





evening was calm and still, and the vesper bells of the old Benedictine monastery at Alt Altenburg faintly sounded from over the valley. He looked up; an oak tree shaded him, and looking down he saw it was three trees in one, the Dred Eichen of his dream. He then recalled his vow made in his illness, and the next day his loved picture was hung upon the tree. Hundreds of miraculous cures are said to have been made before the shrine, and numerous are the legends of miracles wrought. A hundred years the waxen picture hung upon the tree; then a sudden picture hung upon the tree took fire, some strange accident the shrine took fire, the picture was melted, but fresh signs rose from the spot, where fire had destroyed the tree, and this was taken as a sign that God wished to have a perpetual shrine established here. With permission of the Benedictine convent, and consent of His Excellency, Philip Josef, Count von Hoyas, a small stone chapel was built; but this was far too small to accommodate the troops of pilgrims who came to visit the shrine. In 1744 Count and Countess Hoyas said the foundation of the present magnificent church, and from that time until the present, crowds of pilgrims and long processions of peasants come on "woodland journey" to the shrine at Three Oaks. The church was open last evening when we entered the hamlet, and crowds of pilgrims were kneeling before the confessionals on every side, preparing for the early Communion at five o'clock this morning. Priests heard confessions all night, our landlady told us, and this morning we are awakened by new bands of pilgrims arriving chanting their hymns in honor of Our Lady of Three Oaks. Sweet Fern and I went to early Mass, but the building was too crowded to see anything but the frescoes of the dome and the lights on the high altar. At Vespers to-night the crowd will have dispersed, so we shall be able to see the treasure-room; therefore we have delayed our journey southward until to-morrow.—"Imperio," in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VALUE OF SUFFERINGS.

A priest was one day preaching on patience, and he insisted on the merit of sufferings, affirming that they offered us a way to heaven that is not granted to our prayers. "You desire the conversion of a soul," he said, "pray for that soul, but also suffer for it." A little girl that had just made her First Communion heard these words and took them to heart. The child had often seen her mother in tears when her father came home drunk at night. When she returned from church that day she kissed her mother with unusual tenderness. "Mother," she said, "I hope not to see you crying any more; I know how to obtain father's conversion." The family were very poor, so that they had only one real meal a day, which they took together at noon. At that meal, next day, the little girl eat only her soup and some bread. "Are you ill?" asked her mother, in surprise. "No, mamma." "Why do you not eat, then?" said her father. "I do not want any more." "It is not to be a childish whim, and thought the best punishment would be to let her have her own way. At night the father came home drunk and swearing. The child, who had been asleep, was startled, and wept bitterly. Next day she took only bread and water for dinner. "You must eat your dinner," he said angrily. "No, no!" she answered, firmly; "as long as you get drunk and curse mamma and make her cry, I have promised God that I will suffer, so that He may not punish you." The father made no answer, but that night he came home sober. The conduct of his little girl had evidently impressed him deeply. Next day the child took her dinner as usual. It seems, however, that the man's passion for drink was deeply rooted, so that in a few days he returned again to that state of intoxication. The father, next day, resumed her fast. The child, with a moved, and a tear stole into his eye; the mother wept. "Little one," said the father, rising and kissing her, "are you going to continue this course of life?" "Yes, papa," she answered, "until I die, or you are converted." Then she related what she had heard the priest say in his sermon, and how she was determined to suffer, that her beloved mother might not have such frequent cause to weep—that he might become contented. "My darling child, you have conquered!" exclaimed the father, as the tears coursed freely down his cheeks; "and I will give your mother no more cause for tears. On Saturday we will go to confession, and I trust that the grace of God, through the holy Sacraments, will enable me to keep my promise." "Need we add that the hope of the poor man was not in vain, and that he still continues to lead a sober and edifying life?"

A TRUE STORY OF THE SCAPULAR.

It is now just fifty years since Mary Clark, daughter of a respectable farmer of county Derry, Ireland, emigrated to this country. Her parents were strict Catholics, and the sentiments of our holy religion were early imprinted upon the youthful mind of the young girl by her pious mother. They were members of the Scapular society of the parish, and careful observers of its rules. Their devotion to the ever Blessed Mother of God was, in fact, unbounded. In the morning they commended themselves to her protection, and at night, before retiring to rest, the Rosary was recited aloud in the family circle. The month of May was of course a month of special devotion; and even in her childhood Mary had her little altar, which she decorated with choicest flowers, and there she would kneel and humbly offer up her infant prayers to the Queen of Heaven. She daily placed herself under her protection, and that good Mother never abandoned her. The Blessed Mother of God never forsakes her children, but on the contrary in their severest trials and afflictions ever brings them comfort and consolation. The last injunctions of Mary's mother to her when parting was "Never neglect your devotion to the Holy Mother of God." The voyage from Ireland to America was not so rapid in those days as now. Those leviathans of the deep carrying their cargoes of living freight were not propelled by steam power over the wide expanse of the Atlantic. The nearest depended solely upon the wind to fill his spreading sails, and drive his frail bark over the boisterous billows. For two days after the departure the weather was highly propitious. The sun shone from a cloudless sky upon the placid voyage. Everybody predicted a favorable voyage. But our predictions are oftentimes vain. It was the third day, late in the afternoon, that a heavy rain came overhead, and the threatening clouds obscured by murky, threatening clouds. The billows swelled and roared as if in mad defiance. The sea seemed mountain peaks with snow nesting on their summits—those mighty mountains of water heaving to and fro, and dashing against one another with an inconceivable force, breaking up into thousands, only to re-unite and form waves more gigantic than their predecessors. At sea in a storm! He only who has experienced it can form an idea of its tempest. The creaking of the vessel, the howling of the winds, and the roaring of the waters are calculated to strike terror into the most hardened heart. The war of elements continued; wave after wave, hurled on by the impetuosity of the winds, glides over and past the ship. Nature seems to arouse from a lethargy in which she was accumulating strength to display her powers and humble the heart of man. His frail timber and but a feeble protection against the onslaught of the elements. Can the ship withstand the fury of the tempest? Naught but a miracle can save her from destruction. But what a change on board! The hilarity which had prevailed a short time before was changed to fear and trembling. The sailors supplanted countenances faded with joy and merriment. Cheerfulness ceased, and sadness was depicted on every brow. Everyone expected that his final hour had come. Some were praying, some weeping, and others, in most harrowing accents, bewailing their unfortunate fate. Mary was in her berth prostrate before a little statue of the blessed Virgin, humbly supplicating that Patroness of the afflicted to intercede for her fellow-passengers that they might be saved from a watery grave. She invoked that "Star of the Sea" guide their frail bark to a harbor of safety. She was not dejected as the others, because religion sustains her. What a solace is religion to those in sorrow, in affliction, in danger! She alone was calm and collected in the midst of clamor and confusion around her. She clamored upon the mercies of God, which never fail. He may, to try our patience, abandon us for a short time to sorrow and affliction. But when we have passed through this ordeal we become still more objects of His love. A sudden impulse seized Mary. She glided like a spirit up the hatchway upon the deck. The seamen endeavored to restrain her, but she stood firm for a moment on deck, she gazed upon the rolling billows and the sombre sky. Opening the bosom of her dress, she coolly removed the scapulars from her shoulders and threw them, with a firm faith, into the seething water, and then retired to her berth to pray once more. Listen! There is a lull, the howling of the wind is no longer heard; it has exhausted its energies. The howling of the tempest has ceased, the agitated waves gradually subside, and that broad expanse of waters becomes tranquil. What joy to all on board! The past few weeks had been a period of suspense, agitation and terror. All regain the former state of cheerfulness, everything again goes "merry as a marriage bell." On the return of sunshine the clouds are forgotten. So with these voyagers. After the storm, instead of entering into conversation with her fellow passengers on the perils through which they had passed, Mary prostrated herself before her little statue of the Blessed Virgin, and with a merciful heart returned! God thanks for the graceful extension of her faith, and she slept well. "Twas night. All retired to rest after the usual fatigues and perils of the day. Mary especially slept well. Next morning at dawn she arose, and went on deck! What a contrast to the previous day! The glorious sun was rising in the east and spreading effulgence over the waters; the sky was clear and cloudless, and not a trace of the storm could be discerned. Mary's surprise may be easily imagined when she found at her feet the very scapulars she had cast into the seething waters the day before. Lifting them up, she fondly kissed them, and thanked the

Great God again and again for his goodness and mercy. Mary was ever after a most faithful client of the Mother of God, and induced many young women of her nationality to join the Society of the Holy Scapular. She remained in this country ten years, and then returned to her native parish where she spent the remainder of her days. O Lamb of God! enable us, we beseech Thee, to imitate Mary, in her devotion to Thy Holy Mother.—Ave Maria.

CARDINAL MANNING AT ST. ANNE'S.

