

IN THE BLACK WOLF'S PASS.

At the period my husband and I occupied a lonely hut near the foot of the Black Wolf's Pass, Kansas, the straggling settlers had lived in peace with the Indians for some time, and we fancied ourselves quite secure from attacks by the savages. It was on a Christmas Eve we were terribly undressed. My husband was out hunting with some companions, and had warned me not to expect him home till very late at night. Our only child—a golden-haired boy of seven—asked my permission in the afternoon if he might go into the adjacent wood and gather a few berries to make me a necklace for a Christmas present. The little fellow had not been absent half an hour when a faint cry from the direction in which he had gone apprised me that something was wrong.

Hastily I snatched up a loaded rifle and some cartridges, and ran towards the spot where the cry came from. I found him wailing in his innocent blood! Vengeful had been the hand that dealt the blow—his neck was half severed by a tomahawk. I uttered one suppressed shriek of agony, which was briefly echoed by a yell of triumph and a rustling in the trees. I believe I was gifted with superhuman vision. I caught the gleam of an eye among the foliage; I fired my rifle, and an Indian sprang from the thicket and expired within a few yards of me. The report of my piece increased my danger. The fiend had an accomplice in the wood, for in less than a second a tomahawk whizzed past within a inch of my ear. Enraged as I was, I would not suffer myself to fight at a disadvantage. I lifted up the body of my child, and made for our habitation.

Evening closed upon me in my desolation; I sat by my dead child in awful silence, faint and dazed. I was suddenly roused from my stupor by a broad glare of light as one of the windows, and rushing to the door, revolver in hand, I found the house on fire, and surrounded by a large party of Indians. Fury and despair now took possession of my soul; I fired the contents of my pistol at my assailants, and hoped they would kill me suddenly in return. It was in vain I exposed myself. Though an Indian fell at every shot of mine, I seemed to hear a charmed life. Not one of the savages seemed to care to follow me into the house; they reckoned, perhaps, on my being speedily burnt out. Their irresolution seemed to nerve me to make an attempt to escape, and, creeping into an out-house which opened into the garden path, I glided into the bushes, slipped through the fence, and entering the bush immediately beyond, escaped unseen towards the woods in a northerly direction. On reaching the woods I paused to glance at the clouds, which were now beginning to heavy up; the tops of the mountains in heavy masses, accompanied at intervals by the low, short, and scarcely perceptible rumbling of distant thunder, affording indubitable evidence of the approaching storm. But I hesitated not. What were the terrors of a thunder storm to the soul I had just left!

I had not proceeded far, however, before the occasional rattling of the bushes, and the cracking of sticks and brush breaking under the tread, at some distance on my left, gave me notice of the presence of some one apparently endeavouring to keep pace with me, for the purpose of dogging my steps; and soon catching a glimpse of his white breast, my shudder, the alarming truth flashed across my mind—it was a gigantic Indian who was following me.

Alas! in the flurry of my rapid flight I had forgotten the revolver. The Indian evidently wished to take me alive, as he was armed with a rifle, and could have shot me easily had he merely wanted my scalp. No! he contemplated a far worse fate for me. Seeing that I was gaining rather than losing on him, I redoubled my exertions, and bounded along over logs, rocks, and rivulets with a rapidity which few only could have imitated, and which the delicious energy of desperation alone could have sustained. The thunder now burst in terrific peals—all trees were uprooted and hurled to the earth by the furious blast, or shivered in the fiercely quivering blaze of the lightning; yet I paused not in my course; the rain poured in a deluging torrent over my drenched person, yet I heeded it not.

Arriving at length at the northern outlet of the valley, I came abreast of one of the mountain ravines, where at ordinary times a small brook crossed the path; it was now swollen to a rushing river, before which no human strength could have stood an instant. To attempt to pass this I saw was mad, and as I heard the splashing footsteps of my pursuer but a short distance behind, despair now for the first time, sent a chill to my heart. But while standing on the brink of the dashing flood, which at every wave rose higher and higher, hesitating whether to commit myself to the raging element or the equally dreaded power of my pursuer, a flash of lightning, as if to ease my sight a shelving rock jutting out from the side of a hill a few rods back, and so aloof from the path and screened from it by intervening boughs as to afford me, I believed, if reached unseen, a good concealment from my indefatigable enemy, and a safe retreat from the waters, which were now rising around me with frightful rapidity. Making directly for the hill, and scrupulously blinding out the slanting rocks at the foot with the expiring energy of despair, I gained the place, and dropped down exhausted on the spot, just as another flash partially revealed to my sight the form of the huge Indian hurrying by, and rushing up to the brink of the stream. I had left but an instant before. Suddenly a mighty torrent came rushing down a corresponding ravine to the south, and wholly cut off his retreat.

