

sent a united front in the face of the common danger."

There are nearly always two opposite opinions held by those who are most interested in the result of any proposed civil policy, and we are not surprised that even among the Mexicans there should be a few who imagine that it would be a thing much to be desired that their country should become part of the United States. Thus Dr. E. Zaballos of Buenos Ayres, has openly expressed in a paper of that city, the opinion that the United States might well be constituted a supreme arbiter for the settlement of all disputes between the countries of South America.

But this is far from being the general opinion either of Mexicans, or citizens of the Southern republics. These are mostly of the opinion that it will be preferable for them to have the shaping of their destiny in their own hands. Some of the politicians of the United States, however, are undoubtedly of the opinion that their country has a mission to introduce its ideas of civilization and progress into all the countries of the two American continents, if not of the whole world, and if this cannot be attained by peaceful negotiations, they are ready to carry out their policy by an appeal to the sword if that be necessary.

The South Americans and the Mexicans are not all convinced that the United States could conquer Spanish America if they were minded to annex it by conquest, yet it will be conceded that if the United States put forth all its strength to that end, it might succeed in the long run in reducing to subjection any single one of the Spanish-speaking republics. Yet the lesson which has been taught by the war in the Philippines shows that this could not be effected against the will of the people without a great sacrifice of treasure and human life; and the difficulty would be increased beyond measure if the South American republics were united in one Confederacy. We may also suppose that if the whole of the Latin republics were united, it would be practically impossible to subjugate them as a whole, though, no doubt, the United States might gain certain strips of territory in the event that a war of this kind should take place, and might even gradually reduce several of their republics to subjection.

The fear that some effort may be made by the United States to extend its territory by annexing one or more of these Spanish republics has caused the question to be seriously mooted between the latter, whether such a Confederacy as we have referred to should not be established. The difficulties of uniting so many varied interests as occur in these States would undoubtedly be very great, but they do not appear to us to be insuperable. At all events the matter is being discussed, and it would not be very surprising if within a few years the union of some of the most powerful of these republics, at least in South America, should take place, though we would be hoping for a Utopia which would be scarcely practicable if we were to suppose that they will all, or nearly all, unite within any definite period of time.

AN OBERAMMERGAU FUNERAL

A Burial and a Birthday Ceremony After Quaint Bavarian Customs.

London Pall Mall Gazette.

The funeral of the Burgomaster Herr Lang was most touching and impressive; he had given his life and strength to the furtherance and performance of the Passionspiel. This year, alas! he was absent for weeks, ill in Munich. where his son is surgeon, and after much suffering was brought back here for burial. The house inside and out was covered with wreaths, as is customary in Germany, and, of course, every person in the village surrounded it. The solemn procession started at 9 o'clock, in front of the village and theatre bands playing church music, followed by the Schutzgeistler, or chorus, of the Passionspiel, chanting the sad dirge. Then about twenty little girls dressed in white with black scarfs, and white flowers in their hair, carried the wreaths from the houses. The coffin was borne by soldiers (there are no hearses in Oberammergau), and beside it walked the priest, preceded by the acolytes bearing the cross and swinging censers, then the mourners with their lighted candles, and the townsfolk, while at the rear followed the women, in deep mourning, praying audibly. One followed this mourning procession to the grave, where the coffin was reverently laid, touched only by holy water after the service had been read by the priest and chanted by the choir, and words were spoken by those who knew him.

After the sprinkling of holy water all filed into the church for the Messa Solenne. When it was over, a half hour later, the grave had been filled in, and only a bank of flowers and wreaths was visible. Surely nothing

could be more beautiful. The holy water still remained to sprinkle, but it was heartrending to see this great son break down, and even St. John weep copious tears. What was more noticeable, the band played solemn music, after the service in the church, at the graveside; somewhat contrary to our military custom of a joyous march back, so significant of once gone, to be forgotten! It was also remarkable that every one was decently clad in mourning; no brown boots and gloves, but black everywhere. Certainly a tall hat on the top of Herod's long locks had a distinctly peculiar effect, but then he only wore it going home; and the Christus with his lighted candle and golden hair, could only look what he was! At the postman's funeral the coffin was, of course, carried by the postmen, and at the hauptman's grave—who died of pneumonia, caught in the theatre after three days' illness—there was a superb wreath of yellow roses and purple iris sent by the soldiers of Pius and the Rabbi.

