

A Woman's Prayer.

BY MARY A. HARDYMAN.

I ask Thee not, O Lord, for wealth or honor, Nor care I aught for riches or for fame, I only ask for strength to bear life's burdens, Then grant me this! I ask in Jesus' Name. For courage too, that I my cross can carry Without complaint, though heavy be the load; I ask that Thou wilt guide my footsteps ever, That they may follow Thee down Calvary's road. I ask that Thou wilt guard me and protect me As down life's rugged path I wend my way; From out the depths, O Lord, Thy child is pleading; For this alone I pray. —S. H. Review.

London's Tower.

(An Occasional Contributor in True Witness.)

Every nation of Europe has its monuments more or less ancient, and of them some date back to the twilight of fable. For example the mycenaean Round Towers in Ireland are of pre-historic origin. England does not possess relics and monumental piles of such antiquity; but she has many older structures compared to which her palaces and prisons, as well as those of Europe in general are but of yesterday. Of these the Tower of London is one, and possibly the most noted. It would be very interesting to establish a comparison between it and some of the oldest structures on the continent. This is admirably done by Hepworth Dixon in his history of the Tower. Glancing over his pages we find some interesting data. The west front of the Burg in Vienna, is the oldest piece of a palace on the continent—it dates from the time of Henry VIII. The Kremlin in Moscow, that was destroyed while Napoleon I. was occupying it, on his famous march into Russia, and the Palace of the Doge, in Venice, both belong to the fourteenth century. The Seraglio in Stambul was erected by Moham med II. The oldest part of the Vatican is the Borgia palace, which bears the name of its builder. The old Louvre was commenced in the reign of Henry VIII.; and the Tulleries is that of Queen Elizabeth. In the days of the civil war what is now the gorgeous palace of Versailles was a vast swamp, devoid of all structures. The Baccarat dates from the sixteenth century. The Seraglio of Jerusalem is a Turkish edifice. The palaces of Athens, Cairo, and Teheran are all of more modern date. The same story he tells of the great prisons of Europe. With the exception of the Castle of St. Angelo, the great prison of Rome, compared with that one from which Ralph Flambard escaped in the year 1100, the year of the first crusade.

The contents of the Tower of London are as wonderful as its antiquity. Three million pounds worth of jewels are therein stored; and, with the exception of the Koh-i-Nor, all the State regalia is there. A huge crystal represents the Koh-i-Nor, for the present Queen wears the original as one of her personal jewels. The jewel house was built there when the Royal Mint was constructed there.

There are so many of anecdotes connected with the tower of London. One attempt had been made to steal the treasures therefrom. It was the notorious Col. Blood who made that attempt. The story of Blood's daring is thus told:

"He had ingratiated himself with the deputy keeper of the jewels, had gone so far as to propose a match between his ward and the daughter of the official. All went smoothly. The bogus swain turned up to be inspected; with him three others and the colonel. They beat and gagged the old man, secured the crown, orb, and sceptre, and were just making off, when, by the strangest coincidence, the son of the jewel keeper arrived from Elmdon. "The scene which followed would do credit to the dramatist. The colonel, disguised as a clergyman, had the crown concealed beneath his cassock, and added his voice to the hue and cry. "Stop the villain," he roared. He had reached his horse before the imposture was discovered. When they made for him he turned and fired in the face of the men nearest him. The pistol missed fire, and the crown was saved, but not unharmed. Trampled in the mud, its jewels were all knocked out, and many of them lost. An apprentice found the great pearl, a scavenger the biggest diamond. "Well, it was a gallant deed; it was to gain a crown," was all Blood had to say as they carried him a prisoner to the dungeon. But no ill befell him for this and other treason. He had played for higher stakes before, had attempted to surprise Dublin Castle and capture the Duke of Ormonde, and, that failing, had coolly laid his plans to seize and hang him when he returned to London. The

house of the Earl of Northumberland walks. He had spent fourteen years of his life a prisoner in the Tower. He was called the "Wizard Earl." In his imprisonment he had for companions Sir Walter Raleigh, who there worked on the mystic preparations whereby he hoped to discover and produce the Elixir of Life, and the three Magi, as they were called, Heriot, Allen and Torperley. These men discovered the spots on the sun before the eye of Galileo had detected them; and they were the first to discover the satellites of Jupiter. When the Earl returned home he founded a library from which half the learning of following years had been drawn. Of all that remains now to tell of these men who did so much for science, there is only a sundial, fixed by Heriot's own hands and standing as it stood in his day.

If any person were anxious to study closely the history of England, the terrible fate that befell rulers and princes, the effects of religious persecution, the ravages made by the so-called Reformation, and the ordeals through which Catholicity had to pass in that land for centuries, he could not do better than go to the Tower of London and there read the story in the solid stone.

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An Example of English Superstition.

Superstition dies hard, and some quaint beliefs are still held to in rural districts in all parts of the world. Of course an old country as England is, is not exempt from this human failing, and in some parts of that land the credulity of some of the peasantry is almost pathetic. The Eastern counties of England are particularly distinguished for the persistency with which the inhabitants adhere to the love of their fathers, but the report that the London Daily Express gives as to happenings in Cambridge recently, almost passes credence. Cambridge, the seat of one of the most renowned universities of the world, is undergoing an epidemic of smallpox. The diagnosis of the disease has presented some difficulties, and many well-known physicians have given their opinion on the matter, and the most modern methods have been put into force in order to stamp out the disease. There are, however, within Cambridge itself, despite its colleges and learned men, a goodly number of citizens who have no faith in "new-fangled views on medicine," and who follow with admirable doggedness the old-time methods of treatment handed down to them by their forefathers. Thus the Cambridge correspondent of the Daily Express writes, "It is practically a set-down rule in the New-market Road district of Cambridge, known as Barnwell, that where a goat goes smallpox will not follow, and almost every household is fully in sympathy with the idea. A good Samaritan of the locality keeps a goat. After daily work is completed in the evening, one of the men takes the goat out on a chain, and followed by a large congregation of children, goes from

house to house until both the goat and man are tired. When in a house the goat is treated with great kindness—in fact, it is regarded almost as a doctor. It is led into every room, and after circling it several times, passes on to the next, and the house is henceforward regarded as clean, and its occupants continue their duties in the fixed belief that they will never have smallpox."

