THE MORNING STAR.

Catholic Messenger.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!"

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY MORNING FEBRUARY 5, 1871.

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Morning Star and Catholic Messenger

THE MORNING STAR has been started with the approval of the ecclesiastic[illegible] authority of the Diocese, to supply an admitted want in New Orleans, and is mainly devoted to the interests of the Catholic Church.

To prevent all failure, and to guarantee the permanency of the undertaking, it is based on a joint stock company, the capital of which is one hundred thousand dollars, in five thousand shares, of twenty dollars each.

Approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop:

We approve of the aforesaid undertaking, and commend it to the Catholic[illegible] of our Diocese.

† J. M. ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS.

December 12, 1867.

[illegible]ME IV.

[illegible] Star and Catholic Messenger.

[illegible]EW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1871.

[For the Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.]

WHEN?

BY REV. A. J. RY[illegible]

Some day in Spring?
When earth is bright and gay,
When wild-birds sing,
And fewest hearts are [illegible]
Shall I die then?
Ah, me! no matter when
I know it will be sw[illegible]
To leave the home of m[illegible]
To rest beneath the s[illegible]
To kneel and kiss Thy f[illegible]
In Thy Home—oh! m[illegible]

Some Summer morn!
When all the winds si[illegible]
When Roses hide each th[illegible]
And smiles—the spirit [illegible]?
Shall I die then?
Ah, me! no matter when
I know I will rejoice
To leave the homes of me[illegible]
To rest beneath the sod
To hear Thy tender voice
In Thy Home—oh! my [illegible]

Some Autumn eve?
When shadows dim the [illegible]
When all things grieve,
And fairest things all di[illegible]
Shall I die then?
Ah, me! no matter when
I know I will be glad
To leave the h[illegible] of me
To sleep beneath the [illegible]
[illegible] can e'er be sa[illegible]
[illegible] Home—oh! [illegible]

[illegible] Wintry day!
When all the sky is [illegible]
And beauteous May
Sleeps in December's [illegible]
Shall I die then?
Ah, me! no matter wh[illegible]
My heart shall throb [illegible] joy
To leave the homes of [illegible]
To rest beneath the [illegible]
Ah! joy has no alloy
In Thy Home—oh! [illegible]

Ah, me! I tell
The Rosary of my [illegible]
And it is well
The Beads are strung [illegible] tears!
Haste, Death, and com[illegible]
I pine—I pray for Ho[illegible]
I know it will be swe[illegible]
To rest beneath the [illegible]
To kneel and kiss Thy [illegible]
In Thy Home—oh! [illegible]

January 24, 1871.

BAD TEMPER.

A Story of Real Life, in [illegible] Chapters.

CHAPTER II[illegible]

(Concluded.)

Again there sit in the luxurious dra[illegible]-room of Bertrand Winter's [illegible] husbat[illegible] wife. It is not now the gra[illegible] indolen[illegible] who studied nothing but [illegible] in her [illegible] there is a fair gentle girl, [illegible] a soft [illegible] upon her cheek, and a light happiness [illegible] in her calm clear eyes. [illegible] Winte[illegible] a pretty girl; time had add[illegible] to her ch[illegible] She was now a beautiful wo[illegible] with a [illegible] the gracious presence, with [illegible] manners of [illegible] sweetness and dignity, [illegible] and [illegible] as before, but with so[illegible] of re[illegible] that kept thoughts and feelings once o[illegible] demonstrated out of sight. [illegible]haps, afte[illegible] very sensitive natures can ever be very [illegible] ones. Grace did not lo[illegible] so light-he[illegible] she had done that evenin[illegible] when she [illegible] her mother's feet and pleded for Bert[illegible]

Bertrand was now a fin[illegible] handsome [illegible] the four months of his marri[illegible] life had [illegible] very happy ones. A new [illegible] all-engro[illegible] interest had for a time absorb[illegible] him. He [illegible]ionately loved his gentle wife, and in[illegible] presence as yet he had neve[illegible] indulged in [illegible] exhibition of his besetting in[illegible] But he [illegible]ow[illegible]ng rather tired of this restraint. [illegible]e had gone back to Rock [illegible]use; he wa[illegible]led no[illegible]w with Grace, and o[illegible] habits beg[illegible] resume their sway.

