

and his proposal was voted down. In consequence of this the minister was so indignant that he then and there severed his connection with the Church, put on his hat and walked out of the room in which the congregational session was held. He declared that he did not care whether Mr. Duderstadt, the proposed new member, believed in prayer or not. He wanted him in the church, and he believed it was the will of God that the doors of the church should be opened as widely as possible to those who desire to enter therein, independently of the doctrines they believed. He added that if his views of Christianity were accepted he could at once procure sixty new members for the congregation.

As the minister's views did not prevail, it is said that Rev. Mr. Guard and his proposed converts will open a new Church, in which their views will be acted upon.

It is in this way that so many new sects originate, even at the very moment when there is most talk about the reunion of Protestantism into one fold.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

There are yet some people, we are astonished to note, who hold the conviction that Orangism is, in some way or another, the guardian of civil and religious liberty. The editor of the *Whitby Chronicle* appears to be one of these. Surely it must be a want of intelligence which would lead any sane man to such a conviction! Where the Orangemen are most demonstrative is in places where Catholics form only a small proportion of the population, as in Ontario, for instance. Even if Catholics were disposed to impose religious disabilities on their Protestant neighbors, how in the name of common sense could they effect their purpose in countries like the United States, or Great Britain? The fact of the matter is that Orangism is a combination of the loose element of our population which prates about Protestantism but never practices any religion. The association is kept together by designing knaves who simply use it as a step-ladder upon which they may climb into prominence and receive fat positions from the Government of the day. Were Protestantism really in danger—and to suppose such a thing is the merest nonsense—Orangism would be found to be a very slender support upon which to lean. The Rev. Mr. Manning, who preached in Whitby on the 12th July, put the whole case in a nutshell when he said: "He sees no evidence of Christianity in a man who eulogizes the glorious, pious and immortal memory of William and winds up with 'To hell with the Pope.'" This is notably the custom of the Orange society. The whole combination is simply a nuisance, and the sooner it is dead and buried the better will it be for our country. The society's main purpose is to breed discord and retard that progress and enlightenment which every one should wish to see prevail in our favored land.

DIPLOMATIC relations between the Holy See and Mexico, which have been broken off for years, are to be again established, the Republic having made overtures to Pope Leo XIII. in this object in view. It is stated in a despatch from Rome that the Holy Father is soon to send an Italian prelate to Mexico to make the necessary arrangements for the permanent establishment of an Apostolic legation.

THE A. P. A., of Toledo, have succeeded in once more making themselves ridiculous in their anxiety to be armed cap-a-pie in order to be ready to repel Catholic assaults on American Protestants and Protestantism. It will be remembered that a couple of years ago some three thousand rifles were purchased by the Toledo A. P. A. with this object, and the whole matter leaked out through the courts owing to the refusal of the society to pay the bill, which the courts obliged it to do. Another purchase was recently made by the same association, this time in Belgium, in the hope that the transaction would escape notice by the purchase of the arms in a foreign country; but the desire of the Apalists to defraud the Government has brought their designs once more to grief. The barrels were consigned to a Toledo man and arrived safely to their destination, with only a small duty on the unfinished article. The Detroit custom house officers, however, were more or the alert when the stocks reached that city addressed to a Detroit Apalist. A fraud was suspected, and the truth came out that the Apalists were endeavoring to cheat the customs. The munitions of war have been seized by

the Government, and the Apalists will have to foot the bill. It is thus that the braggart patriots show their respect for the laws and institutions of their country, to uphold which they pretend their association was established. The details of this pretty plot have been made public through the energy of the reporters of the *New York World*.

It is stated on good authority that the Mormons are making numerous converts among the people of Summit City and throughout Grand Traverse County in Michigan. It is worthy of remark that while the Protestant religious press speak constantly of the superstitions of Catholics, the Mormon and Spiritualistic superstitions, and those of the Flying Roll and Jacob Schweinfurth find their proselytes solely among the Protestants of the localities in which they make their appearance. This fact points conclusively to the inference that it is not among Catholics that there is to be found an inclination to superstition. A belief in the ever-present Providence of God, and in the actuality of His rule over the universe is not superstition; but the tendency to transfer God's authority and dominion to evil spirits and human imposters is a real superstition in which the boasted enlightenment of those who are constantly attributing superstition to Catholics, takes the lead.

