

clergy sent to the scaffold and the name of God effaced from the walls, erased from the statutes, and wiped out—as completely as a puny man, in his mad fury, could do it. And yet, after a deluge of human blood, lashed by a tempest of human passions, they finally failed in securing an equality.

But, to-day, the societies will tell us that it is not an "absolute equality" that they offer, it is merely the placing of all men upon an equal footing as between themselves. Very fine in theory, but absolutely impossible in practice. Suppose you take one hundred men, to-day, and place them upon a level of entire equality, giving to each the same amount of authority, of wealth, of opportunities; before a month some one individual would, by his superior knowledge, tact, or ability, be in possession of a greater amount of the wealth than any of the others, he would consequently have an increased authority or influence, and likewise his opportunities for the future would be proportionately augmented. If the sea were to be stationary and calm it would soon become putrid and engender death; if all the planets were of the same magnitude the harmony of the universe would be shattered; if order did not exist in everything there would be no longer any possibility of existence. "Order is heaven's first law;" the consequence of order is authority; and authority pre-supposes inequality.

What a huge farce to speak of equality between members of a secret society. To attain that object they would have to commence by doing away with Grand Masters, Past Grand Masters, and all the higher officials. What equality can there ever exist between the person who enters an "apprentice" and the great Mogul who holds the wonderful and all-important secrets of the organization? It is a humbug. Let any young man reflect on the situation seriously, and if he is endowed with an ounce of common sense, he will perceive that the offer of equality is merely a cunningly devised snare. Moreover, it is out of the question entirely to speak of an equality in this world, or in the next. "Men are born equal," says a would-be philosopher. They are not; some are weak, some are strong; some have poor constitutions, some have good and enduring physical systems; one man is born with certain mental endowments which are not possessed by his neighbor; the circumstances under which they are born all differ; the race in life is never commenced on equal conditions. It is the will of God that it should be so; it is He, in His infinite wisdom, who regulates everything connected with the order of creation; and He has imperatively ordained that equality cannot be.

Of course, we understand that the members of secret organizations will qualify everything that they ever set forth the moment that they find their words analysed and their motives studied and exposed. But, while admitting that there is nothing very serious in the Liberty and Equality which they offer, none the less are they portions of the bait flung out to catch their fish. Therefore, in examining the different devices used by the Devil in his warfare upon the Church, we deemed it advisable to point out even the least attractive and least serious of them. It will, however, be recollected that we are not now referring to the organizations that exist all over this continent and in England and which are generally known as Masonic societies; for them, there is another standard whereby to gauge their influences, aims and methods. We are speaking of that powerful, yet futile, implement which Satan snatched up to

belabor the Church, composed of the secret, oath-bound societies that held powerful sway in France, Italy and other continental countries, and in whose wake are found ruin, disorder, revolution, blood shed and misery.

FAULT-FINDERS.

How fond some people are of finding fault! If an angel were to come down from heaven and serve them they would soon grumble because it was not an archangel that was sent. But of all the fault-finders the worst are those semi-religious people, who would not miss a given number of visits to the church each day, whose knees are worn hard from all the self-imposed devotions that they most scrupulously perform, and who can tell how often each neighbor missed Mass, how many weekly and monthly communicants are in the parish, what the priest had for dinner, what hour he got home from the last sick-call, what he said to the step-mother of the woman next door to the dying man, how much fees their family paid last year, and a thousand other such like matters of wonderfully universal interest. These gossips—or rather one of them—would suffice to set a whole parish on fire, to create civil war in a community, and to bring more sin and scandal into a congregation than fifty years could rectify or efface. As a rule, the fault-finder of this class has always a great secret to tell. She (and we can say "he" as well—for the men are often worse than the women)—goes to her neighbor, after having fortified her soul with a couple of hours praying in the morning, and informs her less informed friend that she has something fearful to tell her. Of course she would not mention it to any other living being; moreover, it must not go beyond the two; it would never do if Mrs. H— heard it, for she is a fearful back-biter and she'd spread it all over the town; and if Mrs. G— got wind of it there would be no end to the additions that she would make to the story. So it is understood that Mrs. No. 1 will confide her secret to Mrs. No. 2, but the latter must swear on her honor and by virtue of her oath that she'll never breathe a word of it. After all this preliminary skirmish, and having established sufficiently her superior importance, in the possession of her secret, Mrs. No. 1 decides to whisper into the ear of Mrs. No. 2 the tale of wonderful moment. All this time Mrs. No. 2, is itching to hear the story, for she knows that Mrs. D— is over at Mrs. M's, and she wants to get there with her version of the sensation before the Mrs. D— has a chance to leave. At last the "cat is out of the bag." The story runs somewhat thus:—

"The priest's man was down last night at Mr. K's and he told the man there that the priest came in late the night before last and lit a candle, and then looked about to see that no one was watching him, and proceeded on tip-toe down stairs into the kitchen and then down to the cellar. About ten minutes passed and he came up again with a bottle in his hand. He extinguished the light in the hall, slipped on his coat, for he came in without one, and quietly stole out the front door. The man lost track of him in the dark; but there was talk of a dance down at Jimmy Somebody's, and of course that's where the priest was going. Now, never whisper a word; but remember that no good will come of it all. To think that we would be going to confession to a man like that, a man that is always complaining that he never gets his fees, and who can buy liquor to treat the fellows at night, when

he thinks nobody is watching him. And just imagine that man counting his parishioners; no wonder he'd count them, it would take twice their number to keep him in luxury. And he talks of a new altar-rail, as if the old one that was there in good Father L's—time were not enough for him. Besides didn't he purchase new Stations of the Cross and they are not like the old ones at all, not a single picture of them the same."

