YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

THE STORY OF ST. EULAMPIUS.

FOR a few hundred years after the death of Our Lord the Christians were very cruelly persecuted by the Roman Emperors. One of these, Maximian, in the seventh year of his reign, went to live at Nicomedia—or, as it is called nowadays, Ismeed,—a town of Turkey in Asia. When he began to put to death those who would not adore the false gods, a few Christians were weak and base enough to deny their religion; but the greater number would not do so, and to escape death a good many fled from the city to the mountains, where they hid themselves in caverns. They were safe enough there as long as they had food; but the provisions which they had taken with them did not last long, and they soon began to suffer from hunger. There was only one thing to do—send some one into the town to get food; and, as the trip would be a dangerous one, it was decided to send a boy, since he would exite less suspicion than a grown person.

Among all the boys in the company, Eulampius was chosen as the bravest and most virtuous. He was only twelve or thirteen years old, but he had a deep love for Our Lord, and the prospect of the greatest dangers did not make him tremble. So he confidently set out for Nicomedia. When he reached the gate of the town, he saw posted up there this edict, or order:

"The Emperor Maximian and the members of the Senate, by the advice of the oracle given by the immortal gods, make known to all the inhabitants of Nicomedia, old or young, that all subjects of the Empire are commanded to assemble in the temple of the great Goddess Ceres, to offer her a sacrifice. Whoever disobeys this order will be arrested and put to the torture."

Eulampius was so indignant when he read this placard that he pulled it off the gate and tore it up. Some soldiers saw him do so, and they at once seized him, put him in chains, and threw him in prisoon. The next day they took him to the prefect, or chief magistrate of the town, whose name was Maximus. The prefect was naturally a mild man; and, seeing the modest and innocent face of Eulampius, he was moved to compassion. "Take off his chains," said he to the soldiers. "I should blush to keep so feeble a child in irons."

The chains were removed; but the judge, kind-hearted as he was, did not intend to let a Christian escape. "What is your name?" he asked.—"I am called Eulampius."—"Are you freeborn or a slave?"—"I am the slave of Jesus Christ, but in the eyes of men I am free and of a noble race."—"Then why do you act like a vile slave? Why do you despise the edict of the Emperor, and refuse to sacrifice to the gods?"—"And who are the gods to whom I should sacrifice?"—"What! Don't you know them? They are Jupiter, Apollo, and especially our great Goddess Ceres."—"No, no! I don't call them gods. They are devils. If I adored them, I should be running toward eternal perdition."—"Boy, you do wrong to blaspheme the gods in this way. Take care that you do not anger them and provoke their vengeance."—"Judge, you are mistaken. I repeat it, your gods are only devils, and they have no power to hurt me."—"Ah! ha!" cried Maximus. "Your demure appearance deceived me. I thought it would be easy to convince you. But enough! There is no use in your being so stubborn. Come here to the altar, and sacrifice at once."—"Never!" said Eulampius. "To sacrifice to gods who can't hear or see or feel, would be senseless."

Then began the infliction of the torture. The first punishment was scourging. While the little hero was being struck, Maximus said: "Don't you see that it is the gods themselves who are punishing you? Consent to adore them, and you will be spared further torments."—"Once for all!" replied Eulampius, "you will never make me adore devils." Then Maximus commanded the soldiers to redouble their blows.

"God of heaven and earth!" cried Eulampius; "O my Saviour and Redeemer, help me to triumph over Maximus, and make me stronger than these executioners!" His earnest prayer was heard. The soldiers soon grew tired of scourging him, and the young saint stood up braver than ever.

"I rejoice in my sufferings," said he; "for I suffer for the glory of my God."—"Don't be so proud," answered Maximus, "You will soon acknowledge to yourself that you are foolish in disobeying me."

Eulampius was stretched on the rack until his arms and legs were pulled out of joint, and the soldiers began to tear the skin of his body. The martyr kept his eyes turned toward heaven; and, although the pain was so violent that he looked as though he were just going to die, he called Our Lord to his assistance. "O Jesus, prove that Thou dost never abandon Thy servants!"

