THE EMIGRANT!

CHAPTER I.

willy, Willy darlin'! Rise, agra, rise; day is breakin', and ye've many a long mile afore ye this mornin'-and for many a mornin' after it."

As she spoke the last words the woman's voice trembled, and she hid her face in the bed clothes to stifle the grief that was welling up in great sob-ing waves from her breaking heart. As the sound of her voice broke in upon his slumbers, a man rose from the bed where he had thrown himself, half-dressed, a couple of hours before, and, not yet quite awakened to consciousness, he looked around the room in a bewildered way.

Then he sat down on the side of the bed, and covered his eyes with his hand, vainly endeavoring to hide the tears that half-blinded him.

A chair stood near the bedside, and the wifedrew it toward her and sat down, laying her head upon Lis kness. Very softly and tenderly he stroked the dark hair two or three times, then, while a great sob convulsed his frame, he bent his own head till his lips touched her forehead. "Willy, Willy, don't you give way," she said, passionately, looking up at him with sorrowful eyes; "keep a brave heart, asthore; it's often ye'll need it where, ye're goin'.

With a desperate effort he checked his emotion, and smiled sadly, still tenderly smoothing her hair. "Shure it's dreamin' I was, Mary," he said ; " and the strangest dream! I thought I was away in America, and walkin' in the purtiest greenwood your heart ever picthured. The birds were singin' and the daisies growin' as they would be in heaven; the sky was as bright and as blue as our own. But through the middle of the land ran a great wide river, and it was between you and me. I didn't care for the beauty and greenness, Mary, when I hadn't you wid me; and although where you stood wasn't half so purty a spot as where I was, it seemed the most beautiful place in the world, because ye wur there. Ye were longin' to cross over to me, and the children pullin' at your gown and pintin' to me always. Somehow, it seemed to me of a sudden that if I stretched out my hands to ye, ye might come; and I did it; and ye came without any fear of the wather, right through and across it, and I almost touched Katie with my hands, and felt her sweet breath on my cheek. But just as ye would have set your foot on the ground beside me, something came between us like a flash of fire, and ye were gone all o'ye, and I held out my hands to the empty air. And then, thank God! I heard ye callin' Willy, Willy darlin', and I saw yer own sweet face bendin' over me as I woke."

The wife put one arm around her husband's neck as he ceased speaking, and with the other smoothed back the masses of wavy brown hair that fell over his forehead, while she said, in tones scarcely audi-ble through her tears, "It's nothin', nothin', alanna; shure it's a sin to mind dreams at all; and ye know that it's often when we're throubled, we carry the throuble wid us into our sleep. It was all owin' to the talk we had before ye lay down of the weary, weary way ye were goin's and leavin' us behind. But we won't feel the time passin' till we'll be together again, and we'll all be as happy as the day is long. 'As happy as a queen;' do you mind it, Willy, the song ye wur so fond of hearin' me sing when I was a colleen and you the blithest boy in the three

parishes?" "Do I mind it, acushla—do I mind it? Ah! well as I mind the merry voice, and the bright eye, and the light step that are gone forever. God is good, Mary, God is good; but English tyrants are cruel, and Irish hearts are their meat and dhrink."

"God is good to us, Willy; better than we deserve. He's leadin' us to Himself by hard and bitter ways; but He loves His own. He's takin' you to a land of plenty, where there'll be no hard landlords nor their proctors to make yer blood boil and yer eyes flash, and me and the little ones'll soon follow."

By this time two little girls had crept from a bed at the foot of the larger one; tiny things, scarcely more than babies, either of them, and they stood looking wonderingly up into the faces of their father and mother.

The elder of the two, dark eyed and black baired like her mother, seemed, as she nestled close to her parents, to take in some of the sorrow of the situa-tion; but the younger, a beautiful, blue-eyed, fair haired little crature buried her curley head in the bed clothes, and began to play "peep" with all her

"Maybe I'm foolish, Mary," said her husband, as he watched the playful child, "and it's ashamed I ought to be, breakin' down when you're so brave; but you'll have the little ones to comfort ye, and I'll be all alone."

