

DO SOMETHING.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle a fire to warm it.
Let the comfort hide from you
Winners that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiant glow.
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a "vale of tears,"
Smile, till rainbows span it!
Breathe the love that life endears—
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness let a gleam
Show to that shiver
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river.

THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL COUNCIL.

Reference is elsewhere made to the Scottish National Council held at Fort Augustus in the month of August last.

We have much pleasure in giving our readers the sermon delivered at its opening by the Most Rev. Dr. Eyr, Archbishop of Glasgow.

On the subject of the Scottish Reformation two particular fallacies exist. One is that in the middle of the sixteenth century the darkness of error was replaced by the light of Bible truth; the other that the Reformers had great influence in the country with the masses of the people. When the Scottish Reformation is analyzed, we really find that it resolves itself into four elements—the land greed of the nobles, the secular power overruling the monasteries, the weakening of the parochial system, and the gold and the soldiers of Henry VIII. The nobles were out of all proportion to the population of the country. The plunder of the English churches and monasteries excited their cupidity; they acted as powerful and independent princes; their power had grown into something incompatible with that of the Sovereign—for, unfortunately, James III. (1460) was but nine years old when he succeeded to the throne; James V. (1513) was an infant of three days old when his father died, and Mary was but seven days old when her father died. A deadly contest then arose between the Scottish usurping aristocracy and the Church, which lasted above thirty years, and only ended by the triumph of the Protestant nobles.

who, in 1560, overthrew the Catholic Church in Scotland. Another element was the oppression of the monasteries. Not only the landed aristocracy, but the Sovereigns practically demand the right to these houses to choose their abbots and priors. Scotland was to be made the centre of a new ecclesiastical system, and abuses existed here that were unknown elsewhere. During a considerable time the posts of highest dignity had, for the most part, been held by either the illegitimate or younger sons of the most powerful families. Alexander Stewart, the illegitimate son of James IV., was made Archbishop of St. Andrews, whilst yet a boy; and James V. elevated his illegitimate children by making them abbots and priors of Holyrood, Kelso, Melrose, Coldingham and St. Andrews. Though these seldom took orders they ranked as clergymen, and brought disgrace upon the clerical body. The third element was

THE WEAKNESS AND INEFFICIENCY of the parochial system. The Church in Scotland became monastic rather than parochial. With few exceptions all parishes and churches belonged to the great abbots. In many cases miserably paid vicars were placed in charge of the churches, and the fabrics, insufficient in number, were again and again allowed to fall into disrepair. Let us take for an instance of the imperfect parochial system, the case of the Abbey of Paisley. It possessed at the dissolution twenty-nine churches, of which the Archbishops of Glasgow had often to put much pressure upon the monks to induce them to supply what was due to the parish clergy. Another instance, to pass from the Fifth of Clyde to the Fifth of Forth, was Dunfermline, which possessed thirty-seven churches, chapels, with the lands and tithes attached to them. Henry VIII. endeavored, both by

OPEN INVASION AND DOMESTIC TREASON, to establish the Reformation in Scotland. In 1535 he labored to convert his nephew to the new religion—in 1542 he sent twenty thousand men to Scotland—he corrupted the nobles from their allegiance—and must be considered as the father of the Reformation in Scotland. When the blow came it was not from the people, but from the aristocracy. Everywhere else the Church had contended successfully against feudalism, but not north of the Tweed. The Reformation was a question not of faith, but of seigniorial lands—not of man seeking to convert any abuses that existed, but of the troops of Cromwell (1650), who appear in the Kirk Sessions Registers as spreading debauchery through the Scottish glens and hamlets, and teaching the Scotch cities and seaports

