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FATE.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought,
Each of the other's better, and no heed.

And these of unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act
And send each wandering step to this one end,
That they may meet in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right
They must stand acknowledged face to face.

And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied: and this is Fate.

[From Daily Witness, May 29.]

FALSE ACCUSATIONS AGAINST CATHOLICS.

CATHOLICS WORSHIP GOD, KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF ALL.

Therefore let us feast not with the old heathen, nor with the heathen of malice and wickedness, but with the unspiced bread of sincerity and truth. 1st Cor.

[To the Editor of the Witness.]

Sir,—I claim your indulgence to make a few observations with reference to the unjust and untrue statements which have lately appeared in your paper against us. I anticipate your compliance in justice and fairly to a large class of citizens who respect their Protestant fellow-countrymen of all creeds and nationalities and who are anxious to extend the right hand of fellowship to them. I am glad to chronicle the fact that charity and Christian kindness are appreciated on both sides. I hope it will be appreciated in spite of a few chronic grumblers who open the battering rams of prejudice against us and imagine they can annihilate us and all their opponents with as much facility as Joshua demised the walls of Jericho by the blowing of the ram's horns. There is one thing very essential to contemplate; that is, that the great majority of our enlightened Protestants regard the offensive language of itinerant, pompous and bombastical lecturers, whose chief avocation appears to be in the direction of abusing Catholics, their religion and institutions. Their columns are frequently quoted against us, and well-meaning people are often misled. They parties to whom I refer are not devoted to any religion. They make abusive attacks to sow the seeds of discord in the community. They do not take a pebble out of the Catholic citadel, consequently they do not injure us. Abuse will never make converts in any cause. The Apostle commands us to praise out the old leaven. We are not to be vexed from feasting with the leaven of malice. Not in serious literary effusions of some of the writers who figure so conspicuously in the Montreal Witness, we regret to see the leaven of malice is magnified and sincerity and truth totally obliterated. How any rational and intelligent persons claiming to be Christians in this enlightened age can maliciously and deliberately insinuate and impute "superstition" against their Catholic fellow Christians is mysterious to me. It is the old, old antiquated story yielded and renewed on the anvil of prejudice. These foul and slanderous epithets will not humiliate us in the sight of God nor will they be an obstacle to our road to heaven. We must all render an account of every idle word spoken in this world. Do these foul calumnies originate through invincible ignorance or are they nurtured through a malevolent heart, callous from prejudice, intolerance and bigotry, that the benign rays of our common Christianity are totally excluded? Is the object to spread the errors of darkness with deception in order to blindfold the public? If the blind lead the blind they shall both fall into the ditch. The incongruous and contradictory charges have been so frequently reported that it is foolish and superfluous to advert to them. We do not censure respectable Protestant ministers who are gentlemen by education and profession. We do not impute any motives to our separated friends generally. They would spare the idea of bearing false witness against their neighbors. But a few who leave our church sometimes become the principal aggressors. We have some master minds in the Catholic Church who are converts. In all their writings, speeches, sermons and lectures they never insult or calumniate their Protestant fellow citizens. The same may be said of our clergy, collectively and individually. I would respectfully suggest to those few newspaper scribbles who assail us, in order to facilitate their knowledge of the beautiful worship and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, that they can purchase a Catholic Bible cheap at Mr. Sadler's, Montreal. There is little difference between it and their own. They can purchase Catholic sermons from texts of holy writ by imitating devices. They can purchase a catechism for a few cents. They also can purchase Dr. Ruster's celebrated "Life of Christ and His Apostles," a voluminous work which received the encomiums of prominent Protestant divines. They also can purchase large family Bibles with notes and grand illustrations. A short perusal of these will enlighten their minds, dispel prejudice, show our creed and beliefs in its purity, grandeur and integrity. They will then be able to view their Catholic fellow-citizens in a more Christian, liberal spirit. We hope they will not aspire to adorn themselves with the phylacteries of their namesakes of old and try to monopolize self-righteousness and sanctification, while we are willing to imitate in humility the humble penitents who cried aloud from the innumerable recesses of his soul, "Lord, have mercy on me a sinner." Your glorying is not good. "Know you that a little leaven corrupteth the whole lump." Cor. 5: 6; 13: 10. It appears the whole of prejudice is worshipped by the Scribblers.