Then with an effort he arose, and busied himself in completing the arrangements of his dress, while his wife placed breakfast on the table. It was a very poor and scantilly furnished room in which the little family sat down to take their last meal together, but it was exquisitely clean and neat. They had known comfort and prosperity, and even in their poverty could be seen the traces of better days

When William Leyden married Mary Sullivan, "the prettiest and sweetest girl in the village," they were unanimously voted the handsomest couple that ever left the parish church as man and wife. All the world seemed bright before them; they had youth, health and strength, and sorrow and pain seemed things afar off from them; and they loved one another. Smile, cynic! as cynics do but love is the elixir of life, and without it any life is poor and incomplete.

For a time—a sweet, short, happy time—all went well. Then misfortunes began to gather one by one First the crops failed, the cows died, and Leyden fell ill of a fever, and lay helpless for many months. Little by little their savings dwindled into insignificance, and to crown all, the landlord gave them notice to vacate their farm, for which he had been

offered a higher rent. There was but one hope and prospect for the future. Through many a sorrowful day and weary night the husband and wife endeavored to combat the alternative, but at last they could no longer deny that the only hope for days to come lay in a

present parting. So it had come to pass that Leyden was starting for America, leaving his wife and children partly to the care of a well-to-do brother of the former, partly to the resources she might be able to draw from fine sewing and embroidery, in both of which she was very skilful. Our story opens on the morn-

ing of his departure. It did not take the sorrowful couple many minutes to finish their morning meal. As the hour for parting approached, each strove to assume a semblance of cheerfulness before the other, while each read in the other's eyes the sad denial.

Soon kind-hearted mighbors dropped in, one by one, to wish the traveller God speed, and to take a sorrowful leave of the friend from whom poverty and misfortune had not estranged his more prosperous neighbors. For it is in adversity that the fidelity of the Irish character manifests itself, and proves by what deep and enduring ties heart clings

It was not long before the car that was to convey Leyden to the next town came rolling along the road. As he heard the sound of the wheels, he turned from the fire place where he had been standing, and motioned to a young fellow near him to carry out the heavily strapped box that contained all a thoughtful though straitened love could provide for his comfort.

As though respectful of their grief, the neighbors passed from the room, and the husband and wife were left alone.

Very quickly but tenderly the man lifted each of the children from the floor and kissed them several

times. Then he turned to where his wife stood, close to him, yet not touching him, as though she felt that a nearer presence would destroy her well assumed calmness. He looked at her for an instant, yearningly, then held her away from him for another, while she buried her face in her hands; then with a convulsive sob he flung both strong arms around her, and they, wept together.

"God and His Blessed Mother and the angels guard ye, mayourneen," he said at last; "guard ye and keep every breadth of evil away till I hold you again. The great-sea seems wider than ever darlin', and the comfort and the meetin' further and further away. You wur always dear to me, always the dearest; but I never thought it would be so hard to part wid ye till now. Mauria, Mauria, acushla machree."

No answer-no wail of anguish from her woman's lips; but her woman's heart grew cold as death her head leaned more heavily upon his shoulder the clasp of her arms about his neck grew tighter then slowly relapsed; and placing her gently upon the bed, with one long, lingering look, he left the house.

When Mary Leyden lifted her aching head from the pillow, kind, womanly hands and compassionate voices were near to soothe and comfort her; but her husband was far on his lonely journey.

CHAPTER II.

Swiftly the emigrant ship cut the blue waves, boldly her sails wooed the winds, and hearts that had been despondent at parting grew hopeful and buoyant as they neared the promised land.

Port at last; and, with a party of his countrymen, William Leyden sought the far West, and before many months had elapsed, the letters he despatched to the loved ones at home contained not only assurance of his good fortune, but substantial tokens of the fact; and Mary wrote cheerfully and hopefully, ever looking forward to the time when they would be re-united.

For two years our brave Irishman struggled and toiled. Sometimes his heart would almost fail him when he thought of the ocean that intervened between him and his dearest treasures; but these sad thoughts were not familiar visitants, for unusual good fortune had attended his efforts. By the end of the second year he had cleared and planted several acres of rich, fruitful land, and the first flush of autumn saw the completion of as neat and compact a little dwelling as ever western pioneer could claim. Then went "home" the last letter glowing with hope and promise, and sending wherewith to defray the expenses of wife and children, who were at length to rejoin him in the land where he had toiled for them so hard and so patiently.

