

and the right front of the line. The sailors were overborne in an instant, but the Malloes, with their fighting blood aflame, met the yell of the Moslem with an even wilder, fiercer cry, and dropped two hundred of them with a single point-blank volley.

But C Company had drawn no trigger to stop that fiery rush. The men leaned moodily upon their rifles. Some had even thrown them upon the ground. Conolly was talking fiercely to those about him. Captain Foley, thrusting his way through the press, rushed up to him with a revolver in his hand.

"This is your doing, you villain!" he cried. "If you raise your pistol, captain, your brains will be over your coat," said a low voice at his side.

He saw that several rifles were turned on him. The two "subs," had pressed forward, and were by his side. "What is it, then?" he cried, looking around from one fierce mutinous face to another.

"Are you Irishmen? Are you soldiers? What are you here for, but to fight for your country?" "England is no country of ours," cried several.

"You are not fighting for England. You are fighting for Ireland, and for the empire of which it is part."

"A black curse on the empire!" shouted Private McGuire, throwing down his rifle. "Twas the empire that backed the man that drove me into the roadside. May me hand stiffen before I draw trigger for it."

"What the empire to us, Captain Foley, and what the widdy to us ayther?" cried a voice. "Let the constabulary fight for her."

"Ay, they'd be better employed than pullin' a poor man's thatch about his ears."

"Or shootin' his brother, as they did mine."

"It was the empire laid my groanin' mother by the wayside. Her son will rot before he upholds it, and ye can put that in the charge sheet in the next court-martial."

In vain the three officers begged, menaced, persuaded. The square was still moving, ever moving, with the same bloody fight raging in its entrails. Even while they had been speaking they had been shuffling backwards, and the useless Gardner, with her slaughtered crew, was already a good hundred yards from them.

The mass of men, tormented and withering, was trying, by a common instinct, to reach some clearer ground where they could re-form.

Three faces were still intact, but the fourth had been caved in, and badly mauled, without its comrades being able to help it.

"I did not see any get out again. What were the Wessex thinking about! The Guards stood well, though; so did the Malloes."

Colonel Flanagan reports that his front flank company was cut off, sir. "Why, that's the company that was out of hand when we advanced."

Colonel Flanagan reports, sir, that the company took the whole brunt of the attack, and gave the square time to re-form.

"Tell the Hussars to ride forward, Stephen," said the general, "and try if they can see anything of them. There's no firing, and I fear that the Malloes will want to do something revolting. Let the square take ground by the right, and then advance."

But the Sheikh Kadra of the Haden-dows saw from his knoll that the men with the big hats had rallied, and that they were coming back in the quiet business fashion of men whose work was before them. He took counsel with the Mousa the dervish and Hussein the Baggarra, and a wee-struck man was when he learned that the third of his men were safe in the Moslem paradise. So, having still some signs of victory to show, he gave the word, and the desert warriors flitted off unseen and unheard, even as they had come.

A red rock plateau, a few hundred spears and Remingtons, and a plain which, for the second time, was strewn with slaughtered men, was all that his day's fighting gave to the English general.

It was a squadron of Hussars which came first to the spot where the rebel flag had waved. A dense litter of Arab dead marked the place. Within, the flag waved no longer, but the rifle still stood in the mimosa bush, and round it, with their wounds in front, lay the Fenian private and the silent rank of his Irishry. Sentiment is not an English failing, but the Hussar captain raised his hilt in a salute as he rode past the blood-soaked ring.

The "Exs."

The opinion seems to be spreading among Protestants in this country that "converted priests" are men in sore need of conversion. It is a well-grounded opinion. Managers of lecture bureaus have long since learned that their confusion that, like bad eggs, these pretenders are to be handled with caution. The Rev. Mr. Dixon, of New York, in a sermon to his flock on the subject of "The Savannah Riots and Religious Intolerance," remarked that "when a priest leaves his Church and goes into the world and vilifies it, there is something radically wrong with him."

