

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

We are not, after all, to have another Franco-Prussian war, in deference to Prince Bismarck's wounded pride. It was a very pretty plot, but it has missed its time. It appears that the new President of the French Republic had actually the presumption to form his Cabinet without consulting Bismarck on the subject. Not only that, but two of the new Ministers of France are so far from being *persona grata* to the Chancellor of the German Empire, that M. Thiers suppressed a newspaper of which they were proprietors, out of consideration for Prince Bismarck's susceptibilities. It was, therefore, hinted that Bismarck would not recognise Marshal MacMahon's Government; or, at least, that he should be appeased by having M. Gontaut Biron, the French ambassador at Berlin, who is civil to him, put in the Duc de Broglie's place as Minister for Foreign Affairs. The French Government have not permitted themselves to alter their programme in any way, and the last advisers report Bismarck as on his way to the recovery, for the moment, of his lost temper.—*Catholic Opinion*.

THE VENDOME COLUMN.—In a late sitting the National Assembly adopted, by 488 votes against 66, a Bill for the reconstruction of the Vendome Column, with the understanding that the Government will examine the question of instituting proceedings of redress against M. Courbet before the Civil Tribunals.

CHARACTER OF GAMBETTA.—The following graphic sketch of Leon Gambetta, is taken from the *June Galaxy*:

"Fear is the curse of the country. Fear is the source from which our tyrants and traitors have drawn their principal strength! On fear they founded their ascendancy, to bear us down, after twenty years of empire, to degradation, to mutilation. From fear they extracted that fatal *plebiscite* which was to drag us into war! Of fear was born that impotent reaction of the 8th of February, 1871! By fear, with fear, trading on fear, reaction always triumphs over us! Oh, let us once for all rid ourselves of fear in our political actions!" These passionate words are taken from the speech delivered last September at Grenoble, in the southeast of France, by M. Leon Gambetta. They illustrate effectively the principal characteristic of the orator himself, as well as that lamentable national peculiarity which he has so powerfully and justly described. "The chronic malady of France," Gambetta exclaimed, "is political fear! So brave, generous, ardent, heroic, disinterested in the field of battle so is she timid, hesitating, easily troubled, deceived, befuddled, and terrified in the domain of politics." Nothing can be more true than this. The bloody carnival of the White Terror came from the panic caused by the red reign of Robespierre. Fear of the Red Republicans made France fling herself into the arms of Napoleon III. The *plebiscite* was carried by playing on the fears of the bourgeoisie and the peasantry, and persuading both that a new lease to the Emperor was the only possible means of warding off battle and social order. The same influence of fear drove republican France two years ago to elect a National Assembly which is a sworn foe to republicanism. "Let us have peace," was the cry—"peace at any price. If we give too much power to Gambetta and his Republicans, they will try to carry on the war still. Better anything than that!" But Gambetta's complaint against France illustrates by the law of opposites his personal character. His success as an orator, a politician, a ruler of populations, has been for the most part due to his utter freedom from anything like fear. Not less than Danton does he trust to audacity. Any risk for any object appears to be his principle of action and of speaking. Stake all you have, piece after piece—the luck must turn some time. Make any promise to-day; if you can't keep it make another promise twice as big and bold to-morrow, and increase again the day after; some day or other you may be able to redeem all. Prophecy with the most earnest brew and in the most thrilling voice that the sky is going to fall if thereby your votaries obey your commands in the morning, who cares though the prediction must be falsified by the evening? This seems to me to be broadly the principle of Gambetta's career, and one grand explanation of his personal success. Intense belief in himself, complete devotion to his own hopes, a faith in his cause which for the moment seems to render failure impossible, the temper to say anything and do anything which the inspiration of the moment suggests no matter how it may be confuted by the realities of the moment—these are the elements of that strangely audacious character which has already stamped its impress so deeply upon the political life of France.

SPAIN.

The Republican "Government" of Spain will soon have enough on its hands. What with futile attempts to check the Carlists, and spasmodic endeavours to fill the Exchequer, they have more than enough to do. With all his oratory, poor Senor Castelar is only too likely to have the pride of which he so lately boasted considerably lowered. Pride, beggary, and dishonour are queer associates. From Barcelona we learn that all the workmen and agricultural labourers are preparing to go out on strike. Truly, the difficulties of the "Government" are increasing. But one more straw is needed—the revolt of the Army—to break its unhappy back.