The patronal Feast of the Church of St. Anne, St. Albans, was duly observed on Sunday, when a very large congregation attended the High Mass. The music was rendered by an efficient choir with full band. The procession to the sanctuary of the officiating clergy was followed by a cross-bearer, preceding his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, who was followed by the local branch of the League of the Cross. At the conclusion of the first Gospel His Eminence the Cardinal ascended the pulpit and preached an eloquent sermon from the text, "By the grace of God I am what I am." His Eminence proceeded to say it was a law of the kingdom of God, that whosoever He called any one to a great work or to person grace and sanctity in proportion to the dignity of the work to which they were called. That was to say that God the Holy Ghost by His grace sanctified and made fit the person called in proportion to the greatness, in proportion to the dignity, of that work. The grace of God meant the grace, the fervor, the generosity, the love and the goodness of God in giving to His creatures the gift of His spirit. Grace was not a person, it was a gift, or rather the motive of the manner of the gift, for the sanctification of souls, and was the work of the Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier, and they must never lose sight of the person in the gift. That day they were keeping the feast of their holy patroness, St. Anne. What was her sanctity, and what was her dignity? Her dignity was to be gathered from that of her child, Mary Immaculate, whose dignity and grace could be measured by the Divine sanctity of the Son of God, who of our substance took our manhood. She brought into the world a Divine Infant. That being so, was her sanctity in proportion to so great a dignity? It was to be measured not by spot or stain, or sin, either sinless, without spot or stain, or sin, either actual or original. This was the gift of the Holy Ghost to make Mary Immaculate fit for the dignity of Mother of God. If such was the sanctity and dignity of Mary, what must have been the purity and the holiness that shone in her mother? St. Anne was the fond mother of the immaculate child Mary. She it was who day to day to watch over her in her infancy, and to train her from the beginning. To-day, in meditating upon her, there is one lesson to be drawn. WHAT A HOME! How holy must that house have been! There was only one holier, and that was the home of Nazareth, where Jesus, Mary and Joseph dwelt together. The care and the love that your holy patroness, St. Anne, had for her immaculate child is an example to you, fathers and mothers, of up that immaculate child, who was the Mother of God. The children of your school, every one of them, members of the Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross. That will keep them from the haunts and taint of sin. IF IN HAPPY CHILDHOOD they never know the taste of drink, they will not have the temptation to taste it when they are grown up men and women. This is a great joy to men and women. Come here and join the League of the Cross. A blessed page in the book of life shall that be for them, and if they persevere there is laid up for them a bright crown in eternity which they shall cast at the foot of the great white throne and say, "By the grace of God I am what I am."—London Universe, Aug. 1.

so, if we are willing, God will guide us on our way and shape our course towards heaven. You have seen on a river a great water-gate to keep the stream back till the water rises, and at high water the hand of a child can open that gate. So it is with our heart. The Holy Ghost is always pressing upon our heart and will, even as the water presses upon the flood-gate. If we will only open our hearts to Him He will let go the floodgates of His love and pour in the abounding streams of His Grace. Proceeding to speak of the gift of final perseverance and correspondence with the grace of God, the Cardinal said that even the saints of God have accused themselves of forfeiting many a grace. WE KNOW OF ONLY ONE who corresponded to every grace, who shone so high, so deep and so bright, and that was the Blessed Mother of God. She never lost a grace, and we forfeit them every day of our lives. Just as you make chains to God gives us grace. Every grace corresponded to a golden link in the chain of our salvation. Every good act is a link in that chain which, if gold, God lets down within our reach, and with which, if we hold fast and persevere to the end, He will, in His loving grace and mercy, lift us up to that place that sovereign mercy, lift us up to that place which is alone the home of the blessed. We can by the perseverance of our own will break that chain asunder, but we cannot bring it together again. No man can weld it and make it as it was before. God only can do that. His Eminence next proceeded to point out the necessity of avoiding not only sin, but the occasions that led to it. Having spoken of the necessity of avoiding the indulgence of a bad temper, and the careful training of good habits, the Cardinal proceeded to say that the greatest drunkard, that brings shame in his home and death to his soul, once as sober as you are. Little by little he began to indulge himself until he became devoted to the temptation, which ended in a habit which he could not overcome. Habit is made up of single actions as a river is made up of drops of water, and when they become a multitude they are so strong one cannot break them off. Look at the poor man who has lost his brain and his will. There was a time when he had the power to drink to his own ruin or to pour it out on the ground, and often he may have stood and wavered, and longed, and desired to do so, but at last he gives way. He cannot resist it now, and you pity him, and he is to be pitied; but it is his own fault, for he did it as if he had destroyed his own life, for it was the act of his own free will. This is the way men fall from God. We need not fall from God if we have confidence in the great love He has shown us. Let us be very humble and say to ourselves, "By the grace of God, I am what I am." "If God had left me to myself, I would have become a devil; but I am not. I am not a saint. No, but I hope I am a penitent. I must be very humble, for if myself I am nothing, and it is only by His sovereign grace that I am what I am." He had a great deal to say for you in the past. It will be better to die now and save our soul than to live long out of the grace of God, and die separated from Him in eternity. Go to your homes and look on your little ones and say, I have to train up these little children as St. Anne trained up that immaculate child, who was the Mother of God. The children of your school, every one of them, members of the Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross. That will keep them from the haunts and taint of sin. IF IN HAPPY CHILDHOOD they never know the taste of drink, they will not have the temptation to taste it when they are grown up men and women. This is a great joy to men and women. Come here and join the League of the Cross. A blessed page in the book of life shall that be for them, and if they persevere there is laid up for them a bright crown in eternity which they shall cast at the foot of the great white throne and say, "By the grace of God I am what I am."—London Universe, Aug. 1.

COMFORTLESS.

Comfortless. BY H. J. W. O the poverty of this lane, Chant its sorrowful dirge, my love, The burden of sorrow I wove with shame That madly threatens to sunder us twain; And a star-lit heaven above. Gather your cloak for the wind is cold; When care is strong light love song? When unobscured the woe that we hold? And escape from the hunger, frost, and mould That is wasting our blood along. What would it matter if we were dead? Nestle your head against my breast— Think of it, love, a grave for a bed— And the living might dance with joy over head And never disturb our rest. —Pilot.

INTEMPERANCE.

A Too Much Loved Vice—Its Rapid Strides and Brutalizing Effects. BY REV. F. A. TRACY. It is not difficult to perceive that man is gifted with a nature superior to that of other animals. They are led merely by their natural instincts, which impels them to the pursuit of their preservation; they are mere creatures of appetite. Grovelling on the earth, they fulfil, it is true, the end of their existence, but they are wholly incapable of any high or noble impulse. Man, on the contrary, is endowed with a beautiful and spiritual nature. In man the perfection of the Almighty resides in man, pure and disinterested. Gratitude, which returns all good offices to him who has proved himself a kind and generous benefactor, has in many instances shown resplendent in the human character. Magnanimity, hospitality, and all their other virtues combine to decorate and render bright and glorious the humanity of which we are partakers. But in the bright possession of valuable qualities which man possesses, that independence of will by which he is free to choose for himself whether he will perform or omit an action is specially refulgent. The beasts of the field are guided solely by their appetites, consequently they have no other rule to direct them in the quantity they shall take than the appetite with which nature has gifted them. Man, differently constituted, has dominion over his appetite. It is in his power to regulate it according to the dictates of reason and the requirements of the body, and, moreover, he is bound to do so. Thus nobly endowed as we have just seen, man nevertheless sometimes proves untrue to the grandeur of his nature. It is not amazing that one upon whom have been showered the riches of spirituality in such abundance should perpetrate acts unworthy of his grade, of his faculties and his destiny? If, indeed, we were to consider man only as a being endowed with such transcendent faculties, we might entertain the opinion that all ailments imputed to him with the object of impressing upon his mind the necessity of shunning vice would be works of pure supererogation. But from the rapid strides and menacing carriage of a certain well-known and alas! too much loved vice, it is well to lay down some reasons why it should be avoided. The vice of which I speak is drunkenness, or the sin of indulging too freely in intoxicating liquors, even to the temporary dereliction of reason. The few thoughts which it is determined now to give expression will regard in the first place the evil of drunkenness in itself, and secondly, its lamentable effects. No one denies that the drunkard is gradually degraded and brutalized. In order that we may the better see how low he falls by being addicted to his pernicious and sinful habit, let us turn to the magnificence of man. Formed to the image and likeness of that infinitely perfect Being whose beauty is reflected in the dazzling lustre of the sun, whose voice is heard in the loud and rumbling noise of the thunder, and whose power is seen in the stupendous firmament that, as a garment envelops our earth, man's soul has in itself three faculties—the memory, the understanding and the will. Though these are united in the same essence, yet they discharge different functions. The memory recalls the happy scenes of our childhood, when we were the idols of loving and anxious parents; the little songs endeared to us by being the favorites of our friends, and the romantic aspirations and ardent longings we were accustomed to foster in our young hearts. The understanding teaches us to mark the line between what is based upon solid and irrefragable evidence and what has only the flimsy testimony of an erring intellect in its favor. By the understanding we rise to the knowledge of the great maxims and glorious truths which God, through His faithful church, has communicated to mankind. By the understanding we, man promises given, deduce a proper and consequential conclusion. In proper conclusion it is the part of the will to act. We are so formed that in what we do we are not hampered or constrained. God was pleased to confer free will upon us, that we might, by a legitimate exercise of it, pay to Him a just homage, and render ourselves worthy of eternal happiness. Here let me pause and inquire what effect has drunkenness upon the faculties I have mentioned? Does it in any manner operate to their disadvantage? Can it be said to derogate anything from their excellence? Is the memory effected by deep and protracted potations? Is it why it is not for the time completely clouded? Drunkenness deprives man of the power of remembering. Instead of the quick apprehension of events long past, instead of the enunciation of a song not heard for years, there succeeds a torpor which forbids anything to be recollected, a blank on which nothing is imprinted. Does it leave reason intact? Can it be called reason that is the purest absurdity? Can the ravings of one in delirium be denominated the calm, majestic, coherent consciousness of reason? Can he who acts without a motive, who seems a mere automaton, a man machine enjoying the power of speech and motion only, be estimated a rational being? O, reason! emanation of the very sublime name as to couple it with that of a sinful oblivion and an infamous irrationality! Where is the will in drunkenness? It is absent. It is not the grand election of good that causes the many crimes committed in drunkenness, but the weakened

