

SIGEFROY THE ONE-ARMED.

From the Catholic World.

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

In the year of our Lord 493 the city of Soissons was the scene of an unusual pagan and of general rejoicing. Yet little did the merry crowd that made the streets lively with songs and games, or the fierce-visaged 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 Franks, with the beautiful and pious Clotilda, daughter of Gombauld, the Christian king of the Burgunds. Through his marriage the foundations of the kingdom of France were to be laid under the auspices of 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 Sigefroy, and was the son of Count Aubert, the favorite lord, orthane, 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. Sigefroy was dazzled. A novel emotion filled his heart, which up to that time had dreamed only of glory and combats. 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, 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 increased his passion.

But Clovis was preparing to leave Soissons with his young wife—with that Clotilda who, at no distant day, was to make him know the God. The day before their departure Sigefroy hid himself alone with Batilda for the first time. Bending one knee before her, he told her his love in impassioned accents. Batilda heard him without anger; her blue eyes 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 Sigefroy, averting his eyes, "it is the sign of the Christians."

"Do you adore it?" she asked.

"No," stammered the young lover, his heart grown cold with a sudden presentiment.

"Farewell, then, Sigefroy, son of Aubert," said the maiden gravely. "I am a Christian, and can never wed one who does not adore the God."

She turned away from him, and Sigefroy, 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 Clotilda left Soissons. The queen did not take any of her young companions with her. Sigefroy followed his chief. He did not see Batilda again.

She was constantly in his thoughts. Wherever the fortunes of war led him he abode, but his efforts were fruitless. The information that he obtained went no further than this: She was a stranger; she was a Christian, and had come thither with other noble ladies on the occasion of the royal marriage; she had not been seen since Clotilda's departure. No one could tell whether she was still in the city, or had fled to some remote spot.

Three long years had elapsed. The young Frank was but a shadow of his former self; a settled melancholy preyed upon his soul, and nothing could rouse him except the signal of his chief's return. He would throw himself in the thickest of the fray, courting death, and only succeeded in winning new laurels.

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

"Christ! Christ!" echoed the soldiers. "I swear that I will receive baptism," continued the king. "O Christ! thou shalt be my 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 enemies, dismayed at this fierce onslaught, gave way; their ranks were broken, they fled panic-stricken, pursued by this new warrior. The victory was won.

Faithful to his pledged vow, Clovis prepared to receive baptism at the hands of the venerable St. Remi. The lends of the royal neophyte and their fierce soldiers will join their blood stained hands, and naively, filled with blind confidence, will follow their chief in this regenerate 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 one to whom the new faith was the binger of hope. Sigefroy gloried in 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 hope, so long since fled, entered his heart anew.

How he did 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

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.

Aubert called his son, Sigefroy, and ordered him to proceed forthwith to their new estate and take possession thereof in his name. Sigefroy 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.

"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?

It was nearly dark when Sigefroy stopped his jaded horse at the gate of a fine 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, therefore, seek the presence of the owner. "Who lives in that tower?" he asked.

"Old Gontran, the Burgund," replied the farmer; "he is suzerain lord of all 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 Gombauld.

While Sigefroy was making this discovery Batilda sat at her window in the old tower, thinking over past and dreaming of the future. She loved Sigefroy, 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 she 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 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 Sigefroy.

"Gontran," 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's 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.

The maiden blushed; then, raising her downcast eyes, she said, with proud candor: "Is indeed three years since I first met Sigefroy. I will admit that he proclaims his love; but he worships strange Gods, 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 the baptism of our great King Clovis, but let Batilda teach me. Her God will be my God."

Was the saint's prophecy about to be fulfilled?

Sigefroy remained a welcome guest at the tower. Every day he listened to the pious exhortations of Gontran, every 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. Sigefroy 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.

"Perhaps I love you too much," she 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.

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.

"O! 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 Sigefroy, all absorbed in his new life, had forgotten to communicate with his father. Old Aubert grew uneasy at this unaccountable silence.

"I must go and find out what is become of my son," he mused; "perhaps those Burgunds have killed him. I will avenge his death tenfold!"

Aubert hated the Burgunds and did not believe in the God of the Christians. Notwithstanding Clovis's example he had refused to let himself be baptized. He assembled his numerous followers and went in search of the missing Sigefroy. It was night when he came in sight of Mount Mars, and, like Sigefroy 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 way was known to Gontran, Batilda, and their servants were taken prisoner, without resistance. So complete was their surprise that the garrison was not aware of the capture of their lord. Sigefroy slept in another wing of the building.

The easy victory disposed Aubert to clemency; and when Gontran offered to pay ransoms 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 his 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 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 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.

"Ah! he announced one hundred and 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, opened, and in the wood-work, was thrown the wily Austrasian, who, in a twinkling, entered his 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.

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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."

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

"Sigefroy said he would die, and he is now praying for you this long time past."

"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 pale 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 rich casket, shall be made to lie in state in the church of St. Peter and Paul. On the morning of that twenty-fourth day you will take the ebony casket which you see lying on the table, and you will carry it to the church of St. Peter and Paul. Batilda looked up, astonished at the existence of this casket was her secret. She never mentioned it to her godmother.

Genevieve smiled.

"God bless a pure and true love," said she. "You will carry this casket carried before you to the church of St. Peter and Paul. You will walk thither holding by the hand your two children. Sigefroy will accompany you, mounted on his war-horse. 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 casket, and you will tell Sigefroy to take off his tunic and to kneel down."

