

The Angelus—Poetical Allusions.
FROM "AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES."
Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink over the earth so radiant an orb
While around the deep bell in the distant
towers
The faint dying day hymn stole aloft
And in a hush o'er the rose air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred
with prayer."
("Don Juan," III, 102.)

"As eva we heard the Angelus; she turned—
I told you I can neither read nor write—
My life stopped at the playtime; I will
learn
If I begin to live again; but you,
Who are a priest, wherefore do you not read
The service at this hour?"
("Ring and the Book," VI, 126.)

"Then came the laborers home from the
field, and sorely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed.
Down from the hill the Angelus sounded, and
the
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of
incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of
peace and contentment."
("Evangeline," Part I, 28.)

"Softly drops the crimson sun,
Softly down from overhead
Drops the bell-note, one by one,
Mellow in the twilight
Call to angel ears, unslumbering
Day is done, the night is dead."
("The Angelus," by Susan Coolidge.)

"Now the last red ray is gone;
Now the twilight shadows lie;
Still the bell-note, one by one,
Down and spread and seek the sky,
Paying as with human lips:
Angels, hark! a light is nigh!
Take us to thy gentle night."
("The Angelus," by Susan Coolidge.)

L. W.

KNOCKNAGOW
OR,
THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.
By CHARLES J. KICKHAM.
CHAPTER XXXIV.
LONELY.

Billy Heffernan took the key of his door from a hole under the thatch and let himself into his own house. Removing the shoes from the embers on the hearth, he knelt down, and, after a good deal of blowing, succeeded in kindling them into a flame. Then, taking a slip of bog pine from one of several bundles that hung in the chimney, he lighted it and placed it on a block of bogwood in the cruet, having first stuck it in a sod of turf in which was a hole for the purpose. He recalled the fine summer evening, when, out in the lone bog, he thrust his thumb into that sod of turf while it was yet soft, and by that simple process converted it into a candlestick.

Every thing about Billy Heffernan's house seemed to have come from the bog. The walls, from the floor to the thatch—which was not of straw, but of sedge—were lined with turf, the side walls with the rectangular "slane" turf, which looked like brick-work thickened with smoke, and the end wall with the rougher and somewhat shapless "hand-turf." The table of which Billy Heffernan ate his meals was of bog-ox, as was the block upon which he sat. The mule's crib and the pegs in the wall upon which the mule's harness hung were of the same material. And Billy Heffernan's ratten riding coat depended from a portion of the horns of an elk—which had bounded through the forest when the table and crib were portions of the living tree—fastened to one of the rafters.

He now took his antediluvian taper from the antediluvian seat and laid it on the antediluvian table; and then hung his riding coat upon the antediluvian elk horns.

"Wo! Kit," said Billy Heffernan. And the mule, who had an antediluvian look about her, whickered her tail and thrust her nose into her antediluvian manger.

He put the harness on the mule, and after hitching up the hay in the crib, walked out and looked at the sky, in which there was a half moon that shone with a drowsy sort of lustre. Billy Heffernan, without being at all aware of the fact, was of a poetical and fanciful turn of mind; and the pale moon at once reminded him of a pale face. So he walked down the road as far as the beech-tree; and, after looking up at the windows and steep roof and thick chimneys of Paddy O'Connell's old house, Billy Heffernan walked back again. Taking the lynch pine from the hob, where they were always left for safety, he fitted them in the axle tree; and then led out his mule and put her to the cart. He returned to the house to take down his old riding coat, and after wrapping it round him, and blowing out the light, he looked his door, and set out with his coat of turf, upon his long journey to the town of O'Connell.

"Wahs, bog," he thrus for her, "his collar gleed, as he plodded up the hill, 'his lonesome enough. The road is lonesome, an' the house is lonesome, an' the bog is lonesome. An', bogor, the main street uv O'Connell is the lonesomest uv all. No matter where I am I'm lonesome. So that I believe 'tain't the road, or the house, or the bog, or the town, but the heart that's lonesome. And when the heart is lonesome the world is lonesome. Wahs, Kit, what do you want stoppin' there above all the places on the road? You got your drink at the lough; but comin' or goin' nothin' will please you but a sup out of that little stram any day in the year."