and vitiated will that blindly follows where untamed passion leads. In drunkenness the dignity of man is lost. The glorious position as the most exalted and ennobled creature that God placed in the world is exchanged for the miserable state of the unreasoning brute. Saddening, indeed, it is to remark that that poor brute, which with a stolid indifference enters its stall or roams through the pastures unconscious of the beauties of creation, utterly ignorant of a future life or of God, should become in any event the equal of magnificent, enlightened, independent man. Does it not call up to the cheek the crimson blush of shame to recollect the degradation of that nature of which we as well as the miserable drunkard are partakers? Even though there be a pleasure in drunkenness, that pleasure is certainly of too low and sinful a kind for man to stoop to its enjoyment. Moreover, the pleasure of possessing the property of another or the pleasure of revenging an injury does not remove the crime or lessen the infamy of the robber or murderer; say, so far from such being the case, the intensity of the pleasure felt in such actions is but the measure of their guilt and the criterion of their penalty. It is indeed true that without the use of reason sin cannot exist. Where reason is wanting sin must also be wanting. The wretch who has robbed himself of the use of reason by drunkenness may impudently plead that while intoxicated he cannot commit mortal sin. Does that excuse him? Not at all! Would God excuse him the suicide who had rashly and wickedly laid violent hands upon himself, because, forsooth! after taking away his own life he could no longer sin? You might well be shocked if, in this very day, while you were gazing at a form, which from outward appearance you supposed to be a man, you were told that to humanity lay in creature before you, that it was a monster appearing in the shape of a man, that it possessed the heart of a tiger or of some less noble animal. How would shrink from the touch of that monster as though it could contaminate you! How you would shudder at its ghastly glances, and shut your ears to its hoarse laughter! Yet you shrink not from the horror of hatred, although it be the worst of all vices, although the monster have no moral deformity, while the drunkard's transient bestiality is so foul and criminal as to make the angels weep. Let us now turn our attention to the consideration of the calamitous results of intemperance. As the drunkard is prey to the diversified nature of the losses he sustains will be appropriate. His time, which might be well spent in some useful and lucrative employment, is devoted to his comrades of the tavern—men sunk like himself in degradation and squalor; whose whose friendship is contagion, and whose discourse and manner exhibit unnumbered signs of a marked and deep rooted depravity. His money, which might be laid out in providing for the necessity of his family, is lavished upon wretches whose claim to his companionship has no other basis than their carelessness of the observance of common decorum, and their bold and oft-repeated defiance of a healthy public opinion. His health, which might be preserved by a sober and reserved life in its natural robust state, is fast breaking down under the accumulated weight of multifarious diseases which his reckless way of living has brought upon him. Finally, his soul, more precious—infinitely more precious—than all else, is stripped of its robe of innocence and clothed in the black and tattered raiment of the sinner. And if the drunkard himself be in such a sad plight, is his family happy? No; he deprives of that aid which he was bound to secure to them, and in a most miserable condition. Perhaps the poor woman may by some employment earn as much as will keep herself and her children from starvation; but often there is no way to earn anything. She and her children are dwelling in a dilapidated old house, whose aged roof creaks in the tempest, and offers a very insufficient shelter from the showers of rain or hail, and whose cheerless aspect almost chills the blood of any benevolent neighbor who may have the charity to visit the shunned homesteads of the outcast poor. The clothing which the woe-worn mother and neglected children can afford is such as would not be deemed sufficient to shield against the biting blast of winter. The hearth is truly dreadful. No fire flashes upon bright and smiling faces or adds its pleasurable contribution to a host of domestic and household joys. The little ones nestle close to their kind-hearted mother and murmur in her ear the name of their unnatural father. Poverty is written upon their shrunken countenances, and the paleness of their cheeks gives token that the inhuman treatment they have received in their budding forth will cause them soon to wither away and die. As the cold increases in intensity they crouch closer and closer to their darling and their mother and seek to keep their little limbs warm. Many a tedious hour has passed since food has entered their lips. The last dollar was taken away by their father to the tavern, and unless God directs some charitable person to their humble abode, they may perish of hunger, while the man, or rather the monster, who has left them thus is rioting in the society of his pot-companions. If they expect his return to the dismal habitation of woe which they call "home," it is with sentiments of dread and terror. Their bruised and blackened bodies tell a horrifying tale. Maddened by intoxication, the drunkard is accustomed to wreak his ill-humor upon his defenceless family by finding them unable to supply him with money for a further carouse. Even should money for a further carouse be had, treatment those children survive to see him with to which they are subjected, think you not that their minds are sown with an evil seed? Can the conduct of their father be forgotten? Will they not imitate the example set them, and accompany their vile parent to his usual haunts? Or will they not fly from the house to avoid his presence and join the enemies of human society—those who live by preying upon their fellow-men—the swindler, the thief, and the murderer? OXFORD, N. J.

PRAYER FOR THE DEAD.

One of the most beautiful and satisfying doctrines of the Church is that of praying for the dead. The comfort and solace that spring from this practice, together with the advantages to the poor souls that are undergoing their purgation, and thus satisfying the Eternal Justice previous to their admission to His full enjoyment of the Divine presence of God, should lead all those who have friends departed from this life to the constant practice of assisting them by prayers, almsdeeds, and above all else, by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The practice of this devotion should not be a thing to be taken up and laid aside at the direction of mere whim or caprice, but a thing to be taken up, and called opportunity. On the contrary, the practice should be a daily one, should never be wholly absent from the mind and should be studiously cultivated until it enters into and becomes part of every thought and spiritual action. The dead form a Church by themselves called the Suffering Church. Between that and the Triumphant Church of heaven stands the Militant Church of earth, which assaults the Triumphant with prayer and sacrifice in behalf of those who cannot help themselves. If the souls in Purgatory cannot help themselves they assuredly can and do help those on earth, particularly those who pray for them. Last week there was quite a theological storm at the Andover Seminary in consequence of the necessity felt by some of those present to put forward the doctrine of probation after death. When we behold all those outside the faith endeavoring to bring about this beautiful devotion of praying for the dead it should be a reproach and a lesson to those Catholics who are derelict in a practice commanded and so highly commended by the Church. Some of the greatest saints ever raised to the altars of God were those who devoted their entire lives to the practice of assisting the dead. These examples should serve to encourage and direct others to such works so useful to the dear departed ones, and so eminently beneficial to those who practice them. Begin the good work at once and continue it.—Catholic Herald.

