

MOONDYNE.

BOOK SECOND. THE SANDALWOOD TRADE.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

V.

IN SEARCH OF HIS SORROW.

Nine years crowded with successful enterprise had made Will Sheridan a strong man in worldly wisdom and wealth. His healthy physique had been felt and acknowledged all over the West Australian Colony. His direct attack on all obstacles never failed, whether the barriers were mountains or men.

He had raised the sandalwood trade into a commercial enterprise. In nine years he had made a national industry for the country in which he lived; had grown rich himself, without selfishly seeking it, and in proportion had made millions of the company that employed him.

When men of large intelligence, force of mind, and boldness, break into new fields, they may gather gold by the handful. So it was with this energetic worker. His practical mind turned everything into account. He inquired from the natives how they cured the beautiful soft kangaroo skins they wore as boots, and learned that the red gum, which could be gathered in a day, was the most powerful tan in the world.

He at once shipped twenty tons of it to Liverpool as an experiment. The next year he transported two hundred thousand pounds worth; and five years from that time, Australian red gum was an article of universal trade.

He saw a fellow bushman change in the rainy season into a transparent substance like gun arabic; and three years afterwards, West Australia supplied nearly all the white gum in the markets of civilization.

One might conclude that the man who could set his mind so persistently at work in this energetic fashion must be thoroughly engaged, and that his rapid success must have brought with it a rare and solid satisfaction. Was it so with Agent Sheridan?

Darkest of all mysteries, O secret heart of man, that even to its owner is unknown and occult! Here worked a brave man year to year, smiled on by men and women, transmitting all things to gold; vigorous, keen, worldly, and gradually becoming philosophic through large estimation of value in men and things; yet beneath this smiling and practical mind of the present was a heart that never for one day, through all these years, ceased bleeding and grieving for a dead joy of the past.

This was the bitter truth. When riding through the lonely and beautiful bush, where everything was rich in color, and all nature was apparently peaceful, the sleepless under-lying grief would seize on this strong man's heart and gnaw it till he moaned aloud and waved his arms, as if to put physically away from him the felon thought that gripped so cruelly.

While working, there was no time to heed the pain—no opening for the bitter thought to take shape. But it was there—a way—it was alive under the face—moving in restless throbs and memories. It stirred at strange faces, and sometimes it beat woefully at a familiar sound.

No wonder that the man who carried such a heart should sooner or later show signs of the hidden sorrow in his face. It was so with Will Sheridan. His worldly work and fortune belonged only to the nine years of his Australian life; but he knew that the life beyond was that which gave him happiness or misery.

He became a grave man before his time; and one deep line in his face, that to most people would have denoted his energy and intensity of will, was truly graven by the unceasing presence of his sorrow.

He had loved Alice Walsmsley with that one love which throughout nature only knows. It had grown into his young life as firmly as an organic part of his being. When it was torn from him there was left a gaping and bleeding wound. And time had brought him no cure.

In the early days of his Australian career he had received the news of his father's death. His mother and sister had been well provided for. They implored him to come home; but he could not bear to hear of the one being whose memory filled his existence; and so he never wrote to his people. Their letters ceased; and in nearly nine years he had never heard a word from home.

But now, when his present life was to outward appearance all sunshine, and when his future path lay through pleasant ways, the bitter thought in his heart rankled with unutterable suffering. Neither work nor excitement allayed the pang. He shrank from solitude, and he was solitary in crowds. He feared to give rein to grief; yet alone, in the moonlit bush, he often raised his face and hands to heaven, and cried aloud in his grievous pain.

At last the thought came that he must look his misery in the face—that he must put an end to all uncertainty. Answering the unceasing yearning in his breast, he came to a decision.

"I must go home," he said aloud one day, when riding alone in the forest. "I must go home—if only for one day."

VI.

THE DOOR OF THE CELL.

It was winter again. A sunburnt foreign looking man stood on the poop deck of a steamer ploughing with decreased speed past the docks in the long line of Liverpool shipping. The man was young, but with deep marks of care and experience on his face, looked nearly ten years older than he really was. From the face, it was hard to know what was passing in the heart; but that no common emotion was there might be guessed by the rapid stride and the impatient glance from the steamer's progress to the shore.

