

graduated at Amherst college. The former is taking a course of law, and the latter a course in political science.

RECTOR AHLWARDT, the German-Lutheran minister who has made himself notorious by his anti-Semitism inside and outside the Reichstag, has come to America to excite an anti-Jewish sentiment on this continent.

GERMANY appears to be determined to crush out Anarchy from the Empire by drastic measures. Baron Von Koeller, late Minister of the Interior, issued general orders for the indictment of extreme Socialists who are identical in principal with Anarchists.

THE British Tories appear to be losing their hold of the seat in Parliament occupied by the representative of Dublin University. This seat has hitherto been sure to the Tories, and the more so since the adoption of Home Rule as a plank in the Liberal platform.

Two Mormon preachers who reached Inez, Kentucky, two weeks ago, had a warm reception from the populace. They were from Utah and believed they could establish a Church secretly on the mountains, news of which would be kept from the people in other parts of the State.

THE New York Independent, which is the Western organ of Latitudinarian Congregationalism, has an article on Francis Schlatter, the Denver Faith Curist.

it speaks of his claim to be the Messiah. So far as this claim is concerned, the Independent has no stronger way of refuting it than by showing that Christ's teaching was of greater importance to mankind than His miracles.

Mr. Wm. E. Gladstone long since made atonement for his spiteful attack on the Catholic Church under the title "Vaticanism." When he wrote it was laboring under the irritation caused by the defeat of his attempt to force a godless education on Catholic Ireland.

THOSE MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS. Rev. Walter Elliot, C. S. P., in Catholic Standard and Times.

No man knows the joy of being a Catholic till he has made some one else a Catholic. Half the depth of divine truth remains unsounded till one has undertaken to persuade his erring brother of its glorious beauties.

THE richest and, in some respects, the most powerful section of the Union is New England, and it was founded by religious people for an exclusively religious end, and in all their wanderings of mind or body the descendants of the Puritans are to-day the most active investigators and propagators of religion in the republic.

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the common mass of men. Many a Catholic would be a Calvinist if Catholicism permitted him to be, both right and wrong — exclusive election is so flattering to the elect few.

And in nothing is this pettiness so distressing as in the views some of us take of the Church's missionary vocation. Some would think it had been better for our Saviour to have said to His apostles, "Go, teach all Ireland," or, "Go forth into all Germany and preach the gospel to all Germans."

Upon which our race vanity and our Catholic family pride withers up and vanishes away, and our hearts are enlarged with the noble zeal of Apostles. All the world and every creature are entitled to our love, if that love is born of the heart throbs of Jesus Christ.

We mourn, indeed, the prevalence of worldliness, the brazen effrontery of vice, the spread of various forms of skepticism; we shall not be mistaken for optimists and visionaries. But what we say is that there is no community in America to-day, however small or however corrupt, which does not hail with acclaim the name of Jesus as the only symbol of eternal salvation.

Among Protestant denominations this condition of the people is the suggestion of prodigious missionary activity. Protestant home missionaries are counted by the thousands and are active everywhere. They are usually men and women of rather meagre mental gifts, but with much real or affected earnestness. The denominations do not so much rob each other of members by these missionaries as they draw converts from the mass of people who do not attend church at all.

And how much did Catholics spend? How many missionaries did the Church of Christ support? How does the Christian Catholic Church compare in zeal with these Protestant sects? For the blacks and the reds we have collected and spent a few scores of thousands and for them we have provided some truly capable and powerful missionaries.

In fact, the time is ripe and the opportunity has arrived for the development of the apostolic element in the American Church, nor shall we long lack the men to do the good work of converting America. No better thanks to God can ever be offered by hearts grateful for many favors than to extend the kingdom of His Son until it embraces the newest and most splendid of the nations of the world.

God has made this nation an arena of religious controversy. Here He has thrown a vast number of His children into civic fellowship in order that they may re-establish among themselves His religious fellowship. Here He has gathered powerful societies representing everything in religion, true and false, good and bad, beautiful and hideous, in order that the one kingdom of Christ may absorb them all.

THE LUCIFER WORSHIP. FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD. Some time ago an interview of an American Bishop while at Liverpool, England, declaring the assertion that Lucifer was adored in the Freemason temple at Charleston, S. C., to be a calumny, made the rounds of the press.

