SIGEFALY THE ONE-ARMED.

From the Catholic World.

Among the many legends connected with the life and death of St. Genevieve is the touching history of Sigefrey the One-Armed. Paul Feval has told it at length in his usual vivacious style, and we are indebted to him for much that it contained in our English version of the

In the year of our Lord 493 the city of In the year of our Lord 493 the city of Soissons was the scene of an unusual pageant and of general rejoicing. Yet little did the merry crowd that made the streets lively with songs and games, or the fierce-vissaged warriors and noble ladies of the court, dream of the true importance attached to the event which awakened so much interest—the marriage of the pagan Clovis, chief or king of the Franka, with the beautiful and pious Clotilda, daughter of Gombauld, the Christian king of the Burgunds. Through this marriage the foundations of the kingdom of France were to be laid under the auspices of a Christian king.

kingdom of France were to be laid under the auspices of a Christian king.

Among the warriors who came with Clovis a young Frank attracted general attention for his tall and elegant figure, his proud mien, and the singular beauty of his features. His hair fell in golden curls upon his broad shoulders. His blue eyes had a soft, dreamy look, yet the proud flash that occasionally lighted them revealed the passionate soul and quick temper of the warrior. Quite young, he had already acquired fame by his prowess in many a battle.

He was called Sigefrey, and was the son of Count Aubert, the favorite lend, or thane, of King Clovis.

or thane, of King Clovis.

Beautiful were the Burgundian maidens who formed Clotilda's train, yet one, above all, was the cynosure of admiring eyes, so wondrous was her beauty.

Sigefrey was dazzled. A novel emotion filled his heart, which up to that time had dreamed only of glory and time had dreamed only of glory and combats. He asked who this young girl compats. He asked who this young girl was. He was told that her name was Batilda the Fair, daughter of Gontran, the Burgund. His informant added that she was the god child of St. Genevieve,

she was the god child of St. Genevieve, and as virtuous as she was fair.

The young warrior remained thoughtful. For the first time he loved. During the days of festivity that followed the nuptials he met Batilda several times, and each hour spent in her company in

nuptials he met Batilda several in and each hour spent in her company increased his passion. But Clovis was preparing to leave Sois sons with his young wife—with that Clo-tilda who, at no distant day, was to make him know the true God. The day before their departure Sigefrey found himself alone with Batilda for the first time. Bending one knee before her be told lone with Batilda for the first time. sending one knee before her, he told for his love in impassioned accents. Batilda heard him without anger; her Hatilda heard him without anger; her blushes and downcast eyes encouraged him to hope; but, when he had spoken, she drew from her bosom a cross of highly-wrought gold, and asked him: "Do you know this sacred emblem?" "Yes," replied Sigefrey, averting his eyes, "it is the sign of the Christians." "Do you adore it?" "No," stammered the young lover, his heart group called the property and the statement of the stat

"No," stammered the young lover, his heart grown cold with a sudden presenti-

"Farewell, then, Sigefrey, son of Aubert," said the maiden gravely. "I am a Christian, and can never wed one who res not the cross

adores not the cross "
She turned away from him, and Sigefrey, still kneeling, his hands clasped
in supplication, saw her disappear ere he
could find words to beseech her to listen
to his suit. The next day Clovis and
Clotida left Soissons. The queen did
not take any of her young companions
with her. Sigefrey followed his chief.
He did not see Batilda again.
She was constantly in his thoughts.
Wherever the fortunes of war led him he
made earnest inquiries to discover her

made earnest inquiries to discover her abode, but his efforts were fruitless. The information he obtained went no further than this: She was a stranger in Soissons, and had come thither with other noble ladies on the occasion of the royal marriage; she had not been seen after Clotilda's departure. No one could specified the control of the

tell whither she had gone. Sigefrey lost all hope of finding her, but his passion, for being hopeless, became only stronger. Three long years had elapsed. The young Frank was but a shadow of his former self; a settled melapshele. ng Frank was but a shadon der self; a settled melancholy preyed aer self; a settled melancholy preyed upon his soul; nothing could rouse him except the signal of combat. Then he would throw himself in the thickest of the fray, courting death, and only succeeded in mining death, and only

acceeded in winning new laurels.

The battle of Tolbiac was fought. History tells us that Clovis, who had resistory tells us that Clovis, who had resis-ted until then the prayers of his beloved queen, seeing his army in danger of being cut to pieces, exclaimed: "O God of Clotida! O Christ! I call Thee to my help. * * * Give me victory on this day, and I will give myself up to Thee for

Christ ! Christ !" echoed the soldiers "I swear that I will receive baptism," ontinued the king. "O Christ! thou shalt be my God."
"The God of Clovis shall be our God!"

"The God of Clovis shall be our God!" cried his brave followers.