It was Will Sheridan; but not the determined, thoughtful Agent Sheridan of the Australian sandalwood trade. There was no quiescence in his soul now; there was no power of thought in his brain; there was nothing there but a burning fever of longing to put his foot on shore; and then to turn his face to the one spot that had such power to draw him from the other side of the world.

As soon as the steamer was moored,

heedless of the babel of voices around him, the stranger passed through the crowd, and entered the streets of Liverpool. But he did not know the joy of an exile returning after a weary absence. He did not feel that he was once more near to those who loved him. It was rather to him as if he neared their graves.

The great city in which he walked was as empty to him as the ocean he had just left. Unobtrusive and unassuming, looking straight before him, and seeing with the soul's vision the little coast village of his boyhood, he made his way to the railway station, bought a ticket for home, and took his place in the car.

At first, the noise and rush of the train through the cold evening of a winter day, was a relief to the restless traveller. The activity fell upon his morbid heart like a cold hand on a feverish forehead. But, as the sun sank, and the cheerless gray twilight crept round him, the people who had travelled from the city were dropped at the quiet country stations, and sped away to their happy homes.

A man came and lit a lamp in the carriage, and all the outer world grew suddenly dark. The traveller was alone now; and, as the names of the wayside stations grew more familiar, a stillness fell upon him, against which he made no struggle.

At last, as once more the train moved to a station, he arose, walked slowly to the door, and stepped on the platform. He was at the end of his journey—he was at home.

At home! He passed through the little station house, where the old porter stared at his strange face and strange clothes, and wondered why he did not ask the way to the village. On he strode in the moonlight, glancing at familiar things with every step; for ten years had brought little change to the quiet place. There were the lone trees by the roadside, he saw the moon's face reflected through the ice in the millpond; and, seeing this, he stopped and looked, but not with the outward eye, and he saw the merry skaters, and Alice's head was on his shoulder, and her dear voice in his ear, and all the happy love of his boyhood flooded his heart, as he bowed his face in his hands and sobbed.

Down the main street of the village he walked, glancing at the bright windows of the cottage homes, that looked like smiles on well known faces. He passed the post office, the church, and the inn; and a few steps more brought him to the corner of his own little street.

The windows of the Draper's house were lighted, as if for a festal merrymaking within; but he passed on rapidly, and stopped before the garden-gate of the widow's cottage. There, all was dark and silent. He glanced through the trees at his own old home, which lay beyond, and saw a light from the kitchen, and the moonlight shining on the window of his own room.

But here, where he longed for the light, the gate, and it swung open before him, for the latch was gone. He passed through, and saw that the garden path was rank with frozen weeds, and the garden was itself a wilderness. He walked on and stood in the porch, and found a bank of snow against the bottom of the cottage door, which the wind had whirled in there, perhaps a week before.

He stood in the cheerless place for a moment, looking into his heart, that was as empty as the cottage porch, and as cold; and then he turned and walked down the straight path, with almost the same feeling that had crushed him so cruelly eleven years before.

He passed on to his own home, which had been shut out from his heart by the cloud that covered his way; and a feeling of approach came upon him, for his long longing for those who loved him. Those who loved him! there was a something warming in his heart, and rising against the numbness that had stilled it in the cottage porch. He stood before the door of his old home, and raised his hand and knocked twice.

The door opened, and a strange face to William Sheridan met his look. Choking back a something in his throat, he said, with an effort:—"Is this Mrs. Sheridan's house?"

"It was Mrs. Sheridan's house, sir," answered the man; "but it is my house now. Mrs. Sheridan is dead."

Another cord snapped, and the stranger in his own place turned from the door with a moan in his heart. As he turned, a young woman came from within to the porch; and the man, with a sudden exclamation, stepped after him, and placed his hand on his shoulder, said earnestly, "Both Mrs. Sheridan, that we thought were dead?" and, looking in his face and recognizing him, he asked, "Poor lad! don't let me know thy own schoolmate, Tom Bates, and thy own sister Mary?"

"Ying him by the arm, the kind fellow led Sheridan to the door, and said:—"Wife, here be thy brother Will, safe and sound, and not drowned, as Sam Draper told us he were—and d—d—that same Draper for all his evil doin'!"