"My heart is so light," Mary wrote to him; "my heart is so light that I can hardly feel myself walkin'; it seems to be flyin' I am all the time .--And when I think of how soon I'll be near you, of how short the time till ye'll be foldin' yer arms about me, many and many's the time I'm cryin' for joy. Was there ever a happier woman? And Katie and Mamie haven't forgotten a line o' your face or a tone of your voice, ye'll not know them, Willy, they've grown so tall. My tears are all happy ones now, alanna; my prayers are all thankful ones, asthore machree."

How often Leyden read and re-read this letter, its torn and ragged appearance might indicate, and as the intervening days sped by, each, seemed longer than the last. Many and the children were to come direct from New York with a party who also expected to meet friends in the West, and he felt quite easy as to their safety and companionship. But ever and anon, as the time drew near, he half reproached himself that he had not gone to meet them, a pleasure he had only foregone on account of his scanty resources.

At last they were in St. Louis-they would be with him in three days. How wearily those days dragged on. But the beautiful October morning dawned at last; a soft mist hung over the tree tops, and the balmy breath of the Indian summer threw a subtle perfume over the thick forest and its wide stretch of meadow land beyond.

It was fifteen miles to the nearest town, and fif-The earliest more to the railway station. dawn saw William Leyden up and impatient to be away. In company with one of his old neighbors, he took his place in the rough wagon that was to figure so prominently in the "hauling home." About eight o'clock they reached their first stopping place where Leyden's friend had some little business to transact that would detain him a short time in the town.

Not caring to accompany him, too restless to sit still in the public room of the tavern, the impatient husband and father wandered into the spacious yard behind the house. A young girl stood washing and ringing out clothes near the kitchen door. Mechanically he took in every feature of the place; the long, low bench over which she leaned, her happy, carcless face; her bare, red arms and wrinkled hands; the white flutter of garments from the loosened line; the green grass, where here and there others lay bleaching; the broken pump and disused trough; two or three calves munching the scattered herbage; in the distance a wide, illimitable stretch of prairie.

How well he remembered it all afterward! As he stood watching her, the girl nodded smilingly and went on with her work. After a while she began to hum softly to herself. Leyden caught the sound and listened. "What tune is that?" he asked eagerly. " Sing it loud."

"Shure I dunno," the girl answered. I heard my grandmother sing it many's the time in the old counthry, and I do be croonin' it over to mysel' sometimes here at my washin'."

"Have you the words of it a', colleen,?" he inquired. "I'd give a dale to hear that again. 'Tis the song my own Mary likes best; and thanks be to God! I'll hear her own sweet voice singin' it shortly. It's to meet her this mornin' I'm goin'her and the childer, all the way from Ireland; but if ye have the words and will sing it for me, I'd

like to hear it." "Aych but your's the happy man, this day!" she replied. "I'm not much of a hand at singin', but I believe I have all the words, and I'm shure ye'er welcome to hear them as well as I can give them."

blush, the girl began in a timid voice the familiar melody. It was a sad, dirge-like air, as are so many of that sad, suffering land, "whose children weep in chains."

With a preparatory cough and a modest little

And yet, it was not in itself a mournful song Ever and anon the glad refrain broke forth exult ingly and joyously from the monotone of the pre ceding notes.

Simple as were the words, they found a welcome in the heart of the listener; and unpretending as the words seem written, they may find a like responsive acho in the heart of the Irish reader: "My love he has a soft blue eye

With silken lashes drooping; My love he has a soft blue eye With silken lashes drooping. Its glances are like gentle rays From heaven's gates down pouring, As bright as smiles of paradise, as truthful and serene.

And when they shine upon me, I Am jewelled like a queen. "My love he has the fondest heart That maiden e'er took pride in; My love he has the fondest heart

That maiden eer took pride in; Twas nurtured in that fair green land His fathers lived and died in; He holds us dear, his native land and me his

dark Aileen : And just because he loves me, I am as happy as a queen.

" My love he wraps me all around With his true heart's devotion: My love he wraps me all around With his true heart's devotion; With wealth more rare than India,s gold, or

all the gems of ocean. He clothes me with his tenderness, the deepest

ever seen, And while I wear that costly robe I'm richer than a queen. "Oh! kindly does he soothe me when

My trust is faint and low; Oh! kindly does he soothe me when My trust is faint and low; My joy is his delight and all

My griefs are his, I know. In the spring-time he is coming, and I count the days between; For with such a royal king to rule who would

not be a queen?" William Leyden wiped the tears from his eyes as

the girl concluded the song.
"Thank you, dear. God bless you," he said, "for singin' me Mary's song!"

