

The Shadow of the Cross.

There is a legend of the days of old. How Jesus in His father's workshop toy- ing. Laid down the tools His little fingers held. And, grown aware of their rule employ- ing. Outstretched His shapely arms on either side. With coming thither in desire to find Him. His mother saw the Cross whom He did, shadowed upon the summit wall behind Him. Then to her mind there came back every word. That since then, the Jewish seer, had spoken Upon that morning when she brought the Lord. Into the temple, with the doves for token; And in the shadow on the wall she saw The sword of which the prophet made predic- tion. And as her bosom thrilled with holy awe, It felt the first pangs of its own transi- tion. Ah! who can doubt it in that moment she Obtained cognition of the deed thereafter. When Christ hung lifeless on the fatal tree, And was His Hebrew scorn and Romans' laughter? Perchance the Child, whose wisdom infinite Knew in what manner they would leave each other. Devised the plan to teach the Virgin fit. And trusted its discernment to His Mother. I stand before a painting that regard tells the story. There is the Christ-Child with his earnest gaze. His fair head crowned with aureoles of glory. Here is the Mother, on whose face the strange Strangely contrasts with that of resignation. They rest upon the shadows' obscuration. That fills her lovely eyes with tears the while. They rest upon the shadows' obscuration. Yet, heart pierced Mother, even in thy grief Hadst thou no cause for sorrowful contri- tions. The light that brought the shadows in relief. Was not as pure as thy unsullied bright- ness. While I, who strive also! unpotted maid. Some portion of thy sympathy to borrow. Know that my sins have cast the metal shade. That rends thy bosom with transfixed sor- row.

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON IRELAND AND RUSSIA.

From His Speech before the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

ONE of the greatest speeches of the great Boston orator was delivered on Thursday last before the centennial assembly of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard College. It was fitting that such a celebra- tion, by the most learned body of men in the country, should have for its orator the man of Greek tongue and more than Greek principles. This speech of Wendell Phillips will be read by American school- boys fifty generations hence. It may be heard of the prevailing sentiment of his own time; but pioneer minds have no other fate. Here is the conclusion of the speech:— Ireland is another touchstone which re- veals to us how absurdly we masquerade in democratic trappings while, as Emerson says, we have gone to seed in Tory distrust of the people false to every duty which, as eldest-born of democratic institutions, we owe to the oppressed, and careless of the lesson, every such moment may be made in keeping public thought clear, keen and fresh as to the principles which are the essence of our civilization, the ground work of all education in republics. Sydney Smith said: "The moment Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots"; and Byron called Eng- land's union with Ireland "the union of the shark with his prey." Bentham's con- dusion from a survey of 500 years of European history was, "Only by making ourselves ruling few uneasy can the oppressed many obtain a particle of relief." Edmund Burke—Burke, the noblest figure in the parliamentary history of the last hundred years, greater than Cicero in the Senate and almost Plato in the academy—Burke affirmed a century ago, "Ireland has heard at least that justice is had from England only when demanded at the sword's point." And a century later, or last year, Gladstone himself proclaimed in a public address in Scotland, "England never concedes anything to Ireland, ex- cept when moved to do so by fear." When we remember these admissions, we ought to clap our hands at every fresh Irish out- rage," as a hard press styles it; aware that it is only a far-off echo of the musket shots that rattled against the Old State House on the 5th of March, 1776, and of the war-whoop that made the tiny spirit of the Old South tremble when Boston's floting craft the three India tea-ships into the sea, a welcome evidence of living force and rare intelligence in the victim, and a sign that the day of deliverance draws each hour nearer. Cease ringing endless changes of eulogy on the men who made North's Boston port bill a failure, while every leading journal sends death over the water, wishes for the success of Gladstone's copy of the bill for Ireland. If all rightful government rests on consent,—if, as the French say, you "can do almost anything with a bayonet except sit on it," be at least consistent, and denounce the man who covers Ireland with bayonets to hold up a despotism which will in twenty months, he has confessed, rest wholly upon fear. Then note the scorn and disgust with which we gather up our garments about us and disown the Sam Adams and Wil- liam Prescott, the George Washington and Liam Brown of Petersburg, the spiritual descendants, the living representatives of those who make our history worth any- thing in the world's annals—the Nihilists. Nihilism is the righteous and honorable resistance of a people crushed under an iron rule. Nihilism is evidence of life. When "order reigns in Warsaw" it is spiritual death. Nihilism is the last weapon of a nation choked and manacled beyond all other resistance. It is crushed human- ity's only means of making the oppressor trouble. God means that unjust power shall be secure, and every move of the giant pros- trate in chains, whether it be to lift a single finger or stir a city's revolt is a lesson in justice. One might well tremble for the future of the age if such a despotism did exist without pros- trating the bloodiest resistance. I honor Nihilism, since it re- deem human nature from a suspicion of being utterly vile, made up of heart- less oppressors, and contented slaves. Every line in our history, every period of civilization bids us rejoice when the tyrant grows pale and the slave rebellious. We cannot but pity the suffering of an human being, however richly deserved.

