## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.—JAN. 12, 1877.

and oppose their lawless usurpations. They felt that their influence was thus greatly increased, and testified by repeated cries the rapturous joy they felt. At last the tumult subsided, and their gestures and beaming countenances alone betrayed

their gladness.

Adolf van Nieuwland advanced to the deans and summened them to appear before the commander-in-chief; they obeyed, and joined the group of knights. The features of the clothworker between ed no elation of spirit; he moved onwards calmly and sedately, undisturbed by any exciting emotion; a peaceful serenity and a noble pride filled his soul. Not so the Dean of the Butchers; he had never learned to command himself,—the most trivial incident, the lightest feeling which passed through his heart, expressed itself at once upon his countenance, and it was easy to see that sincerity was the chiefest of the many good qualities which he the tears which burst from his blue eyes; he stooped his head to conceal them, and thus, with beating heart followed his friend Deconinck. All the and given their horses into the care of their squires.

Gny then beckoned to the four esquires-at-arms to draw near, and presented to the deans the costly suits of armour they carried; the several pieces were put on and adjusted, and the helmet, with its plume of blue, clasped on their heads. When the deans were fully equipped, they were directed to kneel; and Gny, advancing, raised his sword over the head of Deceninck, and said:

"Be thou a true knight, Messire Deconinck; let thine honor know no stain, and grasp thy sword then only when God, thy fatherland, and thy prince shall summon thee thereto."

With these words he touched the shoulder of the clothworker gently with his sword, according to the custom of knighthood; and then the same ceremonv was gone through with Breydel.

matilda now advanced from the group of ladies, and placed herself in front of the kneeling deans, She took from the squires the two emblazoned shields, end attached them to the necks of the ennobled citizens. Many of the spectators remarked that she hung the shield round Breydel's neck first; and this she must have done advisedly, for in order to affect it she had to move some steps on

"These coats-of-arms have been sent to you from my father," said she, turning herself rather towards Breydel. I feel assured that you will preserve them in all honor; and I rejoice that I have been permitted to bear a part in this requital of your noble patriotism."

"You are now at liberty to return to your troops, messires," said Guy. "We hope that you will be present this evening at our council! we have need of long deliberation with you. Lead back now your troops to the camp."

Deconinck made a lowly reverence and retired,

followed by Brevdel; but the latter had gone but a few steps when he felt the movements of his body impeded and restrained by the weight of the armour. He turned quickly back to Guy, and said to him: "Noble count, I pray you grant me one favor." "Speak, Messire Breydel, it shall surely be

granted to you." "Look you, most illustrious lord, you have this day conferred on me a signal honor; but yet you will not, of a surety, hinder me from fighting

against our enemies." The knights, astonished at these words, drew nearer to the dean.

"What do you mean?" asked Guy.

"I mean that this armour constrains and oppresses me beyond endurance, noble count. I cannot move in this coat of mail, and the helmet is so heavy that I cannot bend my neck; in this prison of iron I shall be slain like a calf bound hand and

"The armour will defend you from the swords

of the French," remarked a knight.
"Yes," cried Breydel; "but that is quite needless in my case. So long as I am free, with my axe I fear nothing. I should cut a pretty figure standing in this stiff and ridiculous fashion. No. no. messires, I will not have it on my body; wherefore, I pray you, noble count, allow me to remain a simple citizen until after the battle, and then I will

"You may do even as you list, Messire Breydel," answered Guy; "but you are, and must remain, a knight for all that."

In a very short time the Flemings were sitting in front of their tents discussing the elevation of

Deconinck had shut himself up in his tent to avoid the congratulations of his clothworkers; their expressions of affection moved him too deeply, and he could with difficulty conceal his emotion. He therefore passed the whole day in solitude, while the troops abandoned themselves to feastings and rejoicings.

