

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN.

Maurice Egan Takes up the Cudgel Against Them.

My attention has been drawn to a recent paper by Miss Elder on the subject of marriage. I have not as yet seen the paper, as the friend who promised to send it, has—as is often the case—forgotten it. But I am sure that the ideas of Miss Elder on the subject are more valuable than those of most young women who have no experience in marriage are likely to be, for Miss Elder is a keen observer and she knows how to express her opinions brilliantly.

From the report of her paper, I understand she takes ground somewhat similar to that which I took in an article written some time ago for the Catholic press. "And," as the Catholic Universe remarks, "we remember there was a howl of protest from Omaha to Baltimore. The young women were silent, but the young men protested loudly that they were good enough for any young woman."

The young men were certainly very outspoken on that occasion, but some of us who have been young men ourselves will recall a time when we thought we were good enough for any young woman and when we would have been unsparing in our denunciation of the writer or speaker who doubted it. But age and marriage change all that; and we learn in time the teachings of civility were right, and that most women, in the higher things, are much better than most men.

There was a time when any brute of a stump speaker could raise a laugh by alluding to women with a certain amount of tolerance and superiority. Times have changed. That sort of thing could not be done now—a little mild ridicule such as Mr. Howells and the more decent newspaper paragrapher cast on the sex is permitted; but the brutalities of the past are of the past.

Let us look facts in the face. Are our young men inferior intellectually, socially and morally, to their sisters and to young women with whom they would naturally associate? If so,—why? These are the questions. There is no getting over the fact that classes exist in this country. No man, in spite of what the "society" writers say, is born into a class. He makes his own class and takes his place, no matter to what class his father belonged. Again, our social theories and practices, the pronunciation of our language, are English. Each city has its local aristocracy; but the English think that they are all equally ill-born—one American is just as good as another; and so, when an English earl wants to refill his coffers, a granddaughter of the Mayflower is no better in his eyes than the daughter of the millionaire of '94 who was a newsboy in '54. We are just beginning to discuss that with our friends, the English.

Social position or the American pedigree cuts no figure—it is a matter of money. Consequently, our multimillionaires in order to get the guinea stamp go to London, and, if they can, marry their daughters to British peers. A man may have social position in Baltimore or Philadelphia or New York; but his position is local until he gets the English approval.

I merely mention these facts in order to define the terms. However unpleasant they may seem, they are facts. Into the "brightest" stratum of any American social set, money and good manners will take any fairly decent man and almost any woman about whom there has been no public scandal; therefore, people in our country make their own social position. Outside of the very "smart" set, which takes its cue from England, there are many circles of society. In all of them intelligence and good manners count, but in none of them does riches count so much as in the very "highest" circles. There money—and a great deal of it—is necessary. In others, a girl whose parents are uneducated people, makes the most of her opportunities; she takes several steps upwards in the social scale; her brother, if he be poor and a Catholic, has not the same chances. She attends a school taught by the Sisters—music and some other "accomplishments" is within her reach. This tends to refine her; it gives her new interests. If she go to a Public school, her parents will consider the question of refinements. In the average boy, no matter what school he attends, there are no accomplishments. Any neighborhood is good enough for a boy to live in; no neighborhood is too good for a girl. Home is the abiding-place of girls; home is the bed-room of the boy, and his abiding-place the streets. All this makes a difference in the beginning; the boy and girl grow apart. She reads books; he dips into the newspapers for local politics and the base ball score!

When I wrote my last article on this subject it was understood that I alluded entirely to Catholic graduates of colleges and convents. Not at all. They form a very small percentage of our people. I leave them out entirely; of the graduate of Georgetown or the Visitation, of Manhattan, or the Sacred Heart, of La Salle or Chestnut Hill, of Notre Dame or St. Mary's, I am not talking. They have opportunities which the great mass of Catholic young people do not expect to have. They are counted by the scores, the rest by the thousands. I am concerned with the thousands.