While the mule drank, Billy Heffernan placed a foot at each side of the little stream that ran across the road, and stretching out his hands, as if he were lifting some one over it, he uttered a low moan.

"Oh! oh! oh!" he cried, as his hands closed on the empty air.

The water running over his feet reminded him that he was standing in the middle of the stream, but he did not heed it. With his head bent down, and his hands pressed over his face, he continued to stand there till the mule moved on of her own accord; and then, dashing the fast falling tears from his eyes, he plodded on again after his creel.

"I don't know what brought id so strong into my mind to-night," said he. "But somehow I thought I see her before me, lookin' at the water, an' afraid to lep over like the rest uv 'em; an' then lookin' up at myself, an' afraid to laugh in her face. I hardly had the courage to take her up in my arms. An', the Lord be praised! 'twas the last time ever she crossed over the same strame. She reminded me uv id yestherday, what ever put id into her head. But sure I

never pass the same spot woutud thinkin' uv her. I got here! an' Nelly Donovan a lift home the same evening; an' a pleasant, good-hearted girl Nelly is. But there's no way like Nora!"

He plodded on for some time till the mule stopped to take breath before commencing the ascent of an unusually steep though not very long hill, that rose abruptly from the lowest part of the glen or hollow down which they had been gradually descending.

"Bogor, 'tis thrus for ould Phil," said he, as he looked around him. "You couldn't redien the pipe from the bridge to the quarry. Though I remember id myself when 'twas the pleasantest place uv a road from Kiltubber to O'Connell's; but, if I could redien the pipe now I'd like a smoke, as 'tis after comin' into my head."

He put his pipe into his mouth and looked around him, while the mule rested at the foot of the hill.

"God be wud poor Mick Brien," said he. "That sally three always reminds me uv him. 'Tis many's the piggin uv milk they made me drink, for 'tis little business I'd have exin' a drink uv water at Mick's. But sure if every house, big an' little uv 'em,' was standin'," continued Billy Heffernan, as if he sought himself reasoning from unusual premises, "I couldn't kindle the pipe this hour uv the night. Come, Kit!" and catching hold of one heel of his car, and leaning his shoulder against the creel, he helped the mule on in her zig-zag course up the hill. The descent on the other side was gradual, and the mule was left to shift for herself till they got upon the level, where she showed some symptoms of stopping for another rest; a proceeding which Billy Heffernan thought so unreasonable that he took down his whip from the top of the load, where it usually rested, and, without a word of warning or remonstrance, gave Kit a smart lash under the belly, at which she started, and whickered her tail, and was about running straight into the ditch at the left hand side, that being the deepest and the most likely to swallow her up; but, changing her mind as she reached the brink, Kit set off at a brisk trot along the road. This was too much of a good thing, and her master ran forward, and, seizing the rein near the bit, gave it a check that made Kit throw back her head and open her jaws very wide; and while still pressing on the rein, Billy Heffernan let the lash of his whip drop into the same hand that held the handle, and laid both lash and handle along Kit's back, between the hip and the butt of the tail, with a tremendous smack.

"Maybe you'd go right now!" said he, laying the rein go with a jerk.

And Kit seemed to think it was the wisest thing she could do.

So they jogged on peacefully again, till the light shined through the open door of a house surrounded by trees—which, from their size and outline, even a stranger to the locality would have known were very old whitethorns—attracted his attention.

"Wo! Kit," said Billy Heffernan, and the mule immediately stopped.

"They're up at ould Paddy's," said he, looking considerably surprised.

"But that's thrue," he added, as if the mystery were suddenly cleared up; "sure they're at the weddin'."

He was about ordering Kit to go on, when another thought occurred to him.

"Bogor!" he exclaimed, "I might as well have the smoke as I have the chance."