Meanwhile, the noise of the mountain every moment grew louder and louder, the deep, distant roar, as of pouring torrents, which had for some time been heard now became mingled with the tumultuous crashing of falling forests, the hissing, swishing sounds of disturbed volumes of water just beginning to move; nearer and nearer it came, and now the earth trembled and shook, as with the gathering impetus the mighty mass came rolling down the steep sides of the mountain directly towards the spot where, terror-stricken, I lay concealed, and where my affrighted pursuer, a few yards below,

was running wildly to and fro, vainly looking for some chance to escape.

Starting upon my feet I looked around me in mute consternation. Roaring, crashing, grinding aloud, with the noise of ten thousand thunders, and with convulsions which made the solid earth heave and bound beneath my feet, down came the avalanche with fearful velocity towards me. In another instant the mighty mass, dividing on the solid ledge beneath which I stood, began to rush by me on either side in two vast, high, turbid volumes, revolving monstrous stones and hurling trees over trees in their progress; while at the same time the forest around and above waded, shook, toppled, and fell with an awful crash on the rocks over my head. I saw, I heard no more, but sank stunned and senseless on the ground.

On recovering consciousness all was silent save a faint groan which issued from the wretch who had chased me; he was lying mutilated and crushed beneath a tree which had spared his intended victim. Before I had time to indulge in the mingled emotions which this was bringing upon me, I heard voices. Presently lights appeared on the stream, and four boats loaded with men shot along the shore directly against me. They now paused in their course, and some one repeated loudly my name.

"Did I hear rightly else why did the tones of that voice thrill through every fibre of my frame? I shrieked in reply and tried to move, but my numb and worn limbs refused their office. They call me again—"

"Nellie! Nellie!" "Oh Jack! Jack!" I articulated in broken and agonized utterance.

The men sprang on shore, and in a moment more I was clasped in the mute embrace of my husband—and we wept silently together.

My husband briefly told me how he had arrived home earlier than he expected, found our hut in ruins, and discovered the charred remains of our beloved child. He had immediately collected as many settlers as possible, and when the tornado slightly abated, set out in search of me. They had discovered where the Indians were encamped, and that I was not with them; and he now announced his intention of attacking the fiends at once. I insisted on accompanying him. We had not tramped far when we came upon the wretches suddenly. They were sitting round a sordid fire that made the scene as light as day. We were first perceived by the chief himself, who, uttering a cry of surprise, and followed by the Indians, ran towards the denser part of the woods; but being intercepted by some of our men, and seeing no chance of escape, the ferocious villains turned all their endeavours to the destruction of our party, who, too eager, instead of destroying them with their rifles at a little distance, after a single volley, engaged them hand to hand. My husband in vain tried to restrain their eagerness; but seeing that his endeavours were fruitless, he called them to the utmost of his power, directing them to refrain from grappling with the Indians, who were so much more skilful in the use of the knife and tomahawk. But some, disregarding his advice, drawing their knives and throwing aside their rifles, instantly closed with their desperate enemies, and were almost immediately dashed to the ground, their fate serving as a warning to their companions, who, with the butt ends of their guns broke down every guard that their opponents could offer, and literally smashed their skulls to pieces.

My husband, who had hitherto borne down all who opposed him, struck a heavy blow at the chief with whom he was engaged, but missing, his rifle flew from his hand. Being thus disarmed, he was obliged to seize his enemy with one hand, while with the other he drew his knife, and then wrestling together both fell to the ground, where they lay each struggling to be uppermost. The Indian at length succeeded, and, clutching my husband's throat was preparing to give a final stab, when, with a mighty effort, my Jack drove his knife forcibly beneath the savage's arm. Uttering a horrible yell of agony, he rolled over and expired. The chief seeing their chief dead, ran in all directions, our men, who were all good marksmen, fired shot after shot at the wretches as they fled; and but few escaped to tell the defeat they had suffered on that Christmas Eve in the Black Wolf's Pass.

