My Little Woman

My little woman is not rich,
Stands not in that strong bisse of glory,
By fame flung to the lowest niche;
Bhe is not praised in song or story,
She wears no costly diadem,
Or medal for some deed heroic;
She dees not own a single season; loes not own a single gem; is not an angel or a stoic.

She never braved the roaring gale
To bring to land some half-drowned sailor
She'll never write a deathless tale,
Nor thousands at her death bewall her.
She clamours not for "woman's rights."
She aims not for the Legislature,
She has her little human spites,
And sees her own weak woman's nature.

She'll never sound the trumpet's blas', Or hine a star of any splendour. She's just herself, from first to last, Wiling or wifful, cold or tender. This is her portrait. Not too good, Of earth and dew, not superhuman. For common life, and common food, My best beloved, my little woman.

-CLARA BEATRICE COFFEY. THE SAINT OF THE SWORD OF GOD.

A Sermon preached on the Feast of St. Teresa, at the Church of the Carmelite Convent, Baltimore, by Father Ryan, S. J. "Do not think that I came to send peace upon earth. I came, not to send peace, but the sword."—Matt. x. 34.

These words contain the most striking and startling sermon our Saviour ever preached, and this sermon is most appro-priate to the glorious Saint whose Feast the Church celebrates to-day. St. Teresa is emphatically the Saint of the Sword of

The Sermon of the Sword is so important to all, that Our Saviour seems anxious we should not mistake His meaning. He begins with a caution. "Do not think," He says, "that I have come to give peace." But we may ask in all reverence: "Why, But we may ask in all reverence: "Why,

O Lord and Master, why should we
not think so? Are You not the Prince of not think so? Are You not the Prince of Peace? Was not 'Peace to men' Your birthday song when the angel herald gave to earth Your Christmas greeting? Had not Your prophets promised that at Your coming there should be peace, abundant, universal and perennial? Have we not, then, reason and a right to think that You have come to give peace on earth?' His answer is His simple assertion, but it is the assertion of God, that rules our reason and settles our right: "No; I have not come to bring peace, but the sword." He is terribly in earnest; He says what He means, He means what He says; and, as always when He nest; He says; and, as always when He wishes to be emphatic, He does what He says. He does before He says: practices this sermon before He preaches it. When He was leaving His Father's home He knelt for His Father's blessing. Before giving Him the blessing His Eternal Father belted the sword upon Him, saying. "Gird Thy award upon Thee. O rang: "Gird Thy sword upon Thee, O
Thou Most mighty in battle! Gird Thy
sword upon Thee! set out, proceed prosperously, and reign." Then it was He
called out from the ends of eternity for a warrior Woman to take the sword His Father gave him: "Mulierem fortem quis inveniet?"—Who will find me a valiant woman? The answer came: "Behold Thy handmaid!" Then came He, and sheathed the sword His Father gave Him in His Mother's brave and Virgin heart. Yes; He meant what He said in His Sermon of the Sword, and His Mother knew it. "After her shall many daughters be brought to the King," and each shall re-ceive the sword; but none, perhaps, so much like Mary, as His servant, saint and