NEW EXCESSES OF LICENTIOUSNESS. The people were unwilling to be deprived of their faith. A hard struggle they made, but in vain. In August 1560, the Catholic religion was proscribed by the Parliament. As far as Parliament could do it, the Pope's jurisdiction was abolished. To say or hear Mass was made a criminal offense—on the first occasion to be punished with confiscation of goods—on the second with banishment—on the third with death. The attachment of the people to the old faith was strikingly illustrated. Look to the history of our great Western Abbey. Paisley Abbey was set on fire in 1561 by the Earl of Arrah and the Earl of Glencairn, who were deputed by the Lords of the Secret Council. But the people of Paisley continued firm in their adherence to the old faith. When the Preachers of the new doctrine came to Paisley they were refused admittance to the church, and the people staked the doors against them. Mass continued to be said in the burned and blackened ruins. For more than eleven years many of the community lingered about the Abbey, and very many of the people fraternized with them, and they were not openly performing their sacred offices. Look to the Forth again, whose history tells us that in 1580, i. e., twenty years after the Act of Parliament already mentioned, a few Benedictines of Dunfermline, with door belated and barred,

kept watch in their choir by the shrines of ST. MARGARET AND ST. DAVID.

In the south, Father John Drury, in 1585, at Lincluden, near Dumfries, on the vigil and feast of the Nativity, sung the office and celebrated the Mass, and the people were so anxious to hear him preach that they forced the River Nith to elude the guards posted on the bridge to prevent their going; the water was up to their waists, and thus, wet through, they kept their Christmas Festival. In the north, the last High Mass in the Cathedral of Elgin was sung in 1584. Twenty years after the Reformation half the parish churches were still in the hands of the Catholics. But it was in vain for the people to attempt to stem the tide. Melrose, Kelso, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, Holyrood, Eccles, Newbattle, and Haddington were given to the flames, with many a college and parish church in Lothian, the Merse, and Trieristdale. The 120 monasteries and the twenty nunneries of Scotland were destroyed. In the region north of the Dee, in the Highlands and the Isles,

THE BULK OF THE PEOPLE remained steadfast to the old faith as did a number in Angus and in Nithsdale. The rest were gradually absorbed into the new system, because the churches of the Reformation were, except in a few favored localities, there were no priests to offer Mass, hear confessions, and instruct the children. How the people lamented their sad lot history tells us. "A voice in Rome was heard, lamentation and great mourning" (Matt. II. 18). Louder than the roar of the Atlantic ocean, or of the waves of her Northern Sea, was the cry over her ruined churches. "The house of our holiness, and of our glory where our fathers praised Thee, is burnt with fire, and all our lovely things are turned into ruins." Scotland's sons and daughters were robbed of their faith they loved so well. Their children and children's children have succeeded to the inheritance of unbelief. "The enemy hath put out his hand to all her desirable things; and now they know not their loss for from that day a constant stream of

CALUMNY AND MISREPRESENTATION has been poured forth from pulpits and from platforms; and to this day it is kept up by tracts, newspapers, magazines, and by endless variety of daily, weekly, monthly and quarterly publications. The task which we are now called upon to perform is to build up what was then destroyed. Ours is a double duty—first to arrange for those belonging to the household of the faith all matters that abuse existed here that were unknown elsewhere. During a considerable time the posts of highest dignity had, for the most part, been held by either the illegitimate or younger sons of the most powerful families. Alexander Stewart, the illegitimate son of James IV., was made Archbishop of St. Andrews, whilst yet a boy; and James V. elevated his illegitimate children by making them abbots and priors of Holyrood, Kelso, Melrose, Coldingham and St. Andrews. Though these seldom took orders they ranked as clergymen, and brought disgrace upon the clerical body. The third element was

THE DIOCESE OF COLONGE, confirmation has not been administered for ten years. Here there is no persecution of the religious, as in Italy, where religious houses have been and are being closed, and where Peter is a prisoner in the Vatican. There is no tyranny as in France, where the religious have been driven from the schools and hospitals, and infidel and atheistical cathedrals are compelled by the Government for the use of schools. Above all, there is freedom of education, and Catholics are giving all their children a good, sound, and religious education and training. The education given to those who are not of us should mature the judgment in matters of religion. A more correct study of history must remove traditional fallacies and hereditary prejudices. Again, in past times the press was almost universally hostile, but very much of this anti-Catholic feeling has passed away.