On this evening he did no[illegible] look very [illegible]le; there was a lowering frown on his b[illegible] and a sullen gloomy expression on his [illegible] simple loving Grace though he was ill, [illegible]edoubled her efforts to amus[illegible] Just [illegible]ore dinner there had been [illegible] and [illegible] Bertrand was most fastidio[illegible] in all [illegible] connected with his toilet. The w[illegible] which he washed his delic[illegible] white [illegible] must be at a certain temperat[illegible] neither [illegible] nor too cold. His val who had be[illegible] with him some years, was a rule most [illegible] but on this particu[illegible]day three d[illegible] lots of water had be[illegible]taken to B[illegible] dressing-room; none [illegible]em was right [illegible] who was passing [illegible]ough the hall, [illegible] was h[illegible] at seeing a larg[illegible] flung with [illegible] [illegible]ance down the w[illegible]staircase i[illegible] [illegible] water descendi[illegible] like a conclu[illegible]

"A[illegible] matter?" shoked of [illegible] to the [illegible] who hastily peare[illegible]

[illegible]r local col[illegible]nt of the re[illegible] the Catholic [illegible] Boone, late[illegible]

"James has dro[illegible]ed a jug of water," quickly [illegible]ed footman, not liking to [illegible] replied a sharp-w[illegible]ss that her lord and mas[illegible] tell his gentle mis[illegible] passion.

[illegible]er was in a furia[illegible] to the dinning-room [illegible] Bertrand [illegible] himself, and hoping somewha[illegible] f his late ebullition. [illegible] that Gra[illegible] d him. An entree [illegible] There another tr[illegible]ered, and of which which he had espe[illegible] cooked, and there[illegible] he was very fond, was ba[illegible]ing but the fair [illegible] almost uneatable. [illegible]e table prevented [illegible] smiling at him acro[illegible]rath. As it was, [illegible] violent outbur[illegible] he remained silent and [illegible]oomy.

When they adjourne[illegible]wing-room, [illegible] Grace tried to cheer [illegible] all her little efforts were usel[illegible] and stole one soft white a[illegible] ing into his face wit[illegible] smiling winning, it was wonde[illegible] that he his heart against it.

"My darling," she sa[illegible] gently, "you [illegible] well to-day, I am sure; [illegible]r face looks qu[illegible] changed."

He made no reply.

"What is it?" she co[illegible]ued; "has anything happened to annoy you."

"For heaven's sake, Gr[illegible]e," he cried hastily, "do not worry me to dea[illegible] Women are never satisfied. I cannot sit w[illegible] a simper on my face all day long."

The white arm droope[illegible] and the face fell.

"O Bertrand," she said, "do not be cross with me; indeed I thought you were not well."

"Cross! I am not cross," he replied still more angrily; "that is always the way; if I speak one word, I am cross. Don't be so absurd, Grace!"

But the angry words, the first poor Grace had heard, had gone like a sharp dagger to her heart, a wound that was never to cease paining her while life lasted. Her lips quivered, the wondering loving eyes grew dim with tears, something li[illegible] choked her [illegible] she tried to speak.

[illegible] crying. "[illegible]ing thing [illegible] of course you [illegible]re most; a whining, cry[illegible] wife—[illegible] detest[illegible]tion. If you cannot make yourself [illegible]reeable, I will go out."

Then her mother's warning came back to Grace's mind. "I said I would help him to overcome his temper," she thought [illegible] herself, "and I must not fail."

She bravely drove back the bitter[illegible] that rose to her lips, and went from his to the piano. She began one of his favorite songs. He listened for a few minutes, touche[illegible] in spite of himself by his wife's patience. But the temper that was so strong in him was not to be conquered.

"Don't sing to-night, Grace," he said; "I am not in the humor for it."

She left the piano instantly.

"I will read to you, Bertrand," she replied, "if you like."

