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more to en-ect your char-ion and exalt all the 'ora-led from the sand years.'

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breathed from never admires our own sex s or beauteous creation more a young girl of a new exand true; offope alone, but dim vista of g thought, un-feelings, which must still be be many who eel no interest not in such is cure, and there-e be judged.— *'edars.*" nners and be-

nong the most s; because so happiness of a ends upon the members. Only ill restrain and eaching galling, to deceit. Resers, loving at-he parents, the hat are claimed heir young as nts, which car areful parental rictly attended on of families glect, so annoy-d to endure or to the young an be traced to eachers seldom er any obliga-blitely. If our tise the polite hy should they any great im-as strong claims as their elders esy as we show bected to, if ex-ll not interfere ence, or obedi-which is desir-. Parents and will find an children good mple as well as mple as well as lished manners not easy to de m "good man-never any book e term compre-thall, educated ly possess this ly recognized. a page on eti-of the rules that open sesame e beautiful extraining. We it, but there is e something by Henry Ward

T.

way.

## FRIDAY, JULY 23.]

#### The Fire by the Sea. BY ALICE CAREY.

There were seven fishers with nets in their And they walked and talked by the seaside Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall ords they spake, though they spake so The wo

Across the long, dim centuries flow, And we know them, one and all-Aye! know them and love them all. Seven sad men in the days of old; And one was gentle, and one was hold:

seven sad men in the days of old; And one was gentle, and one was bold; And they walked with down ward eyes; The bold was Peter, the gentle was John, And they all were sad, for the Lord was gone, And they knew not if he would rise— Knew not if the dead would rise.

The livelong night, till the moon went out In the drowning waters, they beat about; Beat slow through the fog their way; And the sails dropped down with their wring-ing wet, And no man drew but an empty net, And now twas the break of day-The great, glad break of day.

"Cast in your nets on the other side !" ("Twas Jesus speaking across the tide;) And they cast and were dragging hard; But that disciple whom Jesus loved Cried straightway out, for his heart was moved: moved; "It is our risen Lord— Our Master and our Lord !"

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat, Went over the nets and out of the boat– Aye! first of them all was he; Repenting sore the denial past, He feared no longer his heart to cast Like an anchor into the sea– Down deep in the hungry sea.

And delighted at our arrival. Altendeaton Cavanagh, the holy and respected pastor of Knock, came forward and extended to us a hearty and kindly greeting. All then knelt down to receive Father Cavanagh's benediction, after which they entered the

church, in order to commence the devo-

ing to Father Cavanagh's wish, we waited

He addressed us in winning language,

much on that head as the time had not vet

Anderson.

And the others, through the mists so dim, In a little ship after him, Dragging their nets through the tide; And when they had gotten close to land, They saw a fire of coals on the sand, And, with arms of love so wide, Jesus, the crucified !

'Tis long ago, and long ago Since the rosy lips began to flow O'er the hills of Gallilee; And with eager eyes and lifted hands The seven fishers saw on the sands The fire of coals by the sea. On the wet, cold sands by the sea

"Tis long ago, yet faith in our souls Is kindled just by that fire of coals That streamed o'er the mists of the sea Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat, Went over the nets and out of the boat, To answer, " Lov'st thou me ?" Thrice over, " Lov'st thou me ?"

# PILGRIMAGES TO KNOCK.

#### A REMARKABLE SCENE - PRESENTATION TO THE CHURCH-AMERICANS AT THE SHRINE-CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF KNOCK.

We take the following account of the visit of the Drogheda pilgrims to the shrine at Knock from the Dublin Nation of June 26:

The shrine of Our Lady of Knock, County Mayo, has now become a matter of worldwide celebrity, and any thing published re-garding this holy place is read with avidity by Catholics, but particularly Irish Catho-lics, at home and abroad. It may not be uninteresting, therefore, if I place before your readers an account of a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of Knock of a section of te famous shrine of Knock of a section of the members of the Augustinian Confra-ternity, Drogheda, which is attached to the Augustinian church in that town. The pilgrimage left Drogheda on Tuesday, 15th inst. The Very Rev. James A. Anderson, prior O. S. A., on being recently promoted from Ballyhaunis to Drog-heda, conceived the idea of forming a male branch of the Arch-Confraternity of St. Augustine and St. Monica, and after some little difficulties he succeeded in establish-ing a body which is now, after only a few weeks' existence, one of the ing a body which is now, after only a few weeks' existence, one of the most flourishing confraternities in Ireland. To visit the famous shrine of our Lady of Knock was the next desire of this ener-getic priest, and, having acquainted the confraternity with his views on the mat-ter, they at once cordially and gladly

