The Christmas Rose.

BY MAULICE F, EGAN.

O Rose of Pheyon ! this thy day of glory Fill all our hearts with sunshire; gone is And from our reptured lips burst the sweet story thou, Rose of roses, cam'st to bloom.

A kud theu wert when Gabriel out of Heabending low before thee, Humblest Came, bending low before thee, Humblest Heart, And told thee of the Gift to thee Gcd given— "Theu smorg wenen, Mary, blessed art!"

And through the spring of the Annunciation, And through the summer, grew thy Hope and Joy. God gave thee peace for will's renunciation-His great, sweet reace, pure sold without alloy.

The summer passed; like swift-wirged doves
the days fit w.
Fiere flucks had gene, filled was each
sippled spills,
and August heat had leng dried up the
May's dew.
The Life within thine grew-O wondrous
thing!

What peace, what love abude with thee and thine!
Stretched happy days to-morrow and to-morrow
For thee, God's handmaid with his Son Divine. O Mystic Rose ! O Rose of Joy aid Sorrow What peace, what love abode with the

Kelly O'Connor's Chris'mas.

The room was small and scantily furnished, but in all its arrangements three were traces of wemsnly teste and thrift. The window was low and narrow, and looked into an uninviting court, but it was covered with a curtain of dainty white, through which a stray gleam of sunshine fell upon Nelly O'Connor's plants. These were a living sprig of green shamrock from the old soil, and a pet geranium, the gorgeous crimeno blessems of which shot cut fike rubies amid the emerald setting of its foliage, in spite of "winter and cold weather." It seemed as if the influence of Nelly O'Connor's loving heart had power to protect her silent pets from the blight of the fiercett fost, for while her neighbors' plants withered and died at the first teuch of cold weather, here strove well, and from their little window nodded defiance to sleet and snow.

On the neatly papered walls of this little room bung three pictures—the Immaculate Conception, right above Nelly's head; St. Patrick and the Serpents, and Daniel O'Connell, whose "counterfeit presentment" was allosed directly contents."

**Conception, right above Nelly's head it of your self."

Nelly made no snewer, but she flitted arose the room to the spot where a small looking glass hung, and, with eyes and happy lights on their bappiest night of all papers. You may choose where a small looking glass hung, and, with eyes and happy lights on their bappiest night of all papers. The process of sacting her turbund—not againly—but in bitter heart-breaking givel—"What's the plage to a man that has not got the prize could the wather. That pair of a first his breath smelt o' whisky."

Solly's face flushed have here with me fully man impatiently. "And I know in particular to know," it know in his, I say; whin he gets divided to leave the home which had now might have married you at home with me fully of the first teuch of cold weather, if it wasn't for his love for the kindness of Father neighbor's plant withered and died at the jalvest. Well, after he bad pulled me was the stood facing her

well, and from their little window nodded defiance to sleet and snow.

On the neatly papered walls of this little room hung three pictures—the Immaculate Conception, right above Nelly's head; St. Patrick and the Serpents, and Daniel O'Connell, whose "counterfeit presentment" was placed directly opposite old Mr. O'Connot's arm-chair.

Having told all I remember about the room, I shall try to describe Nelly herself.

self.

She sat in her usual place by the window engaged in her usual occupation—sewing—for Nelly ("Conner had to work for her own living and for that of her

That pale gleam of winter sunthine lightly touched her smooth brown hair, and formed a halo around the head that bent over the work so intently. Imagine a graceful little woman clad in a dark dress with snowy collars and cuffs; imagine an oval face with less color in it than it reseased three months ago, when imagine an oval face with less color in it than it possessed three months ago, when it looked its last on a certain green is locators the sea; a pair of dark blue eyes, screne, cam, yet bright, with at times a sparkle of laughter in their depths, and at others a shadow of sadness. Imagine—but what's the use of imagining at all l—anybody that never saw Nelly O'Connor can not imagine what a chaiming, modest Irish girl she was at that time.

After a while it became too dark to sew. Nelly rose and stirred the fire until it cast a red glow on the wall opposite.

sew. Nelly lose and stirred the freuntiit cast a red glow on the wall opposite.
Then she flitted silently about the room
and brought out the tea things.
"Father's late this evening," she murmured, when the table was fully arranged.
"If I hadn't so much confidence in Tip,

And Nelly went to the door and locked

into the gleomy court. There was nobedy coming, so she lighted her lamp, and again the seldom idle needle began its

Five minutes later pattering steps became audible without, and there was a sound of scratching at the door. Nelly opened it, and a small, curly black dog bounded in and stood on his hind legs to receive the girl's caress.

