

which even a Protestant historian feels himself bound to mark for the observation of future ages. The world has not gone back a thousand years, but that Being existed with whom a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years."

Thirty years ago, modern paganism clamored for a new political idol, to be called "United Italy." It was set up; and once more was heard the joyous cry, "The Papacy is ended." Which is the more important figure in the world to-day, the Monarch of the Quirinal, ruling over a bankrupt European power, or the Prisoner of the Vatican, the spiritual head of 250 millions of Christians?

Twenty years ago, the most powerful Cæsar of our own times determined to separate the Catholics of Germany from their Head, by a policy of "blood and iron." Seven years later, all episcopal sees except three were either vacant by death or deprived of their bishops by exile or imprisonment. Two years later, the great Prince-Chancellor was obliged to make "a journey to Canossa," a journey which he has several times repeated with salutary results. Five years ago the "May Laws" were virtually abolished, and to-day

Bismarck is no longer a name to conjure with.

Such is a brief and hasty sketch of some phases of the conflict between the Church and Cæsar—conflict which may be called the political consequences of the Incarnation. It began with the first Christmas-tide, and the end is not yet. For 1900 years have "the kings of the earth stood up and the princes met together against the Lord and against his Christ." Even in our own free land we hear the echoes of their war-cries, when "Native American" and "anti-Jesuit" agitators tell us that no Catholic can be a loyal citizen of the Republic or the Dominion. It is the old, old blasphemy which reduced to its simplest terms reads: "The State alone thou shalt adore, it only shalt thou serve." As has been so well said by the great philosophic historian Frederick von Schlegel: "The great gulf of perdition to our age is political idolatry, whatever shape it may assume—whatever name it may bear. Until that idolatry be abolished, until that abyss of ruin be closed up, the house of the Lord, where peace and righteousness embrace each other, can never be founded on a renovated earth."

D. V. PHALEN, '89.

THE KINGFISHER.



HEAR where yon sparkling waters glide
Through arching woods and pastures green,
The Kingfisher is wont to hide
Girt close by glooms of leafy screen;
Upon a willow bough which droops
Beside the waves, in lonely state
He watches for the finny troops,
Alert from early morn till late.

With sudden dart, throughout the day,
He preys upon the shoals that swim
Athwart the still, sequestered bay
Beneath his deathly freighted limb.
Sweet strains from feathered songsters flow
But pass his callous ear unheard,
An Indian ambushed for his foe
Is emblem of this direful bird.