Filled with a new ardor, Clovis and his Franks rushed upon the Germans, shouting, "Christ!" Christ!" The enemy, dismayed at this fierce onslaught, gave way; their ranks were broken, they fled panic stricken, pursued by this new warcry. The victory was won.

Faithful to his plighted vow, Clovis prepared to receive baptism at the hands of the royal neophyte and their fierce soldiers will join their blood stained hands, and naively, filled with blind

bands, and naively, filled with blind confidence, will follow their chief in this connaence, will follow their chief in this regenerating act, even as they followed him to the baptism of blood on the fields of battle. They know nothing as yet of Him crucified; what does it matter? He is the God of Clovis, the God who gave them the victory—that is enough.

Among these future Christians was ne to whom the new faith was the harbinger of hope. Sigefrey glorified Clovis for authorizing him to worship the God of Batilda. Once a Christian, he would be worthy of the Burgundian maiden. To find her was now his sole aim, and

land among his lends. Count Aubert, who had displayed his usual daring and helped not a little in the enemy's defeat, received for his share all the land on the banks of the Seine comprised between the two points where now stand St. Cloud and St. Denis, and including, consequently, Mount Mars—known in our days as Montmartre.

Appert called his son Sicofor and

days as Montmartre.

Aubert called his son, Sigefrey, and ordered him to proceed forthwith to their new estate and take possession thereof in his name. Sigefrey departed on his mission, taking with him only one retainer. He had reached the woody country in the vicinity of Mount Mars, and, plunged in deep thought, was following a path through the forest, when a sudden noise caused him to look up. A stag pursued by a pack of hounds, was crossing a clearing a little distance up the road; then came a lady on horseback, who passed with the swiftness of an arrow.

an arrow.

"Batilda!" cried the young lover.
Though it had been but the vision of a moment, he had recognized her. He urged his horse in pursuit, but to late; she had vanished from sight, he knew not in what direction. Had she recognized him?

nized him?

It was nearly dark when Sigefrey stopped his jaded horse at the gate of a small farm house, where he asked for shelter for the night. Magnificent trees shaded this house, and numerous flocks grazed in the green meadows around. In the distance Mount Mars rose, crowned with an old feudal tower. This manor was evidently inhabited; he must, perforce, eject the present owner.

"Who lives in that tower?" he asked.

"Old Gontran, the Burgand," replied the farmer; "he is suzerain lord of all this section."

The lord of the manor was, indeed, the

this section."

The lord of the manor was, indeed, the father of the long sought Batilda, which accounted for her presence in the neighboring forest. Twelve years back Gontran had taken forcible possession of this estate—the law of might made and unmade titles to property in those days—and no one had disturbed him, for he had been the faithful lend of Clotilda's father. King Gompauld.

and no one had disturbed him, for he had been the faithful lend of Clotilda's father, King Gombauld.

While Sigetrey was making this discovery Batilda sat at her window in the old tower, thinking over past and dreaming sadly of the future. She loved Sigefrey, and an insuperable obstacle separated them. She wept; and yet the saint, her godmother, had told her one day: "Fear not, child; thou shalt be happy." And never, to man's knowledge, had Genevieve spoken a word that was not strictly true. Batilda remembered this and tried to hope, but she wept.

Old Gontran entered his daughter's room hurriedly. He was the bearer of bad news. A friend had managed to send him word that Clovis had made a distribution of lands, and Mount Mars was now the property of the fiercest of Austrasian counts.

"I despoiled the former proprietor of this land," the distress over the send of the se

was now the property of the hercest of Austrasian counts.

"I despoiled the former proprietor of this land," the old man was saying sadly to Batilda; "to day a new-comer, stronger than I, is going to turn me out. It is right. I cannot complain; but you, my darling, what is to become of you?"

At this moment the sound of a horn was heard, and a man-of arms came up to announce that a Frankish lord and his attendant demanded admittance. The stranger was shown in. It was Sigefrey.

frey.
"Gontran," said he, after he had made "Gntran," said he, after he had made himself known as Aubert's son and representative, "I come not to strip you of your possessions. I have loved your daughter Batilda ever since I first saw her at King Clovis' marriage three years ago; give her to me for a wife and let there be peace between us."

Gontran, much astonished, looked inquiringly at Batilda

quiringly at Batilda.

The maiden blushed; then, raising her downcast eyes, she said, with proud can-

met Sigefrey. I will admit that I reciprocate his love; but he worships strange
God, and I am a Christian. I cannot be
his wife, and he knows it."

"I wish to be a Christian, too," said

the happy lover; "I could not stay to receive baptism with our great King Clovis, but let Batilda teach me. Her God will be my God."