We pass from these sad scenes to the other end of the village, where the Namenstag is celebrated. It is not "birthday," but the day of the saint after which the person is named. Only by accident was it discovered, the night before St. Anthony's Day! Of course there are many "Antons" in the village, but to the English mind there is but one—Christus. He was a picture on his birthday morning, with his gentle grace and dignity and his grand presence. It was a joy to see him accept the little offerings of the grateful strangers those who among multitude beg never to be forgotten. Like a king he said, "Von mir," as he ordered wine and we ate his birthday cake, at the table where the Namenstag presents were shown. Later came the Tyrolean peasants with their music improvising a song to the zither in honor of their host.

These people are absolute geniuses; they recite and sing to the manner born, and there are few people in the village who do not play several instruments. It startsles one when mine host, who plays the violoncello in the theatre, the horn in the village band, the zither and violin at other times, after apologizing for his hands being a little hard with his carpenter's work, sits down to the piano and reads through Wagner's scores, "Lohengrin," etc. The Namenstag are constant. Next Friday comes St. Peter and Paul, but of course that of the Christus must always come first.

THE "BOXER" SPIRIT IN OUR OWN LAND.

It is our wont to be aroused over devilish doings in far-away lands. Let some one be oppressed in the farthest corner of the earth and the press of the United States forthwith clamors for war with the oppressor; and the people of this great country of the free, worry and work themselves into a fury of philanthropy and humanitarianism and lots of other high-sounding things, until the other nations of the earth stand aghast at our meddlesomeness. In order to prove our claim that the stars and stripes is the symbol of hope to all the struggling peoples of the world, we are ready to do battle with any nation—smaller than our own—and we are just pining to put "decadent" races out of business. We point with pride to the work we accomplished in freeing Cuba; and just at present we are bending every energy to show the Chinese Boxers what happens when the eagle screams.

But, like Tommy Atkins, Uncle Sam is an "absent-minded beggar." In justice, oppression, massacre occur in his own household and go apparently unnoticed. While his eyes are fixed upon the doings of the Chinese Boxers he does not see the manifestation of the Boxer spirit within his own domain.

Down in New Orleans, the other day, for instance, there was an outbreak of mob violence and race hatred, "enough," says one editor, describing it, "to shut the mouth of every American citizen against the Chinese Boxers." The excuse for this was the killing by a negro, Robert Charles, of two policemen, and the wounding of another. No sane man, of course, would attempt to condone the crime of such a desperado, black or white; but the actions of the mob, following upon the negro's crime, were atrocious, and, in a self-styled civilized community, unpardonable. Composed of the very worst elements of the white population, many of its members, doubtless notorious law-breakers themselves, the crowd organized itself into a black man's hunt, and whenever a negro appeared he was shot at or otherwise maltreated. Several negroes were killed and a large number wounded. Scenes of bloodshed and riot lasted for several days, during which time many negroes left the city, as their color was a challenge to the desperate gangs to assault them murderously. It was not to avenge the outraged majesty of the law that these white thugs went hither and thither assaulting peaceful colored people. It was race hatred pure and simple—a manifestation of the Boxer spirit here on the sacred soil of the United States, where we are all supposed to be free and equal. To be shot at it was only necessary to be of the negro race. Education, virtue, good citizenship counted for nothing. In one instance the mob broke open the door of a house where an aged negro and his wife were peacefully sleeping. As the latter arose and appeared in the doorway she fell, pierced by a dozen bullets, and died in a short time. A fitting climax to the fanatical doings of the mob was the burning of the

Lafon colored school building and the fine negro residences surrounding it. This building was as handsome as any white school building in the city. It was named after Thomy Lafon, a negro who accumulated a fortune of some \$600,000 and left it all to charity, part going to the building of this school, part to a charity hospital and part to two homes for aged people, one for the colored race and one for the white. And simply because the school building was devoted to the education of colored people, it was burned to the ground by the white mob.

