C NOTES.

of Catholic dioceses 1,100. r Toulouse, a Protes ortune, has given shel-eligious.

on of Archbishop Fee-ought tears to the eyes

gregation. priory at Conception, e an abbey, with the nrad as its first abbot. now in Spain engaged

ers with the Provincial
He is expected to reweeks and lecture in
muary. Monde, and others of s of Paris, that during embach, the celebrated opera, received the last Church. His funeral emnized in the Church

ary of St. Teresa will years, and a writer in asks Italian Catholics ring for its celebration. tto Convent at Dalkey, lights burning in their t of distressed mariners. er gives information vreck seems imminent. ore, who is at present at on, has written to a immediately after the

e to appear again in his of Notre Dame. inicans were expelled ery in Toulouse, a few re offered a shelter by of that city, named M. who invited them to yed them with the great-

ominicans from France

e the names of a few of t Catholic musicians of ent: Balfe, Cherubini, Haydn, Liszt, Mozart, i, Spohr, Veroi, Clem-ounod, Bellini Pergolesi; Maria von Weber. of Roger of Tuscany,

ne, who was buried in al in 1210, was opened The body was almost destroy the texture of

g the names of the Cathno shed their blood for ghty. The two orders he most victims are the ign Missions and the Then came respectively of the Holy Ghost, the ustinians, the Priests of Missionaries of Algers, f Mercy. China, Japan, this Chiva Africa and hin, China, Africa, and on the theatres of these ich show that the Catholic the same God-given visavagely persecuted by

THOUGHTS.

gs seem, no evil thing

be good and true, and t, your trust will tend to -Max Muller.

k from the far-reaching r heart, but no other foot

read them.

teady and unbroken mind, ocks of the world, marks

r drowned in rain: you eath the water she always ce.—St. Pierre.

ndeed when he has friends to stand by him when his

your children to be good ood yourself, for, as the hat is born of a cat will

asses in which Our Lady herself for us. A thou-nore has she mentioned our n such a sweet, persuasive art of Jesus sought not to he things she asked were such as we are.—Fa. ember that the affliction

are many; but the Lord out of them all. Let us nasten to that haven of r Lord, patiently enduring mpted to say sometimes eyil spirit in things, which

n spiting us, thwarting our sting our will. The more w ourselves, the more irrime; the more we wish to nore they persist hard and re dentleness will cause us to a kindly and touch them and this regard and this and this regard and this were, restore their good-

Sands. s aspired, and, for my own ays been able, to find in that struck me as true and opinions. This character th, comprising all the frag-which exist clsewhere, is ggs one to enter the arena the name of the Catholic e is no end possible to hu-pecause each man holds a

ith, and stabs his adversary But Catholicism conint. But Catholicism con-irtues which men employ rince de Broglie.

ER RETURN.

t one out of every four real to Denver, Col., to recover turn to the East or South use. The undertakers, next pers, have the most This excessive unitality ted and patients saved and if they will but use they.

This we know. See Written for the Record. Prayer.

There's a glistening gem of ruby hue,
Its price is of wea th untold.
It shines with coronal beauty true,
The soul's fond wishes unfold.
It sparkles in the moral crown
As the rainbow befor the cloud,
And the gems of earth doth drown,
God's power and lovel'ness doth shroud.

'Tis the bead that glistens on th' immortal

The fruit of the Tree of Life,
O, it raises the weary and the way-worn up,
And dispels their gloomy strife!
The sweet st plant in the garden of the heart
Is this bright, pretty, blooming rose,
From God's golden arrow 'tis the piercing dart. To the gulfs of the soul it goes!

There's a charming song of graceful sound, It is waved on velvet wings, It is ge atly sweet in its onward bound, Wakes the soul's Eolian'strings!

It entrances the mind with pure delight, With its spirit-cords of loy—
Fills heaven and earth with rosy light, This bymn without alloy!