Was the saint's prophecy about to be

fulfilled? Sigefrey remained a welcome guest at the tower. Every day he listened to the pious exhortations of old Gontran; every day he saw his dear Batilda. He lived day he saw his dear Batilda. He lived in a dream, forgetting everything—his father, Clovis, his own fame as a warrior. For him the world did not extend beyond the walls of the old castle. It had been arranged that the marriage should be celebrated on the day following that of his baptism. Sigefrey proclaimed himself ready for the latter, but Batilda wished her future husband to be thoroughly prepared to receive the sacraments. He had become so dear to her that she began to fear her great love might displease Heaven.

might displease Heaven.

'Perhaps I love you too much," she said one day to her lover. "Let us go said one day to her lover. "Let us go and consult my godmother, the saint."

They crossed the Seine and sought Genevieve's humble home. The saint, now almost an octogenarian, was still beautiful; hers was the beauty of the angels. She smiled sweetly when she saw her godchild coming hand in hand with the young Frank.

with the young Frank.

When Batilda told her the story of her love and her own scrupulous fears, Genevieve took the hands of the two lovers and held them for a long while clasped in her own. She gazed at the young couple with infinite sweetness. At last she spoke.

At last she spoke.

"Go in peace, my children," said she

"go; you shall be happy." And having traced the sign of the cross on their
brows, she bent over and kissed them.

The happy lovers returned with light
hearts, free from doubt and fears. But
Sigefrey, all absorbed in his new life, had
foresteen to communicate with his forgotten to communicate with his father. Old Aubert grew uneasy at this

inaccountable silence,
"I must go and find out what is be-

To find her was now his sole aim, and hope, so long since fled, entered his heart anew.

How be it he did not receive baptism with his chief. After the battle of Tolbiac, Clovis, according to the custom of the time, made a fresh distribution of

assembled his numerous followers and went in search of the missing Sigefrey. It was night when he came in sight of Mount Mars, and, like Sigefrey he stopped at the farm-house and made inquiries. He learned that Gontran lived in the old tower. Some time since a handsome young warrior had come in with one attendant. He had asked questions about the castle and its owner, and had taken the road thither. He had not been seen since. Aubert jumped at the conclusion that his son, if not murdered, must be held prisoner in the tower. He would rescue or avenge him. The place was strong and well defended, but there was a secret passage by which it might be entered. The farmer knew this secret way, and what between terror to Aubert's threats and awakened averice at the prospect of a rich reward, the wretch betrayed his master. He guided the count and his party through a subterranean passage which led directly to the apartment of

master. He guided the count and his party through a subterranean passage which led directly to the apartments of the castellan. Gontran, Batilda, and their servants were taken prisoners without resistance. So complete was their surprise that the garrison was not aware of the capture of their lord. Sigefrey slept in another wing of the building.

slept in another wing of the building.

The easy victory disposed Aubert to clemency; and when Gontran offered to pay ransom for himself and daughter, the wily Austrasian consented, deferring his inquiries concerning his son's fate until he had possessed himself of the old Burgund's treasure. Gontran had but one thought: to save Batilda from being carried off by their unknown captor. His old majordomo, also a prisoner, was graciously permitted to go for the money. It was in the cellar, and, the doors of the apartments being guarded, there was no chance for escape. As the majordomo was leaving the room he exchanged a glance full of meaning with Batilda.

The faithful old servant tarried long

The faithful old servant tarried long on his errand, and Aubert was growing impatient, when he made his appearance, bearing the iron casket which contained his master's treasure, and scales to weigh the gold.

Gontran possessed in all two hundred

Gontran possessed in all two hundred gold marks. He offered one hundred and fifty of these for his ransom. Aubert made a motion of assent, and the weighing commenced. It was a slow process, made doubly so by the old majordomo's clumsiness in piling up the gold-pieces. At last he announced one hundred and fifty marks.

fifty marks.
"Very well," said Aubert,"but you have not counted the weight of the sword.'
And he threw his heavy weapon on the scale that held the weights.

At this juncture a secret door, concealed in the wood work, was thrown open, and a warrior of commanding stature entered. His shoulders were covered with a huge bear-skin, and the animal's head dearn darm of the state of the s covered with a huge bear-skin, and the animal's head, drawn down over his brow, concealed his features. Crossing the room, he stopped opposite the count. "Against the weight of the axe!"

As he spoke these words he drew a battle-axe from under his bear-skin and threw it upon the pile of gold. The these three its property of the pile of gold. The three its point the pile of gold. The three its point the pile of gold. The three its point the pile of gold. The pile of gold.

threw it upon the pile of gold. The other

inter to upon scale flew up.
"Who art thou?" cried Count Aubert, pale with rage at this audacious interfer-

ence. "I am, like thee, a noble; like thee, a lend and a Frank," replied the unend and a Frank, replied the un-known.