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Moreover, the pleasure of possessing the property of another or the pleasure of revenging an injury does not remove the crime or lessen the infamy of the robber or murderer; say, so far from such being the case, the intensity of the pleasure felt in such actions is but the measure of their guilt and the criterion of their penalty. It is indeed true that without the use of reason sin cannot exist. Where reason is wanting sin must also be wanting. The wretch who has robbed himself of the use of reason by drunkenness may impudently plead that while intoxicated he cannot commit mortal sin. Does that excuse him? Not at all! Would God excuse him the suicide who had rashly and wickedly laid violent hands upon himself, because, forsooth! after taking away his own life he could no longer sin? You might well be shocked if, in this very day, while you were gazing at a form, which from outward appearance you supposed to be a man, you were told that to humanity lay in creature before you, that it was a monster appearing in the shape of a man, that it possessed the heart of a tiger or of some less noble animal. How would shrink from the touch of that monster as though it could contaminate you! How you would shudder at its ghastly glances, and shut your ears to its hoarse laughter! Yet you shrink not from the horror of hatred, although it be the worst of all vices, although the monster have no moral deformity, while the drunkard's transient bestiality is so foul and criminal as to make the angels weep. Let us now turn our attention to the consideration of the calamitous results of intemperance. As the drunkard is prey to the diversified nature of the losses he sustains will be appropriate. His time, which might be well spent in some useful and lucrative employment, is devoted to his comrades of the tavern—men sunk like himself in degradation and squalor; whose whose friendship is contagion, and whose discourse and manner exhibit unnumbered signs of a marked and deep rooted depravity. His money, which might be laid out in providing for the necessity of his family, is lavished upon wretches whose claim to his companionship has no other basis than their carelessness of the observance of common decorum, and their bold and oft-repeated defiance of a healthy public opinion. His health, which might be preserved by a sober and reserved life in its natural robust state, is fast breaking down under the accumulated weight of multifarious diseases which his reckless way of living has brought upon him. Finally, his soul, more precious—infinitely more precious—than all else, is stripped of its robe of innocence and clothed in the black and tattered raiment of the sinner. And if the drunkard himself be in such a sad plight, is his family happy? No; he deprives of that aid which he was bound to secure to them, and in a most miserable condition. Perhaps the poor woman may by some employment earn as much as will keep herself and her children from starvation; but often there is no way to earn anything. She and her children are dwelling in a dilapidated old house, whose aged roof creaks in the tempest, and offers a very insufficient shelter from the showers of rain or hail, and whose cheerless aspect almost chills the blood of any benevolent neighbor who may have the charity to visit the shunned homesteads of the outcast poor. The clothing which the woe-worn mother and neglected children can afford is such as would not be deemed sufficient to shield against the biting blast of winter. The hearth is truly dreadful. No fire flashes upon bright and smiling faces or adds its pleasurable contribution to a host of domestic and household joys. The little ones nestle close to their kind-hearted mother and murmur in her ear the name of their unnatural father. Poverty is written upon their shrunken countenances, and the paleness of their cheeks gives token that the inhuman treatment they have received in their budding forth will cause them soon to wither away and die. As the cold increases in intensity they crouch closer and closer to their darling and their mother and seek to keep their little limbs warm. Many a tedious hour has passed since food has entered their lips. The last dollar was taken away by their father to the tavern, and unless God directs some charitable person to their humble abode, they may perish of hunger, while the man, or rather the monster, who has left them thus is rioting in the society of his pot-companions. If they expect his return to the dismal habitation of woe which they call "home," it is with sentiments of dread and terror. Their bruised and blackened bodies tell a horrifying tale. Maddened by intoxication, the drunkard is accustomed to wreak his ill-humor upon his defenceless family by finding them unable to supply him with money for a further carouse. Even should money for a further carouse be had, treatment those children survive to see him with to which they are subjected, think you not that their minds are sown with an evil seed? Can the conduct of their father be forgotten? Will they not imitate the example set them, and accompany their vile parent to his usual haunts? Or will they not fly from the house to avoid his presence and join the enemies of human society—those who live by preying upon their fellow-men—the swindler, the thief, and the murderer? OXFORD, N. J.

IT IS BETTER TO AVOID A QUARREL THAN TO ENGAGE IT AFTERWARDS.

It is better to avoid a quarrel than to engage it afterwards.

THE VALUE OF SUFFERINGS.

A priest was one day preaching on patience, and he insisted on the merit of sufferings, affirming that they offered us a way to heaven that is not granted to our prayers. "You desire the conversion of a soul," he said, "pray for that soul, but also suffer for it." A little girl that had just made her First Communion heard these words and took them to heart. The child had often seen her mother in tears when her father came home drunk at night. When she returned from church that day she kissed her mother with unusual tenderness. "Mother," she said, "I hope not to see you crying any more; I know how to obtain father's conversion." The family were very poor, so that they had only one real meal a day, which they took together at noon. At that meal, next day, the little girl eat only her soup and some bread. "Are you ill?" asked her mother, in surprise. "No, mamma." "Why do you not eat, then?" said her father. "I do not want any more." "It is not to be a childish whim, and thought the best punishment would be to let her have her own way. At night the father came home drunk and swearing. The child, who had been asleep, was startled, and wept bitterly. Next day she took only bread and water for dinner. "You must eat your dinner," he said angrily. "No, no!" she answered, firmly; "as long as you get drunk and curse mamma and make her cry, I have promised God that I will suffer, so that He may not punish you." The father made no answer, but that night he came home sober. The conduct of his little girl had evidently impressed him deeply. Next day the child took her dinner as usual. It seems, however, that the man's passion for drink was deeply rooted, so that in a few days he returned again to that state of intoxication. The father, next day, resumed her fast. The child, with a moved, and a tear stole into his eye; the mother wept. "Little one," said the father, rising and kissing her, "are you going to continue this course of life?" "Yes, papa," she answered, "until I die, or you are converted." Then she related what she had heard the priest say in his sermon, and how she was determined to suffer, that her beloved mother might not have such frequent cause to weep—that he might become contented. "My darling child, you have conquered!" exclaimed the father, as the tears coursed freely down his cheeks; "and I will give your mother no more cause for tears. On Saturday we will go to confession, and I trust that the grace of God, through the holy Sacraments, will enable me to keep my promise." "Need we add that the hope of the poor man was not in vain, and that he still continues to lead a sober and edifying life?"

PRAYER FOR THE DEAD.

One of the most beautiful and satisfying doctrines of the Church is that of praying for the dead. The comfort and solace that spring from this practice, together with the advantages to the poor souls that are undergoing their purgation, and thus satisfying the Eternal Justice previous to their admission to His full enjoyment of the Divine presence of God, should lead all those who have friends departed from this life to the constant practice of assisting them by prayers, almsdeeds, and above all else, by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The practice of this devotion should not be a thing to be taken up and laid aside at the direction of mere whim or caprice, but a thing to be taken up, and called opportunity. On the contrary, the practice should be a daily one, should never be wholly absent from the mind and should be studiously cultivated until it enters into and becomes part of every thought and spiritual action. The dead form a Church by themselves called the Suffering Church. Between that and the Triumphant Church of heaven stands the Militant Church of earth, which assaults the Triumphant with prayer and sacrifice in behalf of those who cannot help themselves. If the souls in Purgatory cannot help themselves they assuredly can and do help those on earth, particularly those who pray for them. Last week there was quite a theological storm at the Andover Seminary in consequence of the necessity felt by some of those present to put forward the doctrine of probation after death. When we behold all those outside the faith endeavoring to bring about this beautiful devotion of praying for the dead it should be a reproach and a lesson to those Catholics who are derelict in a practice commanded and so highly commended by the Church. Some of the greatest saints ever raised to the altars of God were those who devoted their entire lives to the practice of assisting the dead. These examples should serve to encourage and direct others to such works so useful to the dear departed ones, and so eminently beneficial to those who practice them. Begin the good work at once and continue it.—Catholic Herald.

COMFORTLESS.

Comfortless. BY H. J. W. O the poverty of this lane, Chant its sorrowful dirge, my love, The burden of sorrow I wove with shame That madly threatens to sunder us twain; And a star-lit heaven above. Gather your cloak for the wind is cold; When care is strong light love song? When unobscured the woe that we hold? And escape from the hunger, frost, and mould That is wasting our blood along. What would it matter if we were dead? Nestle your head against my breast— Think of it, love, a grave for a bed— And the living might dance with joy over head And never disturb our rest. —Pilot.

INTEMPERANCE.