Then William Sheridan felt his kind sister's arms on his neck, the associations of his youth thronged upon him like old friends to meet him, and with them came the sweet spirit of his boy's love for Alice. They came to his heart like stormers to a city's gate, and, sealing the breach, they entered in, and took possession. For the second time that night, the strong man bowed his head, and sobbed—not for a moment as before, but long and bitterly, for the suppressed feelings were finding a vent at last; the bitterness of his sorrow, so long and closely shut in, was flowing freely.

Brother and sister were alone during this scene; but after a while, Mary's kind-hearted husband entered, a rugged but tender hearted Lancashire farmer; and knowing that much was to be said to Will, and that this was the best time to say it, he began at once; but he knew, and Will Sheridan knew, that he began at the farthest point he could from what he would have to say before the end. Will Sheridan's face was turned in the shadow, where neither his sister nor her husband could see it, and so he listened to the story.

"Will," said his brother-in-law, "tho' know'st his more'n six years since thou went to sea, and that great changes have come to thee since then; and the know'st,

lad, thou must expect that changes as great have come to this village. Thy father took sick about a year after thou went, and grieved that he didn't hear from thee. Samuel Draper wrote to his people that thou'd turned out a bad lad, in foreign countries, and had to run away from the ship; and when that news came, it made the old people sorrowful. Thy father took to his bed in first o' th' winter, and was dead in a few months. Thy mother followed soon, and her last words were a blessing for thee if thou were living. Then Samuel Draper came back from sea, looking fine in his blue uniform; and he said he'd heard thou'd been drowned on a voyage from China. He went to sea again, six months after, and he's never been here since; and 'tis unlikely," Mary's husband said very slowly, "that he ever will come to this village any more."

Tom Bates ceased speaking, as if he were told and stared straight at the fire; his wife Mary, who was sitting on a low seat near him, drew closer, and laid her cheek against his side, weeping silently; and he put his big hand round her head and caressed it.

Will Sheridan sat motionless for about a minute, and then said, in a hard monotone:—"What became of Alice Walsmsley? Did she—Is she dead, also?"

"Nay, not dead," said his brother-in-law, "but worse than that. Alice Walsmsley is in prison."

Will Sheridan raised his head at the word, repeating it to himself in blank amazement and dread. Then he stood up, and faced round to the two people who sat before him, his sister hiding her weeping face against her husband's side, the husband patting her head in a bewildered way, and both looking as if they were the guilty parties who should be in prison instead of Alice.

Had they said that she was dead, or even that she was married, he could have faced the news manfully, for he had prepared his heart for it; but now, when he had come home and thought he could bear all, he found that his years of struggle to forget had been in vain, but that a grief yawned at his feet deeper and wider than that he had striven so long to fill up.

"In the name of God, man, tell me what you mean. Why is Alice Walsmsley in prison?"

Poor Tom Bates still stared at the fire, and patted his wife's head; but a moment after Sheridan asked the question, he let his hand close quietly round the brown hair, and raising his eyes to Will's face, said, in a low voice:—"She's in the mill."

"Will Sheridan looked at him with a pitiful face, and uttered a sound like the wailing cry of a suffering animal that finds the last door of escape shut against it.

His brother-in-law knew that now was the time to tell Will all, while his very soul was numbed by the strength of the first blow.

"They were married in the church, six months ago," said Mary's husband, "and they lived together for some time, seeming very happy—though Mary and I said, when it was all over, that from the very day of the wedding there was a shadow on Alice's face, and that she was never seen to smile. Draper was a captain, and his ship was going to India, and Alice wasted very bad to go with him. But he refused her at last so roughly, before her mother's face, that poor little Alice said no more. Five months after his going, her child was born, and for six months the poor ailing thing looked like her old self, all smiles and kindness and love for the little one. Then, one day, there walked into her house a strange woman, who said that she was Samuel Draper's wife. No one knows what passed between them—they were well alone; but the woman showed the papers that proved what she said. She was a desperate woman, and with no one else in the house, she was like to kill poor Alice with her dreadful words. Alice's heart was changed to stone from that minute. The woman left the village that day, and never was seen here again. But that night the little child was found dead beside the mother's bed, and the poor little Alice! She never raised her hand to hurt her child. It was accident, or it was some one else—but she couldn't or wouldn't speak. She was sent to prison, and her mother died from the blow. God help poor little Alice!"

God help poor little Alice! And the warm heart o' the widow, and husband and wife mingled their tears for the lost one.