"No, thank you," he answered curt[illegible], "that would send me to sleep."

His irritable temper was now fully a[illegible]used; the more his wife tried to soothe hi[illegible] the more angry he became. Seeing that Grace remained perfectly silent, he cried out:

"Have you nothing to say, Grace? I cannot find amusement at home, I must go out for it."

"What can I do?" she answered in despair. "Everything I begin is wrong—"

"That will do," he interrupted; and rising angrily from his chair, he left the room, [illegible]ing the door a tremendous bang.

Poor Grace sat like one stunned.

"What can I have done?" she said to herself over and over again. In her loving humility she was ready to take all the blame of hi[illegible] irritability to herself. "I must be more careful not to annoy him," she thought.

Poor child, she little knew or realized then that the state of anger in which she had just seen him was the state in which he live[illegible] as a rule.

An hour passed by, and he did not return. Poor Grace never forgot that hour. She [illegible]ed as though her heart would break. She had thrown herself upon the sofa when Bertrand quitted the room, and buried her face in her [illegible]ands. The hot tears fell from between ser [illegible]ingers on to her rich dress.

The footman going in some time afterwards saw her there. When he reported in the servants' hall that "missis was crying till she could hardly see," there was great indignation amongst the old servants.

"He'll break her heart," said the butler, "if he goes on in his wild way with her. She's too gentle for him."

If the loving parents far away in Cornwall could have seen their darling in this her first grief, they would have known that their worst fears were realized.

In an hour or two afterwards, when the hot fit of anger had passed, Bertrand came to his senses, and then he was furious with himself. "My poor gentle darling," he said, "what a brute I have been to her!" He begged her to forgive him, and he promised that he would try to control the bad temper that led him sometimes to the verge of madness.

"I knew when we were married, darling," Grace whispered to him when they were reconciled, "that you were not very patient. I said then I would help you try to be good; and so I will. I shall not weary of my efforts."

Far into the night that sweet gentle woman talked to Bertrand as he had never been talked to before. She tried in her persuasive way [illegible] show him how great the sin of anger is, [illegible] wretched the home must be where the [illegible] master yields to such violence. [illegible] dinner [illegible] ago Bertrand's mother had so [illegible]es it is a[illegible] he would have been a differ[illegible]er. It is [illegible] this story would never hav[illegible]t, and m[illegible]t she had been too indulgen[illegible]rnings. [illegible]abit of yielding to violent pa[illegible] in the di[illegible] slightest provocation, or eve[illegible] a neigh[illegible]te has a cl[illegible]dren wo[illegible]ers are o[illegible]

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without any at all, had grow[illegible] upon him, and he knew it would r[illegible]gorous self-discipline and control to s[illegible]

He kissed the pale gentle ch[illegible] lay on his shoulder.

"If you will talk talk to me [illegible] darling Grace," he said, "I shall soon [illegible] myself; it is a disgraceful habit, I know [illegible]n I was a boy they laughed [illegible] my tem[illegible] now it is master of me. I [illegible] control [illegible] am sometimes afraid of it m[illegible]self. I [illegible] know what I am doing when it has tak[illegible] of me. Do not tremble so, Grace; I w[illegible] to be good."

For some weeks [illegible] afterw[illegible] perfect peace and happiness reig[illegible] in [illegible]xurious mansion. The servan[illegible] respite, wondered how long it [illegible] Grace, in her loving simplicity, be[illegible] was cured for ever—that he would [illegible]gry or passionate again.

Her happine[illegible] completed by the birth of a li[illegible] fragile child [illegible] wonder at the [illegible]oy," every one [illegible]ly look about [illegible]enderness of the [illegible] concentrated in her [illegible] have been au[illegible] hear all the fuss [illegible] the beautiful and [illegible]shed upon it—em[illegible] they might have [illegible] the fairies. Mr. [illegible] from Rock House [illegible]re the [illegible] arrival. The prou[illegible] mother [illegible]g to wit[illegible]er in which [illegible] she regarded [illegible] golden curls, [illegible] was kinder than ever; he was very [illegible] his little heir, and very fond of him too[illegible] Grace's parents returned here [illegible] for her happiness, and wonderful forebodings.