I will feel thankful to you for the publication of this letter. I do not wish to intrude on your space. As an act of justice you owe it to my public. If you print this I will show you in my next that Catholics never "worshipped Mary," as one of your scribbles asserts. We honor and reverence her as the blessed Mother of God, for which we have ample testimony from the Holy Gospels, Luke 1: 28. We hope that those who judge us erroneously through misconception, will for bear and not turn their judgment into wormwood. "And judgment is turned away backward, and justice shall stand far off, because truth had fallen from the street, and equity could not come in." Isaiah 49.

A CATHOLIC IRISHMAN.
Winchester, Dundas, May, 1888.

THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

LONDON, June 15.—The Emperor of Germany died at 11 this morning.

Frederick III., King of Prussia and German Emperor, died at eleven o'clock this morning at Potsdam. Long as has been his illness, steady as has been the progress of the disease, certainly fatal as it was known the end would be, nevertheless his death will be a shock to the whole civilized world. No prince of the age has won such world-wide esteem and even love as did Frederick William. Worthy also she has been the loyalty of his own subjects and the deepest respect of all people was the man who seemed to unite the virtues of a great prince with the virtues of a humble subject, and who seemed to eschew the vices of both. Greatly as he died, it can only be said that his death was worthy of the life he lived. The only bitterness which can mingle with the grief for his death, lies in the thought of the loss to Germany of a ruler possessing mature wisdom, wise liberality, a wholesome love of peace, and a moral character which might serve subjects of all classes as a model. At such a crisis as the present, when Germany is surrounded with obvious enemies, whom she has despoiled and disappointed, and is supported by doubtful friends whom she has humiliated, when all are armed for a great struggle, and are watchfully alert for the signal, the death of an Emperor whom the bitterest enemies of the empire regarded as almost their friend is little less than a calamity to Europe. Brief as has been his reign, however, and brief as he has been in his weakness by those who have made his illness



an opportunity to thwart him, it must not be taken too hastily for granted that he has accomplished nothing. If he had died before coming to the throne his life would have had to be reckoned with by the historian of the German Empire. For years his liberalism was understood throughout Germany, and hopes were founded upon his accession which made Liberalism a great power, even in the face of the antagonism of the "man of blood and iron," who had built up the empire, and thereby won a sort of right to despotically guide its affairs. German Liberals will enter upon the long struggle which seems to be before them with the strength they gained and with the no less impetus which the dying efforts of a greatly beloved Emperor in the direction of reform has given. To the Empress Victoria in the hour of the greatest sorrow her life is likely to know, the reverence and love of all her countrymen will go out. It is, perhaps, impossible to say more of her than that she was fully worthy of such a husband, that she had a great character, and that she was right or wrongly she is credited by the highest classes in Germany with creating a great reaction against all that is considered most Prussian. That her strength of character was great enough to accomplish so much in spite of her struggle with the time she entered the German capital while she was still little more than a girl, until now that she is a middle aged woman, is enough to raise the hope that she will yet succeed. She had entertained hopes of doing a great work in elevating, emancipating and ennobling German womanhood. Her activity as an Empress, even when the illness of her husband demanded nearly all her energies, was an earnest of a wise purpose to accept responsibilities and duties of a national and imperial character, fitting the position of the consort of an Emperor. An Empress endowed with democratic ideas knew that it was her noblest duty to serve her people. We cannot but believe that she will yet create for herself a sphere in Germany, which will enable her to accomplish much of what she has planned. On the 9th of March the Emperor William died in Berlin. To-day, the 15th of June, his son, the Emperor Frederick, is dead. During the three months of his brief reign the thoughts of the world have never been absent from him for a day, for during that time he has been fighting with steadfast patience and courage a double fight, for life for himself and for freedom for the people of Germany. Frederick III., known first as Prince Frederick William, then the Crown Prince, and lastly as the German Emperor, was born on October 18th, 1831, and was therefore at the time of his death in his fifty-seventh year. Like all Prussian princes he was from his earliest days brought up in a military and trained as a soldier. Although much time was given to military exercises, the young Prince was very early placed under half a dozen tutors, one of whom was Ernest Curtius, whose noble influence had much to do with the direction of the Prince's ideas afterwards took toward Liberalism. Later on the Prince became a student of Bonn, where he lived the life of an ordinary student, being a notably hard worker. Of the University he later on became rector. In 1848, when his father, then the Crown Prince, was driven from Berlin because of his stern manner of putting down with cannon the attempt of revolution, they came to England, where the late Emperor was supposed to have imbibed constitutional ideas which were not, however, exemplified in after life. Prince Frederick William, then a youth of seventeen, first met his Princess Royal of England, who was only a bright child of eight years. It is said, however, that the Prince was very much amused with the precocious dignity and cleverness of the Princess, and that, in spite of her tender years, she became a comrade. It is certain that the idea of a marriage of the two was then