He opened the gate that led to Paddy Morris's house, and was closing it again behind him when he found himself caught by the skirt of his coat. He turned around suddenly somewhat frightened, but found himself held fast. After remaining still for a moment, during which his heart beat very quick, he ventured to pull the skirt of the coat, but could not free himself. As nothing stirred, however, he concluded he had merely got entangled in a branch of one of the old whitethorns blown down by the storm of the morning that blew down the end of his own turf fire. He tried to free himself without tearing his riding-coat, when, to his amazement, and terror, the long skirt was raised up, and shook in his face, with which it was almost on a level. He retreated backwards, but the coat was pulled the other way; and after a short tussle Billy Heffernan got a sharp blow on the mouth. Moved by the instinct of self-preservation, he stretched out his hands, and boldly grappled with his assailant, whom he attempted to throttle as quickly as possible. In the struggle both rolled to the ground, and Billy loudly denounced his adversary as a coward; for he not only struck at him while down, but aimed his blows where any one having the faintest regard for fair fighting would have scorned to strike.

"He wants to murder me," exclaimed Billy Heffernan. "That's what he wants. Can't you speak," he added, "an' tell me who you are an' what are you up to?"

But the only reply was a repetition of the cowardly assault.

"D—n your soul," shouted Billy Heffernan, roused to madness by a sharp blow that affected him somewhat like the sting of a bee, "if you're a man let's my ould coat an' stand up an' see id out if you're able."

This challenge seemed to have the desired effect, for after another violent struggle he found his coat skirt free. Scrambling as quickly as possible to his feet, Billy Heffernan flung off the old riding coat, and put himself into a pugilistic attitude.

"Turn out now, if you're a man," he exclaimed.

But to his horror and consternation there was no one to answer the challenge. Billy Heffernan's courage oozed out, and he should rather say through his toes, than the tips of his fingers, for he began to feel very weak about the knee, while the strength that was so rapidly departing from his limbs seemed in some mysterious manner to be communicated to the hair of his head.

"The Lord be stung us an' all harm," he muttered, "as long as I'm goin' this road I never see anything bad before. Though they say uv the sopers ould Paddy Kilt long ago, when they set fire to the house, 'twas to be ridin' about here."

It was a relief to him when he heard some noise close to the gate; for at that moment he would have welcomed with rapture the most formidable foe of flesh and blood.

"In the name uv God," he called out, "who or what are you?"

A sudden bound from behind the gate-keeper made him retreat a step backwards—when a familiar voice sent a most pleasant sensation through Billy Heffernan's whole frame. And a hysterical flutter about his heart imparted a tremor to his voice as he exclaimed:

"My bad luck to you, for a goat!"

"Meg—egg—egg—egg," repeated Phil Morris's old goat, as she trotted along the boreen to the house.

But as Billy Heffernan took up his ratten riding-coat his countenance suddenly fell.

"The devil sweep you," he exclaimed with great gusto, as he looked at the half-moon through a rent in the skirt. "But," he continued, "if I may as well run in as I redden the pipe at any rate. An' the Lord knows I'm after payin' for id. Bogor, they're after comin' home," he added, as he approached the house.

"There is the ear's car in the yard."

As he passed the little kitchen window Billy Heffernan stopped suddenly, with his eyes and mouth wide open. Something upon ould Paddy Morris's kitchen table excited his wonder to such a degree that there he stood staring at it, apparently bereft of the power of motion.

"The good," he muttered. "I wonder her is id a crock her's after fadin'!"

Billy's idea at the moment must have been that the "crock itself," as well as its contents, was of gold; for the object which excited his astonishment shone brightly, and flashed back the blaze of the turf fire. But, after examining it more closely, he clasped his hand against his thigh, and exclaimed:

"The japers, he's after killin' a soper!"

The idea was sufficiently terrifying, and Billy Heffernan was about beating a hasty retreat, when, glancing involuntarily around the kitchen, he started again; for straight before him he beheld not a dead but a living soldier. He was a broad-chested, bearded dragoon; and it was his burnished helmet, which he seemed to have thrown carelessly on the table, that Billy Heffernan had mistaken for a crock of gold.

Like one awakening from sleep and gradually recovering the use of his senses, Billy now saw that the dragoon was holding Bessy Morris by the hand, and looking down into her face—for his tall figure towered high above her's—with a look of sadness. He could not see her face as her back was towards him, but she bent her head as if the red gear of the dragoon had moved her. Before Billy Heffernan could observe further, the soldier shook the hand he held in his once or twice with a quick spasmodic jerk, and seizing his helmet, whickered and banged upon his left arm, rushed out of the house. Billy Heffernan turned round and stared after him as he tramped along the little boreen till he reached the gate and was hid by the whitethorns.