There always is, Brother Dixon. You may be sure of it. From Luther down to the latest of them, apostate priests are bad men.—Ave Maria.

Great battles are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and restores health.

DR. BATAILLE. The Devil in the 19th Century.

CONTINUED.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Phileas Walder, a Luciferian chief, of whom something was said in a former article, was already very sick when he attended the general Luciferian convention at Rome, in September, 1893, and he died in England in the beginning of October of the same year.

His body was brought to Charleston and buried there in the Luciferian Holy of Holies. Palladists claim that he there revived eleven times in succession. His body was brought in the coffin to a meeting of the Grand Triangle and placed in the Grand Master's throne, where he presided at the meeting, and made his speech as formerly, just as if he were alive.

The eleventh time he declared that it would after the last time and that they should after this leave him in his tomb. In one of these meetings he declared that Lemmi was duly elected as Supreme Dignitary and should be acknowledged by all as such.

In the last few meetings Walder's body was already in a far advanced state of decomposition and entirely unfit for a receptacle of the human soul. If these stories are true they would show, not that Walder was restored to life, as the Luciferians claim, in order to ape the miracles of Christianity, but that an evil spirit, for the time being, entered the corpse of Walder and used it to dupe his adherents. Surely the resurrection of Lazarus, and a thousand similar wonders performed by Jesus and His saints, are of an entirely different character and cannot be placed on a level with Walder's apparent temporary revival!

Bataille relates another strange appearance witnessed by him in a Triangle meeting at Berlin. The session had not yet been opened and members had not yet come when a strange, dirty-bearded, old man in antique clothes, entered. The President assured himself that the man, who was taken for a maniac, was not an intruder, and asked him who he was. "I am Julian the Pallosopter," he replied, and made eleven steps in advance, followed by two more exact copies of himself so that the one Julian had now become three, each one sitting down on a vacant chair. Then all three Julians spoke together and gesticulated in exactly the same manner, saying: "Are you convinced now of my identity, my dear Grand Master brothers and sisters?" Having said this the last two Julians suddenly disappeared, leaving only the one who had appeared first. He was offered the honor of presiding at the meeting, which he refused. When, according to the order of business, the time came for the orator to address the meeting, Julian asked leave to act as orator of the evening, and to make a speech on the death of Christ, full, of course, of awful blasphemies. At the end of the discourse, a flash of lightning, disappeared with a Luciferian of Paris. A certain brother, Luciferian of Paris, named Painblanc, is said to have the faculty of assuming gradually an enormous size when presiding at a Triangle meeting. As he grows his clothes grow with him. At the end of the meeting his size grows gradually less till it comes back to its normal proportions. Dr. Bataille never saw this performance, but has it from various sources which he considers trustworthy.

The reader will please remember that all these apparitions and wonderful performances are only brought about by long, blasphemous invocations and conjurations of Lucifer & Co., and accompanied by interminable ceremonies. According to Bataille there is a marked difference in degree and frequency between Luciferian feats and those performed by ordinary spiritists.

While spiritists obtain strange results scarcely once in one hundred attempts, Luciferians, in organized meetings as well as privately, obtain extraordinary results much more frequently than failures. Then their results are often very surprising and often performed by Christ and His saints, so that eye witnesses can easily be grounded in their faith. A Catholic, however, who is one not only in name, need not fear Lucifer's prodigies, because he can instantly put a stop to the most wonderful ones by a little mental prayer or by a secret sign of the cross, thus proving apodictically the power of God over Lucifer and his adherents, no matter how powerful they may consider themselves. Dr. Bataille relates a great many other strange and wonderful performances many of which he saw personally, but in importance none of them come near to those of the bicolored, passing through the wall and coming back to life. If these and similar feats are real—and it would be difficult to do very many of them—they would only show that anti-Christ, with his followers, is allowed considerable power in his battle against Christ and His Church; so much power indeed that even the elect might be carried away by their strangeness. And, therefore, it is time to warn and caution the faithful against these pseudo-miracles and those that are addicted to their performance. Spiritualism and Luciferianism certainly constitute one of the greatest dangers to Christianity. But the best way to counteract the danger is by exposing the nefarious practices, together with the perverse aims and methods of devil worshippers. Forewarned is forearmed. Later, in a series of articles, it will be shown what kind of a moral, intellectual and political beauty now stands at the head of universal Freemasonry, in the person of its Supreme Chief, Adriano Lemmi.