Catholicity and Labor.

Perhaps nothing is more self-evident to the ordinary Protestant mind than that Protestantism spells prosperity, Catholic countries, as a result of their religion, are always poor; Protestant countries, as a result of theirs, always do. Possibly a lecture which was recently delivered at Withington, near Manchester, by a Protestant minister, Professor L. D. D., of Glasgow, may help to dispel the illusion. Speaking of the condition of the workingman at different times he said that the fifteenth century—the last Catholic century, he it noted—was his golden age. His prosperity was seen in the fact: 1st, that women were seldom engaged in outdoor labor; 2nd, the working day was about eight hours; and 3rd, peasants bought land and became peasant proprietors, while artisans became small capitalists. A change came with the Reformation. Two blows were then struck at the prosperity of the workingman from which he had not yet recovered. These were the confiscation of the guilds and other institutions by Henry VIII, and his successors, and the debasement of the coinage. The glorious Elizabethan age found the workingman in a condition of degradation. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—precisely the very centuries, he it also noted, when Protestantism was at its height and had most power over the people—he was kept down by legislative enactment. The right of combination was refused him; his wages were fixed by law, and the Poor Law tied him to his place of birth almost as much as if he had been a serf. England grew wealthy while England's working classes were swept into the gulfs of pauperism. Macaulay had to admit that the Reformation found all the serfs set free; the facts narrated by the lecturer show that the principles it intro-

duced brought the people to a state differing from serfdom only in the name. —Liverpool Times

AT LAST.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JANUARY.

In the 12th century England invaded Ireland (a happy and prosperous country, under King Brian, in 1020) overpowered her Bibles, garrisoned her strong places with soldiers, killed her leading men, she failed to corrupt, disarranged all native growth and plans of development, and set down in the Irishman's house as its lord and master, by the right of the heavier weapon.

The Irish struggled for 100 years; and the foreign oppressor increased the bands and decreased the methods and order and civilization among the people.

England had realized that Ireland was a very rich country; blessed by nature with enormous material resources, and inhabited by a people of great intelligence, courage, and enterprise, capable of becoming strong competitors in the world's race. Another hundred years of despotism, and the Irishman vainly trying to get the Englishman's hand off his throat. The Englishman now abolished Irish law (the ancient and revered Brehon Code), and established courts of English law. He also began the system of incorporating English cities, companies, and corporate bodies in Ireland, so that all power was given over the native people.

The Spanish nation was at war with England also, and this prevented or delayed the absolute destruction of Ireland. Five hundred years ago, Edward Bruce (brother of Robert) went to Ireland, was crowned king, and with the united forces of the native princes, defeated the English for a time.

But the Englishman returned and the fearful struggle began again, the Irish now knowing that their fight was one of life or death, liberty and slavery.

Four hundred years ago the weaker country was prostrate once more; healy, ragged, mangled. Then England abolished even her own first system of ruling the country by English corporations, judges, and law-makers settled in Ireland. It was ordered henceforth that all Irish law must be made in England (Poyning's Act), and no Irishman, high or low, was to hold office or power or to have any rights whatever—even the right to sue in law. It was not until the Englishman to kill an Irishman who dared to appear without an English dress or the protection of an English resident. It was also enacted that Irishmen should not be allowed to read. A reward was offered for the arrest of schoolmasters and priests. All schools and Catholic churches were thrown down; their ruins are found, like skeletons, throughout Ireland to-day.

England had resolved to make the Irish forget that they were Irish, trusting that when this had been achieved she could teach them that they were in truth not Irish, but West Britons, and had never had national freedom, or traditions, or glory, or great men, or wise laws, and the honor of other nations; but had always been a poor, broken, restless, miserable, quarrelsome people, dreaming about ancient greatness that was all a lie, and about future freedom and honor that nature had made them past and future. It was a delusion; and that God and nature had made them, past and future, English nation, that went about the world helping weak countries to be free and civilized and Christian!