Two Coptic villages in Egypt have recently petitioned to be received into the Catholic Church, and the city of Sahag has made petition to the same effect. The Pope's recent letter to the Copts inviting their return to the one fold is said to have given a great impulse to the movement for a return of the Schismatic Church to Catholic unity. Monsignor Cirillo Macario, Vicar-Apostolic to the Copts, has written a letter to an Italian prelate in which it is stated that, besides the villages already referred to, four hundred Copts have recently become Catholics.

The Conservative victory achieved by the recent elections in Great Britain, when looked at from the point of view of the number of seats gained, appears enormous, as a majority of 152 in a House of 670 is certainly a large preponderance; but when the number of votes cast is taken into consideration, the victory is not nearly so great as it otherwise seems to be. Out of 4,860,000 votes cast by the people, the Conservative majority amounted to less than 100,000. Under a sound representative system the voice of the country would be found not quite so pronounced against Home Rule as it seems to be under the present apportionment of seats. The number of small majorities by which Tory candidates secured their seats is remarkably great, some of them being the smallest on record. Notwithstanding the present check the Liberals have not lost heart, and though the Tories are secure of a majority in Parliament for six years, the question of Home Rule, which some wistfully imagine to be dead, will yet be found to be very much alive. Ireland may wait for six years longer, but victory is a certainty in the end.

THE ESCAPED NUN.

How the Authorities of Baltimore Prevented the Sacking of a Convent.

The Baltimore correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* recalls a memorable incident in this history of the local Carmel.

The Carmelite Nuns of this city appropriately celebrated their festival day last Tuesday at their convent, southwest corner of Caroline and Biddle streets. This is the oldest order of religious in the United States, the first convent being founded at Port Tobacco, Md., in 1790. It was under the auspices of Archbishop Carroll that they came to this country, and it was at the request of his third successor, Archbishop Whitfield, that they removed from Port Tobacco to Baltimore in 1831, and established their community at 419 North Alsquith street. It was through his influence that a dispensation granted to Archbishop Carroll permitting the nuns to conduct a school was confirmed. This was in direct conflict with the spirit and discipline of the order, and was only resorted to because there was no other source from which they could derive support.

It was on a day in 1838 that one of the nuns escaped from the institution, or, more correctly speaking, walked out of it, for there were no bars or locks to prevent her, and, taking refuge in a neighboring family, told in the most violent manner a most frightful story of life in the convent, and the cruelties and indignities to which some of the nuns were subjected. This story was quickly on the wing all over the city, and the culmination was an attack upon the convent by a frantic mob, bent on its demolition. Mayor Low and the other

city authorities had become fully apprised of the intended movement, and when the mob reached the scene it found the premises under the protection of a strong military force, headed by the Mayor. That official at once gave notice to the howling crowd that the story of the escaped nun was the vilest falsehood, and that any further attempt to injure the property or its inmates would be visited by the most serious consequences. Thus baffled the mob dispersed, the convent was saved from destruction and the city from deeper disgrace. An investigation of the story of the nun, subsequently made by the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, showed that she was the victim of a violent hallucination, was totally irresponsible, and that there was not the least semblance of truth in any part of her accusation.

WHAT IRELAND NEEDS.

A Heroic National Song Would Help to Unite the Irish People.