## CHAPTER XXII.

The French general had pitched his camp in a broad plain at a short distance from the city of Lille, and the tents of his countless warriors covered a space of more than two miles in extent. The breastwork which surrounded the host might have led a distant spectator to imagine that he saw before him a fortified city, had not the neighing of horses, the cries of soldiers, the smoke ascending from their numerous fires, and the fluttering of a thousand flags, betrayed the presence of a military camp. The part assigned to the nobles and knights having assembled them all on a given day thus anwas easily distinguished by the splendor and costliness of its standards and embroidered banners; and while their velvet pavilions glowed with every colour of the rainbow, the rest of the camp showed the ordinary tents of canvas, or huts of straw. It might have been matter of wonder that such an enormous host did not perish of hunger, for in those days armies seldom took stores with them ; yet they were supplied in such overflowing abundance, that corn was suffered to lie about in the mud, and the most valuable articles of food were every where trampled under foot. The French took the best means at once to supply their own wants and to deenen the hatred with which the Flemings regard- Give me the names of your leaders, and thus some ed them. They scoured the country day by day in large bands, plundering and laying waste on all sides; for the furious soldiers well understood the wishes of their general, Robert d'Artois, and their way was tracked by countless deeds of violence and and devastation. As a symbol of the sweeping desclation with which they threatened Flanders, they had tied small brooms to the points of their spears; and their conduct amply redeemed their pledge, for in all the southern part of the country there remained not a house, not a church, not a castle, not a monastery, scarcely a tree standing-all were ruthlessly razed and destroyed. Neither sex nor age afforded any protection against the fury of the soldiers; women and children were pitilessly butchered, and their bodies thrown out to the birds of prey. Thus the French commenced their expedition.

Flanders was doomed to a memorable destruction; they had sworn it. On the same morning on which Guy had bestowed on Deconinck and Breydel the meed of their loyal good service, the French general had invited his most illustrious knights to a sumptuous banquet. The tent of the Count d'Artois was of unusual length and breadth, and divided into numerous compartments. In the middle was a spacious salcon, capable of containing a large number of knights, and used alternately for revelry and for the deliberations of the council of war. The

RUSSIA AND TURKEY. VIII.

It is said, chiefly in nowspapers, that the present Emperor of Russia has a more humane temperament than usually falls to the lot of a Russian Tsar. If it be so, the debasing system of which he is the pivot, and the horrible exigencies of what is called "Russian policy" have enabled him to suppress the better impulses of his nature with complete success. No human being ever displayed in action the max-No human being ever displayed in action the maxims of a senscless and brutalising despotism with a more trangul conscience. None ever invoked the name of God in defence of more driminal violations of truth and justice. None ever manifested, with more cycical hypocrisy the "hereditary fraud" of his ancestors. He has avowedly chosen for his model the very worst of his predecesions, and has done his to surpass him. In May, 1856, after pledging himself by a solemn engagement to grant an amnesty, which as Lord Clarendon said, was only a cruel deception," Alexander II. thus addressed an assembly of Polish nobles at Warsaw :- "It is my intention that the order established by my father "with the help of the knout, the scaffold, and Siberia —"shall be maintained. Therefore, gentlemen, and above all, no dreams! no dreams! The happiness of Poland depends upon its complete fusion with the peoples of my empire"-that is, the forced amalgamation of a Christian and chivalrous race with ignorant barbarians, under the yoke of a common despotism. "What my father did was well done, and I will maintain it. My reign will be the continuation of his." And when one of the leading pobles manifested a desire to speak, he turned to him and added :- "Have you understood me? I would rather be able to reward than to punish, but know, and keep the words in mind, that if it should be necessary I shall restrain and punish, and you will see that I shall punish severely." (1) As a specimen. of braggart insolence this was

probably never surpassed, not even by such repro-bates as Ivan and Catherine. Only the stupefying effect of an irresponsible autocracy could have blinded a man of average intelligence to the wild absurdity and disgusting indecency of such language. Here was the chief of fifty barbarous tribes, whose barbarism his degrading rule only serves to perpetuate, speaking to Christian gentlemen, most of whom were of far purer and nobler lineage than himself, and all of them incomparably his superiors in all which constitutes human dignity, and he spouts to them like a Chinese Mandarin vituperating native Christians, or with the buffconery of a parish beadle admonishing juvenile paupers in the courtyard of a workhouse. Such is the brutal rhetoric of tsarodoxy, "You were once free," was the purport of his speech, "but are now slaves, and I am your gaoler. You dare to revere the pontificate of Peter, but you shall bow your necks under mine, or suffer the tortures which I know how to inflict. You presume to love your country, but you have none. You affect the dignity of free men and brothers of Jesus Christ, a pretence which is not tolerated in my empire. There are no men there but only things. Do not imagine that I am responsible to God for my actions, as feeble princes are. I do what I choose, as my father did before me. I know nothing of justice and mercy, and when I trample under foot all the precepts of the Gospel, I call my autoracy a sacred mission. I kill, scourge, plunder, and exile, because it pleases me to do so. I make my own will, and the interests of my policy, the sole rule of my life, and I know how to punish all who oppose them. Therefore no dreams! Christian liberty and manhood are an offence in my sight. I have legions of barbarians at my beck, as my father had. What he did was well done, and I will maintain it." There is some comfort in the thought that the father has gone to his account, and that the son will follow him.

