

EVICTED.

BY DANIEL CONNOLLY.

It was not much of a place, you say, And we needn't be breaking our hearts about it. That's true: it was poor enough every way. But what are we going to do without it? Sure it's the only home we had, And the home of the poor old people before us; Ah, sir, but the heart must be dark and bad That takes what the whole world can't restore us.

CONSECRATION OF THE BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL.

ON THE FEAST OF THE ASCENSION, MAY 25TH, 1876. SERMON BY THE RT. REV. JAMES GIBBONS, D.D., BISHOP OF RICHMOND, VA.

We are indebted for a copy of this admirable discourse to the courtesy of Mr. John Murphy, of Baltimore, Printer to the Pope, and to the Archbishop of Baltimore, who has published it elegantly in pamphlet form, as a means of better perpetuating the memory of this grand event:— "And the eleven disciples went into Galilee, unto the mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And seeing him they adored; but some doubted. And Jesus coming, spoke to them, saying: All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Math. xxviii, 16—20.

calamity. If the Tiber overflowed its banks; if a conflagration occurred, or an earthquake, or pestilence, or famine, the detested christian sect was held responsible, and had to pay the penalty of their lives. And so certain was the government of Pagan Rome of having succeeded in exterminating christianity, that one of the emperors had a monument erected on which was inscribed its epitaph: "christiano nomine deleto." "To the destruction of christianity." And yet Pagan Rome, before whose standard the mightiest nations quailed; Rome, compared with whose extent of territory, our country is but a province, was unable to crush out the Church, or even to arrest her progress. In a short time, we see this colossal empire crumbling to pieces, and the Head of the Christian Church dispensing laws to Christendom in the very city, and almost on the very spot from which the Imperial Caesars fulminated their edicts against christianity. During the fifth and sixth centuries, the Goths and the Vandals, the Huns, Visigoths and Lombards, and other immense tribes of Barbarians came down like a torrent, from the North, invading the fairest portions of Southern Europe. They dismembered the Roman Empire, and swept away nearly every vestige of the old Roman civilization. They plundered cities, levelled churches, and left ruin and desolation everywhere. Yet though conquering for a while, they were conquered in turn by submitting to the sweet yoke of the Gospel. And thus, even as the infidel Gibbon is forced to avow, "the progress of christianity has been marked by two glorious and decisive victories: over the learned and luxurious citizens of the Roman Empire, and over the warlike barbarians of Scythia and Germany who subverted the empire and embraced the religion of the Romans." I will not stop to dwell upon that terrible conflict in which the Church was engaged in the fourth and fifth centuries, against Arianism, Nestorianism and Eutychianism. Nor shall I speak, (though the subject has a peculiar interest at the present moment), of that still more terrible conflict extending from the seventh to the sixteenth centuries, against Mohammedanism which well might have succeeded, and would have succeeded, were it not for the vigilance of the Popes, in subverting the christianity and civilization of Europe. And if to day, the cross instead of the Crescent surmounts the pinnacles of Europe, and if those nations are blessed by the healthy influences of christian civilization instead of groaning under Turkish bondage, they are indebted to the Bishops of Rome who watched with sleepless eyes from the watch-towers of Israel over the welfare of Christendom. You are all familiar with the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century, which swept like a tornado, over Northern Europe, and threatened, if that were possible, to engulf the bark of Peter. More than half of Germany followed the new teachings of Martin Luther. Switzerland bowed to the Gospel of Zuinglius. The faith of Sweden was lost through the influence of her king, Gustavus Adolphus. Denmark exchanged the old for the new religion through the intrigues of King Christian II. Catholicity was crushed out in Norway, Iceland, England and Scotland. Ireland alone of all the nations of the North, remained faithful to the ancient religion. Calvinism in the sixteenth century, and Voltairism in the seventeenth, had gained such a foothold in France, that twice the faith of that glorious Catholic nation trembled in the balance. Let us now calmly survey the field, after the lapse of more than three centuries, when the din and smoke of battle have passed away. Let us examine the condition of the old Church after having been engaged in such deadly conflicts. We see her numerically stronger than she ever was in any previous period of her history. The losses she sustained in the old world, have been more than compensated by her acquisitions in the new. She still exists, not a magni nominis umbra, not the shadow of a mighty name, but in all her integrity, more compact, more united, more vigorous than ever she was before. But mark well, my Brethren, it is not in her numbers that the Church relies, nor in her antiquity, nor in her glorious history, nor in her past victories. But the secret of her strength lies in the justice of her cause. She knows that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." She says to her opponents what Gamaliel said to the first enemies of christianity: "If this work be of God, you cannot overthrow it." It has not been overthrown: therefore it is of God. I would now ask those that are plotting and predicting the destruction of the Church: How can you hope to overthrow an Institution which for more than eighteen centuries, has successfully resisted the combined assaults of the world, the flesh, and the powers of darkness? What means can you employ to compass her ruin? Is it the power of Kings and Prime Ministers? They have already tried in vain to crush her, from the days of the Roman Caesars to the present Chancellor of Germany. Many persons labor under the erroneous impression that the crowned heads of Europe have been the unvarying bulwarks of the Church, and that she could not subsist without them. The truth is, her worst enemies have been, with some honorable exceptions, so-called christian princes. They wished to be governed by no law, but their passion and caprice. They chafed under the salutary discipline of the Church, and wished to be rid of her, because she alone in times of oppression, had the power and the courage to stand by the people. She planted herself like a wall of brass, against the encroachment of their rulers and said to them: "Thus far thou shalt go and no farther, and here thou shalt break thy swelling waves" of pride. She told them, "that if the people have their obligations, they have their rights too. That if they must render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, Caesar must render to God the things that are God's." Is she unable to cope with modern inventions, and the progress of the nineteenth century? We are often told so. But far from biding our heads like the ostrich in the sand, at the approach of these inventions and discoveries, we hail them as messengers of God, and we will use them as providential instruments for the further propagation of the Gospel. If we succeeded so well before when we had no ships but frail canoes; no compass but our eyes; when we had no roads but eternal snows, virgin forests and desert wastes; when we had no guide save faith and hope and God,—if even then we succeeded so well in carrying the faith to the confines of the earth, how much more can we do now by the aid of telegraph, steamships and railroads? Yes, we bless you O men of genius; we bless you O inventions, and modern discoveries, and we will impress you into the service of the Church. And we will say: "Lightnings and clouds, bless the Lord; fire and heat, bless the Lord. All ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him above all forever." The utility of modern inventions to the Church, was lately manifested in a conspicuous manner. The Pope called a Council of the Bishops of the world. Without the aid of steam it would have been impossible for them to assemble at a given time. But by its aid they were able to meet together from the uttermost bounds of the earth. But may not the light of the Church grow pale, and be utterly extinguished by the intellectual blaze of the nineteenth century? Has she not much to fear from literature, the arts and sciences? What has she to fear in that direction, since she has always been the patroness of learning, and the fostering mother of the arts and sciences. Without her we would be deprived to-day of the price-