formed by the parents of both, and was afterwards always entertained as a probability. In 1850, Prince William returned to his studies, and later travelled to the South of Europe and in Egypt. In 1853, just when England was rejecting over the fall of Sebastopol, Prince William paid a visit to Balmoral with the express purpose of winning the Princess Victoria, then only a girl of 13 years. The Prince Consort and the Queen, when the proposal was formally made on the 29th of September, consented, but requested him not to speak to the Princess until after the confirmation. On the 29th of September, "during our ride up Craig-na-Ban," writes the Queen, "Prince William picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of good luck) which he gave to me, and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes as they rode down Glen Gerrock, which led to the happy conclusion of an engagement." Thus began a union which has been one of the happiest and the noblest ever formed. Jan. 25, 1858, the marriage took place. Seven children were born, of whom all but one still live. In 1860, when war broke out between Prussia and Austria, the Prince took command of three army corps, composed of 125,000 men. His army undertook some difficult operations in the Silesian hills, and fought many brilliant engagements. The march to Koniggratz, which great victory was won by his unexpected appearance in the middle of the battle, turned the fortunes of the day and gave the Germans their greatest triumph. The war between Germany and France had commenced in Paris. On October 28th, 1870, the Prince was created a field marshal of Prussia. In 1871 he paid a visit to England. Last year he was a conspicuous figure in the Queen's Jubilee procession at London. He was even then suffering from the disease which has now ended fatally. During the winter the Prince resided at San Remo, his life, day by day, since then having been chronicled in the newspapers. On the death of the Emperor on the 9th of March, he removed to Charlottenburg, and later to Berlin. Although the progress of his disease has been constant, and at times his condition has been critical, he yet performed the duties of his position.

CABLE TELEGRAMS.

(Specially reported for and taken from THE MONTREAL DAILY POST.)

LONDON, June 12.—The change for the worse in Emperor Frederick is very grave. The Prince of Wales has received a cipher telegram from Potsdam which announces that the disease with which the Emperor is suffering from has attacked the trachea by means of an abscess in the operation of tracheotomy. The complication is most dangerous. It was announced by Dr. Mackenzie some time ago as a dangerous possibility. It puts an entirely new aspect upon the case and decreases very much the Emperor's chance of prolonging his life. The uncertainty of the case is made evident by a conversation I had yesterday with Dr. Mark Howell, Sir Morell's assistant, who just arrived from Germany. Dr. Howell, usually the most taciturn of men, spoke with the greatest confidence and hope, and, of course, with the greatest possible authority, as Dr. Mackenzie's confidant. He said it was certain the disease was not cancer; that the case was progressing well and the doctors had fairly good hope of the patient's ultimate recovery; a hope never even whispered before, and every evidence that the Emperor would live many months longer in any case. In a letter just published in the *British Medical Journal*, and which, though it is not known, is written by Dr. Mackenzie, a very hopeful view is taken of things. But this last information makes the outlook as gloomy as ever. It is probable the exact nature of the complication will not be made known officially, as it would tend to confirm certain rumors as to the nature of the Emperor's disease; rumors which, if true, permit a hope of ultimate recovery, but which for reasons of policy must be vigorously denied.

Both great political parties are concerned about the immediate future of the House of Commons, and the whips on both sides are showing unwonted activity in their efforts to mark the members of all sections well up to the mark in attendance during the debate on the local government bill. The situation looks altogether bad for the administration and correspondingly favorable for the opposition, so that, if a new election were called, the Government would have a very slim chance of success. The lives of multitudes and the destiny of more than one country depend upon the course he pursues. The whole scene of the Kaiser's death and the political activity ensuing has been, inexpressibly sad. Frederick has always been, in politics, speaking, an intruder upon the scene. He was not expected to enter into the ministerial calculations last year, and that he was not desired has been evident. His demise, to the dominant party, ever since his accession, is an ill-concealed relief. That he was a very good man everybody admitted. Only that refining process of human nature which comes from suffering and sorrow could have ever transferred a Hohenzollern into a bender hearted, sympathetic and almost ideal monarch. That he was in spirit, but his policy was soofted at his tendencies derided and his policy thwarted. He saw reforms for the benefit of his people that he had been for many years performing impossible of establishment. He found the blood and iron policy his race upheld on one side by his son and on the other by his chancellor, between whom an understanding was evident. His only feeble success was his endeavor to break up machine rule in the elections, and he discharged Minister Von Puttkamer. This is all; history will record of his influence on Germany, and history will also record Von Puttkamer's return to office before many days.