"Take up thy axe and prove thy words!" shouted Aubert, who wrested a francic from the hand of one of his men-

Count Aubert recognized his son!
The fierce old man felt his heart
breaking. The only soft feeling he had
ever known had been love for that son, the pride and hope of his declining years; and he had destroyed him in the flower of his youth. No man can survive such a wound. He wept, he cursed his blind fury, but the evil done could not be re-

fury, but the evil done could not be repaired. The dying man made him swear, that, as the price of blood, he would leave Gontran and Batilda in peaceful possession of the estate. Then he bade him good bye, begging to be left with her for whom he had given his life.

Aubert departed, wild with grief. His last act before leaving Mount Mars was to hang the farmer who had led him into the tower. He disappears from our story. We will merely mention the fact that a short time after this sad event he found an honorable death on the he found an honorable death on th

pattle-field. Sigefrey did not die of this terrible Signified and die of this terrible wound. Love performed a miracle. Signified recovered, was baptised, and married his Batilda. The young bride fairly worshiped her husband. Unknown to Signified her husband which he had sacrificed in her defence. This dear relic she kept locked up in an abony cashet the kept for the head. defence. This dear relic she kept locked up in an ebony casket, the key of which she always carried about her. Often, when alone in her chamber, she would open the box and shed tears of love and gratitude over her treasure. Few, if any, in the household knew of the existence of this casket; none had any suspicion of its precious contents.

of this casket; none had any suspicion of its precious contents.

But Sigefrey was not happy. An idle word, spoken carelessly in his hearing, had wounded him deeply: "The one-handed man," a neighbor had said, speaking of him. He brooded over his misfortunes until his mind was full of morbid fancies. Though Batilda surrounded him with unmistakable love and care, he persuaded himself that no and care, he persuaded himself that no and care, he persuaded himself that no woman could love him, that all these marks of affection were inspired only by a feeling of pity for his helplessness. The birth of two children tended only to increase his sadness. He dwelt on the bitter thought that his daughter would not have the protection of a father's strong arm; that he, the disabled sol-

last she felt that she could not stand this much longer; she betook herself to Paris to see Genevieve. She was refused admittance, as the saint was lying at the point of death and was engaged at that moment in saying her last orisons. But even as the attendant was explaining this to the disappointed visitor the saint's voice was heard, saying:

"Let my godchild, Batilda the Fair, enter. I wish to see her before I go to God."

Ratilda entered

Batilda entered.
The Virgin of Nanterre was lying on her bed; around her head a holy nimbus shone; her gentle features already wore the calmness of death.
Batilda fell on her knees by the bed-

Batilda fell on her knees by the bedside.

"O saint! saint!" she cried, "help me
in great trouble! . . . You told me
one day that I would be happy, and now
Sigefrey wants to die, and there can be
no happiness for me. Oh! have pity on
me, godmother! . ."

"My child," said Genevieve faintly, "I
know all that you suffer. I have been
praying for you this long time past."

"Sigefrey wants to die!" was all poor
Batilda could say amid her sobs.

"My beloved godchild," the saint replied, "I don't want him to die; and,
since I have told you that you shall be
happy, it must not be that I have spoken
falsely even once in my life."

And the dying woman pressed the
crucifix to her lips.

"Listen," said she, after a silent pause
—"Listen, and remember well what I am
going to say to you. This evening, when
the setting sun marks the fifth hour, I
shall be dead."

"Dead!" repeated Batilda, sobbing.

"Yes," said the saint, and a blissful
smile illumined her palid face, "I shall
be dead. If my own wish were granted
I should be buried at Nanterre, near my
mother; but Queen Clotilda will not permit it. On the twenty-fourth day after
my death my poor body, enclosed in a mother; but Queen Clotilda will not permit it. On the twenty-fourth day after my death my poor body, enclosed in a rich casket, shall be made to lie in state in the church of SS. Peter and Paul. On the morning of that twenty-fourth day you will take the ebony casket which you hide so jeslously from prying eyes."

Batilda looked up, astonished. The existence of this casket was her secret. She had never mentioned it to her godmother.

She had never mentioned it to her godmother.
Genevieve smiled.
"God bless a pure and true love," said
she. You will have this casket carried
before you to the church of SS. Peter and
Paul. You will walk thither holding by
the hand your two children. Sigefrey
will accompany you, mounted on his warhorse. Regnier, his faithful companion,
will carry his sword. Your old father,
Gontran, must go also.
"When the candles round my catafalco
shall have been lighted, you will take the

when the candles round my catafalco shall have been lighted, you will take the casket, and you will tell Sigefrey to take off his tunic and to kneel down."

She ceased speaking. Batilda, after waiting for her to continue, asked in a

tremulous voice:
"And then godmother what shall I do

"Then, daughter," replied the saint, "a voice shall speak to your soul. It will be my voice. You will do what my voice tells you. Go."
She gave Batifda her blessing and

when the setting sun marked the fifth hour Genevieve's soul left her perishable body to ascend to the abode of the

"Take up thy axe and prove thy words!" shouted Aubert, who wrested a francic from the hand of one of his men at-arms and brandished it aloft.