less treasures of ancient literature. It was she, as Hallam has the honesty to testify, that built the bridge which connects the present with the past. Without her, we would know as little to-day of the ancient history of Greece and Rome, as we know about the pyramids of Egypt. She founded and endowed nearly all the great Universities of Europe. And as for works of art, there are more valuable artistic monuments in the single Museum of the Vatican, than are to be found in the whole of the United States. Her churches are not only temples of worship, but also depositories of sacred art. The Constitutional Liberty that will destroy the Church, will destroy Liberty, and we are content. The Church breathes freely, and expands only where true Liberty is found. She is always cramped where despotism casts its dark shadow. No where does she enjoy more independence than here. No where is she more vigorous or more prosperous. Children of the Church, fear nothing, happen what will, Christ is with His Church. Therefore she shall never fall. Caesar on crossing the stormy Adriatic, said to the troubled carman: "Quid times, Caesarem vehis." Fear not, Caesar is on board. What Caesar said in presumption, Jesus says with truth. "O thou of little faith, why dost thou doubt?" The Church has seen the birth of every government of Europe, and it is not impossible that she shall also witness the death of them all and chant their requiem. She was more than fourteen hundred years old when Columbus discovered this continent, and the foundation of our glorious Republic, is to her but as yesterday. May the God of Israel who is with His Church, be also with our beloved Republic. It is not our habit to make fulsome professions of loyalty to our country. Our devotion to her is too deep, too sincere, too sacred to be wasted away in idle declamation. We prove our loyalty not by words but by acts. And I am sure that I am expressing the sentiment of your hearts when I offer the fervent prayer, that this nation may survive to celebrate her tenth centennial and more, that as she grows in strength and years, she may grow in righteousness and wisdom, the only stable foundation of any government, and that the motto *elo perpetua* may be fulfilled in her. Blessed be God, the vitality and growth which have characterized the history of the universal Church, have also marked the progress of the Church in the United States. Let us contrast the condition of Catholicity in 1806 when the corner stone of this Cathedral was laid, with its present situation after a lapse of seventy years. In 1806, there was but one diocese in the United States, comprising the thirteen original colonies, with Bishop Carroll at its head. There was but a handful of priests scattered far and wide over this immense territory, and maintaining an unequal struggle with ignorance, vice and infidelity. A few modest chapels were planted here and there, called churches by courtesy. A few thousand souls comprised the entire Catholic population, without wealth, without influence and what is more essential, without organization. There was scarcely a parochial school in the whole country. There were but two literary institutions to console the heart of Dr. Carroll, St. Mary's, Baltimore, and Georgetown College. These were the solitary faithful sisters, devoted daughters of the same spiritual Mother. Well could they be compared to the Mary and Martha of the Gospel. The Fathers of St. Mary's, like Mary of old, were fond of kneeling in silent prayer and meditation, at the feet of Jesus; while the sturdy Fathers of Georgetown, like Martha, without neglecting the duties of Mary, served the Lord in the public ministry. What is the present condition of the Church? We count sixty-seven Bishops, upwards of five thousand priests, six thousand five hundred churches and chapels, one thousand seven hundred Parish schools, with an aggregate attendance of nearly half a million of pupils, and a Catholic population exceeding six millions. What has been already done, gives us a hopeful assurance of what will be accomplished in the future, if we are only faithful in walking in the footsteps of our sires. The Providence of God has signally aided us in the past, by waiving emigrants to our shores. It is for us now to co-operate with heaven by building up the walls of Zion whose broad foundations have been laid by our fathers. I congratulate you Most Rev. Father and your faithful clergy on the great work that has been consummated to-day. It was eminently proper, as the early Church of America and its first Bishop figured so loyally and so conspicuously at the foundation of our Republic, that the successor of Carroll should signalize this centennial year by a solemn celebration which would redound at the same time, to the honor of God and the welfare of Fatherland. Yes, for the welfare of Fatherland; for every church that is consecrated, is not only a new temple for the worship of God, but also a new bulwark of strength to the nation, and a new propagator of peace, happiness and civilization. I congratulate you also children of the laity. Your fathers longed to see this day. They see it from heaven and are glad. We cannot withhold our admiration when we contemplate your ancestors, so few in numbers, projecting and accomplishing this colossal undertaking. Truly there were giants in those days. "These were men of renown." And if they deserve much praise for undertaking so great a work, no small praise is due to you for cancelling its debt. To-day for the first time you can say in the language of the Apostle of the Gentiles: "Jerusalem que est mater nostra, libera est." Jerusalem our Mother is free,—free from the burden of debt which pressed upon her from her infancy. You have struck the shackles from her feet. It is fit that mother of free born children of God should be made free from the bondage of debt, in this year when we are celebrating the centennial of our national independence. What hallowed recollections cluster around this majestic Cathedral! How many sacred associations are connected with it. This Church is the spiritual focus from which have emanated the light and heat of Apostolic faith and charity to very distant parts of the country. This Sacred Mother has given birth to many Bishops. Not to speak of the venerable Egan, of Philadelphia, the illustrious Chevrons, of Boston, the saintly Flaget, of Kentucky, and your beloved Marshal, who were consecrated within the limits of this Parish, it was in this very church that were born to the Episcopate, Purcell, of Cincinnati, Whelan, of Wheeling, Barry, Verot and Gross, of Savannah, Chance and Eldor, of Natchez, your own Whitfield and Eccleston, besides two others who are in the sanctuary to-day and are justly enshrined in your hearts and memories. How many illustrious prelates and priests have preached in this sacred edifice within the last fifty years! How often have the voices of an England, a Hughes and a Ryder, resounded beneath this dome! That chair has been successively filled by a Marshal, a Whitfield, an Eccleston, a Kenrick, and a Spalding, and when I mention them, I mention the brightest constellation of names that have ever illustrated the American hierarchy. It was here that were held the seven first Provincial Councils of Baltimore,—Councils Provincial in name, but national in importance and representation, as well as the two great Plenary Councils of the American Church. You will find indeed other sanctuaries more extensive than this, but none that have held at one time, so many illustrious Prelates. There are other cathedrals more ample, but none in which have been set so many jewels of the faith. You will find other Cathedrals more spacious

