some say that the occasions of doing good are not numerous. To suppose that they are rare is to be very ignorant in regard to goodness. There is not a day wherein we cannot render some one's condition better. In company, the desire of obliging which takes precedence of every other desire; at home, mildness which procures peace, and prudence which preserves it; towards servants, a sweet and reasonable treatment which removes the repulsiveness of servitude whilst it maintains subordination; then, giving advice to those that need it; removing uneasiness, averting a mortification from others: here are things in which one can find occupation for every moment of life.—Fenelon.

Prescience.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

The new moon hung in the sky, the sun was low in the West,
And my betrothed and I in the churchyard paused to rest—
Happy maiden and lover, dreaming the old dream over;
The light winds wandered by, and robins chirped from the nest.

And, lo! in the meadow sweet, was the grave of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet, and the ivy running wild—
Tangled ivy and clover folding it over and over;
Close to my sweetheart's feet was the little mound up-piled.

Stricken with nameless fears, she shrank and clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears for a sorrow I did not see;
Lightly the winds were blowing, softly her tears were flowing—
Tears for the unknown years and a sorrow that was to be.

—Harper's Magazine.

ARCHBISHOP McHALE.

A Protestant Tribute to the Great Patriarch of Connaught.

Five or six years ago the following account of a visit to the Archbishop of Tuam was published in the London World, a non-Catholic paper.

"In a very little and very ancient town in the West of Ireland, where the tallest of those sculptured crosses, admired of antiquarians, lifts its circled head in the central market place, lives and rules a prelate who, eve if his life were not remarkable in other respects, would be notable as the senior archbishop of the Church of Rome and the oldest mitred priest of Christendom. "John Archbishop of Tuam," as Dr. MacHale greatly loved to sign himself in sturdy protest against the law denying territorial titles in these kingdoms to ecclesiastics of foreign creation, was at one time the contemporary Catholic divine most prominently before the daily mind of England; and now the summer traveller or tourist angler steps off the route to Connemara to see or seek an interview with the anointed Irish champion who was

SO POPULAR A COMPOUND OF POPERY AND PATRIOTISM.

amongst his countrymen, all save one or two of whose distinguished coeval friends or foes in a stirring period have passed away; who was Wiseman's senior by a decade; who has seen six successive Pontiffs seated in the chair of the Fisherman, and whose birth brings one back into another century, when George III. was still a sane king, before the little Corsican artillerist had pointed the cannon at Toulon, or the guillotine was yet stained with the royal blood of Louis Capet and Marie Antoinette.

"ST. JARLATH'S"

is a square-built mansion, with gardens at the rear opening on the elevated cathedral grounds, and having for its *vis-a vis* across the street, not inappropriately called Bishop St., the palace of the only Protestant bishop in Connaught, the Right Rev. Dr. Bernard, brother to the late Earl of Bandon. Probably at the introduction of Canon Burke, the president of St. Jarlath's College which is contiguous to the archiepiscopal residence and under the immediate supervision of his grace, the visitor is received by the archbishop. Bearing the weight of his eighty-six years, for fifty-two years of which he has borne the crozier, with singular alertness—nay, almost with a jaunty air, the venerable prelate advances and gives a dignified greeting. The Catholic usually kneels for a benediction and kisses the episcopal ring. And indeed, no man, whatever be his faith, need blush to kneel for the blessing of a pastor whose years are patriarchal; and whose face and form are evidences of a life of internal nobility and the faithful discharge of onerous and lofty duties.

DR. M'HALE IS OF MIDDLE HEIGHT,

and even now, when somewhat shrunken, ample proof remains of the well-knit frame which felt but little, in the ante-railway and ante Bianconi days in this remote district, the fatigues of a two day's ride from the foot of cloud-capped Nephin to

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF GERALDINE, MAYNOOTH.

His head is shapely and singularly massive, with powerful face, aqualine nose, not chisled enough to be Roman, the high forehead of a poet, yet not wanting in breadth. all lighted up with an eagle gray eye, and crowned with a rich growth of soft, straight undivided gray hair. Placed in any position, John MacHale would have towered above his fellows head and shoulders, would have been a king of men; and it is plain that the absoluteness of the Catholic churchman's rule over his flock in Ireland has been congenial to a spirit that would ill brook the interference of any other power, and least of all of such as would be worldly, and to the historic mind alien and resting on material force. As he converses freely upon the present phase of Irish agitation, to which he has given the sanction of a name, to quote the classic compliment of Judge Keogh, *clarum et venerable*, he recalls many incidents of

O'CONNELL'S SUCCESSFUL STRUGGLE FOR CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION,

and their combined effort for Repeal. The fealty of a man like this, who can remember an Irish Parliament and the execution of Emmet, is touching or obstinate according to the prejudice of the observer. He is very complimentary to Mr. Butt, but has little faith in the English appreciation of 'justice to Ireland'; and with a touch of asperity remembers his appeals to Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, his conflicts with the Times, and the sad and troublesome era of the famine closed with the ludicrously pathetic rebellion in the cabbage garden.

DR. MACHALE IS NOT A FLUENT,

although he is an interesting speaker. He preaches nearly every Sunday morning, often both in Irish and English, to his congregation. His efforts to keep alive his native Gaelic are sentimental in their gallantry. His learned leisure has been occupied with metrical translation of the 'Iliad,' and a versical rendering of Moore's melodies into Irish, vying in sonoriousness and softness with the original. Moore manifested his appreciation in a published letter characteristically warm. The tables of the well-lighted drawing-room in which one is received number among the books upon them handsomely bound volumes of the poet-prelate's dillettanteism. One notes the presence of a harp. The archbishop himself tells with raciness how on