When Billy looked again through the window Bessy Morris was sitting in her grandfather's old arm chair, with one hand resting on the little table beside her, and the other pressed over her eyes. It might be supposed that she was overcome by fatigue but for the flash that reddened her forehead and the nervous tapping of her fingers upon the table. She raised her head, and letting both hands drop upon her lap, threw herself back in the chair. Bessy Morris was certainly excited, but what might be the nature of her emotion it would not have been easy to judge from the expression of her face. Scarcely anything but a feeling of shame or self-reproach could have kept that hot glow on her forehead so long; but then in her eyes and about her mouth there played a smile of triumph. Bessy Morris was evidently ashamed, and proud, and perhaps a little frightened, all at the same time.

Billy Heffernan felt for a moment at a loss how to act. His first impulse was to go back to his mule; but then it occurred to him that that would look as if he had stopped for the sole purpose of playing the spy. So, as the door still stood wide open, he decided upon carrying out his original intention of lighting his pipe at Paddy's.

"God save us all here," said he, as he walked into the kitchen.

"God save you kindly. Wahs, is that B'ly Heffernan? Faith, I thought you wud dead."

"Wahs, who did you send to kill me?" returned Billy.

It wasn't Bessy that spoke, but what Billy himself would have described as a "stout block of a girl," who stood up from the bench she had been sitting on by the fire, behind the partition which shaded the fire place from the door, and which concealed her from view till he had advanced to the middle of the floor.

Bessy stood up also, and moved out of his way.

"Don't stir," said he; "I on'y turned in, as I was jawnin', to redien the pipe. You're home early from the weddin'?" he remarked, as he stooped down and took a partially burnt end of turf from the fire.

"Yes," replied Bessy. "Grandfather is not able to stop up late. I did not expect he would stay half so long."

"Worn't you there yourself?" the stout girl asked.

"I was," he replied, "but I was obliged to come home to start for O'Connell."

"Ye had a great night's fun?"

"'Twas a fine weddin'," he answered.

"Why worn't you there yourself?"

"Why worn't I exed? An' ye had ladies and gentlemen there, too?"

"Bogor, ay," replied Billy, as he blew upon the burnt end of the sod of turf till the sparks flew from it with a crackling sound into his face. "The two Miss L'oyds, an' Mr. Bob, an' the gentleman from England."

"And Mr. Hugh Kearney," said Bessy Morris.

"Bogor," returned Billy Heffernan, as he sucked his pipe, against which he pressed the sod of turf, "Mr. Hugh is a gentleman, sure enough—in his heart."

"I'll be bound Mat Donovan was there," the stout girl remarked, as she drew her kerchief over her bosom; a proceeding which Billy Heffernan thought not unnecessary, as the books and papers intended to furnish her dress up the front had nearly all given way to a greater amount of pressure than they were capable of sustaining.

"Sure, he was Ned's sidesman," said Billy Heffernan.

"The poor fool!" returned the stout girl, with a scornful shake of the head,

and a glance at Bessy Morris that brought the flush up to her forehead again, and caused her to bite her lip as she gazed into the fire.

"Did you see Judy Loughlan there?" the stout girl asked.

"She was there," said Billy Heffernan. "Indeed, I see her goat," he added, "and her yellow mittens an' her boy-o." By which latter expressions the stout girl meant that article of female attire called a bonnet.

"I thought you wor there yourself when I see Bessy."

"O, yeh! she's everywhere, like the bad weather. I have no time for gallavantin'."

"You may as well sit down, Billy," said Bessy Morris, in her usual captivating way.

"Arra do, Billy," said the stout girl. "Sit down and have a court. Anything you know, to keep our hands in;" and she glanced at Bessy, who evidently wiced, though she strove to command her features.

"I must be goin'," he replied. "Good night to ye."

"Good night, Billy," returned Bessy Morris; and there was something so winning in her way of saying it that Billy muttered to himself on his way up the little boreen:

"Bogor! 'tis no wonder she is every place; for any place would be the better uv her. But I don't know what to say about that soper."

TO BE CONTINUED.