O! marvel, marvel its holy name, Of marve, marver its noly name, This spiritual treasure rare, Of this fartoo purely fair! This Ever-green of th' immortal soul Is named fond, tervent pray'r, It blooms at the Eastern happy goal, The soul's highest impulses share.

cited almost textually the word-picture drawn by the landlord deputation, and I said, "This is their own picture. If over-colored, how wicked is exaggeration de-signed to both." signed to back up a c y for coercion! If

Mr. Bagwell, indeed, strikes out on a Mr. Bagwell, indeed, strikes out on a bold line of historical defence of Irish landlordism. As a political institution I declars it a failure—a tailure toward Eng-land on the one hand, toward the Irish people on the other. Mr. Bagwell chal-lenges this. The real culprit, he says, is England. "Before God and man, England is responsible for Ireland". If she had is responsible for Ireland." If she had only let the Irish landlords have their way

only let the Irish landlords have their way with the Irish people, Ireland would now be a western Paradise. Credat Judaus, say I. That England is responsible for Ireland and for Irish landlordism is, indeed, most true. Mr. Bagwell is much astray if he conceives he is demolishing any position of mine by his declaration that "Irish landlords as a body are not the native aristocracy, but represent colonists who landlords as a body are not the native aristocracy, but represent colonists who were set over a conquered and reluctant population, and made to do England's dirty work, not at her expense, but at that of the annexed island." If I had said all this, I know what Lord Donough-

said all this, I know what Lord Donough-more would exclaim. But it is said by an Irish landlord in defense of Irish landlordism—nay, by way of confuting me.
I will not just now follow Mr. Bagwell indicated. Ireland (in any semblance of an organized nation) fought England for the last time at Limerick in 1691. The result was a captibulation on treaty. Had that solemn and sacred pact between the new regime and Ireland been honorably kept, the horrors of the penal code, the sweeping confiscations, the ruthless persecutions of the eighteenth century, would have been unknown; the Irish Parliament would have represented a nation not a would have represented a nation, not a colony, the healing spirit of patriotism and the sentiment of nationality would, as in England, have closed the wounds of the Jacobite struggle. William III., a sovereign absurdly misunderstood in Ireland, felt himself pledged as a man of honor, as a soldier, as a king, to that treaty. The Irish "garrison" landlords resolved that it should be broken, and denounced him for his determination to observe it.

capitulation treaty would clearly sustain the ki g; but for this danger the domi-nant territorialists found a specific. By an nant territorians found a specific. By an unconstitutional straining of the theory that each House was judge of the qualification of its members, they framed test oaths to exclude the minority. In utter violation of the Treaty of Limerick—Article IX. of which covenanted that no oath should be required of a Catholic other than the oath of allegiance therein in words set out (and which, curiously enough, are the exact words to which the Imperial Parliament in 1866 returned) the majority framed a test oath denouncing Catholic tenets as "damnable and idola-trous." In a stormy scene the Catholic peers and commoners had to retire. Then the majority had it all their way. They commenced an open struggle with the King over the Limerick treaty. William, to his honor be it said, stood out for four long years; but by starving the supplies they compelled him to give way. Then, like Pontius Pilate, he washed his hands of the guilty business, and gave over Ireland to the "garrison." Then it was, in that hour and under those circumstances,

A correspondent of the Roscommon Messenger writes: "On Sunday night there were very few in the chapel yard, but I may mention an incident which struck me very forcibly. While going round the chapel in the beginning of the night, reciting the Rosary, I thought I heard a child's voice repeating very frequently the 'Hail Mary,' I looked round, and I saw a child of tender years leading two blind men round the chapel; one of them was her father. I never felt so humbled in my life. I thought how dearly the Blessed Virgin must love that child, so obedient, so docile, thought how dearly the Blessed Virgin must love that child, so obedient, so docile, so ready to sacrifice her ease and repose through her love and filial affection for her poor father. During the night very many poor sufferers, especially among the poor class, and many of them badly clad, remain out praying fervently to the Blessed Virgin to obtain for them a cure of their maladies. As regards cures, I heard of one instance on my way to Knock of a lady of Scotland who recently recovered of one instance on my way to Knock of a lady of Scotland who recently recovered the use of her speech there. I had forgotten all about the cure, when, on going into a house near Knock, on Sunday, after first Mass, to take breakfast, a very respectable person who happened to be at the table told us that soms time previous she was walking one morning with this lady, and that she could scarcely utter a sound; that in the evening of the same day the same lady cume over to her smilling, and same lady come over to her smiling, and to her great surprise began to speak as well as ever. She then narrated how she had through his wide, and in some respects rather fameful sweep of Irish history previous to the eighteenth century. I will take him at his own period—the Revolution. It is, I think, capable of denomptation the weith of the respect structure. See the narrated how she had lost the use of her speech; and after consulting many doctors she went to one Scotch doctor who told her she never would recover. She told him in return demonstration that neither England nor Ireland would be troubled with "the smouldering civil war," of to-day, or any civil war, but for the conduct of the Irish landlord class at the very period thus indicated. Ireland (in any semblance of an organized nation) founds. Each of the conduct of the Irish landlord class at the very period thus indicated. Ireland (in any semblance of an organized nation) founds. Each of the conduct of the Irish landlord class at the very period thus indicated. Ireland (in any semblance of an organized nation) founds. Each of the conduct of the Irish landlord class at the very period thus indicated. Ireland (in any semblance of an organized nation) founds. Knock I will become a Catholic; and she intended on her return to remind him of his promise. I was sitting with one man myself after Mass on Sunday who had a bad leg. We were conversing for a good while outside the chapel yard; he had a crutch and a stick; he told me he was from the Pay, near Athlone; that he had been to Dublin with the most entirent. had been to Dublin with the most eminent doctors, and he said that he considered he received no benefit from them. This was his second visit to Knock; he was there a week before I met him on Sunday, or near it; I asked him on Sunday was he much better, and he did not appear to think he was, but he told me he was up every night during the time, and that he intended to go back by the train on Monday. I had left him then, and on Monday morning as the change. Monday morning, as the chapel was open about 5 o'clock or so, we were all in, at about 5 o'clock or so, we were all in, at least all those who had remained up during the night. After saying some prayers 1 sat down for a while under the altar rails, The powerful Catholic minority entitled