A man of Irish blood and American birth, who has lived all his life in New York, entertained some members of his singing club with a new notion about the needs of Ireland. "I believe," he said, "that one reason why the land of my sires has been downhearted for ages, is that she is one of the few countries in the world which has not a heroic national song fitted to stir the souls of all her children and unite them all in a common pride. The English have 'Rule Britannia,' the French have 'Marseillaise,' the Scotch have 'Scots Wha Hae,' the Germans have 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' the Americans have 'The Star Spangled Banner,' the Russians have 'Garibaldi's Hymn,' the Russians have 'Life to the Czar,' and I could go on telling of other countries by the score, each of which has its own heroic national song. Poor old Ireland has not a song of the kind that is sung from Bantry Bay to Lough Foyle, from Balbriggan to Kilkenny by Catholic and Orangeman, in the peasant's cabin and the lordly palace, by men and women. The best Irish songs are full of crooning, or wailing, or humor, or sentimentality, and of everything else excepting the glory of heroism and triumph and power and jubilation. I know of several Irish songs that are full of nerve and mettle, but there is not one of them that has entered the spirit of the whole Irish people, or that has bound them together for Ireland. I tell you that there is reason in the opinion which I hold.

"Look at a Frenchman when he hears the 'Marseillaise.' I once went to a French celebration of July 14, and when the band struck up the tune of the great French hymn, every body got inspired with a kind of frenzy, joined in the chorus, and shouted so loud that I wanted to become a Frenchman myself. The women's voices lent beauty to the notes, and they seemed to quiver as they sang louder and yet clearer. There were at the festival men of different French political parties and of different religions, besides infidels; but they all marched on as one man for France.

"Next look at the German, when the 'Wacht am Rhein' is heard. I went to the Schutzenfest a while ago, at Glendale Park, when the heroic strains of the German martial song were played and sung; and I can tell you that every German there, whether he were a Saxon, Bavarian or Prussian, whether he were a Junker or a Socialist, whether he were a Lutheran or a Catholic, or a Freethinker, felt the thrill which unites the people of a country proud of itself.

"Look once more, and look this time at any body of Scotchmen, the world over, when Robert Burns' magnificent song, 'Scots Wha Hae,' is sung to the piercing music of the bagpipe. I was once at a Scotch affair when the band raised the notes of the heroic national war song of Scotland, and every Scot there seemed ready to grasp his claymore at the sound of the pibroch and defy the world. It was the Gaelic Highlanders, not the Saxon Lowlanders, who fought under Robert the Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn, which the song commemorates, but Lowlands and Highlands, Edinburgh and Inverness, sing it in the spirit of mutual triumph. The battle was fought by Catholics before Protestantism had been heard of; but the Scotch Protestants glory in the victory over Edward II. not less than their Catholic brethren. I have heard that, in Scotland, the dukes, the cotters and the ministers will sing it together as one man, while they look as fierce as the Scotch lion rampant.

Turn again towards any festival of patriotic Americans when the music of 'The Star Spangled Banner' is played and sung. Whatever political party we belong to, whatever State of the Union we were born in, it makes no difference when the notes of that song are heard; we are all Americans, with one flag, one country and one spirit. For us there is no North or South, no East or West; and you cannot tell whether the Democrats or the Republicans are the prouder of their country, or put more of their heart into the song. We may sing less historically than the French, less solemnly than the Germans, less melodramatically than the Italians, and less fervidly than the Scotch; but we sing not less proudly than any of them. By singing our other heroic American song we can stir up the fires that burn in the patriotic soul. Songs of the kind unite a people as they cannot otherwise be united. They give a people one primary central thought, the

thought of their country. In them all lesser distinctions are lost.

"At last, as for Ireland. Why is it that she has not a heroic national song, accepted by all Irishmen and sung at every gathering of the race, regardless of politics or religion, nor less suitable for Redmondites than for McCarthyites, nor for Healyites than for Dillonites, nor less so for Maynooth than for Belfast? I wish that old Ireland had such a song, which would give her people the feeling of nationality and would enable them to realize that at least upon one thing they were united, and that, notwithstanding a hundred things, they are all Irish. I believe that such a song would do more for Ireland and Home Rule than all the speeches ever delivered in Parliament.

It is an error to say that only some old song would fill the bill. Nearly all the heroic songs I have spoken of, which are regarded as national treasures, originated in modern times; and it is not yet too late to compose the words and the music for a heroic song for Ireland, not one like 'Tara's Harp,' but rather like the French marching song. Ireland has poets, and she has had memorable episodes in her history, and she has spirit. I wish that some one of her poets would see his opportunity for writing a song that would strike the Irish soul as the 'Marseillaise' strikes the soul of France."