ITALY.

Rome, June 25.—Another Ministerial crisis is threatened. The Chamber of Deputies, to-day, by a vote of 86 to 157 rejected the resolution, supported by the Government, to proceed with the discussion of the financial bills. Signor Lanza has telegraphed to the King, who is in Turin, advising him to summon Minghetti and the Deputies for consultation with regard to

the formation of a new cabinet. The Austrian Government have addressed friendly observations to Italy in reference to the execution of the law abolishing religious corporations.

THE FINGER ON THE WALL.—Everything denotes the rapid approach of the crisis in Italy, not so much from any outer force as from inward dissolution. There is no constructive force there, and everything points to the ship of State going to pieces. Since the change of government in France, to which even exaggerated importance (as to its immediate consequences) is attached, council has been held by the Ministers. The advanced party cry out for fresh armaments; but the King, who knows that Italy could not defend herself a week against the smallest European Power if seriously attacked, shakes his head and refuses to agree to any extraordinary development of the military resources of the country. His Majesty scarcely shows himself in the *maisons* and never without a strong escort of secret police, so great and so well founded is his fear of assassination.

REV. FATHER DAMEN'S LECTURE.

(Continued from 2nd page.)

before they sat down in the pews, kneeling down, sir, bowing their knee. I suppose it was to that image of Christ crucified."

"No, sir; it was not. But it was to Jesus Christ in the adorable sacrament of the altar. The Catholic believes (I have proved it to you during this mission) that, in the holy communion, there is really the body and blood of Jesus Christ; and we Catholics bow our knee in adoration to Jesus."

IS THAT WRONG?

"Why, no," says my Protestant friend, "It is proper, sir, that every knee should bend to the name of Jesus in heaven or on earth, or even in hell. Therefore there is nothing wrong in that. But I have seen Catholics bow or bend the knee to that statue of the Blessed Virgin. I suppose it was to that statue." "You supposed what was wrong. It was to the one represented by the statue, namely, the Blessed Virgin." "Well," says he, "the Blessed Virgin is but a creature, and I would not bend my knee or bow to any creature." "Didn't you ever bow to a creature, I would ask?" "Never, sir," says he: "God forbid I should." Well, sir, I reply, a week or two ago I had you pointed out to me in the street as the preacher of such and such a church; I looked after you, and after a while you met with a lady, and at once you made a very graceful bow. My dear friend, why did you bow to that lady—is not she a creature? "Yes," says he, "but then she is such a nice creature." (Laughter.) She is so good; she is a member of my church, and she teaches in my Sabbath-School, sir, and she distributes tracts, and therefore I bow to her, sir, because virtue should be always respected." Now, she is very good; and is not the Blessed Virgin good? What does your own Protestant bible say about the Blessed Virgin? It says that she is above all women; and should not I honor her, and should not I bow to her? Was there ever a creature that practiced such sublime and such exalted virtues as the Blessed Virgin? Was there ever a creature that arrived at so sublime a dignity as the Blessed Virgin—the mother of the son of the living God, the mother of Jesus Christ? Should not I bow to her? "Well, after all," says he, "that seems to be very reasonable, but you Catholics always overdo the thing; you always go too far. There is among you, sir, too much of that Blessed Virgin."

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

the Blessed Virgin, and there is no end to that Blessed Virgin! You can't go into a Catholic Church, where you find an altar of Jesus, but there is an altar at the side to the Blessed Virgin! Is not that very natural and reasonable, my dear Protestant friend, that we should not separate the mother from the son? How can we love Jesus without loving His blessed mother? Oh, how unnatural, how unreasonable, is Protestantism, which imagines that we can honor Jesus by despising His mother! Young man, suppose you have a friend and that friend declares that he has for your a sincere love, esteem, and respect, and that he would do anything in the world to oblige you. Well you return your thanks to him for his kind feelings toward you, and after a while your mother comes in and you say: "Sir, allow me to introduce you to my mother." "Your mother, sir, and what do I care for your mother? I love you, I respect you, but I have no regard at all for your mother." Young man, how would you feel? Would you not turn him out of the house? You would say: "You treat my mother in this manner, sir—you can't insult my mother without insulting me. I forever disavow all affection, all regard, and more than this, all my love and esteem for you. You can't love me if you despise my mother." It is natural, then, if we love Jesus that we should love His mother. For a good son loves to see his mother honored, respected, and loved; and the more we honor and respect the mother, the more pleasing and acceptable we become to the son. Now Jesus Christ is

THE BEST OF SONS.