Three hundred years ago, when Henry VIII. became a Protestant, he resolved that the Irish should be Protestant, too; and for the next century, his laws, and his men being the bulwark, the rope, and the slave.

A gentleman from Jamaica told me last year, as a curious fact, that the negroes in that country used a great many Gaelic words. No wonder; about 60,000 Irish boys and girls were sold to the tobacco planters of the West Indies 300 years ago!

Sir William Petty and other English historians of the time relate. Two hundred years ago—and still the deathless fight, the Irish growing weaker, the English stronger. It had now become "the religious duty" of the Englishman to subdue the Irish "for their own sakes." Cromwell went over, and slaughtered every man in the first garrisoned town he captured, Drogheda. "By God's grace," he wrote to the Parliament, "I believe that not one escaped," and he added that when the officers capitulated and surrendered: "They were knocked on the head, too."

"made peace and silence" in Ireland; his troops ruled the whole country for the first time. Then came an unexampled atrocity in the name of "civilization": four fifths of the entire island, every acre held by the native Irish, who were Catholics, was confiscated and handed over to Cromwell's disbanded army.

This was the beginning of the Irish Land Question, that Michael Davitt has been hammering at for years, and which he is going to see settled. A hundred years ago, Ireland was in the most deplorable condition that any civilized nation ever descended to. Six centuries of a vital struggle had wasted her blood, money, and resources; her people were disfranchised—no man voted in Ireland except those of the English colony. For a hundred preceding years the teacher and priest had been hunted felons. There were only four million Irish altogether, and they were nearly all in Ireland, friendless, voiceless, landless, powerless, disarmed, disorganized, ignorant, forgotten by the world, misrepresented and misrepresented, by their rich and powerful enemy, and held up in English books, newspapers, schools, at home and abroad, as a race of wild, weak, witty, brave, quarrelsome, purposeless incapables.

But in his blood and mud and rage and wretchedness the Irishman was still unsubdued, still a free man in soul and a foeman in act. The Irishman then was, as he still is, the most intense Nationalist in the world. Grattan abolished the Poyning's Law; and the Irish Parliament from 1785 to 1800 made the laws for Ireland. In that time, the country advanced like released giant. Lord Clive said in 1788: "No country in the world has advanced like

Ireland, in trade, manufacture and agriculture, since 1782."

Then England began to fear the Irish revival, and the demands of the English aristocracy, manufacturing and shipping classes were marveled at cowardly and jealous feeling. (See Locky, "Public Life in England in the Eighteenth Century.") They demanded that Ireland be destroyed as a competing power. "Make the Irish remember that they are conquered," were the words of one petition to the English Parliament.

The rebellion of '98 was fomented by the English Government, and a fearful slaughter of 50,000 Irishmen ensued. This was the pretext wanted: The English colony in Ireland were instructed to raise the cry of "Our lives and religion in danger!" A majority of the Anglicans who composed the "Irish Parliament" were bought off by Castlereagh, who paid them, as the Irish Red and Black Lists show, nearly £3,000,000 for their votes; and so the union with England was carried.

Three years later another rebellion broke out organized and led by a Protestant gentleman, Robert Emmet, who was "hanged, drawn, and quartered," and the cry leaped back as an eye witness notes, from the gallow's foot in Thomas Street.

Then the pall was pulled over the face of Ireland, and she lay down in the ashes and abasement of her loneliness and misery. She had no earthly friends; she was weak to death from struggle, outrage, and despair. Even God had apparently forgotten her in the night.

But a new voice called to her in the darkness, and she listened—Daniel O'Connell, a strong man full of courage and purpose. After thirty years of abasement he won with his minority. He had trained them superlatively. He won the franchise for the Catholic and O'Connell. For eighteen years more he worked to get the Act of Union repealed; but England, when he touched that point, arrested and imprisoned him. This stopped the agitation. The people had no leader and no outside moral support. It was O'Connell and the Irish people; not the Irish people and O'Connell.

The Young Ireland party in 1848, impatient, maddened, broke into premature rebellion—were crushed, condemned, banished.

