Memorare,

Remember, O Most Blessed Virgin Mary, That no one ever came to thee in grief, with sin o'erburdened, or with sorrow weary, And found not sweet relief.

Then in thy gracious elemency confiding, Here at thy sacred feet I kneel and pray, Refuge of sinners, for thy tender guiding To help me on my way.

O Mother of my Lord, beloved and cherished, Virgin all powerful, it can never be That any lowly suppliant hath perished, Who placed his frust in thee. Ave Maria.

# LADY DAY AT KNOCK.

#### THE CROWDS AT THE IRISH LOURDES ON MARCH 25

[Irish Times Correspondence.] For a few weeks past enormous crowds have daily visited the little chapel of Knock to practice special devotions there. Thursday being a festival of singular ven-eration in the Roman Catholic Church, the assemblage of people in its immensity of numbers far exceeded all previous gather-ings. On arriving shortly before one o'clock this morning at Ballyhaunis, while sabout six miles distant from Knock, the change which its vicinity to the locality has effected was ot once strikingly appar-ent. Where once at nightfall the quietude of a little country town reigned there is stir and excitement. Instead of the two or three passengers who hitherto travelled [Irish Times Correspondence.] or three passengers who hitherto travelled down by the night mail, several hundreds, nearly all of whom are sufferers in one phase or another of the "ten thousand ills that flesh is heir to," now pour forth from the compartments when the train arrives— the lame, the blind, the deaf, the deformed and the diseased. The greater number of people proceed at once to Knock; and in a very few minutes every car available in the town was engaged to convex the neathe town was engaged to convey the peo-ple to the scene of their pilgrimage. Many who were so unfortunate as to be unable to afford a conveyance, or who could not get one, walked the whole way, the strong assisting the weak. THE CHAPEL OF KNOCK

is built in cruciform shape, and is of plain structure. The architecture of the church is extremely plain, and indicative of economy in its every feature. A weirdly strange and singular scene. The enclosure and the ground outside were black with people of all ages, while within the yard, turf fires, surjounded by a few bricks, were burning brightly. Crowds of women, young and old, were assembled round them boiling kettels of water for making tea. Tents were erected, and their interior was lighted with candels. In some crowds hungry people were partaking of some slight refreshment, and in others a brisk sale in rosaries, books of religious devo-tion, statues, and pictures of the appari-tion were being conducted. All was business. Contrasting with their busy business. Contrasting with their busy scene of preparations were the silent worshippers, who knelt, wrapt in devotion, on the ground outside the brilliantly-lighted church; and turning from this to the southern end, the voices of a multi-tude engaged in prayer broke on the ear with solemn impressiveness. Inside, the church was densely crowded by a congre-gation surging to and fro. Every avail-able particle of room was occupied. The sanctuary of the altar was in the posses-sion of some ladies. Here was enacted one of the most solemn and extraordinary face. the southern end, the voices of a multi-