In the East and South, you hear this speech constantly—from charming girls—"There are no Catholic young men we could marry." And when one

compares the girls and the men one understands it. It is a pity;—for, though the object of a woman's life ought not to be marrying, yet we cannot help seeing that if they all take a prejudice against it and go in for typewriting and cashing and newspaper reporting—any work except that of the household,—the world will come to a more deadly stop than any train during the strike. In view of the consequences of such a boycott, it becomes us all to find out why there are so few marriageable Catholic men in many places adorned by the most charming of the other sex.

Now there is Miss S. I knew her well. Graceful as a maple bough. Wears sleeves which only need to be filled with gas, to carry her anywhere; lovely top knot and frizzes; plays Chopin with expression and goes to the Summer School; her pronunciation is a *ballade* in all the softest modulations of the octave. But her brother!—if he has ever heard of the Summer School, he thinks it is a place for "kids,"—a kind of fresh air sanitarium. He is never seen out with her; they do not know the same people; when she gives an assembly, he and his friends are not there; "too high-toned;" beer is more in their line than *frappe* and ice-cream. His friends are like him, honest fellows who mean well; but who do not care for books, who prefer "Daddy Won't Buy Me a Bow-wow," or that other vile thing, about Casey strummed on the banjo, to any music Miss S. can play. Miss S. works for her living in some way that requires dexterity and some brains. Her brother's friends all earn from a thousand to seven hundred dollars. She does not care to live on that sum with a man who likes to take his meals in his shirt sleeves, who does not read the magazines, and who says "gen-u-ine."

This is her point of view. Because she plays Chopin, or perhaps, even Stranus and Metra, because she wears a top-knot and those tremendous sleeves in the right season, because she seems well bred, she has a chance of entering a social set into which her brother or his friends never go at all. This may, if she lives in a small American town, be a Presbyterian or a Methodist set; then she says,— "All the nice young men I know are Protestants." It is very sweet of her not to marry one of them when he asks her; she thinks so herself; she is a martyr to modern social conditions, and she often speaks of it.

She has been often told that she ought to be glad to marry any honest Catholic, whether he dines in his shirt-sleeves, or chews tobacco, or drinks a little too much. She replies that many young Catholics of her acquaintance are not so religious as they might be and that she had no desire to spend her life in "nagging" about Mass on Sundays or confession on certain other days. To which we answer that the duty of woman is patience and that she may make amends by her piety for the carelessness of her husband, and, finally, when he is too old for billiards and pool, for drinks and other amusements, make an example of beautiful spirituality of him. And then the frivolous creature tosses the top-knot and says that she is not in the reforming business. We then remark that the Christian ideal of womanhood is she who brings up children in virtue. You cannot imagine what a shock it gives one when she retorts that the children of the young person whom we have chosen for her husband might resemble *him!*—and that she prefers a lower place in heaven rather to the ordeal of spending lonely days and nights looking after a man who can never be a genial companion!

Is her demand too great? or his standard too low? How shall we find a happy medium? Perhaps Miss S. is an extreme case; perhaps her brother's friends are also extreme cases; but they exist. Can we blame her for being ambitious,— for trying to make the best of herself, from the human point of view? Her brother and his friends do not attempt to save money; they must enjoy the amusements of their set; they dress well; they must smoke; there are clubs of various degrees; the practice of "treating" is not unknown; they have no domestic tastes,—they expect their wives to have them. In a word—self-sacrifice is unknown to them, and they take to matrimony after a time with no more idea of its responsibilities than a child has when he takes the measles.

I am quite aware that somebody will jump up and declare that no honest Catholic young man can afford—with a salary of \$1,000 a year—to marry a girl like Miss S., with big sleeves and an inclination to culture. This is true,—he cannot, if he expects to keep up the pool for drinks and other pleasant diversions. But if he is frugal and considerate and fairly pious and congenial in his tastes, I fancy that Miss S. would even sacrifice her extravagant sleeves,—which may not be so expensive as they are expansive,—to be his wife. It is amazing how far a woman can make a virtue or two go in a man!