Maximus saw from this that the brave boy was not yet conquered, so he ordered him to be placed on an iron bed that had been made red-hot. The torture was terrible, but Eulampius prayed, and received strength to bear it. Then the prefect, seeing that this new torment could not vanquish him, tried once more to coax him to sacrifice.

"My child," said he, "it is time to listen to me. I have pity on you; your resistance pains me, for it prevents me from sparing your youth. I must obey the orders of the Emperor, but if you only consent to sacrifice you will be the friend and the favorite of Maximian."—"What gods am I to adore?" asked Eulampius.—"I have already told you: Jupiter, Apollo, and Ceres."—"Where are they? Show them to me, if you want me to adore them."

The prefect was delighted. He thought that at last this stubborn young Christian had been conquered by all the pain he had felt, and was willing to sacrifice to the immortal gods. He was so glad that he sent messengers all through the town to tell the people to gather in the temple, where a Christian was going to apostatize, or deny the God of the Christians.

A great crowd assembled, and Maximus soon came in with Eulampius. "There are our gods," said the prefect, showing him the idols, or some images.

"Yes, there are your gods," replied the boy, contemptously.

Maximus began to think that perhaps he had mistaken the sentiments of Eulampius. "How is this?" he cried. "Are you now going back on your promise?"

Eulampius did not answer him; but, approaching an idol, he said in a loud voice: "I speak to you, god of stone. Have you any need of sacrifice? Do you need any food or drink?"

The statue, of course, remained mute. Then the boy turned to Maximus, and said: "You see, these are your pretended gods. They are standing, and can't sit down; they have ears, and can't hear; they have a mouth, and can't speak; their eyes are open and they can't see. Now I'll show you that I can throw them down on the ground, and they can't help themselves."

"Foolishness!" said Maximus. "Sacrifice at once, silly boy."

"Wait a minute," said Eulampius. And raising his eyes to heaven, he prayed; then, turning to the idol, he cried out: "Dead god, dumb god, motionless god, fall on the ground and be broken!" And the idol fell and was smashed into fragments; and a great many in the crowd cried out: "The God of Eulampius is all-powerful!"

A number of pagans, among whom was Eulampius' own sister, were converted; and the brave boy, having been thrown into a cauldron of boiling water, used the water which grew cold all at once, to baptize many of the spectators. Finally he and his sister died in torments, confessing Christ with their last breath.

Catholic boys and girls don't have to suffer nowadays any tortures or great pains for the sake of their religion, but they can imitate the bravery of St. Eulampius and his sister by refusing to commit sin for any reason whatever. If they keep their souls pure and innocent, our Blessed Lord will love them just as well as if they underwent great trials for His sake.—*Ave Maria.*

The Course of Justice.

Here is is an instance that even in this world Nemesis will pursue and overtake those who have been guilty of murder most foul:

On Saturday at Marseilles a man, barefooted and in rags, was taken to the police station and charged with being a vagrant. He made a statement that he served under the Commune as a captain in Dombrosky's staff. Gilbert, as his name is, was in command of the company that executed Mgr. Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, with the rest of the priestly hostages, he himself giving that venerable prelate the finishing shot with with his revolver. After the taking of Paris by the Versailles army Captain Gilbert was court-martialled and sentenced to death, but a respite was granted him, and he was transported to New Caledonia.

We object to the words "executed" and "hostages" in the above paragraph which we copy from the Daily News. The ecclesiastics were not hostages but martyrs, and they were assassinated not executed. But this wretched Gilbert should have been shot, and we cannot understand why he was not. His dastard excuse that if he had not given Mgr. Darboy his quietus a dozen Communists would have shot him is slender extenuation of his offence. He was and is a foul ruffian. On the amnesty he returned to France, where he has been leading a penurious hand-to-mouth existence, which may have been graver penalty than quick death.—*Universe.*

The Voice of the People.