A few examples will suffice to show that in savage despotism, brutal indifference to the most sacred rights of humanity, and impious crimes done in the name of religion and nationalism, Alexander II. has not differed by a hair's breadth from the worst of his barbarous predecessors. The Catholic inhabitants of Dziernowice had been driven by troops and police into a schismatical church, where, without confession or any profession of faith, " the Host was forced into their mouths," (2) and they were told that they belonged to the orthodox church. The men who thus sacrilegiously profaned the Sacrament of Love, by an outrage never surpassed since the scene on Mount Calvary, were worthy instruments of Alexander II. and his disbolical policy. Filled with horror and disgust for a "religion" which could suggest such crimes, their victims never returned to the official church, baptized their own children, and secretly received the sacraments in other places. In 1857, they presented a petition to the Emperor, soliciting permission to profess their own faith openly, and were informed that such a request could not even be taken into consideration. In 1858, they renewed their petition both to the Emperor and to the Minister of the Interior. A commission was appointed; soldiers despatched to the spot, directed by a troop of forty Popes, and the first inquiry was, by whom the application to the Emperor had been proposed? Vincent, the barber of the village, devoting himself to death, assumed the whole responsibility. He

was first cruelly flogged, and then condemned to hard labour for life. "Whenever the Popes met a peasant they struck him with their fists, tore his hair, and cried to him, 'Accept orthodoxy.' The poor peasant, when he contrived to escape from their hands, made the sign of the cross, persuaded that they were demons in human form." (3) A Colonel of police, Losiew, was despatched with additional troops, whom he quartered on the inhabitants, and nounced the intentions of his "benevolent" em-

ployer Alexander II. "It is the will of the Emperor, our gracious Sovereign, that you should all become orthodox. Why do you resist? Why do you refuse to be con-

"We are all faithful subjects of the Emperor," answered the people, "we pay our taxes, we furnish recruits to the army, in case of need we do not refuse to shed our blood, but we will never abandon the faith of our fathers."

"You are rebels, then, for you resist the will of the Emperor. Who are they who persuade you to revolt? of you will remain free; otherwise, you will all receive the know and be sent to Siberia, and will never again see your wives or children

"We are all leaders, for we are all Catholics. We are ready to accept Siberia and death itself, but we will never abjure our faith."

"But you have already been to church, and have embraced the orthodox faith. You are now, therefore, apostates."

"Do not be angry, sir at what we are going to say. You yourself, if two companies of soldiers had driven you with bayonets in your back, would you not have been forced to enter even the stye of a pig? What is there surprising, then, if we were driven in the same way into a church? Those who resisted, clinging to the hinges or the doors of the church, did they not cut off their fingers with sabres and hatchets? Many of these victims may still be

found among us." To this the Colonel found no answer, but the popes began to shout: "Many of you received Holy Communion, and now you, seem to mock our

belief." "We do not mock you, but how did they administer the Communion to us? They struck us on

(1) De Mazade, La Pologne Contemporaine, ch. ili.,

(2) Lescœur, t. i. p. 317.
(3) Ibid. P. 320.

nad we been to confession."

The conference ended thus. "I am surprised," said the archpriest Humilew, at your blindness and ignorance. How is it that you are not byet convinced that the Holy Orthodox Belief is the only true one?, Do you know how they paint Jesus وأراست أوال Christ?"

"Well, look, have we not a beard like His? Is not our hair combed in the same way as His? Bo you not see that we wear clothes like those of Jesus Christ? Therefore, our belief is the only true one."