There never was a son that loved his mother as Jesus loved the Blessed Virgin; and therefore it is His delight to see His mother honored, respected, and loved. For, indeed, that son must be a bad son, a wicked and unnatural son, who delights in seeing his mother despised, disregarded and contemned. We, therefore, *insult* Jesus Christ when we disregard His blessed mother.

"Of course," says the Protestant preacher, "It is perfectly reasonable and natural that you should honor the mother of Jesus Christ. But then, sir, there is one thing among you that can't be right."

"And what is that my friend?"

"Well, sir," says he, "It is that 'Hail Mary' I have heard this 'Hail Mary' when the services were going on, and when the priests were coming out, they would repeat: 'Hail Mary!' Now, sir, I abhor that; I look upon it as a worship of Mary."

Do you never say: "Hail Mary!" my dear sir, I ask.

"Never, sir, never, sir. God forbid I should!" he replies.

You never think you say: "Hail Mary!" sometimes?

"Never, sir, never."

Tell me, my dear friend, have you family prayers?

"Yes, sir, on every night."

"And will you allow me to come to your family prayer?"

"Oh, Father Damen, by all means come now, and we will pray for your conversion."

"My dear friend, you are undertaking a very hard job to convert me, and you will have to pray fervently for Father Damen is a very hard case." (Laughter.)

"Well, I go to his family prayer, and this family prayer consists of an extemporaneous prayer and the reading of a chapter in the Bible; and when the extemporaneous prayer is over the minister or preacher reads a chapter, and it so happened that on this occasion he read the 1st chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke. Among other things the minister read there that 'God sent the Angel Gabriel to the Virgin espoused of Joseph, and the Angel Gabriel being come unto Mary said:

"HAIL, MARY FULL OF GRACE;

tho Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women." And Elizabeth inspired by the Holy Ghost, added, Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus! Why, my dear preacher, you are saying the 'Hail Mary!' Oh, no, sir, I am only reading my Bible," says he. Yes, but my dear man, don't you see that the 'Hail Mary' is in the Bible? "Oh, my God," says he, "that's a fact, and I did not know it!"

(Laughter.) "Why, Rebecca," says he to his wife, "what is to become of us? We are half Papists already. We have been saying the 'Hail Mary' all along and we did not know it."

Is it not so? Does not every Protestant that reads his Bible say, the 'Hail Mary?' Is not the 'Hail Mary' in the Bible; don't you find it there in the 1st chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke? Why, then, my dear Protestant friends, do you make any objection to the 'Hail Mary?' Is not it the language of inspiration; is not it found in the word of God? What does your Bible say? Your Bible tells you that the *Hail Mary* is not the invention of man, not of a bishop, not of a priest, not of a devout Catholic, but that the *Hail Mary* came from heaven on angel's wings, and that it was an Archangel and one of the princes of heaven that said the first *Hail Mary* upon this earth. And yet during this mission you may have seen Protestants, when they have heard the priest repeat the 'Hail Mary' and the people responding to it, nudging one another, lifting up their eyes to heaven in compassionate pity—"Poor benighted creatures! poor ignorant people!" Ah! it is you that are the poor benighted creature, it is you that are the ignorant man; you have not the blessing of the Bible; you are blindfolded, you see not, you had reason and intellect, but you didn't understand. You had ears and you heard not; you had a mouth and you spoke not, and you are

LIKE THE IDOLS OF OLD.

