

THE DAILY SACRIFICE.

The holy sacrifice of the Mass is being offered in France every hour of every day. When it is midnight in New York, Mass is being offered in the churches of Italy. Ancient altars, at which saints have knelt, are lit up with tapers and the Vicar of Christ and thousands of priests are lifting holy hands to Heaven. A little later and the bells of a thousand towers in France begin to ring. When it is midnight in New York, Mass is being offered in the churches of Italy. Ancient altars, at which saints have knelt, are lit up with tapers and the Vicar of Christ and thousands of priests are lifting holy hands to Heaven. A little later and the bells of a thousand towers in France begin to ring. When it is midnight in New York, Mass is being offered in the churches of Italy. Ancient altars, at which saints have knelt, are lit up with tapers and the Vicar of Christ and thousands of priests are lifting holy hands to Heaven.

THE LAST CATHOLIC QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Queen Victoria can claim to descend more honorably than the derives from the dual blood of DeBote of Modena. A French nobleman, who married Mary Beatrice d'Este, was once Queen of England, wearing the crown matrimonial as the wife of James II. Her story is fully and graphically told by Agnes Strickland in her "Lives of the Queens," and is replete with fascinating and striking incidents. Mary Beatrice came to England as the bride of the then Duke of York and her presumptive to the throne of his brother, the second Charles. James was a widower with two daughters, the elder, Mary (afterwards the Princess of Orange), being very nearly the age of his youthful bride, who had just completed her sixteenth year.

THE BLESSING THE "HALL MARY" BROUGHT.

We have taken pains to transfer to our columns the following incident, related in the "Life of Monsignor Dyanopol,"—a deeply interesting and edifying book, by the way, which we would earnestly recommend to all our readers. The incident is given in the words of the saintly prelate himself. It was published in the "Ave Maria" during his life-time, but the story is well worth repeating: "There are moments in a priest's life when a certain grace lights up the soul, and leaves an indelible impression which one never forgets. One day I had one of these revelations; it was at the death of a child who was very dear to me—a young girl to whom I had given her First Communion. I had the habit of always recommending to my children fidelity in prayer, and the Ave Maria; and this child, who was then only twenty, and whose marriage I had blessed the year before, had been faithful to this practice and said her beads daily. The daughter of one of the most eminent marshals of the Empire, adored by her father, mother and husband; rich, young, beautiful, and obedient as having just given birth to a son, well, in the midst of all this happiness she was to die, and it was I who was to break her the terrible news. "I went in. Her mother was weeping, her husband in despair, her father broken hearted—even more than the mother; for I have often remarked in great sorrow that a really Christian woman bears her anguish better than the bravest warrior. I scarcely knew how to begin to speak to the poor, little dying wife and mother. To my utter surprise, she met me with a bright smile on her lips! Death was hastening on. She knew and felt it, and yet she smiled, though with a certain sadness as she looked at me. I had a sudden thought for a moment although I had floated above it. I could not help exclaiming, "O my child, what a terrible blow! But she, with an accent which moves me even now when I think of it, replied: "Do you not believe that I shall go to heaven? "Yes," I replied; "I have the faintest hope that you will."

"And I," she answered quickly, "am quite sure of it." "What gives you this certainty?" I exclaimed. "The advice you gave me formerly. When I made my First Communion you advised us to say the Ave Maria every day, and to say it well. I have obeyed you; and for the last four years I have said the Rosary every day of my life, and that makes me sure of going to heaven." "But I could not help saying, "Because I can not believe," she replied, gravely—and the thought has been present to me ever since I knew I was to die—that I have for four years said fifty times each day, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now, and at the hour of our death," and that she will always be with me at that moment; that she will pray for me and conduct me to heaven!"

THE LESSON OF CONVERSIONS.