"We know that Jesus Christ were a beard and long hair, and perhaps His vestments resembled yours; but that has nothing to do with faith, and we will not renounce ours." (4)

Hercupon, fresh applications to St. Petersburgh by the baffled agents of "Orthodoxy" and fresh instructions to advance still further in the path of senseless atrocities. The Senator Stcherbinin is directed to take the matter in hand. He calls upon the Dominicans at Zabialy, and after reproaching them with the "crime" of hearing, the confessions of strangers who came to seek their ministry, and threatening to suppress their convent if they did not recommend the people of Dziernowice to "embrace Orthodoxy," was told by the superior that he would do nothing of the kind, nor submit to so shameful a proposition. Colonel Losiew, who accompanied Stcherbinin, and had about as much religion as a Cossack and of the same kind, after loading him with brutal insults, worthy of a savage, exclaimed: "You are then disobedient to the Emperor?" "We obey the Emperor," replied the superior, "but much more we obey God." Foiled in this attempt, Stcherbinin and his satellites hurry to Dziernowice. The people are assembled, and the Senator regales them with this characteristic discourse. "The Emperor Alexander II. in ascending the throne of All the Russians has sworn to protect the Orthodox faith. Consequently, the obligations of his oath do not permit him to allow you to remain Catholics. It ought to be known to you that the will of the Emperor is sacred, and that he is the messenger of God. God is in Heaven, the Emperor on earth; whoever disobeys the Emperor disobeys God. Far be it from you then to oppose his will. The Emperor wills, and God also wills, that you should be orthodox. Well, do you submit to his will?" (5)

With sobs and cries of anguish the people answer "Excellency, we obey the Emperor, we respect his will, in all which does not relate to our conscience and our soul; but we cannot abandon our holy faith. Suffer us, as you suffer Jews and Lutherans to praise God as our fathers praised Him, for we have nothing in common with orthodoxy, nor desire to have."

"No," replies the amiable senator, "that is not possible. Do not resist the will of the Emperor and that of God. With your consent or without it you must become orthodox. Above all do not listen to the Dominican, who stir up your feelings, and whom we shall soon drive away.'

At this point one of his escort says to the people : You have not yet saluted the Emperor in the person of his senator." They how their heads "That will not do," exclaim other officials, "let each of you cast yourself at his feet and kiss his "hand." All who do so are immediately collected together apart, and inscribed nominatively in an official register'as having voluntarily embraced orthodoxy! As soon as the list was prepared the senator ordered all the "converts" to present themselves the following day in church "to receive the orthodox communion," the Holy Sacrament being in Russia a mere instrument of police, to be horribly profaned in furtherance of the despotism of the Tsar. He then returned in all haste to Zabialy, where he told the Dominicans, with furious menaces of Imperial wrath, that "a Catholic propagandism was good in any other country, but in Russia, where God and the Emperor were one and the same thing, to resist the dominant religion was a crime against the State and a sacrilege." And then he remitted all his power to Colonel Losiew, and returned to St. Petersburgh, with the agreeable conviction of a duty admirably accomplished. As a faither illustration of the em-Losiew to the same afflicted people. "What will your resistance bring you to? Each of you shall receive 500 stripes with a rod, and all who survive a second 500, and then 500 more! "You shall be sent to Siberia, your flesh shall be torn from you in strips, and you will still be commanded to become orthodox. Meanwhile, companies of soldiers shall be sent for, and quartered upon you, who will violate your wives and daughters." [6] This touching discourse was intended, we suppose, to furnish a decisive proof that orthodoxy was "the only true fuith." Who could dispute it? Or who could deny that Alexander II. had kept his gracious promise: "What my father did was well done. "My reign will be the continuation of his"?

The same scenes were being enacted simultaneously in many other places. We have no space to describe them. If the comic seems almost to overpower in this parrative the tragic clement, and the ludicrous contends with the horrible, we have still to record other acts of Alexander II. and his agents, of which the fiendish barbarity has no parallel in the modern history of our race, if indeed it has any precedent even in the worst epochs of triumphant iniquity. The Pagans tortured the servants of God, and Anglicans, in support of their new religion, tore out the hearts of Catholic martyrs while they were still living; but it was reserved for Russians to slaughter men, women, and children unarmed, kneeling before God, and dying with hymns of praise on their lips. Of these proceedings, approved and rewarded by Alexander II., we will give an account in our next. They will fitly terminate the record of Russian ferocity, of which the scene would be more appropriately located in hell than on earth: though even in hell they do not affect, so far as we know, to work such horrors in the name of "the orthodox religion." Russia may not surpass hell in malice, but heats it out of the field in hypocrisy .-London Tablet.

