

Life-Dream.
We are dreaming in the shadow of another better life.
On the Sunlit hills of Time,
With bright sandals on our feet treading
Through each pebbly street,
On the altar slabs of labor that we climb.
We are dreaming by a sea—by the margin of a sea.
And we look into its deep;
With the castle towers looming from the
Our sinking like each shadow into sleep.
We are dreaming of the stars with our feet
Upon the earth;
And the secrets of the sky,
Ah, our souls would vainly read; reap the
harvest in the seed,
Reap the golden grain of heaven ere we die.
We are dreaming of the past with our hands
stretched towards the shore,
And we read each word with care
That the flowing of our tears robed in accents
of our fears.
—Thomas O'Hagan.

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.
Aided by his servants and by Nicodemus—the Syrian employs the plural adverb—Joseph rolled a great stone to the door of the monument, and went his way (St. Matt. xxvii, 60), for the Sabbath drew on (St. Luke, xxiii, 54). The stone with which Joseph closed the door of the sepulchre had undoubtedly been prepared for that purpose and cut to fit the entrance from the beginning, since it fitted so exactly as to be sealed, as was done soon afterwards by the chief priests.
It was still to be seen in the same place in the time of St. Cyril. "This sepulchre which is here, which is close by," says he to the catechumens; "this stone placed at the entrance of the monument, and which to-day we still see in the same place."
In the time of St. Jerome, in order, no doubt, to facilitate entrance to the tomb, this stone was placed in the interior of the grotto of the Holy Sepulchre, near the stone bench upon which the body of our Saviour had reposed. This is what St. Jerome says of it in speaking of St. Paula: "Having entered the Holy Sepulchre, she kissed the stone which the angel had removed from the door of the tomb." In the time of the Jesuits, the stone was at first a grotto cut into a double rock, the first serving as a vestibule to the other, according to the ancient usage of the Hebrews (Gen. xxiii, 19; xxv, 9). The first grotto was open. It is of the latter that the poet Juvenal speaks (Sat. viii, 14, v. 729) "Limen concludunt immensa volumina petre." (Paschal Rathbert).

This cavern, serving as an ante-chamber to the tomb, remained a natural and unworked grotto till the time of Constantine; it was then leveled, as it interfered with the plan of the basilica which the emperor erected there, as we learn from St. Cyril, who says (Catech. xiv, 9): "Whence did the Saviour arise? We read in the Canticle of Canticles (ii, 10, 14): 'Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. My dove in the clefts of the rock.' He designates here the cavern and the entrance of our emperors had constructed all that surrounds the Holy Sepulchre, it was necessary, in approaching it, to enter into the rock. But where is this rock which formed a vestibule situated? Is it around the ramparts, ancient or new? It is in the cavern situated near the exterior wall, which is the *petra juxta templum*." (Ibid. 14; see the *Sextantium*.)

"The interior or second grotto," writes Paschal Rathbert, "presented the form of a circular ante-chamber cut out under an immense rock, which a man standing could hardly reach with his hand. The entrance to the monument looks to be sealed. The body of Christ was laid at the north side in a recess, cut into the rock, three palms (or two feet) above the ground, and seven feet long. The opening of this lateral grotto fronted the south." Such is the description of the sepulchre given in the ninth century by Paschal Rathbert, a monk of Corbie (Ibid. ii, in Matt. xxvii, 60.)

The reader may also consult the travels of Paul Lucas in Asia Minor (t. ii, p. 12 et seq.), who frequently visited this holy place, and gave an exact description of it in his actual state. "It is," says he, "a kind of little chamber, almost square within, eight feet one inch high from the floor to the vault, six feet one inch long, and fifteen feet two inches wide. The door is closed by a stone of the same rock as that of the tomb, and it was so sealed that the chief priests applied their seal."

The stone which closed the tomb of our Saviour, and which the angels rolled away, and upon, as I believe, one of the most authentic authorities of the Passion of our Lord. Besides its mention in the texts of St. Jerome and St. Cyril, as given above, we find it spoken of by Bishop Arculf (A. D. 700) in these terms: "The stone that was laid at the entrance of the monument is now broken in two; the lesser portion standing as a square altar before the entrance, while the greater forms another square altar in the east part of the same church, covered with linen cloths." I have also found it mentioned in the relations of many pilgrims of subsequent ages; but not having taken any notes on this point, these details have escaped my memory. It is now in the possession of the schismatic Armenians. It is seen and venerated by pilgrims in their church of Mount Zion beyond the walls, where it serves as an altar-stone. A fragment of it, however, is preserved in the Chapel of the Angel. Imitating the piety of St. Paula, the pilgrims kiss it on entering.—Rev. J. J. Begg.