"And this was Samuel Draper's work!" asked Sheridan, slowly.

"Ay, damn him for a scoundrel!" said the strong yeoman, starting to his feet, and clenching his fist, the tears on his cheeks, and his voice all broken with emotion. "He may keep away from this village, where the people know him; but there's no rest for him on this earth—no rest for such as he. Mother and child curse him—one from the grave, the other from the prison; and see or land cannot shut them out from his black heart. Her father was a seaman, too, and he'll sell 'er him until the villain pays the debt to the last farthing. And Alice's white face will haunt him, even in sleep, with her dead child in her arms. Oh, God help poor little Alice!"

God comfort the poor little lass!"

William Sheridan said no more that night. His sister prepared his own old room for him, and he went to it, but not to sleep. Up and down he walked like a caged animal, moaning now and again, without following the meaning of the words:—"Why did I come here? O, why did I come here!"

He felt that he could not bear this agony much longer—that he must think and do that must pray. But he could do neither. There was one picture in his mind, in his eye, in his heart,—a crouching figure in a dock, with a brown head sunk on her white hands,—and were he to try to get one more thought into his brain, it would burst and drive him mad.

And how could he pray—how could he know while the miscreant worked the earth who had done all this! But from this hateful thought he reverted with fresh agony to her blighted heart. Where was she that night! How could he find her and help her! If he could only pray for her, it would keep him from delirium until he saw her.

And he sank on his knees by the bed where he had slept by his mother's side and learned to pray; and again the old associations came thronging to his heart, and softened it. The sweet face of his boy's love drew to him slowly from the mist of years; and gradually forgetting self, and remembering only her great sorrow he raised up his face in piteous supplication, acknowledging his utter dependence on divine strength, and prayed that he had never prayed before. Such prayers are never offered in vain. A wondrous quiet came to the troubled heart, and remained with it.

When he arose from his knees, he looked upon every familiar object around him with awakened interest, and many things that he had forgotten came back to his memory and attention when he saw them there. Before he lay down to rest, for he felt that he must sleep, he looked through the window at the deserted cottage, and had strength to think of its former inmates.

"God give her peace, and in some way enable me to bring comfort to her," he said. And when he arose in the morning this thought was uppermost in his mind—that he must search for means to bear comfort to the afflicted heart of Alice Walsmsley.

From his sister and her husband he learned that Alice was confined in Millbank Prison in London, and he made up his mind to go to London that day. They, seeing that he was determined on his course, made no effort to oppose him, honest labor and every legitimate effort for the betterment of one's condition. St. Paul admonishes the first Christians to be not slothful in business. The provision of the Church is the soul of man. To conduct it to its last home safely and sanctified is her great and only mission. And this is, and ever will be, her sole end and aim. When she, therefore, interferes, or interests herself in matters extraneous to this, she does so relatively to the benefit or detriment of the soul it is likely to receive. In this light, and in this only, does she claim or have the power to touch things not entirely spiritual; and for this reason she has made her influence felt in politics, commerce, arts and sciences and in the various relations of life. These are the means by which she attains her end. She, therefore, aids and encourages all laudable and legitimate efforts which of their nature tend to elevate and civilize, and refine mankind. She even goes farther, and claims that without her Christianizing influence these sciences, arts and industries are not useful, but detrimental, to mankind.

Therefore Christianity desires material progress; but only as a means, not as an end; she desires to see matter a servant, not a sovereign; and she desires the development of matter as a normal condition of life, but not as a supreme ambition. Matter, such as wealth, or arts or sciences, are to be a means to attain an end. That end is God. St. Ignatius, in a few words, explains the whole of this sublime philosophy. In writing the foundation on which he constructed his wonderful spiritual exercises, he said: "Man was created for this end, that he might praise and reverence God, and serving Him, at length be saved. But all other things which are placed on earth were created for man, that they might help him in pursuing the end of his creation, whence it follows that they are to be used and abstained from in proportion as they profit or hinder him in pursuing that end."