fell upon an assemblage of people whose fervor seemed then as great as it had been when the clear cold moonlight shore through the windows of the church. The names and addresses of those who stated they had seen apparitions were directed by Mrs. O'Neill to be handed in so that their depositions might afterwards be officially taken by Father Cavanagh. I subsequent-ly had an interview with him, and he told me that he did not intend to take the de-positions, as he regarded as not important what had occurred. As the morning grew later contingents of people began to pour in from Dublin and various other parts of the country, the numbers increasing as the foremon advanced. As soon as the peor what had occurred. As the morning grew later contingents of people began to pour in from Dublin and various other parts of the country, the numbers increasing as the forenoon advanced. As soon as the peo-ple reached Knock they either entered the church or knelt outside, praying with a devotion there was no mistaking. Cars, carriages, and carts drew up every minute, and contributed an additional and socially-better augmentation to the great assemnot constitute him their head. In no sense whatever is he their sovereign pastor. Every real bishop is appointed by, or at least receives, his spiritual power from the Pope; it is needless to say that the Protestant bishops have not been so the Protestant bishops have not been so appointed. "I know my sheep, and they know me." Catholics know the Pope, and he knows them. Ritualists may pro-fess to know the Pope, but he knows them not. How, then, c n he be said to be their head? Again, can the walls of this moral building be said to be without flaw? It is by the sacraments that we are made Catholics; it is through their agency we are preserved in the Catholic faith. There is one of those sacraments—Baptism are preserved in the Catholic faith. There is one of those sacraments—Baptism – which any one may rightly administer, and there is another—Matrimony—which it is possible for those who have been properly baptized to receive. But there are still five sacraments, and these are necessary to keep us living members of that Church which, although unattended by serious consequences, for a few minutes bore a keep us living members of that Church. How do Ritualists stand with respect to these? It is a well known fact that grave aspect, and at the same time exem-plified how easy it is for error to originate. Some school children, who were about to Protestants have only two sacraments; receive their first Communion, attended. receive their first Communion, attended, dressed in white, with blue sables, and wearing on their heads white wreaths fill-ed with roses. As one of the children was passing a window of a room above the altar, and the wall of which was the gable the others they have rejected as vague or useless. Now, Ritualists have adepted the sacraments of the Catholic Church so far as the form is concerned. But have they got the reality ? on which the apparitions were stated to have been seen, an old woman in the crowd called out in wildly excited tones, that she HAVE THE RITUALISTIC CLERGYMEN POWER TO ADMINISTER THE SACRAMENTS ? If so, whence have they derived it ? Is it If so, whence have they derived it ? Is it from a Catholic bishop ? Certainly not. Is it from a Protestant bishop ? Why, they have sworn to stand by the Thirty-nine Articles, and the twenty-fifth of these de-clares that five of the sacraments are vague. Once more, the Ritualistic Church is built not on a rock, but on sand. Ask Catholics for their reason for holding any article of their belief, and they will answer, "Because God has revealed it and the Church teaches it." In the Protest-ant Church private judgment is the great and final arbiter. That Ritualists exer-cise this Protestant principe of referring all to one's private judgment evidence is had seen the apparition. Some people near her tried to show her error; but those far off, not hearing what was said, and

only seeing her gestures, which they right-ly interpreted, pressed forward in an irresistible mass, forcing all before them against a wall. In a few seconds so great was the crush that several persons were slightly injured, and the air was filled with the cries of women and children. At length, however, the people moved back, and what might easily have resulted seriously terminated without any bad consequences.

### **RITUALISM AND CATHO-**LICITY.

CEREMONIES OF THE RITUALISTS.

### HAVE THEY POWER TO ADMINISTER THE SACRAMENTS ?

cise this Protestant principle of referring all to one's private judgment evidence is every d y afforded us. For instance, the clergyman of one Ritualistic church wears a garment of such and such a color, the clergyman of that other Ritualistic church favors one of another color. One stands at this side of the altar at such a ceremony, whilst the other prefers the other side, and so on. In exercising this principle of private judgment, the Ritu-alists are acting outie in keeping with AN UNBROKEN LINE OF PONTIFFS AN UNBROKEN LINE OF PONTIFYS. The London Universe of April 10 re-ports a sermon by one of the Redemptor-ist Fathers on Ritualism in its relations to Catholicity, from which we extract the

principle of private judgment, the fifth-alists are acting quite in keeping with their character as Protestants. Truly, the Ritualistic Church is not a faultless building, and blind indeed must they be who could mistake it for that grand old pile which, founded by Christ himself upon a rock, has braved unseathed the terms of passion of prejudice, and of following: Ritualism, he showed, might be comgation surging to and fro. Every avail-able particle of room was occupied. The sanctuary of the altar was in the posses-sion of some ladies. Here was enacted on of the most solemn and extraordinary scenes perhaps ever witnessed. I beheld a people with minds wrought to the high-est pitch of religious excitement. As I watched the people praying at the gable wall where had appeared the visions that heave earned for Knock a fame almost

#### THE CATHOLIG RECORD.

## ANOTHER IRISH IDEA. AND A SINGULARLY GOOD ONE-HOSPICE FOR THE DYING.

[By a Discursive Contributor in the " Irish Monthly.

