

among the dissident Copts and various Eastern Patriarchates not yet united to the See of Rome. The Holy Father has addressed to the Copts an Encyclical.

The Very Rev Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder, Superior of the Oratory, Edgbaston, has been specially honoured by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII, who has been pleased to confer upon him the degree of D.D. *honoris causa*, as a mark of favour upon the English Oratorians, and in recognition of Father Ryder's distinguished services to theology and modern controversy. The Very Rev Dr Ryder is a grandson of the late Bishop Ryder of Lichfield, and is related to the late Dr Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, and Cardinal Manning. He has contributed many articles to the *Dublin Review* and other works of his have been published.

The *Voce Della Verita* remarks that the renaissance of piety in the hearts of modern Romans is seen in many ways, and notably in the late Christian renewal of the pretty custom of placing the image of a Madonna in the shops of Rome, before which a tiny lamp is kept constantly burning. The Madonna dei Negozianti was banished from many a tradesman's place of business since 1870; but they are now again turning with humbled hearts towards the Refuge of Sinners.

It is announced from Forli that Ga-tei Salvatori has confessed that he was the assassin of the late Count Ferrari. A Rimini correspondent gives a most edifying description of the Count's death. The regret felt in the city was, he states, indescribable. The deceased, having been generous and affable with all, was extremely popular. On his death-bed his last utterances were words of pardon for his assailant. He fervently embraced the cross and recited the prayers for the dying with the priest who attended him.

Her Majesty the Queen of Italy has presented the English Church of St Silvestro with a bronze altar-lamp of exquisite workmanship and great value. The rector purposes having the royal gift placed before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. That Queen Margherita is a most devout Catholic is a well known fact. That she deploras the present state of affairs in Italy is also no secret. She was heard to say with intense sadness at the time of the Holy

on the subject of science which, being expressed a few months since, caused such a storm to break over his head, said: "Science is, like religion, art, and manufactures, one of the forces which help to maintain social institutions and bring them to perfection. Whenever one of these forces has endeavoured to take the place of all the others, society has suffered." Mgr. Parquier, Rector of the Faculties, presided at the meeting, and, referring to M. Brunetiere's audience of the Pope, which led him to write his much talked-of article on the "Bankruptcy of Science," said while addressing the Academician: "The Sovereign-Pontiff still more than Mr Gladstone is worthy to be called the 'Great (sic) old man.' You brought back from your journey to Rome some magnificent pages, which obtained for you almost the aureole of a confession of the faith—*avent le foi*." M. Brunetiere is not yet a professed Christian, although he has come to be a firm believer in the benefits of Christianity to mankind."

A RETURNED EMIGRANT.

(By KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON, in the *Ave Maria*.)

MARY CASSIDY was going home to Ireland a rich woman, from her point of view, but bankrupt of the hope and the youth with which she had made the journey out nearly half a century ago. She had been then a black-eyed, red-checked, strong-built girl, awkward and good-natured. The times were troubled when she left. There had been a couple of black, bitter seasons and the blight was spotting the potatoes in the early summer of the year. The famine loomed opportunely, as it seemed, to help the Government; for "the boys" had been drilling for some time back, and the feeling of the country had been inflamed by the speeches and the written oratory and poetry of a band of ideal patriots. But can you make successful revolutions of half-starved men? Everywhere over Europe revolutions were flaring up; and a few months after Mary Cassidy's departure for New York the Irish rising flickered feebly and went out. The country was already too depressed with the famine, and the famine-fever to feel the new blow of the revolution abortive and the leaders in prison.

WILL SOME

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Father's Jubilee: "All Christians are free to kneel at his feet and ask his blessing; but I am denied this consolation." Her Majesty reads every word written by Leo XIII. with the deepest interest.

The many persons who attended the mid-day service at St Winefride's Well, on a recent Wednesday, were witnesses to the recovery of speech in a most remarkable manner by an interesting girl named Katie Long, 14 years of age, daughter of William Long, a knock-up, of Stuart street, Bolton. Three years ago the girl was engaged in a laundry in Bolton, and being sent upstairs on an errand in the gloom of evening, she was so frightened that she fell in a dead faint, and when she was brought around it was found that she had entirely lost the power of speech. She remained in that pitiable condition, unable to articulate a single word, until this fateful Wednesday, when bathing in St Winefride's Well for the second time since her arrival in the town, she felt a peculiar sensation in the throat. On emerging from the water she found that she was able to speak plainly and distinctly without any effort. The case created a profound sensation among the crowd of worshippers who were in the Well at the time.

A letter from his Eminence Cardinal Logue was read on Sunday, June 23, in the churches of his diocese commending to his people an appeal by the Holy Father to Irish Catholics to assist him in his efforts to secure the reunion of Christendom. To this end Cardinal Logue writes: The faithful can effectually contribute both by their prayers and by furnishing the Holy Father with the material means necessary to give practical effect to his charitable design by founding schools in the East which would remove the two great obstacles to reunion, ignorance and unreasonable prejudice. We should indeed be wanting in the Christian spirit were our zeal for a cause so sacred and so grand not fired by the example of the saintly old man whose vigour of mind despises difficulties, whose energy takes no account of toil, whose ardour in the pursuit of what tends to God's glory and the salvation of men, neither sufferings, nor declining strength, nor the weight of over four score years, can abate.

Lecturing the other day at the Palace of the Catholic Faculties at Anger, M. Brunetiere, the Academician, returning to those ideas

Cholera was sweeping steadily toward it, and on the black lips of the hunger-stricken there was no room for martial songs that a summer or two ago had set hearts beating and blood wildly coursing. There was a more relentless foe even than the English Government to be faced, and the odds were a thousand to one against emaciated bodies and exhausted vitality.

But these blacker events were yet in the distance when Mary Cassidy sailed away. She left in Kilclooney a delicate mother and a young sister. Her mother worked for some ladies in the neighbourhood, and earned enough from her minute and conscientious mending and darning to keep body and soul together in herself and the two children. Mary was little more than a child when she left Ireland, and would have been well content with field-work in Kilclooney vale, that opens to heaven, and is shut by eternal walls of mountains from the world and the evil in it. Kilclooney village, with the church and the school, the police barracks, the general shop and the public house, was world enough for Mary. She had never forgotten the day when she was called in from driving a flock of geese through the stubble—each of them carefully transfixed at the beak with a stiff straw to keep it from rooting the stacks—and found her mother sitting uncomfortably listening to Miss Leslie's arguments on the subject of emigration. The Misses Leslie of the Manor had been bitten with the philanthropic fad which for the last half century or so has been expatriating the young sons and daughters of the Irish. "Listen to Miss Leslie, acushla!" said the half-tearful mother when Mary had made her dutiful curtsy; "and remember she's all for your good." The little girl stood fidgeting her pinafore, and hearing without comprehending Miss Leslie's picture of an El Dorado over the water. Next spring seemed as far away to Mary as it did to the callow goilrags who were looking for titbits out the door.

She scarcely realised what had been agreed upon when she went back to her goose-driving and blackberry-picking; and indeed never imagined the parting till she was on Mick Flynn's long car, bound for the distant town and the railway station, when she set up "a screechin'" that, as her poor mother put it, "nearly tore my heart in two." It was through the flood-tide of young tears Mary last saw

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