We take the above from the Medical Record. If such superstition prevailed in a Catholic country, it would be set down to the discredit of the Catholic Church. We notice that the Record does not blame the Anglican Establishment for not stamping out the goat superstition. —S. H. Review.

Elections in Belgium.

There is perhaps no country in the world where parochial, or, as it is officially called, communal life is more intense than in Belgium. Except in the large towns where a number of parishes are grouped together to form a commune, and in the country where some parishes are so small that two are linked together to form a commune, the parish and the commune are co-extensive terms. The affairs of each commune are entrusted to a communal council presided over by a Burgomaster and a certain number of ebevins or aldermen, all members of the Council. This organization undoubtedly works well in Belgium. Controlled and curbed to a limited extent by the central Government and by the Provincial Councils, the power of the communes is nevertheless extensive, and it is a power that can make itself felt in the general politics of the country. No Government can reckon without it. This was plainly seen a quarter of a century ago, when a Liberal Government tried to thrust on Belgium a system of Godless education, and did its worst to destroy religion in the country. It was the resistance of the communes in no small degree that prevented the country from being tyrannized over by the Freemasons, and saved Belgium from falling into the present sad condition to which France is now reduced. The communal system of Belgium too satisfies the historical traditions of the people. All through its history the local governments of the country have been of far more moment to the daily life of its people than its central government, which was, until 1830, a government of strangers. The esprit du clocher is very strong in Belgium. A person of foreign birth long resident in some particular locality of the country is not seldom regarded by its people as less an alien than a new comer from some parish or commune only a few miles distant. A man of Ghent is looked upon as quite as much a stranger among the people of Burgas as one who comes from across the English Channel or from across the French frontier.

Then again the power exercised by the communal authorities is one that comes home to the life of every inhabitant of the commune, that is seen and felt in each one's life. The Burgomaster who is the mouthpiece and the executive organ of each commune has, in the district over which he presides, it is hardly paradoxical to say, more power than the King. The large numbers of his subjects the King is a sort of personification of power, almost an abstract idea that simple minds cannot grasp. Many have never looked upon him, or if they have, the image stamped upon their minds is that of an individual in brilliant uniform, driven in a State carriage with servants in scarlet coats, and surrounded by a dashing escort of cavalry soldiers. But the Burgomaster is a real man of flesh and bones. In the splendid town hall of the cities or in the humbler communal-houses of the villages, the Burgomaster is the chief figure. He is the channel of all favours shown to a commune by the central government. He is the head of the police, Order, cleanliness, paving, lighting and above all education and the rates, are largely under his control. If flames ravage or floods overwhelm or epidemic decimate a commune it is to the Burgomaster the people look to help them in their sorrow. And if happily there be occasions for public rejoicings, they expect him to share in their joys.

These considerations will show how great an importance was attached to the communal elections held the Sunday before last throughout Belgium. Half the members of every communal council were then, in accordance with the law, subject to re-election. Vacancies caused by death or retirement among the other half of each council had also to be filled up. In all the large towns and in many of the villages the contest was on strictly party lines. In those the Catholics of the country were opposed to Liberals and Socialists, the two latter parties not seldom ally themselves against the Clericals, as their opponents nickname the Catholics. In a few places the Catholics were likewise opposed by false brethren who have taken to themselves the high-sounding title of Christian Democrats. These

we may deduce by stating that the Liberal party failed at the polls where they secured a ridiculously small number of votes. In some of the villages where neither Liberals nor Socialists, there were contests fought out on matters of purely local interest. One village commune is cited where the contest was fought out between two contending lists of candidates, the sole question in debate being as to where seven street lamps should be placed! The elections for the communal councils are not exactly the same as those in the Parliamentary elections. Every male inhabitant of a commune, a Belgian by birth or naturalization, and thirty years of age, has a vote. He may obtain as many as four votes, if he can show certain educational, professional and property qualifications.

The communal elections last Sunday were carried out with great calmness and much earnestness. There were no disorders worth recording except at Quaregnon, near Mons, where a broil occurred between Liberals and Socialists in which a man was stabbed to death. The general results of these elections have been most satisfactory for the Catholic cause. If the Catholics have been beaten in some places, they have won largely in others, and in nearly all the contests they have held their ground, and not seldom improved their positions. To name only some of the towns of Belgium, we may note at Namur, Eghien, Tongret, Rochefort, Blankenberghe, Heyat, the Liberals and Socialists have had to give place to Catholic majorities. At Bruges, Mechlin, Buttray, Grammont, Boom, and in some half dozen small towns, the Catholics have held and improved their positions.

At Bruges, for instance, the Catholic vote was seven hundred heavier on this than on previous occasions. Not a single Liberal was returned, yet the Liberals made desperate efforts to reinforce the small party of four which represents them in the Town Council of the old Flemish city. The Catholic candidates all polled over six thousand one hundred and fifty votes each; the Liberal candidates only a little over half that number. This overwhelming vote is only one of confidence in the Town Council of the city and in the Comte Visar, the able Burgomaster, who has worked so long and actively for the Catholic cause in Flanders, and has been one of the greatest promoters of one of the most remarkable engineering works of our times, the sea-port and ship-canal of Bruges now rapidly nearing completion.

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