In her memoirs of an ex-Pallade (No. 4) Miss Diana Vaughan takes the Bishop to task, telling him that he makes a grave mistake if he thinks he saw everything in that temple, as no one but a Luciferian in good standing can ever place his foot inside the hall reserved for Lucifer worship.

No one, then, who has not crossed the threshold of this particular hall in the Freemason temple can logically stand up to clear the Luciferians of the terrible charge of adoring Lucifer.

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Luciferian temple, furnished exactly like that of Charleston, is located.

However when the Prince Borghese went last summer to examine his former palace with a view of re-purchasing it, he was freely admitted to every part of it. But when he came to a certain door he was told by the guard that he could not enter there without a permit from headquarters.

D. Margiotta, formerly a rather great light among Luciferians, who published the savorous life of Lemmi, the Luciferian pope, also states and proves over and over again that in the good god, the grand architect, etc., whom Luciferians and the really initiated Freemasons adore.

Leo Taxil, Stanislaus Kostka and a host of other ex-members of the devil's Church, who know from a long personal experience among the secret sects whereof they speak — all concur in the assertion that Lucifer is adored by them; and, further, they prove it by evidence to any one who is open to conviction. Consult and study the voluminous and wonderfully interesting works of Taxil, Bataille, Miss Vaughan, Margiotta, S. Kostka, etc., and then deny if you dare in the presence of so many, so distinguished and an ever increasing number of most reliable authorities who all con-form and complete each other in their astounding revelations.

It is a pity that, outside of France and Italy, those poor Mason-ridden countries, so little interest is taken by the people in this matter. The press especially should do more in exposing the dark lantern conspirators. They are strong, active and determined in their work of subverting Christianity. Must we wait, as they did in France and Italy, until the tyrannical octopus of Freemasonry and Luciferianism has actually enslaved us and fettered the Church, hand and foot? Would it not be better to learn before it is too late? "Unmask and combat the monster!"

REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.

The New World.

In the humble walks of life many conversions have occurred marked by such special providences as to attest in a wondrous way the leading of the Divine hand. A few of these storyettes which have come to my knowledge from reliable sources and are stored in my memory I will now relate in as few words as possible.

The first shall be the story of Mrs. McG., a New England lady, whose ancestors came to the bleak coast in the Mayflower. She became a Catholic in the time of the Rt. Rev. John Cheverus, first Bishop of Boston, and is my authority for the two stories which will follow. In fact, the providences of God are always noteworthy of those who are intelligently alive to His Almighty presence, and, therefore, her conversion may be linked with the others, if not in the incidents so mysterious.

We were in conversation, and in reply to a remark I had made, that all my life previous to my conversion I had longed to stand on the bed rock of truth, she responded that it had been just the same with herself. Then she told that she married an Irish refugee, from the political entanglement of his native land without suspecting that he was a Catholic. Some of their neighbors who were Catholics knew that he also, was of their faith, however negligent. A number of years after their marriage, when it became known that the Bishop was making his first visitation through the State of Maine looking up his spiritual subjects, one of these neighbors took pains to acquaint Mrs. McG., with both facts and to embrace her, for her own interest, and to embrace the opportunity to be married by the Bishop, as Catholics had less respect for a merely civil contract. Deceit in heart and a lover of truth Mrs. McG. accepted the advice, and when the Rt. Rev. Shepherd of Souls arrived he was directed to her cottage. She was alone. The interview was uninterrupted, and when the saintly missionary, afterwards Cardinal, if I mistake not, was taking his leave, he addressed these words, which proved prophetic, to her: "Madam, very soon you will yourself be Catholic." She attained to her eighth decade in life and how edifying her faith and how edifying her devotedness and that of her daughter, all who knew her would gladly testify now that both mother and daughter have passed to their reward. It is to this good woman that I am indebted for the following illustration of the special ways of God in directing into His sheepfold those souls who cherish an ardent desire for truth.