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THE OCTOPUS "MONOPOLY."
A dark and heavy cloud is rapidly over-spreading the sky. The social conditions of Europe, which have so long excited our indignation and scorn and evoked our thankfulness for our own happier lot, are rapidly taking root in this once favored soil, and the men who are planting the baneful upas trees are the giant Monopolists, while they who are preparing the ground and watering and maturing the plants are our criminally apathetic fellow-citizens. Those who made this country what it has hitherto been, who suffered privation, persecution and death to secure to their descendants their God-given heritage—the land—have had their toil and suffering in vain. They dreamed the king and hereditary ruler; they asserted the right of the people to rule themselves and to hold the land for the common benefit, and now their descendants are giving up all their fathers' gains, and placing over themselves tyrants more despotic and more greedy than those who have Ireland a wreck and Russia a land of slaves. The Railroads and the Telegraphs are in the hands of a few men who make use of them to extort countless millions from the people for whose use and benefit alone they should exist, and the land, every rod of which should support a man, is rapidly being absorbed by the selfishness and avarice of those very millions, for the purpose of still further taxing the nation to whom the land of right belongs. These are stern and bitter facts, and if united action be not promptly taken, the power of the Monopolists will be so consolidated that no efforts will be of any avail to break their hold upon the property, and a state of things will be established here to which an Imperial despotism were liberty itself.

Let us take the case of the Railroads. The original principle upon which these were permitted to be incorporated was that they should be allowed to charge a reasonable rate upon the goods which they carried, to secure transportation at such rates as would encourage manufacture and open up the country. What has been done? In 1867-8 the New York and Hudson River Railroad got bills passed increasing their stock by forty-seven millions—millions not one penny of which existed except upon paper, and heavy dividends were paid. Again, the advantages of railroad transportation should be open to all, that the small trader may be enabled to compete on terms as equal as possible with his colossal brother. The Railroad Monopolists make one rate for one man and another for another; they encourage whom they choose, and crush whom they will, and fair trade is at an end. An attempt to obtain a Commission to stand between the Railroads and the people has been made only to be defeated; and the explanation of this has been given by Mr. Depew in six words—"The old man won't have it. That will man won't have it." What Imperial ukase, what Sultan's firman can be more curt or more despotic than this dictum of Railroad King! And this is the American Republic! The New York Central Railroad is now running a literary bureau for the purpose of sending editorial hoodlums to the public to any paper that will print them at 15 or 20 cents a line. Bribes are offered to Senators, all those "in power" are sought to be corrupted, and the Monopolists have every-thing their own way.

Then the public lands. These which should be reserved for the settlers who are to make the bone and muscle of the country, are granted wholesale to Corporations, who let them out at rents and create a landlordism in America more disastrous because more difficult to combat or control, than that which has laid Ireland low!

The telegraph system is another wound through which the nation's life blood is being sucked, with an actual investment of not more than \$6,000,000 of stock on which the people have to pay interest!

There is a Monopoly press controlled by these vampires whose business it is to throw dust in the eyes of the public and prevent the dark ways by which colossal fortunes are built up from becoming apparent. For this the only remedy is—Don't read them. Read those papers, and those only, that are honest and outspoken about these men, and that are working for the public good.

Organization, and prompt organization, is necessary. The anti-Monopoly League, which was started about a year ago, is doing good work. It has among its founders men of wealth and position. It is as vitally necessary here as the Land League in Ireland, and only by prompt action can the measure of success that has been obtained by the latter be possibly secured to the former movement.—Buffalo Union.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.
The following "Portrait of a True Gentleman" was found in an old manuscript in Gloucestershire, written and framed, and hung over the mantelpiece of a tapestried sitting room:
The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward. God is his father, Jesus Christ his Saviour, the saints his brethren, and all that need his friends. Devotion is his chaplain, chastity his chamberlain, sobriety his butler, temperance his cook, hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, charity his treasurer, piety his mistress of the house, and discretion his porter to let in or out, as most fit.

This is his whole family made up of virtue, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to walk in the world on his way to heaven, but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a man and a Christian.