civilly and kindly received. The hotel by the people of Ballinrobe, Ballindine, accommodations and fare was first-class, etc. Father Cavanagh, in a short time add the cost most reasonable. At five o'clock next morning we were all up and stirring, and, having completed our toilets, we left on vans and cars for the church of Knock, which was about five

etc. Father Cavanago, in a short that afterwards, blessed a number of rosary beads, medals, crucifixes, quantity of water, etc., for the members of the confraternity. A handsome sum of money was subscribed by the members, and presented by Father Anderson to Father Cavanagh, as the first miles distant. After a rapid drive we came within view of the church, the great offering for the building of THE NEW CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF KNOCK.

object of our long journey. We then descended, and fell into ranks, and, headed by Father Anderson, wearing his soutane and berretta, we marched with bared heads The members then separated, and went about in different lirections. Approaching the gable where the alleged apparition was seen, your correspondent observed it covered with boards to the height of over and in deep reverence to the church, sing-ing the "Ave Maria Stella." Early though it then was, the church and its surroundings were thronged with people, and the different roads were thickly dotted forty feet, to prevent further damage, the cement having been entirely removed by the people for its wonderful curative powers. Father Cavangh told me that and the different roads were thickly dotted with crowds hurrying on to the church. Previously Knock was a place containing two or three thatched houses, but now the appearance of the place was quite different, and you might, in imagination or by a stretch of fancy, consider you were in a frontier settlement in the back woods of America or Canada, or far-off Australia. All along the narrow r-adway leading to the church a row of wooden houses or shanties is erected, and day by day thus street of houses increases, so much so who came from the land of the west of from England for the healing of bodily all-ments. One gentlemanly-looking man came from New York on the Monday previous, with letters of introduction from his parish priest to the Most Rev. Dr. Machale and Father Cavanagh. He was a science in the American generation. A WOODEN TOWN IS NOW TO BE SEEN AT KNOCK. We marched past the church, and drew up

opposite the gable where the apparition is alleged to have appeared. Crowds of people flocked around us, and by their kind looks and warm expression we saw they were evidently agreeably surprised and delighted at our arrival. Archideacon Causanow the holy and respected pastor colonel in the American army, and "DID THE STATE SOME SERVICE"

in the late war. Another man, with a stiff knee, told me he came from Cleveland, in the State of Ohio, and landed on Monday from the steamship Britannic. He day from the steamship *Britannic*. He informed me that since his coming he felt considerably better, and added at present in America any one having an ailment and able to command his passage money is hurrying over to Knock. It was from the church, in order to commence the devo-tions of the day by assisting at Mass. The banner was placed at the Gospel side of the altar. Father Anderson celebrated Mass, and an appropriate selection of music was sung by the members of our party. Mr. John M. Kent, the organist of the Augustinian Church, Drogheda, presided at the harmonium, which has been lately presented to the church of Knock. All our party approached the aluar raik and hurrying over to Knock. It was from the Irish newspapers they first heard of the wonderful things which heaven had man-ifested in Knock. I also conversed with a lame young man, who told me that he was a born Yankee. He and his five companions had come from the city of Beacklyn, in the State of New York At Brooklyn, in the State of New York. At about five o'clock on Wednesday evening a great commotion was raised outside the presented to the church of Khock. All our party approached the altar-rails and there devoutly received the Bread of Life. The singing of the "Ave Maria Stella" terminated the morning devotions. a great commotion was raised outside the church that a miracle was being wrought. On going inside we observed a woman, aged about forty years, in a kind of faint, stretched on the floor. I was told that she had been for the two previous days at Knock, and was afflicted with a running ulcer. The poor creature was entirely prostrate, and constantly ejaculated, "O Blessed Virgin, help me!" After a time she was assisted outside the church and left sitting opposite the gable, where her loud We then adjourned for breakfast to an hotel which is only about a stone's-throw from the church. After breakfast, accordupon him at his residence, a small, neat, thatched cottage, where in turn we were each introduced to him by Father sitting opposite the gable, where her loud ejaculations attracted a large crowd, who forthwith knelt down and engaged in pray He addressed us in winning language, and expressed the joy and gratitude he felt at seeing us there that day and in having his dear old friend, Father Anderson, once more beside him. Referring to the ap-paritions, he said he did not wish to say er. When she recovered her senses one of our party went over and asked her how she was, and she replied that she was cured. The water in a well close to the church is

