

THE CROSS OF PEREZ.

Story of His Life and Work Among the Rocky Mountain Indians.

The tourists through Kansas, says a writer in the New York *Recorder*, should possess love for archaeological research, would not be rewarded, perhaps, by any remarkable "find," but he would be puzzled to account for the relative frequency of a certain Spanish name rudely carved on the walls of the canyons and in the limited number of small limestone caves to be met with in the central and western portions of the State, particularly along the margin of the numerous streams which flow south-eastwardly into the Arkansas and the Smoky Hill.

In the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, in Montana, at a point where the Missouri is so small that a man may easily step across it, there is a spring which gushes out of the wall of indurated rock in a volume as large as your arm, and it is one of the sources of the mighty river. Here again may the strange name be seen, and immediately above it, on the smooth side of the towering mountain which forms the west wall of the canyon, is a cross cut in the basalt, whose arms are, perhaps, five feet in length.

Captain Lewis and Clark saw the wonderful cross in 1805, when on their exploring expedition under the auspices of the United States Government, to discover the source of the Missouri. They were surprised to find the symbol of their religion in such a place, where they firmly believed no white man had ever stood before, and many were the speculations indulged in to account for the mysterious appearance of the emblem of a grand civilization in a spot which none of their race had visited. They at first regarded it as an accidental assimilation made by the savages when shaping some figures of fetish, but they were compelled to instantly dismiss that conjecture from their minds when, to their astonishment, they saw a name that in their wonder at the phenomenon of the cross they had overlooked.

Many years ago, when I, a young officer of the army, was stationed among those Indians, there was a tradition that the oldest men of the tribe used to relate around campfires, of a white man who, many years before, lived by himself in the "Range," and whose memory all the tribe revered for his uniform kindness and deeply religious spirit. He was "Good Medicine," and so endeared himself to them that they built him a lodge and kept it always replenished with choice pieces of bear, elk and deer meat, for which he in turn cured them of all their diseases, for his knowledge of the various herbs was something wonderful. They stated all his possessions consisted of a single book and a cross of gold; that he passed nearly all his time, when not ministering to their wants, on the top of the mountain near the spring, where he spent hours together in communion with the "Great Spirit," and that it was he who had carved the cross in the wall of the canyon.

"Perez" is the Spanish name to be found in the various places described. As near as I have been able to trace the history of this religious recluse, who voluntarily shut himself up in the fastness of the Rocky Mountains, with no companions but the Indians, he was the son of one of the grandees of old Castile, who, because of family trouble, abandoned his wealthy home, and coming to America, proceeded to Louisiana, then owned by Spain, wandered to where the city of St. Charles is located, on the Missouri, and where there were at that time but two white men.

The legend of Don Diego Perez is that he was only child of noble parents and endowed with rare powers of intellect. Books he worshipped as the Indian his fetish. His father tried in every way to induce him to enter that society to which he was born and which he should have graced, but all was of no avail. The youth clung to his studies. His whole nature was composed of those holy attributes which led him at an early age to embrace the religion of his country.

His father was proud of his title, of his distinguished family and of his noble escutcheon, the most brilliant of all the Spanish nobility, for he was a lineal descendant of the great Alphonso. He wished that his son might have a passion for arms, for which his ancestors had been remarkable. When Don Diego attained his majority he asked of his father permission to become a priest, but was refused. The old grandee saw that in the celibacy the Church demanded of its devotees the transmission by descent of the proud family of Perez would be stopped, and he grew furious at the request of his son. He stated that he would rather see him dead than have him don the cassock. These were but the natural effusions of an angry man, but they were overheard by an emissary of the Inquisition and conveyed with much exaggeration to its ministers.

Only a short time after the unfortunate words had been uttered the Court of Inquisition held a session. Before them stood a culprit, the father of Don Diego Perez. He was charged with treasonable words against the kingdom and the Holy Church. The old man attempted to explain how he was driven by his passion to say what in itself had not the slightest ingredient of harm, but he was silenced and sent to a dungeon to await the pleasure of the King.

The son, meanwhile, devotes himself to the father. He repaired to him, though he was coldly informed that he refused to interfere with the edict of the Inquisition, he pleaded with all the eloquence and earnestness of his nature for his father's

release, but was instantly ordered to cease and listen to his own sentence. This was then read to him from a parchment, to which was appended the royal seal. It stated that he should leave the dominions of Spain within fifteen days under penalty of death. He was then led into another room, where on a table lay a coarse coffin covered with a black pall. This was pulled aside by one of the officials and Don Diego fell staggering to the floor. He had seen his father's corpse!