than yours. You will find many daughters that have outstripped the mother in majesty of size, in the number of their children, and the accumulation of wealth. But you will find none to equal the mother in splendor of Ecclesiastical traditions. Be the daughters ten-fold grander in proportions, progeny and wealth, you can still say of this Mother: "Multum in illa congregantur divitiarum: tu supergressa es universas." Many daughters have gathered wealth: thou hast surpassed them all in the rich and sweet memories that hang around thy sacred brow. And there are none more willing to pay this attention to homage to the Mother than the daughters themselves. They have come today from afar, represented by their Bishops their faithful spouses, to join with you in honoring to their filial reverence and love. What Meccas to the Mohammedan, what Jerusalem to the Israelite, and St. Peter's in Rome to the Catholic Christian, this Cathedral is to the American Catholic. And the day will come when the pious pilgrim will travel from the East and West, from the North and South, and from Europe too, to visit the shrine which was founded by a Carroll, dedicated by a Marshal, ruled by a Whitfield, an Eccleston, a Kenrick, a Spalding, and which was consecrated to-day, by your beloved chief-Pastor. I said that you have paid the debt of this Cathedral. But there remains another debt yet unpaid, and which you can liquidate only with your last breath. I refer to the everlasting debt of gratitude which you owe to this Mother, for the faith she has taught your fathers, yourselves and your children. Pay her every day this debt of your gratitude, your love and affection. Pay her the debt of your homage, your reverence, and your filial obedience. Pay her each day, the debt of your good example. Adorn the interior of this edifice by the purity of your lives, and the splendor of your virtues. Pay her the debt of your daily service. Take an active, personal interest in her welfare. Register this sacred vow to-day in your hearts, and say: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I do not remember thee; if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my ways."