A Too Much Loved Vice—Its Rapid Strides and Brutalizing Effects. BY REV. F. A. TRACY. It is not difficult to perceive that man is gifted with a nature superior to that of other animals. They are led merely by their natural instincts, which impels them to the pursuit of their preservation; they are mere creatures of appetite. Grovelling on the earth, they fulfil, it is true, the end of their existence, but they are wholly incapable of any high or noble impulse. Man, on the contrary, is endowed with a beautiful and spiritual nature. In man the perfection of the Almighty resides in man, pure and disinterested. Gratitude, which returns all good offices to him who has proved himself a kind and generous benefactor, has in many instances shown resplendent in the human character. Magnanimity, hospitality, and all their other virtues combine to decorate and render bright and glorious the humanity of which we are partakers. But in the bright possession of valuable qualities which man possesses, that independence of will by which he is free to choose for himself whether he will perform or omit an action is specially refulgent. The beasts of the field are guided solely by their appetites, consequently they have no other rule to direct them in the quantity they shall take than the appetite with which nature has gifted them. Man, differently constituted, has dominion over his appetite. It is in his power to regulate it according to the dictates of reason and the requirements of the body, and, moreover, he is bound to do so. Thus nobly endowed as we have just seen, man nevertheless sometimes proves untrue to the grandeur of his nature. It is not amazing that one upon whom have been showered the riches of spirituality in such abundance should perpetrate acts unworthy of his grade, of his faculties and his destiny? If, indeed, we were to consider man only as a being endowed with such transcendent faculties, we might entertain the opinion that all ailments imputed to him with the object of impressing upon his mind the necessity of shunning vice would be works of pure supererogation. But from the rapid strides and menacing carriage of a certain well-known and alas! too much loved vice, it is well to lay down some reasons why it should be avoided. The vice of which I speak is drunkenness, or the sin of indulging too freely in intoxicating liquors, even to the temporary dereliction of reason. The few thoughts which it is determined now to give expression will regard in the first place the evil of drunkenness in itself, and secondly, its lamentable effects. No one denies that the drunkard is gradually degraded and brutalized. In order that we may the better see how low he falls by being addicted to his pernicious and sinful habit, let us turn to the magnificence of man. Formed to the image and likeness of that infinitely perfect Being whose beauty is reflected in the dazzling lustre of the sun, whose voice is heard in the loud and rumbling noise of the thunder, and whose power is seen in the stupendous firmament that, as a garment envelops our earth, man's soul has in itself three faculties—the memory, the understanding and the will. Though these are united in the same essence, yet they discharge different functions. The memory recalls the happy scenes of our childhood, when we were the idols of loving and anxious parents; the little songs endeared to us by being the favorites of our friends, and the romantic aspirations and ardent longings we were accustomed to foster in our young hearts. The understanding teaches us to mark the line between what is based upon solid and irrefragable evidence and what has only the flimsy testimony of an erring intellect in its favor. By the understanding we rise to the knowledge of the great maxims and glorious truths which God, through His faithful church, has communicated to mankind. By the understanding we, man promises given, deduce a proper and consequential conclusion. In proper conclusion it is the part of the will to act. We are so formed that in what we do we are not hampered or constrained. God was pleased to confer free will upon us, that we might, by a legitimate exercise of it, pay to Him a just homage, and render ourselves worthy of eternal happiness. Here let me pause and inquire what effect has drunkenness upon the faculties I have mentioned? Does it in any manner operate to their disadvantage? Can it be said to derogate anything from their excellence? Is the memory effected by deep and protracted potations? Is it why it is not for the time completely clouded? Drunkenness deprives man of the power of remembering. Instead of the quick apprehension of events long past, instead of the enunciation of a song not heard for years, there succeeds a torpor which forbids anything to be recollected, a blank on which nothing is imprinted. Does it leave reason intact? Can it be called reason that is the purest absurdity? Can the ravings of one in delirium be denominated the calm, majestic, coherent consciousness of reason? Can he who acts without a motive, who seems a mere automaton, a man machine enjoying the power of speech and motion only, be estimated a rational being? O, reason! emanation of the very sublime name as to couple it with that of a sinful oblivion and an infamous irrationality! Where is the will in drunkenness? It is absent. It is not the grand election of good that causes the many crimes committed in drunkenness, but the weakened

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LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH
London, Ont., May 23, 1879.

LETTER FROM BISHOP CLEARY
Bishop's Palace, Kingston, 18th Nov., 1882.

Catholic Record.
LONDON, FRIDAY, AUG. 24, 1888.

MORALITY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

In the August number of the Catholic World there is an article deserving more than a mere passing notice. It is from the pen of the Rev. Walter Elliott, and deals with the important question of morality in the public schools.

new-gospel will be taught. But may we make so bold as to inquire into its subject matter? Will it not be a most mongrel morality, this moral code of compromises and concessions, a bit from Tom Paine, another from Jesus of Nazareth, some sentences from Benjamin Franklin, then Saul of Tarsus, something, too, from atheistic Frenchmen, all sifted and sorted by a school board nominated at a ward caucus and elected amid the turbulence of party strife?

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES.

We read of the illustrious St. Basil that he never stood in fear of exile, for he regarded heaven as the only fatherland of humanity and earth a common place of exile.

hood, so should be our delight in an ardent expectation of eternity. How pre-occupied are the devotees of fashion with the ephemeral pomp, the fleeting beauty, the transitory pleasures, riches and honors of this world? They sacrifice health, and vigor, and even wealth, to make a name in a circle where honor never yet found place, where generosity never sought place, where modesty never desired place, but every vice holds supreme and undisputed sway.

IRELAND'S STRUGGLE FOR THE FAITH.

The noble Irish do not want her proper limbs. Her face defaced with scars of infancy. Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants. And almost shoulder'd in the following grief of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.

His name and the name of His Father written on their foreheads. And they sang, as it were, a new canticle before the Throne, and before the four living creatures and the ancients, and no man could say the canticle but those hundred and forty-four thousand who were purchased from the earth; for they were virgins.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The editor of the British Medical Journal has made a tour of inspection in Donegal, Ireland, as a physician, and found 14,000 persons living on two cents' worth of meal a day, the money having been sent from the United States, and being distributed by the Irish priests.

IRELAND'S STRUGGLE FOR THE FAITH.

The National Assembly, which met at Kilkenny on the 23rd October, 1642, was composed of 11 bishops, 14 temporal lords, and 226 commoners duly chosen by the nation.

for from such a man as this. It is for this reason, of not knowing what to say, of having nothing in fact to say, that he has not yet written to the Pope.

The Assembly then proceeded to elect the supreme council, consisting of five prelates, the Archbishops of Armagh, Dublin and Tuam, and the bishops of Down and Clonfert, together with nineteen laymen. The Council was composed in equal numbers of members of Milesian and Norman descent.

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ever; to hear and judge all capital and criminal cases, (saving titles to lands,) and to do all kinds of acts for promoting the common cause of the confederacy and the good of the kingdom, and relating to the support and management of the war.

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Catholic religion... obliged to take... expressed in the... both, common... macy." "That a... or before the... transmitted i... the usual form... nothing may b... either Protest... than such thi... be concluded." "That a... house of Parli... judge of his... by act, since... shall be vacat... moved before... it be sooner c... ember; and... may hinder... in the next E... before the Pa... 5. "That a... as they were... troubles." "That t... Kilkenny, C... Limerick, an... by act of Pa... more in the... 7. "That th... of Dublin, th... or more univ... mately chal... schools, for... kingdom." "That... 8. "That p... castles, garr... of importan... profit, and t... equal indivi... his majesty... their respect... 9. "That a... king yearly... 10. "That... more proxi... vote, in Par... lord baron... £500, or los... chase." "That... Parliament o... England, sh... of both hou... the kingdom... 12. "That... tain itself w... matters of st... offices, &c.,... betwixt part... 13. "That... native comm... be repealed... and that t... Montgarret... article, sh... great seal, t... rate of mer... imported." "That... 14. "That... than his... good of his... no purchase... provision of... 15. "That... passed, with... not accept... The new... Irish arouse... amongst all... land that th... transaction... him, for he... the Scotch... he was bare... English en... achieved by... burg gave th... of the Sup... the active... their own a... may be te... courage." "That... took strong... was bishops... superiors o... Dominica... may call th... the royal f... morgan art... secured th... Ormond G... ties and M... proclaimed... clerical sup... secular and... action to... proclamation... Waterford... emny dec... what... any peace... safer and... ligion, kin... original an... cial promo... munication... peace on a... Council w... war party... the peace... hoped the... assembly i... bring abou... ended a r... at, but di... party, the... the thirty... insufficient... lay down... eracy of... established... in the Pa... very deci... virtually... victories... inflicted... and Orm... the Conf...

AUG. 24, 1883.

Catholic religion in the kingdom of Ireland, or any of them, be not bound or obliged to take the oath of supremacy, expressed in the second of Queen Elizabeth's laws, commonly called the oath of supremacy."

2. "That a Parliament may be held on or before the last day of November next; and that these articles agreed on may be transmitted into England, according to the usual form, and passed, provided that nothing may be biased to the prejudice of either Protestant or Catholic party, other than such things as upon this treaty shall be concluded."

3. "That all acts made by both either house of Parliament, to the blench or prejudice of his majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, since the 7th of August, 1641, shall be vacated by acts of Parliament."

4. "That no action of law shall be removed before the said Parliament, in case it be sooner called than the last of November; and that all impediments which may hinder the Roman Catholics to sit in the next Parliament shall be removed before the Parliament sit."

5. "That all debts do stand in state, as they were in the beginning of these troubles."

6. "That the plantations in Connaught, Kilkenny, Clare, Thomond, Tipperary, Limerick, and Wicklow may be revoked by act of Parliament, and their estates secured in the next sessions."

7. "That the natives may erect one or more inns of court in or near the city of Dublin, they taking an oath; as also one or more universities, to be governed as his majesty shall appoint; as also to have schools for education of youth in the kingdom."

8. "That places of command, of forts, castles, garrisons, towns, and other places of importance, and all places of honor, profit, and trust, shall be conferred with equal indifferency upon the Catholics, as his majesty's other subjects, according to their respective merits and abilities."

9. "That £12,000 sterling be paid the king yearly for the court of wards."

10. "That no peer may be capable of more proxies than two; and that no lords vote in parliament, unless, in five years, a lord baron purchase in Ireland £200 per annum; a viscount £400, and an earl £600, or lose their votes till they purchase."

11. "That the independency of the Parliament of Ireland in the kingdom of England shall be decided by declaration of both houses, agreeable to the laws of the kingdom of Ireland."