ATTRIBUTED TO HAVE HEALING PROPER-

also

much on that head as the time had not yet come; but this he felt, that the Blessed Virgin signified her desire that a more worthy church should be erected to per-petuate her name. The party then with-ATTRIBUTED TO HAVE HEALING PROPER-TIES. In the evening all the members of the confraternity were entertained at an excellent dinner, served up in the male school-room at Knock. The people of Ballyhaunis, in com-pliment to Father Anderson and the Drogheda confraternity, provided the re-past at their own expense. Father Ander-son presided, Mr. J. A Clarke, of Drog-heda, being in the vice-chair. Mr. Waldron, Mr. Lavan, and the leading men of Ballyhaunis, with their wives and drew and preparations were made for the formal presentation of the banner. SINGING APPROPRIATE HYMNS, with the banner unfurled. The people pressed around in large numbers, and it was with much difficulty that free locomo-tion could be obtained. The procession entered the church by the principal door, Waldron, Mr. Lavan, and the leading men of Ballyhaunis, with their wives and daughters, assisted in preparing the tables and attending to the wants of the guests. When the good things had been disposed of, Father Anderson proposed a vote of thanks to the people of Ballyhaunis. He that morning performed a very pleasing duty in formally handling over their marching up the centre and taking a place on each side of the altar within the railings. Archdeacon Cavanagh took up a position on the altar-steps. Father Anderson, holding the banner staff in his that morning performed a very pleasing duty in formally handing over their banner to the safe keeping of an old and dear friend, Father Cavanagh—a duty which gave him exceeding pleasure. They were now on the spot to which millions of Irish hearts were turned with awe and reverence. While residing in Ballyhaunis it was his lot to meet Father Cavanagh, who was the most perfect model of a priest he had ever seen; and on the part of their Confraternity of St. Augustine he begged to thank him for his kindness. As the grace of God alone happy. kindness. As the grace of God alone makes people happy, so he believed that every one of them was animated with the most profound feeling of piety. They had all approached God's table to-day in the church of Knock, and he felt certain the church of Knock, and he felt certain that they would say this was the happiest day of their lives. He liked Ballyhaunis on account of the sufferings endured by its people in days gone by for faith and fatherland, "when 'twas TREASON TO LOVE HER, AND DEATH TO DE-FEND." He also liked it on account of his exer-He also liked it on account of his exer-tions to make the Augustinian church of Ballyhaunis what it now is and ought to have been. The church of Ballyhaunis was his work. They saw the reception they got from the generous people of that place, alike in keeping with all their pre-vious history. Mr. J. A. Clarke seconded the vote of thanks, which was carried by acclamation. Mr. P. Byrne, V. S., T. C., proposed the health of the ladies, which was responded to by Mr. Thos. McCourt. Mr. Waldron returned thanks on the part of the people of Ballyhaunis. Dinner being over, the party returned to the church and engaged in several acts of devotion. The fervent, simple, and that the The fervent, simple, and levotion. unaffected piety of the people was most impressive. At all hours of the day and evening large crowds were engaged in prayer in the church, or outside in the open air, facing the gable, where a large vespers were sung, and, the final services being now over, Father Anderson ascended the altar platform and preached an eloquent and impressive farewell sermon, which few who heard will ever forget. It was most pathetic and soul-stirring. The party then returned to Ballyhaunis in the same order as of leaving. The Bally-haunis band met them outside the town. On Thursday they left for Drogheda per the eleven a. m. train, where they arrived safely at half-past seven p. m. The weather was delightfully fine all through the journey. No smoker who has ever used the Myrtle Nary tobacco for, say a month, ever relinquishes it for any other brand. Its flavor is rohand full, and it never burns the tongue of parches the palate. It is, in fact, the ne pins ultra of smoking tobacco.