With all his mortal hopes now blighted, Don Diego looked to Heaven, and from his lips breathed a whispering prayer to God and His angels; then the demon of despair fled from his bleeding heart, and resignation spread her pinions over its abraded surface.

A few days afterward Don Diego was on the broad Atlantic. On landing at a Northern port he proceeded to Louisiana, and in a little while went into the wilderness, a missionary among the Indians, to enlighten their minds and improve their condition by teaching them Christian precepts. Following the course of the Missouri to the mouth of the Kansas River, he crossed that now great State, visiting every tribe, trying to spread the light of the living Gospel. At last he reached the range of mountains which held the fountains of the Missouri, and, as his season of life was far advanced, resolved to pass the remnant of his days among the Shoshones. Day by day he would go to the mountain top with his little book and his golden crucifix, and spend nearly all of his time in communion with God.

One morning in Easter season he asked the Indians to carry him to his beloved place on the top of the mountain. They did so lovingly and laid him down. Then, standing aloof, they watched him as he counted his beads. He told them that he saw a great light above the blessed cross he had carved on the wall of the canyon and that he heard the song of the angels calling him home. In a few moments he was dead. They buried him there at the foot of the hill where the Missouri sends forth its clear, sweet water seaward.

Priestly Ignorance.

The *London Universe* has a peculiar but most effective way of knocking out an adversary:—

"That we may the more fully satisfy the editor of the *Echo* as to the gross ignorance of the Catholic priesthood, we have compiled at random a list of some of the stupid exploits they have achieved in the walks of intellect and scientific research. Of course, it is unnecessary to remind our contemporary that the first author of music lines was a Pope, that musical notes were invented by a Brother and that the discovery of the explosive power of gunpowder, and the application of hydraulic power are due to men who wore the tonsure. But there are other matters which may be new to him. For instance, Father Clario reformed the calendar, the Abbe Jani invented the metrical system; Archbishop Regiomontano and Canon Copernicus enlightened humanity as to the plan on which the world is constructed and arranged. Father Budos da Celle woke the tone of the first organ; a Catholic priest encouraged Columbus on his voyage to America; Brother Pacifico la Merona invented clocks with wheels, and a certain Pope, by title Sylvester II., endowed us with Arabic numerals, gave us a clock with a pendulum, and devised the first organ moved by steam. Candid, a priest, had the original idea of moving an organ by electricity, and the Deacon Flavio Gioia invented the compass. The catalogue is by no means exhausted yet, but we pause to take breath and to give our anti-Catholic colleague time for reflection.

"Here are the names of a few more of these mutton-headed clericals, and a brief record of what they have done to retard civilization. Bishop Vemiso discovered the circulation of the blood. Fathers Epee and Sicard made us acquainted with some wonderful febrifuges. Father Lana formulated the laws of electricity, and Father Beccearia amplified them. The telegraph was invented by the Abbe Chappe, the telescope by Father Schaeiner, the magic lantern by Father Kirker, and the microscope by Father Magnan. The first aerostat was made by Father Desforges in 1772. Two missionary Brothers brought silk worms from China to Italy, and aided in establishing one of the foremost industries of the country; the Monk Beral originated glass drinking vessels, and the Abbe l'Epee enriched us with the alphabet for deaf mutes. None of these victories of mind, we submit, are to be despised even in the sublime regions of West Central London, where the *Echo* is compiled.

"But hold—there are one or two still to be mentioned. Cardinal Mezzofanti, one of these lazy, wealthy, sensual men in red hats, was the greatest polyglot of his own or any other age. Piazzi was a renowned astronomer, and Secchi the leading searcher of the firmament of his epoch; Ventura was a mighty philosopher and a faucal orator; Fontana and Pinciani were two celebrated archaeologists and physicists. All these were priests. Who invented the pantograph? The Abbe Caselli. Who invented the motor and moderating breaks of the locomotive? Father Narsanti. Who the micrometer and the nefoscope? Father Braun. Who the hydraulic clock? Father Embriaco. Who the electric sismometer-graph? Father Bartelli. We fancy we can hear that *Echo* dying faintly in the distance."