A CATHOLIC PALACE.

Mammoth Structure to be Erected at the Paris Exposition.

It is a veritable monument that the Catholics of France propose erecting for the Exposition of 1900. It promises to contrast strongly with the *laie fin de siècle* spirit of the enterprise. It may even extinguish by its magnitude the scientific scheme of showing Mars at a yard's distance through a gigantic telescope, and may possibly prove to be the "key" of the Exposition.

It is to take the form of a building of iron, in the Byzantine style, over 1,200 feet long, 1,000 feet in width and 1,000 feet high. As the Cathedral of Cologne, that largest of Gothic monuments, might be put into the transept of St. Peter's, at Rome, so St. Peter's would find ample space in the Catholic palace of the Exposition. There are to be two bellfries of unheard of dimensions and chimneys as powerful as harmonious. Elevators will lead to a terrace around the dome on the outside, where will be hanging gardens. The chief nave will be consecrated to the Virgin, a recitation of costumes and surroundings, a reproduction in chronological order of the images of the Virgin from those of the earliest times found in catacombs to those of Lourdes, banners, pictures—everything relating to the subject.

The circular nave will contain everything relating to the Eucharist. The central dome will be devoted to the Papacy. The history of the lives of two hundred and sixty Popes and of the Cardinals will surely suffice to fill the area of a dome of almost any conceivable dimensions.

The naves of the transepts are to contain all that relate to the religious orders, from the Benedictine, Trappist and Franciscan up to the Perles Blancs; also specimens of monasteries, libraries and cloisters, both Oriental and Occidental.

The naves at the right and left will set forth the history of the great men of the Church—martyrs, saints, evangelists, writers, Charlemagne, the Crusade, Peter the Hermit, German, Slav, Polish and English literatures and orators of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries which will include Lamennais, Lacordaire, Gibbons, Manning, Amfere and many others; artists, Gustave Dore, Flan-drin, Hoffmann; great sovereigns, St. Louis, Richard Cœur de Lion and Charles V.; poets, Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Racine, Milton, Goethe, Lamartine, Victor Hugo.

Christian art will fill five large rooms, one of which will be devoted to architecture, one to sculpture and the others to painting, carving in wood and mosaics. Originals or faithful copies of Fra Angelico, Giotto, Fra Lippo Lippi, Memling, Perugino, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Veronese, Murillo, Velasquez, Rubens, Van Dyck, Ary Scheffer, and on down to Purvis de Chavannes and other modern names will be displayed.

Architecture will be set forth in all its gradations. Greek, Egyptian, Assyrian, Chinese, Hindoo, Gothic and the renaissance, pagodas, mosques, Solomon's Temple, the Acropolis of Athens, the Forum, Cathedrals of Milan, Cologne, Seville and St. Peter's, of Rome, will be found in models.

And lastly, a large theatre will be constructed. In this will be given musical and dramatic performances, an immense chorus and an orchestra of 300 performers and an organ greater than any hitherto known. The first sacred opera the "Conversion of St. Paul," by Baverini (1440), and the first modern opera, "Orpheus," by Politien (1490), are to be given.

The oratorios since 1550 up to Handel and Haydn and the works of modern masters, French, Italian, Russian, German and Swedish, are to be performed. We shall listen to the chants of Palestrina and to the adorable music of Lull and Pergolesi. And we shall hear the greatest works of Mozart, Weber, Gossec, Beethoven, Cherubini, Rossini, Gluck, Meyerbeer, Bellini, Auber, Chopin, Verdi, Wagner, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Gounod and Berlioz. One of the most interesting features will be the performance of the ancient

theatre, Greek and Latin, as well as the mysteries of the middle age. The Passion Play of Oberammergau and Parsifal are also to be given.

The minor rotundas will set forth the work of foreign missions, each continent occupying three rotundas.