One thing is certain—the new Kaiser will not be Prince Bismarck or anybody's tool, Countess Walderssee included. He is a polished man of the world with the mental facility of a Frenchman. His civil education is as complete as his military, and having spent six months in the dull routine of the Prussian civil service and having all national matters firmly imprinted. He has his own ideas, like every other man, and the discipline of Germany affects Prince Bismarck as well as everybody else, for he is only a servant. He may find ruthlessness, his new master, even more unpleasant than sentimental, his predecessor. Kaiser William will

have his way, if it takes all of the \$2,700,000 war levy en masse to enforce it. What that way will be remains to be seen. It is, perhaps, a logical conclusion—that the man who hates his mother does not love anything except himself, his country not excepted, and many people, Socialists and Jews of Germany, perhaps most of all, may bitterly regret the untimely death of the Emperor Frederick and the accession of William II.

THE NEW EMPEROR OF GERMANY.
Will He Be the Terror of Europe?

(Berlin correspondent New York Times.)
Picture to yourself a young man in his thirtieth year, six feet in height, straight as an ash sapling, with finely-formed, slender limbs, narrow hips, swelling chest and square, broad shoulders, with a small head on a long, full-throated neck, held erectly upright, and an oval face, with an aquiline effect of profile, clear cut, strong chin, bearded nose, prominent though not high cheek bones, and good open forehead—all as regular in ensemble as a Greek triumphal arch, with clear, sharp, cold gray-blue eyes, light brown hair, close cut behind, but longer in the crown, and rising from the temples to form a sort of ridge from the parting across the brow, and a yellowish moustache loosely curled up at the ends—and you have such a portrait as words can paint of William, Crown Prince of Prussia and coming German Emperor.

ALL EUROPE, with its thousand sons of royal houses, does not present another such regal figure. The Kaiser who is dead and the Kaiser who is dying have, by their photographs, familiarized all the civilized world with two striking and splendid physical types of a soldier who looked every inch a king. But each gained much by the effects of beard, of lines of care in the face, and of imposing corporal bulk. They were impressive in the sense of a noble old mastiff, or of a huge, honest, shaggy, deep-chested boarhound. This

Mr. Dr. Freycinet, French Minister of War, is not less active than the war ministers of other nations in preparing for a general conflagration. He has instituted active measures in every direction, and has now ordered that lectures shall be regularly given at the higher military schools on the combination of operations between land and sea forces. The lectures are to be given with special reference to defence coasts and roadstead attacks on fortresses at foreign ports, etc., and are to be delivered by Lieut. Degouty, who is a leading authority on this method of active warfare.

LONDON, June 15.—After the adjournment of the House last night, Mr. Parrell said to a reporter: "There was a meeting of the Irish party to-day, and we decided fully upon our future course. We hope to recover our footing forth every possible effort to have full attendance of Home Rule members from now on. Some of them are now in Ireland, but we will try and get them all on hand. The Government to-day sent down to the races at Ascot, and after a good deal of trouble succeeded in getting their members up to the House. It was significant in a very short time the Goodwood races begin, and after they are over there will be a great scattering of the Tories for shooting parties in the country and all that. They fell to as low as 36 majority the other night, and with our forces fully reconstituted, things will have a decidedly hazardous look for the Unionists. We have a good chance of turning up one of the licensing laws. They have all been withdrawn, but we shall now move for a reconsideration of the ninth clause, bearing on the compensation to keepers of public houses. Such men are forced by law to close their places on Sunday in Ireland, without compensation, and there is no reason why they should be compensated. It is a very short time since the Government much like the clause now in the bill, but less pit party of blunders, but we will force the issue, and in that way a division will be taken which will compel many staunch Tories to vote with the public houses and against their life long professions and principles or turn and record their votes with us."

"Within ten days," Other plans are thoroughly well matured, and I may say, and I say it with some satisfaction, the time for the Irish party to begin fighting for which I have waited so patiently and so long, has come, and it finds us eager. Real work is fairly started."