"She ceased speaking. Batilda, after waiting for her to continue, asked in a trembling voice: "And then godmother what shall I do next?"

"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 to do."

She gave Batilda her blessing and motioned to her to leave the room.

When the setting sun marked the fifth hour Genevieve's soul left her perishable 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 words spoken by Batilda's godmother were verified. Queen Clotilda asked that the body be embalmed and enclosed in a casket of massive silver ornamented with precious stones. Immediately the king, the lords, the liege men gave; not a beggar woman so poor but she offered some of her money. 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 was carried with great pomp to the basilica of St. Peter and Paul.

Batilda followed religiously the instructions of the departed, and, strange as it seems, neither Sigefroy 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 the king and the queen, escorted by the nobles 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 in procession round the nave.

When the casket was brought back to its resting place before the altar, Batilda, who had remained kneeling, recollected herself and called thrice in her heart: "Genevieve! Genevieve! Genevieve!"

And in the inmost 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 towards her husband, a deep silence fell upon the immense assembly. Every one felt that something strange was about to happen.

Batilda inserted the key in the lock of the casket, and said: "My beloved Sigefroy, I pray you take off your tunic."

Sigefroy 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 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.

"Christ! 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, and that it shall not be 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 Sigefroy's shoulder. The fearful scar was exposed to view; it reddened slowly, and three drops of blood oozed from the tender skin. Batilda lowered the lifeless arm she still held aloft, and pressed it to her husband's bleeding shoulder.

From the vault a voice was heard which said distinctly amid the concert of harmonious murmurs: "Behold, O people, the first miracle of St. Genevieve!"

The crowd knelt, awe-struck. Meanwhile Sigefroy had risen, staggering, uncertain, as one who knows that he is dreaming and dreads to awake.

He moved his right arm tentatively. "The hand held firmly and naturally to his shoulder."

"A miracle! a miracle!" cried the crowd. Sigefroy, his eyes brimming with grateful tears, turned to his young son. "Child," he said, "I will teach you how to hold a sword. Grow up to 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!"

Then he drew Batilda to his breast. "Saint!" he cried, "I thank thee! For the first time I hold my beloved wife to 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 church: "Glory be to God! I am once more a warrior!"

Thus ended the legend of Sigefroy the One-Armed.

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Synopsis of Report as Delegrate 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 shall be separated from you all. The delegates 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 the United States were united in a fraternal beat in union 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 had 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.

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 convention than those Canadians, who live under the British flag.

The Irish side 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 clergyman, the statesman, 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.

Through the delegates represented millions of people as well as millions of people, it was, perhaps, the most democratic 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 he was not asked or cared what was his wealth or position. They respectfully listened to what he had to say, and his standing in the convention was based 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. The 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 people 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 unanimously adopted. When section 5, which relates to the refusal to purchase 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 on its feet, and the speaker, complimented by the tremendous cheers that continued several minutes. The section of the constitution referred to reads as follows: "To hurt the enemy where he will feel it most, by refusing to purchase any article of English manufacture, and by using all legitimate means 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 would do justice to Ireland.— *Toledo Commercial.*

THE CHURCH AND SUICIDE.

WHY IT REFUSES CHRISTIAN BURIAL TO THE BODY OF THE SUICIDE.

The refusal of Vicar-General Quinn, of New York, to permit the burial of the bodies of Adrien and Lucy Cruey in Calvary Cemetery in consecrated grounds is an illustration of the abhorrence the Catholic Church has for suicide. Adrien and Lucy Cruey were two elderly people, brother and sister, and since the death of their father and mother and brothers and sister, some seven years ago, had lived together in comfortable circumstances in Lexington Avenue. His 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 were buried, the members of the family, 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 months past their city seemed to be planned suicide, and finally one night a week or two ago they carried out their long premeditated plan, and ended their lives and their sorrows with the pistol. 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 death spread like wildfire, and the relatives waited 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 refused to grant the permit unless it was clearly shown that both were sane at the time of their death. A certificate of 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 refused to give permission for the bodies to be buried in consecrated ground. The New York Sun in commenting upon Vicar-General Quinn's refusal, 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 odious 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 themselves, that their bodies should not be carried out for burial with palms, and the usual services should not be read over 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 statute 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 adult, any who die excommunicated, or who have laid violent hands on themselves."

Vicar-General Preston, accordingly, is justified by the law of the Catholic Church in refusing to allow the bodies of Adrien and Lucy Cruey to be buried in consecrated ground, though they killed themselves with the thought that they were to lie in Calvary Cemetery, side by side with the relatives whose loss had left them so desolate. His decision expresses anew and forcibly the condemnation of the Roman Catholic upon the suicide. It shows that the Church will not be lenient at the expense of consistency, and that even an easily obtained certificate of the coroner or a physician that the self-destroyer was insane will not be used for him Christian 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 sister with the more severity because of the publicity that had been given to the case. The present refusal of 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, by a 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 example?

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 politics but war between nations, 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 can find no distinction between morals and politics but this: that if you cannot separate morals from politics, you cannot separate politics from religion, then it will be very difficult to separate politics from religion. In fact, they make one whole, and hence revelation and the divine law enter into it not merely to say that revelation is to do immediately with questions of exorcise or with the penalties for smuggling. I am not speaking of politics in that