Slower and heavier footsteps followed,

and a tall, strongly built man entered the room. His hair was white as snow, his face was ruddy and unwrinkled; though old, he would have seemed perfectly hale and hearty, were it not for the strange indicision of his motions and terrible expression of blankness - of some incomplete ness—in his countenance.

That want of something—that is com-

pleteness—was real. For ten years Brian O'Connor had been blind. Light and

darkness were the same to bind.
"I was beginning to be anxious about you, father," she said, taking the old man's hat and overcoat.

"An' sure hadn't I Tip with me?"

answered he in a cheery voice, as he atooped to pat the dog's curly head.
Faith, he's the real Tip an' no mistake in his love of fightin'. If I hadn't held on to his string with all me strength, he'd have been the death of half a dezen curs to day. But that's nayther here nor there. Let's have tay, Nelly jewel, an' I'll tell

ou something."

The meal over, Nelly gave him his pipe, and he sunk into his arm chair, which was always placed in his favorite position, was always placed in his favorite position, poposite the print of Daniel O Connell. He could not see the picture; but as the gitator often figured largely in his conversation, it gave him pleasure to emphasize his remarks by nointing with his pipe at the portrait of "ould Dan himals."

"Well, Nelly, mavourneen," he began, settling himself comfortably in his chair, "Tip and myself have had a lorg walk through the city, but there's no work stirrin' that a blind man can do.". He spoke gravely, but without bitterness.

"An" what if there isn't, father?" said Nelly hastily dropping her work. "Sure's there's plenty for me to do."

The old man shook his head. "It isn't the likes o' you, mayourneen, that ought

the likes of you, mayourneen, that ought to be slavin' here from morn to night, wain' your fitgers to the bone for a worthless ould wreck that can do nothin' but eat and sleep."

What our own Father Kevan from

"The same, God bless him! A priest's a priest anyhow, but it's a great comfort entirely to have one from our own place. I met Pierce Toole this afternoon." He

paused for an instant.

Nelly involuntarily bent over her work, as if to hide the heightened color in her face. She forgot that the old man could

not see. "I was steppin' off the ferry boat whir I slipped betwixt it and the wharf, an' sure I'd have a cowld bed in the Delaware this same evenin' if it wasn't for a strong pair of arms that pulled me out, safe and sound, before I touched the wather. That pair of arms belongs to Pierce Toole. He's

across the room to the spot where a small looking glass hung, and, with eyes and checks unusually brilliant, occupied herself in giving some extra touches to her

Her father understood the movement. He smiled, half in saduets, halt in mirth.
"Och ohone!" he said, "women are all
alike. They'll lave their ould fathers any

"Och obone!" he said, "women are all alike. They'll lave their ould fathers any day, to take up with the first spalpeen that asks them!"

"An' sure didn't my mother take up with you?" murmured Nelly, with just a tinge of sauciness in her tone; and then charging to earnestnes, 'but I'll never leave you, father; don't be thinking of such a thirg. As for Pierce, he has a good heart in spite of the whisky, and, lather, I'll make him take the pledge."

"The pledge!" groaned the old man. "That mighty well; but a man that don't kepe his promise won't kape his pledge! Faith, what's the pledge to him, if he hasn't got the grace of God and the will to back it? Maybe I'm wrong, Nelly, but I've seen too many pledges taken and broken in my time—"

A knock at the door interrupted him. Nelly hastened to open it, and the subject of their conversation stood before them.