HENRY A. ADAMS. The Former Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Buffalo, Complains of the Omnipotent Character of Episcopal Doctrines—Illustration of the way a Layman Might be Puzzled in New York.

New York Herald.

Henry Austin Adams, who, when rector of the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, Park avenue and Eighty-second street, was known as Father Adams, but who resigned two years ago to become a Roman Catholic, is the author of an article in the current number of the Catholic World, in which he points out the lack of unanimity in the ritual as followed by the Episcopal churches. It has awakened much interest and some consternation in Episcopalian circles.

Mr. Adams characterizes the Episcopalian faith as an "India rubber orthodoxy," capable of stretching from the High Ritualistic churches, to the larger Episcopalian dioceses he regards as happy families, that include "every variety of believer, from a shouting anti-sacrament salvationist up to a tonsured monk." Over this he is "ecclesiastical omnibus," as he calls it, sits the Bishop smiling and dodging.

The Episcopal Church, Mr. Adams says, is the best illustration of the all-comprehending toleration of divergent views. While the Church is numerically strong and powerful, it is destined to provide a neutral ground for those escaping from crumbling and disintegrating systems of other sects. The elastic temper of the Church during the last twenty years has drawn to its fold most of the converts. Ministers have recognized within the Episcopalian latitudinarian bonds room for their ever-widening eccentricities. He adds:

"The Broad Church party in this fact as the chief glory of that communion, but Ritualists, especially the self-styled Catholics, deplore it, and prophesy the gravest possible results. And yet it is to its existence these latter owe their new-found freedom to exercise their Catholic proclivities. We find the Bishops staying off all ecclesiastical trials of even the most lawless, with the very sensible, if not dignified, objection. Don't make me prosecute Father Chasuble, dear Mr. Hazey, for if you do I will be certain to make me go for you!" "Ecce quam bonum," etc.

"To an indignant old lady who complained of her rector's Popery the other day, the Bishop said: 'Madam, the Greek word for Bishop is episcopos, which is composed of over and to look. Therefore, I overlook everything, Good-morning.'"

This last remark by the Bishop, Mr. Adams says, pleases the rank and file of the Episcopal Church, as it makes the Bishop a favorite with the millionaire, who is a necessity so far as vestry purposes are concerned, and also when the "hat goes around." But it scandalizes many pious souls, who see it as a "betrayal of the Son of Man with a paradox," and hundreds of the clergy are humiliated and disheartened by it.

Such a condition of "self-contradiction and mutually destructive teaching," Mr. Adams holds, would logically lead men to the Catholic Church, and does, except when the spirit of the times breathes of "tolerance" and "breadth" and "comprehensive-ness"—three splendid mental virtues. No one would dare attack these, so "man's logic is prostituted to the prevailing hallucination and every ludicrous absurdity countenanced in the name of freedom."

Mr. Adams said he did not intend to write of the theologians, "but of the unsuspecting lay victims of this reign of a 'don't mention it' kind of orthodoxy," and then to show how churches are conducted in this city he introduces an "Episcopal Virginian," who, he says, is little better than a Methodist with a usually mussy and enormous surplice on him.

The Virginian had always worshipped in what looked like a meeting-house. There was an altar, a marble-topped, rickety table but little used which served three or four times a year for the administration of a rite which this layman regarded as a mere memorial love feast. There were no crosses or flowers. Saints' days and fasts were ignored. The rector of that church denied being a priest, that there could be any sacrifice, or that sacraments were life giving.