Of course a little thing like this negro hunt in New Orleans will prevent us from still continuing to flaunt our "higher Christianity" and our "higher civilization" in the faces of poor, benighted foreign peoples, to whom one man is as good as another, be his color black or white; but before pouring forth the visals of our wrath on the Boxers in China we should remember our own Boxers at home.—Sacred Heart Review.

SAD SCENES IN A HOSPITAL.

Touching Description of the Last Moments of a New Orleans Riot Victim.

Blackest crime and thrilling deeds of bravery were plentiful in New Orleans last week. One man, a brutal colored desperado, turned the ordinarily peaceful city into one vast field of riot which raged for days. A dozen men were killed and more than a score were wounded. As is often the case, the hero priest was on the scene in the person of Father Fitzgerald, who faced death in the exercise of his sacred ministry. A militiaman, Corporal Lally, had been shot down in the street by Charles, the murderous black who started the whole trouble, and lay dying on the sidewalk still within range of the deadly rifle of the assassin, the latter having taken refuge in a house, from the windows of which he kept up a constant fire. Unmindful of the danger, Father Fitzgerald, accompanied by two brave laymen, hurried to the wounded man's side and administered Extreme Unction. The priest performed similar services for another victim of the colored man's rifle. During this ceremony Andrew L. Bruinfield, a layman, who was holding a candle for the priest, was shot through the heart.

Corporal Lally, who first received the priest's ministrations, was subsequently removed to the Charity Hospital, where he died. He was a devout Catholic. The touching scenes around his death-bed are thus described by the New Orleans Daily Picayune:

A TOUCHING SCENE.

The wounded man had all been placed in ward 13, which happened to be vacant, and the corporal's condition being hopeless, the bed was screened off, and over him moistening the pallid lips and whispering words of comfort was a gentle Sister of Charity. At her side sat Mrs. Lally, the devoted wife of the gallant corporal. Mrs. Lally had been brought to the hospital about 7 o'clock to see her husband. She was met by Sister Agnes and tenderly prepared for the worst. She was told to be brave; not to give way under this bitter stroke of fate. She knelt beside her husband, she kissed his hand and said: "John, how are you? It is I, your wife." He opened his eyes; he took her hand and spoke to her gently, tenderly bidding her be brave and bear up under this trial. And then for a while the Sister left them alone—those two whose hearts were so bound together and who were soon to be separated by death. Then he asked for his son, and after a while Mrs. Lally went home for a while to see her little children; but in a short while she returned with the boy and took her place by the bedside of her dying husband, not again to leave it until his eyes were closed in death.

"She was so quiet, so brave, her sorrow was so deep and her position so pitiful," said the Sister who sat with her, "that it would have moved the stoniest heart to tears. There was no loud demonstrations of grief, no heart-rending sobs, but, holding his hand in hers, she sat by the bed whispering ever through the hours of that last sad night words of hope and helpful prayer. Now and again he would speak to her and tell her to be good, to be brave and she would answer, 'I am brave. I will be good; oh, God bless you, John.'"

The Sisters in charge of the ward moved quietly from bed to bed, for many of the trained nurses were home on their summer vacation, and extra help from among the Sisters was called in. Almost all night Dr. Bloom remained in the ward dressing wounds and directing the care of the cases. Every now and then he would visit Corporal Lally's bed, but he could do but little, for the brave corporal was fast passing from earth. The priest came and prayed with him and administered the sacraments and the Sisters and Mrs. Lally knelt at his bedside.

"SISTER, I AM DYING."

The Sister saw that the end was coming, and she moved her lips in prayer and tried to make him more comfortable. He said: "Sister, I am dying." And she answered: "Yes, my dear friend, you have come where we must all come one day. Now, make a good act of contrition for the last time and ask God's pardon for all your sins." He answered: "Yes, Sister; but here in the presence of death I can lay my hand on my heart and say that in all my life I have not knowingly done an unkind act towards any one. May God help me now."