Pierce Toole was a handsome, stalwart young Irishman, with a frank, winning way about him that was apt to preposees people in his favor. He had one great failing. He was intemperate in the use of intoxicating liquors. This failing had alone prevented his marriage to Nelly O Connor. With Brian O'Connor's full consent, Nelly had said "Yes" when Pierce alone prevented and "Yes" when Pierce Toole had asked her to be his wife. But several times, in spite of promises given to old Brian, Pierce had "taken too to old Brian, Pierce had "taken too "What! a human being here on this "What! a human being here on this several times, in spite of promises given to old Brian, Pierce had "taken too much," and the justly-indignant father had withdrawn his consent to the marriage. Nelly was obedient; though Pierce Toole had crossed the ocean in the same vessel with her and her father, she never during the voyage excharged a word with

during the voyage exchanged a word with him. Od Brian saw that his prohibition gave Neily great pain, and probably his sympathizing, fatherly heart suffered as much as hers. It is a great mistake to think that hearts grow colder as they grow old; they may gain wiedom, but they do

old; they may gain wiedom, out they do not lose their capacity of suffering. And so, when Pierce Toole saved the old man's life that day on the ferry boat, the latter's heart softened, in spite of his better jadgment; and here the prodigal stood, very near the door of the little house, locking extremely uncomfortable in his best suit, and twirling his hat

in his best suit, and twilling his here nervourly.

"Come in, Pierce, and shake hands," the old man said; and as Pierce obeyed, he continued in a low tone: "Before we begin again on the old terms, I want you to take the pledge."

The young man's face reddened. "Let bygones be bygones. "I'll not taste a drop o' the stuff. I'll give up drinking entirely."

entirely."
"You've told me that before. Will you

take the pledge?"
"Sure me promise is equal to me pledge, any day."
"I hope not," said Brian, dryly.
"Well, I'll take the pledge, thin; but it's mighty hard——"
"You'll see Father Kevan about it next

Sunday?"
"I will." And the young man, with a

"I will." And the young man, with a relieved look, turned away from Brian to Nelly, who, during this colloquy, had been trembling with apprehension.

The evening was a happy one to the two young people. The cld man sat, smiling and sighing, among the shadows, thinking of the two to whom life just now seemed all joy and brightness.

"She's a changed girl," he mutttered the next morning, as he heard Nelly carolling at her work like a lark. "Sure she hasn't sung for many a week. If I

* * * * * * *

now seemed all joy and brightness.

"She's a changed girl," he mutttered the next morning, as he heard Nelly carelling at her work like a lark. "Sure she hasn't sung for many a week. If I could only trust him!"

An impression of distress crossed the old man's face. He tose and went over to the windowsil, where the shamrock grew in the earthen flower-pot. He placed his hands tenderly among the

"But you promised to tell me some thing, you know."

"Thrue for you. I've had as many advinture's as the Seven Champions themselves the day. Who do you think I met first—from cur place at home?"

"I'm not good at guessing, father."
And he chuskled. "But it was one of Dan Dea, an's six daughters. She came across in the last stamer, and I knew her by her rough, haish voice, jiet like her father's. I didn't know her name, an' I didn't want to tell her I'd forgotten ir, so I called her Kate, an' faith I bit the nail on the head."
He laughed cutright, and continued, pointing to the picture opposite, "For that's what they called a daughter of ould Dan's, and iver since the whole country—side has been ewermin' with Kates. She tells me Father Kevan is stationed at a chusch outside the city. I've the name on a bit of paper."

"What our own Father Kevan from leaves the first—from cur pleasure record when he memory of bygone days and twas the general opinion that Pleace at home?"

Three for you. I've bad as many advinture's as the Seven Champions themselves in the late stamer, and I knew her by her rough, haish voice, jiet like her father's.

I didn't know been name, an' I didn't want to tell her I'd forgotten ir, so I called her Kate, an' faith I bit the nail on the head."

He laughed cutright, and continued, you have been an early every soul in the city from the "old place at home?" came to effer on the world is abroad in the land, and success in worldly occupations is the one spread of ject of the American people. God, religion, and hereafter are put in the back ground, and erre only considered of the world is abroad in the land, and success in worldly occupations is the one spread of ject of the American people. God, religion, and hereafter are put in the back ground, and erre only considered of the world is abroad in the land, and success in worldly occupations is the one the southern end of ject of the American people. God, religion, and hereafter are put in the back ground, and erre only considered of the world is no sorrow marred their present.