The Sermon of the Sword is written in

The sermon of the sword is written in Teresa's heart. That heart, by wondrous miracle, is to this day fresh and fair, and in that heart of flesh is seen the very wound that came from the sword of God. From out that wounded heart what thoughts are revealed to Teresa's children. Thoughts most consoling for them, most encouraging for us; thoughts, to them of marvellous power; to us, of exceeding profit. Let us take from the sermon of Teresa's heart the thoughts that suit us best. Let us learn from her to use the sword God gives us, according to our needs and the measure of our strength. The sword of God is known from its work. We know what it is from what Christ tells We know what it is from what Christ tells us it does, and, according to His words, its work is threefold: it separates, it sacrifices, and it sanctifies. The sword that pierced the heart of Teresa was the sword that sanctifies—the sword of sanctity. Not, indeed, that the sermon written in the heart of sword of sanctives to use the sword of sanctives. our Saint does not suggest and suppose the sword of separation and the sword of sacrifice. The sword of separation, that cuts off all sinful and dangerous surroundings; cuts off the hand or the foot that may be the cuts off the hand or the foot that may be the occasion of ruin or scandal. The sword, too, of sacrifice, that strikes still deeper and touches the heart, conquering and killing the feelings and affections that are not all and only for God. This two-edged sword, cutting outward and inward, we have to use in poverty of spirit and purity of heart, and may learn from our Saint how to use it. This two-edged sword she used well, but so suddenly and so valiantly that it scarcely flashes from its scabbard that it scarcely flashes from its scabbard when its work is done. As a child she had conquered the world—left her home to die for Christ. Her Master wished that she should first live for Him and for that she should first live for Him and for Him only. And here she had to use the sword of sacrifice. Teresa was gifted with a large, generous, and loving heart. Such hearts God wants when He makes great saints. She had deep and strong affection for her friends. Her Lord would have her love Him only, and others in Him and for Him. With one brave blow of the sword of sacrifice the work was done. And this valiant woman, rising superior to her surroundings, superior to her surroundings, superior to herself. to her surrounding, superior to herself, said to her Saviour: "My God and my All, my heart is ready." Her heart was now ready for the sword of sanctity, for the work God wished her to do.

Sanctity is consecrated purity. Mundities Deo consecrata. Sanctity is two-fold, personal and apostolic. Personal sanctity is consecration to God for self-salvation and perfection; apostolic, consecration to God for the salvation and perfection of dragging me to the tribunal of God!"

It was believed that Voltaire would not church of Christ: the apostolate of prayer;—the apostolate of dignity and the apostolate of sanctity. These apostolates are distinct, and are sometimes separate. The priest has the apostolate of prover and of dignity. He forgives sins, and consecrates the Body and Blood of Christ. Neither power nor dignity depend on purity. A sinful priest can exercise both. But the apostolate of sanctity must always exist in the Church of God. Men are only chosen for the

Mun.

spostolate of power and dignity. Christ ects the bravest and best o women for the apostolate of sanctity and prayer. From a valiant band of the bavest and

the apostolate of sanctity and prayer.
From a valiant band of the bravest and best, He calls out Teresa to receive her sword. She walks forth in the strength of her comeliness and beauty, and, leaning on her Beloved, prepares her heart for the blow of the seraph's sword.

Were it only the sword that separates or the sword that sacrifices, it might have been brought by Gabriel, the Strength of God, or by Michael, the Warrior Angel. But when we need a messenger of the sword of sanctity—an Angel envoy, not with the apostolate of dignity or power, but of the apostolate of prayer—we must go up through the ranks of the heavenly host, pass by Angels, Archangels, Principalities, Powers, Virtues, Domifiations, Thrones—pass by the Cherubim, till we come to the very highest rank in the Heavenly Hierarchy—the Seraphim—those bright and beautiful spirits who are nearest God's throne, whose life is all and only contemplative, and whose blissful duty is to gaze in rapture on the face of God. A seraph it is who takes from God the sword of sanctity, tempers the blade in the fierce fire of love that issues from the heart of God, and, flying to earth onlicker, than, thought plances the in the herce fire of love that issues from the heart of God, and, flying to earth quicker than thought, plunges the flaming sword into the heart of our heroic Saint Teresa. Her heart, she herself tells us, was instantly inflamed with a wondrous love for God—a love for suffering and for souls. Before she received this wound her prayer was "to suffer or to die," Now her prayer is more perfect, it is apostolic—to suffer "to suffer or to die." Now her prayer is more perfect, it is apostolic—to suffer and not to die; to suffer and live for the salvation of souls. The most perfect kind of prayer is the prayer of suffering. And since the Son of God died on the Cross, suffering is the highest and holiest kind of action. The contemplative life is a life of suffering and prayer. It is an apostolic life, and the highest kind of apostolate—the apostolate of prayer. Theology tells us that the Seraphim who are nearest God's throne in Heaven, leading a life of perpetual contemplation, catch up from perpetual contemplation, catch up from the face of God the rays of light and truth and love, and flash them on to all the angelic hosts below them. These Angel contemplatives seem to be inactive, motion less;—but that steady look of theirs upon the face of God is the condition necessary to give light and strength to the hosts of Heaven, who do battle for the cause

