

step up into the ideal performances, with which the advocates of the theatre always meet us without the awful sacrifice of souls the process of evolution implies, then we would at once withdraw our objections, but knowing what we know of its general character and influence, we emphatically decline to give either sympathy or support. Life and character are too sacred to be exposed to a temptation so subtle and irresistible. Is it not also objectionable on economic grounds, especially in these latter days when the struggle for existence is so intense? Whilst some of the economic laws whose violation produce the present and increasing stringency are broad and deep, it is a very simple law, that they who yield to the temptation to spend their money in places of amusement will not lay the foundations of future wealth, nor enjoy the highest joys of an affluent home. It is an indisputable fact, that a very great deal of the poverty of to-day is the result of improvidence. Very many who have no provision made for a rainy day, not even the security of constant employment are found on every half holiday away on excursions and in places of amusement, which are all more or less expensive. To say that this is necessary for health is the merest clap-trap, an argument good enough for the advocates of Sunday street cars, but believed by no sane man. It is simply a yielding to the insatiable craving for amusement, which characterises our times, with which even many of our churches are unfortunately tainted. That is not the way in which wealth or health is acquired. The good old style of steady employment for six days in the week with the evenings at home by the family fireside, and a peaceful Sabbath, spent in quietness and the fear of God, is after all the straight and narrow way to prosperity and eternal life.

#### Satolli's Decree.

It must be admitted that the expectations cherished in many quarters as to the effect of Mgr. Satolli's decree regarding liquor sellers, have not as yet been fulfilled. Probably it is too soon to look for fruit, but the all but complete silence now prevailing does not seem to promise great things in the future. More probable is the explanation contained in a letter from Mgr. Schröder in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, and which if it correctly interprets Mgr. Satolli's decision leaves it of little value as a deterrent to the saloon. The Monsignor says:—

The intent and purport of those two letters of Mgr. Satolli have been exaggerated as well as distorted. It is an exaggeration, if the approval extended to a local regulation, intended for and limited to the diocese of one Bishop, is represented to mean the promulgation of a regulation for other dioceses. It is a distortion of the utterances of Mgr. Satolli to stamp them as a declaration of war against the proprietors or frequenters of saloons, or against the use of spirituous beverages generally. Mgr. Satolli simply declined to nullify a regulation prescribed by the Bishop of Columbus for that Bishop's own diocese. The delegates approval of the steps taken by the Bishop of Columbus does not compel all other Bishops to promulgate similar regulations, nor is there even such a suggestion implied. Nor can it be implied that Mgr. Satolli, in giving this approval, has directly or otherwise issued a decree excluding all Catholic saloon keepers from Catholic societies; or that he considers the sale or consumption of spirituous beverages sinful. When Mgr. Satolli

declined to entertain the request of the Catholic societies of the Diocese of Columbus, one consideration, overshadowing all others, controlled it. As the representative of the highest ecclesiastical authority in this country, he desired to preserve, sustain and defend the authority of the Bishop. This subject matter of the decree was only a secondary consideration. He never intended to promulgate a fundamental declaration as to the liquor question, so called, with respect to the advantages or disadvantages, the propriety or impropriety of the manufacture, sale, or use of spirituous liquors, or with respect to temperance, total abstinence, or prohibition. Not a vestige of all these things can be found in Mgr. Satolli's letters.

**New Form and Dress.** The *Presbyterian* of Philadelphia, comes to us in new form. It has reduced the page to the same size as the *PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW*, and in doing so has shown a willingness to march with the times. At the time we adopted the form in which the *PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW* appears we were aware but of one church paper of similar size and shape. Now there are several and there will be more, when the portable, convenient and manageable size we have practically introduced becomes better known. The *Presbyterian* says that it "modestly assumes its new dress and form as evidence of its increased vitality and adaptability to the times, and hopes to make itself still more a necessity and blessing to the home, the State and the Church.

**A Drop of Rain.** Now that the season of showers is at hand the following from the *Observer* may be read with profit. "Did you ever think how heavy a drop of rain might be? A shower is nothing when some festive entertainment is in progress, but on prayer-meeting night and Sunday, each watery globule seems to weigh a ton. Such anxious glances are cast at the lowering sky, so many of the inmates of your house consulted over and over again, as to whether they suppose it is really going to rain? Of course if it were clear, it would be a matter of duty to attend the services, but it is sprinkling and there might be pneumonia in that wet grass, or a bad attack of rheumatism lurking on those damp walks, or some of those dreadful consumptive comma bacilla prancing around in the air; so you resign yourself to fate and remain at home. The pastor delivers his sermon to rows upon rows of empty benches in the front and a small collection of people, like raisins in a baker's cake, in the background. Of course, he feels blue, and a little tinge of the indigo creeps into the address, in spite of his determination to the contrary. Before the discourse is ended, a stray waif of a sunbeam glides through the side window and smiles lovingly upon the few brave souls who have actually dared to venture out, but it lingers longest upon the head of that poor old wrinkled-faced woman sitting in the corner. Her dress has two neat darns in front, and her bonnet is so old fashioned that it might have descended to her from some primeval ancestress, dating back as far as the flood, but such a satisfied look beams from those mild, blue eyes—she has found something to take home with her, heavenly manna that will nourish her soul for a week; rainy days are never marked as 'at home' days, in her calendar.

The minister feels discouraged, not because you were absent, but on account of the number of yous who made it their particular business not to be present. Perhaps when the Lord sends you an invitation to join the services up above, you will look out of the window and say: 'I pray thee have me excused for this time, I must wait for a pleasant day!' And the recording angel will write against your name: 'Weighed in the balance and found wanting.'