AN OUTRAGED PRESS has also become a power, inspiring cheap and standard works on science, ethics, and dogma, while school books and prayer books exist in abundance. What will serve to make the Church popular with the masses of Scotch people is its elasticity and adaptability to all persons, all times, and all circumstances. Any form of Government, Imperial, limited Monarchical, or Republican, has its sympathy and co-operation, and its children may be Conservative, Liberal, or Radical, and be good Catholics. The agricultural classes will love her because they look back with regret upon the days gone by, when the monks were the kind and most enlightened landlords, and their lands were the best managed. Again, a very special source of encouragement is the easy and unrestricted communication with Rome. Steamers plough the ocean, railways cover the continent—the Alps have been tunneled—and so the Bishops are brought rapidly to the presence of Peter. If history establishes the fact that nations have become corrupt precisely in proportion to their alienation from or opposition to

THE HOLY SEE, it also shows that improved relations with Rome have brought home the prodigal sons. Our great hope lies in prayer. We are not prophets enough to say what will be the future of religion in Scotland. A very far seeing writer, however, has said, speaking of the only old Cathedral except Kirkwall that had been spared—"Now, last scene of all, after centuries of neglect, the breaches of St. Kentigern's venerable high church have been repaired, and its decayed places raised up. It is swept and garnished—those western portals so long closed are thrown open. Who in these days of sin for what or for whom tation shall say what or for whom they wait?" Of this, at any rate, we may be certain, that those who have gone before us, and received their reward, lift up their hands like Moses, in intercession for the land they loved. St. Margaret, who lived and died in Edinburgh. St. Fermine, but died in Edinburgh. St. David, and St. Rule, pray for St. Andrews and Edinburgh; St. Patrick, who was

born within its limits, and St. Kentigern, pray for Glasgow; St. Machar, St. Maelrubha, and St. Magnus pray for St. Aberdeen; St. Filian and St. Thomas of Arbroath pray for Dundee; St. Ninian and St. Martin pray for Galloway; St. Columba and St. Moluoc pray for Argyll and the Isles; whilst St. Andrew, the Apostle of Scotland, may say, as St. Olaus said of Jerusalem, "This is a lover of his brethren and of the people; this is he that prayeth much for the people."

ANOTHER AMERICAN PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN ON IRELAND.

The Rev. S. C. Read, of Dedham, Mass., writes as follows from Belfast to the *Dedham Transcript*:—"It was my good fortune to make the excursion to Blarney in company with eight Bostonians, Messrs. Messenger, senior and junior, with their wives (of the firm of Messenger Brothers and Jones), and Mr. A. Shuman and Company, the company, for present purposes, being his admirable wife and two charming daughters. To this agreeable party of the Shumans I had the happiness to be added for the Irish trip. In their pleasant company I visited the beautiful lakes of Killarney, lakes, islands, and old ruins, set round by rugged and almost perpendicular mountains, and for foreground the magnificent domains of the Earl of Kenmare. This is Killarney. On the way to the lakes we first see a genuine Irish bog, and discover what it is like. From Killarney we sweep across the island to Dublin. As we bowl along we look in vain for an apple tree. In fact we did not see a fruit tree of any kind on the island. Fruit, we are told, in Ireland, is grown in enclosures. In the open field it could not be harvested. This, we reflected again, is Ireland. We are struck by the spaciousness of the population.

We ride through long stretches of country, with here and there a fine mansion, which we are beginning to understand is uninhabited, and a few scattered thatched cottages, some of which are inhabited and some of which are not. Ireland, we are sure, could contain twice its population. We wonder where the laborers live who till the soil. Then we notice that the soil is not tilled. It is the rarest event to see a man at work, even in a patch of potatoes. When he does work he gets two shillings, or two and sixpence a day. But his work is not often wanted on the island. It is laid down to grass, and so it lies. The laborer is not wanted, and so he follows his landlord and emigrates. So that Ireland may be described as a country whose inhabitants live somewhere else. You may have had the impression, Mr. Editor, that Ireland is a noisy, boisterous country. The fact is just the reverse. You never were in it. No one can ride through Ireland without feeling that something somewhere is wrong. If one were to compare the "green land," so aptly named, to a tastefully laid out and well kept cemetery, he would not apparently be greatly misled. This, it needs to be said, is truer of the south of Ireland than of the north. We saw more laborers in the fields within twenty miles of Belfast than we had seen in crossing the entire breadth of the island. Moreover, Cork and Dublin give one the impression of finished cities, very well finished, it is true, while Belfast is evidently still in the hands of the architect, and has all the chaotic appearance of a prosperous manufacturing city.