So it is on earth. The sheen of the seraph's sword showed Michael the way to victory when the dragon fought against him. It was a scraph's sword Teresa received. She tells us she saw in vision a great battle on earth, a battle for the Church of Christ. Vast multitudes of the enemies of Christ and His Church were revised on to what they thought recoviled. moving on to what they thought would be a final attack, flushed as they were with first success. A brave little band sudfirst success. A brave little band suddenly appears, and occupying the pass, challenges the whole mighty army. Teresa recognizes the gallant leader of the company that fights for Christ and His Church. She has the sword the seraph gave her—the sword of sanctity, of light and love—the sword of prayer. This sword she unsheathes, and the cause of God triumphs. As she did then, her children do now. The legacy she left them was the sword. That sword must be wielded bravely as long as the Church militant lives. The Church of God never perhaps needed contemplative Orders more militant lives. The Church of God never perhaps needed contemplative Orders more than now. Her foes are Materialism and Naturalism. These enemies recognize and praise the good done by the active Orders in the Catholic Church. They praise what they believe in—the material and the natural—and in the works of such Orders there is much that is material and natural, though nothing that should be aither only there is much that is material and natural, though nothing that should be either only. The danger is that Catholics may be content with the enemy's empty praise of what appears, and forget that it is suffering and prayer that gives this active life its power, and that the contemplative is the soul of the active. But the especial need to the Church of the contemplative life now is that it is a living, perpetual profession of the Supernatural; a standsword of sanctity. We all may learn from our model how to use the sword of sacrifice. Let each and all resolve to fight the good fight till we lay down the sword and take up the crown.—N. Y. Free-

So it is on earth. The sheen of the

THE DEATH OF VOLTAIRE.

In the beginning of the year 1778 Voltaire left his quiet retreat at Ferney for the busy capital. He had been absent from Paris twenty-eight years, but he was not forgotten by his admirers there, and met with a most brilliant reception on his return. His carriage was drawn by the people; at the theatre he was crowned with laurels and rosses; the Academicians bestowed unparalleled honors upon him, and his disciples went mad with enthusiasm,—in fact, the homage paid him was almost idolatrous. But Voltaire was now an old man of eighty-four. Excitement and over-exertion brought on a hemorrand over-exertion brought on a hemorr-hage, of which he died a few months later.

According to the most authentic ac-counts, Voltaire expired in rage and despair, exclaiming, "I am abandoned by God and men!" He cried out to those false friends who besieged his antechamber: "Leave me! you are the cause of my misfortune. Leave me!" By turns he invoked and blasphemed God. Now in

written upon his countenance? Go look upon his statue at the Palace of the Hermitage. Mark that abject and shameless brow, and those two extinct volcances, where seem still smouldering the fires of sensuality and of hate; observe that cruel and malicious mouth, the pinched lips parted as if about to utter a sarcasm or to launch forth a blasphemy.

"When I think of this man—of what he was, and of what, with his great talents, he might have been—I am filled with a sort of holy rage. Other men by their excesses have astonished Virtue: Voltaire astonished Vice. Paris crowned him: he would have been banished from Sodom."

In one of his admirable "Letters to Young Men," Father Lacordaire writes: "What is there to read in Voltaire after his dramatic works? His "Contes," his "Dictionnaire Fhilosophique," his "Essai sur les Mœurs des Nations," and that multitude of nameless pamphlets launched at every turn against the Gospel and the Church? Twenty pages enable us to judge of their literary worth and of their moral and philosophical poverty. I was between seventeen and eighteen when I read that series of mental debauchery, and I have never since been tempted to open a single volume: not because I was afraid of their doing me harm, but from a deep conviction of their worthlessness. Unless it be for purposes of-reference with a useful cand, we must confine curselves to the masterpieces of great names; we have not end, we must confine curselves to the masterpieces of great names; we have not time enough for the rest. We have, con-sequently, still less for those writings which are, as it were, the common sewers of the human intellect, and which, not

withstanding their flowers, contain nothing but frightful corruption."