This is a season when colds in the head are alarmingly prevalent. They lead to catarrh, perhaps consumption and death. Nasal Balm gives immediate relief and certain cure. Sold by all dealers.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

THE SECTS' DECAY.

The Reformers substituted for the infallible teaching of the Church the guidance of private judgment in interpreting the Bible. But at the same time they asserted that no private interpretation of it was infallibly correct. Of course this was only another way of saying that its true meaning was known, beyond doubt, in heaven only, and that it could never be learned on earth, with absolute certainty, either from the Church or from the Bible.

The Church saw at once that in the virtue of this position, Protestantism was at bottom only agnosticism in disguise. She knew that sooner or later the inexorable logic of events would reveal the fact that its real starting-point was a denial of the possibility of any sure knowledge of supernatural truth. She foresaw that whenever this should become apparent, Christian faith would be exposed to a greater peril than had ever confronted it before. The danger would be that having denied her infallibility, and having seen that a sure knowledge of the divine revelation was impossible on Protestant principles, the world would drift into widespread skepticism.

When in the course of time this peril became imminent, she met it as she has always met other dangers. She opposed the new error by stating more fully, and insisting more urgently upon the opposite truth. At the Vatican Council in 1870 she defined with luminous precision the doctrine of her infallibility and reasserted it in clearer terms in the face of the world. And thus she set up the only possible barrier against the flood of unbelief that was sweeping men to the conclusion that, inasmuch as the meaning of the Bible could never be certainly known, it was not worth their while to concern themselves about the divine revelation at all.

This was a manifest instance of a true development of doctrine. For belief in Papal infallibility has always been a part of the implicit faith of the Church. In the writings of her early teachers there are expressions which clearly contain the germs that finally expanded into the Vatican decrees. She therefore proved that she was a living organism, animated by an indestructible principle of life. As the storms that wrench and bend the oak only drive its roots deeper into the soil, so the warfare of the last three centuries, instead of destroying her, has only revealed more clearly her vitality, her identity, and her perpetuity in all ages.

But the storms have just the opposite effect upon the branches that were cut off from the parent stem in the sixteenth century. Having no abiding life in themselves, they could not resist the corroding effect of the elements, but began at once to decay. And this process has gone on until now they are visibly moulding away and falling to pieces. They have manifestly yielded to, instead of resisting and controlling, the spirit of unbelief. So far from Protestantism having reformed the faith of the world, the world has reformed the faith of Protestantism. To prove this assertion, it will suffice first to give a candid admission of it from a Protestant source, and then to cite two instances in which it is notoriously true.

A recent Protestant paper uses this remarkable language: "It is impossible not to recognize that in the last fifty or sixty years something has happened. Stress is no longer laid upon the great distinctive truths of orthodox religion. If a man works for the temperance cause, shows deep interest in the labor problem, is in sympathy with Christian socialism, what matter is it whether he be a Jew or a Greek, a Unitarian or a Catholic? These are the sentiments that are moulding us in spite of ourselves. Could there be a more candid confession that so far as the sects are concerned, the attempt to establish morality upon a supernatural Christian basis has proved a failure, and that 'in spite of themselves' they have been forced by the world to go back to the inculcation merely of the natural morality of ancient paganism?"

This return to paganism is the outcome of that practical denial of the justice of eternal punishment for sin into which the demands of unbelief have driven them. For three centuries this doctrine was strenuously insisted upon in their pulpits. As long as their deliverances were supposed to have a quasi authority on the subject, it was held by nearly all Protestants. But as soon as the principle of private judgment had been carried to its legitimate results, and it came to be seen that a minister's opinion was not necessarily a truer than anybody else's, men began first to deny the doctrine, and then to demand that it should be kept out of the pulpit. And because they are unwilling to hear it, the Protestant pulpit now ignores it. No minister dares to preach it to-day as it was constantly preached fifty years ago. If he did, he would soon lose his place, and would have to wait a weary time before he got another "call."

This is the first illustration, referred to above, of the fact that the sects, instead of opposing an effective barrier to unbelief, are merely floating helplessly in whatever direction its current may carry them. Here is the second. Thirty years ago, Colenso was regarded as little better than an infidel because he questioned the accuracy of some of the statements of the Pentateuch. But now some of the ablest Protestant divines do not hesitate to avow openly that no part of the Bible is free from error. And not only so, but it is admitted that this skeptical spirit of criticism of the Scriptures cannot be suppressed in the separated Churches. On the contrary its foremost representa-

tive has an influential following who demand that he shall be retained in a position where he may instil it into future Presbyterian ministers.