Then the famine, and the swelling of the Irish emigration stream into a torrent! Thousands died on the soil, and literally millions fled to other countries—England, Scotland, America, Canada, Australia, South Africa, the Argentine Republic. Twenty years later, 1865-67, the first warning movement of the exiles—Fenianism; a marvelous crystallization of sentiment, heroism, and sacrifice.

Again, the abrogation of law in Ireland—the rule of the dragon, the sword, the crowd, the emigrant fleet, the trained men on convict ships; and again, "silence and peace in Ireland."

England had now realized the important fact that the commercial development of the Western World had placed Ireland in an objective position of the highest value. She lay in the high road of progress. Her western and southern shores were indented with deep and safe bays and harbors. A ship canal from Galway to Dublin would afford every ship on the Atlantic bound for Liverpool, saving two days in sailing time; and the Irish were bent on cutting such a canal. The great fall of the Irish rivers was an incalculable treasure, greater even than the mineral wealth of the island, and the fisheries on the coast.

Every ship going through an Irish canal was in danger of forgetting the southern English ports, Bristol and Southampton. Every mill built on an Irish stream would deduct from the profits of Lancashire. Every ton of coal or other mineral dug in Ireland lowered the price in Nottingham, Sheffield, and the Black Country. If the Irish farmers' children could get work in mills and mines and shops, their earnings would make their parents independent of the landlords, and rents would have to be lowered.

It is clear that Ireland's advance must be stopped, or she would become a dangerous competitor and a democratic example for Great Britain. While the Fenians lay in prison—from 1866 to 1874—and the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and the stipendiary magistrates had the power of Persian straps, Ireland lay still and gnawed her heart in the waiting.

Fierce voices of timid Home Rulers were raised in Westminster, and Whig landlords patronized Ireland with a mock patriotism. Then the moral pressure of the world, and especially of America, compelled England to open the prison doors for the political convicts, and there came out of the world some scores of men whose patriotism had been condensed and crystallized into terrible purpose; and many of them had become powerful leaders by reflection and self-mastery.

Michael Davitt, John O'Sullivan, John Devoy, O'Donovan Rossa, Charles Kickham, Thomas Clarke Luby, and a host of others, were sown like seed among the fertile Irish and Irish-American millions; and their impressive story and uncompromising principles took root and flourished in a new crop of Irish unrest.

The tendency was toward another attempt at violent revolution; but England, though alarmed, was secure in the knowledge that an appeal to arms by the disorganized, scattered, disarmed Irish, could be crushed as all similar attempts had been crushed. Then, fresh from Oxford, with his cold English training, his Yankee blood and Irish patriotic traditionary feeling, came Parnell with a new message and a new method.

No need to follow his steps. From the moment that he first laid his hand on the Irish key-board the race listened to him. He has done what O'Connell failed to do, enlisted all creeds and classes—landlords, professional men, tradesmen, peasants. He has made the larger Ireland in exile one body with the five millions at home. The radicals have joined his forces, believing in the man. The bishops and priests are his warmest supporters. A Protestant, a landlord, an aristocrat, and a Home Ruler, he has the support and friendship of Archbishops Walsh and Croke, Michael Davitt, the Fenians, the farmers, the laborers, the mechanics.

He has drawn together the forty millions of people who respond to the Irish banner, in all lands, and made them into one

marvellous, moral, organized nationality, supporting Ireland with public opinion, agitation and money. The thirty millions of Englishmen are confronted with this extraordinary, cloud-like, but absolutely real and potential Irish force; and as yet they do not know quite what it means.

The late elections have opened the eyes of the world to the fact that Ireland is overwhelmingly "National." Eighty-six out of 103 Irish members stand behind Mr. Parnell in Parliament, pledged to vote as he leads, utterly irrespective of their interests or desires.

Liberal and Tory in England may join to defeat the Irish strength; but it is clear now that another Cromwell must sweep Ireland with fire and sword, or that England must grant her constitutional demand for Home Government.

The abominable selfishness which would destroy Ireland for England's sake, if not allowed to operate, would surely destroy England—and England is learning the great lesson.

Ireland is saved by the twenty million Irish and their descendants in England, Scotland, and Wales; by the vast numbers of Irish sympathizers in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and other countries. It would be highly dangerous to slaughter the kindred of such a people. It is not likely that Ireland will gain much from the coming Parliament. The Parliament cannot last long; it is too evenly balanced. Besides, England has not yet realized that Home Rule for Ireland is inevitable. It will take three years to vacillate her with the idea and allow it to take.