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No mind that has any real life is a mere echo of another.

The Mormon Blight.

London, September 9.—Revelations just made show that there are 600 Mormon missionaries working in Great Britain and Scandinavia. Particular attention is called by the press to the operations of two young Mormon missionaries who have operated in a village of Lancashire, and some strange disclosures are made in the methods adopted. The result has been another upheaval of public indignation, and it is probable a more determined effort will be made to find some means of putting a stop to this transatlantic traffic in women.

Large Families.

The total number of applications for hundred acre lots by the fathers of the family of twelve children in this province amounts to over 1,500, which represents a population of perhaps 20,000. Nearly 1,000 claims have been granted, and already 800 families have settled on their lots.

Don't You Forget It.

"I will never forget that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry saved my life. Five years ago I had a terrible attack of summer complaint and was given up by the doctor and my parents. A friend advised Fowler's Strawberry and at the second dose I was relieved and soon was well as ever."—Maggie McGillivray, Falkenburg, Ont.

The North West.

Prof. Macoun, of the geological survey, returned last week from Ottawa from a trip to the National park at Banff. He speaks in the most glowing terms of the Manitoba and North west harvest. On his way home he passed through Calgary, Edmonton, Prince Albert and Indian Head and obtained a good idea of the condition and extent of the crops at these places. Everywhere he went the yield, not only in wheat, but in all lines of crops will be abnormally heavy and in some parts the greatest ever known. The reports of damage by frost are greatly exaggerated. He was in the Northwest when the first frost occurred, and is in a position by actual knowledge to say that no general damage was done. Though not there when the second frost took place, he knows that, except in one or two places, the crops had all been harvested, and therefore were past danger.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

A Conference Formed at Winnipeg—The Office-bearers.

A conference of the Catholic Truth Society has been organized in Winnipeg, and will be connected with the parent society in England, where it has been in existence for some years. The objects of the association are to improve the moral, mental and social condition of its members; the dissemination of Catholic truth; the promotion and circulation of Catholic literature, and to explain through the press and other channels the doctrines of the Church, more especially when her teachings are assailed or misrepresented. The principal means to be adopted for securing those objects will be the publication of short, timely articles in the secular press (to be paid for if necessary) on Catholic doctrines; the prompt and systematic correction of misrepresentations, slanders and libels against Catholicity; the promulgation of reliable and edifying Catholic news of the day, as Church dedications, opening of asylums and hospitals, the workings of charitable institutions, abstracts of sermons, and anything calculated to spread the knowledge of the vast amount of good being accomplished by the Catholic Church; occasional public lectures on topics of Catholic interest; supplying jails and reformatories with good and wholesome reading matter, and the discussion of topics of mental, moral or social interest at the meetings of the society. Any mature woman, who is a practical Catholic and of the full age of 18 years or over, may become a member. The initiation fee is $1, and assessment ten cents per month; in addition to this the society may raise funds for its legitimate needs by any entertainment or scheme approved by the chaplain. The chaplain shall be a censor, and shall examine all articles on any of the Church's teachings intended for publication in the press, and such articles shall not be published by the society without his sanction and approval. His Grace Archbishop Tache of St. Boniface, heartily approves of the society, and will appoint a chaplain in a few days.

The officers are: President, A. McGillis, of the P. O. department; vice-president, W. Cassidy; second vice-president, E. Hughes; recording secretary, A. H. Kennedy; corresponding secretary, P. W. Russell; financial secretary, A. D. McDonald; treasurer, E. Dowell. The directors are: A. McGillis, F. W. Russell, A. H. Kennedy, P. D. O'Connell, A. D. McDonald, N. Berger and F. J. Connell.

Winnipeg, 1st Sept., 1891.

M. C.

GIBRALTAR

Not the Key of the Mediterranean.