NOTES OF MISSION WORK IN SCOT-LAND UNDER JAMES THE FIRST.

[ From the London Month for December.]

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST)

Transferring the scene from the south to the north of Scotland, we find further proofs of the strength of the faith in the Catholic nobility of the Highlands. The narrative which follows introduces us to a lady who; though she describes herself as small and had been seen returning home with one whose in stature, yet was evidently in cleverness, spirit, skill, and wit more than a mutch for half-a-dozen

Presbyterian ministers: Many were received into the Church, and not a few were reconciled. One was a noble lady, who was a bitter Calvinist, but who now perseveres with such constancy in her attachment to the Church that although much persecuted by the ministers and by the loss of her goods, public infamy, and by the threat of excommunication, and much more of the sort, she still holds out manfully for the cause of God. This noble lady suffered much from a painful disorder, but our Father was enabled

(4) P. 321. [5] P. 324. [6] P. 328.

named). I am, as you know, much occupied in various ways, and will, for the sake of brevity, propose one question. If you answer it, I shall propose others, suggested by a woman's brain."

"What is the question?" asked the minister of the Word.

"From what part of the Scriptures," asked she "can you prove that your ministers are sent by God to preach the Word and administer the sacraments?

Ours is an extraordinary mission," replied the minister.

"Just so," retorted she, "therefore I wish to see the extraordinary text of the Bible; you will not deny yourselves that you have not anordinary one. Nor will I deny either that you are extraordinary ministers, extraordinary in life and morals, as compared with the clergy of the world; you are married and they are not; you grasp at lucre and in-terest, they never do. You have extraordinary customs, extraordinary sacraments, you even preach an extraordinary Bible; truly it is no wonder you have an extraordinary mission! But pray do not be angry with me for this one question. Do not Luther and the Lutherans declare themselves to have received an extraordinary mission, and before them Arius and the Arians, Zwingli and the Zwinglians, and any number of others? How can they all have received an extraordinary mission, when they are diametrically opposed in matters of dogma? Is there not one God, one faith, and one haptism? Moreover, good Master William, who can see without the light of nature? God ought, as often as He gives an extraordinary mission, to endow those whom He sends with extraordinary signs of such an extraordinary mission, such as the gift of miracles, or a way of life somewhat above the common. If these do not exist, how can the Christian people believe any one to have an extraordinary mission unless he be endowed with extraordinary gitts? This is plain from your Bibles. Moses, indeed, Elias, St. John the Baptist, and St. Paul received an extraordinary mission, and were thus endowed with extraordinary gifts; to wit, the gift of miracles and a wonderful manner of life."

"And we," said the minister, "can show signs and wonders." "What wonders?" asked the lady.

"The number of souls that we convert to the

light of the Gospel." "Convert them, forsooth! you pervert them. Does not Luther himself, whom you condemn, Arius, who condemns you, and Zwingli, who con-demns both, pervert others? And yet, in defiance of the whole world, you assume, what has yet to be proved, that your perversion is a conversion. But let us return to the first question, Master William, for it is dangerous for us women to wander from the point. Pray show me any text in your Bible by which you can prove your extraordinary vocation, and pray quote the very words. Really and truly, Master William, that you may see the futility of your extraordinary missien, I, poor little woman, will prove from the pages of your Bible that I myself have just as extraordinary a mission as your ministers. What is the reason, pray, that your ministers, with your extraordinory mission, should preach and your wives do not? For your own Bibles say, 'They shall be two in one flesh, and what God

has joined let no man put asunder.' If the heavens declare the glory of God, why should not the ministers wives. The same prophecy says, "Let every spirit praise the Lord,' and elsewhere, Let young men and maidens, let the old with the younger praise the name of the Lord.' And the Holy Ghost descended on the women and on the men on the day of Pentecost. I will add one thing more," said the lady. "It will not be in your power to injure me, inently spiritual and humanizing influence of orth-odoxy we quote this final discourse of the devout I count your excommunications a benediction, and being, to constitute himself master of all creation the loss of my goods no such terrible thing. And a solitary animal, truculent and avid of blood, like I am ready even to die for the Holy Catholic Apos-serpents, tigers and lions of the forest. tolic and Roman faith. I regret one thing that I found the true religion so late; but I know the last are to be first, and the first last."