12. "That the council table shall contain itself within its bounds in handling matters of state, as patent of plantations, offices, &c., and not meddle with matter betwixt party and party."

13. "That all acts concerning staple or native commodities of this kingdom shall be repealed, except wool and woollens; and that the commissioners, the Lord Montague, named in the twenty-sixth article, shall be authorized, under the great seal, to moderate and ascertain the rates of merchandise to be exported and imported."

14. "That no governor be longer resident than his majesty shall find for the good of his people, and that they make no purchase other than by lease, for the provision of their own families."

15. "That an act of oblivion may be passed, without extending to any who will not accept of this peace."

The news of the royal treaty with the Irish aroused such a feeling of indignation amongst all classes of Protestants in England that the King disclaimed the whole transaction, but his disclaimer did not save him, for he was compelled to surrender to the Scotch Parliamentary forces, by whom he was barely given up for a price to his English enemies. The brilliant success achieved by O'Neil on the field of Benburb gave the war-party, as those members of the Supreme Council who advocated the active prosecution of hostilities on their own account solely by the Catholics may be termed, renewed strength and courage. The papal nuncio, Rinacouri, took strong grounds in favor of this course, and was supported by nearly all the bishops and vicars-general as well as by the superiors of the Jesuits, Franciscans and Dominicans. But the peace party, as we may call the friends of an alliance with the royal forces on the basis of the Glamorgan articles, were not inactive. They secured the publication of the articles, Ormond giving orders to Sheriffs of counties and Mayors of cities to have them proclaimed publicly. The nuncio and his clerical supporters among the clergy, both secular and regular, at once took vigorous action to counteract the effect of these proclamations. They met in council at Waterford on the 12th of August, and solemnly declared that they gave no consent whatever and would give none to any peace that would not give further, safer and surer considerations for their religion, king and country according to the original oath of the Confederacy. Renacouri pronounced solemn sentence of excommunication against all who should accept peace on any other basis. The Supreme Council was now deplorably divided. The war party made its quarters at Waterford, the peace party at Kilkenny. It was hoped that the meeting of the general assembly in the following January would bring about a reconciliation. There was indeed a reconciliation seemingly arrived at, but division still distracted the Catholic party. The general assembly declared the thirty articles of the Glamorgan treaty insufficient, and took solemn oath not to lay down arms till the free and public exercise of their religion should be firmly established in the form in which it had existed in the reign of Henry VII. In 1647 the Parliamentary forces gained several very decided advantages. They became virtually masters of all Munster by the victories of Inchiquin; in Leinster they inflicted signal losses on the Catholic forces, and Ormond, rather than hold Dublin till the Confederates could take possession of

it, treacherously surrendered the city into the hands of the Puritans. How they conducted hostilities against Catholics may be easily inferred from what we have already said and from the following:

"For the clergy," writes Mr. Prendergast, "there was no mercy; when any forces surrendered upon terms, priests were always excepted; priests were thenceforth out of protection to be treated as enemies that had not surrendered. Twenty pounds was offered for their discovery, and to harbor them was death. \* \* \* To be prosecuted, however, was nothing but what they were used to from the days of Elizabeth. There were statutes in force making the exercise of their religion death. Yet, as Spencer remarked, they faced all penalties in the performance of their duties. They spared not to come out of Spain, from Rome, and from Rheims, by long toil and dangerous traveling to Ireland, where they knew the peril of death awaited them. These laws occasionally slept, but were revived by proclamation when the fears or anger of England were aroused; and then the priests had to fly to the woods or mountains, or to disguise themselves as gentlemen, soldiers, carters or laborers. They had no fear that any pregnant women and other, hastening on foot out of the English parts towards those places where priests were known to be harbored, was frequently the cause of their being apprehended. \* \* \* In all parts of the nation there was found a succession of these intrepid soldiers of religion to perform their sworn duties, meeting the relics of their flocks in old paths, under trees, and in ruined chapels, or secretly administering to individuals in the very houses of their oppressors, and in the ranks of their armies."

Their stratagems, says a writer already cited, however, did not always enable them to elude the vigilance of the soldiery. Instances are recorded of old priests being seized at the altar when saying the Mass, and stripped and thrown into jail by an infuriated Puritan soldiery. Whenever the priests were discovered they were treated with brutality.

When, in 1647, the city was treacherously surrendered by Ormond to the Puritans, the severest measures were at once re-acted against the Catholics. By public edict it was commanded that all Papists should quit the city; it was declared a capital crime for any of them to stop even one night within the walls of Dublin or its suburbs; and it was prohibited, under penalty of death and the confiscation of property, to receive into their houses any Jesuit or priest, and at the same time large rewards were held out to all who would give information against the violators of this edict.

The Catholics in the neighborhood of Dublin were treated with such severity as in the city itself. Near Clontarf, fifty-six men, women and children were thrown into the sea by order of a Colonel Crawford. Massacres were also committed at Malahide, Wicklow, Arklow, and other parts of the country. At Naas, an unoffending clergyman, Father Higgins, was hanged by Sir Charles Coote.

O'Neil was greatly embarrassed in his conduct of the war by the hostility felt towards him by the Anglo-Irish party in the council. Nothing but his heroic devotion to the Catholic cause could have sustained him through the trials he had from this cause to undergo. On the 23rd of February, 1649, the nuncio left Ireland. He left, there is little room for doubt, overcome with discouragement, arising from dissension in the Irish ranks. In the same year Ormond, who after his surrender of Dublin had proceeded to the continent, returned and entered into an alliance with the Anglo-Irish party where full civil and religious equality was granted to the Catholics. Besides Ormond, the leading Catholic and royal forces were Preston, Clanrickarde and Inchiquin, who had sometime before abandoned the Puritan party. O'Neil, who disapproved of an alliance with Ormond, held for a time aloof. Meanwhile Inchiquin took Drogheda, Tuam, Dundalk, Newry, and proceeded to form a junction with Ormond to besiege Dublin. Both, however, met with a signal defeat at Rathmines, near the city, from General Michael Jones. The royalist loss in killed, wounded and missing was about 5,000 men. On the execution of King Charles in 1649, his son was proclaimed at various places in Ireland under the name of Charles II. The prince was, however, destined to be kept out of crown and kingdom for some years yet, by the extraordinary successes of the man who brought his royal father to the scaffold, Oliver Cromwell, the very mention of whose name recalls deeds of blackest shame and deepest sorrow in Ireland's sad story.

DEATH OF DR. DUHAMEL.

Washington Republic an. Dr. W. J. C. Duhamel died yesterday at his residence, No. 333 Indiana avenue, aged 56 years. His funeral will take place from his late residence at 9:45 o'clock to-morrow morning, and requiem Mass will be sung at St. Patrick's at 10:30 that morning.

Dr. Duhamel has been identified with Washington ever since he was a very young man. He was of French descent, his grandfather, Baron Duhamel, being one of that host of chivalrous French gentlemen who sailed with Lafayette for America to assist the colonies. At the close of the revolution Baron Duhamel, who had been captured by an American, had settled in America. Dr. W. J. C. Duhamel married at an early age a lady of wealth and social position, and henceforth devoted himself to the philosophical and scientific side of his profession rather than to the experimental and pathological. He manifested a strong interest in original research, and was always foremost in enterprises calculated to increase and simplify medical knowledge. He was a member of many professional societies, and was a pleasing writer on various scientific topics.

Personally Dr. Duhamel was courteous, genial, and kind. He was a modest, unassuming gentleman, with the manners of the old school, upright and conscientious. He was a great advocate of practical benevolence, and took much interest in philanthropic enterprises. He was universally respected and esteemed, and his death is deeply deplored by a large circle of mourning friends. Requiescat in pace.

THE FRENCH IN AFRICA.

From the January, 1863, number of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, we extract the following historical sketch of Madagascar:

First perceived in the 13th century by the Venetian Marco Polo, the island of Madagascar was not really discovered until the Portuguese began to coast the eastern side of Africa on their route to the Indies. In 1506, it received from Ray Pereira and Tristan d'Acunha the name of Saint Laurence, in memory of the day of its discovery, and also perhaps in honor of Laurence d'Almeida, whose father had just been appointed first viceroy of the Portuguese Indies. Several expeditions were successively made to the great African island up to 1510. After that they became less frequent, and were only connected with the slave trade. But the traders, all intercourse ceased during nearly a century between the European nations and the island of Saint Laurence.

The harbors lying on the west coast attracted the attention of the French navigators. Henry IV. had a fort built in Dauphin Creek; Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. followed up the projects of occupation; and some settlements were made. Propaganda, Saint Vincent de Paul sent to Madagascar, in 1648, two of his Priests, Naquaert de Champmartin and Nicholas Gondree.