But old Prian died on the same day that his grandson—a small Pierce Took—

came into the world. Bitterness and sweet-ness were equally mixed in Nelly's chalice Pierce grew more irregular in the per-Pierce grew more irregular in the per-formance of his religious duties, and, in consequence, his power of resisting tempt ation became weaker. He attended Mass, but merely from the force of habit, Nelly's remonstrances were met by smiles and evasive words. At last she discovered the consequence of all this. One night he come staggering home. He had broken

the pledge.
Old Bian's words floated to Nelly's ears as she stood facing her husband-not auguity-but in bitter heart-breaking

on those window panes in the distant city, which were twinkling with a thousand happy lights on their happiest night of all

Separated from the gaze of the watchful stars, one of which had cast its silvery ray on the path of the wise men long ago —separated from the gaze of the pitying stars and the blasts of the winter wind by atottering fabric of frail boards, lay a pale, wan woman, wasted to a shadow of her former self. Near her was a child.

The wide, long interior of this barn was desolate and barren. The remains of a fire smouldered in a broken stove. On a chair stood a candle, but its dim flickering light only served to make the darkness The woman who lay their sick, almost

dying, was Nellie, Pierce Toole's wife. A red-fever flush burned in her cheeks, and her eyes shown with a terrible brilliancy from the dark circles that surrounded them. Through her white attenuated them. Through her white attenuated fingers she was rapidly passing a rosary—the one gift of her father she still retained. Her head moved restlessly, and once or twice the attempted in vain to rise and

epproach the door.
"I am dying—dying," she moaned, "with none near me—no priest—no abso-lution—no—" She stopped abruptly, and bent her head in a listenir g attitude. "Oh, Blessed Mother, help me!" Her voice be-

"Sure he was weak, Father," she answered, willing that her last breath should be an excuse for him.

Father Kevan thanked God for the

accident to his old gig which had led him and his sexton, Mick, to seek shelter for a

and his sexton, Mick, to seek sneiter for a time in this deserted place.

There was no blessed candle—none of those holy symbols which make the Catholic sick room a vestibule of Heaven. Mick prayed fervently, holding his lantern where it would give the best light.

Nelly seemed to have forgotten everything but the Secred Guest.

thing but the Sacred Guest.
"Depart, Christian soul..."

It was over.
The priest raised the little child which, thin and pale, clung to its mother's empty breast. The child did not cry or move. "Bring the light nearer, Mick A figure had shuffled in at the door, and

The priest laid the child beside its The priest land the chili beater is, mother, gently and reverently. Then he turned. The new comer was Pierco Toole. He seemed dazed by the picture before him. Father Kevan did not speak.

Mick could not stand the silence.
"They're dead, Pierce—dead!"

Pierce Toole did not burst into sobs or cries. "I have brought the curse o' God "You rejected his grace," said the

priest, "Piedge or promise is nothing without it." Pierce Toole knelt beside his wife and child. His form shook and a big tear fell

down his cheek.

Dead! Gone! He fell forward at the priest's feet.

August.
The country north of us is not all Arc-The country north of us is not all Arctic however; far from it. Those who know best, hardly realize how vast is the new domain of arable land which has just been opened by the completion of the Canadian Pacific railroad, and how much mera remains yet to enter. A new north, vast in resources of all kinds, stands ready for occupation. Wheat is raised 1,500 miles beyond the boundary of the United

States.

We have seen something of the immensity of the wheat fields tributary to the Northern Pacific railroad. The statistical report just issued shows an accumulation of over 32,000,000 bushels at terminal points. It seems but yesterder that this year amplie was generally day that this vast empire was generally believed to be a fr.zen waste, and Jay Cooke was ruined by being so far in advance of the people in his knowledge of advance of the people in his knowledge of this region and its resources, and by in-vesting money in developing it before the public were prepared to follow. Such another region is tapped by the Canadian Pacific railway. It appears that low prices for wheat have come to stay when the illimitable Northwest and North, by the aid of improved machinery, vie with ledia and labor at five cents a day. Oder wheat fi lds must, in many cases, be aban-

doned as upprofitable in comparison.

Nor is it wheat alone that flourishes in Nor is it wheat alone that ilounishes in the new North. The grandeur of the Canadian forests is probably the one silent feature known to everybody. Lieut. Schwatna, in his book, 'Along Alaska's Great River," describes the vegetation of the southwest coast of Alaska as rivalling that of the tropics in its luxuriance, forming a targled jungle, and trees even grow from the tops of the totems of the natives.