For in the shade of death I shall findly of Whether or not it is true—and I do be-lieve it is a fact—that no such institution as a hospice for the dying is to be found anywhere but in our own marvellously charitable land, certain I am that in no part of the known world, except Ireland, would one see on the public high road a great brass plate affixed to a gateway and earing the title I have just now named bearing the title 1 have just now mained. Anywhere else, the mere letter of the superscription would be considered as un-endurable as a vision of "a bare ribbed death," or an invitation to "come to sit upon the margent of our grave." But THE IRISH HAVE A WAY OF THEIR OWN of regarding death. They do not shirk the thought. It is mingled with all their prayers and has a place in all their blessprayers and nas a place in all their bless-ings. Though sometimes, like their Spanish kinsmen, they will, with their benedictions, well nigh wish that you may "live a thousand years;" still, they never forget to cap their huge desire with a

will, I think, allow that the Irishman more frequently than any other meets death with simple fortitude and becoming clam. He may not, perhaps, have lived up to the Christian standard; he may have overlaid his lamp of faith with questionable deeds; still, in the final hour, it from the wreck of earthly hopes and the ashes of a passion-consumed life, the flame bursts forth anew and brightens for him the narrowing path drawing "nigh even to the gates of death." And if this be the case in the event of "a more un easy and unhandsome death," such as re-sults from sickness or accident, how much upon a rock, has braved unscathed the storms of passion, of prejudice, and of persecution; which stands to-day as irrnly as in the beginning, and against which no human power can never prevail! In conclusion, the reverend preacher urged that, in pointing out to Ritualists the fundamental differences which separated Ritual sm from the C tholic Church, Ca-tholics would best show their love for parliamentarian forces in 1651. A young man, called the Baron of Castle being summarily sentenced to death, applied to Ireton for respite of execution until his return from his lodgings. The This having been granted, he broke open his trunks, and finding a new suit of white taffeta attired himself in it, and then taffeta attried innised in it, and then rode gaily to the place of execution. His demeanor astonished the by-standers; and when asked concerning his change of clothes, he replied that if to marry a crea-ture he should have done no less, why should he not do so now, when he be-vised to an avery here a standard to be a second to be a standard to be a second to be a standard to should he not do so now, when he be-lieved he was going to marry heaven? Unquestionably all die a good death who depart in the grace of God. However, when our people SPEAK OF A HAPPY DEATH, they mean something over and above. They mean that their hope is to have time to prepare for appearing in the divine presence; to retain their senses to the end; and to have some one in their the end; and to have some one in their last hour to speak strengtheng and con-soling words to them. When death is imminent, they consider it no kindness on the part of a friend to gloss over the matter and cajole them into the belief that they may recover. I knew of a physician who found comfort on his own death-bed in remembering that during his practice he had never allowed other world withpatient to pass into the other world with-out warning him to make his preparation Once he was attending a poor man who had been recently ejected by the "crow-bar brigade" and had hurt his leg in trybar brigade" and had hurt his leg in try-ing to remove some timber from the roof of his mud-walled cabin. An opera-tion became necessary, and after its per-formance the doctor saw that the patient was sinking. "Ronse yourself, man," said he, "you are going to die." Open-ing his eyes and fixing his gaze on the speaker, the poor fellow uttered these words: "God bless you, doctor; and God's will be welcome !" THE DOCTOR'S OWN TURN

but st length, looking fixedly at him, and raising his voice, he exclaimed with startling vehemence: "ARE YOU A PRIEST!