Is it not strange how prejudiced and blinded is the intellect of man, the reason of man! How is it that Protestants read the *Hail Mary* constantly in the Gospel, yet, when they hear it from the Catholics, they at once find fault with it, and look upon it as some superstition, whereas their own Bible says it is the word of God. "But then your enthusiasm and devotion to the Blessed Virgin, I can never be reconciled to it." Now let us suppose for a moment, that the mother of George Washington were coming to Brooklyn, what an excitement there would be in Brooklyn? You would hear the roar of the cannon and the shooting of the pistols and guns, and bands of music would be marching through the streets; there would be grand illuminations and great bonfires in the streets of Brooklyn; the darkness of the night would be turned into the brilliancy of day; and you would see the ladies of the first families of Brooklyn dressed up in the grandest possible style, in beautiful carriages rolling through the streets. If I said to them: "Ladies, what is all this excitement, what is all this fuss?" "Why, sir, don't you know it, why the mother of Washington is come to Brooklyn, and we are all going to pay our respects to her at such a hotel." The mother of Washington, and is she more than any woman? "Oh," these ladies would say, "it is easy seeing you are a Dutchman; you don't understand us, ladies, at all, sir. Why, sir, we are to honor this Lady Washington because she has given us so great a general; for her son burst asunder the chains that held us in bondage and in slavery, and he has made us a free, independent, glorious and happy people, and should not we honor

THE MOTHER OF SO GREAT A SON?

All right, my dear American ladies, all right. I am perfectly convinced of your good feelings; I love to see gratitude; I love to see you careful of the mother of so great a son. Go, then, and honor the mother of George Washington. But tell me, my dear American ladies, has not Mary given us a greater son than George Washington? Has not she given us Jesus; has she not done more for us than George Washington has done? Has he not made us a free and independent people, children of God, and heirs of heaven; and should not we honor the mother of so great a son, to whom we owe our salvation. "Well," said he, "that certainly appears very reasonable. But then I could never be a Catholic, because among you Catholics there are so many bad people; there are so many among you that profane the Lord's day; so many that curse and swear and get drunk."

"And have we never seen a Protestant drunk? Is every Protestant a sober man? Did you never hear a curse from Protestant lips? And the greatest rogues of this country, the greatest thieves that have defrauded the government and the people out of millions of dollars, were they Catholics? No, but they were Protestants. I think, my dear Protestant friends, you have a good share of bad people among you, and you need not complain." "But," says the Protestant man, "you have bad priests among you."

Why, if there never was a bad priest in the world, there never would have been a Protestant in the world. For

THE FIRST BAD PRIEST

there ever was, the first became a Protestant. Martin Luther started the Protestant religion, and he was a mighty bad man. There are bad priests—few indeed, but there are some—for a priest is a man just as all of us are; therefore a priest has his passions, his temptations, and his weaknesses like other men. He may have the misfortune of falling into sins; but there are some bad preachers too. We read from time to time in the newspapers some shocking scandals of Protestant preachers. About two years ago every paper was filled with the scandal of a certain preacher who, they said, had corrupted every little girl of his Sunday school. Then from time to time you read in the papers that a Rev. Mr. So and So, who was the preacher of such and such a church falling in love with the wife of his neighbor, and they skedaddled. (Laughter.) They went for "parts unknown." Surely that was news, for the preacher to run away with his neighbor's wife and leave his own wife and children behind.—There are good and bad people among all denominations. We Catholics have our share of it; and so have you Protestants. What does that prove against the Catholic religion? Nothing whatsoever. And if the Catholic Church taught her children to be miserly, to be drunkards, to be cursers, to be dishonest, to break the Lord's Day, well then you could prove something against the Catholic Church. But she does all she can to make her children honest, pure, sober, benevolent, charitable, kind, and upright in all their dealings with their fellow-men.—And if some Catholics do not follow the instructions of their mother Church, the Church is not to be blamed for that. There was among the very Apostles a Judas that betrayed his Divine Master,—does that prove anything against the religion of Jesus Christ because there was

A BAD MAN AMONG THE VERY DISCIPLES

of Christ? Most assuredly not. There are, therefore, good and bad people among all denominations. "Well," says my Methodist friend, "Why don't you turn them out?"