Voltaire's philosophy consisted in the denial of all religion and morality; his watchword was, "Destroy the infamous!" by which he meant the Catholic religion. At the end of the twenty years which he had blasphemously allowed to God, God said, "Destroy the infamous!" and Vol-

TRIBUTE

TO THE CATHOLIC CLERGY FROM A LUTHERAN MINISTER.

Un. Ex.
A Lutheran minister writes the follow

A Lutheran minister writes the following beautiful letter regarding our Catholic priests, to the Deutsche Landes Zeitung:

"Pope Gregory VII. was well aware of what he was doing when he enforced with unrelenting strictness the celibacy (though already prescribed by the old canon laws) of the priests in the Roman Church. This Church is in her whole nature a militant one, and it lies in the nature of the thing itself that her priests must fight in the foremost ranks. But how much those warriors, not bound to this life by wife or children, excel their married comrades in courage and disdain of death is evident enough. A glance at the Roman priests of the present age proves how well Gregory understood the nature of his Church, and with what certainty he made calculations for her. The band of Roman priests is a band of heroes. They wage the war forced upon them by the present state of worldly affairs with an uninterrupted fire reminding one of the old rupted fire reminding one of the old

Roman legions.
"With amazement the world looks upo those men, who cannot be compelled by any force whatsoever to do anything con-trary to the regulations of their Church. any force whatsoever to do anything contrary to the regulations of their Church. They allow themselves to be driven from office and from their tables; they allow their property to be seized; they allow themselves to be cast into prison, and, uncurbed, they persevere, and repelled to-day they will be found to-morrow at their old posts. They are priests, they are warriors, they are men.

It is not the least prerogative of the Roman Church, that in her are to be found priests, that is, men of deeds and not of rhetoric, of words alone. A half year may have passed since the terrible news reached us that a French vessel ran into a Spanish steamer in the darkness of night,

Spanish steamer in the darkness of night and sank beneath the stormy waters in ten minutes with passengers and crew.
While the flood burst into the ship and upon the deck, the one weeping, the other praying, the third staring in silent despair, a Catholic clergyman hastened from one group to another, announcing to all contrite of heart, pardon of their sins in the name of God, before whose judgment-seat they should appear in a few moments thereafter! Sublime picture of a priest! Praise your generals who, in the battle's tumult present their bosoms to the hostile bullets; extol your statesmen who, with tranquil eye, look into the barrel of the pistol raised against them by an assassin; compared with the priest they must step into the dark. Where all have lost their presence of mind he is calm, where all shudder at the open grasp of death, he reaches up with asfe hands into Heaven, and offers life to the dying.

"And among one hundred clergymen of the Roman Church we find ninety-nine equal to this, Among one hundred clergymen of the Evangelical Church we might, perhaps, find one. Yes, we Evangelical pastors are great in words, and whoever overhears us in our private circle

whoever overhears us in our private circle must obtain the highest idea of our courage; even whosoever hears us at our con-ference should become terrified at our energy. But if it depends to transfer our energy. But if it depends to transfer our words into actions; if it depends to make head against the world, and to cover with our bodies that flag which we have held up so defiantly but shortly before, then our souls fall to the ground, our courage is ashes. Here wife and children cry: "Let not that bappen to you;' there overanxious friends will come. But what determines the whole issue is that our courage is artificial, and that it is wanting in solid background. The Catholic clergy. my misfortune. Leave me!"
my misfortune. Leave me!"
he invoked and blasphemed God. Now in a pleading voice, again with accents of remorse, but oftener in a paroxysm of fury, he cried out: "Jesus Christ!" The dying man writhed upon his bed, and tore his flesh with his nails. In despair he exclaimed: "I feel a hand dragging me to the tribunal of God!"

It was believed that Voltaire would not die without retracting his errors and conditions as he had done often to the die without retracting his errors and conditions as he had done often to the court of the contradiction.