"ARE YOU A PRIEST! For if you are, why don't you say some-thing to warm the heart of a poor fellow that's going to leave the world? Why don't you stir up the faith in him?" Greatly do the poor Irish love to hear of Spanish kinsmen, they will, with their benedictions, well nigh wish that you may "live a thousand years," still, they never forget to cap their huge desire with a prayer for your happy passage to eternity. And these Irish blessings, covering the whole extent of life and culminating in the thought of dissolution, are pro-nounced as freely in seasons of joya si in moments of intense solemnity. At the wedding feast, amid smiles and con gratulations, just as surely as at the funeral rite, you will hear the favorite blessing—the "happy death"—reiterated. "A coveredbridge, Leading from light to light, through a brier the and also, no doubt, from their quench-less memory of the dead sweetly drawing the thoughts to that bourne whenee, in-deed, their departed friends cannot re-turn, but where they themselves most devontly reckon on rejoining them. And who shall say that this daily memento, this familiarity with "the strange events of death," saddens their outlook or disturbs the fountain of their spring of life? Rather, does not the timely recellection of the supreme goal towards which all who do not press y nevertheless reductantly driven, serve now to lighten a dark way, and again to the strange and which all who do not press y nevertheless reductantly driven, serve now to lighten a dark way, and again to the the labit he plain meaning was thin exertheless reductantly driven, serve now to lighten a dark way, and again to the ack their departed grine, serve now to lighten a dark way, and again to the supress reductantly driven, serve now to lighten a dark way, and again to the supress reductantly driven, serve now to lighten a dark way, and again to the supress reductantly driven, serve now to lighten a dark way, and again to the car heat heat a the deat at the supression the car heat heat at heat at the deat heat at a light was departeng and could not die easy until she heat at a heat at heat at the supression at the supression at the supression at the supression at

thitherward with the Christian's trust are nevertheless reluctantly driven, serve now to lighten a dark way, and again to caim a chafing stream? For content in life is not assured by forgetfulness of death, nor is there a panacea for misfor-tune in a drugged oblivion of the myster-ies which are the law of God. One thing at any rate is certain, THE IRISH AS A RULE KNOW HOW TO DIE. The priest, the doctor, every one who may have been cailed to attend men of different nation dities in their last hours will, I think, allow that the Irishman more frequently than any other meets death with simple fortitude and becoming "this habit won't answer me at all at all; "this habit won't answer me at all at all; it's too long entirely—hanging over my feet, I always cut my petitioants nice and tidy, so I did; and sure I couldn't have the like of *this* TRAILING AFTER ME IN PURGATORY!" For many a year it was the ardent de-sire of the frish Sisters of Charity to have a bases into which they could prefixe—

flame bursts forth anew and brightens for him the narrowing path drawing "nigh zeren to the gates of death." And if this be the case in the event of "a more un-asy and unhandsome death," such as re-sults from sickness or accident, how much so is it when the scene is heroic or con-fronting death with the martyr's serenity, or hastening to it with a gallant joy. A striking incident was that which is related as having occurred amidst the horrors succeeding the capture of Limerick by the parliamentarian forces in 1651. A young commensurate with their princely fortune, enabled the Sisters to meet the first large outlay, in altering and furnishing, so as to serve its new purpose, the house at Our Lady's Mount, lately the Novitiate of the Congregation; while the bequest of Mrs. John Sweetman, a member of another wealthy and eminently charitable family, supplied the means of carrying on the work of the institution in its first stage. stage. On the 9th of December, 1879, the Hosp for the Dying was formally opened with an impressive religious ceremonial. It was a happy inspiration to place the new institution under the protection of the Virgin Mother, who received the last sigh of St Joseph, and stood by the cross of the Redeemer of the world. Happy, too, was Happy, too, was Redeemer of the world. Happy, too, was the choice of the word "hospice," a word infinitely more pleasing than "hospital" or "asylum," "refuge" or "retreat," and making at once the urgency of the need and the limit of the stay. The word conjures up a vision of a SEA-BOARD CITY OF THE MIDDDE In the midst rises a house, towards In the midst rises a house, towards which pilgrims bound for the Holy Sepulchre, and already far on their way, painfully direct then steps. At the gate come forth to meet them Hospitallers vowed forth to meet them Hospitalers vowed to religious life and chivalrous deeds, robed in a long black habit and wearing a golden cross in the middle of the breast. These men of knightly countenance and tender hand lead in the pilgrims, wash their wounded travel-stained feet, refresh them with meat and drink, and then, ther wounded travel-stand feet, refresh them with meat and drink, and then, when rest and nature have restored their exhausted strength, send them forth once more in good heart with their faces turned to Jerusalem. Or again, the aus-picious title recalls the hospice on the Alpine heights, with its open door and grateful succor, when travellers, beaten by the winds and drenched by the rain-clouds, sinking under the fatigues and affrighted by the perils of the pass, find repose for their perturbed spirit and gain strength to accomplish yet another stage. Between the 9th of last December and the 9th of the ensuing March, that is to say, during the first three months of its existence, the hospice received no less than forty of these pilgrims and travellers. Nineteen passed to the other world. Some lingered for a few weeks; others departed after not many days; al, without excep-tion. thenked Co. after not many days; all, without excep-tion, thanked God for throwing open to them the gates and granting them a prayerful, peaceful time ere they were SUMMONED TO APPEAR BEFORE HIS FACE. Certainly the atmosphere of the place is well calculated to refresh the weary frame and soothe the suffering spirit. Here there is no gloom. The sunshine enters freely and brightens the walls, the birds sing and flutter on the boughs out side; dull and distant falls the murmur of the city on the ear-only the convent bell tolls near, sweetly and solemnly