HE WANTED THE GOLD.
HOW BLITZ, THE MAGICIAN, FOOLED A GRASPING YOUNG DENTIST.

"I went up to the Lycium the other night and saw Hermann," said a prominent lawyer to a group of friends in the lobby of the Powers yesterday afternoon, "and his trick with the silk handkerchief and the four silver dollars reminded me of a funny thing I saw a good many years ago while I was attending court at a county seat not a hundred miles from Rochester."

"Tell us about it," said one of the group.

"Well, I don't mind if you fellows don't," said the lawyer, and lighting a fresh cigar he began: "I was stopping at the principal hotel in the place and I was there for quite a time. I was given a seat at the table where the regular boarders sat. One of the boarders was a young dentist by the name of Ferguson. He was a fellow who was very miserly, so much so indeed that among the commonplace where he was well known, his stinginess and fondness for money were a by-word. It happened that during court week the then famous magician, Sigor Blitz, was to give an exhibition in the town. Blitz reached town on a late train and registered at the hotel where Ferguson and I boarded. When he came in to supper all the tables except the boarders' table where I sat were full, and he was given a seat next to Ferguson. I sat directly opposite the two.

"Blitz and Ferguson began to eat supper at about the same time. On the table was a heaping plate of hot tea biscuit and the waitress put it down between the two men. Blitz reached out, took a biscuit, broke it open and apparently took a \$5 gold piece out of the middle of it. Ferguson stopped eating and his eyes began to open. 'Pretty good biscuit, these,' said Blitz and he reached for another, broke it open and took out another \$5 gold piece. By this time Ferguson's eyes were as large as half dollars and his mouth was wide open with astonishment. He fixed around in his chair and cast longing eyes at the \$5 gold pieces which Blitz had placed by the side of his plate.

"Remarkably good biscuit," said Blitz, and he took another biscuit, broke it open, and took out another \$5 gold piece. By this time Ferguson was beside himself with cupidity and astonishment. Blitz reached out for another biscuit and as he did so Ferguson grabbed him by the back of the neck and tipped him over the floor. Then he made a wild grab for the remaining biscuits and, picking them up, plate and all, rushed out of the dining-room on a dead run, piled upstairs and pell-mell to his room and locked himself in.

"He didn't show up in the dining room for a week, and to this day, although that was thirty years ago, it isn't safe to ask him how many \$5 gold pieces he found in those biscuits."—Rochester Democrat.

A STRANGE CONVERSION.—Among the loyal Maori chiefs invited to meet the Duke of Edinburgh was one of the original signers of the Treaty of Waitangi in 1840, and who had ever since been a firm friend of the English. One of the Anglican Bishops afterwards said to the Governor: "Do you know, sir, the antecedents of that old heathen?" "No, my dear Bishop," was the reply, "but do know that he brought five hundred of his clansmen into the field to fight for the Queen, so I invited him to meet the Bishop." "When I first arrived in New Zealand that chief came to me and said that he wished to be baptized. I knew that he had two wives, so I told him that he must first persuade one of them to return to her family. He said he feared that would be difficult, but that he would see what could be done, and come back to me in two months. When he returned, he exclaimed: 'Now, missionary, you may baptize me, for I have only one wife.' I asked: 'What have you done with our daughter, your first wife?' He replied, smacking his lips. 'I have eaten her!'—Thirty Years of Colonial Government, by Sir George Ferguson Bowen.

Living In A Fool's Paradise.
Many neglect slight symptoms of disease, hoping that nature will restore health. True nature will aid, but she must be aided by using Burdock Blood Bitters, from 1 to 2 bottles of which is sufficient to cure any ordinary case of impure blood, constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney complaint, debility, etc.

THE MOST AGRADABLE, RESTORATIVE TONIC AND MILD STIMULANT IS MILBURN'S BEEF, IRON AND WINE.
UNSIGHTLY PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TAN, and all itching humors of the skin are removed by using Dr. Low's Sulphur Soap.

Milnard's Linalment for sale everywhere.

THE FREEMASONS.
TO DESTROY CATHOLICITY THE ONLY OBJECT OF THEIR EXISTENCE.

