

CHARACTERISTICS OF WINDTHORST.

To the last number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* Dr. Joseph Schroder has contributed an interesting account of Ludwig Windthorst, the steadfast and triumphant defender of the Catholic cause in the German reichstag. Next to Bismarck's there has been no more striking individuality than Windthorst's in the Germany of this generation, and the recollections of a man who knew him well, and is familiar with both his personal and private history, are of much historical value.

It was in the year of 1866 that Windthorst, whose reputation had before been provincial only, entered on the path that gave him national and even European fame. The King of Hanover, who had been the faithful ally of Austria, was defeated in the battle of Langensalz, and his kingdom was annexed to Prussia. Windthorst, who had formerly been a deputy in the Hanoverian chamber and King George's minister of justice, held at this time a high post at the court. Apparently the annexation of Hanover would end his official career, but, as a matter of fact, another more brilliant and more lucrative, was opened to him in Prussia. There were three subjects of the de-throned King George whose services the Berlin government were especially anxious to secure. These men, Benningsen, Miquel and Windthorst, were later to be known as the three sore-heads of Hanover, and they were characterized as follows: The first is very able, the second is still abler and the third is abler than the other two put together. Benningsen and Miquel hastened to adore the rising sun, but Windthorst was of another temper. He was not inclined to change masters as a man changes his coat. From that time to the day of his death it could truthfully be said of him that "Victoria causa deus placuit, sed victa Catoni." ("By the victor's side the gods abide, but by the victor's side, Caton.") Windthorst made up his mind that the cause of justice and Catholicism would need defenders in Berlin. Accordingly he went thither and took his seat in both the Prussian and imperial legislatures. At first he placed himself at the side of Mallinckrodt, Reichensperger, and Schorlemer, but it was soon reserved for his arm to uphold the memorable standard which bore on one side the inscription: "No hope of official advancement here," and on the reserved side words: "For truth, for right, for liberty." Around this banner for a quarter of a century Windthorst ranged the unshakable phalanx of the ultramontanes. His followers could neither be intimidated nor seduced by Bismarck. Other factions dwindled, but their strength grew. The time came when Bismarck understood that without a compromise with Windthorst it would be impossible to govern the German empire through the reichstag. It was to Meppin, the district represented by Windthorst, and not to Canossa, as superficial observers fancied, that the haughty chancellor came at last forced to make a pilgrimage. He had to submit to the strong terms of his Hanoverian opponent; he had, in other words, to agree to repeal the May laws, which he had repeatedly declared unrepalable. With the abolition of those offensive anti-Catholic statutes the great work of Windthorst's political life was done.

Windthorst was particularly noted as a master of parliamentary strategy and as a cogent and persuasive speaker. But these qualities do not explain the passionate attachment to the followers, nor the species of sympathy, as well as admiration, with which even his adversaries regarded him. The secret of the deep and fervent feelings which he excited is to be found in his moral character, his uprightness, disinterestedness, integrity, and magnanimity. At an epoch when material interests were ruled by material interests, he fought for an ideal and with intellectual arms alone. It is impossible to imagine a more striking contrast than that presented by the two great protagonists of the reichstag. On the one side stood the most powerful of European statesmen, in his cuirassier's uniform, whose tall stature, and the clanking of whose spurs threw his partisans into ecstasy; on the other side was a man of small stature, bent, almost blind, whose walk was as circumspect as his speeches and political actions, yet whose plans, thoroughly thought out, and carried out with unwavering persistency, at last choked the hero of modern politics.