# TAKING THE VEIL.

### THE DAUGHTERS OF MARY-THE TOWER OF THE MIRRORS.

THE CATHOLIG RECORD.

AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY-A PROTES-TANT ACCOUNT. A correspondent of the Churchman

writes from Rome that since Whitsunday he had heard of several instances of taking the veil, and on one occasion no less than ten young/women of the working classes joined the Daughters of Mary-a sister-Joined the Daughters of Mary—a sister-hood dedicated to the reclaiming of de-serted little girls—and he recently wit-nessed the ceremony in the Tor de 'Spec-chi' (Tower of the Mirrors), founded two centuries ago by Santa Francesca Ro-mano, a pious Roman lady, as a place of religious retreat for the widows and substarts of noble families who desired spinsters of noble families who desired spinsters of noble families who desired to give up the world, without, however, taking any ascetic vows of poverty or perpetual seclusion. The correspondent describes the place and the ceremony which was performed. The place was the convent church and the time between eight and ning olderk in the morning eight and nine o'clock in the morning. Visitors were admitted into a spacious hall with rooms and a chapel opening off to right and left; then, ascending a broad staircase, we found ourselves in a long wide corridor, which led to a large recepstartcase, we found which led to a large recep-tion room and the principal chapel, or, indeed, church. Another wide and exten-sive corridor led off before entering the church, into a cloister, and is bordered by the comfortable rooms of the nuns, for they cannot be called cells. The Car-dinal who was to preside at the *extizione* of the novice arrived punctually at half-past eight o'clock. It was the venerable and stately Chigi, attended by his train-bearer and gentlemen in black. The procession of clergy, nuns, the novice, her godmother (a Roman princess) and her angel—a tiny child, dressed in white, with little veil and little wings, and holding a wreath—entered the chancel chanting. All dhe nuns, some two dozen, were in black, with white winples and veils. black, with white wimples and veils. The novice was dressed in bridal array— rich white silk, with deep lace flounces and train, a wreath of orange blossoms and long tulle veil. Her godmother wore a handsome colored silk dress and a white veil; and with the rich crimson and gold hangings of the church, the illu-minated altar and the gorgeous robes, the whole scene formed a splendid and most impressive picture. impressive picture.

The novice, or Sposa di Cristo, as she is called, knelt on beautifully embroidered white satin cushions, just as if at her marriage, and the mass was celebrated and communion administered to her by the Cardinal. After this the hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus" was intoned; then the abbess and another nun took off the novice's veil and crown, placed a large white cloth on her shoulders, and the Cardinal cut off a lock of her hair, the rest being cut by the abbess and then placed on a silver salver. All this time the choir of nuns chanted. Then the Cardinal blessed the black dress, the rosary and mon-astic head-gear, and the abbess and her astic nead-gear, and the aboves and her assistant removed the bridal dress and put on the conventual attire and veil, and her little angel attendant placed the wreath she had been holding on her head. Next came a very awful part of the pro-ceedings. The beautiful white satin cus-

## CONVERTED BY THE LOOK OF A DYING MOTHER.

The distinguished orator, Frank Stas-slacher, of the Society of Jesus, in one of his recent sermons in Rome related the