The mysterious stranger made no motion.

Aubert, blind with rage, struck the defenceless man, whose right arm fell, severed at the shoulder.

The bystanders uttered a cry of horror. Batilda sprang toward the wounded man, but the latter, motioning her away gently, threw back the bear's head that had served him as a mask.

Able body to ascend to the abode of the blessed.

The news, "The saint is dead!" startled all Paris. The king, the queen, the great and the lowly, the poor and the rich, every one wished to go and do homage to her whose intercession had twice saved Paris.

The last word spoken by Batilda's god mother were verified. Queen Clotilda asked that the body be embalmed and enclosed in a casket of massive silhad served him as a mask. Immediately the king, the lords, the liege men gave; not a beggar woman so poor but came with her offering. Soon a huge pile of silver and gold rose in a vestibule of the saint's humble abode.

On the twenty-third day the casket was finished. The body, which had been carefully embalmed, was placed in it, and it was carried with great pomp to the basilica of SS. Peter and Paul.

Batilda followed religiously the instructions of the departed, and, strange as it seems, neither Sigefrey nor Gontran questioned her motives; they obeyed

silently.

The church was crowded. At the fifth hour—the beginning of the twenty-fourth day—the upper clergy entered by one of the doors of the choir, while by one of the doors of the choir, while
the king and the queen, escorted by the
noble lords and ladies, made their entry
from the opposite side. The magnificent
heavy casket was placed on a litter.
King Clovis, his lends, and the bishops
grasped the handles of the litter and
lifted the pious burden, which they
carried in procession round the nave.
When the casket was brought back to
its resting-place before the altar, Batilda,
who had remained kneeling, recollected

who had remained kneeling, recollected herself and called thrice in her heart: "Genevieve! Genevieve! Genevieve!" And in the innermost recess of her heart she heard a voice that said: "My godchild, I am with thee."

Then, rising, she took the ebony casket from the hands of her maid and turned owards her husband, a deep silence fell upon the immense assembly. Every one elt that something strange was about to

happen, Batilda inserted the key in the lock of the casket, and said:
"My beloved Sigefrey, I pray you take

off your tunic." Sigefrey obeyed without showing any

surprise.

"My beloved husband," continued Batilda, her voice trembling with emotion,
"I pray you kneel before the remains of
my sainted godmother, Genevieve."
She opened the casket and stood motionless, pale and anxious. She was awaiting the further fulfillment of the promise. Then a happy smile lighted her beautiful features. The voice was speaking in her heart. She took the lifeless arm from the casket and lifted it above her head.

"O Christ!" said she, listen to the

prayer of thy servant, Genevieve, who is even now at thy feet, and who beseeches thee to grant us the happiness she had

promised us in thy name. "O Christ! hear thy servant, so that it shall not be said that she hath spoken falsely even

said that she hath spoken falsely even once in her life!"

A soft melody, which seemed to descend from the vault, filled the church, and the head of the saint appeared, surrounded by a glory.

Batilda tore open the linen which covered Sigefrey's shoulder. The fearful scar was exposed to view; it reddened slowly, and three drops of blood cozed from the tender skin. Batilda lowered the lifeless arm she still held aloft, and pressed it to her husband's bleeding shoulder.

From the wault a voice was heard which said distinctly amid the concerts of harmonious murmurs:

which said distinctly amid the concerts of harmonious murmurs:
"Behold, O people, the first miracle of St. Genevieve!"
The crowd knelt, awe struck.
Meanwhile Sigefrey had risen, staggering, uncertain, as one who knows that he is dreaming and dreads to awake.
He moved his right arm tentatively.
The arm held firmly and naturally to his shoulder.

his shoulder.
"A miracle! a miracle!" cried the "A miracle! a miracle!" cried the crowd.
Sigefrey, his eyes brimming with grateful tears, turned to his young son. "Child," said he, "I will teach thee how to hold a sword. Grow up and be a warrior."
And to his little daughter: "I have an arm to defend thee, my darling; thou mayest grow to be as beautiful as thy mother!"

mother!"
Then he drew Batilds to his breast,
"Saint!" he cried, "I thank thee! For
the first time I hold my beloved wife to
my heart!"

my heart!"

He glanced around proudly, and grasping his sword, which was borne on a cushion by the faithful Regnier, he waved it three times wildly, and cried out in a voice that resounded through the

"Glory be to God! I am once more a Warrior Thus ends the legend of Sigefrey the

church:

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Synopsis of Report as Delegate by the Reverend Patrick O'Brien.