Church on account of the contradiction the contradiction of the Church, and the died of the Church of the church

RELIGIOUS CELIBACY.

Philadelphia Standard. The New York Independent replies to our recent remarks on religious celibacy, that is, celibacy from religious motives, in a spirit of courtesy which we appreciate

in a spirit of courtesy which we appreciate and reciprocate.
"Never, never," it says, "friends of the Catholic S'andard, do we, while approving Florence Nightingale's and Agaesiz's devotion, 'disapprove of still deeper devotion for the promotion of higher objects on the part of Catholic Priests and Monks and Sisters, and their abjuring marriage in order that they may give themselves undividedly to those objects.' If a man or woman makes up his mind that he can do more good single than married, we will not blame him. That was Paul'a view of his own duty," etc.

In the body of this quotation the Independent seemingly gives up the whole

pendent seemingly gives up the whole contention. It does not disapprove of Catholic Priests and Monks and Sisters Catholic Priests and Monks and Sisters "abjuring marriage" in order that "they may give themselves up undividedly" to works of charity and religion. Thus far the Independent agrees with the Catholic Standard. But then it commences to qualify. "If a man or woman makes up his mind," it says, "that he can do more good single than married, we (the Independent) do not blame him."

Here the Independent relegates the question of celibacy or marriage on the part

Here the Independent relegates the question of celibacy or marriage on the part of the person intending to devote himself or herself exclusively to a religious life, entirely to his or her private judgment. "If a man or woman makes up his mind," on this subject, says the Independent. But in this qualification our contemporary reopens the whole question. For just at this point, the Independent and the discipline of the Catholic Church diverge, and move in directly opposite directions. The move in directly opposite directions. The Independent would have every man or woman who wishes to give himself exclu-

sively and undividedly to a religious life, to enter upon that life, and then decide for himself whether he will marry or remain a celibate. But that the Catholic Church does not permit. It forces no one into a celibate life. It prohibits marrisge to no one who chooses to marry. But it makes celibacy a condition precedent to every one who wishes to enter upon a to every one who wishes to enter upon a religious life. It does so wisely, and for the reasons (among others) which St. Paul sets forth in the seventh chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians. We need not here repeat them in detail. They sum themselves up in the simple state-ment that the marriage relation is incom-

patible with the exclusive, "undivided" devotion to religious objects and pursuits, which an exclusive religious life pre-supposes and requires.

The Independent thinks that its view of the subject was "Paul's (why not Saint Paul's) view of his own duty." Here the Independent is greatly in error. St. Paul, in the chapter we have cited refers to himself and his "own duty" only by way of example and illustration. His main purpose is to instruct the Corinthians on the subjects of marriage and celibacy, their relative marriage and celibacy, their relative merits, and the necessity of those remain-ing unmarried who would devote themselves exclusively and undividedly to a religious life. St. Paul says plainly that the state of celibacy from religious motives is higher than that of marriage: that he "would that all men were" even as himself, a celibate; but that "every one hath his proper gift from God, one after this manner and another after that," one to be and continue a celibate, and another to marry. St. Paul then goes on to show to marry. St. Paul then goes on to show that those who marry cannot devote them selves entirely and unreservedly to a religious life; and gives a plain and irrefutable reason—because they are "divided."

The man or woman who marries cannot be entirely and solely "solicitous for the things that belong to God," because he or she must be also "solicitous for the things of the world," "how he may please his wife," and "how she may please her hushard." St. Paul, therefore, does not merely e

The Independent regards it as "tyranny" that the Catholic Church "will not allow any one to enter the priesthood unless he foregoes marriage," and says that "for this tyranny it can bring no apostolic author-

What we have shown, however, respecting St. Paul's teaching on the subject, conclusively proves that there is abundant apostolic authority for the rule of the Catholic Church. As for its being "tyranny," that—with all due respect to the Indoordant we say it—is simply bosh.

he Independent we say it—is simply bosh.
The Catholic Church simply follows a rule of common sense and sound reason which not only St. Paul lays down, bu which not only St. Faul lays down, bac-which finds an analogy in a thousand secular pursuits. If an employer desires to engage workmen, he selects those who are competent to do his work efficiently. If a recruiting officer enlists men to a ecome soldiers, he subjects them to a physical examination, so that his recruits may be physically competent to endure and perform what a military life requires. If they cannot endure that they are rejected.