The latest dissoveries indicate that the

The latest discoveries indicate that the greatest surprises may prove to be in regard to the mineral wealth of these northern regions. It was this part of the continent that was first upheaved in the dawn of the archeau ages. Gold existed in paying quantities at many places in Alaska. The most supendous deposit of copper in the world has been discovered near Sadbury Junction, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, north of Lake Superior. A rough estimate makes the field 4 miles long, 1,500 feet wide, 20 feet deep, mostly sulphuret of copper easily reducible, and containing 50,000 000 tons of metal, which can be laid down in New York as cheap containing 50,000,000 tons of metal, which can be laid down in New York as cheap as 4 cents a pound—duty excepted; and when worked, will necessitate the stoppage of all other mines from the inability to compete in price.

The great work of the year has been the completion, many years before con-

The great work of the year has been the completion, many years before contracted for, and the opening to traffic of the Canadian Pacific Railway, over the whole length of which trains began run ning regularly last July. It was indeed substantially completed last fall, and was operated as far west as Canmore, a distance of 2,329 miles from Montreal. The rail road is now the shortest trans contirail road is now the shortest trans conti-nental route, and owing to its easy grades and perfect equipment, very fast time is expected to be made by the schedules of Blessed Mother, help me!"

Her voice became an appealing shrick. "Ot, Mother," she cried, "How often have I said, 'Pray for us now and at the hour of our death?"

A blast of wind made her shiver; a large one year on account of the imprudence of running too rapidly over a new road bed.

A TALE OF OUTRAGE.

POOR OLD MR. BOWIE, CAST OFF RY HIS CHILDREN, SEEKS REFUGE WITH THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

Washington, Dec. 1.—Some time ago there was admitted to the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor in this city an old gentleman whose story presents a sad instance of unnatural crueity on the part of children to an aged parent. His name is Richard Bowie, and he is over 80 years of age. He belongs to one of the first families of Maryland, and was at one time quite wealthy. He is first cousin to the present governor of Maryland, and also to Mr. Charles Dana, of the New York Fun.
Although he has three daughters and one Although he has three datiguities well off, this man in his age and in his poverty is allowed to starve or accept the comfortless charity of a home for the poor.

Previous to the war, Richard Bowie was

in comfortable circumstances. He enter-tained freely, as was the custom with the Southerners, and he brought up his family of children in the lap of luxury, surrounding them with all comforts, and giving them a first-class education. The war came on, and with it reverses for Mr. Bowie. His beautiful home in Prince George's county was broken up, and, to keep the wolf from the door, he although keep the wolf from the door, he although then 60 years of age, went to Baltimore and engaged in the commission business. Being unaccustomed to the work, he failed, and all the savings he had put aside from from the sale of his property were swallowed up and he was left penni-less. Then he turned to his children, who had married well while he was in tilluence with the natural expectation that they with the natural expectation that they would share of their abundance with him. would share of their abundance with him. But he was met with unkindness. They would do nothing for him. He tried to get work, and succeeded in obtaining employment in the navy yard. This was only temporary, however, and then he turned his hand to odd j bs as he could find them. He was employed at the department of agriculture in picking caterpillars off trees, and thus eked out a living. It was while at this enrobling occupation that one of his children here

Horsford's Acid Phosphate IN SLEEPLESSNESS

DR. HENRY TUCKER, Battleboro', Vt., says: "I have used it in several ca es of sleepleseness with very pleasing results."

came along, and, seeing the old man at the Church and lead souls astray by work, borrowed \$5 from him, which has spreading permicious doctrines. He renever been repaid. In time this position failed also, and old Mr. Bowie was thrown recitation of the Reservatione the time of failed also, and old Mr. Bowie was thrown once mere upon the cold charity of the world. He applied again to his children and met with cruel rebuffs. They were indignant that he should call upon them for aid; he ought to be able to take care of himself. Sometimes, but at rare intercals, they would give him some scraps of food or odd pieces of clothing. A geatleman who interested himself in the old man's case, and appealed to his unnatural children in his behalf, was subjected to man's case, and appealed to his unnatural children in his behalf, was subjected to insult by them for his kind-heartedness. The parties with whom Mr. Bowie was living, themselves very poor, at last were compelled to apply for his admission to some charitable institution. Father Chapelle, of St. Matthew's, admitted him to the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and there he will probably remain until his few remaining days are num hered, at least with a roof above his head. untile his few remaining days are num bered, at least with a roof above his head,

bered, at least with a roof above his head, plenty of wholesome food to eat, and a fire at which to warm himself.