Lastly, twelve panoramas representing the principal religious events from the time of Christ to Leo XIII. and the most celebrated pilgrimages of Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

It is admitted by the designers of this grand scheme that the idea originated with the Parliament of Religions of the Chicago Exposition.

PUTTING SOUL INTO IT.

In the little book, "Hiram Golf's Religion," the old man who calls himself a "shoemaker by the grace of God," says to his young pastor: "All work is noble and honorable and it'll take a good deal of argument to show me that all work isn't about equally important."

Everything depends on the way we do our work; and as for that it's just as necessary for the people to have good shoes as good preachers." The writer recalls an old man that he knew more than a score of years ago. His was a very humble occupation—just a common shoveller on the streets. He had never travelled in a parlor car. Nobody ever thought of inviting him to a banquet. It was as much as he could do, in the way of learning, to sign his name to the receipts for his pay. His name never got into the newspapers and nobody ever called him great.

But he took an interest in his work. Keeping the gutters clean and levelling and shaping the streets was a matter of grave concern to him. It appealed to his pride. No connoisseur ever examined a painting or a piece of statuary with more zest than he examined a day's work on the streets. With the regularity of the sun he could be seen wending his way in the early morning to his place of toil, swinging his dinner-bucket, and, very likely, carrying his shovel. His step was firm, with a just perceptible show of hurry in it. And at night he returned home with the air of a man who had done something worth while. If you were near enough you might hear him whistling low to himself some bit of a hymn or song that had sung itself into his soul. A plain man he was, with as work day a life as one could imagine, but he put his soul into what his hands found to do.

He was an artist with the pick and shovel.

He has been dead this many a day—this brother of the Common Lot; but the other day the writer went back, after some years absence, to that old home place, and more than one thing brought to his recollection the face and form of the old shoveller. There was the garden that he kept so neat and clean, and the porch on which he sat many an evening after his work was done, and the little creek to which he daily drove his cow. It was all as commonplace as could be thought of. But the man—full honestly, as one of God's noblemen—he had done his long day's work.

You, my good painter, who shall win immortal fame; and you, my fine statesman, who shall live as long as the chapter that records the struggle for liberty; and you, my poet, whose lines shall be sung by millions yet unborn—you can do no better. But you can do as well. A song sung with soul in it, a sermon preached for the judgement day, a statue made in a fine frenzy of spirit, is as good in its way. Better? Let Him say who is to judge the work.—Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee, Wis.

Where the Garb is Welcome.

There is one spot in this country where the garb of the Sisters of Charity is not ostracized or legislated against just now. We refer to the leper colony of New Orleans. The State authorities having failed to secure nurses for the stricken ones have, as a last resort, applied to the Sisters of Charity to take charge of the place, and Archbishop Janssen's permission having been given, the Sisters cheerfully responded. Indeed they were only too anxious to carry comfort and hope to the afflicted, realizing once more the lines of Gerald Griffin's poem on the Sister of Charity:—

"Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, mid the vapor of death."

The correspondent of an esteemed contemporary, in commenting on this case, says: "What struck me most forcibly was that our patriotic orders that are always so solicitous for the welfare of the nation had taken no measure whatever to prevent the Sisters from gaining an entrance into a public institution. When they sought to teach in our Public schools these patriots were up in arms, but when nurses were required for the most loathsome of diseases, the authorities were forced to apply to the Sisters. The A. P. A. is certainly very negligent in not having introduced a garb bill into the Legislature of Louisiana prohibiting any one in a religious garb from nursing in the leper colony." The point appears to be well taken. Evidently the A. P. A. is neglecting its duty in New Orleans.—Scranton (Penn.) Truth.

"So long as God permits me to live upon earth I will be faithful to my total abstinence pledge. My tongue will be ever ready to bless, and my arm ever ready to work for the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America."—(Archbishop Ireland to the

delegates at the twenty-fifth annual convention of the C. T. A. U.)

A FAVORITE MAGAZINE.