In like manner, and in perfect accordance with St. Paul's teaching, the Church makes celibacy a condition precedent to every one's entering upon a religious life. If not prepared to fulfil this condition, then they must not enter it, but are free to marry. The Church, therefore, does with regard to this precisely what St. Paul says: "If they do not contain themselves, let them marry (but not dare to enter a religious life). For it is better to marry than to burn."

We need not follow our contemporary.

We need not follow our contemporary any further. St. Paul settles the whole question, and the Catholic Church in carrying out his counsels, follows the

require of us to make disparaging statements respecting Protestant ministers, their work etc., which we have no desire

to make, and to make which, however conto make, and to make unitar, in such state-clusively we might sustain such state-ments, would only stir up strife and angry contention, and result not in good, but in

The wisdom and sound reasons for the rule of the Catholic Church bave shown themselves in every age, and in none more conspicuously than that in which we

DAUGHTERS OF MARY.

THE TRUE MISSION OF CATHOLIC WOMEN. THEIR PART IN REGENERATING A WICKEI

On the late festival of the Holy R. On the late festival of the Holy Rosary, Rev. Father McGinnis, S. J., preached in Detroit, Mich., a devout and eloquent sermon on the institution and advantages of that beautiful devotion to the Mother of God. After narrating its history and some of the many wonders accomplished by it, he warmly inculcated the practice of it on his hearers, and then continued:

Yes, brethren, it is our bounden duty to oppose a firm, stubborn resistance to the onward march of vice and error. Time and talent, if not employed to that

Time and talent, if not employed to that effect, are not worth the having. We all of us have a hely mission, and can accomplish wonders, each in his way; but there is one among us, who, I am satisfied, is called in the present conjuncture of affairs to a special apostolate, and who in imita-tion of the perfect type of all womanly greatness, can turn back the tide of un-godiness that is threatening to sweep over society, and that person is Christian woman. She is the Judith that is to slay the Holofernes of our own times, the demon of contemporary error.

demon of contemporary error.

The better to appreciate the importance of her task, it is well to cast a glance at the character and strength of the enemies that surround us. First, there is heresy, which has always been, when in a vigorous state, a source of much disturbance in the great Christian commonwealth. But to day heresy is in the sere and yellow leaf. The sects are losing ground and losing caste. The last of the famous heresles after a struggle of more than But to-day heresy is in the sere and yellow leaf. The sects are losing ground and losing caste. The last of the famous heresies after a struggle of more than three hundred years is rapidly going down to the grave; and the close of the present century will probably see it consigned to the tomb forever. It was a stubborn foe, and it wrought us a world of wrong; but in spirit of Christian charity, we shall not refuse to pray peace to its ashes. It is passing away. But certain times it rallies and shows signs of renewed life and vigor. passing away. But certain times it rallies and shows signs of renewed life and vigor. And yet, sooner or later, it must go glim-

mering into oblivion.

But the vacancy made by departing heresy is not left unoccupied. A worse form of infidelity than that of Turkish form of infidelity than that of Turkish Mohammedanism is rising up in the tracke of the former enemy. It is none other

BLASPHEMING ATHEISM. It is that malignant spirit that has been so aptly likened to a darkling owl that

"Sailing on obscene wing athwart the moon Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven cries out, "Where is it?" Up to a recent date men have con

Up to a recent date men have commonly agreed with the Psalmist that "the heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands;" and with St. Paul, that "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." But now, at last, the sages have read the story of the rocks, and explored the starry depths of the heavens, and dived down to the foundations of the sea; and lo! they triumphantly announce to the world that triumphantly announce to the world that they find no traces of creative power any-where. Things must have made themselves, and there is an end of the Christian cosmogony. Absurd as these declarations are, they are made with such a show of authority, and clothed in such BRILLIANT, BUT DELUSIVE RHETORIC

that hundreds and hundreds are but to easily induced to embrace an error which, they flatter themselves, will silence the voice of conscience and relieve them of all responsibility to an All-holy and All-just Master of their future.