Turn them out! Where did you learn that doctrine? Did you learn it from the lips of Jesus Christ? "Ah! when the disciple said: 'Shall we tear up the stubble in order that it may not crush the wheat?' No, answered the Saviour.—'Let it grow up till the harvest time, and then the stubble shall be separated from the wheat.' The Jews and the Pharisees found great fault with our Divine Saviour because he was seen among sinners in order to reclaim them and to convert them. Where, then, did you find that doctrine—'Turn them out?'—You have learned that from the Scribes and Pharisees, who were the sworn enemies of Jesus Christ. Not from the lips of the Saviour, though He conversed and ate and drank with sinners, in order to reclaim and to save them. 'I have come,' says He, 'not for the just but for the unjust.' And He left the ninety-nine sheep and went in search of the one that was lost. So, the Catholic Church does not turn them out, but she is constantly making efforts to work up their hearts and feelings, and to bring them to repentance and save them like the Blessed Saviour." "But," says my Protestant friend,

"I don't like your worship, sir. The priest is always talking in

AN UNKNOWN TONGUE

saying his prayers in Latin, and the time he stands there, it is in the capacity of a public minister of religion." Very well; why do you go to church? Is it merely to listen to a prayer? I thought you went to church to pray. What a ridiculous idea Protestants sometimes have. When they come from their meeting-house, they say to one another: "Well, now, wasn't that a beautiful prayer our preacher said to-day? It was a poetic and flowery and beautifully expressed prayer." I thought you went to the house of God in order to lay open your hearts before God, to ask him to be freed from evil, and to obtain His blessings, grace, and protection. We Catholics go to *prayer*; we don't go there merely to listen to a prayer, for how in the world can a preacher express the sins of all his people? How often in the Methodist church is there great confusion, great disorder? The Methodist preacher goes up and says an extemporaneous prayer; "Lord God," says he, "Open thy clouds, and give us a beautiful and abundant rain." Amen! says one, and there is a groan and a shout from the other side, "O Lord," says another, "don't hear that prayer! I am making my harvest, and if you give me rain my harvest is gone. Lord don't hear the prayer of the preacher for I am getting in my harvest—I am getting in my crops, and if you give me rain, I am a poor man for the rest of my years—don't you hear him! (Laughter.) I say my dear people, your preacher can never express in his

EXTEMPORANEOUS PRAYER

the wants of the people. Hence, every one must go to church to speak to God, to lay open his soul before God, to ask for those favors and those graces which he stands in need of, and to be freed from those evils which he has or dreads. And why is it the Catholic Church desires to preserve the Latin language and the Greek language in her public services? There are four reasons for this:

First. The Catholic Church is very conservative. The Catholic Church wishes to preserve everything in religion as she has received it from Christ and the Apostles. They preached in Latin; Greek, Hebrew, and so on. Now the Catholic Church preserves these dead languages, which are not subjected to change as the living languages are. You take, for instance, an English book that was printed 300 years ago, and compare it with the English of the present age, you can hardly say it is the same language. On this day a good Dutchman, a Hollander, has presented me with a Dutch book, printed 200 years ago. I was reading it this afternoon. Why, it is nothing like the Dutch language of the present day. So it is with the French; so it is with all the modern languages: they are constantly changing; but the dead languages always remain the same. Now the Catholic Church preserves, in her divine services, these languages sanctified by Christ and by the Apostles, in order that she may be sure that she has, not only the meaning, but the very words with which the Apostles administered the Sacraments of the Church and offered up the holy sacrifice of the Mass. We show, therefore, that we have not only the meaning, but the very words of Christ and of the Apostles. Another reason is: The Catholic Church is

NOT A NATIONAL CHURCH.

is not a church of this nation or of that nation, as the Episcopalians, which is particularly the National Church of England, or the Lutheran, which is the national Church of the Germans. The Catholic Church is not a national church, but the Church of all peoples. We are all of one body, all members of the mystical body of Jesus Christ. We are all branches of one tree, of which Christ is the root and the Pope is the trunk, the larger branches the bishops, the smaller branches the parish priests, and the fruits upon the tree the faithful throughout the whole world. We all hang together without the distinction of nationality. We are all one body, and being one body, there must be one common language, which is the Latin—the language of the learned. So, from time to time, when the Father of this Church, the Pope, desires to bring the Bishops and learned men of the whole world together, in order that they may be able to converse with one another on the interests of the Church, it is necessary that they should use one language. They therefore adopt the old Latin language, which is understood by them all. The third reason why the Catholic Church preserves the Latin is that her ministers may always be men of education, men of learning. It is not in the Catholic Church as it is among others, where one can be shoemaker to-day and a preacher to-morrow. They must be men of education, they must have gone through their ecclesiastical studies, through studies of philosophy and of theology, and this education is very much promoted by the study of the dead languages. Here are some of the reasons why the Catholic Church preserves these ancient languages." "Then, again," says my Protestant friend, "I never would be a Catholic, sir, because what are all

THESE CATHOLIC FOREIGNERS?