The trait of Windthorst's character which proved at once imposing and attractive—his moral superiority—had been exhibited from an early age. In his college days he was remarkable not only for his distinguished talents, but also for his exemplary behavior. He renounced not a few enjoyments that among young men are deemed legitimate. It is not to be inferred, however, that there was anything austere or forbidding about Windthorst; on the contrary, his good humor and joviality were proverbial. His goodness was a lovely goodness, and the fact helps us to understand his extraordinary influence. His social and convivial virtues made him everywhere the centre of attraction; at meetings of the Catholic students of German universities he would "command a salamander" with a felicity which would make the heart of a veteran of a score of "semesters" wild with jealousy. He loved to recall to undergraduates the words of the wise man: "A joyful mind maketh age flourishing; a sorrowful spirit dryeth up the bones." He would inveigh delightfully against the sadness which enervates and the melancholy which breaks young hearts. Yet a trace of serious suggestion was never

missing in his words; he was an adept in the Horatian art of saying true things jokingly.

With Windthorst the love of work was veritably a passion. He had taken St. Paul's motto for his own: "I will spend and be spent myself," and he lived up to it through the long term of his lay apostolate. "I am certain," says a close observer, "that Windthorst would be yet alive if the parliamentary sessions of our later times had not killed him." The repose so indispensable to one of his years and infirmities he denied himself altogether. How feeble Windthorst was, yet how indefatigable, Dr. Schroder had a chance of witnessing when he met him in August, 1880, not long before his death. It was in Coblenz, at the annual congress of German Catholics, where thousands had assembled to greet their aged leader. The old man advanced slowly, leaning on the arm of a friend, but his way was almost impeded, for the crowd in its enthusiasm forgot his almost total blindness and the extreme weakness which a constitution always delicate would naturally exhibit at the age of eighty. On this occasion Windthorst spoke for nearly two hours to an audience that hung upon his lips and broke out in frenzied applause at the conclusion of almost every sentence. Hearing their champion speak so long in a voice at once clear and full, the audience were led to believe that his vigorous intellect would sustain for many a year to come the body shattered by so many labors. There was one, however, in that assembly who did not share the hope; it was Windthorst himself. It was supposed that he had finished his discourse, and the applause was breaking out afresh, when, in a voice shaken with emotion, he added the following words: "Gentlemen, I know not if I shall ever again be able to take part in one of our yearly congresses. God alone knows: my life is in His hands. If He does not desire to suffer me to be in the midst of you again, I pray that you will keep my memory green in your hearts and that your prayers will follow me." The wish uttered so touchingly has been unstintingly fulfilled. The prayers of German Catholics have followed Windthorst, and the memory of no son of the fatherland is greener in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.

A LITTLE BROWN HAND.

Cardinal Lavigne Makes It the Text of an Anti-Slavery Sermon.

The slave dealers, however, extend their activity even to the very doors of Biskra, and one of the most dramatic features of the ceremony of the consecration of the monks was when Cardinal Lavigne led to the altar a little brown girl barely nine years old, who had succeeded in concealing herself and in effecting her escape from a slave caravan passing through the desert a few miles to the south of Biskra. A sudden movement of the child caused her to drop something that she was holding concealed beneath the folds of her djebba. The venerable prelate bent down and raised it from the ground. It was a small dusky hand—the hand of the little girl who stood beside him, and which in sheer wanton cruelty had been cut off by her captors. Holding it aloft and pointing it southward toward the great Sahara, while with his own left hand he raised the child's arm so all present could see the mangled stump, the Cardinal exclaimed, in tones that seemed to ring forth as a clarion: "I would to God that all Europe could see this little hand! May it serve to direct your line of march. 'En avant,' for God, for France and for humanity!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Superior-General of the Capuchins on a Trip Through America.

Father Bernard d'Ardemont, superior-general of the Capuchin order, whose residence is in Rome, arrived in New York a few days ago on a visit to the various Capuchin monasteries in this country, one of which is located at Milwaukee and comprises the St. Francis church and the Capuchin convent. No notice has yet been given of the date of the superior-general's visit to Milwaukee, but it will probably be in September, as the chapter of the order will be held at Detroit during that month, over which he will preside. It is expected that several important changes will be made by the superior-general during his stay, which will cover several months, as the Capuchins have a large number of monasteries here, all of which he will visit.