SUNDAY ALL THE WEEK.

In alluding to the universal Catholic practice of keeping the churches open during the week, in order to satisfy the devotion of the faithful, *Fanny Fern* wrote as follows:— Our Catholic brethren have set us at least one good example: their churches are not as silent as the tomb on week days. Their worshippers do not do up their religion on a Sunday. It may be only for a few moments that they step in through that open church door on a week day, to kneel and lay down a burden too heavy also to be borne. I like the custom. I should rather say I like the reminder, and the opportunity thus afforded them: and I heartily wish that all our Protestant churches could thus be opened. If rich Christians object to the promiscuous use of their velvet cushions and gilded prayer books, at least let the aisles and the altar be free for those who need God on week days—for the poor, the tired, the tempted—for those who shrink in their shabby habiliments, from the Sunday exhibitions of fine toilets and superfine christianity. Were I a minister, and obliged to preach to pianos and diamonds and satins on Sunday, I think I should have to ease my heart in some way as this to make my pastoral life endurable, else my office would seem to me the most hollow of all mockeries. "The rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all," should be inscribed on the side of my church door, had I one. I could not preach to those pianos and their owners tongue would be paralyzed at the sight of these kneeling distortions of womanhood, bearing such resemblance to organ grinder's monkeys. I am not sure that I should not grow hysterical over it, and laugh and cry over it at the same breath, instead of preaching. I cannot tell what vent my disgust would take, but I am sure that it must have some escape valve. You may say that such worshippers (Heaven save the remark!) need preaching to. I tell you that women, so given over to the devil and all his work, are past praying for,—having eyes they see not, having ears they hear not. They are ossified—impervious: they are Dead Sea apples, full of ashes. There; now I feel better. Having alluded to our Roman Catholic friends, allow me to ask leave of them to have the cross surmounting all our Protestant churches, unless they have taken out a patent for the same. It is lovely to me this symbol, as I pass along the streets. It rests my heart to look at it amid the turmoil, and din and hurry, and anxious faces and sorrowful faces, and worse than all, the empty faces that I meet. I say to myself—there is truth there; there is hope and comfort there, and this tangle of life is not the end. When I am a Protestant minister, the dear cross shall be on my church and nobody shall stay away from it because they are too ragged or poor, or because the cushions are too nice. Oh, I like Catholicism for that. They are nearer Heaven than Protestants on this point.