This very Low Churchman from Virginia takes up a residence near Stuyvesant Square, and Mr. Adams continues:

"He attends church—St. George's, Lo! Is this his Episcopalian church? Choir boys in Popish vestments? But the service and sermon reassure him. They are Protestant. After a little he grows accustomed to the breathless all-around humanitarianism in vogue there, and the constant services and meetings, and the machinery. Having to move to the west side, our pilgrim finds himself at the Church of St. Ignatius. He hears solemn High Mass! Is paralyzed when one of the fathers preaches on the necessity of auricular confession! Holy water, incense, candles, crucifix, pictures, stations of the cross!"

"On May 1st he moves to a flat on the east of Fifth avenue. He is not in All Soul's parish. No Popery here! No, no much of the dear old gospel preaching our layman loves so! But he is teachable, and he listens to some destructive of miracles, inspiration, orthodoxy—the very divinity of his Lord.

"Next May he moves westward and into St. Agnes's parish—a chapel of Old Trinity.

"Here he finds via mediaism. Some ritual—but not too much to frighten people. Some innocent teaching of innocent doctrine—but a cautious indistinctness which leaves the worshiper to think as he pleases. If they hear confessions, they do so on the sly.

"Some of the congregation bow and genuflect and cross themselves; others loaf around on the cushions in reassuring Protestant indifference. And although there are suspicious touches of Romish error, they are really nothing more than concessions to the artistic requirements of the age, and have no doctrinal significance," says the pastor.

"Moving again, our Virginian is once more compelled to set the focus of his telescope on faith, for he finds himself at the church of the Redeemer, on Park avenue. With a ritual as Catholic as that at St. Ignatius, and confessions and Masses and all the paraphernalia of an advanced parish, he finds here doctrines on social questions which are, indeed, novel to the Episcopalian. The single tax is taught him along with prayers for the dead, and the Mass is shown to be a socialistic center of the life of the world."

It is at this point the Virginian finds the poor really reached. Mr. Adams says, "and the easy-going, well-fed, selfish, snobbish, dominant class," to which the Virginian thought his Church limited, are scarcely represented.

The Virginian asks for an explanation of the differences, and on being assured they are trifling, replies: "If my rector says he is a priest, with power to offer sacrifice and to absolve, and my last rector denies it, one of them is wrong—and wrong on a matter of stupendous import. What is true in 45th street and 7th avenue is true in Stuyvesant square, isn't it?"

The Virginian is represented as having appealed to the Bishop. The latter was busy. A friend told the perplexed man that an "L" train would always take him to a church of his liking.

To Convert Protestants.

Could not every Catholic buy one copy of some instructive book to lend to his non-Catholic acquaintances—some work like "The Faith of Our Fathers," or "Points of Controversy," or "Catholic Belief," or "Is One Religion as Good as Another?" Could not every Catholic who is earning money, invest one dollar for God's sake and his own soul's sake, in this work of conversion? And just imagine, if you can, the good that would result if two million books were thus kept circulating among well-disposed Protestants! And as the Pope says, "A Catholic paper is a perpetual mission in Catholic families," it could be made to do missionary duty also among Protestants. No copy of a Catholic paper should be torn up, or burnt, or otherwise destroyed. It should be handed or mailed to some non-Catholic. Thus with giving missions, books and papers giving missions to Protestants, the conversion of our neighbors would be hastened.—Catholic Union and Times.

Nuns the First Women Printers.

The British Printer says that the general belief that women were for the first time employed in typographical work in 1631 by Rigoux, a printer in Montbard, is declared to be erroneous, a printing press worked exclusively by women having been in regular use in Italy a century and a half before that date.

The printing-office was the convent of St. James at Mt. Ripoli, and the women printers were Sisters of the Dominican order. The Sisters of this convent had practiced the art of copying and illustrating manuscripts since the 13th century.

When Gutenberg's invention made its appearance the press spread rapidly in its appearance, and every town soon possessed its printing-office. Florence had one as early as 1472.

The Sisters appear to have devoted themselves to their typographical labors with ardor and success, for between 1476 and 1484 more than 100 works—a large number for that period—issued from the conventual press.

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"Here he finds via mediaism. Some

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