Social ambitions, after all, are local. In Boston, I am informed, a girl is not happy unless she marries a Harvard man; in Philadelphia, he must be "professional," a doctor or a lawyer—law preferred; in Washington, a chief of a department is eligible; in New York, he must have some kind of title, or be connected with Tammany in Chicago, pork is preferred, with the aldermanic chair a good second; in Milwaukee and St. Louis— they tell me, a well-conducted brew-

ery is always part of love's first dream. As a rule, everywhere, the girls,—God bless them!—marry the man and not his business;—and, if the man be all right, they rarely refuse any reasonable offer. More men marry for money than women, though there are some excuses to be made for the women and none for the men. And for capacity for sacrifice and cheerfulness under difficulties and for seeing dazzling merit in ungenerate brutes of men, behold the average woman! And the folks who protest that any honest Catholic, (nominally or otherwise,) is good enough for any woman are those who have no daughters themselves or who have the woman idea that the sacrament of matrimony makes an immediate and miraculous change in human beings. Marriage is a very serious affair,—and the woman who hesitates is not always lost.—Maurice Francis Egan, in the Columbian.

POPE LEO AND MASONRY.

Something About the French and Italian Atheistic Lodges.

A writer signing himself "Ex-Atache" contributes an interesting article to the New York Tribune of Sunday last on "The Pope's Anti-Masonry." Without any attempt to show that the attitude of the Church towards Masonry in this country is other than it is generally understood to be, the writer furnishes facts in support of a claim made by him that the special denunciations which have issued from the venerable Pontiff are directed against the French and Italian atheistic lodges rather than against Americans of the craft.

Referring to the passage devoted to Masonry in the Pope's recent message "to the rulers and nations of the world," the writer in the Tribune remarks: "The Pope once again condemns the craft as defying God, as 'assailing Christian institutions,' as 'ridiculing the sacraments as mere superstitions' and as 'aiming at the destruction of the popular respect for the Divine Power.'"

Continuing the writer says: AGGRESSIVE ATHEISM.

"The cause of the objection of the Roman Catholic Church to Masonry—and by that I mean continental Masonry—is the very same as that of the schism between the latter and the American and British lodges. It is the identification of French and Italian Masonry with atheism—atheism, too, of the most aggressive and militant character. In all the documents and rites of the craft in English-speaking countries figure the mystic letters A. N. G. A. U., which mean 'In the name of the Grand Architect of the Universe,' and a profession of belief in the Deity constitutes part and parcel of the initiation of the brethren of the order. In the lodges of France and Italy, however, the use of these symbolical letters has been abolished, and reference to the Divinity in any shape or form has been strictly forbidden. Strangely enough this elimination of all religious element from the French and Italian lodges owes its origin to M. Littré, the compiler of the celebrated French dictionary, who subsequently died a fervent and even bigoted Roman Catholic.

OPENLY AVOWED OBJECT.

"The activity of the brotherhood in France and Italy is neither benevolent nor social, but purely political, and its openly avowed object is the overthrow of the Church and the annihilation of every form of religious belief. Among its publicly declared aims—I quote from French and Italian Masonic writings and speeches—are 'the exclusion of every Catholic or religious element from all public administrations, from hospitals, schools; from the councils that govern the destinies of the country, from academies and other corporate institutions, from committees and families—and exclusion from everything everywhere and forever,' and 'the abolition in schools of every kind of religious instruction because the State, which ought to be absolutely atheistic, has the inalienable right and duty to form the heart and spirit of its citizens,' and again, 'to lay religious waste in its foundations and in its very sources of life—namely, in the school and in the family.' The Italian lodges, moreover, proclaim their determination to secure 'the suppression of all religious corporations, the confiscation of all ecclesiastical property and the abolition of the Papacy, which the Grand Orient of Rome declares to be 'the implacable and deadly enemy of Italy.'"