The baby grew; it was a beautiful [illegible] care and love that seemed to form the atmosphere in which it lived preserved the litt[illegible] one in some measure from the effects of a delicate constitution. Grace's loving, sensitive tender nature had descended to her child. It[illegible] lips would quiver, and heavy tears fall from it[illegible] eyes, at the least sign of an angry look. The timid little heart would have broken at an angry word; they were obliged to be gentle and careful in the extreme to avoid hurting the sensitive little mind.

All there was of good in Bertrand's nature seemed to be aroused by his little child. They called him Paul, after Grace's father. When he was old enough to totter, as they proudly called it, walk, Bertrand made the little fellow his constant companion. [illegible] would have been difficult to say who Paul loved best—the dear gentle mamma, who seemed only to live to love him, who sang so sweetly to him, and hushed him so tenderly [illegible] her arms; or the kind strong papa, who never entered the house without a present for little Paul, who played with him and indulged him in every possible way. The child fairly worshipped Bertrand as he grew older he fully believed his papa was the grandest, the clevrest, and most beautiful of human beings. When tired of play he would be content to [illegible] for hours where his little hand could touch his papa, drinking in every sound of his deep voice, and watching with wistful loving eyes every change on his face. He could never go to sleep at night until he had kissed papa; if Bertrand was from home, his first action on returning was to go at once to the nursery.

"Where is my little boy? where is Paul?" he would cry from the stairs; and a shrill small voice would reply:

"I am here, darling papa; come to me."

When Paul was five years old, a little dark-eyed sister was born Maude by name; and very proud the boy was of the tiny babe. When Bertrand was good," as Grace called it, no one might have looked far and wide for a home as happy as theirs.

CHAPTER IV.

Three years passed on. The children of Bertrand and grace grew healthy and beautiful, and dearer every day to the hearts that loved them so well. But a shadow lay now on the gentle young mother's face; there was a look of patient submission in her clear, and eyes very different from the happiness that had shone there when Paul lay first a little infant in her arms. The influence she had at first obtained over her husband was on the wane. Old habits, formed long before he had known and loved the gentle girl, had regained their ascendency. Wild storms and gusts of passion shook the house at intervals like the coming of a mighty hurricane. These fits were followed by deep and genuine repentance and many earnest promises of self-control. But Grace did not hope now as she had once done. She began to perceive that a giant of good and wise training in youth could never be replaced. She knew Bertrand tried hard at times to subdue his temper, but the wilful ill-humor and angry passions that had been unchecked in the boy were now part of the man. She was very patient with him and never complained; but her life was darkened by constant fear and dread. She was not even herself the object of his rage, but she could not endure to hear him rage at some unoffending domestic, who had perhaps erred in his too great anxiety to please his master. The fits of passion became more frequent, the feelings of sorrow less vivid; but even in his wildest rage Bertrand always spared his children. To them he was invariably kind and gentle. None the less did the more tremble lest they inherit the [illegible] of anger which knew no bound[illegible]

When the angry fit was upon him, Grace trembled at the sound of his voice or his coming footsteps. She believed at last that instead of improving he was growing worse. She did not know that he was merely returning to the habits of his youth before her gentle influence had been bent upon him. Bertrand was vexed with himself, and that feeling did not tend to soothe his constant irritability. From the [illegible] morning when he rose until evening came, his household lived in a constant state of [illegible]ed and suspense. The disturbances began in the morning with his toilet; nothing was right for him—collars, brushes, shoes, all and everything was made a subject of complaint and anger. At breakfast the letters called forth a torrent of abuse, that there was an intercognum of peace while he was the greatest trial of all; if visitors were present, there was, perhaps, no great exhibition of temper; if they were absent, the whole of the time was occupied in [illegible]ngs and reproaches. The [illegible] of scolds would rather work for the Autocrat of all the Russias than try to satisfy a master who was not be pleased. When the ordeal of dinner was passed, the evening generally saw the storm pass away, to be [illegible]in with renewed violence on the following morning. Still Bertrand spared his children; the angry voice that was raised to every one else was always gentle and loving to the [illegible]n. Paul was a loving sensitive boy, as devoted [illegible] to his father as he had been when a babe; [illegible]ade was a beautiful spirited little girl, [illegible]ming more of his father's disposition [illegible] of her mother's Grace, tra[illegible] an admiralty. S[illegible]ntelligence. [illegible]fects of foolish [illegible] wife, he would [illegible]ther had been [illegible] of society. [illegible] been [illegible]nounced [illegible] and [illegible]ecame [illegible] although [illegible] prevail[illegible]