The next moment he saw his friend advancing toward him, and in another they had resumed their journey. Not much was said on either side as they rode

along. At intervals our hero's heart gave a great throb, almost painful in its joy, and once in a while he made some casual remark: but that was all. As they neared their destination, they noticed an unusual stir and excitement in the vicinity;

and as they approached the depot, they saw knots of men scattered at intervals, apparently engaged in discussing some event that had recently transpired. There must have been a fight hereabouts, Will," said his friend; "but as every minute will seem an hour to you know, we'll not stop to ask questions. The train has been in half an hour by this

beard ?" Leyden had no time to answer him, for at that moment a man advanced from the crowd that block ed up the road in front of them, and, checking the horses, said quickly, " Can't drive any further. Way

time. I wonder if Mary'll know you with that great

up yonder blocked with the wreck."
"What wreck?" exclaimed both men with a single voice. "Haven't heard about it?" he replied. "Down train, this morning, met the up train, behind time-collision-cars smashedfifty or sixty killed-as many wounded-terrible accident-no fault anywhere, of course."

But he checked his volubility, at sight of the white face that confronted him, and the strong, convulsive grasp that seized his hand. Then, in a softened tone, he said:

"Hope you ain't expecting no one;" and moved back a pace.

There was no answer; for William Leyden had sprung from the wagon, dashing like a lunatic through the group of men on the roadside, and in an instant had cleared the hundred yards between him and the station.

The crowd that stood upon the platform made way for him as he advanced; for they felt instinctively that he had come upon a melancholy quest, and the man whom he had clutched violently as he asked, "Where are the dead?" pointed to the inner room, where lay the mangled corpses of the victims.

Alas! in a few moments after he had stepped across the threshold his eye fell upon the corpse of a fair-haired little girl, beside whom, one arm half thrown across the child, a woman lay, with a calm holy expression on her dead face. Just at her feet, which some merciful hand had covered, the body of another child was lying; but the black wavy hair had been singed, and the white forehead had been burned and scarred, and the little hands were quite disfigured.

And they had left the dear old land for this! They had borne poverty and separation, and the covering, with these we should be content, for they nationalism. weariness of waiting; through lingering days of anthe that seek to become rich fall into temptation . . . The fundamental covering is a second of the covering icipation they had traversed dangerous ocean to be dashed, on the threshold of a | Our Blessed Lord was so far from advocating the | ary principle upon which each is based. The one new life, at the portal of realization, into the pitiless, fathomics abyss of eternity! Ah! no; rather to be solicitious for their life what they should eat, be gathered into the arms of a merciful God—to be nor for their body what they should put on, telling folded close to His heart, forever and ever. Truly His ways are not our ways and who can understand them?

In a moment more the husband and father had sunk upon his knees beside the lifeless group; but no words came from his lips save " Mauria, Mauria wourneen, acushla machree." Then he would pass his hands over the ghastly faces, pressing ten-derly and often the little childish fingers in his of material prosperity—and that the cantons of own, and kissing the scarred and disfigured forehead.

He never knew who it was that bore him away from the dreadful spot; what hands prepared his loved ones for the grave, he never knew and never asked to know. He only remembered waking momentarily from a stupor on that sad night, and seeing the benevolent face of the priest bending over him, and hearing something he and pride is the sure prelude to apostacy. The was saying about Calvary and the Cross, to poor cantons inhabited by mountaineers of the which he replied half unconciously and with a feeling as though there were angels near him, "God's will be done."—Catholic World.

TWO THEORIES OF CIVILISATION.