Our passage through Ireland was within ten days of the Parliamentary election, the issue of which was said to be the most momentous since 1800. We did not lose the opportunity to interview everybody who seemed capable of representing any of the present Parliamentary candidates. The opinion is that Home Rule will give him steady work, better wages and plenty of money. This opinion is not so generally shared in the north. Our Scotch-Irish Presbyterian coachman in Belfast said that with Home Rule they would "have rain and free trade"—rain and blarney. I declared himself a friend of Billy W. King William, which reminds one of the class of Democrats at home who are supposed to vote still for Andrew Jackson. On the other hand, I made the acquaintance of two intelligent young gentlemen of Ulster, sons of a Presbyterian minister, eight miles out of Belfast, who were as strong Home Rulers as any Catholics. They stated that they were in general in favor of the bill \$150,000 to carry it through Parliament. With a Parliament in Dublin that money would at least have been kept in Ireland.

I imagine then, with arguments of this sort, the Home Rule party in Ulster is likely to gain accessions from the ranks of the more intelligent and courageous Protestants. What is to be encountered is first, hatred, and then fear of the Catholics. It is exactly like the "bloody shirt" and "solid South" business in our politics. In fact there is much to remind one of Ireland of certain phases of our own recent political history, North and South, and especially South. To finish with Belfast—I closed an interview with a couple of intelligent Catholic workmen, whom I intended to meet, with the good advice that the two parties should try to live in peace. "Ah, nothing keeps them in peace but the law," they said, with great emphasis.

Here are other pickings from the field of Irish opinion. We had for a travelling companion an Episcopalian, i. e. a disestablished clergyman from Dublin. I was surprised to find him a qualified Home Ruler. He believed in the principle, but was "opposed to this particular measure." He thought in about "twenty years" the country might be ready for it. We next encountered a lawyer and an agent. He pointed us to pasture lands which he let for \$15 per acre. He had a brother who farmed 500 acres, for some of which he paid an annual rental of \$25 per acre for pasture. Think of pasture lands that pay an annual rental of \$25 per acre, ye farmers of Norfolk! As an indication of the social condition in the midst of which he lived, he said he should not dare to go about among his tenants without being armed. I judged by what he said that he could put his hand upon a revolver instantly, if required. But he was a Home Ruler, nevertheless. He had

been a Conservative, but it was evident to him that the late Tory Cabinet had a bargain with the Parnellites, and would have brought in a Home Rule bill, either Gladstone's or another, if he had come into power. This opposition to the late bill was more political trickery, and, with one party or the other, Home Rule is predestined. On the contrary, I breakfasted at the hotel in Dublin with a man who described himself as a "land-owner." He was not a Home Ruler. His remedy for Ireland was to "execute the laws." "You have no fear for your personal safety," I said. "Certainly not, certainly not," he answered, and then casting a stealthy glance at adjacent tables, added in an undertone, "To tell the truth, it is not very long since I did not. Had some trouble with a tenant." Our next interview, a little unexpected to me, was with the Rt. Hon. T. D. Sullivan, M. P., Lord Mayor of Dublin. I enjoyed this interview by the happy chance of being for the moment a kind of retainer in the party of Mr. Shuman to whom I am indebted for much of the pleasure of my Irish tour. There are obvious advantages in being taken in hand by a nobleman, or at least a royal good fellow, who carries with him a letter of credit for \$10,000 for a short vacation tour of three months. For the most part our friend Shuman travelled as a sort of republican prince, and he pleased him in Dublin to appear in the character of a "United Irishman," or an "Irish-American," as a kind of tribute to innumerable Irish acquaintances over the sea. Among them apparently he has the happiness to number His Honor, the excellent Mayor of Boston, from whom, as I understand it, he carried a letter of general introduction, and also our Irish-American poet, Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the *Pilot*, from whom he carried a very cordial letter of commendation, in especial to His Honor, the Mayor of the other Irish capital. These vouchers secured us a wholly unobtrusive, and I should judge, a somewhat exceptionally warm reception.