"God will help you; God is helping you," said the gentle Sister of Charity. And all this time Mrs. Lally was sobbing quietly with her husband's hand in hers. Then with superhuman courage she said: "We will pray together, John," and he answered: "Yes." "We will say the Rosary," she said, and she began to recite softly the beautiful prayers so dear to the Catholic heart. He answered audibly the rosary through, and then his voice grew weaker, his lips moved slowly, his pulse more feeble. He looked into his wife's face once more, as if he would speak, then, with the words "Our Father, who art in heaven," he passed into the presence of God.

Mrs. Lally laid her lips upon the lips so cold in death. She did not move, she gave no wild exhibition of grief, but her look was that of a soul undergoing the crucifixion of Calvary.

HIS BRAVE WIFE.

"It was all the more heartrending," said the gentle Sister, who remained with her to the end, "because she was so self-contained under this fearful stroke. The little boy was equally brave and seemed to realize what his mother sought to impress upon him, that there were other sufferers in that ward, and by no noisy demonstration, no untoward exhibition of grief that was consuming their hearts must they give way and imperil the condition of the other wounded. Her faith, her courage were most edifying. Seldom even in this hospital, where we witness so much of the sorrow of earth, have we been so deeply impressed. After a while we went up to her and gently sought to lead her away. She said: 'So soon, so soon; yes, it must be, and then, leaning over him, again she kissed the cold lips and said: 'We will meet in heaven.'"

Then the Sisters took her to their rooms, and after a while she was sent home and the body of Corporal Lally was removed to the morgue. The Sisters took charge of his clothes and all his little effects of personal wear, and later in the day they were sent to Mrs. Lally.

Then the Sisters, who had been on duty all night, were relieved by other Sisters, and so the faithful watch will go on. In all these trying hours none have been more surely tried than these patient, ministering angels of the Charity Hospital.

URSULINES 50th ANNIVERSARY.

On the 8th August, 1900, the Ursuline nuns celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their Community's establishment in Cleveland, Ohio. Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Right Rev. Bishop Horstmann.

After the celebration of Mass the Bishop spoke a few words to the Sisters, congratulating them on the completion of a half century of noble work, and remarked on the wonderful growth from the humble beginning in 1850. He also spoke of his intense gratification in being able to participate on the great occasion—the golden jubilee of the establishment of the Ursuline order in the Diocese of Cleveland. He then pointed out the glorious work that had been accomplished in the past fifty years, and urged the Sisters to emulate the noble work of the pioneer Sisters. The Bishop also spoke of the holy and unselfish motives that brought the Sisters into religion, and urged them to be mindful of their own sanctification and to labor for the education of youth for God's greater honor and glory. He then imparted the episcopal blessing.

Mgr. Thorpe delivered the sermon. It was an eloquent and deeply impressive oration, during the course of which he eulogized the Sisters on the magnificent success which had attended their efforts during the fifty years of their residence in the diocese. Forty-four priests, besides Right Rev. Bishop Horstmann were present during the celebration, which lasted three days.

RELICS AND MIRACLES.

An Intelligent Catholic Reader Addresses Some Pertinent Remarks to the Editor of a New York Daily.

To the Editor of the New York Times.—Answering a question of your correspondent, who writes about the relic of St. Anne, which is reverently kept in one of our Catholic churches in this city, I will say that for a Catholic the matter of any reported miracle is one of evidence, to be believed or believed, as the evidence is weak or strong. Further, however, we believe that God's power is as untrammelled as of old, and that in every case of the Church miracles have occurred through the intercession of his saints. In our own times at Lourdes we see wonders performed which have converted more pronounced skeptics than your correspondent.

Your correspondent confuses two distinct questions—the genuineness of relics and the honoring of them. To say that it is impossible to preserve relics is manifestly absurd. Besides, consider the attitude and practice of the Church back to the very first ages. When the crowds had left the pagan shows, did not the friends of the early martyrs quietly take away their remains? And when they with religious care soaked up the blood with sponges from the arena, did they throw those sponges away, or was it to keep them with the bodies as precious things to be revered? It is on the face of it probable that from the zealous, relic-saving, primitive times down through a relic cherishing Church there are genuine relics in abundance. Here again the question in any particular case is one of evidence, to be believed or believed. But Catholics know the scrupulous care Mother

Church takes in this matter, and when a relic is vouched for we do not argue over it. For we do not fear these remembrances of our glorious brethren, but rejoice to have them. And we can admit the possibility of a mistake without very great concern. If a Prince in a peasant's cottage saw a strange likeness mistakenly honored for his, he would be pleased with the evidence of good will.