The second leader of the English Liberal, during the recent elections, several times repeated this assertion, that the Irish elections were not truly the expression of the country—that Mr. Parnell was "grinding" and "oppressing" the Irish people! A glance at the returns—at the 10 and 12 A. glances at the returns of cities, towns and counties, makes such a charge ridiculous. But it indicates the perverse ignorance or the audacious dishonesty of even leading Englishmen.

In returning 86 Nationalist members to Parliament, the Irish have not ended, but just begun their national struggle. There are two great stages in a political reform—agitation, controversy, and legislation. The Irish have passed through the first, and are entering the second.

Parnell, with 15 or 20 votes, was not a power; he was only a voice, an emphasis, an appeal. He was an agitator, a leader. With 80 votes he is a plainest fact of force. He has compelled John Bull to listen, as Wendell Phillips said to him.

In 1889, I predict, the legislative stage of the Irish question will have arrived; and the union with England, which shall then have cursed Ireland for nine-tenths of a century, will be repealed.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

ANTI-CATHOLIC CALUMNIES.

The enemies of the Church of God are not content with misrepresenting our doctrine; they are also in a plainest fact of history, and seem to feel a malignant pleasure in retailing and manufacturing lies. It is by no means unusual to hear Protestants, and even Liberal Catholics, speak in terms of reproach to the Church of the infidelity so common in Catholic countries. They ask: "What has the Church of Rome been doing with her children all these years, and how is it that in France, Italy, and Spain, as well as in the South American republics, infidelity holds high its head?"

There are many answers to such statements, but we will confine ourselves to two or three. Just, then, in Catholic countries there are only two classes of persons, Catholics and professed unbelievers. In Protestant countries there are a hundred classes, Protestantism being no religion in particular, but every kind of religion and irreligion. To say that a man belongs to the Protestant Church gives no clue to his belief. To be a Protestant is simply to be a person who claims the right to disbelieve as he chooses, and the very principle of making one's creed is the principle of indifference to all creeds.

The mild restraints of Protestantism inconvenience nobody. The rankest heresies, tinged with modern paganism, are preached from Protestant pulpits and no body cares, for there is no authority to the hearer would be superfluous excitement. The fact is social respectability and comfort have joined fellowship with infidelity so as to make belief a synonym for unbelief.

In Catholic countries if a man does not believe, he says plainly that he does not believe; but in Protestant countries no one says he does not believe, because to believe means to think as you like. Hypocrisy is the bane of a Protestant's religion, because his religion is entirely home-made. Hypocrisy as to faith came in with Luther's self-pleasing scheme of salvation, it has no reason of being within one's Church.

In Catholic countries there is the Church, and there is skepticism; there is no choice existing between these two, hence the Church is necessarily militant against skepticism and skepticism is necessarily militant against the Church. There can be no malignity of heresy against heresy, there can be only imitation and vanity, but in those, who have been Catholics and have become infidels, the malignity is the malignity of the lost. To wander from the Protestant faith means nothing, because no man can wander from his own faith, but to wander from the Catholic faith means to wander out of heaven into hell, hence the terrific malignity of infidels in Catholic countries.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure

COD LIVER OIL, with HYPOPHOSPHITES, Is Excellent in Lung Troubles. DR. ENOCH GALLOWAY, LaGrange, Ga., says: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with wonderful success in all Lung troubles, and find it has no equal in Summer Diarrhoea of children."

FREE AND EASY CATHOLICS.

Do all Catholics really believe they have souls, and that there is to be for them an eternity of happiness or woe, as their lives here may decide according to God's law and justice? The lives of too many of our people furnish doubt as to the sincerity of their professed belief. They differ but little, except by profession and a sort of formal practice of religion, from the avowed infidel. They go to Mass and occasionally receive the Sacraments, but in their daily life give little evidence of Christianity; indeed by their unconcern, apathy, defiance of church regulations, and ridicule of Christian practices, they seem to masquerade during the week as being above the religion they profess on Sundays. They laughingly acquiesce in anes and denunciations of the church by unbelievers, and join in violations of her regulations; that the non-Catholic friends may consider them liberal and more intelligent than the common herd. They do nothing for religion or charity; they have not the time, nor do they wish to mix with the poor and pious who seem unable to get along without the Priest, and are always about the church. They have something else to do, that is, to be profitable and more fashionable; besides, the Priest will insist on bothering them about matters that they hold are none of his business—as to where their children go to school, why they do certain things, or don't do others—so they prefer to keep away. They have broad ideas of the meaning of liberty, and a very exalted opinion of their own intelligence and virtues!