The favorite charge of the age against the Catholic Church is that she is an enemy to civilisation. Liberalism throughout the length and breadth of Europe rings the charges upon this oft-repeated accusation. Upon this standpoint Bismarck and Gladstone have founded their respective indictments. The German Statesman, with a keen-sighted sagacity which none can deny him, perceived that in order to combine the aspirations of national unity with Prussian monarchical institutions he must also combine the principles of 1789 with the despotism which he desired to perpetuate. He resolved to outdo the French Revolution in order to convert revolutionists into the accomplices of his tyrannical policy. The French had failed in making Voltairianism a State policy. In France the Church still held her ground as the centre of Conservatism, and infidelity became communistic and anti-social in its aims. The Prussian Statesman perceived that German thought was drifting in the same direction, and that Democracy would infallibly prevail unless he could stem the tide by making his own policy more modern and more anti-Christian than the very Revolution itself. He resolved to outdo the age with the actual weapons of atheistic progression, and thus render this monarchy the very vanguard of materialistic thought and progress. Prussia had already outstripped the rest of Europe in her educational system, and German Protestantism had for the most part thrown aside all remnants of distinctive Christian dogma. The only barrier that remained was the Catholicism of some eight millions of Prussian subjects, among whom there was likewise a leaven of Liberalism tending to indifference and secularism. The Vatican Council sought to stem this anti-Christian spirit within the Church, and hence the decrees of that Council, which afforded Bismarck the excuse for waging open war upon the Centre of Christian unity. The Falck Laws were the response with which Bismarckian policy met that consolidating effort of the Christian commonwealth. By those laws and thier administration Bismarck succeeded in enlisting on his side the whole of that great anti-

liberalish and democracy. The democrats were satisfied with this sop. Infidelity was their chief aim, and they were brought to feel that they could gain their ends more effectually by the help of a popular revolution. Even the despotism of Cæsarism is acceptable to Freemssonry, and materialistic progress when it comes forward as the champion of modern paganism. 'The natural man hates above all things the restraint of God's supernatural law, and the one ideal which he seeks to obtain as the acme of what he calls civilisation is the abrogation of that pure spiritual system which Christ came on earth to establish and of which He left His Church as the perpetual witness. Democracy and popular suffrage, nay, social equality itself, are with the doctrinaires of this modern school only so many means to an end but if that end can be better attained by a strong centralisation they willingly accept its Casarism, postponing their aspirations after a social utopia to some more convenient opportunity. The supreme idea with them is the destruction of Christianity and the emancipation of the human mind from the trammels of dogma which they term superstition. Modern science has erected itself into a materialistic religion and the supernatural is empire on the basis of reason versus faith. Hence even among the foes upon whom he has has trampled are to be found thousands who admire his principles, and we have met with atheistic Frenchmen who, to their shame be it spoken, almost pardon him the humiliations inflicted upon their country in consideration of the triumph he is preparing for their cherished aspirations. There are English Protestants, who in their traditional hatred of Popery, are sufficiently blind to the future to hail him as a Protestant champion, as if unaware of the fact that all that is really Christian in Protestantism is almost as completely opposed to his policy as the Catholic Church herself. The pietists of Prussia, who are few in number as compared with the rationalistic Protestants, are more and more prepared to side with the Church in her struggles against the anti-Christian State. Catholic populations are called ignorantines because they are taught the Catechism in preference to that secular knowledge which has only this world for its end. In the Rhineland, the Black Forest, the Bayarian Tyrol, the Vorarlverg, and the Austrian Tyrol itself, the peasantry are all instructed in reading and writing, but they are doubtless better grounded in the Catechism than in that secular learning imparted in our modern schools. They are taught to honour God our Blessed Lady and the saints, and to live contented in the sphere of life in which God has placed them. It has been said that a little child who knows his Catechism knows more than the dominates over the body. greatest philosopher of antiquity; but our modern philosophers think they know more than the Church herself and than even her Divine Original. According to these pioneers of modern thought, contentment with a humble lot is a state of things to be depecated. Progress rather than contentment is the aim which they advocate. Poverty, which is a Catholic virtue, is in their eyes a vice to be contemned and execrated. The priesthood and the religious orders which preach and set examples of holy poverty are, from their point of view, the permanent abettors of a modern community. Industrial development for the sake of acquiring wealth is their standard of advancing civilisation, and anything that retards this go-a-head species of progression is considered retrograde and barbarous. The world is all on their side. Material progress, as it is termed, is the order of the day, and the maxims of the Sermon on the Mount and the Eight Beatitudes of the Son of God are superannuated teachings of the past. It would be well for those English Protestants who continue to believe with all their hearts in a fragmentary Christianity and who profess profound veneration for the inspired Word of God, to reflect upon what they are doing when they join in the popular outcry that the Catholic Church is irreconcilable with modern civilisation. What is this modern civilisation to which the Church of God is said to be opposed? St. Paul preached unqualified contentment, saying that having food and politanism would be a more enlightened aim than for the desire of money is the root of all evils.