The minister returned home in a rage. She devotes herself so completely to a life of piety, and so well does she combine the duties of Martha and Mary that one cannot say which of them she imitates most perfectly. She passes whole hours every day in vocal and mental prayer, and although occupied with many household cares, is so united to God by cjaculatory prayers, and detached from earthly things, that her only desire is to be dissoved, and to be with Christ

The judgments of God work themselves out as it were oftentimes, not only in ways suggested by the simple faith in God's providence manifested by the victim of another's wickedness, but often also through the unconscious agency of some one whom God makes the instrument of His retribution. Thus, in Father Anderson's narrative-

There was in the North of Scotland a good old man, whose habit it was to wear a crucifix round his neck. One day as he was drinking with a Protestant, the latter spied the crucifix, who enraged him, and the thought occurred to him to assasinate the old man. He saw as it were a black man, who bade him to kill his old friend. They paid their reckoning and went home together. They had to pass along a very quiet street which was near the sea. There the heretic said to the old man, " Now

thou must die." "Why," said the Catholic; "are not we friends, and very intimate friends? Dost thou think that God is not here, who sees and who will on one terrible day demand an account of thy actions? . I die a Catholic, and die willingly. Blessed be the day on which it is granted to me to die for the Catholic faith. Doubt not," continued he, "that this image of the Crucified will accuse thee and will make the whole thing known, for God is mighty, and to Him nothing is impossible. This is His image Who knows all things, and Who has said, 'There is nothing secret which shall not be revealed, and nothing hidden which shall not be made manifest."

"Thou shalt die." repeated the heretic, and forthwith cast a rope round the old man's neck, strangled

him, and threw him into the sea.

This heretic ruffian meanwhile went at large as before, and the murder remained a secret. The lord of the manor, who was an earl, used often to ask where the old man was. All that he could learn was that he had remained out late drinking, name was mentioned, and who was well known to the earl. The earl had some slight suspicions only, but, in all propability by a Divine inspiration, caused the assasin to be seized and cast into chains. sassin a very beautiful crudifix, which he had in his oratory, asking him to swear by Him Whose image it was. Wonderful to relate, no sooner had the assassin seen the crucifix than he owned to all say ing, "The image well knows all." I own my guilt, old man whom I, urged by the devil, killed, told which was very like the work reads to be gunished. What a wonder of the conditions of the image he work reads to be gunished. What a wonder of the conditions of th The heretic ruffian was equal to the occasion, and

the isw and forced the point of a syord between to alleviate her pains. He earnestly commended just agif has huppened." The Catholic carl mar. our teeth. And moreover, we were not fasting, nor the matter to God, and applied certain relics, which welled at the providence of God. The heretics we she still wears. The pain instantly decreased. The

the matter to God, and applied certain relics, which she still wears. The pain instantly decreased. The Bishop of Moray, who surpassed all the Scotch Ministers in ability, cunning, add wickedness, sent one of them to dispute with this lady. When she saw him she exclaimed:

"A great honour, truly, for minister and preach er of the Word to argue with a woman only interest on household cares. Are you not ashamed to enter the arena, with a poor little woman, who knows but how to saw and to weep? Weep over your own state. Master William (for so the preacher was named). I am, as you know, much occupied in (70 BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT)

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT)

CARBONARI AND MASONIC OATHS

Those who persist in saying that the Church is very arbitrary in not allowing her children to join masonic and other secret, oath-bound societies, will do well to read the following extract from the Buenos Ayres, S. A., Southern Cross. In comment. ing upon the Porteno's anger against the municipality for its possible refusal to allow the Italians to erect a monument in a public plaza, the Southern Cross save :

The article on Mazzini is followed by a similarly blasphemous one on the erection of the statue of our Blessed Lady of Lourdes in Chili. We apologize to our readers for bringing such blasphemies before them; but it in the hope that now, at any rate, no one will be able to say there is no harmin secret societies, or ignore the infidel tendencies of Freemasonry.