"They began their Mission with the garrison of Fort Dauphin, whose violent proceedings in regard to the Malgascians, joined to the natural inconstancy of the islanders, retarded the propagation of the Gospel. Nevertheless, Naquaert, having learned that Andre Ramach, one of the chiefs of the island, had lived at Goa in his youth, went to pay him a visit. The chief acknowledged that he had been baptized, and repeated the Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation, and the Apostles' Creed, in Portuguese. He not only gave permission to the Missionaries to preach to his subjects, but he allowed the latter to assist at prayers. As soon as Naquaert was able to make himself understood in the local dialect, he began to visit the country places, where he found more docility among the blacks than among the whites. Gondree, after having on a journey followed the French officers on foot, died of a bad fever, on the 26th of May, 1649, in the arms of his pious brother Priest. Gondree's successor was St. Vincent de Paul afterwards destined for the Mission. He found only the ashes of Naquaert in a country which destroyed, not its inhabitants, but its liberators. Finding himself alone, he asked, in 1687, for a reinforcement. Five Missionaries, greatly needed in Madagascar, but who would not have arrived until after his death, were shipwrecked off the Cape of Good Hope, and taken to Amsterdam by the Dutch fleet. Rene Almeras, successor of St. Vincent de Paul in the office of Superior General, inherited his sentiments of tenderness and compassion for the Malgascians, to whom he sent a new band of apostles. The Mission of Madagascar substituted up to 1674, when Louis XIV. abandoned the island, and forbade his vessels to go there in future. Of the four Missionaries who were there at the eastern coast of Madagascar, one was driven back at first into the interior of the island, and finally established themselves on the central tableland of Enymre. Towards the end of the last century, an energetic and enterprising man, Andrian Poinimerina, formed an idea of establishing the Hova domination throughout the entire extent of the great island. Death put a stop to his design (1810), but it was taken up by his son, Radama I. This prince raised a regular army with the assistance of the English, and subdued a considerable part of Madagascar. At the present time the kingdom of the Hovas comprehends the central and eastern provinces of the great island.

To Radama I. is due the introduction of Protestantism into Madagascar. In 1825, he granted permission to the English Methodists to settle themselves in the island, to build houses, carry on commerce, cultivate the land, and establish industrial enterprises.

Radama I. died in 1828, leaving the sovereignty to his wife Ranavalona. The new queen applied herself exclusively to nullify the European influence, and during the three-and-thirty years of her reign she exercised over her subjects a ferocious and sanguinary despotism.

Notwithstanding the proscription under which Christianity labored, heroic and persevering efforts were made by the Missionaries to carry the light of the Gospel into the Great Island.

The Prefect-Apostolic, M. De Solages, was the first who set out for Madagascar, and he died at Antananarivo, a martyr to his charity and self-devotion. Afterwards, the Rev. Mr. Dalmont, Missioner of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost at Bourbon since 1831, being appointed Prefect-Apostolic of Madagascar, went through

unheard of hardships visiting Malgascian islands, and terminated at Saint Marie, in 1847, his short and laborious career. The Pontifical Bull bearing his nomination as Bishop was laid on his coffin.

In 1844, the Rev. Mr. Dalmont called the Society of Jesus to his aid. The Rev. Fathers Cotain, Neyracquet, Deniau, and Robillier, were the first apostles sent out to conquer these infidel islands. The Rev. Mr. Dalmont, having had the joy of introducing them on the western coast of Madagascar, at St. Augustine Bay, had to endure the affliction of seeing them foiled in their efforts, owing to the violence of the Methodist Missionaries and the constant dissensions among the natives.

The apostle of the blacks in the Bourbon island, the Rev. Mr. Monnet, sent back to France in consequence of base calumnies, and subsequently elected Superior-General of the congregation of the Holy Ghost, was soon called to succeed the Rev. Mr. Dalmont. He was appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Madagascar. But having disembarked at Mayotte, he met with a premature death at the age of thirty-seven years. (December 1, 1849).

On the 15th of August, 1850, the island of Madagascar was erected into a Prefecture, and since that time it has remained under charge of the Rev. Father Louis Jouen, whose interesting reports of the Madagascar Mission our Associates will remember to have read.

The Missionaries were enabled to establish themselves at Tananariva as early as 1844, but the interior of the island was closed against them under the reign of Ranavalona. Having to contend against Anglican Methodism, and being held in suspicion by a distrustful and cruel government, the Catholic Mission did not emerge from this precarious condition until the accession of Radama II., in 1861. Animated with generous sentiments, he abolished the laws which prevented strangers acquiring property in his dominions, and concluded with France the treaties which opened the road to commercial relations with Europe. He did not conceal his sympathy for the Missioners, and on every occasion showed himself their protector. Our readers will remember the answer he gave the Prefect-Apostolic, who had come up to Tananariva to ask permission to establish himself in the centre of the kingdom. "What!" he exclaimed vehemently "give you permission! Why, it is my most ardent desire. Not only do I authorize you, but, as far as it depends on me, I order you to do so. Go, preach and teach wherever you think well. All I desire is to see the sun of truth shining among my people."

Proceedings so new and so contrary to the laws and customs of a considerable part of the nation, so hostile to powerful interests and ruinous to influences which had hitherto been paramount, necessarily met with energetic resistance. A popular tumult excited by some chiefs who had fallen into disgrace, led to the rising which brought about the death of Radama II., who was strangled in his palace on the 12th May, 1868. An account of these recent events was given in the Annals of 1864.

On the very day that Radama II. was assassinated, the wife of the unfortunate prince was proclaimed queen under the title of Rasoheryna (the good and strong). She had always shown herself favorable to the Catholic Mission. These good dispositions suffered no change; and she gave proof of this at the ceremony of her coronation, by having the Missionaries and the Sisters of St. Joseph sit near her. Unfortunately, she possessed no more than the mere shadow of power. The revolution to which she owed her exaltation to the throne was a protestation against the ideas of Radama, and a return to the policy of distrust and exclusion with regard to France and Catholicity. The effective authority remained entirely in the hands of Rainivoninahitriniony, the chief of the revolution. He had forced himself into the position of prime minister, and even of prince consort. His rule was universal, and he imposed his arbitrary will on all. The queen, far less his wife than his slave, had often to fly his presence, especially in his orgies, when he used to go so far as to threaten her, sword in hand, if she did not blindly yield to his caprices.

Excessive despotism like this caused in the end a general rising. On the 15th July, 1864, the prime minister was sent into exile four leagues from Tananarive, and replaced by his brother, an honorable and loyal man. Henceforth the queen was free to follow the inspirations of her naturally upright mind.

The Rev. Father Jouen, in the report from which we publish long extracts, gives a sketch of the events which have taken place in Madagascar from that time up to the month of July last.

Extract from a report of the Rev. Father Jouen, S. J., Prefect-Apostolic of Madagascar, to the Members of the Central Councils of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Tananarive, June 30, 1868.

"GENTLEMEN: My you and your pious Associates receive a thousand benedictions in return for your zeal and perseverance in collecting the alms which enable the Missioners to live and to extend their works even to the utmost ends of the earth. For our part we have little more to offer you in return than our hearty prayers and our poor prayers, but the heart of Jesus supplies what is wanting in us, and will know how to reward a hundred-fold the deeds which your charity inspires you to accomplish. Moreover, not a day passes that we do not conjure Him with all possible affection, especially at the Holy Altar, to bestow on your families and on all the Members of the Propagation of the Faith a superabundant measure of graces and benedictions."

"Wishing to fill up as far as possible the blank caused by my long silence, and to enable you at a glance to understand the state of the Mission, I have thought it well to lay before you an account of the principal events which have taken place in the interval between the month of July, 1865, and the present date."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Berlin College.

This excellent educational institution, situated in the town of Berlin, Ont., conducted by the Fathers of the Resurrection of our Lord, will re-open on the 4th of September.

Translated for the Columbian from the Echo de Fourriere, Lyons, France.

VISIT TO LOUISE LATEAU.

BRUXELLES, BELGIUM, April 8, 1883. MR. EDITOR—You ask me for some notes on the pious excursion which I recently made to Bois d'Haines, and the impressions which I felt on the journey. I hasten to comply with your request, and yet can say little more than what you readers have already heard and admired many times.

Many interesting articles have been written in religious papers concerning Louise Lateau, the stigmatized of Belgium, and perhaps the new affirmations of a witness who has just observed the prodigious phenomena spoken of for so long a time, may still contribute to enlighten their judgments.

Leaving Bruxelles Thursday, April 5th, at 3.30, in one hour we were at Manage; after half an hour's walk we were in the house of Rev. Father Niels. He was engaged writing his journal, in which, by order of the ecclesiastical authority, he is to record all facts concerning Louise Lateau, the stigmatized. No one is better prepared than himself to fulfill this duty. He has been the confessor of Louise for twenty years, and is the ordinary witness of those marvels of the supernatural world, and his memoirs already form volumes, in which the smallest details are of great interest.

At first Father Niels, who is pastor of Bois d'Haines, appeared severe and impatient, but he soon got over this, and was very kind to me, particularly after I had explained the object of my visit. He granted me the signal favor of allowing me to carry the Holy Communion the following day, Friday, April 6th, to the stigmatized. I did not sleep throughout the entire night; this favor had so excited me that I could not close my eyes.