No one [illegible] his pits and a more generous master. [illegible]ce [illegible]fully concealed her husband's [illegible]; no one ever heard from her that her life had grown to be a burden to her.

Bertrand still retained many of his lover-like traits. He never allowed his wife's birthdays pass over without making an especial [illegible]ft for the occasion, and some pretty little present always marked his attention to her. This year he had seen a very expensive but [illegible] beautiful little watch, which pleased him [illegible] much, and he purchased it for her. Grace [illegible]ted him with her sweetest smile, and they [illegible] together to the nursery. Little Paul had been sailing for some days, and his mother did not like to leave him for long together. The boy was better, and playing about the room [illegible] they entered; he immediately climbed papa's knee. Bertrand talked lovingly and kindly to the child. All at once he caught sight of his mother's new watch and asked to see it; the pretty glittering precious stones charmed him and he was not willing to relinquish it.

"Give the watch to your mamma, darling," said Bertrand.

The boy looked with a wistful smile up into his father's face, and playfully tried to hide the watch in his dress. Alas, it slipped from the little hand, and in half a moment lay shivered upon the floor. Bertrand, in a sudden access of fury, raised his hand to strike the boy, who, shuddering, tried to escape. The blow fell heavily on his head; the child fell, and in falling struck his temple against the corner of the chair on which his father had been sitting.

"My God," cried the miserable man, "I have killed him!"

It had all been so momentarily accomplished, when Grace looked last at her husband and child they were smiling and happy; when she turned round to see the cause of the noise, little Paul lay as one dead upon the ground, and his father was hanging over him with a mild white face.

"I have killed him, Grace," he said. "O, wretch that I am! My darling boy!"

"Hush," said the poor mother gently; "try to be calm. Do not let the servants hear you say that."

She lifted her darling from the ground. The eyes that had been shining with happiness a few minutes since were closed, the little lips, only two minutes since prattling and smiling, were white and cold. She laid her hand on his heart, and found that he still lived. She carried him into her own room and laid him on the bed. She rang and summoned the servants, sending one quickly for a doctor, and others for what she required. Her voice was steady, her lips did not quiver. There was one thought before her, and a thousand voices seemed to din it in her ear. It was that her husband had, in his angry passion, killed her child. When the doctor came she stood quietly by while he examined the little one. The nurse cried so incessantly that she was of no use, but the miserable mother shed no tear.

"Well, he lives?" she asked the doctor in a low, hoarse voice.

"I cannot tell yet, Mrs. Winters," he said. "I hope there is just a chance."

When he had gone away, and the unconscious child lay in her darkened room, watched carefully by his nurse, Grace went down in search of her wretched husband. He had locked himself up in his study.

"Bertrand," she said, "let me in; I must see you."

He opened the door, and until the day of her death Grace never forgot the face she saw then; it was so white, so wild, so despairing.

He could not speak to her. She laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Bertrand," she sad gently, "he is not dead."

"O Grace," he said wildly, "let me die; I cannot live; I have killed my son, my darling, loving boy!"

"Let us hope," she said wearily; "there is just a chance for his life."

He had thrown himself on his knees, and clasped her dress in his hands, while he cried aloud in the bitterness of his remorse.

"Grace," he moaned, "I would have died for him. I loved him better than my life. I never meant to strike him, my darling boy. I have never spoken an angry word to him. I did not know what I was doing when my cowardly hand fell upon his little head."