Mrs. E. D. Stone is the eldest daughter of Mr. Bowie. She is a \$1,200 clerk in the war department, and besides draws a pension of \$20 a month as the widow of an army physician. She owns the house on which the lives on De Sales avenue, and here heads a \$20,000 or \$30,000 in cash.

which she lives on De Sales avenue, and has beside \$20,000 or \$30,000 in cash. This is the lady who sent her sged father the following letter:

"I send you two pairs of drawers, and two undershitts, and two white shirts. If they are not the proper size do not wear them, but let Lottie know. I think it a great outrage to come on me every month for a certain sum and then to expect me to clothe you. Not two years ago I gave you ten dollars worth of flannels and underclothes, and you have not worn them out but left them in Baltimore, where you left your overcoat, etc. I need where you left your overcoat, etc. I need these things myself and would not buy them, but prefer to be cold than spend the money, which I need for my children and which I am much too ill to work for, and, which I am much too in to work to have the heartfelt prayer of every child for an interest of the exercise of charity. All these blessings God has given in our days. "What are able, and ought to support yourself, and certainly you have no claim upon me, least of any one in the world. My duty is to my children, and I will not be compelled." least of any one in the world. My duty is to my children, and I will not be compelled to kill myself. This will cover the \$4 I send the first of the month. Had I means sufficient for my two children and myself and you, you would get it, but I have not. This rettles it, and you know it."

The charity mentioned in the foregoing letter ceased shortly afterward, and has not been renewed. Another is Mrs. Lindsley, the wife of a gentleman worth between \$50,000 and \$60,000. The old

between \$50,000 and \$60,000. The old man's son is Leonard O. Bowie, a \$1,200 clerk in the paymaster general's office, Mr. Bowie, who has all his life been a Mr. Bowie, who has all his life been a scrict Episcopalian, is about to become a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, where he has found the kindness not tendered him elsewhere. The old gentleman enjoys his glass of grog when he can get it, but he has never been seen in this city under the influence of liquor. F. P. X.

OUR DUTY.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE HOPE-THE

Cathoile Columbian. Never was there a time when Catholics Never was there a time when Catholics were afforded a better opportunity for exhibiting to the world the practical results of the teaching of the Church. Opinions are aired and crafty speculations entered into. They are not practical, are not intended to be.

The people are called upon and promised the worth of their money, an intellectual treat. Tenders of speculative opinions require their hearers to receive the blasphemies uttered as truth. The

obtained as truth. The evidence offered in proof of the vile assertions made is the dixit of the speakers. They are at variance with the most sim ple truths concerning man's destiny. They talk, laugh and gibe about things ignored by them. They try to teach others what they do not themselves know. They begin their speeches, if possible to dignify their harangues by such a term, with an acknow ledgment of their ignorance, and immedia

tely assume the office of catechist. tely assume the effice of catechist.

They have hearers by the thousands.
They are laughed at and called smart.
There is nothing in those men and women but blasphemy. They are themselves bloated with passion, and they labor to plunge mankind in the same unhappiness. Faith, they rail at it with the spite and heared of lost sands. Hence what grounds They are laughed at and called smart.

There is nothing in those men and women but blasphemy. They are themselves bloated with passion, and they labor to pluuge mankind in the same unnappiness. Faith, they rail at it with the spite and hatred of lost souls. Hope, what grounds for hope has he who laughs at the merits of Jesus Cantes? Love, how can love exist a purely accular education and brought. in the bosom of him who hates God? No faith to light up their path of life; no hope by which they may bridge over the pitfalls that are in it; no love to move them to pity the sorrows of their neighbor. They curse and blaspheme God and His creation. Who can listen to them?

smiled then; they to him for a remedy.