THEY SEIZE THE SCHOOLS IN ITALY—THEIR PROGRAMME FOR GERMANY—NO BIBLE AND NO RELIGIOUS TEACHING THEIR WATCHWORD—"HEALTHFUL HUMANITARIANISM AND COSMIC BEAUTY"—A WORD TO PROTESTANTS.

A Freemason publication in Europe, the *Gauche de Midi*, lately published a circular which will open the eyes of a certain sleepy class of Catholics to the aims of modern Freemasonry, and the importance these people attach to securing full control of the education of the children in every land. This circular declares that the aim of Freemasonry is to rescue Catholics from the slavery in which their religion keeps them. To accomplish this, Catholic influence must be got rid of in the schools, thus:

"Teaching and education in the schools should in an especial manner preoccupy the brethren. They will keep watch in order that Catholics may be excluded both from educational posts and from all public offices, so that the schools of the city, as well as the colleges, lyciums and technical institutes may show themselves indifferent or hostile to Catholicism, and that all instruction, excluding religious sentiment altogether, may be given on a purely rationalistic basis. The superior schools should be in the hands only of the brethren, or of their allies, the liberals and freethinkers; the greater the weakness hitherto displayed in the struggle in this direction the more obvious is it that the time has now come to engage in it with energy and boldness." That these things may be brought about successfully the circular gives these instructions:

"In order to dominate education more securely let us more especially avail ourselves of two means. The first consists in provoking a movement tending to withdraw the schools from the municipalities in order to place them directly in the hands of the STATE.

"The second method consists in promising the masters and mistresses higher emoluments from the state; while it will be necessary at the same time to discredit in the eyes of the people such a refusal to renounce their former religious prejudices, in order to force them to resign the posts they occupy so much to the detriment of the progress of humanity.

"There remains a third means, that of exalting to family authorities, the advantages of rationalistic education, and exaggerating as much as possible anything that can be laid to the charge of the clergy and the Catholic masters." As a result of these measures "will be hastened the arrival of the day when from the ruins of religion and revelation nationalism will intone the canticle of its liberation; then man and humanity will march unimpeded by obstacles along the road of unlimited progress, and will no longer busy itself about anything save securing to itself here below that happiness which some dreamers promise themselves in another life. We recommend in an especial manner to the brethren never to lose sight of the orders of Masonry in regard to the cremation of bodies and to civil marriages and funerals, and to try and prevent as far as possible, the baptism of infants. In general, let us disengage and discredit all that has a religious character, but principally

THE CATHOLIC PRESS; let us support exclusively the journals which belong, at any rate in spirit, to Masonry, and which give a hope of belonging to it in future."

In harmony with these declarations is the new educational measure proposed by Signor Boselli, a member of Signor Crispi's administration, for Italy, as the *London Tablet* provides that in communes having less than ten thousand inhabitants, which are neither the chief towns of provinces, nor of districts, the nomination of teachers, male and female, shall be withdrawn from the municipalities to be vested in the provincial scholastic council. The latter body, being in direct communication with the ministry, can be safely entrusted to act in conformity with the prevailing current of opinion in official circles in Rome. The rural communes, on the other hand, thus about to be deprived of one of the most important branches of local administration, are the places where religious feeling, still strong in Italy, has not been swamped, as in the great cities, by cosmopolitan roudism. Instead of teachers selected on the spot for qualities commanding the confidence of their neighbors, strangers will for the future be sent down by the central authorities, while the communes, still remaining liable for their salaries, will have lost all control over their conduct. Of the spirit in which the scholastic councils are likely to exercise their new functions we have recently had a sample in the arbitrary action of one of those bodies in regard to a rural commune in its district. Not only did it close the schools of the Sisters of Canossa, with some minor private schools as well, but it enforced and continues to enforce by fine the attendance of children at the communal schools from which their parents had withdrawn them. This is what Ledra Rollin calls

"THE CONSPIRACY OF INFANCY," by which children, removed from parental control, are, according to the revolutionary ideal, to be brought up as living autocrats consecrated to the service of an infidel state.

In the recent eminent encyclical which the Holy Father, as the Vicar of Christ, has addressed to the whole Christian world, great emphasis is laid upon the necessity of Christian education for the rising generation. Even Protestants themselves freely acknowledge the fact that if the principles of the Protestant sects are to be preserved, the children of the different Protestant denominations must be educated in the Christian theories upon which each sect is supposed to be based.