Christian phalanx throughout Germany, which

would otherwise have become a hotbed of political

them to imitate the birds of the air in these matto say the strivings at material progress) do the heathens seek.† It was a favourite theme with a certain set of

Protestants in past times that almost all Protestant populations exhibited a marked contrast with of material prosperity—and that the cantons of Switzerland were commonly pointed to as affording the most flagrant instance of this contrast. To this argument there are two unswers to be given. In the first place the flourishing and opulent comfaith. According to the axiom of St. Ignatius. riches beget ambition, and ambition leads to pride, poor cantons inhabited by mountaineers of the simplest kind were those which adhered to the faith and continued in the routine of their ancestors. caring little about that material prosperity which is engendered by the pursuit of wealth. In the second place, the incitement to industry in a non-Catholic community is gain, whereas the incitement to industry in a Catholic community is duty. The pursuit of wealth for its own sake is reprobated by mankind it offers a far stronger inducement than any other to labour. A Catholic is taught that luborare est orare, that it is the lot of man to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; that he is born to labour; that idleness is a sin, and sloth a mortal sin, and that duty requires him to work in order to earn his bread. Beyond this amount of necessary toil there is no need of labour. He has fulfilled his duty by earning sufficient to support his family. He is prohibited from labour on Sundays and the feasts of the Church, and labour ought never to supercede or interfere with the duty of prayer. To labour for the mere sake of accumulating wealth is so far from praiseworthy that it seems contrary to the spirit of the Gospel. Poverty is a virtue rather than a degradation. Our Blessed Lord was so poor that he had not where to lay his head. He was born in a stable and died on a gibbet. The highest perfection is to be found in following in His foot. steps. In non-Catholic communities poverty is no once stigmatised as a degradation. Riches are not only not prohibited but they are the summum bonum of Toil is no mere duty but the road to wealth and affluence. The race for wealth becomes the great motive to exertion. Material progress is the grand desideratum both for the individual and the State. The pursuit of wealth is an axiom in modern political economy, and it is taken for granted that its diffusion ensures the greatest happiness to the greatest number and forms the basis of civilisation. Adam Smith laid the bases of his political economy upon these foundations, while Buckle and others have combined its theories with statistical calculations in order to create a positivist science of history completely antagonistic to the Word of God. The latter teaches us that man was created to praise, honour, and serve God, and by so doing to attain eternal felicity, and that all other

creatures were formed as instruments to help him to this end, and that he must use or discard them as they severally aid or impede him in this one object of his being. His existence is not for hap piness here so much as eternal felicity hereafter, The world is only a state of probation, and conse. quently the inequalities, joys, sufferings, goods, and evils of this brief life are to be compensated in a never ending futurity. The Church regards the soul as the paramount object of human life, and all else as subservient to its interests. Catholic communities are societies in which these doctrines of the Church hold their sway, and in which temporal advantages are subservient to eternal interests. The Apostles regarded the establishment of a purely Christian commonwealth as a practical and fensible achievement, for we read that the multitude of believers had but one heart and one soul; neither did any one say that aught of the things which Ho possessed was His own, but all things were common unto them. The religious community was the nucleus of the Christian system and the model upon which Catholic society was to be formed. From age to age the Church has perpetuated the primitive type in her monastic institutions, and wherever she has had the opportunity she has sought to infuse same spirit into the ordinary life of entirely discarded from its schools. The philosophy the populations subject to her sway. In Paraguay, of Comte never had a more powerful champion than for instance, the Jesuits trained a whole province Bismarck, who has managed to consolidate a great | upon this pristine model, and the peasantry of the Tyrol have presented the spectacle of as near an approach to the same ideal as was compatible with the weakness and frailty of our human nature. These Catholic mountaineers are, it is true, not as progressive in the pursuit of wealth or as apt in commercial industry as the Protestants of Zurich or Geneva; but they are more contented with their lot than the proletaires of non-Catholic communities, and if the happiness of the greater number is as political economists declare, the end of good government, they appear to have attained it to a greater degree than any other European population.