One who knows where to look will find in the pages of the time-honored *Atlantic Monthly* spiritual and intellectual nuggets of fine gold which are absent from the illustrated and more popular periodicals. In the August number a Puritan of Puritans thus refers to Westminster Abbey:

"We are shown by the verger through aisle and chapel, peopled only by the effigies of those who lie below; and we feel indignant that a building raised as a house of prayer should be treated so nearly as a museum of medieval art. We think of the Westminster verger who roughly disturbed the devout Catholic as he knelt to pray, saying, 'Hif this sort of thing goes on, we shall soon 'ave people praying hall hover the Habbey.'"

"A Poet's Yorkshire Haunts" is especially charming. To him who loves to delve in the history of that time when Christian England was slowly evolving from the shadows of paganism, the ruins of the cloisters at Whitby, in the north of England, have a peculiar charm. It was there, or near there, the author tells us, where the fragrance of the life of St. Hilda still lingers, that the poet James Russell Lowell loved best to spend his vacations. From his favorite window in the quiet cottage, now shown with reverent care to chance visitors, he looked out upon the cliffs, where the ruins of the Abbey are yet to be seen. One of his most cherished books is kept by the Sisters—two shy Yorkshire women—who were his landladies. It is a history of the Abbey and the region about, and contains a little slip of paper, placed there, the Sisters say, by the poet's own hands. The passage thus indicated is this:

"The pious abbess [St. Hilda] not only labored to enlighten their minds, but to improve their hearts and regulate their conduct. She pressed upon them the exercise of every grace and the practice of every virtue; above all, she earnestly inculcated that true Christian love, which excludes selfishness and is attended by humility and a contempt of the world. In her monastery, as in the primitive Church, there were none rich and none poor; for they had all things in common, and no one challenged anything as his own."

These Sisters have nothing but high praise for the Yankee poet; and are fond of relating how, when his guests were telling by what they wished to be remembered, he himself said: "I think I should wish to be remembered by kindly acts and helpful deeds." Surely not a bad wish for any one to entertain!—Ave Maria.

A GENEROUS PROTESTANT.

He Presents a Church to a Catholic Congregation in New Hampshire.

A very pretty ceremony took place recently at Bethlehem, N. H., in the little new church of St. Theodore.

Bishop Bradley, of Manchester, came to confirm the children and bless the bell, which had been placed in the sanctuary and which was dressed in green and flowers. The church was crowded with visitors of many different mountain resorts. Among them was ex Mayor Grace, of New York. After an eloquent sermon, preached by the Bishop in which he compared the bell to the voice crying in the wilderness "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," he paid a graceful tribute to the congregation and also to the great benefactor of the church.

After the Mass, the blessing of the bell took place. It was rang first by the Bishop, then by the pastor and afterwards by the sponsors, and all the congregation, among which were several Protestants. All deposited generous offerings towards defraying the expenses of the church. The choir from Littleton, several miles distant, came to sing during the Mass and added thus to the impressiveness of the ceremonies.

The church is yet unfinished, and the altar is a temporary one, but the church displays a great deal of taste in its structure, and its style suits the hills and mountains, in the midst of which it has been erected. It is greatly owing to the generosity of General Cruft, the owner of Maplewood, that Father Paradis has been able to erect it. General Cruft is a Unitarian. He gave the land on which the church stands, also a large sum of money towards its building. Last winter he was in Rome and bought for the altar the crucifix which was blessed by the Pope, six large and four small candle sticks, the cards, a beautiful chalice and an ostensorium. The stained-glass windows have been presented by different members of the congregation.

"There can be no affiliation between the Church and the saloon. The Church will not and can not permit that the drinking den shall flourish beneath the shadow of the consecrated house of prayer."

A man cannot be a good Catholic, a faithful and docile child of the Church and continue in the unbecoming business of conducting a liquor saloon.

The appeal of Peter's successor to the priests of America to "shine as models of abstinence" gives a fatal blow to the insolent assumption that the ministry of Christ's Church could possibly remain indifferent while the vile work of the saloon was devastating their flocks.—(Rev. M. J. Cleary at the 25th annual convention of the C. T. A. U.)