There is no need to say anything more than this. If under the plea of "doctrinal growth," the disintegration of Protestantism has gone so far that its ministers openly impugn the infallibility of the very Bible itself, then the truth of what has been said above is proved, that instead of Protestantism having reformed the faith of the world, the critical unbelieving spirit of the world has undermined the faith of Protestantism. The Reformers sowed the wind, and their children are reaping the whirlwind. They began by denying the infallibility of the Church's interpretation of the Bible. It begins now to look as if their children may end, before another half century has passed, in deriding her for maintaining such an antiquated superstition as any belief in the Bible at all, except as a mere fallible human production. *X. Y. Catholic Review.*

A Bishop's Love for Boys.

Right Reverend Eugene O'Connell, Bishop of Joppa, formerly, until relieved by age, Bishop of Grass Valley, California, has a liking for the young. At one time he was Dean of All Hallows' College, Dublin, Ireland. He loved no boy particularly, but he loved all in general. He detested particular friendships, and the young students loved him all the more for it. He required a strict observance of the rule, but he always made allowance of the thoughtlessness of boys, and when a young lad would imagine that he was about to get what an American youth would term "Hail Columbia," he would often get off with, "Don't do it again." One of his boys on one occasion, being in the infirmary at a time when his presence was required in the class hall, heard the Dean's step and crept under a bed, his lower limbs being partly visible. The Dean smiled. "Well, gentlemen," he observed to a few of the senior students present, "Alvay, I believe, has forty-nine rules in his prosody, and now I will venture to make another. *Non dantur leges in genere.*" As much as to say, where the legs are there must as a general rule be a body somewhere in close proximity to them. A roar of laughter followed the remark amidst which the culprit emerged from his hiding-place, and—the good-hearted dean forgave him. Previous to this time, along in the fifties, he had done a good deal of hard missionary work in California among the horny-fisted miners. Subsequently in 1861 he was consecrated Bishop of Grass Valley, same State. He is at present located in Los Angeles, where he evangelizes the Spaniards, Spanish-Americans and Irish-Americans as he meets them.

The Bishop, who was born on the day of the battle of Waterloo, is in his seventy-sixth year, and works as hard as most men of half that age. In a letter recently received, the venerable prelate sends his regards to his friends in New Orleans, especially the newsboys, whom he euphemistically styles: "The junior members of the press." The Bishop is a perfect Spanish scholar. *Catholic Youth.*

When you need a good, safe laxative, ask your druggist for a box of Ayer's Pills, and you will find that they give perfect satisfaction. For indigestion, torpid liver, and sick headache there is nothing superior. Leading physicians recommend them.

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Jos. Beaudin, M. D., Hull, P. Q., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil commands a large and increasing sale which it richly merits. I have always found it exceedingly helpful; I use it in all cases of rheumatism, as well as fractures and dislocations. I made use of it myself to calm the pains of a broken leg with dislocation of the foot, and in two days I was entirely relieved of the pain."

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have 'used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my 'own use, and found it does me 'more good than any other remedy. 'I have been troubled with what I 'call Sick Headache. A pain comes 'in the back part of my head first, 'and then soon a general headache 'until I become sick and vomit. 'At times, too, I have a fullness 'after eating, a pressure after eating 'at the pit of the stomach, and 'sourness, when food seemed to rise 'up in my throat and mouth. When 'I feel this coming on if I take a 'little August Flower it relieves 'me, and is the best remedy I have 'ever taken for it. For this reason 'I take it and recommend it to 'others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia, &c."

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Adversity.

The fact is that trouble is a great educator. You see sometimes a musician sit down at an instrument, and his execution is cold and formal and unfeeling. The reason is that all his life he has been prosperous. But let misfortune or bereavement come to that man, and he sits down at the instrument and you discover the pathos in the first sweep of the keys. Misfortune and trials are great educators. A young doctor comes into a sick-room where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription, and very rough in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question; but the years roll on, and there has been one dead in his own house, and now he comes into the sick-room, and with tearful eye he looks at the dying child, and he says, "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator! Sorrow—I see its touch in the grandest painting; I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Beautiful Banff, N. W. T.
I was induced to use your Burdock Blood Bitters for constipation and general debility and found it a complete cure which I take pleasure in recommending to all who may be thus afflicted.—James M. Carson, Banff, N. W. T.

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