Gentlemen of the Irish National League:

I am pleased to inform you that the report I am about to make of the work of the Chicago convention of the Irish National League of America is one that I am sure will please you all. The delegates in that convention represented the Irish people in Great Britain and Ireland; every state and territory in the United States. Canada, from Quebec to Manitoba, was also represented, and I may add that the hearts of our scattered race in South America, Asia, Africa and Australia beat in unison with ours on the great question of Home Rule for Ireland. The old land was well represented by the patriotic Michael Davitt and Messrs. O'Brien, Redmond and Deasy. William O'Brien was the noblest spirit in the convention, and the great work he has done for Ireland was acknowledged by the enthusiasm of his reception whenever he rose to address the delegates. Next to Parnell, he is considered the greatest leader of our race. entlemen of the Irish National League

leader of our race.

Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba were well represented by able and respectable gentlemen, and there were no greater advocates of Home Rule for Ireland in that

man, the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant and the mechanic; all actuated with one purpose and one heart and that is to serve Ireland under the leadership of Parnell. Though the delegates represented mil-lions of money as well as millions of people, it was, perhaps, the most demo-cratic convention that ever assembled in this country or any other country. There was no distinction there except that based on intellect, and when a man rose to speak no one asked or cared what was to speak no one asked or cared what was his wealth or position. They respect-fully listened to what he had to say, and his standing in the convention was based on his intellectual and oratorical merits.

on his intellectual and oratorical merits.

While a question was under discussion every man was free to express his opinion, and when the discussion closed the disputed question was quietly settled by vote. After the majority spoke the minority never murmured or uttered one word of dissent. Though all shades of opinion on the Irish question, from the most conservative to the most radical, were represented, there were no threats of a division or secession when a disputed point was once settled by vote. There man met man in intellectual combat, and reason always triumphed. Though the hearts of the delegates were burning with the cruel wrongs inflicted on Ireland for centuries, they all showed a willingness to suppress promptings of revenge, and extend the hand of friendship to the English peeple across the dark and bloody chasm of seven hundred years, provided England would even at this late day do justice to Ireland.

The constitution of the league, which will be published in pamphlet form was While a question was under discussion

will be published in pamphlet form was unanimously adopted. When section 5, which relates to the refusal to purchase English manufactures, was proposed for discussion a member from Rochester rose to object. This called forth a spirited discussion. The speakers, except the gentleman from Rochester, all approved the section. When the vote on its adoption was called for the whole audience rose en masse, shouted aye, and empha-sized it by tremendous cheers that con-tinued several minutes. The section of the constitution referred to reads as fol-lows: "To hurt the enemy where he will feel it most, by refusing to purchase any article of English manufacture, and by using all legitimate influences to discourage tradesmen from keeping English manufactures on sale." The sense of the convention was that this cause should remain in the constitution till England main in the constitution till England would do justice to Ireland.—Toledo Com-

THE CHURCH AND SUICIDE.

WHY IT REFUSES CHRISTIAN BURIAL TO

The FOUND OF THE SURIAL TO THE BODY OF THE SULCIDE.

The refusal of Vicar-General Quinn, of New York, to permit the burial of the bodies of Adrien and Lucy Crucy in Calvary Cemetery in consecrated grounds is an illustration of the abhorrence the Catholic Church has for suicide. Adrien and Lucy Crucy were two elderly people, brother and sister, and since the death of their father and mother and brothers and eister, some seven years ago, had lived together in comfortable circumstances in Lexington Avenue. Miss Lucy was a regular and faithful attendant at St. Vincent's Church, and her brother was a supposed practical Catholic.

Several years ago, after the death of their father and mother, they bought a plot in Calvary Cemetery, and in this plot seven bodies, the members of the family, had been buried.

It was the custom of the brother and interest with the custom of the brother and interest.

had been buried.

It was the custom of the brother and sister to visit the graves every Sunday afternoon, and no doubt the constant brooding over their loss had made them long to join their loved ones in a better land. For menths and years it seemed they planned suicide, and finally one night a week or two ago they carried out their long premeditated plans, and ended their lives and their sorrows with the pietol. Each was found in bed the next morning with pistol in hand, and both had died in the same manner. The news of their sad with pistol in hand, and both had died in the same manner. The news of their sad death spread through the city and was wafted from one end of the country to the other. Preparations were made for the funeral, and the undertaker applied for a permit to bury the bodies in Calvary Cemetery. But Vicar General Quinn re-Cemetery. But Vicar General Quinn re-fused to grant the permit unless it was clearly shown that both were insane at the time of their death. A certificate from the coroner to that effect was obtained, but in the opinion of Father Quinn the circumstances and arrangements for the suicides did not pre-suppose insanity, and so he still refused to give permission for the bodies to be buried in consecrated ground. The New York Sun in comment-ing upon Vicar General Quinn's refusal, says:

says:
Still, the Catholic Church refuses Christian burial to the suicide, unless there is positive proof of insanity, and its purpose, of course, is to make self destruction odiof course, is to make self destruction odi-ous and restrain the man who meditates suicide by fears of eternal torment. His body, too, in the eyes of the Church, is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and God alone must determine when soul and body shall be separated. As far back as the sixth century it was therefore decreed that no commemoration should be made in the Eucharist for such as destroyed them-selves, that their bodies should not be car-ried out for burial with psalms, and the usual services should not be read over them.

them.