There was in Maine a sea captain who went on long voyages, leaving his wife in their quiet, isolated home

where she had ample time for reflection, and ever on her tongue was this significant word: "I want the truth, whatever it may be." On one occasion a gentleman boarder, whom she had taken into her house to relieve the sense of isolation, passed through a severe illness, and she cared for him with the devotion of a mother until his convalescence was assured, and even then continued to visit his apartment, to see that nothing was wanting, previous to retiring for the night. Having done so on the particular night of which I wish to speak, she repaired to her own chamber, closed the door, and was standing at her bedside opposite the door, adjusting the curtains and pillows when she was startled by a strange voice directly behind her. It said distinctly: "If you wish the truth you will find it in the Catholic Church." Turning quickly she saw at the entrance a man arrayed in garments such as she had never seen. His back was towards her, but he glanced around so that she had a full view of his features as he repeated his former words and then vanished without opening the door. The occurrence was so remarkable that after pondering a moment she retraced her steps to the room of the invalid and told the incident, minutely describing the singular dress she had seen. The listener, when she had finished, told her that his parents were Catholics and that he well remembered going with them when a very small boy to a meeting they called Mass, and that the dress the priest wore was precisely like that she described. And here the mystery had to rest. However, a little later in the season a letter came to the sea captain's wife from a dear sister residing at St. Louis. It contained an urgent invitation for her to spend the time of her husband's absence there, with an offer to pay all the expenses of the trip. This invitation was accepted, and on a certain Saturday afternoon she found herself in the Missouri town ready to alight at her sister's door when she espied that dear relative in the back yard talking over the fence to an Irish woman, instead of hastening to give her welcome, for which neglect she felt rather resentful as she entered the house alone. But if the greeting had the aspect of tardiness the St. Louis lady apologized after this fashion — she was afraid of offending her Irish neighbor if she left her too abruptly — a Catholic church had been just completed, and the next day there were to be services in it for the first time, and the Irish woman had offered her a seat in her pew — all of this being given by way of excuse. And the visitor readily forgave her in the recollections thus awakened in her breast. She at once expressed a wish to share the invitation. It was easily arranged by a transfer as the St. Louis sister was quite willing to remain at home. Sunday morning, then, our New Englander, accompanying the Irish Catholic, was in a good position to observe all the ceremony. The robed celebrant stood at the foot of the altar steps and she recognized in him the very form and garments she had seen that noticable night in her far distant eastern home; and, when at length his face was turned to the audience she recognized it as the one that had so mysteriously vanished after the second time assuring her that if she wished the truth it was for her in the Catholic Church. The logic of her simple mind found in the circumstances a sufficient argument for no delay. She sought instruction of this priest and found her rest in the bosom of the one true Church of Christ.

A devout Quakeress of Vermont, whether a maiden lady or a widow I am unable to say, in spite of her strict obedience to the impulses of the interior spirit required by the peculiar tenets of her sect, still experienced an intense longing for that something she felt she did not possess and which she constantly denominated the truth. One afternoon while quietly engaged with her sewing her interior guide pronounced a strange mandate in words equivalent to these: "Take up your staff and journey without money or scrip until you have found that for which you are sighing."

Confidently the simple Quakeress laid aside her occupation and prepared to obey quite after the manner of the patriarchs and prophets, or like the wise men of the Gospel who found that Babe who is the way, the truth, and the life with His Mother in the stable of Bethlehem. She had proceeded on her way, after the manner of a modern tramp, at least, in the eyes of men soliciting necessary food and lodging for love of God — thus proving her unbounded confidence in Him — for two or perhaps three days when just at night she was entering a town and saw the first light struck in an humble dwelling near a church on the opposite side of the street from where she was walking. The spirit moved her to apply there for lodging. She rapped at the door, and to a man in working attire who opened it, she made her petition with the usual formula — for love of God. Somewhat impatiently he returned answer that their house was small and their family large, therefore she could not be accommodated. Humbly the applicant turned away, not in the least disturbed by the refusal, just as if she had had Joseph and Mary in her mind when they also were seeking lodgings and found no room in the town of Bethlehem. But the door was hardly closed when a female voice within was heard to protest. "What is that you say, John? No room for one who asks for love of God — I can make room." It was the voice of the wife and mother, and John recalled the traveler and a place was made for her at the table