His Honor and His Honor's private secretary personally showed us through the apartments of the "Mansion," the Mayor's official residence, in which is a banquet hall that will seat 900 persons, in which are given the State dinners, and in which the coming Irish Parliament is likely to hold its first sessions, the old Parliament, a spacious and massive structure, being occupied by the Bank of Ireland. His Honor had the grace to bring out for inspection his robe of State, gold necklace, gold collar and other official paraphernalia, which we were freely permitted to put upon our unofficious persons. We were then put in charge of an attendant for further investigation, which extended to the stables and carriage houses, and His Honor excused himself, saying that he had a meeting to attend a quarter of an hour later. In next morning's papers we saw that the meeting was one at which our gracious host was re-nominated for Mayor and at which he made an address, and we greatly admired the apparent absence of respect in the opinion which he had shown in an interview on the eve of an event of so much consequence. If his heart had been set upon winning our unqualified respect and loyal sympathy he could not have succeeded more perfectly, and if we had any votes to cast in Dublin they would certainly be given for the Right Hon. T. D. Sullivan.

But I am not giving you the Lord Mayor's view of the political situation. To be very brief about it, His Honor evidently looked upon Home Rule as a thing predestinated in a near future, but he appeared to be very far from sure that anything so good would issue as the result of the present Parliamentary election. The present likely Mr. Gladstone's own opinion. He doubtless expects to be beaten, but he probably hopes not to be very badly beaten, and he will justly consider not to be very badly beaten a great victory.

A Sermon on "Whiskey."

We have received from the headquarters of the Catholic Temperance Union a pamphlet sermon on "Whiskey," written by a German priest in Germany and intended for the people of that country. We have not read it, because we do not know any argument against whiskey which does not militate with ten-fold force against beer. Preaching against whiskey in Germany is like preaching against beer in Scotland, a simple dodging of the question.

Our consul at Chemnitz reports to the Secretary of State that the beer production of Germany in 1885 was 1,000,000,000 gallons, enough to form a lake 100 miles square and six feet deep, and that it would make a running stream as large as some of our rivers. He says the consumption of intoxicants in Germany per head is four times as great as in the United States, yet there are a thousand hopeless drunkards in the United States to ten in Germany.

What nonsense it is to talk to these people about whiskey-drinking! We prefer to talk of animated flesh which one sees in Germany, lost to all feeling, all energy, all higher life and able only to open their mouths and swallow beer. Whiskey makes a madman; beer makes a very tame brute. —Western Watchman.

A New Wonder

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Fatal Attacks

Among the most prevalent fatal and sudden attacks of disease are those incident to the summer and fall, such as Cholera Morbus, Bilious Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, etc., that often proves fatal in a few hours. That ever reliable remedy Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, should be at hand, for use in emergency.

Mrs. Mary Thompson, of Toronto, was afflicted with tape worm, 8 feet of which was removed by one bottle of Dr. Low's Worm Syrup.

Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap is highly recommended for all humors and skin diseases.

PRIVATE JUDGMENT ON PARADE.

Written for the Colorado Catholic.

He was a preacher in the reformed church. It so styled itself, and every church ought to know its own name. He was not a bad man or a fool, and had, like the better average of men, a general disposition to do good according to the light that was in him.

Without predilection on his part, his circumstances became such that he thought of giving up the ministry. He had insensibly drifted into one or two secular affairs. His wife had means. His social position was comfortable. He had taken no view of obedience or poverty, and besides, if he had, one of the doctrines of his denomination was that youth has no power to put a mortgage on middle life, nor middle age on old hair; what would seem right at twenty-five might otherwise appear at forty.

Accordingly he took leave of his congregation, changed the cut of his coat, gradually lost his priestly look and became as other men are. He obtained some political preferment and finally received a commission as Brigadier-General. Now I have always admired and still do admire and envy that man who in any department has opportunity to cultivate, and does cultivate, specialty. The man that knows all that is to be known about horse shoe nails, knows more than the man who knows everything superficially and no one thing in all its possibilities. So at last our hero had his mission and he brought to the enterprise all the good sober American virtues which he had carried into courtship, religion, business and politics.