I think any Jesuit Father will say this is correctly quoted. This sums up the doctrine of the Church on this question. Thus it can be seen that the Church does not condemn the acquisition of wealth, but the worshipping of it. She condemns, consequently, all the wrongs that follow from the worshipping of it; such as the oppression of the poor, and, by exacting too much of them, the robbing them of the necessary time for attending to the requirements of the soul, and even for the elevation of the intellect. Christianity's duty is not abstention from matter, nor an aggressive warfare against it, but intervention. This is accomplished by moral progress; and this, of course, presupposes the necessity of virtue.

Having shown that the Church condemns all abuses, I shall now prove that she fosters and cherishes industry and progress in all the arts and sciences. The evidence is so abundant that the difficulty lies in making the selection of examples. This, perhaps, can be no more conclusively demonstrated than by producing authorities that substantiate her claim. I shall, therefore, now mention a few—only a few of the multitude—of the Catholic names which have electrified the world by their excellence and pre-eminence in the various paths of literature, arts and sciences.

If indisputably honored names can be shown to belong to true children of the Church, then it is fair to claim that the Church which can foster such men cannot at the same time be a foe to progress. Let us take the subject of education first, because it is the most important in the year 1540 St. Ignatius founded his society. At his death, sixteen years later, in 1556, it contained 7,000 educated men engaged in teaching, and in other works of progress, in 100 colleges. In that time St. Francis Xavier had blown the trumpet of the gospel over India. Bobbiella had aroused Germany, while Gaspar Nucer had gone to Egypt and Alphonso Dalmeida to Ireland. The school then, and ever since, attracted students from all parts, and there was a visible progress in religion as well as in literature. At the end of the eighteenth century the society numbered within a fraction of 20,000 well-trained, well-disciplined and well-taught men. This certainly has the appearance of progress.

And who are some of the famous men this society has given to the world? Father Maldonado (whose name is surely a misnomer) of the society, was the chief compiler of the ratio studiorum, a system of conducting studies which is now all but universal. From their college at Leisbche came Descartes, the astronomer. At the college of Fagnan, near Rimini, was educated Torricelli, the inventor of the barometer. The learned commentator, Justus Lipsius, was a Jesuit pupil, as was also Townesford, the botanist. The Jesuit Krieger invented the magic-lantern. The great orator, Bossuet, was educated at

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CATHOLICITY vs. PROGRESS.

AN ANSWER TO NUMEROUS PROTESTANT OBJECTIONS—SOME REASONS WHY CATHOLICS SHOULD BE PROUD OF THEIR FAITH.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

CONCLUDED.

"But you worship the Virgin!" Do not you honor the mayor of your city, and even call him "Your Worship?" "But that is not the same honor or worship we give to God." Nor is that which is paid to the Blessed Virgin. Supreme adoration—the worship of latria—we give to God alone, but with an esteem, a reverence, a love, we revere the Blessed Virgin and the other saints of God. You make such a charge only because you do not understand the meaning of the words you use.

"At least you must admit, as a Catholic, that the Catholic Church is a foe to progress; that she holds down and keeps back her followers from getting along in the world. Protestant England and Protestant America are examples which show what can be done when Roman shackles are withdrawn. See what they have produced in the way of science and literature."

As this is the longest charge, and perhaps, considered by Protestants the most telling one, it may be well to give it a little more serious attention.

Does Catholicity antagonize progress? If material progress be meant; if the bettering of one's condition, as an individual or a nation be implied, it can safely be said that she does nothing of the kind. The Church encourages and blesses all honest labor and every legitimate effort for the betterment of one's condition. St. Paul admonishes the first Christians to be not slothful in business. The provision of the Church is the soul of man. To conduct it to its last home safely and sanctified is her great and only mission. And this is, and ever will be, her sole end and aim. When she, therefore, interferes, or interests herself in matters extraneous to this, she does so relatively to the benefit or detriment of the soul it is likely to receive. In this light, and in this only, does she claim or have the power to touch things not entirely spiritual; and for this reason she has made her influence felt in politics, commerce, arts and sciences and in the various relations of life. These are the means by which she attains her end. She, therefore, aids and encourages all laudable and legitimate efforts which of their nature tend to elevate and civilize, and refine mankind. She even goes farther, and claims that without her Christianizing influence these sciences, arts and industries are not useful, but detrimental, to mankind.

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Dijon, as was Cornelle at Ruen, by these Fathers. Moliers found the training, which afterwards enabled him to write such celebrated comic verse, at the Jesuit college of Clermont; and under the same trainers J. B. Rousseau received his education at the college of Louis le Grand, Paris.