his recent seriions in Rome venter the following touching incident: "Some years ago, I knew a student who led such an impious aud dissipated life that he was finally arrested in the midst of his crimes, placed in chains, and condemned to the horrors of a criminal prison. Deprived of his father at an early age, his mother alone remained to support the grief oc-casioned by a child of such a vicious discasioned by a child of sign a victors dis-position. It would be impossible to des-cribe the sorrow of this good mother, and the bitter tears she shed on account of her dissolute son. But the hard-hearted youth remained unmoved; no sign of conversion the bitter tears she shed on account of her dissolute son. But the hard-hearted youth remained unmoved; no sign of conversion or repentance was manifested in his per-verse mind; it was, therefore, no wonder that the anguish caused by such an afflic-tion brought the poor mother to her death-bed. Knowing that she had but a short time to live, she requested to see her son for the last time, and her request was granted. The following day the obdurate prisoner, surrounded by guards, was conducted to the bed of his dying mother; there he beheld her, pale and wan, gasping in the throes of death. When she was made aware of his presence, she did not utter a word, not a sound escaped her pallid lips, but, for a long, long time, she gazed earn-estly with a firm and penetrating glance upon the motionless countenance of her nead to the opposite side, she made a sign for him to depart. He left the room, sullen and unconcerned, as he had entered sign for him to depart. He left the room, that silent glance in which was comprised reproach, censure, exortation, fear and love, proved more efficacious to the erring, but now repentant son than the most elo-quent and glowing maternal language which she could have addressed to him for hours. Agitated by an internal emo-tion never before experienced, he began to cry and sob with such vehemence that it seemed as though his heart would break with grief. It was then that he reflected for the first time upon his conduct, and, overwhelmed with sorrow, he exclaimed with a shudder: 'O my God, into what an abyes have I fallen !' He resolved to con-vert himself efficaciously and to repair the evil he had done. God in his infinite evil he had done. God in his infinite mercy aided him to keep his resolution. He soon recovered his liberty, and entering a monastery, became a Jesuit and a missionery. and how they here have the source and the proparational for the community, and enable them to get on

a monastery, became a Jesuit and a missionary; and now you behold before you" — continued Father Stasslacher; that dissolute and impious youth now

The following is an extract from a ser-mon preached July 4th in St. Mary's church, Rochester, by Father Cronin, edi-tor of the Buffalo Catholic Union.

tor of the Buffalo Catholic Union. Father Cronin's discourse was suggested by our great national festival; and he elo-quently dwelt on the debt that America owes to Catholics. He referred to the ef-forts put forth in pulpit, press, lecture, magazine and schoolroom to make people Libert the school come to make people hions were removed and two plainer ones were placed on the ground, on which the newly made nun prostrated herself as if laid out for burial. The abbess and her attending nun covered her with a black pall and the nuns proceeded to chant the De Profundis in taken et at the set of the set shores. It was a Catholic, the great Gen-oese sailor, who discovered this land, aid-ed by a Catholic queen. The country was explored by Catholics. Catholic mission-aries, with the torch of Faith in one hand and that of civilization in the other, were and that of civilization in the other, were the first white men who braved ever danger from the St. Lawrence to our Northern lakes, thence to the Misissippi and southward to the Gulf of Mexico; ave and to the farthest west, where the golden shores of the Californias are washed by the Pacific Ocean. As in its discovery and is new country, and his expenditure has Pacific Ocean. As in its discovery and racine ocean. As in its discovery and explorations, so, too, in its development Catholics were chief factors. Those great railroad and canal arteries through which flowed the rich life of the nation's heart, were the work—largely, at least—of the brawn and brain of Catholic emigrants. But not only in discovery, exploration and developments was this country pre-eminently Catholic, but the speaker contended that America's preservation from enemies abroad and traitors at home was also not a little indebted to Catholic brain also not a little indebted to Catholic brain and bravery. In the navy, the army and jurisprudence Catholic genius and prowess were, from the first, largely represented. An Irish Catholic was the father of the American navy—John Barry, that noble Wexford man. A Catholic –Chief Justice Taney—was the acknowledged Nestor of the American bar; whilst in our four wars, Catholic swords, after the bloody fights were fought, flashed in the sunlight of victory. were fought, masned in the series of victory. But, inquired the speaker, is not at least the liberty of this land the work of Pro-testantism? By no means, he exclaimed. The Puritans of New England were a most wretched and intolerant set. They perse-cuted with a will all who differed from them, and Catholics particularly had no hope for any freedom from them. With them, and Catholes particularly had hope for any freedom from them. With Puritan colonial history before him, who dares speak of Puritan liberality? The doctrines of Cotton Mather, the Blue Laws, and especially the laws against Catholics, will forever give the lie to Puritan toler-ance. And the Know Nothing descendants of those people were true to their ancestral ance. And the Know Nothing descendants of those people were true to their ancestral traditions when, in 1844, they burned convents in Boston; when, in 1844, they set the torch to churches and convents in Philadelphia; and when, in 1853 and 1854 they shot down men, women and children in the streets of our American cities for the crime of being Catholics. Let the fact be known and emphasized that Catholic Maryland was the *first* to proclaim the great American doctrine of relig-ious freedom. It is not the work of Puri-tanism or Protestantism in any form, nor is the Puritan or Protestant spirit to be thanked for the clause in the Constitution thanked for the clause in the Constitution declaring liberty of conscience. Whilst Maryland protected Protestants in the exercise of their religion, the other colonies persecuted Catholics for their creed. And will it be believed that in this very Mary-land wherein Catholics had proclaimed the