One of the marked features of Catholic Church history during the last fifty years is the number of conversions to the faith. A member of the New England Historical Society announces in the New York Freeman's Journal an interesting list of American converts to Catholicity. Among the names listed are more than forty Protestant ministers who have become, per force of conversion, Catholic clergymen. The list includes the names of Rev. T. Hecker, its founder; Rev. A. F. Hewitt, formerly a Congregational clergyman; Rev. A. M. Clark, a Paulist; Rev. Clarence S. Woodman, a Paulist; Rev. George Deshon, now of the Paulist Order, New York City. He is a graduate of West Point, and was a classmate of General Grant, General W. B. Franklin, General Fred. Steele, General Ingalls, General Potter and other prominent soldiers. He rendered gallant army service. Rev. Thomas V. Robinson, of the Paulist Order, New York; Rev. Alfred Young, a Paulist; deceased. Rev. Robert Tillston, a Paulist; deceased. Rev. Lewis S. Brown, of the Paulist Community, New York. Rev. W. J. Simmons, of the Paulist Fathers. We also submit here a partial list of converts from Protestantism who have occupied distinguished places in the government of the American Catholic Church. Most Rev. Samuel Eulston, D. D., succeeded Most Rev. James Whitfield, D. D., as Archbishop of Baltimore. Most Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, D. D., late Archbishop of Baltimore. He was a native of New York City, graduated at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., and was ordained to the ministry; made Archbishop of Baltimore in 1872. Most Rev. James F. Wood, D. D., late Archbishop of Philadelphia. Right Rev. Edgar Wadsworth, D. D., late Bishop of Ogdensburg, N. Y. Right Rev. Thomas A. Becker, D. D., Bishop of Wilmington, Del.; recently transferred to Savannah, Ga. Right Rev. Richard Gilmour, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland, O. Right Rev. Sylvester Horton Rosecrans, D. D., late Bishop of Columbus, O., and brother of General W. S. Rosecrans. Right Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, D. D., the present Bishop of Wilmington, Del. He was ordained a Protestant minister in 1855, and afterwards was stationed at various churches in Maryland. He was received into the Catholic Church in 1872.

HON. MR. COSTIGAN IN QUEBEC.

A MAGNIFICENT DEMONSTRATION. Quebec, Aug. 13th.—The Hon. Mr. Costigan was to-day the object of a demonstration which, while it was wholly unexpected on his part, speaks volumes for his popularity, not alone among those of his own nationality, but also among all classes of the community. Yesterday a deputation waited upon the honorable gentleman at "O'Hara's," where he is staying, and invited him to sail down the St. Lawrence to-day. Accordingly this morning at ten o'clock, Mr. Costigan with his sister, Mrs. John Hart, of Elmwoodton, who has accompanied him from New Brunswick, entered a carriage drawn by a pair of Campbell's splendid horses, in company with the Mayor of St. Saverus, Dr. Fiset, Mr. Wm. Lee, Mayor of the municipality of the Parish of Quebec, and Councillor Fortier, of the City of Quebec, and proceeded to the wharf, where they embarked on the finest steamer Vega, which flies the flag of Erin at the forepost. Here he found some one hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, including members of the city council and other prominent people, awaiting him, and who received him with rousing cheers. It would be almost impossible to name all those present, but amongst them may be mentioned Mr. T. Chase Gagnon, M. P. P., Councillor Fortier, Mayor of St. Saverus, O'Leary, John Cameron, P. J. O'Sullivan, P. Lynett, T. J. Walsh, Kelly, Marquette, Grogan, R. B. Leduc, M. J. Ellis, John McKay, B. Leonard, W. H. French, F. Gullagher, L. L. Laurence, McKendry, G. A. B. Bisset, Vallee, ex M. P. P., J. E. Morrison, Tarcotte, G. T. Phillips, Jeffrey Rose, D. N. L. P. Campbell, Deagen, W. Power, McInerdy, J. G. Gilmour, and other prominent gentlemen, with their wives, daughters and sweethearts. As Mr. Costigan embarked, the "B" Battery band who were on the deck of the steamer, struck up "St. Patrick's Day," to the enraptured notes of which the steamer, with all on board, put off into the stream. After the party had taken a passing glance at the Louise embankment the Vega crossed over to the new graving dock, which they inspected. Thence she proceeded down the north channel to la Pointe Ste. Anne, where the party disembarked and paid a visit to that celebrated shrine, remaining for about an hour. When they had re-embarked the Vega continued on and rounded the Island of Orleans at its eastern extremity, and then headed for Quebec, which she reached at half past seven this evening, after making a call at St. Petronille, where a number of the summer residents of the Island, who had met the party, disembarked after giving the minister a cheer. During the trip dancing and music was also sung—French and Irish—were indulged in, the only relaxation from amusement being the partaking of a magnificent lunch which was served in the saloon of the boat. Messrs. Fiset and Lee acting as chairman and vice chairman, respectively. The former proposed Mr. Costigan's health in highly eulogistic terms, to which the minister replied in happy terms. Other gentlemen also spoke in his praise. As the Vega passed up stream the numerous steamboats in the harbour cheered their loudest applause of welcome to the popular Minister of Internal Revenue. During the day of yesterday Mr. Costigan and Mrs. Hart, accompanied by some personal friends, crossed over the river to the parish of St. Nicholas and had once more the pleasure of visiting the house under whose roof they were born. Altogether it was a day to be long remembered, as well by the distinguished gentleman to whose honor the excursion was gotten up as by the joyous party of his friends and admirers who took this happy day of making his short stay in old Stadacona a pleasant one.—Ottawa Citizen.