Who are the Catholics in this country? Dutch and Irish. I never could associate with them, sir—with all these foreigners." And what are you, my dear American, but a foreigner? He answers: "I was born in this country." And that does not make you a bit better; plenty of rogues are born in this country, and many a one has been hanged that was born in this country. But, after all, you are a foreigner. "No, sir," says he, "My father was born here, and so was my grandfather." But where did your great grandfather come from? "He came from Scotland." It is a mighty bad country, this Scotland. Historians say that Scotland is one of the most immoral countries in the whole world; there is more drunkenness and more impurity in Scotland than perhaps in any other country in the world. But whatever country you came from, every white man in this country is a foreigner, in blood at least. The only real native American is the Indian; he is the real native of the soil—all else are foreigners. Then, how nonsensical and unreasonable is your idea? Did Christ establish a national Church, did He establish a Church for this nation or for that nation? No: He established a Church, for all nations, for the whole world—"Go ye, therefore," said He to His apostles, "And teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, 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 unto the consummation of the world." Christ then established

A CHURCH FOR ALL NATIONALITIES.

Still the Protestant says: "Well, sir, I can't make up my mind to be a Catholic, because there are among you Catholics so many Biddies and Paddies. I don't want, sir, to associate myself with them." Very well, my dear man, if you don't want to be associated with them, with Biddies and Paddies, you had better not go to Heaven; for if you ever get the chance of going to Heaven, you will meet plenty of Biddies and Paddies there, for Heaven is crowded with them. (Laughter.) There is another objection against the Catholic Religion. "There is that nonsense of believing in indulgences." Don't you believe in indulgences, my dear Protestant friend? "No, sir, I don't, and I never shall." Well, what is an indulgence? "Well," says he, "an indulgence is the buying of pardon of sins and the purchase of license to commit sins!" Oh! and I tell you that all your objections against the Catholic Church are founded in ignorance, because you know nothing about the Catholic religion. An indulgence, is not the paying for the pardon of sins, nor is an indulgence a license to commit sin. There is no power on earth that can give a license to commit sin. All

the bishops, all the priests and popes in the world, cannot give you permission even to tell a lie. Hence, an indulgence is no pardon of sins and no license to commit sins. What, then, is an indulgence?

AN INDULGENCE

is merely the taking away of the temporal punishment due to our sins, after these sins have been forgiven by our repentance. That God very frequently pardons sins, yet punishes the sinner, is evident from the Bible. Our first parents, Adam and Eve, had sinned by violating the command of God; they repented of their sin, and God forgave them their sin, and He promised them a Redeemer to come and save them. But, although God did forgive them, their sin upon their repentance, yet they were condemned to 900 years of hard labor, earning their bread by the sweat of their brow. Again: David had sinned, he had been guilty of murder and adultery; he had sinned, and he repented of his sin, and God sent His prophet Nathan, and David acknowledged his sin and his crime; he repented with all his heart, and in speaking of this, the prophet says: "In the name of God the Lord, the prophet away thy sin." Yet God punished David, and the fruit of his crime died in punishment of his sin. So, I say, the Almighty God, from this very circumstance in the Bible, very frequently forgives sin and yet gives a temporal punishment—that is, He takes away the eternal punishment of hell and gives them the punishment in this world. Now, an indulgence is the taking away of that

TEMPORAL PUNISHMENT.

and you my Protestant friends, believe not that fact. Let us suppose, here is your son, a little boy, and he has been cutting some capers, he has done some mischief. You love the boy, and you punish him; the poor fellow weeps and cries and he says: "Oh, papa, I am sorry; I will never do it again." You forgive him, but you say, "Now, see here, my son, I am going to lock you up in your room; you will be there all day, and have nothing but bread and water to eat." Here you inflict a temporal punishment upon your son; you don't disinheritor him; you inflict this punishment upon him in order that he may remember his sin, and the poor fellow, shut up in his room in weeping and crying and sobbing, and his mother, hearing him, is moved to compassion and she says to her husband: "Oh, my dear husband, don't forgive him; let him off; he will not do it any more." "Well then," says the husband, "at your request, and for the love which I bear for you, I will let him off. Here the husband gives an indulgence—this is an indulgence. So, when we have sinned, God forgives us our sin, in consequence of our repentance, but