"If these were merely empty threats the Vatican could afford to treat them with contempt. But they are quite the reverse, for of five hundred and four members of the Italian Chamber of Deputies there are no less than three hundred who are openly avowed Freemasons, and for the last ten years there has always been a Masonic majority in the Cabinet. Crispi, Dada, Zanardelli and Lacava all hold high office in the Grand Orient of Italy. "In the French Chamber there are over two hundred Masons, and most of the prominent statesmen of the last twenty years, including Gambetta, Grevy, Tirard, Clemenceau, Douvier, Floquet and Ferry, have belonged to the fraternity. The Grand Orient of France has taken a leading part in the war organized during the last fifteen years against the Roman Catholics and the clergy. "Le clericalism, vola l'ennemi," is the device of every lodge in the country. The former Grand Master, M. Colfavru, who was on the Board of Directors of the Panama Company, besides being a salaried employe in the railroad department of

Baron Alphonse Rothchild's office, has publicly described Freemasonry as the bitterest and most relentless enemy of the Church."

LUTHER'S AWFUL END.

In A Drunken Stupor the Ex-Monk Hanged Himself.

A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF THE TRAGEDY BY AN EYE-WITNESS—HOW THE "REFORMER'S" FRIENDS TRIED TO KEEP THE MATTER SECRET—LUTHER'S HOUSE IN HESSE—THE ROOM IN WHICH THE MONK ENCOUNTERED THE DEVIL.

The little town of Eisleben in Saxony is celebrated for being the birthplace of two persons who are as opposed to one another as St. Michael the archangel to Lucifer the archfiend. The one is St. Gertrude, virgin, who became a Benedictine nun, and is known in the lives of the saints for the gift of her ecstatic visions and highest form of contemplation, and of whom it is said that our Lord made for Himself in her heart an agreeable dwelling. She is, moreover, to this day, for persons consecrated to God, the model of perfect union with Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament, of the altar, or as contemplated in His sorrowful Passion and His death for us on the cross.

The other is Martin Luther, once a fervent priest and religious of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine. If the angels in heaven can but weep at the thought that there was once in their midst an archfiend to punish whom, together with his adherents, God in His justice had to add the creation of a place left out of His original plan, and to find a prison for rebels who would prefer not to be than to repent, Eisleben and the Christian world at large have to deplore forever the birth of the greatest heresiarch of all ages, and the most abominable scoundrel, who, like his model, tore away millions of souls from the bosom of the Church, dragging them into the mazes of schism and heresy.

If the death of St. Gertrude, or of any saint, brings to our souls precious and salutary lessons, the horrible end of an apostate supplies lessons no less wholesome and worthy of reflection. With regard to Luther's end, we give the deposition of an eye witness:

THE SERVANT OF LUTHER

will speak. This witness was so struck by the chastisement with which God punished the heresiarch, that he renounced the Protestant religion and was re-admitted into the Catholic Church, which worldly interests had made him to leave.

The details of the sad drama are found in an authentic deposition, a copy of which is still preserved in the Vatican library. Other copies were sent to various personages of the empire. The learned Sedulius, during a sojourn he made at Eribourg, in Brisgau, Baden, found there the authentic document, studied carefully every word of it, and its value as a historic document, and finding it to be authentic, he published it at Antwerp in 1606, in his "Praescriptions," calling it the "declaration of the domestic servant of Luther," heading it by the following title: "A sincere and truthful confession of a servant man of Martin Luther to a pious individual who had asked him, in the name of religion, how his master Martin had died." The document is written in Latin; the following is the correct translation in English:

"I must say that your religious considerations and your entreaties give me courage to brave the indignation of men, as well as to the fear of offending them, and give testimony to the truth. I am, however, more determined to do what I think my duty, by the respect I owe to God Almighty and to all His saints. For I well know that the marvellous works of God must be rendered glorious, and that I must obey the divine law rather than human commands. For this reason, despite the terrible threats of the nobles of Germany, who want to prevent me from ever revealing to anyone whomsoever the fearful death of my master, Martin Luther, I shall not keep the truth captive in my mind; but for the glory of Christ Jesus, and the edification of the whole Christian world, I do now publish what I have