"Hush," she said in the same weary tone, "do not say those things. Remember, if he dies, what you will bring upon yourself if any one should hear you say you had killed him. I told a lie, Bertrand; I said he had fallen in his play. No one knows the truth save God and ourselves."

But she could not soothe him. His remorse was something terrible to witness.

"You have told me," he cried, "that in my mad passion I should do some deadly act. Pity me, Grace; I have killed my boy, my darling, [illegible]se little head lay on my breast last night." [illegible] little [illegible] tell the sorrow, the dismay, and [illegible] told that [illegible] fell upon that household? The [illegible] so seriously [illegible] by all, and when it was [illegible] his life, nothing [illegible] and injured his brain [illegible] heard.

The miserable father's [illegible]mentation was [illegible]cident was only known to his [illegible] but little hope of [illegible] sun set on that evening, Bert[illegible] fatal ac[illegible] looked ten years older; his eyes were [illegible] the [illegible] and seemed to gleam wildly in his white [illegible] No words can tell his sorrow; he loved his children with passionate tenderness, and yet in one moment of unguarded anger he had so cruelly struck the defenceless little fellow who was playing with him. In the depths of his remorse he reproached the dead parents who had not taught h[illegible] [illegible] was a child, [illegible] had [illegible] his [illegible] and their [illegible] it. All that weary night he paced the library, thinking of the pale little figure lying so still and so unconscious near him. No food had passed his lips since morning; he was weak, faint and exhausted. Still they kept watch round the bed, hanging on each faint breath that quivered over the white lips, expecting that each would be the last, and yet half hoping, as the dreary hours passed, that mercy might be shown, and the little life spared. Grace never moved. When she left Bertrand, she went back into her room, and sat holding one of the feeble little hands in her own. Twice the housekeeper brought a glass of wine and held it to her lips, but she turned from it sick and shuddering. She could not remove her eyes from the face of her darling.

In after years no one could ever remember how the weary hours of that long night passed. No one thought of sleep, yet the dead silence of the house was unbroken, save by the never-ceasing, rapid footstep of the father, and the faint moan that ever and anon broke from the white lips of little Paul.

The child did not die. The punishment of the father was even harder to bear than that. He recovered his health and strength, but his reason was utterly destroyed. The injury the brain had received was a fatal one. He was always smiling, placid and happy; loving and simple as he had been when an infant, but the light of intelligence that had beamed in his little face was extinguished for ever.

It was a heavy punishment, heavier almost than the wretched father could bear. The care of little Paul became his one object in life. His sorrow and his most bitter remorse could never be told, but they changed him. During the rest of his life no one ever heard a hasty or angry word from Bertrand Winter's lips. With his boy he was as gentle and loving as the most tender woman could have been. Before he was thirty years old his hair was white as snow; people said he grieved so much for his son's misfortune. Grace and he alone knew how that misfortune had been brought on, and that knowledge embittered his life. As years passed on the first and most bitter pain of his anguish became deadened, but his was a life-long sorrow. Grace, on whom the blow had fallen still more heavily, never quite recovered from its effect. She hardly knew her once impetuous husband in the humble, saddened man, who seemed as though he could not do enough to atone for the sorrow he had brought upon her. Maude married happily, and rosy, laughing children played about them, wondering always why grandmamma was so sad, and grandpapa never smiled. He never smiled; but he would take them on his knee and warn them, as he himself had never been warned, of the evil and misery caused by indulgence in bad temper.

The heart is drawn toward what it loves most; the proud to honors, the avaricious to riches, the vindictive thinks of his revenge, the immodest of his wicked pleasures. But what does the good Christian think of? Towards what will his heart turn? Toward Heaven, where God is, who is his treasure. "Man was created for Heaven; the devil has broken the ladder by which he reached it. Our Lord has made another for us by His passion; He has opened the door. The Blessed Virgin is at the top of the ladder, holding it with both hands, and calling to us, 'Come, come!' Oh, what a beautiful invitation! To see God, to love Him, to bless Him, to contemplate Him throughout eternity."