The Emperor of Germany knew well how to strengthen himself with millions of his people when he made the Catholic Church a gift of the Jerusalem dwelling house of the Blessed Virgin. He knew it was a welcome gift; that the recipients would not be embarrassed over it, as would have been the case had he given it to his own Church. For then the predicament would be this: They would either have to treat it with neglect and implied contempt, or they would have to treat it with reverence and somewhat as a shrine, which would make them as bad (or as good) as the Catholics. They doubtless would have treated it with reverence; probably, though from a feeling of strangeness, they would have been awkward and half-hearted, instead of being natural and whole souled.

In fact, which it comes to any particular case (as noticeably with the Trier celebrations some years ago), non-Catholics in a discussion prefer not to get beyond the question of genuineness, and this for some undisclosed *a priori* reason they decide in the negative without argument.

As to the second point, charity alone restrains me from characterizing the implication that when we extend to relics marks of honor, we are guilty of idolatry. Every little child among us knows that such honor is purely relative; that we refer it to the saints, whose spirits still live, and that, further, we honor the saints because they are God's saints, whom "the King deigneth to honor." Will any objector be consistent? Then let him tear down ancestral pictures in his house; let him heap contempt on Lafayette uncovering his head at the tomb of Washington and bowing to dust and stones. It may then occur to him that it was not to the ashes and stones in themselves, for themselves, that this reverence was given, and he may learn to think justly of us.

We are, then, criticized for our do nations to our churches. Now, as it happens, this is one thing that Catholics are just a little proud of, though after all we do not do half enough. Believing our churches to be temples (in a way that others disclaim for their churches), we consider it a grand thing to help to the splendor of God's house.

Next we are joined, irrelevantly, with the Christian Scientists, who forbid natural remedies for sickness. We, on the contrary, hold that to pray for help, and at the same time to neglect the means Providence puts in our reach, is as wrong as the contrary practice of trusting to natural means and forgetting from whom we have them or believing that to such means God's power is restricted.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, why have you offended us by publishing a letter in which our faith and practices are grossly and violently attacked? You may say you let us answer the attack. But this does not affect the initial wrong, against which please receive a protest. Surely your rule against immoderate language does not allow an exception where the object of abuse is our religion?

We do not answer the abuse in kind; no, let it rather be in kindness. We herewith tender your correspondent our sincere and best wishes. Let him be assured that if he becomes a Catholic and honored the saints of God, it would be his joy to find it a beautiful and ennobling practice. With this in view, we can ask the prayers of St. Anne, that glorious matron standing high among the blessed ones in heaven.—NEAL H. EWING.

New York, July 23, 1900.

CATHOLICS AND THEIR CONVERTS.

Rev. John Talbot Smith in Donahoe's for August.

How easily personal faults, and irritations, and sharp discussions are forgotten when the personality of the convert comes distinctly into view! The venerable form of Newman dominates the English speaking world of Catholics. The controversies to which his conversion gave rise, the cobwebs which envy and folly strung over his name, have all fallen to earth of their own weight, and the grand figure stands at this moment like a towering mountain bathed in the eternal sun. I heard a Catholic gentleman once call Newman a heretic, and wondered how long he might stand the ridicule of his position against the great Cardinal. It was not worth while asking for his reasons. Time and the moths do away with such charges. And how utterly foolish they look before the monumental work, the wonderful influence, the magic personality of this sweet hearted soul, whose name is an argument for the Church more unanswerable than all the controversial books in the English tongue. It seems to me that if every convert were as untractable and untamable and cantankerous as the Catholic rival of Iconoclast Brann, for Newman's sake he would have to be loved and petted. No one has measured for us yet the depth of this man's hold on the hearts and the imaginations of the Catholic millions in the English-speaking world. It is enough to say that his personality has overcome for thousands the natural bitterness of heart against Englishmen felt by other nationalities. For Newman's sake they are bound to be more gentle