The third great evil of the hour is

man's chief good be but to sleep and feed, he is no better than a common animal. Now, if the effect of the mitigated sort of sensuality is to degrade men to the level of the lower animals, what shall we say of that unbridled libertinism which has spread its leprous blight from sea to sea? What shall we say of

THAT MONSTROUS DEPRAVITY,
one chapter of whose foul story has but
lately thrilled the Christian world with
horror? Say we no more than the herror? Say we no more than that its crimes, as St. Paul reminds us, are too shocking to be even mentioned among us. But it is good for us to know whereunto the irreligion of the new evangel

leads.

The Church of God, my dear brethren, is to be the savior of existing society, if this society is destined to be saved; and in this society is destined to be saved; and in the work of regeneration which must be undertaken, the most potent influence is to be exerted by Christian woman. If you ask me for an explanation, I answer that in a moral reformation—which is a spiritual enterprise—the best Christian is sure to do the most telling work; and I hereby submit it as my sincere conviction that the average Christian woman is better than the average Christian man; or in other words, that the sum total of womanly godliness is far in excess of that of man. of man.

The work we are considering is God's work. It is therefore a work of humility.
Every spiritual movement must be such.
Pride has never done other good than demonstrate its own folly. He or she then,

BEST FITTED FOR GOD'S WORK who has the largest store of humility who has the largest store of humility; and I think most of you will allow that there is less humility in man than in woman. Heresy and infidelity are pride's masterpieces; and the heresiarchs and arch-infidels are men. The pride of man rests like a mildew on the face of the Lord's vineyard. The superb role which man has to fill as lord of the visible creation is very antic turn his head. Woman

part.
Again, God's work is a work of prayer. Self-assurance and mere manly energy will deny, are not the conditions of success. No Saturday.

amount of herculean effort will avail a whit if not animated by a spirit of prayer and trust in God. No undertaking in God's cause will prosper without His blessing upon it, and his blessing is the prize of prayer. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." And it is a notorious fact that the women of our Catholic laity are more pious than the men. There are thousands of saintly Monicas to plead for our thousands of wandering Augustines. The Christian woman is accordingly actuated by a more lively spirit of faith; for in the Christian prayer and good works are an exponent and measure of faith. So here we have another good key for the solution of the problem under discussion. amount of herculean effort will avail a

we have another good key for the solution of the problem under discoussion.

Once more: While it is certain in a sense that the child is father of the man, and that "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," it is no less true that woman is in a position to exercise the greatest influence on early education. Two-thirds of the vices of society are attributed to

DEFECTIVE HOME TRAINING

Oh, the responsibility of the Codician mother! Let her realize it well. Let reconstant care be to inspire her chargen with a horror for sin and sinful associations, especially for those forms of vice which in the young are the roots of future license and infidelity. Let her remember that she may thus become not only an angel guardian of her own household, but also a benefactress of the whole human family. family.

There is still another point upon which I mere is still another point upon which I might perhaps enlarge with profit; but I shall have to be satisfied for the nonce with the simple statement that Christian woman wields a stupendous power for good or for evil in the avoidance or choice of an unholy matrimonial alliance.

In fine, in every walk of life and sphere of employment the Christian woman is furnished with opportunities of

y the quiet influence of her bright examated by the splendid example of her strict attention to religious obligations, they will pause in the midst of their worldworship to ask themselves:

"What are men better than sheep or goats, That nourish a b ind life within the brain, If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer, Both for themselves and those that call them friend"

If woman be true to her divine voca-tion in society, her influence will spread like a circle in the water. The luke-warm Christian man, aroused by the sublime sermon of her virtues, will study to improve his way; the unbeliever will renounce his silly cant and be a man once more; the slave of passion will hang his head in sorrow and in shame; and so, under the ausgices of Her whom Christians years to study the great research. tians venerate to-day, the great regenera-tion will go on and on, until

The whole round earth is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

THE BISHOP OF BOSTON.

