

**THE SUFFERINGS OF CONVERTS.**

An English Journal Tells of Some of the Things They Have to Bear.

"I know you will be glad, but we are sorry, as he has thrown up a living of four hundred a year to go to beggary." This is what a Protestant friend has written to a correspondent, with regard to the Rev. D. Lloyd, Thomas, M. A., who has been received into the Church, with his wife and six children. It will, we think, say the Liverpool *Catholic Times*, be generally acknowledged that Mr. Thomas and his family have made a noble sacrifice, and their conduct is but a typical example of what a large number of converts have done and are doing. It is not too much to say that this obedience to the voice of conscience, in opposition to innumerable claims and ties, and indeed to almost every human interest, deserves to be considered a splendid proof of heroism. Not easily can the hardships it involves be realized by those who have never felt pressed by duty to take a step that excites the fiercest hostility of friends and acquaintances. At any time for the trials of life with slight hopes or prospects of a successful career is an unenviable experience. What must it be to do so when all who have hitherto been helpful and kindly are cold and unresponsive, when every avenue to the means of gaining a livelihood seems closed, and when one must enter an entirely new sphere of life, parting from old associations and scarcely knowing what the morrow will bring? There are many complaints as to the religious indifference of the present age, and it cannot be denied that there are various indications tending to show that men largely overlook what is spiritual and eternal for that which is merely material and temporal. It is, however, clear from the acts of converts to the Catholic Church that faith has not died out, but still exercises a commanding influence on the lives of men.

**"SCHOOL OR PRISON."**

Under the caption, "School or Prison," Rev. J. B. Soule, a Protestant minister, writes as follows to the *Portsmouth Daily News*: "This is a grave question, and one that is not receiving the attention that it should. I saw in your paper notice of a corner-stone laying which took place near Phenixville. The building is to be a great educational institution for young men who have no employment and are drifting out into the world without home or anchor. This educational institution proposes to gather up these poor, homeless men and boys and educate them and make useful men of them. Did you ever hear of a more noble and philanthropic enterprise than this? But you say this institution will make Roman Catholics of them? What of that? Better that, ten times, than have them become thieves and robbers and a tax on the industrious people. Educate the people and we won't have thieves and robbers. I would ten times sooner have my son a Roman Catholic gentleman than a Protestant thief."

Our jails and penitentiaries are a menace to our country. If a boy steals he is sought out by the police and taken to jail. Why not take him to some good educational institution? It will not cost any more, or not as much; then he comes out of such an institution with a good education and a reformed character, while they say it is right he remains in jail for a time, comes out with no education and worse morally than when he entered. Then what is the real use of your jails; just that much money wasted. It is really a shame in this enlightened day to have such an institution as a jail or penitentiary.

Now the great Roman Catholic Church proposes to right face on this subject. . . . Almost the first thing you see on entering a country town is a court house and the jail. Neither of these ought to be in existence in the closing hours of this nineteenth century. This jail business has been tried on poor Abe Buzzard, and he is still no better. But if the poor man had been put into a first class school at his first offence he to day might be one of our best citizens. The Roman Catholic Church has touched the right key. In the place of the jail, the academy; in place of the penitentiary, the college. Then shall we have no use for those grim-walled jails nor court-houses with balconies so high that the common people are never reached.

**An Heroic Act of Charity.**

The month of November, the month of the holy souls who have no present solace but our prayers, may be made joyful to them by an heroic act of charity on our part. We may voluntarily resign into the treasury of the Church for their benefit all the surpluses which may be offered for us after death and all our own works of satisfaction, that the suffering souls may be the sooner released from Purgatory. By thus depriving ourselves of personal benefit, however, we do not resign the power of offering our good works and prayers for other intentions. This practice carries with it Indulgences granted by several Popes, and while acceptable at any season is especially so in November.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from a pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

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**HUNGER THE DISEASE EVICT- TIONS THE CURE.**

It is needless to say, says the *Boston Pilot*, that there is only one country in Europe whose condition could be described in those six words. Ireland is threatened with famine, and the Government is ejecting the hungry people from their wretched homes because they cannot pay rent, the failure of the crops depriving them of the wherewithal to procure even the necessaries of life.