WITNESSED WITH MY OWN EYES; what I do know better than anyone else can pretend to know, and what I have related to the nobles at Eisleben; and I do so not through hatred of anyone, nor the desire to gain approbation, good favors or grace with anybody whatsoever. "The following is what has happened: Martin Luther, being at Eisleben with several nobles of Germany, allowed himself to be overcome by his habitual intemperance, and drank with so much excess that we were obliged to carry him off, absolutely helpless with drink, and to put him to bed."

Here we may interrupt the narrative and remark that it was publicly known everywhere that Luther drank to excess. Five German quarts of wine (about an English imperial gallon) were scarcely enough for him each meal. He used to boast "of eating like a Bohemian and drinking like a Dutchman." "To be put on low diet," he used to say, "is to live miserably. Let us eat and drink—last uns *frassen, und saufen*" (which applies to beasts only)—"as much as possible and give thanks to God (?) for His good things. Others would devour them for us." In consequence he would suffer from suffocations and indigestion of sundry kinds, but all this he said was "the devil's doing, who

wanted to prevent him from doing the holy work of God." No doubt the holy gospel of Jesus Christ needing "parting down" or reformation to bring it to the level of this lewd, unchaste and gluttonous apostate. But his servant continues:

"Having wished him a good night, we retired to our own rooms and went to bed, never fearing or dreaming of anything to go wrong. Next morning we went back to our master as usual to help him to get up and dress. On entering his room—oh, shocking to relate!—our said Master Martin was hanging from his bed, and miserably strangled!

"At this ghastly sight we were horribly frightened. And without delay we ran to the noble princes, his guests of the night before, and announced to them the execrable end of Luther.

"These, terrified no less than we were, requested us at once, and by a thousand promises and solemn adjurations, to keep the most profound silence for ever and for ever, after that awful event, in order that nothing might be divulged. They then requested us to take down the

HORRIBLE CORPSE OF LUTHER and place it into his bed, and tell the people that his Master Luther had suddenly died. I confess that, touched by the entreaties of the nobles, and bribed by their munificent promises, we, like the guards at the Saviour's tomb, were determined to act as they wished, had not the invincible power of truth advised us to follow a different course. For human respect, fear, hope of gain, can sometimes hush the truth; but the voice of religion and remorse of conscience, soon or late, prevailed over such oppressions."

The deposition of this witness, the most competent of the party, leaves not a shadow of a doubt. The miserable "reformer" and worthy follower of the archfiend ended as did so many other heresiarchs; the son of perdition who had betrayed his order and his mother, the Church, hanged himself like Judas, the traitor. "He that hath an ear, let him hear." (Apoc. ii. 7). Woe to the man who dies under such sad circumstances. But woe still more to those nobles of Germany who, in open revolt with Rome, constituted themselves the abettors of an unfrocked and excommunicated monk.

Two years ago, says a writer in an exchange, when visiting in the heart of Thuringia, the Wartburg at Eisleben, in Hesse, where St. Elizabeth of Hungary lived, I saw, at the entrance gate to the castle, Luther's house, where the Langrave of Hesse gave the silenced friar help and support to carry on the work of the so-called reformation. The house is to day as it was three hundred years ago; the room where he worked and where he slept is pointed out as a curiosity. The old wooden bedstead, with post and tester, is there yet, and his bookstand, table, desk and chair, and, as footstool, a bone of the vertebral column of a whale; also the portraits of his father and mother hung up against the wall, and some few other relics. There is also seen to this day, and I had my hand upon it,

THE FAMOUS INK SPOT.