BERLIN, June 16.—The Emperor is dead! Long live the Emperor. For the second time in the short space of three months the loyal German nation has renewed its pledge of fealty with the shadow of death. Frederick William III., the eighth of the Hohenzollern monarchs, is monarch no longer, and William II. is King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany. He is Emperor at the age of 29, and Emperor at a time when seven millions of armed men and all the nations of Europe gaze anxiously toward Germany, and his latest occupant with uneasy consciousness.

The lives of multitudes and the destiny of more than one country depend upon the course he pursues. The whole scene of the Kaiser's death and the political activity ensuing has been, inexpressibly sad. Frederick has always been, in politics, speaking, an intruder upon the scene. He was not expected to enter into the ministerial calculations last year, and that he was not desired has been evident. His demise, to the dominant party, ever since his accession, is an ill-concealed relief. That he was a very good man everybody admitted. Only that refining process of human nature which comes from suffering and sorrow could have ever transferred a Hohenzollern into a bender hearted, sympathetic and almost ideal monarch. That he was in spirit, but his policy was soofted at his tendencies derided and his policy thwarted. He saw reforms for the benefit of his people that he had been for many years performing impossible of establishment. He found the blood and iron policy his race upheld on one side by his son and on the other by his chancellor, between whom an understanding was evident. His only feeble success was his endeavor to break up machine rule in the elections, and he discharged Minister Von Puttkamer. This is all; history will record of his influence on Germany, and history will also record Von Puttkamer's return to office before many days.

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officers in uniform. The elevator boy touches his cap to me with a military salute. The waiters when they receive my order turn on their heels like the fusiliers under the eye of a drill-sergeant. The military spirit pervades everything and everybody.

What this means is that the army here in Germany will utterly swamp what organized pacific instincts there are in the Empire the moment a young fighting Kaiser draws his sword and cries out:

WHO WILL FOLLOW ME?

The fact of the existence of Bismarck's colossal army will magnify itself in the popular mind; the spirit in which he built it up, the peaceful intent, the patriotic aim—will all vanish like steam on a lamp chimney. Kaiser William II. in the glare of his youthful distinction of face and figure, of his deep Teutonic prejudices, of his all controlling belief in himself and his race and his destiny—could hurl a practically united Germany in warfare east, west or south a month after he had ascended the Hohenzollern throne. The whole German nation from Biele to Konigsberg would rise to his enthusiastic support. Every young man from Thorn to Coblenz would learn to rise with him for CONQUEST OR GLORY.

This is not a pleasant or humane conclusion, but it is a necessary one. The lesson taught by Prussia's success—by the rise of the Hohenzollern dynasty—is an object lesson in blood and iron which has not been lost on any German mind. Every youth, from the humblest field laborer in Thuringia to the Crown Prince, who waits upon the very doorsill of Imperial power, has that lesson engrained in every fibre of his being. This is why the young hour to the German Imperial dignity has seemed to me better worth studying than anything else in Berlin.

A SERMON FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

[From Kind Words.]

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." John 13: 17.

I. "These things," that is, your duties, wherever you are.

1. As home, obedience and respect to parents, and kindness to brothers, sisters and servants.
2. At school, respect the teachers, and faithfulness in study and fairness in play.
3. At church, be quiet, listen, worship and give your hearts to the Savior.
4. On the street, good manners, kindness, minding your own business.

II. How should you do your duty?

1. Not for pay. That is a low motive. Some always ask: "What will you give me?"
2. Do your duty because you are a Christian, a boy at Nazareth. So the angel said to the boy in another name for duty.) This will make you do it cheerfully.
3. Better every day. By trying to do your duties you will become more skillful. So you may improve in reading, writing, and music. Peter says: "Grow in grace."
4. Do your duty because you are happy. Sin did not make Eve unhappy, nor Cain, nor Judas. Disobedience at home does not make you happy; illness, unkindness, bad manners, no kind of sin can make you happy.
5. But happiness comes from doing your duty. That is God's reward. This is the promise in the text. Think of this every day for just one week, and how true it is.
6. Try, then, to know your duty. Be faithful in doing it for love of God and man. Then you will be happy every day on earth, and forever happy in Heaven.

A PROTESTANT'S CONVERSION.