Here is a pleasant picture of the Cath. olic Bishop of Boston, a man respected, it not admired, by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. It seems that Mariotti was at one time absolutely penders the Boston of the seems that the Boston of the seems that Mariotti was at one time absolutely penniless. He had heard that the Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston had a fund entrusted to him for the relief of those of his flock who might chance to be in distress. After a good deal of hesitation and with extreme reluctance, he called upon the prelate for relief. This is what took place:

My feet almost instinctively seemed to take me to the neighborhood of the

While the flood burst into the ship and startled from their sleep the unfortunate passengers, who gathered in wild disorder upon the deck, the one weeping, the other praying, the third staring in silent despair, a Catholic clergyman hastened from one group to another, announcing to all centricities of heart product of the catholic clergyman hastened from one group to another, announcing to all centricities of heart product of the catholic clergyman hastened from one group to another, announcing to all centricities of heart product of the catholic clergyman hastened from one group to another, announcing to all centricities of heart product of the catholic clergyman hastened from one group to another, announcing to all centricities of heart product of the catholic clergyman hastened from one group to another, announcing to all centricities of heart product of the catholic clergyman hastened from one group to another, announcing to all centricities of heart product of the catholic clergyman hastened from their future.

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The third great evil of the hour is licentiousness. On a former occasion I characterized a milder form of this vice as the clock struck ten. The building was all in darkness. All the inmates had probably retired. With that vague hope man's chief good be but to sleep and feed, he is no better than a common animal to the clock struck ten. The building was all in darkness. All the i bewildered, and the doorkeeper was almost frightened. "Whom do you want?"

"Monsignore.

"This way, if you please." And, to my surprise and dismay, I was at once admitted, and found myself in the pre-

late's presence.

He was a dignified, good-looking man somewhat portly and fresh-colored, and with an unmistakable English face; al-most as handsome a man as Cardinal Howard. He rose slightly from his seat, and with an air of great benignity, asked

me "my ousiness."
What I told him, in what words I explained my want, on what terms I preferred my request, no effort of memory would now bring back to me. He made no remarks and asked no questions. He simply opened a malogany box on the table before him; he took out two gold nieces and six paper dollars, and laid pieces and six paper dollars, and laid them before me, apparently without counting them. Thus ended the interview. * * Three mouths later, I had saved money enough to be able to make up a packet, with the sum of sixteen dollars, which I addressed to the bishop with compliments and thanks, still main taining myself anonymous; and I delivered it with my own hand at the mission.

house door.
I had occasion to meet that bishop at later period at one of Mr. Ticknor's the house amiably introduced me to his lordship. The bishop was bland and courteous, and talked to me without the least shade of constraint or embarrassment, as he might have done with a stranger never seen before. Had he really forgotten me? or did he fail to carrying out his counsels, follows the apostolic rule and practice.

The Independent invites us to a comparison of the Catholic Clergy with the Protestant Clergy as regards "consecration, intelligence, and character." We respectfully decline the invitation, at least for the present. We have already overrunt the space we had intended occupying on this subject, and such a comparison would require of us to make disparaging state.

Heresy and infidelity are pride's really forgotten me? or did he fail to recognize in the broad blaze of many retribled to recognize in the broad blaze of many retribled to recognize in the broad blaze of many retribled to recognize in the broad blaze of many retribled to recognize in the broad blaze of many retribled to recognize in the broad blaze of many retribled to recognize in the broad blaze of many retribled to recognize in the broad blaze of many retribled to recognize in the broad blaze of many retribled to recognize in the broad blaze of many retribled to recognize in the broad blaze of many retribled to recognize in the broad blaze of many retribled to recognize in the broad blaze of many retribled to recognize in the broad blaze of many retribled to recognize in the broad blaze of many retribled to recognize in the production of the visible creation is not exposed to that temptation. Here, and the herestarchs and the herestarch one may please, the bishop, as no one will deny, was a gentleman.—Every other

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