It is the old, old story. The loss of a single harvest entails famine on a country which is compelled in good seasons to pay over to England the fruits of its industry that in any justly governed country would have been the people's reliance in time of distress. The Royal Commission of Inquiry appointed by the English Government, and having no personal or political predilections in favor of Ireland, reports that England has been cheating the "sister island" out of millions of pounds every year since the Union. The cheating is going on to day, and Irish farmers must starve because their surplus produce is stolen by England.

The landlords are doing as they always have done, evicting their help less tenants with all the brutal accompaniments which the word eviction signifies. The story of hunger is told by the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* which, as a cablegram of the seventh instant justly says, is "one of the most trustworthy and least sensational papers in England." The tale of the evictions comes from all quarters. The account of England's action to relieve the sufferers or restrain the evictors comes from nobody.

We are told with much sounding of Parisaical trumpets that the Government of India has made preparations to meet another famine in that country with such care that not a man, woman or child in all the land shall perish of hunger; but India is far away from the daily press and the Atlantic cable, and no tidings of starvation will reach the world through British channels. We hope that there may be some to hide or suppress; but how about the famine at England's door? What preparations are being made against it? None.

The Government is doing nothing, will probably do nothing until too late. Again the outside world will be asked to relieve the distress of Great Britain's subjects, and the appeal will not be made in vain. The shame is with the power which lets its subjects beg for bread, not with the unhappy people whom that power has driven to beggary and famine. Who is this unhelpful Lazarus that he should offend the senses of Dives with his rags and his sores and his hunger?

**Indecent Journalism.**

The *New York Sun* took occasion recently to condemn in vigorous language the publishers of the *World and Journal* for the discredit and demoralizing sensationalism which floods them in the Sunday issues of these papers. To those who believe that the *Sunday paper* should be less objectionable in tone and feature than the regular daily editions, the appearance and contents of the *World and Journal* on Sundays are simply shocking. The *Sun* thus describes the sharp competition between Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Hearst for supremacy in the field of fifth: "When the multifarious appeal to prurient seems to pall upon the two constituencies, the exploitation of the horrors of morbid anatomy and disgusting pathology begins. Pictures of diseased tissue sprawl across whole pages formerly occupied by the imaginings of lasciviousness. Crime is illustrated in all its phases, with charts and full working directions for intending criminals. When the Harvard graduate ransacks the shelves of the library for forgotten nastiness of erotic literature, the ex-kellner sends forth his men and his women to collect from the cooks of the anonymity of day their mistresses' favorite recipes for Christmas plum pludding. When the ex-kellner goes to the hospitals with his camera to photograph for the benefit of *World* readers the latest running ulcer, the Harvard graduate promptly furnishes to readers of the *Journal* explicit instructions, with plates, teaching how murder may be done with a single blow of the fist upon the chin by driving a splinter of the under jaw upon into the brain. So it goes on, Sunday after Sunday, with the bright sun shining in the heavens; and the end is not in sight."

There can be no question of the extent of the evil which is bred in this new craze for sensationalism, and the *Sun* is to be commended for its exposure of the debasing methods employed by its two contemporaries. The public should cease to patronize these vile publications.—*Boston Republic.*

**Action of Alcohol on the Nervous System.**

Doctor Forel of Zurich teaches that alcoholic intoxication, as affecting the nervous system, is conspicuous from the first, often after small doses. The excitement following the first glass is the effect of a paralyzation of the complicated checking apparatus which usually controls instincts, impulses and thoughts. Mentally alcohol paralyzes, in the first line, the highest, most complicated and finest conceptions of reason and dictates of conscience. He states that chronic alcohol poisoning produces mental paralysis. Psychopaths, or nervous people, are extremely susceptible to the narcotic action of alcohol in disease as well as in health, even when the disease is not of alcoholic origin. Very small doses

**JESUIT AND PURITAN.**

In a paper on John Elliot published in the *New England Magazine* and written by Mr. James De Normandie, a Unitarian minister, is the following interesting passage:—

One is appalled, humiliated, as he thinks of the remarkable labors of this wonderful man. Baxter, writing to him not long before his death, says: "The industry of Jesuits and friars, and their successes in Congo, Japan and China, shame us all save you."