The good Father had told me that very frequently the holy Host escapes of itself from the hands of the priest to go into the mouth of Louise. I promised myself to watch the fact well, and to hold the sacred Host firmly between my fingers, to convince myself well of the miracle. The next day, Friday, at 6.30, I was in the church, when I took the Blessed Sacrament, accompanied by many strangers, who had come to see the wonder. We finally reached the house of Louise; it is small and neat, near the road, half hidden by a row of thorn bushes, and has but one story and four rooms. It is in this humble house that many bishops, doctors, professors of universities, from all parts of Europe have come to kneel and wonder.

We enter her room, my emotion continually increasing. The room is quite small, about six by nine feet. Louise was in bed; and for the last twelve years she has taken no nourishment except the Holy Communion, which is brought to her every morning. When I went with the Blessed Sacrament the saint was panting on her bed. After the ordinary prayers, I took the Holy Eucharist between my fingers and turned towards Louise, when to the admiration and astonishment of all present it slipped from my fingers and went to the mouth of the saint. (April 6th, 1883.) as if it was in a hurry to rest in her heart. I was taken with a trembling which I could not control; all the strangers were weeping, but Father Niels calmed me, saying it was an ordinary occurrence with him.

After Communion, Father Niels uncovered the hands of Louise, and then we went all witnessing the great miracle which happens every Friday. The blood was flowing abundantly. It flows all day from her hands, feet and side. It was the 751st Friday since it commenced flowing. Late in the evening the wounds close of themselves, to open again on the next Friday, and there remains only a small scar showing the stigmata.

Another phenomenon has also taken place every Friday since July, 1864. It is the ecstasy. It begins at 2 p. m. and ends at 3 p. m. There is again at the foot of her bed at 2 p. m. As soon as it begins her body from the head to the hips is partly raised from the bed; her eyes are fixed toward heaven, motionless, without winking. Her bleeding hands are raised as though endeavoring to take hold of some invisible being; her ears are attentive to words which no one can hear; joy, compassion and fear shows on her face, following on after another one would imagine a soul freed from the prison of the body and the weight of it. During the ecstasy the natural life, as it were, is suspended. We sang the Magnificat and the Salve Regina. During this time Louise lived in a superior world, absorbed in contemplation, and insensible to things exterior surrounding her. But if a prayer for the Church is recited, even in a language unknown to her, her sensibility becomes extreme; her face becomes animated and reproduces the sentiments of the prayer; she smiles at the names of Jesus and Mary; her face is radiant at the Gloria Patri, at the Magnificat, and becomes sad at the Stabat Mater. If a layman places his hand before her face she pays no attention to it; if it is the hand of a priest she smiles; if you put something common in her hand, even a crucifix, which is not blessed, she will not hold it; if the same article is blessed and put in her hands she will seize it with happiness and hold it fast; if a priest not authorized, even a bishop, call her during the ecstasy, she pays no attention to it. But if it is her confessor or the bishop of the diocese, even in a low voice, the ecstasy ceases immediately. These experiments have been tried many times and before many witnesses.

God accomplishes it to show in a manner more evident and more incontestable His supernatural action upon the chosen soul of Louise. For twelve years Louise has taken no nourishment except the Holy Eucharist, which she receives every morning. All kinds of food have been tried, even altar bread not consecrated, but she cannot retain any; she took it for obedience, suffered great pains by it, and finally these trials were abandoned. For Louise Lateau the Holy Eucharist is the daily bread and the only bread, and it is for her the nourishment both of the soul and the body, and as soon as she has received it her contemplation is perfect, she becomes insensible to everything around her, her lips move no more, her eyes are closed, and even breathing ceases. Every morning after Communion, for about fifteen or twenty minutes, she is in ecstasy; people around her talk, women kiss her hands, lay their heads upon the scars of her hands; she is insensible to all.

I will say no more. I am yet moved by too many wonders. I bless God for having permitted me to witness so much of His goodness and power. REV. GERNE.

SAINT DAVID.

By the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory.

What shall I say of the Monastery of St. David, at Menevia, which was built on the promontory, "thrust out into the sea like an eagle's beak" from the southeastern corner of Wales, and which was so frequented by Irish pilgrims that they made it in great part their own? That district of Wales was known in early times as Glen Rosyn, or "Walls Rosina," and was also called by the Britons, Hlodnant, or the "beautiful valley." Jocelyn records the tradition of Wales, that it was from the neighboring coast St. Patrick sailed for his Irish mission, and it was whilst praying there he was favored with a heavenly vision, in which Ireland, with its green hills and smiling valleys, seemed to be stretched out before him, and the angel of God, pointing it out to him, said: "That is the land marked out for your inheritance for evermore."

St. David had at first proposed to found his monastery at a short distance from this place, where a holy relative named Gwelan lived; but whilst marking out its enclosure, he was divinely assured that only a few of his disciples would there merit the heavenly reward. "Farther on," the angel added, "is the spot chosen by heaven, where few shall suffer the pains of hell, provided they do not fall from the faith." St. David, proceeding thither, kindled a fire, the smoke of which seemed to encircle a great part of the surrounding country, and to extend far and wide towards the distant shores of Ireland. The owner of the district was an Irishman, Baya, a pagan and a Druid. He was one of those successful rovers who, years before, had carved out territories for themselves on the Welsh coast, and continued to hold them by the sword. He was filled with terror when he saw the smoke that arose from St. David's fire, and cried out to those that were with him, "The enemy that has lit that fire shall possess this territory as far as the smoke has spread." They resolved to slay the intruders, but their attempt was frustrated by a miracle. Seeing this, Baya made a grant of the desired site, and of the surrounding country, to St. David, whose monastery quickly arose, and its fame spreading far and wide through Britain and Ireland, and that merited for its holy founder the title of "the head of the whole British nation, and honor of his fatherland."

St. David was born of an Irish mother. (Bolland, Vol. I., Mart., p. 90.) It was at the hands of an Irish bishop, the great St. Ailbe of Emly, that he received the waters of baptism, and it was in the arms of a loved Irish disciple that he breathed his soul to heaven.

Most of the great saints of Ireland, in the sixth and seventh centuries, spent some time at this monastery, renewing their own fervor within its hallowed precincts, and maintaining its strict discipline by the stern severity of their lives. To take a few instances from the patron saints of the Diocese of Ossory, we find that St. Senanus was famed there for his devotedness to manual labor, for the monks were obliged to work in the forest and to till the land, even drawing the plough by their own strength. St. Scythin, of Tescolfin, when crossing the channel to visit it, was said, in the beautiful story of the sacred legend, to pluck wild flowers from the sea, and to entwine precious wreaths, as though he journeyed through a rich meadow. St. Brendan went there to rest for a while, after a seven years' ocean pilgrimage in search of a paradise. St. Modmnoch, of Tibraunich, had the care of the monastery entrusted to him. When, after a long period of labor and virtue, he had taken his farewell of the abbot and brethren to return home, a swarm of bees came and settled on the bow of the boat to accompany him. Three times he brought them back to the monastery, but each time they returned in increasing numbers, so that at length, with St. David's blessing, he brought them with him to Ireland, and introduced the culture of bees into the Irish monasteries.

The ancient records add, that honey was cultivated in these monasteries not only for the religious, but to procure a more delicate food than their ordinary course fare for the poor. St. Ailbe, patron of Ferns, was one of those whom St. David chose as his first companion in founding the monastery. He lived there for many years, and governed it for some time as Abbot. So cherished was St. Ailbe's memory throughout Wales, that after the Anglo-Norman invasion of this country, the religious of Menevia put forward the singular claim of jurisdiction over the clergy of Ferns, on the specious grounds that one of their first Abbots was the founder, first Bishop, and chief patron of that See. Towards the ninth century, another illustrious Irishman held a distinguished place at St. David's. He was styled by his contemporaries, "Johannes Eriegen," and being taught geometry and astronomy, and other branches of science at this monastery, such was his fame, that he was chosen by King Alfred the Great, not indeed as some have foolishly advanced, to lay the foundation of Oxford—which was not as yet dreamed of—but to teach the sons of the Saxons nobility in the royal palace. Two centuries later the fame of Ireland was still fresh at Menevia. The famous Sulgen, who held the See about the year 1070, set out to satiate his thirst for knowledge in the Irish schools. He was, however, driven in a storm on the Scottish coast, and was detained there for a long time.

"With ardent love for learning Sulgen sought the school in which his fathers had been taught. To Ireland's sacred Isle he bent his way. Where science beamed with bright and glorious rays. But sailing towards the country where abode the people ignorant of everything around her, her lips move no more, her eyes are closed, and even breathing ceases. Every morning after Communion, for about fifteen or twenty minutes, she is in ecstasy; people around her talk, women kiss her hands, lay their heads upon the scars of her hands; she is insensible to all.

At length, however, he was enabled to continue his journey to Ireland, and having spent ten years in her monasteries and schools, returned to Menevia to impart to his countrymen his honied store of sacred knowledge.