THE MILITARY PRISONERS.

The relentless malice with which the soldiers who were compromised in the Fenian movement of 1867 have been treated by successive governments will be attended with one consequence which British statesmen cannot always afford to affect to despise. It will deter young Irish lads from taking service under the Queen's colours. Irish recruits have of late years come forward rather sparingly, and this last act of Mr. Disraeli's will go far to put an additional check in this country on the process of enlistment. Sheer necessity may drive a few unfortunate to the recruiting sergeant. Here and there a reckless youth, maddened by drink or by family troubles, may take the Queen's shilling. But all that is sound, vigorous, and self-respecting in our population, rural or urban, will remember the treatment that Irish soldiers have received from the Crown, and abstain from putting their necks under the imperialist yoke. If they cannot find independent employment at home, they will emigrate. If their bent is for soldiering, they will try their fortunes in the American army. If England is driven to the conscription for which some are already clamouring, it might be well for her, before forcing Irishmen into her ranks, to remember how the Italian and Hungarian regiments served the Austrian Kaiser in some recent campaigns, and what sort of suggestive appeals to their sense of patriotism was made by the British press. England will not, however, as we think, venture on the experiment of a conscription. Such a measure could not safely be extended to Ireland, and the exclusion of Ireland from its operation would enhance its severity, and, therefore, its unpopularity in Great Britain. The voluntary system will be continued to the last possible moment, and to the volunteering of Irishmen Mr. Disraeli's reply of Monday night has, practically speaking, put an end. The reply has opened the eyes of every Irishman to the terms on which he takes service in the British army. He is there simply an alien and a hireling, in whom patriotism is an inexplicable crime, and whose long years of miserable suffering excite not a throb of sympathy in the callous heart of that Power that hold him in its grip. Would any English or Scotch soldier be so punished who might have dreamt of British republic and favoured to some insignificant extent an organization got up to establish one? No doubt they would have been tried as the Irish soldiers were, and sentenced perhaps to as long a term of imprisonment. We

may even concede that as long as the danger of revolution was imminent, no pardon would have been extended to them. Banger was passed, after things had settled down to their normal tranquility, and all that was remarkable about the social and political state of the country was the order and prevailing good conduct of the population, the offenders would still be kept in prison and made to feel from day to day, from hour to hour, the maddening bitterness of penal servitude. No, they would be liberated as soon as ever the safety of the existing constitution permitted it. For mere vengeance no period would be deemed too short. For the purpose of deterring example a year or two of the outside would be declared sufficient. We see that ten years are not sufficient in the case of Irish soldiers, and all the world can see the reason why. "It is the Irish soldier is lacking in the claim of fellow-citizenship, which would be acknowledged at once in the case of an English or Scotch offender. The only question about him in the mind of the British Government is how to use him to the best advantage of his masters. If he is a servicable tool, good. He shall be kept in fighting order. If he dare to have an opinion of his own and run counter to his masters, there is still a use to be made of him. Make a deterrent example of him, and get the most you can out of him in that capacity. Take the last ounce of your pound weight of flesh. Has he not broken the compact he made with the Solylock of imperialism? We can imagine only one defence to be made for this last and crowning insult offered by Mr. Disraeli to the pleadings of humanity and the supplications and remonstrances of a unanimous people. It is the tyrant's plea, Necessity. The Irish regiments, it may be said, are not to be trusted. They can be kept to their allegiance only by the terrible examples held out to them in the persons of the Fenian soldiers. This is said to be the view taken by the Duke of Cambridge. He will not be responsible, he declares, for the loyalty of the Irish soldiers throughout the army if the political prisoners are amnestied. If this be so, the cloud is not without its silver lining. Under the British uniform Irish hearts still beat for their country. British discipline and barrack routine do not extinguish the divine spark of patriotism. We may have suspected this fact before, but it is something to have it on the authority of the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief. It is his Royal Highness's business to know the morale as well as the pipe-clay of the army, and he is said to believe that her Majesty's Irish soldiers keep a perpetual *memento mori* to keep them to their allegiance. We are sorry, sincerely, deeply sorry, for the hard fate of our imprisoned fellow-countrymen. We deplore the state of things that exacts of them the sacrifice of liberty, and of all that makes life worth living for. But it is some consolation to know that their sufferings are not fruitless; that in their life-long martyrdom they are a new exemplification of the truth, "They also serve who only stand and wait." Events are steadily bringing about a condition of Europe in which England will need the loyalty of Irish soldiers. Severity to a few hapless victims may be a sovereign specific for the overt patriotism of those already enlisted. But the show of loyalty thus enforced is, perhaps, not very deep; and the process by which it is produced puts an stop on recruiting. With the amnesty refused, Britannia will have to fight her next great battle single-handed. She may resort, of course, to a conscription, but if the conscription extend to Ireland, we imagine that the remedy may prove worse than the disease.—*Dublin Nation*.