THE HEART THE HOME OF HOLINESS.

The hidden life, which God imparts to His accepted people, may flourish in solitude and desert, far from the societies of men and the din and disturbance of cities. From the cave of the hermit, from the cell of the solitary recluse, the fervent prayer has often arisen, which has been acceptable in the sight of God. But it would be a strange and fatal misconception, that the home of holiness is to be best, free of outward distractions and allures; that we may expect to find it there, where hearts adapted to its reception and growth, in the haunts of business as well as in the silence of retirement, in the places of Rome as well as in the deserts of the Thebais. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that we cannot be holy except on the condition of situation and circumstances in life, and that we must find it there, where hearts adapted to its reception and growth, in the haunts of business as well as in the silence of retirement, in the places of Rome as well as in the deserts of the Thebais. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that we cannot be holy except on the condition of situation and circumstances in life, and that we must find it there, where hearts adapted to its reception and growth, in the haunts of business as well as in the silence of retirement, in the places of Rome as well as in the deserts of the Thebais.

THE STORY OF THE WEEPING WILLOW.

We did not always weep; once we held our heads as high as any of our brothers and sisters, rejoicing in the bright sunlight and wooing breezes. We were as happy as any of Nature's children, but that was long ago; for many years we have wept and mourned, and shall ever do so until time is no more. One day there passed beneath our shade, to rest, a party of men weary and footsore. In their midst was one with a face infinitely beautiful, infinitely sad, whom they called Master. With his mild, gentle eyes he looked up at our green branches, and we bent and drooped as if we were his children, and wept with softest, freshest breeze his heated limbs, and feet sore and bleeding from many a weary mile over the hard stones and hot sand. Men believed not in him; and even of the twelve who followed and loved and believed, one afterward betrayed and another denied him. But when he stood under our branches, wept, humed and sorrowful, we thrilled with rapture and adoration, for we knew him to be our Creator and our King. Some days after, a crowd of cruel, blasphemous men came and cut the longest and slenderest of us and then bound us tightly together. Then they carried us into the city, and in the midst of a bustling, shouting, madheaded multitude we again saw Him. Desecrated, friendless, and alone He stood, and only the shadow of a great sorrow lay in His eyes. Then they bared His shoulders, and with us they scourged Him until we were stained with His sacred blood, and though His made no more, our hearts bled and broke. They set Him away, and we saw Him no more; but never again did we hold up our heads in the sunlight, and we weep always.—Emma Howard Wright in the Catholic Mirror.

IRELAND'S LOVE FOR LEARNING.

The Irishman should be proud of the record of his country in the work of education. It is too true that we are teeming with our poverty and our ignorance for centuries in ignorance. We are Catholics. It is because our fathers would not give up their Catholic faith that the English robbers, after stealing the land, wanted to steal away the faith. England, Protestant England, by the most infamous code of penal laws, kept out people out of learning and held them for centuries in ignorance. We should not let the world forget that there was a time when, as Usher says: "Ireland was the refuge of civilization and literature." We see St. Patrick at Armagh establishing a university which in the ninth century had 7,000 students, representing all the countries of Europe, and St. Patrick, at Clonard in 530, "whence issued," says Usher, "a stream of saints and scholars like Greek warriors from the wooden horse at Troy." The Saxon clod was in barbarism when the Irish scholars went to his land to civilize him and teach him his letters. Mental labor says that "In the Irish monastic schools were trained an entire population of philosophers, architects, painters, musicians, poets and his torians." His inspirations arose from the teachings of the Catholic Church.—Rev. D. Conaty.

WHAT MAKES A NOBLE MAN?

Samuel Smiles, "Self Help," says: "Truthfulness, integrity and goodness—qualities that hang not on any man's breath form the essence of manly character." "It was a first command and counsel of my early youth," says Lord Erskine, "always to do what my conscience told me to be duty, and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the motto, 'Without honor, whither there can be neither private worth nor lasting public property.' With our ancestors," says Kenneth Digby, "the Catholic religion was the base, the pervading spirit, the vital principle of every virtue. From it flowed the high sentiment of honor, the fervor of heroism, the contempt for riches, the zeal of loyalty, the constancy of friendship."

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