There is a fascination in styling Gibraltar the Key of the Mediterranean. It is a little more than a fascination; Gibraltar is not what it once was. This change has come about by the use of steam. In the old days of sailing vessels the currents of the Atlantic and the winds forced every vessel entering the straits under the guns of the rock. But now vessels are nineteen miles wide opposite Gibraltar, so that steamships may pass in and out and yet be almost out of sight of the rock and certainly out of range. Gibraltar is, however, a place of importance to England as a coaling station, a harbor, and a place for arms—an important link in the chain of empires—and, besides, any power possessing it could menace the road to India. It is not generally known that Spain still possess the right of preemption, but cannot afford to buy, and the land being freehold, the residents who have lived and thrived under English rule have a claim to protection, and their rights cannot be forfeited. The real key to the situation is Tangier, once held by England, but abandoned, with Bombay, at a time when its importance was not recognized. Ceuta cannot be considered for importance, since it lacks a harbor and good anchorage—the first requisite of any place which is of value as a strategical point. But Tangier lies at the southwest entrance, where Spain and Africa reach out toward each other, leaving barely ten miles from shore to shore. The bay has excellent anchorage, it commands the entrance completely, and, if well fortified, would be of more value than Gibraltar. If held by any other power it would threaten and completely neutralize Gibraltar as a stronghold.

Great Game.

The great American game, Baseball, in the States, and the great English game, Cricket, in the Dominion, are in full career, and it is apropos to consider what a celebrated pitcher says: Mr. Louis Rush, 49 Preston St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A., writes: "In pitching ball I sprained my arm: two applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured me." If you want to be ready for the next day, try it.

A Slight Error.

The English clerical newspapers recently rejoiced greatly over the news that three Bengal regiments had been converted, but now find to their sorrow that the word converted is, in a military sense, equivalent to abolished. A secular newspaper of Non-Conformist sympathies capped this blunder by saying that the late Sepapti was a person whose civilization was so rudimentary that he fed on insects. The original statement, written in India, was that he was a betel chewer. Transformed by the telegraph companies, this became beetle chewer.

Several Seasons.

"For several seasons I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and find that it makes a perfect cure even of the severest attacks of summer complaint and diarrhœa. It is as precious as gold."—Mrs. F. C. Winger, Fonthill, Ont.

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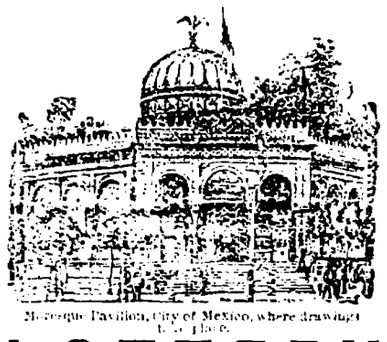

Moresque Pavilion, City of Mexico, where drawings take place.

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1 Capital Prize of	10,000	is	10,000
1 Grand Prize of	5,000	is	5,000
5 Prizes of	$1,000	are	5,000
5 Prizes of	500	are	2,500
20 Prizes of	200	are	4,000
100 Prizes of	100	are	10,000
200 Prizes of	50	are	10,000
500 Prizes of	20	are	10,000

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THE CITIZENS ASSEMBLY ROLLS.

The Election of Mayor in Former Days—Some Interesting Historical Facts and Figures.

In my former letters I described the old Charters of Dublin and the ancient books known as the White Books and the Chain Book, and I will now give you some account of another class of these historical records, styled the Rolls of the Assemblies of the Citizens. The earliest of these rolls begins with the year 1447. Each roll is composed of several separate membranes or sheets of vellum, and all are headed with the names of mayors and civic officials. Some of the enactments are in Latin but most are in the English of the time. The writing is much abbreviated and difficult of decipherment, and the entries are in many parts obliterated, stained or fractured. The Calendar to which I have already referred includes the Dublin Assembly Rolls from 1447 to 1558, and in it are given summaries of the Latin portions entries in old English in the original orthography without abbreviations, and a glossary of obsolete terms has been added.