And so the story runs on. From one subject to the other, as rapidly as the grasshoppers, do the two ladies go jumping. There is not a move made in the parish that is not criticised, every child is found fault with, every young couple becomes an object of suspicion, every honest man is a hypocrite, every virtuous woman is a sly customer, every scoundrel is a "poor fellow that was driven bad by the church," every pious person is a designing knave; and thus they run up and down the whole gamut of fault-finding, and finally separate, Mrs. No. 1 saying to herself, "what an old villain she is to sit there and believe honest people," while Mrs. No. 2 says in her own mind, "thank heaven I don't go about inventing stories against the priest and my neighbors"—and with these words in her soul she hurries off to Mrs. M—'s in hopes that Mrs. D— is still there, to hear the story of the black bottle, the mid-night revels and the priest's bad conduct. On arriving there she finds the two ladies in the front room, both eager to hear the last piece of scandal and to swear never to repeat it to a living soul. So she has an audience, and she tells her story. But strange to say Mrs. D— has another version of it. She was down at poor old Mrs. N—'s that night. The old lady was dying, she had no food, no wood, no money; she was entirely destitute. The priest had been called in the night; he had come to the bedside of the dying creature; he heard her confession, gave her the consolations of our Holy Religion, and taking off his coat he left it to cover the chilly form of the departing woman and hastened home to bring her the bottle of wine that he had been keeping for the next pastoral visit.

The story as we make the imaginary Mrs. No. 1 tell it, is certainly embellished; but the principal facts of this case are known to ourselves, and we are happy to say that all the actors in the little drama are still in the land of the living—all except Mrs. N—. This may seem a strange way to write an editorial upon fault-finding; but it seems to us that the story, as we have told it, will suffice to explain our idea. In fact we must say that there is no greater curse to a community than the man, or woman, who wants to run the whole parish, who is anxious to warn, and guide, and protect, and help, and shield the priest. If such people would only mind their own business and let the priest mind his there would be less bickerings, less unpleasantness, less false pretences, less hypocritical devotions, less questionable communions, and correspondingly there would be an increase of peace, happiness, mutual understanding, true devotion, real interest in the affairs of the Church, an enjoyment, even of labor, for the priest and a glorious feeling of contentment in all the flock.

One of our American exchanges reproduces a number of very interesting items on "How to Deal with Catholics," and attributes them to the TRUE WITNESS. While we would be very glad to have the credit of penning the instructive and well-chosen paragraphs referred to, we must state that they did not appear in our columns and we are not aware that there is published any other organ bearing the same name. We make this remark because we have been told more than once that if it was not the Montreal TRUE WITNESS, it was some other paper bearing the same title that produced such or such an item. If there exists another True Witness we would like to exchange with it.

A GRAND LESSON.

In reading the recent issues of the Catholic Record, of Indianapolis, we felt deeply the sorrow that fell upon its able editor, Mr. Alex. Chomel. His editorial in the week before last was a noble appeal, a wonderful expression of a grief that none but parents—situated as he was—could feel. It was more, for it breathed a Christian resignation and a Spartan heroism, that indicate the greatness of its author's soul, and the loftiness of his Catholic Faith. That such men should be so afflicted is the will of an All-wise Providence; but that they should carry their cross with such perfect submission, is an evidence that there is yet hope for our Catholic journalism, since amongst the ranks are found characters of such an enviable caliber. In reproducing these few lines we beg of Mr. Chomel to accept from us that sympathy which he so much appreciates and to believe us that more prayers than he dreams of will go up for one that has departed. Above all do we beg of the young men to read this touching editorial, this cry of sorrow wrenched from a father's heart, this word of warning coming from a true Catholic:

"We beg the indulgence of our readers for the late appearance of The Record this week, and the omission of matter which usually appears in its columns. Our friends must also excuse us for not publishing their correspondence this week. A dear but erring son, Julius Chomel, died last Monday, about one p.m. Death, always terrible, may yet be surrounded by circumstances which make it crushing to the human heart. This is the great infliction which a merciful God, who is All-wise, and does all for the best, has laid on us. May His holy will be done. We humbly kiss His chastising hand. Dear friends, we ask the charity of your prayers for our dear son; for our part, we ask that God in His infinite mercy may never visit you with such a great cross. While under the weight it looks as if there is none like it. Yes, may our Heavenly Father never lay it on your shoulders! If we only had words to reach the hearts of young men exposed to the temptation of excessive drinking, how, from the bottom of our heart, we would adjure them to turn back in horror from such a fatal course! Let them come in spirit to the chamber of death, and hear the sobs of a devoted mother, who, for ten years, never faltered for an instant in her love and care to bring her weak, yet tender-hearted boy, to a better life! Dear friends, listen to the words of a grief-stricken heart. Have pity on your aged parents, your brothers and your sisters! Have pity on yourself! For God's sake do not make life a burden to you, and incur the danger of losing your immortal soul! Yes, yes, profit by the fearful example of so many who have fallen the unhappy victims of that great evil! You, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, raise your hands to God, and humbly ask Him to protect your homes from the curse of intemperance. Ask the Blessed Virgin and all the saints to intercede in your favor. If the cross of a dissipating son, husband, brother or friend, is laid on you, be kind to them, so that when the sad end comes, you may be consoled by the hope that you did all you could; but, above all, ask a merciful Saviour to have pity on them."

To this we are happy to add that the young man wore constantly a scapular and also a chord of St. Joseph; that he had been faithful to the prayers connected with these precious badges; and as a consequence he was granted the consolation of dying repentant, for a life that had been apparently a loss, but which served as a cross for his noble spirited parents and an example, in more than one sense, that may prove salutary to hundreds. Do you want a temperance lecture? It is not necessary to go to the halls of entertainment; read the Indianapolis Catholic Record for the first and second weeks of April. If what you therein find has no effect—then hope no longer exists for you.