Father Bernard was born in Switzerland in 1857. He joined the Capuchin order in 1855, and was ordained in 1860. He did missionary work in Switzerland, and occupied many important positions before of the order on May 9, 1884. For the last two years he has been visiting Capuchin monasteries in all parts of the world. He spent a year in Africa and was served months in the Orient. He had completed the visitation of the French and English houses when he sailed for this country.

"Some years ago Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of asthma after the best medical skill had failed to give me relief. A few weeks since, being again troubled with the disease, I was promptly relieved by the same remedy."—F. S. Hassler, Editor *Argus*, Table Rock, Neb.

Stick to the Right.

Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaints, cholera morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, an unfailing cure—made on the principle that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

THE GOSSIPING HABIT.

The Evil It Causes in a Community, and What Will Cure It.

The very simple reason why the world is full of gossip is, that those who indulge in it have nothing else in them. They must interest themselves in something. They know nothing but what they learn from day to day in intercourse with, and observation of, their neighbors. What these neighbors do—what they say—what happens to them in their social and business affairs—these become the questions of supreme interest. The personal and social life around them—this is the book under constant perusal, and out of this comes that pestiferous conversation which we call gossip. The world is full of it; and in a million houses, all over this country, nothing is talked of but personal affairs of neighbors. All personal and social movements and concerns are arranged before this high court of gossip, are retailed at every fireside, are sweetened with approval or embittered with spite, and are gathered up as the common stock of conversation by the bankrupt brains that have nothing to busy themselves with but tittle-tattle.

The moral aspects of gossip are bad enough. It is a constant infraction of the golden rule; it is full of all uncharitableness. No man or woman of sensibility likes to have his or her personal concerns hawked about and talked about; and those who engage in this work are meddlers and busy bodies who are not only doing damage to others—are not only engaged in a most unneighborly office—but are inflicting a great damage upon themselves. They sow the seeds of anger and animosity and social discord.

Not one good moral result ever comes out of it. It is a thoroughly immoral practice, and what is worst, and most hopeless about it is, that those who are engaged in it do not see that it is immoral and detestable. To go into a man's house stealthily, when he is away from home, and overhaul his papers, out into a lady's wardrobe and examine her dresses, would be deemed a very dishonorable thing; but to take up a man's or a woman's name and snout it all over with gossip—to handle the private affairs of a neighbor around a hundred firesides—why, this is nothing! It makes conversation. It furnishes a topic. It keeps the wheels of society going.

What is the cure for gossip? Simply, culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. As we write, there comes to us the picture of a family of young ladies. We have seen them at home, we have met them in galleries of art, we have caught glimpses of them going from a bookstore, or a library, with a fresh volume in their hands. When we meet them, they are full of what they have seen and read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of conversation is dropped only to give place to another, in which they are interested.

We have left them, after a delightful hour stimulated and refreshed; and during the whole hour not a neighbor's garment was soiled by so much as a touch. They had something to talk about. They knew something, and as well as they could talk. To speak freely of a neighbor's doings and belongings would have seemed an impertinence to them, and of course, an impropriety. They had no temptation to gossip, because the doings of their neighbors formed a subject very much less interesting than those which grew out of their knowledge and culture.

And this tells the whole story. The confirmed gossip is always either malicious or ignorant. The one variety needs a change of heart and the other a change of pasture. Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is a low, frivolous and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors are made enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.

Power of Poverty.

Rev. Dr. Cunningham Geikie, the Protestant writer, says: The monks who, in their early poverty and zeal, won land after land for Christ, were as the Apostles or as their Lord. St. Anthony, their virtual archetype, has been moved by the command to sell all he had and give it to the poor, and order after order acted by the same heavenly counsel.