ing his death he imagined he was another person, a patient under his own care. He felt his pulse, and said: "This poor man is sinking rapidly; nurse, give him a little ether. He will not see the morning sun ?" Next to the word of simple hard truth comes the sustaining or invigorating word, in the estimation of the dying Irishman. He waits expectantly for the strong, bright word to quicken the sperk within him, and uphold him in the presence of "God's messenger," the angel of death and deliver-ance. In a striking way was this need made known to a priest who had not been accustomed to minister to the poor, and still less to attend the death-bed of the children of St. Patrick. On the occasion referred to, he stood beside a dying Irish-man, to whom he was about to administer the last Sacraments. The man appeared for sometime hardly to notice his presence, but st leggth, looking fixedly at him, and rasing his voice, he exclaimed with startl-ing rotemanents. their own long journey. Thrice blessed will be the "pilgrims and strangers on earth" who rest in this hospice awhile, under the shadow of the cross, indeed, but with garments washed in the blood of the Lamb, and eyes fixed in loving trust on the Gate of Heaven and the Morning Star.

# RETTER THOUGHTS.

The cross and wounds of our Redeemer loudly proclaim His love for us. - Bernard.

We ought not to breathe as often as we ought to think of God--St. Gregory

Kind words produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They southe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer .- Pascal

In the lengthening twilight of life, 'ere the midnight of death closes in and around the bent, decrepit form of age, 'tis a sweet charity to lighten the approaching gloom and yield to their retrospect recollections of the times long gone.

An apparently impulsive action is some-times born of an almost unconscious thought, an unacknowledged purpose, a deeply-hidden motive, which to many would seem the child rather than the father of the deed.

Hope flies about the cradle and the grave Hope flies about the cradle and the grave alike; lives with the rich and poor alike; adds brightness to the smile and softens the sorrow of the present; glorifies the sur-roundings, and poetizes the magnificent. Hope is man's best friend, only to be quitted for her pale sister, Resignation, when Hope, turning away her radiant face, forbids all endeavor, whispering softhe "Submit" oftly, "Submit."

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir, or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down with any of the ills of human life; if thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss of brethren gone to that far distant land to which we all do pass — gentle and poor, the gayest and the gravest all alike—then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear the thrilling music of the forest birds. -McLellan.