rights of conscience to all one hundred and fifty years before the Constitution was htty years before the Constitution was penned, Protestants, when they, some few years afterwards, became a majority, passed laws of religious intolerance against Cath-olics? That was how they showed their ortical.

olics? That was how they showed their gratitude. Father Croin insisted that the great principles of our liberty were of Catholic, not of Protestant origin. Our common law was fashioned on that of England, and that was born and baptized Catholic. The Magna Charta which a Catholic Archbishop (Langdon) and the Catholic barons of Eng-land wrung from King John, contained the basis of those liberties we so jealously guard; and if to-day we have trial by jury and habeas corpus, and if we cannot be im-prisoned without due process of law. and if there must be no taxation without rep-

cipating the serfs. Their monasteries were sign for him to depart. He left the room, sullen and unconcerned, as he had entered it, as if there were no possible sentiment of emotion in him. But in the silence and gloom of the prison cell a strange feeling suddenly crept over him: the glance of his that silent glance in which was comprised reproceed, censure exortation, fear and (i, R). Fortestant stations) are mere pau-paner actions in the silence and (i, R). The index index is a station of the priority sing as ploneers of civilization and agriculture, from which we even now reap benefits, while modern mission stations (i, R). Protestant stations) are mere pau-pause and the priority of the station of the priority of the station of the priority of the static station of the priority of the station of the station of the priority of the static station of the priority of the station of the station of the priority of the static station of the priority of the station of the priority of the station of the static station of the priority of the station of the station of the priority of the station o

will complete the working power of the community, and enable them to get on without hired labor. It will thus be a large party-mently fity-which will start in the Duart Castle on July 1. The that dissolute and impious youth now stands in this pulpit. Yes, he who preaches to you is no other than that cruel son. Such a miracle, such a change, was effected by God through means of one single glance of a dying mother."
WHAT CATHOLICITY HAS DONE FOR AMERICA.
The following is an extract from a sermon preached July 4th in St. Mary's church Rochester by Father Cronin, edi-conditional sectors for the Standar River without much trouble, and will enable the trappists to fill their reservoirs from the Standar River without much trouble, and the sector of the trappists to fill their reservoirs from the sectors for the sector Sunday River without much trouble, and Sunday River without much frombe, and to cultivate their vines ands and orangeries as they do in Staoueli. The monks per-fectly understand the construction of windmill pumps such as are used in Hol-land, and, as the forest is close by, they will without much cost have some of these

the Moravians in 1816 are the healthiest the commencement of farming operations in a new country, and his expenditure has been of course great, considering his means; but he is confident of a good return. The Catholic farmers on the frontier will, he believes, give generous help in stocking the farm, and as the estate is stocking the farm, and as the estate is only two hours by railway from Port Elizabeth, the monks will soon be in a position to support themselves and to get on with the buildings. And as soon as the Mother-House in Dunbrody valley is self-supporting, the Bishop means to push on with the second Monastery in Tem-buland. "I can scarcely trust myself," he writes "to contemplate the prohe writes, "to contemplate the pro-gress of this institution among the eighty thousand Tembu Kaffirs. I believe it thousand Tembu Kallirs. I believe it will surpass our most sanguine hopes. As we are taking out a printing press, the gift of some good friends in Bavaria, our friends in Europe will be able to watch our progress. If I could only see my way clearly to overcome the difficulties of small means and large expenditure for a year or two, the undertaking would appear to be, even now, a great success. Friends are praying for us in France, Belgium, Germany, Austria and Italy, as well as in England, Ireland and Scotland; and alms are coming in, if not in large sums, from many quarters. The Cardinal Perfect of Propaganda has within the last few days sent me, in the midst of his diffi-culties, £80. This, under the circumstances, is simply munificent. It has cost me many journeys and much labor to put together o much as this one contribution. so much as this one contribution. This gift will bear a high place in the list of the charities that will be recorded in the cloist-ers of Dunbrody Abbey." We hope that the good Bishop will have many more be-fore the provided and of the set of the set. nefactions to record, and of sums as large as, or larger than, that which he tells us, with an unconscious pathos, it has cost him so much time and labor to collect. him so much time and labor to collect. Brooklyn can no longer lay claim to being the City of Churches. She fur-nishes only one church to every 1,721 of population. Of other prominent cities at least ten sreahead of her. Washington has one for every 932; Cleveland one for every 1,044; New Orleans one for every 1,345. Cincinnati one for every 1350; Balti-more one for every 1350; Baltimore one for every 1,412; and Boston one for every 1,666. St. Louis is nearly as well off for churches as Brooklyn, having one for every 1,852 of population;