He began to study the subject and made himself familiar with the history of war and the lives of warriors. Every ambitious young man was encouraged to get up a company. A regiment was soon completed with a battery and a squadron of cavalry. We came now to the details of the organization. Our hero had been strictly trained to the doctrine of private interpretation and had preached many a sermon on the sanctity of the individual conscience and the liberty of the entrained mind and was a sincere believer in the doctrine he had preached. If applicable in one department of life, why not in another? Thus he reasoned and thus he proceeded. To act. The regiment was allowed to include a company of Zouaves, another of Highlanders, of Grenadiers, of Yaegers and one of Sharpshooters, in which each private furnished his own gun, without regard to calibre, presumably the gun that in his judgment, in his own hands, would do the most execution.

Still greater scope was given to the fatal doctrine of private judgment in the battery. One veteran claimed that no accurate firing could be done except with solid ball from a gun which threw such shot with precision but was worthless for shell. A second despised all reliance upon isolated long distance shots and urged for the getting gun with its spreading range. A third who had also seen service and could quote authorities for his judgment, argued for the howitzer. The dispute between rifles and smooth bores (which is not with artillery the one-sided question which it is in the case of small arms), had supporters for both sides. But under the bland supervision of our Brigadier, these discussions were nothing in two words, but rather tended to harmony—for every man had his own way and was flattered by the approval or his superior.

The organization being complete, a review was ordered, and we can hardly look for disaster to any theory, however delicate, in the mild tension of a holiday parade.

The day dawned gloriously and we gathered to observe. The battery was of the regulation number of six guns, but in every other respect was a non-conformist. It consisted of one rifled 24 pounder, one 24 pounder smoothbore, one galling, one nordenflet, one brass howitzer, one mitrailleuse. It was ordered to form column and to fire the piece in the same direction. Some target practice had been proposed, but it was found that the targets must be of six different sizes and placed at as many different distances, so the target idea was abandoned, but the order was given for a single volley, and everything went. Three of the pieces went off at one crack; one repeated at short intervals, and the other kept discharging as long as the crank was kept turning. As soon as their guns were discharged, the cannoniers proper yelled to the pepper boxes to cease firing, but the pepper-boxes claimed a right to keep on till they had fired as much as the cannon. The captain of the battery in the meantime gave no orders, very consistently holding that each gun captain must decide the question for himself. Not to be outdone by the little pepper boxes, the regular cannoniers fell to reloading and firing, claiming the right to cease discharging for every turn of the crank. The Brigadier had not expected such confusion and wondering how the command for one volley could bring on such a cannonade, he came riding up just as the thing was getting exciting, and could not make his orders heard in the noise. Master of the occasion, however, he gave the sign to cease firing and wheel into column. This brought the artillery review to an untimely end and the battery was ordered to the rear.

The infantry was then ordered to attention, and the command passed, carry arms, order arms, charge bayonets, etc. These orders were fairly obeyed, but without any of the effect of uniformity, because the carbines, of course, had no bayonets and the long and short guns could not be brought to an enfilade. When the order came to load and fire, it was found that but few men had the proper calibre of ammunition and the breech loaders could not be fired so as to produce a regimental volley, except after long intervals, allowing for the different motions.

The cavalry were next called for, and they came as the wind cometh, which, according to scripture, cometh as it listeth. The captain of one company was an old dragoon, who believed in nothing but the sabre—but had allowed one of his lieutenants to organize the rear platoon as lancers. The other captain had served under Forrest, and believed in nothing but the carbine and revolver.

The review ended in a sad disappointment to all who had come to see it.

beauty and precision which ought to be exhibited when the physical power of 1,000 men is exercised at the will of a single leader.

There was the contrast of color and the variety of a crazy quilt, but the senses of power which ought to come from organization and design were altogether wanting.

Our preacher returned to his home convinced that freedom of conscience was a worthless maxim in military science, and thought for the first time, a thought of charity for the dogmatic authority claimed by the Catholic Church.

Martyrs of the Chinese Peninsula.

The Independent is brave enough to pay this deserved tribute to the Christian martyrs in China.