Like Mary, let us be perfect in our obedience: then, as St. Liguori tells us, we shall please her in a special manner; we shall experience with her, and all the

at wealth, prosperity, and most of the od things this world can bestow—public

3

he extensive heir charter overnor and xpedition to ble stores of

undred part-

th proved red bribe King of he defence

maintain

ments, he s of the

its allegi-ne fall of

onths after

tween the who had.

o London, h Ambas-

and urge f securing Quebec to

brook the hold, after

f-sacrifice,

s heroisn

he British ed to await

nt, the in.

proceeded he support

he support iled not to

ec was due uced by his uit Fathers,

er ready to lvancement omotion of

materially

ernment to The de ormed soon

ament into

March 29th,

rench, who lay undis-

, effected hu

n-Laye, has

ce over the

American

nained after

ish it would nk in that

an colonies colonies with

nd interests or contempt

nd counten.

nating their

The effect

l for Britain

ion towards

dom could

e sense of country for s policy of

onists, at

ada to her

the influ

py precision ensation for

lves so soon

ars between

merica, conn for nearly ne taking of

engendered between the

wers which ed to Britain, e revolution Paris.. onclusion of Jermain-en-

both blo

France igning that ted British

region in the east, in the west.

nse

his efforts

g of 1633 he the difficult the English t only made ffered severe it had been e proclama-l it almost ed accommo strengthened nd recovered ines. Solici-tion of the ed his care to for that pur-of the Jesuit

ed, to lis-own eneral xejgic-onists, in the t live to withristmas-Dav ally regretted name is esteemed, and heroism

D. ON.

into the Irish John McHale Yorkz: Lynch very useful sher3, Messrs.

orietors of the New York h and English Wo-need not es to our Irish knawn to all, tion. Every py, and those uld send 25c. ition.

oved-what a e it is that we whole history the thousand us, almost un. course of in e dwell upon awful tender-; the bed of iefs, its noisewatchful as-ies of expiring , thrilling (oh the hand, the ing eye, turn-te threshold of ering accents, one more a shington Irving.

equal to that of Lourdes, I heard that A VISION HAD BEEN SEEN INSIDE THE by whom its varied demerits cannot be CHAPEL.

by whom its varied demerits cannot be perceived, Ritualism, oste-tatious in its imitation of Catholic ceremonies, may succeed in imposing on the credulity of those by whom the grandeur and sim-plicity of catholic truths are not fully realized. They see an edifice which is fair to the eye, and they do not take the trouble of enquiring whether it possesses those qualities of strength and durability, lacking which it must speedily be buried in hopeless ruin. There can be no pos-sible doubt that My informant, an intelligent and respectably-dressed young man said he had seen it himself. It appeared, he said, on a picture that overshadowed it. Amid great excitement he was called forth to the altar by Mrs. O'Neill, whose daughter had been cured by a visit to Knock. This lady, since the time of her daughter's recovery, since the time of her daughter's recovery, has taken a great interest in the appari-tions. Attired in a plain dark costume, and wearing her bonnet, Mrs. O'Neill stood in front of the altar the whole time exhor-ing the result is the result of the sector. ting the people to pray, and repeating prayers, which were said after her by those who said they saw visions. When the young man came forward she told him to kneel down, and, fixing his eyes on the window, repeat after her a prayer, which which we repeat after her a prayer, which she uttered aloud. He did so, and then turning to the people she asked them to kneel down and prav, and told them not to press too near the eastern wall. THE PEOPLE INSTANTLY BEGAN TO REPEAT