The little village of Kavelar, near Nimegueu, on the frontiers of Holland and Germany, contains a miraculous image of Mary, which is annually visited by an immense concourse of pilgrims. Among the wagon drivers to that place was a good and respectable Protestant. Following the example of the pilgrims in his wagon, who were accustomed to pray aloud along the whole route, he joined them with his whole heart in reciting the "Hail Mary." He fell sick one day after returning from one of those pious pilgrimages. He soon grew worse. Feeling death approaching, he requested his wife to send for a Catholic priest. Astonished at such a request she replied: "I'll send for our own Protestant pastor; you most assuredly do not want anybody else." But the sick man insisted and the priest was sent for. When he had come the sick man told him that from the moment he had got sick, he had not ceased repeating the prayer that had moved him during the pilgrimages, viz.: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for sinners, now and the hour of our death." "It is the Blessed Virgin," he said, "who has inspired me to send for you, for I so love the 'Hail Mary'; it is so beautiful." The priest gave him the necessary instructions, received him into the church and administered to him the last days of life that still remained to him, ceased not to thank the Blessed Virgin for the great graces she had obtained for him. His whole family, edified and moved by so consoling a sight, soon after became members of the church and devout disciples of Mary.

THE SHADOW CHASER.

With outstretched hands he saw his child joy flee,
And wish with the passing of the day,
Like ships that keep their course far out at sea,
Nor heed the longing watchers in the bay,
And glad youth found him following accident-sea.
The fleeting phantom that he ever lost,
And his eager manhood was denied.
The sweet reward such weary searching cost.

Then came at last Life's lord, sweet Death, and said,
"Oh, loyal heart, well done, behold thy wage."
And lo!—with fadeless beauty overpread—
The shadow of his childhood, youth and age.

A well known physician in Queen'sberry was once threatened with a challenge. "Weel, weel, ye may challenge awa'," he replied, "but whether or no, there will be nae fecht unless I gang out."

Young wife—George, I'm not going to the theatre again till high late go out of fashion. I always have the bad luck to sit behind one. George—That's just what I heard the man say who sat behind you last night.

Signs of the times—"Cool lager," "Too cold lemonade," "Ice Ocean."

Tennis players always look out for the 25 result of the season's work.

young man suggests instead the notion of a perfectly-bred sleuth-hound, under whose smooth, delicately-soft coat his muscles of steel, and in whose mouth—winter legacy of nature—is the inherent taste of human blood. Not that his face is sullen or savage in its expression. Its habitual cast in repose is calm, self-possessed, somewhat meditative, without wrinkles either on the brow or at the ends of the mouth. The eyes, too, are grave, intent, without being severe. And I saw this face light up the other night when William, after bidding the English princes good-by at the station, turned and walked down the space cleared through the cheering crowd to his carriage with a very sweet and winning smile. Nothing could have been more gracious or kindly than his blonde countenance, as William glanced along the rows of faces as he walked and lifted his finger to his cap in easy, pleased recognition of the cheers. William is very deeply and

THOROUGHLY PRUSSIAN.
He is a living, breathing embodiment of all the qualities and lack of qualities which, through precisely two centuries, have brought the little mark of Brandenburg up from a puny fief, with a poor, scattered population of a million and a half, to the state of a great kingdom, ruling nearly fifty million of people and giving the law to all Europe. It is a matter of fact that the same ideas which have raised this parvenu Prussia to her present eminence, and his character is the crown and flower of these two centuries of might and ruthlessness and spoliation exalted into a creed.

When a young man stands upon the very threshold of an imperial career, and we all know that it is a more matter of months before he will be the autocratic master of 2,000,000 armed men, it isn't of much importance whether he is nice or not. The real question is,

WHAT WILL HE DO?
The most common answer is that he will over-run Europe. One of the really great essays of the decade, Taine's recent study of Napoleon, has its basis in the idea that the Corsican was a freak of heredity—a strange, poisonous brother of the medieval Inquisition soldiers of Italy. It seems very probable that some future Taine, a century hence, perhaps, will write to show that William II. of Prussia and the German Empire was a mysterious, belated survival of the ante-medieval Goths and Vandals—an Attila born a thousand or more years after his time. Prince William is, in truth, as purely North German by heredity, as wholly a product of Wend and Saxon and Goth-Borussian intermixture, as can be found. One may call him, indeed, a culmination of the Hohenzollern type of soldier-statesman, reached curiously enough by the same crossing of blood which produced Frederick the Great.

A TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION.

Nobody with eyes in his head could have passed the week just ended in Berlin without recognizing that if firebrand comes to the throne the materials are close-crowded upon him for

Although the great bulk of the military visitors who thronged to the funeral have gone home again or back to their posts, I still have the sensation of being a lonesome civilian in the centre of a gigantic armed camp. Even now, when I go down stairs in this hotel to eat my dinner, one half of the men at the tables are