The love with which these poor brethren, the "Friars," or "Freres" were clothed was the secret of their reaching the masses as they did. None could be poorer than they, but they sought out the leper, the fever-stricken, the dying, the multitudinous army of the wicked, to give them human sympathy and tender ministrations. Silver and gold had they none, any more than the Apostles, but they had better, and gave it freely. They spent and were spent in secret offices of Christian love and piety.

The Oatsman.

Edward Haslam, the celebrated oarsman, found great efficacy in St. Jacob's Oil, and he says: "It is a reliable remedy for muscular pains in arms and legs and invaluable to oarsmen." All athletes use it.

Fathers of the Great St. Bernard.

The exercise of untiring, unceasing hospitality towards all travelers, without any distinction as to nation or religious belief, is the special vocation of these good monks. They often minister to several hundreds daily, and during the winter season (which often lasts over eight months) their hourly task is one of great self-sacrifice. Two of the lay brethren ("marioniers") leave the monastery (after All Saint's Day each year till the middle of May) every morning on foot, attended by their intelligent dogs, and go as far as the Italian and the Valais refuges, which are distant one hour and forty minutes, respectively.

When, however, the snow has fallen through the night, or when storms and tempests rage, their journeys frequently extend over several hours. The lay brethren are always accompanied by some of the monks, as they often find on the route travelers almost frozen by cold, or sleeping that sleep which soon terminates in death. They are rescued from their peril, given some of the food and drink carried by the dogs in a roll round their necks, and are guided up to the monastery, where under care of the "infirmier," they are restored to health and vigor, and enabled to proceed on their journey. Should frostbites render amputation necessary, they are carried to the hospital of Aosta, on the Italian side of the mountain. Should any die at Hospice, their remains are deposited in the morgue, in company with those who have been overwhelmed by snow drifts or have lost their lives from exposure. The monks are buried in a "cave" under the church.

As a large portion of the travelers who cross the St. Bernard during the winter season belong to the working classes, often during the summer insufficiently fed and clothed, they have little stamina for resisting the exposure to a temperature generally below freezing point. Unfortunately, they do not always have sufficient provision with them, and they therefore frequently drink spirits when fasting—a practice that tends to induce sleep.

The Pope on the Labor Problem.

The Pope's Encyclical on the Labor Problem is epitomized in single sentences by the *Christian Union* as follows:

That there is a labor problem.
That workmen are suffering under gross injustice.
That it is the duty of the Church to concern itself with these facts.

That wealth is a trust, and must be administered as a trust.

That hours of labor should be such as to be given time for soul culture.

That wages should be such as to give opportunity for acquisition of property.

That, if these results cannot be secured by free contract, the law should interfere.

That labor arbitration should take the place of labor battles.

That labor organizations should be encouraged.

That woman labor and child labor should be regulated and reduced by legislation.

That the factory acts are right in principle.

That the Church, the State, free labor organizations and capitalists should all co-operate in labor reform.

Health in Herbs.

Health-giving herbs, barks, roots, and berries are carefully combined in Burdock Blood Bitters, which regulate the secretions, purify the blood and renovate and strengthen the entire system. Price, \$1 a bottle, 6 for \$5. Less than 1 cent a dose.

Dr. John McCarthy, Toronto, writes: "I can unhesitatingly say that Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is the best medicine in the world. It cured me of Heartburn that troubled me for over thirty years. During that time I tried a great many different medicines, but this wonderful medicine was the only one that took hold and rooted out the disease."

Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has worked wonders for dyspeptics, and we don't think there is a case of dyspepsia to be found that it will not cure. It cures me of Heartburn that troubled me for over thirty years. During that time I tried a great many different medicines, but this wonderful medicine was the only one that took hold and rooted out the disease."

Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is selling well, and I know of one bad case of dyspepsia that it has completely cured."

Indigestion

It is not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mr. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving me any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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A Parrot is a great screecher and imitator, but you know it's a Parrot still. Certain manufacturers, jealous of the world-wide success of "Sunlight" Soap, try to imitate