The contents of these rolls are of a very miscellaneous character, and illustrate not only the arrangements under which Dublin was governed in ancient times; but also afford extensive materials towards supplying knowledge in connection with the social and every day life of the middle or mercantile classes in the principal city of Ireland in the olden days. The Government in Dublin made constant attempts to exclude the native Irish not only from all offices, but from trades and industrial avocations carried on within the circuit of the city. This was occasionally pursued with such energy that we find here special enactments, in the middle of the fifteenth century, requiring all manner of men and women of Irish blood to quit the city within a limited period, unless they had been dwellers there for a period of at least twelve years. Among the enactments was one decreeing that no "apprentice" of a merchant should be admitted to the franchise of the city till he had bow and sheaf of arrows, coat of mail and sword of his own. On a margin opposite this entry there is a curious contemporary sketch, in the rudest style, drawing of a figure armed with sword and bow and arrow, in the act of drawing his bow.

The annual election of the mayor was on Michaelmas Day, and he was sworn into office with much ceremony, in presence of a crowd of tenantry for the time being subject to the jurisdiction of the municipality. The chief officials of the city were elected every year on the fourth, the quarter Michaelmas Day, in a public assembly of the citizens held by having wands of office placed in their hands. The mayor and ex-officio functionaries sat as judges in the city courts, and had control over the police, of which malefactors were punished under his sentences. He had two assistants, two officials styled "bailiffs" and subsequently designated sheriffs. At certain periods the mayor and officials were bound to make certain perambulations of the boundaries of the city, both within and without the walls, with the object of preserving encroachments on the city lands and rights. Of these proceedings, also, were styled "riding of the franchises." From one of these details are extant, in one of the rolls we read that the mayor, sheriffs, recorder and aldermen, accompanied by more than 300 of the citizens on horseback, took their way by the name of God out of the Dame's Gate, which stood at the end of the present Dame Street, to the side of the River Liffey, and rode directly eastward to the King's End; and so to the "Bar Beef" at the harbor, where the limits ended and according to ancient usage one of the water bailiffs was commanded to ride into sea eastward as far as he could, being then low water, and to cast a spear as far out as possible into the sea, which he did; "and so far," adds the document, "extend the franchises of the harbor and river of Dublin."

Then, continues the account, the mayor and procession beat their course southwards directly as possible to the Black Stone—now called Blackrock—where, the trumpet sounding again, the company came together once more and rode westward along the highway to the Chapel of Merrion. Here the trumpet giving fresh warning, the company met a second time and consulted as to the right of passage. Their next course was towards a ditch of "blacke sally" and hawthorns, by which they rode till they came to Our Lady's Well, afterwards proceeding on to Donnybrook, to St. Stephen's Gate, St. Kevin's Gate, and the Coombe. In the vicinity of the Coombe, part of the neighbors met the mayor and his company and made them drink; and the next stage brought them to St. Thomas' Court and to a meadow in the midst of which was a "great old hawthorn," and so on to Kilmainham, where on the west end of a meadow several tents were pitched for the mayor, and the whole company alighted and dined.

Finally they returned by Clontarf to the land of St. Mary's Abbey, and here "the Abbot and his Convent" (monks) met with them and prayed that they would do them no wrong; and they said they would nothing do but like as their forefathers informed and taught them now they should ride their franchise. And thence they went on as far as the sea, and, returning, passed over the bridge and about the city till they came by the longest way to the mayor's door, where all took leave of him and departed to their homes.—*Rosa Mulhaollad in Pilot.*

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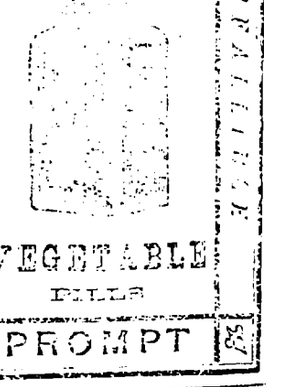

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