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### ILDREN,

ually for new h pleasure from ney deem drud-id even if they be deprived tages they will le. We some-are the life of y enter dull, home among e not mental acicient for both, have for their home is a dull a place from n. How much ning in lively to the utm

left hand, and standing in the centre of the altar platform, said that the duty now ced. A beautiful banner, painted devolved on him of handing over for safe keeping the banner which he held in his hand. In the name of the Archeoufratby Mr. O'Grady, of Dublin, was procured

PRESENTATION TO THE CHURCH OF KNOCK. PRESENTATION TO THE CHURCH OF KNOCK. At half-past nine o'clock a. m., on Tuesday all the members who proposed going on the expedition assembled in the Augustinian church. They numbered thirty, and were divided into three sections, the Very Rev. J. A. Anderson being the prefect of the first, Mr. F. L. Reilly pre-fect of the second, and Mr. William Mooney prefect of the third section. All wore medals on the left breast, attached to a piece of green ribbon. the prefects ernity of St. Agustine and St. Monica, and in the name of the Catholic people of Drogheda, he offered that banner to be hung up in the church at Knock as a tribute of their love and affection for the Mother of God. It was the spontaneous expression of the love which they had for God and their faith, which was handed God and their faith, which was handed down to them through long ages of per-secution and suffering pure and unsullied as when St. Patrick winged his flight to heaven. He felt extremely happy that it was his lot to bring so many of the peo-ple of Drogheda to this holy place and in such a noble mission. The remembrance to a piece of green ribbon, the prefects being distinguished by wearing red ribbons. The members present were re-presentatives of the trading, mercantile, and professional community. There were such a noble mission. The remembrance of Ballyhaunis occupied a deep place in also amongst the number two members of of Ballyhaumis occupied a deep pice in his heart. He was happy to meet his dear friend Father Cavanagh, and to present to him and through him this banner of our Blessed Lady of Knock. Father Cavanagh that much-abused body, the Drogheda Corporation. All being in readmess, Mr. T. McCourt, the standard-bearer, pro-ceeded to the front, and with Father Anderson in chief command, they pro-ceeded in processional order, two deep, to the Drogheda railway terminus, followed then received the banner from Father Anderson, and said, in reply, that words were inadequate to express the feelings of by a large crowd. They immediately got on board the train for Dublin, and, having his heart for this offering to Blessed Mary, his heart for this offering to blessed mary, the Mother of God. Drogheda's faith and piety were proverbial throughout Ireland. They had earned a name for themselves as worthy children of St. Patrick—worthy arrived there, they next bent their steps in the direction of the Broadstone Rail-way. The officials of the Midland line, from the highest to the lowest, were most civil and attentive to the wants of the of the faith handed down from one generation to another. It was not alone party. The manager of the railway, Mr. J. E. Ward, granted single ticket fares by words but by actions they had earned that distinction. As the tree is known by its fruit, so were the people of Drogheda known by all those virtues which form the double journey, and special riages, clean and comfortable, were were attached for the sole use of the pilgrims At one o'clock the train steamed away from the Broadstone, and in a few minutes the true Catholic and the perfect Christian. It was a noble offering made on that day. It was the first bannet e were dashing through the grassy plains Meath and Kildare. At half-past seven of the kind yet presented. Archdeacon Cavanagh then paid a high compliment to of Meath and Kildare. At half-past seven o'clock the train slowly steamed into the station of Ballyhaunis, where a public re-ception awaited us. The principal mer-chants and traders of the town, with the Father Anderson, who was truly the good priest, WHO LOVED THE GLORY OF GOD'S HOUSE.