If the Church prohibits anything they wish to do, or commands anything they don't want to do, the Church is tyrannical and they too intelligent and liberal to submit. The feasts, fasts, penances, prohibitions of the Church they deem harsh and unnecessary, and, of course, ignore them; the advice and teachings of the priest are treated as intended for the ignorant and depraved; the appeals for aid to support church or school, they cannot afford, as they need their money for business or fashion; their pleasure or ambition are not to be marred by such a thing as a law or regulation of the Church. They scold at the Church, but that is because the Church is not progressive and will not conform to their ideas and mode of life.

They are Catholics—so they say. But do they really believe that the church is the means established by Christ to save man? Do they believe they have a soul to save? They will say yes. But their lives are a daily refutation of their profession and assertions. They are deceiving themselves far more than they can possibly deceive others by vain boasts, haughty manners, tinsel and glitter, and in the most important of all things—their soul's salvation. They may delude and excite the envy of the thoughtless, but cannot deceive God who is to judge them. They know God's law, and live in His finite justice will meet out to them the reward due for their observance of it. Do they sincerely believe this? If so, are they not trifling with the mercy and grace of God, besides by their example deterring others in saving their souls! Do they ever think of the enormity of the sin they thus commit. That every sin of omission is as heinous as every sin of commission? If they believe, they are guilty of the most fool-hardy hypocrisy.

But we have many such people. They are the source of annoyance, disorder, scandal, in every parish. They are bringing trouble, ridiculing and denouncing the church, originating and circulating scandal, advising disobedience to church authority, criticizing the pastor, and finding fault with everything that may be done—Catholic Advocate.

Look Back.

It is well that American Catholics should look back at the events of history, and learn from them the many independence and heroic vigor of the Pope. The late Father Burke on one occasion admonished his hearers to profit by history's lessons. The great preacher said: "Look back for eighteen hundred years. What power is it that has been exercised over baron and chieftain, king and ruler, no matter how dark the times, no matter how convulsed society was, no matter how rude and barbarous the manners of men, how willing they were to assert themselves in the fullness of their pride in field and in council? What power is it that was acknowledged enemy by them during twelve hundred years, from the close of the Roman persecutions up to the outbreak of Protestantism? What power was it that told the monarchs of the Middle Ages that if they imposed an oppressive or unjust tax upon the people they were excommunicated? What power was it that arose to tell Philip Augustus of France, in all the lust of his grandeur and undisputed sway, that he did not respect the rights of his one wife, and adhere to her chastely he would be excommunicated by the Church and abandoned by his people? What power was it that came to the voluptuous tyrant seated on the Tudors' throne in England, and told him that unless he were faithful to the poor, persecuted woman, Catharine of Arragon, his lawful wife, he would be cut off as a rotten branch by the sentence of the Church? What power [was it that made the strongest and most tyrannical of those rude, medieval chiefs, chieftains, kings and emperors, tremble before it? Oh, it was the power of the Vatican! It was the voice of the Catholic Church upholding the rights of the people, sheltering them with its strong arm, proclaiming that no injustice should be done to them, that the rights of the poorest man in society were as sacred as the rights of him who sat upon the throne, and, therefore, she would not stand by and see them oppressed. An ungrateful world is this of ours to-day, that forgets that the Catholic Church was the power that inaugurated, established and obtained all those civic and municipal rights, all those rights respecting communities which have formed the basis of what we call our modern civilization."

Swelled Neck.

Mrs. Henry Dobbs, of Berridale, Parry Sound, testifies to a prompt cure of enlarged glands of the neck and sore throat by the internal and external use of Hagar's Yellow Oil. Yellow Oil is a sure relief for all painful conditions.

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