The Catholic idea of civilisation is based upor the Christian doctrine the true end of man's creation, and embraces the preparation for eternal life. A pure morality founded upon the sauctity of marriage and the family life pervades this system of culture. Woman is venerated as the daughter of Mary, in whom her sex is raised to the highest rank in creation. Female purity forms the keystone to the arch, and chastity is the virtue most extelled and practised. Self-restraint is of the very essence of human perfection and the one quality which raises the intelligent man above the brutes. Savage life is that which knows no such restraints and, according to the Christian theory, civilisation is its very antitype, namely, the state in which the superior mind of man holds its full sway over the inierior appetites-in which the soul

Steam-engines, railways, electric telegraphs, the printing press, the mechanical development of arts, sciences, or manufactures, may be adjuncts, appliances, or proofs of civilisation, but they are not civilisation itself. They are mere materialistic results of human intelligence; and intellect itself unless subordinated to the higher will, is compat. ible with barbarism. Barbaric powers are now-adays as fertile in mechanical resources as those which deem themselves the pioneers of modern civilisation, and both Turkey and Russia will go to war with all the most advanced contrivances of the age. Scientific instruction and even culture such as that which permeates the German nation is only another form of mechanical development. These constituents of so-called modern progress are entirely independent of that highest quality which Christianity regards as of the essence of true civilisation. Intelligence, unless sanctified by a pure unselfish will conformed to the will of God, is not in itself an element or criterion of Catholic civilisation. A Bismarck, a Moltke, or a Napoleou may be mere barbarians in their aspirations-and, to judge of the tree by its fruits, what can be more barbarous than the gigantic aggregations of men maintained for the sole purpose of effecting the destruction of their fellow creatures? It is a question whether nationalism itself is not likewise a form of barbarism. If men are brothers, cosmo-

The fundamental difference between the true and

the false civilisation seems to reside in the element.

pursuit of wealth that He bade His disciples not to takes its start from the head, the other from the heart. The first aims primarily at the development of the intelligence, the second at the sanctification of the will. The former makes reason the motive ters, and adding that after all these things (that is for humanitarianism, the latter proclaims intelligence to be the handmaid of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Unlimited secular knowledge is the primary desideratum of the modern system, whereas faith in the Incarnate Son of God is the unum necessarium of the true civilisation. The theory of the former supposes that if men were thoroughly educated, so that reason should hold its perfect sway, crime would cease and a millennium would dawn upon the world. It considers that commerce, arts, and mechanical inventions are gradually tending to advance the reign of reason and that scienmunities were precisely those which changed their tific knowledge is destined to exalt mankind to a standard of perfection which he has never yet attained. Thus with them material progress, though perhaps not civilisation itself, is an important means for its attainment. Railways and the Press are agents for the diffusion of intellectual culture, and by them man is being improved and raised to a higher state of existence. All that enlarges the rational capacities of the masses of mankind is hailed as the harbinger of advancing civilisation. According to the Catholic idea of civilisation all this is utterly false. However much his rationalistic Christianity, and yet alas! with the majority of powers may be developed, man will still be corrupt as long as his heart remains unsanctified. No amount of intellectual or material progression will serve to change human nature, or to cancel its innate depravity. The heart must first be changed and the conscience enlightened, and then the primary work of true civilisation is achieved. Intellectual culture follows as a proper sequence. The arts and sciences are beautiful handmaids to develop the faculties with which God has endowed his creatures. Secular instruction, mechanical and material contrivances are to be hailed as most useful nuxiliaries, and human progress is to be regarded as the natural growth of humanity from childhood to adolescence and manhood. Nations, as aggregations of individuals, possess like them a conscience, and the proper conscience of Christendom is the centre of Christian Unity, the Head of the Catholic Church. A Christendom thus guided would gradually advance towards the utmost perfection to which human nature can ever hope to attain in this sublunary world. Material progress would consolidate into a united whole. Instead of the huge standing armies which are the bane of our age disputes would be referred to the arbitration of the Sovereign Pontiff. As Christian education advanced, immorality and vice would be eliminated, and both science and art would extend their sway, inasmuch as both the intellect and the imagination are faculties given us by God for our present and future benefit. Such is the beau ideal of Catholic civilisation and the aims to which it soars. We are not sanguine enough to believe that it will ever be attained, and now-a-days the world and the devil are leading in the other direction. Bismarck's civilisation is that which has the approval of the age, and this it is which the Holy Father has condemned in condemning the false maxims of modern

* I Tim. vi. 6-10: Heb. xiii. 5. † St. Matt, vi. 25-34.

* Acts iv. 32.

civilisation.—Catholic Progress.