The latter part of the seventeenth century witnessed in all the region about our northern lakes a wonderful display of the Jesuit missionary zeal, his readiness for toil, hardships and death. Self was forgotten in utter devotion to his order; he was ready for any sacrifice even to martyrdom. Allouez, Dablon and Marquette were but a few of those missionaries who at the same time with Elliot were making unsurpassed missionary journeys and efforts to bring the Indians to a knowledge of the Christian faith.

Among the Jesuit missionaries of the North-West perhaps no one was more active than Father Gabriel DuRoielle. On one of his expeditions he came from Quebec to Roghbray as he called Rockaborough, where he was received by Governor Dudley, and made a visit to Elliot the year after he had established his mission at Natick.

In "The Puritan Age and Rule in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay," Dr. George E. Ellis writes: "And now we have to present to ourselves a notable scene. The priest, a Jesuit on an embassy, named Le R. Pere Gabriel DuRoielle de la Compagnie de Jesus writes: 'On my way I arrived at Roghbray, where the minister named Elliot, who was instructing some savages, received me to lodge with him as the night had overtaken me. He treated me with respect and affection, and prayed me to pass the winter with him.' Here is a scene which might well engage the pencil of an artist whose sympathies responded to the subject. Two men, then in the vigor of life, who were yet to pass their fourscore years in their loved but poorly rewarded labor for the savages, separated as the poles in their religious convictions, principles and methods, trained in antipathies, and zealously hostile to each other, are seen in simple, loving converse as kind host and responsive stranger guest. The humble sitting and working room of the Apostle Elliot in his modest cottage has the essentials of comfort, and there is a guest chamber. Around the hearthstone are two or three Indian children, whom Elliot had near him as pupils, while he himself was a learner from some docile elders of the race, whose barbarous tongues he was seeking to acquire through grunts and gutturals, that he might set forth in it the whole oracles of God. His hopeful experiment in the Indian village at Natick had recently been put on trial. The priest was, after his own different fashion, spending himself in his own work. The aims of both were the same; their methods widely unlike."

Have we not all, amid earth's petty strife, Some pure ideal of a noble life, That once seemed possible? Did we not hear The voice of its angels, and feel it near. And just within our reach? 'Twas! And yet We lost it in this daily jar and fret. We live life in a vague regret. But still our place is kept and it will wait Ready for us to fill it sooner or later. No star is ever lost we ought to see, We may always have what we might have been. 'Twas! But we have not thought, has life and breath— God's life—can always be redeemed from death. And Evil, in its nature, is decay. And any hour can blot it all away. The hopes that lost in some far distance stand, May be the truer life—and this the dream.

**What an Angel is.**

In his new book on "The Christian Inheritance," Bishop Hedley supplies this description of an angel: "Each of us may have some idea of an angel. It is probably a figure of youth and beauty, clad in a simple flowing robe, with strong fair wings folded gently, with serene face and eyes of gentle love, and, perhaps, a majestic arm upraised for man's protection. The figure is not false. Yet, if we could see them up there in Heaven where they are, it would seem a truer figure to say that an angel was a flash of the lightning of Heaven. Bright light, fierce heat, tremendous power—this is what an angel is. He is so swift that he can penetrate the clouds, holds the helm of the whirling tempest, lifts the ocean waters, guides the orbs of Heaven, quells the demons, nay, almost penetrates the thoughts of the heart of man. His life is so living, so real, so true, that, once again, there is nothing to express the swiftness and the heat of his intellect and his will but the electric fire that darts from cloud to cloud, most terrible of the forces of the world." And these glorious, powerful, swift and subtle intelligences are the friends of man as well as the servants of God.—*Catholic Review.*

of alcohol will, in such persons, give rise to considerable pneumonia of alcoholic poisoning. He has seen severe delirium tremens after such comparatively small quantities as one or one-half to two quarts of cider daily.

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