Amid the confusion that reigns over the world now there is security only in the world now there. She alone on this cash was so the Catholic Church. She alone on this earth is unchangeable. As she was, so she is. This can be said of her at any date of the past, and may be said of her at any time in the future. As she was unchangeable and infallible in the beginning of her reign, so shall she be when God says time shall be no more. Her children are not disturbed by opinions; they believed and accept the teaching of the Church. When the Church speaks, the question is answered, the matter is ended, and faith is practiced. She tells us how to hope, what to hope for, and on what our hope must that. When the Church ceases to use the practiced. She tells us how to hope, what to hope for, and on what our hope must be founded. She commands us with the authority of God to love God, first, above all else, and then our neighbor as ourselves for God's sake. She points to the example of our Lord and says, children, you must love the poor and relieve their neces tite; you must forgive your enemies and do

Peter, and are being promulgated through the priests to the people. Children will be better instructed in the principles and practice of our holy religion. The morals of the people will be more strictly guarded against the destroying influences of the world. Abuses that crept into practice among the faithful having few opportunities for the reception of instruction will cease, because of the afforts made to supply their wants. The ceremonies of the Church, so impressive of piety and devotion and so instructive of the nature and effects of the Mass, will be carried out, Sacrifice of the Mass, will be carried out, as near as possible, in strict conformity to her ritual.

Public prayers and devotions are more frequent, and the hearts of our aged ones are gladdened because Gld has let them see the day of the unfolding of the glories of His kingdom on earth, in our fair, loved, and growing more beautiful and prosperous country. We love these links still uniting us to bygone times, and they lift our hearts to God by the faith that is in them. Now, when old age has worn out their bodies, and their death beds are encircled by tearful and prayerful relatives and friends and the priest places on their tongues the body and blood of Jesus Christ, they can repeat with holy Simeon: "Now dismiss thy servant, O Lord! in peace according to thy word." We have homes for our orphans, hospitals for the sick and shelter for the unfortunate, yet, the hearts of our Holy Father, Public prayers and devotions are more tunate, yet, the hearts of our Holy Father, of our bishops and priests, are grieved because want of means places a limit to the exercise of charity. All these bless-

Courch.

The Vicar of our Lord directs the return The Vicar of our Lord directs the return we should make. We must unite with the faithful of the whole world and make our Jubilee. We must go to Mass on Sandays and holy days of obligation. We must keep fast on the days appointed. We must go to confession and receive Holy Communion often. We must contribute, according to our means, to the support of religion. We must provide support of religion. We must provide for Catholic education under the super-vision of the pasters of the Church. Parochial-chools must be erected and sustained.
Parents must instruct their children by
word and example. Older brothers and
sisters must not scandalize the little ones. Families must say night and morning prayers together. The Vicar of Christ prayers together. The Vicar of Christ insists on this practice in families. There is no excuse for the omission of family night prayers. Parents should keep their children home after duck. The bessing of God is on the house and those who dwell in it where family devotions unite

RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

PROTESTANTS COMING OVER TO THE CATH. OLIC SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

In the pastoral letter read in the Roman Catholic churches on Sunday, Archbishop Corrigan speaks of education in a spirit which recalls the recent utterances of the Episcopal Bishops on the same subject. Like them, he makes on direct attack upon the public schools. no direct attack upon the public schools, but the inferences from both the Catholic and the Protestant arguments are all against secular education as supported by the State. On each side the theory is laid down that there can be no proper education without religious teaching, and such teaching is excluded from the public schools. Therefore Roman Catholics and Episcopalians are exborted to send their children to chu

only, lest their spiritual welfare be sacrifized to their mere intellectual training.

Such views with regard to secular education are not now confined to the Episcopalians among Protestants. They re substantially the same as those not ous Cariel Love, how can love exist a purely secular education had brought upon society. The State, in his opinion was menaced with terrible dangers be cause of our godless school system, which was undermining the moral foundations

of the community.
When formerly the Roman Catholic neighbor. They cause and biaspheme God and His creation. Who can listen to them? Who can read them and be a friend of God? As children of a mother so dear to ous enemy of the public schools. The Who can read them and be a ...

Who can read them and be a ...

God? As children of a mother so dear to god? As children of a mother so dear to us, we must listen to the warnings which she gives. The Vicar of Christ foretold these said times, but the mighty ones of the earth laughed at his predictions. They smiled then; they tremble now, and look to him for a remedy.

To be a content of the content of the country. But now Cataolics and Protection of the same ground with reference to the schools, and support of the content of with reference to the schools, and sup-porting each other in the contention that education without religion means

religious faith. There is no doubt about that. When the Church ceases to use the

love the poor and relieve their necessities; you must forgive your enemies and do good to them that hate and persecute you. What an admirable example of this charity is the present Vicar of Corist, Leo XIII. His own have risen up against him, and he prays: 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do:"

He calls upon his children and asks them, too, to pray for those who efflict the churches and to private associations.—New York Sun.