Formerly, in order to mark the destination of the crime, the English law was that the body of the suicide should be buried in the open highway with a stake thrust through it; and when in the time of George IV. that statue was repealed, it was yet required that the remains should be buried privately in the churchyard at night, and without the performance of religious rites. The rubric of the Episcopal Church of the country also provides that the office for the burial of the dead "is not to be used for any unbaptized adults, any who die excommunicated, or who have laid violent hands on themselves."

gentlemen, and there were no greater advocates of Home Rule for Ireland in that convention than those Canadians, who live under the British flag.

The Irish race of the United States were never before so well represented at a national convention as they were at Chicago. Among the delegates from the United States were men representing every class of our race. There could be found sitting side by side, the millionaire and the poor working man, the Catholic and Protestant, the clergymen, the statesman, the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant and the mechanic; all actuated with one pense of consistency, and that even an easily obtained certificate of the coroner or a physician that the self-destroyer was unsane will not secure for him Christian burial, if the circumstance of the suicide burial, if the circumstance of the suicide do not amply justify such a declaration.

Monsignor Preston doubtless felt that it was incumbent on him to act in the cases of this brother and this sister with the more severity because of the publicity that had been given to them. They presented to the Church a conspicuous opportunity and imposed upon it an extraordinary obligation to express its horror and detestation of suicide, and to draw universal attention to its law forbidding Christian burial to those who lay violent hands upon themselves. His uncompromising course will serve to make suicide seem worse than ever in the eyes of Roman Catholics, and would it not be well for all churches and all clergymen to follow his churches and all clergymen to follow his

Is It True That Religion Has Nothing To Do With Politics?

Cardinal Manning.

We are told that religion has nothing to do with politics. I would ask, what are polotics but the collective morals of men living together in society? The moral laws, which govern man as an individual, govern him if he be a member of a community, whether it be the community of a household or the community of a State. I san find no distinction between morals and politics but this: that so politics are morals upon a large scale, if you cannot separate morals from religion, then it will be very difficult to separate politics from religion. In fact, they make one whole, and hence revellation and the divine law enter into the whole range of political science. I do not mean to say that revelation has to do immediately with questions of excise Cardinal Manning. whole range of political science. I do not mesh to say that revelation has to do immediately with questions of excise or with the penalties for smuggling. I am not speaking of politics in that minus sense, but of the great constructive away by which human society is held toucher.

together. Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

AS AN APPETIZER. DR. MORRIS GIBBS, Howard City, Mch., says: "I am greatly pleased with itss a tonic; it is an agreeable and a good appetizer."

PROF. Low's SULPHUR SOAP is a cheap and handy form of obtaining the healing virtues of a sulphur bath.

THE AURIESVILLE SHRINE. New York Times, Aug. 15.

New York Times, Aug. 15.

Fultonville, Montgomery County, N. Y., August 14.—The shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, three miles from Auriesville, N. Y., is the result of historical research by the priesthood of the Jesuit Society of Troy and other places in this part of the State, aided by such historical scholars as the Rev. Father Walworth, of Albany. It is erected on what is regarded as the precise site of the Indian village of Ossernenon, one of the largest of the villages of the Mohawks, and is in religious commemoration of the tragic death of Rev. Father Isaac Jogues, of Society of Jesus, and his lay missionary companion, Rene Goupil, who were martyrs to their zeal in the work of converting the Indians to the light of Christianity.

The Rev. Father Walworth and his niece Miss Nellie Walworth, of Saratoga, rendered valuable service in fixing the proper location of the shrine. They visited this part of Montgomery County, and examined it in the light of transcripts from French documents, which Father Walworth secured for the purposes of his research. The Rev. Fathers Casey and Loyzance, of Troy; McIncrow, of Amsterdam; Ludden, of Albany; Hourigan, of Binghamton, and others have been active for some time in setting up this sacred monument. For the present a little chapel of wood, only 10 feet wide by 20 long, with stained glass windows and covered by an octagonal dome, serves as the only shelter of the shrine. Within there is a statue of "OUR LADY OF PITY," supporting the prostrate form of the sufficient of the sufficient of the sufficient of the suffice of the proper location of the safe of the suffice of the suffic