Hate sometimes needs a reason, love never [illegible]

THE IRISH QUESTION.—We find the following in the English correspondence of the Chicago *Tribune*, of the 20th inst.:

The "Irish Question" is alive. The release of the Fenian prisoners has not lain it to rest. To-day, "A Cork Rebel" appeal[illegible] through the columns of the *Daily News* [illegible] the English Liberals to revise the relat[illegible] between Great Britain and Ireland. [illegible] insists that, step by step, the entire n[illegible] class, as well as the lower and [illegible] classes, have thrown themselves [illegible] the popular cause—that, in fact, d[illegible] in one shape or other, has become [illegible] of nine-tenths of the population. [illegible] ing be done, one day or other the [illegible] conquerors of Europe, or the migh[illegible] of America, will swoop down to e[illegible] the work which Irish disloyalty [illegible] menced. To avert such a future [illegible] a task to immortalize a statesman [illegible] very much mistaken," adds the Co[illegible] "if the statesman is not there as [illegible] the opportunity. Let there be no [illegible] Irishmen have no fancy for inaug[illegible] scene of bloodshed and misery w[illegible] at best, only leave their country [illegible] charnel-house and a plague-spot among the [illegible] nations. At the present time, especial[illegible] they are amenable to any arrangement t[illegible] would obviate so dire a calamity. [illegible] some weal, come woe, they will accep[illegible] consequences, if they be not sp[illegible] a coy to an equality of independ[illegible] of both. [illegible] adds that he is persuad[illegible] promise [illegible] nection, [illegible] tion of [illegible]pean gr[illegible]

OUR CATHOLIC YOUTH.—Among the encouraging signs in the present conflict between the Church and the world is the number of young men who have voluntarily enlisted in the active service of the former. The "Society of the Catholic Youth of Italy," the Young Men's Societies in America, England and Ireland are instances of what we mean. All our great public Catholic meetings have heard their voices; we have published in the STAR, some of the proceedings of our young men in colleges in the United States; we have heard of them in Dublin, in London, and lately in Limerick, where Mr. Michael O'Shaughnessy, a rising young barrister, came forward on the shortest notice and spoke with great effect. It is a sign of future strength when the youth of the Church are filled with an intelligent zeal, and are ready and able to fight her battles. From Italy the "Society of Catholic Youth" have sent a circular to the youth of every country, in which they say: "Together with prayer, we make the proposal of an offering of Peter's Pence. Unworthy sons have stripped the Church's treasury—worthy and reverent sons must refill it. We have begged from our mothers and sisters a jewel, a necklace, a pair of ear-rings to be devoted to Peter's Pence." We trust the Catholic youth of this country will not be behind those of other lands in the same good work.

THE REIGN OF PIUS IX.—Among the [illegible] thy things at the opening of the [illegible] fact that our Holy Father P[illegible] length of reign exceed[illegible] one exception [illegible] of June, [illegible] retire[illegible]

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to enjoy the best of [illegible] held on a late occasion by Dr. Lankester on the body of a woman who died rather suddenly in Cumberland street, the coroner asked Dr. Hardinge, who attended her, why he did not order a nurse from the workhouse when he saw she was dying, upon which that gentleman replied: "Medical men, as a rule do not send to the workhouse for nurses, as in my experience, as well as in that of most other medical men, it is equivalent to sending to the house for a drunkard and a thief." There must be a screw very loose somewhere in our social organization to account for the difference which exists between our ordinary women nurses and the Sisters of Charity, who, without hope of reward, do not grudge giving even life itself in this work of benevolence. When we compare such clean, quiet, cheerful, attentive nurses with the bloated gin-drinking brute who is a curse instead of a blessing in the house of sickness, we may well feel ashamed as Protestants that, with all our boasted superiority, we can produce nothing in the shape of a nurse to compete in the race of devotion with these despised but angelic Sisters of Charity. Well would it be for the sick and indigent in their distress if we put our Protestant feelings into our pockets and handed over the business of administering to the wants of the poor, in which we so miserably failed, to our misguided Roman Catholic Sisters, who, although they may have "the mark of the beast," to use a decidedly Christian expression, at least cannot be designated "drunkards and thieves."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*