The devil appeared to him in a visible form, as he was engaged in translating the holy Scripture into German, and insisted repeatedly that he should do away with the holy sacrifice of the Mass. "Impossible," said Luther, "the texts are too obvious." "You must," insisted the devil, and then, in a fit of annoyance, Luther flung his inkwell against the wall, and the spot is there to this day. There is, too, the window, where Luther and Catherine, his wife, one night admired the beautiful heavens, with their myriads of stars which shone brighter and larger as you are there nearer to them. Catherine called his attention to the magnificent display of the celestial bodies, all ablaze, as it were, and Luther said: "Yes, heaven is beautiful, but it shall never be ours." His sad end proved the truth of his prophecy.

Tired, Weak, Nervous.

Means impure blood, and overwork or too much strain on brain and body. The only way to cure is to feed the nerves on pure blood. Thousands of people certify that the best blood purifier, the best nerve tonic and strength builder is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What it has done for others it will also do for you.—Hood's Cures.

HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. I WAS ATTACKED severely last winter with Diarrhoea, Cramps, and Colic and thought I was going to die, but fortunately I tried Dr. Flower's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and now I can thank this excellent remedy for saving my life. Mrs. S. Kelleit, Minden, Ont.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.



HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

IF NOT, PLEASE DO SO

It will convince you of its wonderful cleansing and labor-saving advantages.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT

In the shape of soap which brings so much comfort and satisfaction in its daily use in the house.

IT PAYS TO USE SUNLIGHT SOAP

AS IN YOUTH Ayer's Hair Vigor CORDIALLY INDORSED.



RESTORES Natural Growth OF THE HAIR—WHEN ALL OTHER Dressings FAIL.

"I can cordially indorse Ayer's Hair Vigor, as one of the best preparations for the hair. When I began using Ayer's Hair Vigor, all the front part of my head—about half of it—was bald. The use of only two bottles restored a natural growth, which still continues as in my youth. I tried several other dressings, but they all failed. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the best."—Mrs. J. C. PRUSSER, Convers, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.



Should be used, if it is desired to make the Finest Class of Cakes—Rolls, Biscuit, Pancakes, Johnny Cakes, Pie Crust, Baked Pastry, etc. Light, sweet, snow-white and digestible food results from the use of Cook's Friend. Guaranteed free from alum. Ask your grocer for McClellan's Cook's Friend.

OBJECTS OF THE—

New York Catholic Agency

The object of this Agency is to supply, at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States. The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many, a few of which are: 1st. It is situated in the heart of the whole sale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits and commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence, 2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases for them, and giving them besides the benefit of its experience and facilities in the actual prices charged. 3rd. Should a patron want separate trade articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge. 4th. Persons outside of New York, who may wish to purchase goods, may send a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency. 5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount. Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, entrusted to the attention or management of this Agency, will be strictly confidential, and conscientious in giving the best authority to act as your agent. Whenever you want to buy anything send your orders to THOMAS D. EGAN, Catholic Agency, 42 Barclay St., New York, N.Y.

TRY THAT MOST DELICIOUS TEA & COFFEE

SOLD ONLY BY James Wilson & Co. 398 Richmond Street, London. Telephone 650.

SNAPS.

- Silk Scarfs 25c., two for 25c. Silk Four-in-hands 15c., two for 25c. Men's Shirts and Drawers 25c. each. Men's Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers 37 1/2 cents each. Men's Cotton Socks 15c. pr. 3 prs. for 25c. Men's Galatea Coats \$1.25 each. Men's Alpaca Coats and Vests \$3.00. Men's Linen Vests \$1.00 and upwards.

PETHICK & McDONALD, 393 Richmond Street, First Door North of City Hall.

BENNET FURNISHING COY. LONDON, ONTARIO, Manufacturers of

Church, School and Hall FURNITURE.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue and Prices.

Bennet Furnishing Co. London, Ontario, Can.

PLUMBING WORK in operation, can be seen at our warehouse Opp. Masonic Temple.

SMITH BROS. Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers, London, Ont. Telephone 583. Sole Agents for Peerless Water Heaters.