DIRECTIONS ABOUT TRAVELLING.

Kate Thorn gives the following excellent advice about "How to travel."— In the first place, know where you are going, and how you are going. And if you know what you are going for, it will be quite as well. Dress well, for on your dress depends in a great measure the treatment you will receive on your journey. The world at large has never learned to discriminate between the deserving and the undeserving in any other way than by appearance, and if you would be treated with courtesy and attention, wear good clothes. Not gaudy or showy ones, but something of a material which looks well, and which will not be ruined by dust, or rain, or dampness. Avoid all travelling skirts for gentlemen to wipe their feet on, and trimmings of fringes and laces to catch on other people's buttons and parasol handles. Dress warm enough to save you from the necessity of carrying more than one extra wrap, for bundles are a nuisance on a journey, particularly a long journey. Take no more baggage than you can help. You will be surprised, if you try it, to see how little you can be comfortable with. In a hand-satchel, take along combs brushes, soap, towels, needles and thread, scissors, strigee, boot-buttons, handkerchiefs, extra gloves and stockings, and other personal necessities, for if your journey extends over a week you will be sure to need them before you can get access to your trunk. Check your trunk when you set forth for the place of your destination, and having put the checks where they will be in no danger of getting lost, dismiss the trunk from your mind. There is not the slightest necessity of "worrying about it," as most ladies are in the habit of doing. When you buy your ticket, get a railroad map of the country you propose travelling over, together with a time-table of distances. These are furnished by every railroad of note, and by consulting them you will be saved from annoying conductors and fellow-travellers with questions. Carry no money in your pocket beyond the little you may need to supply you with papers and refreshments, and do not confide to anybody where you have secured the bulk of your money or other valuables. In large cities make all inquiries of hotel clerks and policemen. In choosing a hackman always take the one who solicits you least. Be courteous to everybody, and confidential with nobody. A lady is much better protected on her journey by her womanly dignity than by the gallantry of a gentleman of whom she knows nothing. Make up your mind before you start on your journey to bear all the little trials and disagreeables incident to travelling with good humor and equanimity. Do not fly into a passion if a drunken man staggers into the car, or turn up your nose if somebody swears, or look insultingly annoyed if a baby cries, or some old gentleman falls asleep and snores. Be patient, quiet, and mind your own business thoroughly, and if the boiler does not burst, or the train does not meet with broken mills, washed-out culverts, or something of that ilk, you will in all probability reach your journey's end in safety. FLATTERY.—A book agent who has retired from active labor upon the hard earned accumulation of a life of industrious cheek, says that the great secret of his success was, when he went to a house where the female head of the family presented herself he always opened by saying, "I beg your pardon, miss, but it was your mother I wanted to see." That always used to get 'em. They not only subscribed for my books themselves, but told me where I could find more customers. Gold is the fool's curtain which hides his defects from the world.