upon which the evening meal was already prepared. Still the host was not quite satisfied with appearances, and during the supper directly questioned the guest to learn how she, a lone woman, was roaming thus about the country without money. The Quakeress was not disconcerted, and in all simplicity told all the truth as she understood it in her heart, and a sympathetic chord in the heart of John was made to vibrate with the very pitifulness of her ignorance of the truth she was making such heroic sacrifice to discover. As for him he knew that he knew with no shadow of doubt where God had secured the deposit for which she was seeking, and it must have been with a quick aspiration of prayer that he suggested when her tale was completed that it was possible if she would like to go to the Catholic Church near by, of which he was sacristan. He opened it every morning at 5 o'clock for Mass, he said. In complete ignorance of the Catholic faith the Quakeress was at John's side when he unlocked the church the next day and entering the aisle leading to the sanctuary of the still unoccupied edifice she hastened herself and remained in silence. Like the wise men of the East she had found the Divine Child, though hidden. Her goal was reached. Her journeyings were at an end. Led thus by the interior spirit in which she in good faith trusted through the darkness she found rest and peace and an assured faith in the Catholic Church it faithfully preserved by her Founder for the salvation of men from teaching aught erroneous in doctrine and morals. Elizabeth A. Adams.

THE PRAYER GAUGE AS APPLIED TO INGERSOLL.

That late and rather benighted agnostic scientist, Tyndall, once dippantly challenged Christians to a test of the truth of their faith by means of a given specific purpose. But all sensible Christians reject the proposed "prayer gauge" because of its being a presumptuous and irrelevant challenge of God's omnipotence and wisdom. But this respect for the Almighty and the All-wise is not, it would seem, a characteristic of the "Christian Endeavors." I lately assembled at Cleveland, and some of the "Salvationists" they have had no such hesitancy. On the contrary, they have adopted a course that is marked only by presumption in having practically accepted the challenge of the "prayer-gauge," making the test to consist in whether "Bob" Ingersoll is to be speedily converted or not. That, at all events, is the effect which this hysterical sort of act has had upon the world at large as far as it has taken interest in the matter.

It does not seem to have occurred to these would-be stormers of the Throne of Mercy that their conduct implies the denial of two essentially Christian doctrines, God's omnipotence and man's free will; for, if He is supposed to be compelled to yield to their entreaties, He is no longer all powerful, and if He forces the blatant denial of His attributes, if not of His existence, to believe in Him as every true Christian, then He robs Ingersoll of his free will. His conversion must come from his own merit; and what has he done to deserve a special grace, seeing that his statements of historical facts against Christianity are so outrageously false as to be reputed as facts by Protestant historians, but even by some of the pronounced rationalists. To a man of such pronounced extensive reading as "Colonel Bob" it is hard to attribute ignorance; the natural motive, then, to credit him with its either malice or a love of notoriety for the purpose of making money by catering to the ignorant mob with captious clap-trap always unsupported by proof.

No wonder, then, that curious results should come out of this thoughtless praying movement. One which has already followed is that impious scamps are betting on the result, with the odds in Ingersoll's favor, and naturally so long as he keeps his heart hermetically sealed against the promptings of Divine grace. How, then, about Ingersoll himself? He is probably glad of the additional notoriety the public prayer movement gives him, and the managers of his lecture course are no doubt looking forward to a great increase in the ticket office receipts consequent in this free advertising. What a rush there will be to hear him when next he makes his bow to the ignorant audiences that hang upon his lips as the blasphemous apostle of disbelief? Here I am again, "he can say, and none the worse for the 'Christian Endeavors.'"

But there are few reasonable persons who can perceive either true piety, or even the wisdom of that singling out of this man, and in such a manner as to shake the faith of many in the efficacy of prayer for the case of God, for inscrutable reasons of His own, should not deign to confer the special grace prayed for just at this time, or in case of the grace being so conferred, Ingersoll's free will should conform to it. This, then, is another instance of rash men rushing in where angels fear to tread. — Catholic Standard and Times.

The reason which should lead us to love our neighbor is that he is loved by the Heart of Jesus. — St. Alphonsus Liguori.

It avails nothing to subdue the body if the mind allows itself to be controlled by anger. — St. Gregory the Great.

When you are tempted have recourse to God immediately without reasoning with the temptation. The haughty are always the victims of their own rash conclusions.