to sit in the Irish Parliament under the capitulation treaty would clearly sustain the king; but for this danger the dominant territorialists found a specific. By an that he could now walk with only a stick, and that he could rub down his leg now, which he previously could not attempt to touch; and he suited the action to the word. I believe there are hundreds of cures that no one will ever know anything about. I know one case myself that very likely will never come to the knowledge of the general public.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

LETTER FROM CARDINAL GUI-BERT.

The following letter has been addressed by his Eminence Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, to the members of the religious communities, dispersed by the decrees of March 29th. The letter has been

translated by the New York Freeman's

DANGEROUS READING.

SOMETHING FOR CATHOLIC FATHERS TO SONS AND DAUGHTERS ARE READ-ING ?-DO THEY GIVE THEM CATHOLIC BOOKS AND PAPERS?

We call the attention of all Catholic parents to the following secular testimony which we find in the New York *Times*, to the crying evils of the juvenile literature the present day.
Surely the evil must be very great and

alarming when a non-Catholic paper is horrified by it. Were we advocating the generous sup-

port of The Illustrated Catholic American by Catholic parents, we could not use more forcible illustrations of the evil literature

which it is intended to displace.

Parents have two clear duties to perform towards their children whom they have provided with the terrible power, good or evil, the art of reading. They must protect them against bad reading and to do this they must provide them with good reading and to do this they must provide them

The control requirement of the control of the contr

Stump; or, Little, but Oh, My! 'Chips and Chin Chin,' Stuttering Sam,' Tommy Bounce,' 'Tom, Dick and the Devil,' 'Shorty in Search of His Dad,' 'Tumbling Thank' is Search of His Dad,' 'Tumbling Stant's Search of His Dad,' 'Tumbling Search Bounce,' 'Tom, Dick and the Devil,' 'Shorty in Search of His Dad,' Tumbling Tim,'' &c. This is also an illustrated story, and the picture is supposed to be explained by the line, "'Whew! who would think there was so much dance in it?' cried the King, and, being unable longer to contain himself, he seized the horrified missionary woman, and began to dance with her." The next illustrated story is "'Ned Kelly and His Bushman,' a story of robber life in Australia, by a United States Detective." Then follow "'Young Capt. Prery, the Hero of 1812,' an exciting privateer yarn," and "'Billy Button, the Young Clown and Bar-back Rider,' a story of the circus," and "'A Balked Murderer,' by a New York Detective." Here is a choice variety to feed the mind of that dear young creature who is said to be fath r of the man—fire worshipers, robber life in Australia, a privateer yarn, a story of the circus, and a detective's story of a murderer! A single verse of the "poetry" of this exciting newspaper will no doubt be quite sufficient. It is will no doubt be quite sufficient. It is a story of the circus, and a detective's story of a murderer! A single verse of the "poetry" of this exciting newspaper will no doubt be quite sufficient. It is shipers, robber life in Australia, a privateer yarn, a story of the circus, and a detective's story of a murderer! A single verse of the "poetry" of this exciting newspaper will no doubt be quite sufficient. It is the chorus of a song CALLED THE "WIDDY M'CARTY'S BOARDING-CALLED THE "WIDDY M'CARTY BOARDING-CALLED THE "WIDD

Moster Whom we serve Ether disc we that the share has been been some some whom the property among some some some whom the property among some some some whom the property and the property of the property of

LOURDES AND TYNG.

[From the New York Times.]