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HAPPINESS OF CONFESSION.
The following authentic story has lately been circulated in France, and may be of use to our country, where the dread of the confessional is one of the weapons most employed by the devil to keep Protestants from being reconciled to the Church of their fathers.
One evening, during the gay and busy reign of the late Emperor of France, a well known priest in Paris left his presbytery about eleven o'clock at night, to administer the last Sacrament to a dying man. On his return home he was accosted by a gentleman, quite a stranger to him, who asked for a few minutes' conversation. The priest somewhat demurred, and alluded to the lateness of the hour.
"True," replied his interviewer: "I have been in bed and risen again from it; there is something on my mind that troubles me, and I am not at all at ease. I have a great name; indeed I pass for a spoiled child of fortune; youths who have been three days in Paris are familiar with the story of my successes; but for all that I am little to be envied, and amongst all my friends and acquaintances there is not one to whom I can confide the secrets of my heart. I would give all I possess in exchange for one to whom I could reveal without fear of indiscretion the trouble that is eating into my soul!"
These words were the preface of a long story, in which the stranger told, with the poignant eloquence of sorrow and genius, things that will never again be known till the day of the great judgment.
Several hours passed, and many a street and boulevard was traversed by the earnest talker, till at last the service of confession was over, and the man of the world took the hand of his newly-found friend.

"I fear," said he "that I have too long trespassed on your sympathy and patience; but I will never forget what you have done for me to-night; you have brought back to me a peace of mind which was long departed."
"Sir," replied the priest, "I have not only a share in your present happiness, but also a pleasure in having performed a duty dear to the Heart of the Great Creator Whom I serve; there is only one thing which would complete my satisfaction, that is to have the greater the number of your confessions, with the remembrance of one of the most memorable nights of my life."

The unknown one turned his face earnestly to his questioner, and after an instant's hesitation, replied: "I will tell you, and I feel sure you will pray sometimes for the frivolous, unhappy child of chance—Alexander Dumas."
How curious that the author of so many voluminous lives of fictitious persons should have suffered so much in keeping silence about his own! That one who wrote so lightly of the confessional should have supplied such an argument in its favor! Surely the greater the genius, the more he is able to control his own passions, the more does he loathe the sinful past to which he may be chained—as Mezentius chained the living to the rotting dead—and more, does year to cast it from him. No one has known the human heart so well as its Maker, and no human trouble is beyond the reach of the Sacraments He has provided for its cure.—Donohoe's Magazine.

WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR SCIENCE.
It is well to call attention from time to time to the services which Catholics, clerical and lay, have rendered to science. Something of what is now being done among the stars and stones all over the world by our co-religionists is thus commemorated in a letter from the Bishop of Salford: "When the English government began to have the public at large in the scientific expedition of the Challenger thoroughly examined and analyzed, two Catholic priests, Monsignor Castracani, of Rome, and Father Reynard, a Belgian Jesuit, were engaged to give their services, as being the two most competent men of science in Europe, the one in the department of celestial navigation, and the other in the microscopic analysis of the deposits of rocks brought up from the bed of the ocean. Science in various branches is still largely indebted to Catholic priests: the name of Secchi stands in the first line of modern astronomy; F. Perry, of Stonyhurst, has twice been named head of the national astronomical expedition to Kerguelen and Madagascar; F. Denza, a Barnabite, is the most eminent astronomer and meteorologist in Italy; and Don Antonio Stoppani the most celebrated geologist. At the head of the astronomical Observatories at Kalosca, Louvain, Puebla, Cuba, Manila, Calcutta, Tchong-kin-Tchouang in China, and at Zikawei, near Shanghai, are stationed Catholic priests. A considerable list might be given of Catholic clergy on the Continent of Europe, who have made a name for the eminent services they have rendered, and are still rendering, to science, in biology, diatomics, electricity, chemistry, mineralogy, botany, conchology, and the highest branches of mathematics. Even in the new American science of atmospheric currents and storms, we are told that one of the chief authorities on the American side of the Atlantic is a Catholic priest."

A POET WHO CAN WRITE PROSE.
The Rev. A. J. Ryan contributes to Donohoe's Magazine this article, which he puts under the heading "Some More of our Weak Points."
We know that it is very disagreeable to write as, in honesty, we are obliged to write. But someone must do it.
"This is the best Government the world ever saw"—a fine political phrase, but false. "The Catholic Church is better off in these United States than anywhere else"—a fine ecclesiastical phrase, but somewhat meaningless. There is political persecution masked, in every political party, against our persons and our beliefs, but not against our votes. Ah, no! votes tell even when the voter is the object of prejudice, that is, the voter is better than the voter. Republican or Democrat, why it is all the same! There is social prejudice against the Church all over the Nation, somewhat, yet not so much, down South. The ministers of non-Catholic denominations eat bread which is baked by the hot fire in the furnace of religious prejudice, to keep themselves and their families alive. In the natural order, we Americans are the sharpest, shrewdest, smartest, most enlightened people on the globe, yet not so much, down South. 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