He was a credit to the worthy members of the Society of St. Augustine, and had left Ballyhaunis brass band, awaited our com-ing. Banners inscribed with the words of in Ballyhaunis many evidences of his zeal welcome to Father Anderson and the men of Drogheha were borne among the large crowd assemoled. This great popular de-In Ballynaums many evidences of his zeal and ability. Last October two years a storm occurred here, which was a presage of what was to come afterwards. It stripped the roof off the church, smashed monstration was intended more in compliment to Father Anderson than to ourwindows, threw down the statue of elves, as the reverend gentleman resided the windows, threw down the statue of the Virgin and the candlesticks on the six years in Ballyhaunis, where he was altar. It appeared to him then, as it does beloved and respected for HIS ZEAL, ENERGY, AND ABILITY. now, that it was a premonition that a more fitting temple for the worship of God should be erected. At that time his

HIS ZEAL, ENERGY, AND ABILITY. Forming into processional order after the Ballyhaunis people, we marched, headed by our standard-bearers, through the town to the Railway Hotel, where we in-tended to put up. Arriving at the hotel, Father Anderson, in response to the people, addressed them from the hotel window, and thanked them for their kind and warm recention. The coming of the friend Father Anderson undertook to purchase a statue to replace the one broken by the storm, and he bought the beautiful statue of Our Ladv of Lourdes which stands upon the side-altar, and about people, addressed them from the hotel window, and thanked them for their kind and warm reception. The coming of the Drogheda men was made a matter of great rejoicing. A large boufire blazed that night in the public square, and wherever they went the Drogheda men were most

chant the De Profundis in token of her death to the world. After this she rose with the new name (Maria Immacolate) which the new name (Maria Immacolate) she had taken during the ceremony and the Te Deum was sung. The nuns then kissed and welcomed her; her lay friends, who had been looking on, next complimented her. She seemed calm and

A POET'S REPARATION.

There is a pleasant bit of history, never yet in print, says the Ave Maria, of the way in which Mr. Longfellow came to write his poem of "Monte Cassino." Premising that Father Boniface, now the Premising that Father Boniface, now the Prior, and formerly for may years the Librarian of the monastery on Monte Cassino, which was founded by St. Bene-dict himself, is an American by education, and therefore quite familiar with our literature, the story runs thus: When Mr. Longfellow published his translation of Dante in 1867, he copied from Ben-venuto, in a note to the 75th line of Canto XXII. of "Paradiso," an account of what Boccaccio had "pleasantly nar-rated" to the said Benvenuto about a visit he once made to the old monastery and to its library, which, he says, he found its library, which, he says, he found "without door or fastening," with "the grass growing upon the windows, and all the books and shelves covered with dust," while he was assured by one of the brethren of whom he made inquiry as to why those precious books were so vilely muti-lated, that " some of the monks, wishing to gain a few ducats, cut out a handful of leaves, and made psalters which they sold to the boys, and likewise of the margins they made breviaries which they sold to they made breviaries which they sold to women." In due time Mr. Longfellow's volume found its way to Monte Cassino, and the monks there read what they had always considered as Boccaccio's slander, with a sort of indorsement by one of the distinguished names in modern literature. In the course of three or four years after, Mr. Longfellow himself, in travelling through Italy, made his way to the famous monastery upon the mountain, where he was hospitably entertained over night (as his poem records), and in the was shown the treasures of the library, with its ancient manuscripts, four thou-sand flat ones, and no less than forty thousand in rolls, not kicking about the floor. sand in rolls, not kicking about the floor, with their edges clipped, as Boccaccio had said, but carefully preserved through all the ages as bright and clean as when they were finished by the patient monks cen-turies ago. After his return home, Mr. Longfellow did "poetic justice" in its best sense of writing the delightful account of his visit above mentioned, a copy of which he sent to "the urbane librarian," Father Bonif.ce.

Father Bonif .ce.