"OUR LADY OF PITY," supporting the prostrate form of the suffering saint. Near the entrance on a knoll, a large cross has been erected, inscribed "To the Most Holy Trinity, June, 1646;" "St. Mary's, 1667;" "St. Peter's, 1673." The four faces of the base of the gross hear the following legends:

cross bear the following legends:

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." "In emory of the native converts of the mission, Hurons, Algorquins, and Iroquois, whose virtues, like those of the primitive Christians, shone in captivity and persecutions, especially of the Lily of the Mohawk, Catharine Legakwita, to do not the mission of the Mohawk, Catharine Legakwita, to do not the mission of the Mohawk, Catharine Legakwita, to do not the martyls is interected in the control of the mission.

of the Mohawk, Catharine Legakwita, the Iroquis virgin, born here in 1656, baptized in the mission church Easter Sunday, 1676, died in Canada 1680."

"Near this spot Rene Goupil, novice, was slain for the sign of the cross September 26, 1642, and before and after in different years many other Christians, men and women companions and discontinuous and discontinuous companions companio men and women, companions and dis-iples of the missionaries of French and arious Indian races, offered up their Hudson men and women, companions and disciples of the missionaries of French and

"On this Indian village site the mission of the martyrs was founded in his blood by Father Jogues, S. J., October 18, 1646. In this, the first and chief Iroquois mission, fourteen priests suffered and toiled until its destruction in 1684. Erected for the way hard add to have himself. for the two hundredth anniversary."

A marble tablet ascribes the erecting of the cross to the "Rev. James Houribe the

gan, at one time
PASTOR OF THREE COUNTIES PASTOR OF THREE COUNTIES

—Broome, Cortland, and Chenango—
now pastor for thirty-eight years of St.
Patrick's church, Binghamton, N. Y."
It is the intention ultimately to erect a church edifice on the spot in the expectation that as years go by it will become the central shrine and meeting place of the Jesuits of the United States.

The story of Father Issae Jagues's additional control of the story of Father Issae Jagues's additional control of the story of Father Issae Jagues's additional control of the story of Father Issae Jagues's additional control of the story of Father Issae Jagues's additional control of the story of Father Issae Jagues's additional control of the story of Father Issae Jagues's additional control of the story of Father Issae Jagues's additional control of the story of Father Issae Jagues and the story of Father Issae Jagues a

the Jesuits of the United States.

The story of Father Isaac Jogues's adventures and hardships among the Indians is one of the most interesting of the tales of the Jesuit missionaries among the northern tribes. He was born in Orleans on January 10, 1607, and after taking the regular course of study to the priesthood he was ordained in 1636. Immediately thereafter, at his own earnest request he was sent out to Canada. est request, he was sent out to Canada to take part in the elaborate scheme which the Jesuits had laid for converting the nations of this country. His field of labor was among the Hurons, a tribe of the Algonquins, that was found to be particularly susceptible to the influence of missionaries. Father Jogues was engaged in his work in 1642, when the series of events began which made him a martyr. The summer of that year was one of great destitution among the tribes which inhabited the territory of the nothern lakes, and the French missions among the Hurons came near being wiped out by want of food. In order to procure much needed supplies. of the Algonquins, that was found to be

much needed supplies,
FATHER JOGUES,
with two French laymen named Rene
Goupil and William Couture, and a band
of Huron Indians, started on a journey to
Quebec, making their way for the most

part in canoes.

At Quebec they obtained the stores they At Quebec they obtained the stores they desired, and with the hope of carrying relief to their friends they set out on the return voyage with all speed. While they were paddling along the northern shore of Lake St. Peter, an expanded port on the St. Lawrence River between Quebec and Montreal, they were overtaken and surprised by a crew of hostile Iroquois Indians of the Mohawk tribe, who were in that country for the purpose of preying upon Frenchmen and the Indians who were on friendly terms with the French. Father Jogues and his little company were attacked and overcome by the Iroquois after an effort on their part to defend themselves. To the instinct of self-protection there was added the anxiety of preserving the stores they had procured for their famishing friends at the mission. In the flight one of the attacking party was killed. The loss of their companion roused the spirit of revenge in the victors, are recommended. roused the spirit of revenge in the victors, and incited them to deeds of violence toward the persons of the Frenchmen. The captive whites and Hurons were then deliberately secured, and taking as much of the stores from the laden canoes of the missionaries as they could make off with

set out for their home on the Mohawk River, the point of destination being somewhere in the neighborhood of the present village of Fonda, the county seat of Montromery County. The investor Montgomery County. The journey was away made by canoes up the St. Lawrence, the Richelieu River, Lake Champlain and Lake George, and from the latter overland through the wilderness to the Mohawk Valley. Thirteen days were required for the long paddle and the weariseme tramp, the captives on the way being subjected by the Indians to such in-

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escape.

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