GOD REMOVES PUNISHMENT.

for us, which we must undergo either in this world or in the world to come. Now, the Church, our own mother, step in between us and God and says: "Merciful God, through the merits of thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, and the merits of all thy saints, take away this temporal punishment from my children." And God, listening to the prayer of the church, for the church is the spouse of Jesus Christ, in consideration of His own merits and the merits of His saints, He takes away that temporal punishment. It is, therefore, the exercise of that power which Jesus has granted to the church when He says: "I will give to you the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven." It is the exercise of that power which Christ has given to the church. My dear Christian friends, there are many other popular objections which I would like to answer, but I have been talking now for two hours. I have only to say to you, that I thank you for listening with so much patience to my refutation of these popular objections against the Church of God the Catholic Church.

A FEMALE WARRIOR.—One of the private soldiers of the Scots Greys, wounded at the battle of Ramillies, proved to be a woman. Her name was Christian Davis, and her life and adventures were afterwards published in a small octavo volume. She states she was a native of Ireland, and that her husband having entered the army, she put on men's clothes and went in quest of him; not meeting him she enlisted in a regiment of foot, and in 1702 in the Scots Greys, served in the campaign of that and the following year, and in 1704 was wounded in the leg at Schellenberg. After the battle of Blenheim, when escorting French prisoners to Holland, she met with her husband, who was then a private soldier in the First Royal Foot. She made herself known to him, and from this time passed as his brother, until after the battle of Ramillies, where she was wounded by a shell, and her sex discovered by the surgeons. "No sooner had they made the discovery," she observes in her narrative, "than they acquainted Brigadier Preston that his pretty daughter (for so I was always called) was a woman. The news spread far and near, and reaching my Lord Hays's ears, he came to see me, as did my former comrades; and my lord called for my husband. He gave him a full and satisfactory account of our first acquaintance, marriage and situation, with the manner of his entering the service, and my resolution to go in search of him. My lord seemed very well entertained with my history, and ordered that my pay should be continued while under care. When his lordship heard that I was well enough to go aboard, he generously sent me a parcel of linen. Brigadier Preston made me a present of a handsome silk gown; every one of our officers contributed to the furnishing me with what was requisite for the dress of my sex, and dismissed me the service with a handsome compliment."—From *Famous British Regiments, in All the Year Round*.

TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—A man died in Worcester, Massachusetts, the other day, whose career ought to be for young men the most effectual of temperance lectures. Thirteen years ago he was a young lawyer in Connecticut, of uncommon abilities and brilliant promise. He entered the army, and rose to the rank of colonel, but he became addicted to drink, and rapidly sank to the grade of a common drunkard, while intoxicated one night, in a low den in this city, he was "shaughed" aboard a bark bound for China. The vessel was wrecked off St. Helena, and he with several others were rescued and taken to Cape Town. Here, while engaged in a debauch, he was arrested and imprisoned and afterwards hired to a Dutch farmer, where he worked with Hottentots. Escaping, he shipped on a trading vessel through the Straits of Madagascar, where he deserted and lived for some time among the natives of the island. Narrowly escaping murder, he afterwards put to sea in an open boat, was picked up and taken to Cape Town, and then to Singapore. For several years he wandered about in China and Japan, a poor drunken vagabond, finally landing in San Francisco in a state of beggary, and made his way across the continent. His friends heard of him as a bar-tender in a miserable saloon in Elizabeth, N. J., sick and broken down, and took him home to die, a worn-out debauchee at the age of thirty-six.—*Mail*.

There is a model old man described by a *Peoria* newspaper. He hasn't taken a bit of care of himself. He chewed tobacco sixty years, and got fat on it. He drank hard for twenty-five years, and got younger every day. His eye-sight is so good that he reads his newspaper by moonlight through a microscope inverted to make the type small enough for his peculiar vision. He walks every morning four miles for his drinks before breakfast; he sleeps a cord of wood between each meal; he has tried to die of old age thirteen times, and failed every time. He attends to the wants of an old and feeble grandson, and superintends the funerals of his posterity with great care and decency.