We must not say, whatever we may think of the errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome, that the missionary heroes and martyrs of the present age all belong to Protestant communions. We cherish, and ever will cherish, the memory of the brave men who, like Bishops Patterson and Hamington, shed their blood among the savages, or like Livingstone and Morrison, spent their whole life in hard and unremitting toil among unsympathetic heathens, or like Melville B. Cox, and hosts of others, went calmly forth to meet death in plague-stricken lands; but Christianity has a larger heritage than these, and though few Protestants may ever know even the names of the noble Catholic priests who refused to escape from the jaws of death in China and Indo-China since the terrible carnage began in 1882, those names as truly belong to the roll of Christian martyrs as any that are found in Fox's list.

It was the French war in Tongking that roused the hatred of the natives of Indo-China and Southern China. They identified all Christians as enemies of their country. "The French," they argued, "are Christians. You are a Christian. You are, therefore, a friend of the French, and consequently a traitor." They also contended that as the priest would not obey the Emperor in religious as well as civil matters, he must obey some one else, evidently some foreign power. As the converts obey the priest, priest and converts are enemies of the Government.

The massacres, the latest of which occurred only a few weeks ago, began in 1882, in Yunnan, in Southwest China. The governor of the province at that time was a man noted for his intense hostility to foreigners. When Viceroy Li Hung Chang directed him to call on the British Consul he replied: "Excellency, if you want my head, take it; but visit a European, never!" Under such a governor, Christians could expect no quarter, and they received none. Among the first victims was Father Terrasse, who had lived in Yunnan nine years and had established four Catholic communities. A mob of 300 men, led by mandarins, surrounded his house at night, and demanded that the doors be opened. The house was attacked and the windows broken, and, realizing that defense was hopeless, Father Terrasse gathered his followers around him, and proceeding to the chapel, he gave the last absolution. Then, opening the doors, he presented himself to the rabble, and said: "Here am I to answer for all." And there, at the threshold of the chapel, he perished, a Christian hero, cut to pieces by sabres.

Father Bachel, a young missionary in Tongking, was arraigned with a number of converts. The trial was a short one. "Who are you?" demanded the mandarin. "I am a missionary, preaching the doctrine of Jesus Christ." "It is enough," said the court, "you are to be led to death." The priest was the last of the party to suffer. Waving aside the cords with which they proposed to bind him, he offered his neck to the executioner, and his brave soul went forth to the company of martyrs.

A Chinese priest, warned to flee to a place of safety, replied: "Those who wish to live may do so. I remain with those who refuse the opportunity." And so he met death.

Father Gayomard fell in Cambodia last year. When he set out for Cambodia it was in peace, with no prospect of war, and one of the missionary's friends said to him: "Wait, off for Cambodia! Then you have no chance for martyrdom." "The martyrs," the priest replied, "are dead; they go to Heaven in an hour. I intend to make a laborious journey of thirty years." Father Gayomard, however, soon became a heroic martyr. In East Yochin, China many priests and thousands of converts were struck down in August of last year, after suffering, in many cases, the most excruciating torture. Father Chatelet did not more bravely than did hundreds of his fellow-sufferers. When it came his turn to descend to the place of desecration he said to the executioner, who he waited in the open door: "I shall not go so far; if you want my head, come and take it here." Missiles, lances and sabres soon made short work of him where he stood.

The story of these massacres is one of the most harrowing in the annals of Christian persecutions. Death was presented to the poor converts in its most dreadful forms, and yet they stood firm for their faith, and showed how Christians can die. But few are reported as renouncing Christianity for Paganism to escape death. Women were ready to suffer as men. The example of their constancy and gentle resignation cannot but influence the persecutors. There will come a reaction, and it will prove in Indo-China, as in other lands and ages, that the blood of the martyrs is seed of the Church.

The Fire Bells

Ring out an alarm and it is heeded. This is to notify you that base substitution is practised when the great, sure-proof corn cure is asked for. Putnam's Painless Corn Extract never fails to take corns off. It makes no sore spots and gives no pain. Be sure and get "Putnam's."

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the best medicine I have ever used. It is a medicine for making corns, dandruff, itching, etc., m. rifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor."