

ITALY THIRTY YEARS AGO.

The Church's Wealth Excited the Revolution's Greed and lost the Peoples' Affections.

The following extract from a most able lecture on the above subject, read to the Cork Young Men's Society by the Rev. P. F. Kavanagh, O. S. F., will be found of great interest:

One can scarcely treat of life in Italy without making mention of the Church in that country. I purpose now to do so. We are fully conscious that this is a difficult subject to handle, the ground we tread upon is of a perilous nature. An ill-directed step in advance may plunge us headforemost into some treacherous pitfall, from whose depths we can with difficulty extricate ourselves, and, when we do, it is in a very unrepresentable condition. After such a fauxpas we may, indeed, continue our journey, but we do so with the unpleasant consciousness of being on bad terms with many of our fellow-travelers. I am greatly tempted in this place to utilize our old friends, Scylla and Charybdis, but then it strikes me, gentlemen, that you may have heard of these localities so frequent utilized by modern writers and orators, the only way, I believe, they were ever utilized; so, on second consideration, I determined to steer clear of them, as did the pilot of Eneas, whose seamanship is lauded by Virgil, and to reserve them for some future occasion when I am at my wit's end for a figure of speech in which they may be fittingly introduced. Conscious, then, of the danger I run in discussing such a topic, I must nevertheless, in my character of a courageous traveler, enter upon the dangerous ground and strive, by aid of a vigilant eye and steady footstep, to avoid the dangers which beset my path. At the period of which I am speaking the battering ram of legal revolution had already dealt some ominously forcible blows against the strong walls which the hands of temporal power, wielded by by-gone legislators, had built round the Church in Italy. From that day to this the world has heard the echoes of these resonant blows directed against her ancient strength, till all her strong defences, the work of ages, were leveled with the ground and she was left defenceless, despoiled, and disarmed save with such weapons as her Divine Master had furnished her, which no human power can ever wrest from her hands. We cannot, and indeed do not desire to defend her aggressors nor to applaud the acts of those who, urged by hatred and unjust cupidity, despoiled her of her possessions which were the bequests of generations of her faithful children, but at the same time regard the loss of her vast temporal possessions as a subject of lamentation. That has befallen the Church in Italy which has happened her in well nigh every land where her wealth grew so great as to attract the eye of secular cupidity. The same thing occurred in England and Germany ages ago, and in France and Spain at a later period. When her riches abound, when the treasure of gold and silver overflows her coffers, then the dreaded voice of revolution is heard raised in menacing tones, and its agents come around with the firebrand or the sword, or wielding the less rude but no less dangerous weapon of the wily statesman. The blow long dreaded is dealt, the rich treasures disappear to become the property of other masters, and there is lamentation heard among the Guardians of the Sanctuary. But the Sanctuary itself is cleared of all the "perilous stuff" which had encumbered it, and its ministers, become poor as their apostolic predecessors, regain in the long estranged love of their people that which abundantly repays them for what they have lost in worldly wealth. Two things contribute much to weaken the hold which the Church should have on the affection and veneration of her children. These are superfluity of wealth and too close alliance with the existing form of government. These were beyond all doubt the chief causes of the evils which have beset the Church during the centuries of her existence. They were the sources whence flowed the calamities which have in our days befallen her in Italy. The Church is, in a sense, eminently conservative. What she obtained of power, of privilege, or wealth, she holds with a firm grasp (using both, however, for the benefit of mankind), as her history abundantly testifies, for she has ever been the defender of the oppressed and the almoner of the poor, and, unlike other proprietors, she has no spendthrift

heirs to dissipate her revenue or bring her broad acres to the hammer. If protected by the state her wealth grows and accumulates gradually and insensibly till her riches attract the attention and awaken the cupidity of her greedy enemies. At length the tide on which she has securely floated, turns; the adverse winds of popular opinion arise to buffet her; the opposing forces gain strength with every day, till she is driven from her ancient moorings and cast on shore to become the prey of rapacious wreckers. A richly-endowed church may hold its own in a rich and conservative empire, but it can hardly subsist in safety in the midst of a bankrupt state. Besides her riches, which are viewed by the powerful few with hungry eyes, alienate from her the affections of the mass of the people, and deprived of this, the true foundation upon which alone she can securely rest, the wave of revolution finding no obstacle to arrest its progress, rushes over her and leaves her floating a forlorn wreck upon the waters. The Spiritual Church with its immutable exterior organization defies the changes of time and the malice of men, and with the Divine pilot at the helm holds her way triumphant and secure over the turbulent ocean of time till she gains the eternal haven. The Church in Italy had vast possessions and great revenues, and her altars and her ministers were many. The splendid edifices in which her rites were practiced out-numbered and over-looked all other public fabrics. Countless churches, monasteries, and charitable institutions thickly studded the land. Everywhere you went you encountered men who wore her badges and were dressed in her time-honored livery. But the truth is that the faith was gradually growing weaker and weaker every day in this country where the number of its ecclesiastics was so imposing, and the pomp of its ceremonial was so dazzling. The masses, chiefly in the towns and cities, had begun to lose reverence for the once revered clergy, and cared little to enter the stately churches. The incense was often burned before deserted altars, and the organ pealed through the vast aisles of well nigh empty churches. Weakened from within by the presence of a few unworthy sons, and assailed from without by countless, relentless enemies, the Church was in evil plight. The needy were enemies, because she was wealthy; the revolutionists, because she supported law and order, represented by established government, and the infidel because she taught dogmas on which his own condemnation was written. He would not descend to Tartarus unavenged. We can scarcely wonder that her unarmed array went down before the united shock of such a phalanx. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that if the Church was wealthy she made no ill use of her wealth, and if those who were numbered amongst the ministers of her altar, and the inhabitants of her religious houses were numerous, she compelled none to enter her service. Her charity, too, was widespread and munificent. No form of want or misery existed in the land which did not find relief or solace from her tender care. Her monasteries were the almshouses of the destitute, and her teaching orders devoted themselves to the education of the poor; all this even her bitterest enemies admit. Neither was the land in her possession rendered, by tyranny or injustice, unfruitful to the toiler.

The Church was a generous landlord and a civil ruler, perhaps too mild and indulgent towards the ruled. But her charity could not shield her wealth, nor her benign administration protect her vast estates. God, in His wisdom, permitted a brief triumph to her enemies, and the present generation has demolished the splendid fabric which their ancestors had erected and enriched. But the immortal Church survives the rude assault of revolution, and not only survives but shines with a brighter radiance, and attracts more than ever the admiration of the outer world. She continues to be what she has ever been, a sure guide and sweet consoler to her children, and a marvel and a mystery to her enemies. No storm of human passion can shake her strong walls, for the Almighty is her architect. All her enemies shall perish, but she remains God's witness to the truth, even to the truth, even to the end of all things.—*Cork Examiner.*

By the time a man's daughters get old enough to help him, they make up their mind to help some other man.

APPALLING BARBARITIES.

The Massacre of Roman Catholics at Krosche.

Several reports recently have been circulated regarding a massacre of Catholics, which was said to have taken place at Krosche, Russia, and Cossack soldiers, belonging to the Russian government, are said to have been implicated in this massacre.

The reports were officially denied by the Russian government. The Cologne Volks Zeitung, in spite of these denials, gives the details of the massacre and confirms the reports previously circulated. It says that the Catholics at Krosche took turns to guard the church for eight days previous to the massacre in order to prevent their co-religionists from being surprised by the Russian Cossacks, who were expected to make an attack upon the Catholic inhabitants of the town. Notwithstanding these precautions, the latter were surprised at 2 o'clock on the morning of November 10 by Prefect Klingenberg, who arrived from Kovno, accompanied

BY FORTY ARMED COSSACK POLICEMEN.

The prefect and the force of Cossacks entered the church, in which about seventy Catholics were gathered. The Cossacks, cursing and yelling, rushed towards the Roman Catholic worshippers, knouting them and striking them with their swords until the church echoed with the screams of the wounded. Some of the Catholics fled to the belfry, where they rang the bells in alarm, summoning the rest of the inhabitants to the spot. The result was that thousands of people soon collected around the church and the Cossacks were forced out of the building. Only the prefect and his deputy succeeded in resisting the efforts of the inhabitants, and they, it is stated, retreated to the organ-loft, from which place they opened fire upon the people in the church until the prefect escaped and his deputy was overpowered and eventually confined in a cell situated

IN A NEIGHBORING CONVENT.

Late the same day, a detachment of some 300 Cossacks were sent from Kovno to Krosche, armed with rifles, lances and knouts. Upon arrival near Krosche, they were divided into two detachments. One body surrounded the township on all sides, and the other rode, at a gallop, towards the Roman Catholic Church, and dashed, with lances down, into the crowd outside the building, spearing and shooting and lashing with their knouts all who came within their reach. Many persons were killed and wounded. The Cossacks then rode their horses into the church and the massacre of the people inside began. The unfortunate Catholics threw themselves on their knees in a corner and prayed for help; but the Cossacks shot and speared right and left until, according to the story told by the Volks-Zeitung, the floor and walls of the church were drenched with blood. The infuriated Cossack cavalymen smashed the crucifixes, candlesticks and images of saints. They rode over the people right and left and dragged the bodies of the dead and some of the wounded by their feet to a cesspool and

THREW THEM INTO THE HOLE

until it was choked.

In the midst of this carnage and desecration a Catholic priest was forced, at the point of the lance, into the church, and was made to carry out the monstrance, a sacred church utensil or frame, generally of gold, used for the purpose of presenting the consecrated host for the adoration of the people.

The people fled in all directions while the massacre was going on and were pursued and captured or badly wounded by the Cossacks of the second detachment, which was detailed to surround the town and to prevent the escape of any of the inhabitants. A number of the latter are said to have been so panic-stricken that they committed suicide, many of them jumping into the swollen river, where they were drowned. The rest of the unfortunate inhabitants were surrounded by the Cossacks, who drove them before them to the Market place in front of the town hall. Here every man, woman, and child of the town was ordered to be punished by being flogged with the knout. A doctor was brought and he prescribed the number of lashes which each person could bear. The victims had their clothes torn from them and were flogged until many of

them were almost dead. They were afterwards compelled to clothe themselves as best they could, and were then driven to prison. The number of persons killed is not definitely stated, but report places the number at from seventy to one hundred, with a very large number so severely injured that they have since died of their injuries or more have been maimed for life.

REFERRING to Professor Tyndall's famous declaration, at a meeting of the British Association, in Belfast, the Liverpool Catholic Times, has the following:

"He (Professor Tyndall) became, as it were, the mouthpiece of militant materialism—a strange position to be occupied by a man who has declared that in his early youth the Bible was the book he most studied. The Belfast speech gave a powerful impetus to unbelief in its various forms, fanatical or otherwise, and there was not an infidel or secular platform in the country in which his words were not quoted and lauded as if they contained the last word of science on the 'unknown and the unknowable.' His dictum has since lost much of its force. Its extravagance has been exposed even by scientists of his own school. To show how cheaply a man may become famous, or at any rate notorious, we need only quote a sentence from his Belfast address—a sentence in which he seemed to part not only from all belief in Christianity but from belief in a personal God. The poet tells us that the poor Indian with untutored mind sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind; but Professor Tyndall, having examined earth and air and taken a survey of the world from China to Peru, could see everywhere only matter, with no hand, no intelligence to form and mould it. 'The confession I feel bound to make before you,' said he, 'is that I prolong the vision backwards across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life.' After that Professor Tyndall might well say he awoke one morning and found himself famous, but fame so attained did not last long. He will not be remembered as a thinker in the domain of philosophy or religion, but as a man who probably knew as much of the properties of light, heat, and sound as any of his contemporaries."

Not Crude Material.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil perfected, and is prepared upon the principle of its digestion and assimilation in the human system; hence it is given without disturbing the stomach.

"Why do they call it court plaster?" "I don't know, ma'am, I'm sure; unless it is that it is more frequently seen in the police court than elsewhere."

SCRAPED WITH A RASP.

Sirs,—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me. Miss A. A. DOWNEY, Manotick, Ont.

Wife: I want to talk with you about some things we need for the house. Husband: What are they? Wife: Well, to begin with, dear, don't you think we need a new bonnet?

HACKING COUGH CURED.

Gentlemen,—My little boy had a severe hacking cough, and could not sleep at night. I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for him and he was cured at once. MRS. J. HACKETT, Linwood, Ont.

Truth v. Fashion.—Mrs. De Swell peering from her carriage: Oh, I see Mrs. De Sticker up at her window. (To coachman): James, stop. I wish to see if Mrs. Sticker is at home.

"Well, is your visit to Brighton having the desired effect, madam?" "Oh yes, doctor. One of my daughters is already engaged."

Thin and impure blood is made rich and healthful by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It braces up the nerves and gives renewed strength.