in their speech, and less bitter in their revenge of historic wrongs. Grouped around Newman like stars about the moon are the names of Manning, and Faber, and Ward, and Patmore, and Lady Fullerton, with many others, whose hold upon our affections is as firm as the debt of gratitude which we owe them is large beyond the hope of payment. Manning in particular enjoys the love of the American Catholics. He was always gracious to them, his practical methods pleased them, his political sympathy with the workers delighted them, and his role of cabinet minister without a portfolio excited their enthusiasm. To the Irish was he particularly dear, for he had the tact to acknowledge publicly that the resurrection of the Scottish and English hierarchies was due to Irish immigration into England and Scotland. Ward was the idol of the controversialists, Faber beloved of the devotees, and Lady Fullerton of the reading public. Measure their influence who can. They are all at rest, and their work stands forth free from cloud. Our gratitude hushes all criticism. We are agreed to a man that these converts are worthy of our love and our praise, and for their sake others less lovable and without greatness shall be honored.

CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

It is Time to do Battle Against the Demon of Impure Literature.

The action of the German Center Party in arraying itself squarely against the impure in art and literature is, we are informed, soon to be followed by the Catholic Party of Belgium. Of late, it is claimed, Parisian Socialists and Masons have flooded Belgium with a wave of indecent books and obscene pictures, and against the circulation of these in any form the Belgian Catholic Center is preparing to wage vigorous war.

We submit that a similar opportunity awaits the proposed union of American Catholic societies as soon as federation takes place. As Bishop Montgomery points out with rare candor, there are many things far more necessary for Catholics in this country to do than to engage in forming an infeasible political party. If our people can once be educated up to the point of standing out boldly against the thousand and one corrupters of public and private morals, before long they will find themselves receiving the admiration and support of all their upright fellow-citizens. They will thus be a great moral power working to advance right Christian civilization.

It is notable that similar federation and action is now being urged upon the Catholic societies in our neighbor republic—Mexico. During the last few months that country has been flooded with pornographic art and literature, and we are not surprised to find a recent issue of El Mundo Catolico (The Catholic World) of Mexico City, advocating the formation of a Catholic union for the purpose of waging aggressive warfare against the demon of indecency, as well as against other evils pointed out. If this is to be a Christian age, the Christian world must begin to battle a little for the preservation of its ideals. The Church has always been the greatest promoter of purity, and a time has come for her children seriously to consider the labor that awaits them in building a loftier social order.—Midland Review.

OUR LADY'S ASSUMPTION.

The feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, which Holy Church celebrates on Aug. 15, presents to us a subject worthy of our imitation. If Mary triumphs as the Immaculate Virgin and the Mother of Jesus, she is also crowned as the servant of God. She is of all creatures the most exalted in Heaven, and precisely because she was the most humble on earth.

FAITHFUL UNTO THE END.

Rev. Father Piche, who died suddenly at Lachine, Quebec, last month, had just preached a strong sermon on Intemperance. For the last forty years he had devoted himself to this work. In concluding his sermon with a brilliant peroration he declared he would preach against the liquor traffic until his death. He was found dead in his study fifteen minutes after the close of the service.—Sacred Heart Review.

HIS HOLINESS EVER A PEACE-MAKER.

A Rome despatch to the Central News says an authoritative organ of the Vatican, in commenting on the speech Emperor William made in which he told his soldiers who were to start for China "to give no quarter and take no prisoners," states that it is the earnest wish of the Pope and Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State, that the powers shall not resort to nor permit a policy of retaliation and revenge.

The Pope has issued through the Cardinal-Vicar of the Catholic missions a letter which directs that general prayers shall be offered up in the Catholic churches throughout the world for the safety of the Christians in China. The letter also expresses the hope that instead of motives of revenge the Almighty shall inspire everybody with thoughts of concord and peace which will prevent further ruin and massacre.

If there was more moral courage among the officers of Catholic organizations there would be less conviviality among the members.