There is, however, a seat in Europe

which is the arch-enemy of Christianity, and which is sworn to destroy every semblance of Christianity wherever found. This seat is the Freemasonry, whose craftsmen in Germany have boldly and defiantly dared to reply to the Pope's encyclical, declaring their diabolical hatred of all things Christian, and cutting their determined opposition to religion or its influence in the school room or in society.

No Catholic or other Christian need have any fear that the malignant Masonic spirit will have any influence outside the satanized sect itself, but in order to show how diabolical are the principles of Masonry in its German home, we append the following extracts from the recent Masonic manifesto against Christian education. Here is what the German Freemasons demand:

First—The extinction of all ecclesiastical power and authority.

Second—Complete separation of church and school. The clergy to have no control or interference in the school; to be excluded from all positions of teacher, inspector or local boards; all religious orders, male and female, to be removed from teaching and any and all obstacles to be placed in the way of the same being placed in charge of any establishment of learning. All schools must be placed in charge of free-thinking systems having

NO AFFILIATION WITH THE CLERGY.

Third—Abolition of all religious training. Vulgar religious teaching and training produces moral chaos in youthful minds and clouds the intellect of the children; it corrupts and debases man. The development of mind and reason is retarded, and prevents the elevation and rise of the emotional nature. Therefore, irreligious schools and books, no Bible and no teachers of religion.

Fourth—The dechristianizing of the family.

Fifth—Emancipation of women. The establishment of irreligious or secular seminaries for girls in charge of emancipated teachers. Training of the girls to a "healthful humanitarianism," dancing, gymnastics, cosmic beauty (whatever they may mean), and advanced and liberal thought.

Commenting on the above the *San Francisco Monitor* says that it is well for non-Catholics to bear in mind that the above destructive programme includes Protestant schools and preachers just as well as those under the patronage of the Church of Christ. "No Bible and no teachers of religious schools" includes all, but we have little fear that even Protestants will thus publicly barter their Christianity for the selfishness of Masonic potage offered in the above diabolical declaration. As for the Catholic Church, Almighty God will take care of her.

We would like to call the attention of our Protestant friends who have been so vehement in their praise of Freemasonry to the fact that these statements show the order to be opposed to the very principles of Christian truth which they themselves profess.

MACMAHON'S FAVORITE NAME.
Marshal MacMahon is very proud of his names; for, according to the French legend, he has several, and the name he holds in highest esteem is Patrick. He said, on the eve of St. Patrick's day, that for many years one child of the MacMahon family had been put under the patronage of the Apostle of Ireland, and he considers himself fortunate in being one of these children. He remarked to the reporter of the *New York World* that all the principal events of his life had occurred in the month of St. Patrick.

"Thus it was," he continued, "on St. Patrick's Day, in 1871, I returned to France after signing the peace between Germany and France. It was on St. Patrick's Day, 1875, that I heard of my nomination as chief of the school of St. Cyr. Again, in 1845, it was on that auspicious day that I was told that my appointment as colonel had been decided upon. Ten years later, in 1855, it was on the morrow of St. Patrick's Day that I heard that I was to be recalled from Constantinople to France, where, the following August, I was appointed to the command of a division of infantry under General Bugeat. Three years later, in 1859—that is to say, in the month of March—it was proposed to me that I should take command of the Second Corps of the Alps Army. This post I did take in the following April. My attempt to found a kingdom in Algeria, strangely enough, was again on the Feast of St. Patrick. On two other occasions two more important events connected with my administration of that province occurred on St. Patrick's day. It was in 1873 that another incident connected with my career took place. It was on St. Patrick's day, on the afternoon of that day, that I met Dr. Fourton, who told me that my election as President of the Republic was assured. I did not thank him for the prophecy, because I never was a political man. I had no ambition in that direction. However, eight weeks later, the prophecy was fully realized. Finally, it was on St. Patrick's day, 1878, that I read the speech I read at the opening exhibition of that year. You see," said the Marshal, "that day, which is dedicated to the saint whose name I bear has been an eventful one in my life, which, on the whole, has been a happy one."

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