These are some of the celebrated men who have sided the progress of the world, but these are only a few from one of the many teaching orders in the Church. Perhaps we can find some other great Catholic minds whose interest Protestant could never charge with retarding progress. Galileo, already mentioned, invented the telescope, and discovered the rings on Saturn. A French Catholic, Le Verrier, discovered Neptune, and even foretold its existence and probable location by a process of astounding mathematical calculations. He was honored by all Europe, yet he was as much devoted to his crucifix as to his telescope.

Father Peter Angelo Secchi, S. J., the greatest student of the sun that ever lived, wrote a work on that body which is priceless to the world of science. He was also a student of spectrum analysis, the new chemistry which unfolds the constitution of the stars. He analyzed the spectra of above 600 fixed stars. He died, February 26, 1878. He can scarcely be considered a foe to science.

The Abbot Gasendi, "the greatest philosopher among scholars, and the greatest scholar among philosophers," brought the eccentric comet within the reach of science, and demonstrated that cometary bodies are without atmosphere, and that they really presaged no evil to mankind. The destruction of such an inveterate superstition by scientific demonstration was progress indeed!

Pezzi, a Theatine monk, catalogued 7,646 stars, and made many wonderful discoveries. Jean Picard, a simple French priest, was the first president of the Academy of Sciences. The most perfect system of chronological reckoning yet discovered is due to a Pope—Gregory XIII.

Concerning the science of geography it is scarcely necessary to mention that nearly all its ascertained facts were derived from the personal observations of the missionaries of that Church which is so wantonly charged as being a foe to enlightenment. The great navigators, such as Columbus, Vasco de Gama, Magellan, Vesputi, Grand Mercator, were Catholics, and generally as pious as they were famous.

Francis Viete, the greatest mathematician that ever lived, invented algebra as it now exists. He and Rene Descartes were both good children of the Church. The science of optics is brilliant with celebrated Catholic names, and in early celebrity we have the Catholic names of Galvani and Volta while Gasto Pianta, a Catholic of Brussels, made the first electric storage battery in 1859.

In the sciences of chemistry, mineralogy, botany, physiology and geology, Catholic names are abundant; but we have already shown enough to sustain our position.

One word about English and American Protestantism, or rather Protestant England and Protestant America, and the Roman "shackles." This topic is an inviting one, and much can be said thereon. It must suffice for the present to say that in spite of, or rather with the aid of, these "shackles," the great moral power in both countries is none other than that of the Catholic Church, such as is represented in the religious orders, and promoters of the devoted and heroic secular clergy, the Catholic teacher and the Catholic press, and last, but not least, the Catholic lay associations. If there be a power which can stay the torrent of vice and crime, the controller of such a power is a benefactor to the human race. The Catholic Church has this power, and uses it both here and in England and throughout the world. If there be a power which can cause delicate and refined women to devote their lives to the amelioration of the most degraded of human beings; which can inculcate educated and cultured men to spend their lives in the drudgery of the class room, and by education prevent crime and iniquity; and, finally, if there be any institution or set of ethics which can compel men of letters and of brilliant talents—who can cause the highest grades of society—to devote themselves to the care of the sick, the poor, the wayward, and the orphan; to be every one's servant, to spend hours upon hours in the confessional in healing, consoling and raising up, as does the heroic Catholic parish priest; if there be such an institution which possesses such a motive power, then that institution is the greatest benefactor to humanity and promoter of progress the world has ever seen or will ever see. And yet all this is being done yearly, daily, hourly both here and across the Atlantic by the Catholic Church. And her priests and their peoples are proud of her shackles. Better far for humanity to be bound, tightly bound, by the "shackles" of Rome than to be without them. For, to be in her shackles is to follow her teachings, and to those who do this and submit to her creed and practice her precepts and counsels she will not only be a blessing on earth and a safeguard against all its dangers, but at last she will do for them what no sect can promise. She will, by the power of her keys, open wide the portals of eternity, and secure for them an everlasting happiness. A CONVERT.

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Hence the superiority and peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is built upon the most substantial foundation. In its preparation there is represented all the knowledge which modern research in medical science has developed, combined with long experience, brainwork, and experiment. It is only necessary to give this medicine a fair trial to realize its great curative value.

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