ing

The "Ave Maria," standing, the crush being so great as to almost prevent move-ment of the arms. The scene at this moment was one of the most intense ex-citement and utmost solemnity that could be more include the part of the scene at the certain amount of admiration for Ritual-ism; they profess to recognize a certain harmony between Ritualism and their own religion, and, though they do not go so far as to say that Ritualists are Catholics—for then, indeed, they would be surrendering an article of their faith— they treat Ritualism with a kindlmess at once mistaken and mischievous. Shirk-ing the task of pointing out explicitly the very real and serious points of diver-gence between Ritualism and the Catholic conceived. Nothing was heard but the be conceived. Nothing was heard but the voices of people raised in prayer, while on the faces of young and eld, men, women, and children, were depicted enthuiasm and religious fervor in their highest degree. Every now and then Mrs. O'Neill loudly exhorted the people to pray, and announc-ed what those called to the altar saw. Another young man then called out that he saw a vision. A passage was at once, but with much difficulty, owing to the crush, opened for him through the people. If the people had heard the previous announcement with emotion, they receivthe Spouse of Christ, and wherein the truth really abides. Pursuing the simile wherewith he started, he proposed to de-monstrate that the moral building called Ritualism hid very many and very seri-ous flaws—flaws in the roof, flaws in the ed this with cries of wonder and admiration. They pressed towards the altar, large who stood at the three doors, havto gain admission, been unable ous naws-naws in the root, naws in the walls, and flaws in the groundwork or foundation. Far from possessing the solidity of the divinely-established Catho-lic Church, which, founded on a rock, nothing can destroy, it has many ing been unable to gain admission, crowding against the surging mass within. In vain did Mrs, O'Neill tell them that they would pull down the altar unless they kept back, and the three men who Were acting under her direction tried in who keep the people a sufficient distance. While the last boy who stated he had seen a vision was kneeling, praying, and watch-ing and the people were praying with fervent anxiety, a girl of about sixteen or in the china can destroy, it has many defects and all the signs of swift decay. And, first of all, where is the roof of this moral edifice—that portion of the struc-ture on which the preservation of the rest so materially depends? In the Holy eighteen years, who happened to be stand-ing near where I was, cried out in a state Father Catholics have a head whom they love and obey. They know him to be the successor of St. Peter, whom Christ of the wildest excitement, and her eyes intently directed on the windows or wall above it, that she also saw a vision. She appointed his vicegrent and to whose or the committed his lambs and sheep, with the injunction that he should feed them. Catholics know that from the bewas called to the altar. Now many men was called to the attar. Now many hen and women in the congregation declared they also beheld visions. All night long these scenes continued, and sometimes the noise was so great that despite loud cries ginning until the present time, from Peter to Leo XIII., the Papal throne has been filled by AN UNBROKEN LINE OF PONTIFFS,

Day at length broke, and the light of dawn and they also know that at every period Protestants to shame.

tholics would best show their love for them.

# THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

In an interesting lecture on the "Hos pice of St. Bernard" delievered at the Rotunda, Dublin, last month, the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, LL. D., of Glasgow, said that the monks were all exceedingly intelligent, and combined musical and other accomplishments with theological learning. They fasted on Fridays and Saturdays, but imposed no restrictions in that way upon travellers, whom they treated with the utmost hospitality. Alluding to the Alpine flowers, he said the

RITUALISTS VERY MUCH RESEMBLE CATHO-LICS IN THEIR CEREMONIES. one that struck him most was his own beloved Scotch bluebell. Its blossoms They have auricular confession, com They have auricular confession, com-municn under one species, and he knew not what beside. They say "We are Catholics," and he regretted to say many Catholics, if they did not exactly concede the justice of the Ritualists' claim to be Catholics, went far towards it by saying, "After all, there is not so great a differ-ence between the Ritualists and us Catho-ber downeas the which we are divided is there, however, was far larger and of a deeper purple tinge, and it seemed to have changed the blue of the Scotch Covenanters for the Roman purple, thus doing in Rome as they do in Rome. The dogs were most intelligent and af-fectionate. There are only five of them y live of them They are tall lics; the space by which we are divided is very narrow indeed." They cherish a in the Hospice at present. They are tall and brown, with short hair, in appearance resembling the Newfoundland dogs, the breed, it is believed, have come originally certain amount of admiration for Ritual breed, it is believed, have come originally from the Spanish Pyrenees. Having men-tioned the excellent hospitality dispensed by the monks, and described the little chapel, which contains five altars, and is adorned with frescoes, paintings, and statues, he said that although they never asked any recompense for what they gave, and never hinted at a donation, there was the very real and serious points of diver-gence between Ritualism and the Catholic i hurch, they are no true friends of the High Church party, for their mistaken Heniency can have no other effect than to retard, or, perhaps, altogether frustrate their conversion to that Church which is the Snouse of Christ, and wherein the an alms box placed in the chapel to which he thought the traveller should contribute without contributing anything, though they were bedizend with gold chains and rings, and he regretted to say there was one Scotchman there who carried out his Convention minimized at the experise of the one Scotchman there who carried out his Conventer principles at the expense of the poor monks. Having disposed of as much as four ordinary men, he rubbed down his expansive stomach, and in the hearing of all he said he had made up his mind not to put anything into the alm-box lest he should countenance Popery. He found the monks very liberal in their views, and having no bigotry or intoler ance. There was one great lesson to be learned from a visit to the hospice of St. Bernard, and that was the lesson of bene. ficence. As a Protestant he did not love the Church of Rome, but he could not re-press the admiration which he felt for men like the monks of St. Bernard. They were, perhaps mistaken in their notions about their works of self-denial, but he felt convinced that they were unselfish in their motives, and carried out the great principles of the Sermon on the Mount in