Catholic reader! the impiety of the writer of these articles is so great that he dares to write as follows: "Mazzini, like Christ, like Columbus, has no limited country; the country of these immortal men is the whole world." Mazzini like Christ!!! The assassin like the God Man; the apostate like the Creator of Heaven and Earth; the licentions infidel like the King of Angels! Oh shame, shame on the government which allows such insults to religion to be printed.

More, the writer goes on to ask: "By what right can the municipality refuse this permission? Be the same right that they would refuse to permit the erection of the statue of the devil; and that there is an intimate union between the members of secret societies and their master we shall presently show, But first of all one word about Chili. Some Catholic ladies there, it seems are collecting subscriptions to crect a statue to our Lady of Lourdes, styled by the Porteno—may God be between us and harm—
"la senorita de Lourdes." On the other hand some liberal—read licentious—young men of Copiapo, are collecting moneys to raise a statue to (we use the Porteno's own words) the rationalist Bilbao. Our Lady is spoken of as a saint adored by rustics; the infidel Bilbao it described as a true saint, on account of the great freedom of his ideas. Which shall triumph? asks the Porteno. Fanaticism, as represented by the statue of our Blessed Lady, or liberty as represented by that of Bilbao? Such is the press in a Catholic country!

To show the character of these secret societies, and the tenets of Mazzini and his fellows, we give few extracts from their constitutions. On entering the Carbonari the following is one of the caths taken among many others. A dagger is shown to the postulant, on one blade of which is engraved the motto "Fraternity," on the second "Death to traitors," on the third "Death to tyrants." The High Light takes it up, and showing the second motto savs:

"Place the palm of your hand on the point of the dagger, and repeat after me : I swear to keep faith. fully the promises which I have made. If I prove false, may this poniard cleave my heart. From this very moment I authorize any member of the society to slay me if he find me recreant, as I, in like circumstances will spare no traitor."

"What is the true and final oath of Carbonarism?

"It is: First to destroy on earth Jesus Christ and His Church—the very name of God—by deifying man under the complex idea of the people; second to destroy all authority, under every name, be it emperor, king, senate, statute, or law : third, to destroy all bonds of nationality, country; family, property; fourth, to dispose man to idolize his serpents, tigers and lions of the forest.

" This is the true constituent essence of human felicity.

"The man of society is a monster, perverted by an original fault. He must be brought back to state of nature to attain the happiness to which he aspires. But as the idea of God fills him with terror, he must annihilate God, and, as a deity, occupy His place. If he wishes to perfect his god-like wture, he must identify himself with the soul of the world, which the vulgar call the demon or angel of the abyes.

"Consequently this demonolatry, this worship of the demon, is the apogee of human perfectibility exalted in a hypostatic union with the negative and contradictory idea of the God of Henven, the jealous and eternal enemy of human progress."

The end of these secret societies is the samedenial of God, and union with diabolic nature. By the last oath of the Illuminati, the members surrender, devote and consecrate themselves to Satan become his sworn subjects, demonize themselves to an identity of mind and body. The union is complete—they are incarnate fiends.

But put their oaths aside. Let us listen to the published doctrine of Fourier, Marr, Proudhon, and their colleagues:

" It is time to reform the world. Away with God, kings, governments, laws, nobles, citizens! Only the man of the people must live, reign and ruless God. Death to the proprietors of fields, houses and money! Glory to the assassin! Crime is the only virtue; the only crime, the worship of God and love of men. The blood of two millions and half of slaughtered Jesuits is necessary to regenerate mankind. Banish God from earth and man will be blessed."

In the Republique Universelle we read: "Religion is a social malady which cannot be cured too , goog

Farrari exclaims to Lugano: " Who is God, and what claim has he upon us?"

Proudhon writes, at Paris, the 'no plus' ultra of blasphemy: "God is essential evil"—the most horribly wicked language the world has ever heard since the goodness of God called it into being Secret societies need but one thing more-that is not to adore the devil, but to persuade him toadore his worshippers.

Catholic reader, you grow pale and shudder with horror. Porhaps you go on your knees to than God, who has preserved you from such an abys, well, what think you? Would the municipality of Buenos Ayres do well to permit a statue to be erected to honor such principles of liberty as these-hi statue of Mazzini, a criminal so fearful that on his entry there hell itself must have felt polluted by his presence? A state of the

which was very like this one, would discover ail, good."

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