uch a practical manner as to put many

THE DOCTOR'S OWN TURN

THE DOCTOR'S OWN TURN came not very long after. He had been " a good living man," as the people say, and was quite resigned to die. When his sister told him there was no longer hope, he expressed his gratitude to her for not concealing the fact, and thanking God that he never himself deceived a patient. In the last stages of his illness his mind wan-dered, and he seemed to fancy that he was already before the judgment-seat, and called on to give an account of his actions. He enumerated works that he had been the enumerated works that he had been engaged in, and named the societies to which he belonged. But these were all set aside, stampted as "ostentation." When, however, he came to what he had done for the poor, and his kind acts in the work-house (for he was medical officer of a country union in early poor-law days) the sentence was different—all things were "allowed." On the evening precedapprobation and applause—but what I now look back on with great satisfaction to myself is, that I have practiced the the duties of my religion." These were the words of a true American.

Devotion to Mary manifests, on the part of those that practice it, dispositions that inspire confidence as to their salva-tion. Sincerely devoted to the mother they cannot but be devoted to the Son and anxious to observe His commandments, which can alone lead to life. Filled with the desire of pleasing the Queen of vir-gins and becoming the objects of her prodesire to avoid sin, to fly the occasions of it, to correct their failings, and practice

Human life ! how inspiring, how bound-Human life! how inspiring, how bound-less, the theme! sadly, wildly, has the poet sung of it; calmlv, lucidly, has the historian traced its meanderings; earnestly, gravely, have the priest and the sage ex-posed and reproved its errors, from the birth of the race, the muse's story de-picts it, the scholar's research illustrates, the schemen's haraneme illumines and the statesman's harangue illumines and the statesman's harangue illumines and exalts; from the cradle over which the young mother bends with a novel sensa-tion of wonder and delight, to the bier around which all are melted with a com-mon sorrow, this life of ours is a marvel and a poem.- -Horace Greeley.

Cold and contracted, indeed, is that Cold and contracted, indeed, is that view of man which regards his understand-ing alone; and barren is that system, however wide its range, which rests in the mere attainment of truth. The highest state of man consists in his purity as a moral being; and in the habitual culture and full operation of those prin-ciples by which he looks forth to other reenes and other times. Among these ceptes by which he looks forth to other scenes and other times. Among these are designs and longings which nought in earthly science can satisfy, which soar beyond the sphere of sensible things, and find no object worthy of their capacities until in humble adoration they rest in the contemplation of God.—Aber-combine crombu

Gratitude towards Mary is one of the characteristics of the saints, who have all found pleasure in celebrating her greatness. "O Mother of mercy," said St. Anselm to her, "what tongue can express, or what in-tellect calculate, the number of captives of Sztan whom you have restored to liber by reconciling them with God !" "Yo liberty are," says St. Bernard, "that generous and compassionate Rebecca, giving your favors not only to the just, represented by Eliezer, but also to the sinners, represent-ed by the camels of that servant of Abraham." "How many benefits has the world received from you !" exclaims St. Bonaventure. "Praise, honor, power, St. Bonaventure. "Praise, honor, and glory be yours for all eternity

1

Ser.