But such pity must not confuse our moral sense. Humanity gains, Chatham re- joiced when our fathers rebelled. For every single reason they alleged, Russia counts a hundred, each one ten times bet- ter than any Hancock or Adams could give. Sam Johnson's standing toast in Oxford port was, "Success to the first insurrection of slaves in Jamaica," a senti- ment Southey echoed, "Eschew cant," said that old moralist. But of all the cant that is afloat in this century world, though the cant of piety may be the worst, the cant of Americans bewailing Russian Nihilism is the most disgusting.

I know what reform needs, and all it needs is a land where discussion is free, the press untrammelled, and where public halls protect debate. There, as Emerson says, "what the tender and poetic youth dreams to-day, and conjures up with in- articulate speech, is to-morrow the vocifer- ous result of public opinion, and the day after is the charter of nations." Lieber said in 1870: "Bismarck proclaims to-day in the Diet the very principles for which we were hunted and exiled fifty years ago." Submit to risk your daily bread, defend social ostracism, count on a mob now and then, be in earnest, don't equivocate, don't excuse, don't retreat a single inch, and you will finally be heard. No matter how long and weary the waiting, at last. Every the truth comes apace.

And ever is justice done. For humanity sweeps onward. When to-day the martyr stands. On the morrow crucifies Judas. With the silver coin he has hoarded. Scatter up the scattered ashes Into history's golden urn.

In such a land he is doubly and trebly guilty who, except in some extreme case, disturbs the sober rule of law and order. But such is not Russia. In Russia there is no press, no debate, no explanation of what government does, no remonstrance allowed, no agitation of public issues,—dead silence, like that which reigns at the summit of Mount Blanc, freezes the whole empire,—long ago described as a "despotism tempered by assassination." Mean- while, such despotism has unsettled the brains of the ruling race, as unbridled power doubtless made some of the twelve Cæsars insane,—a madman, sporting with the lives and comfort of a hundred millions of men.

The young girl whispers in her mother's ear, under a ceiling roof. Her brother knotted and dragged half dead into exile for his opinions. The next week she is stripped naked and flogged to death in the public square; no inquiry, no explanation, no trial, no protest,—one dead, uniform silence, the law of the tyrant—where is there ground for any hope of peaceful change? Where the fulcrum upon which you can plant any possible lever? Machiavel's sorry picture of poor human nature would be fulsome flattery if men could keep still under such oppression.

No, no; in such a land, dynamite and the dagger are the necessary and only proper substitutes for Fenoull Hall and the madman quack in his bedchamber, and rouse his victims into reckless and desperate resistance.

This is the only view an American, the child of 1620 and 1776, can take of nihilism—any other unsettles and perplexes the ethics of our civilization. Born in sight of Bunker Hill, in a commonwealth which adopts the motto of Algonquin Sydney, *sub libertate quiescit* (accept no peace without liberty) son of Harvard whose first pledge was "Truth," citizen of a republic based on the claim that no gov- ernment is rightful unless resting on the consent of the people, and which assumes the lead in asserting the rights of humanity, I at least can say nothing else and nothing less, no, not if every tile on Cambridge roofs, nor a devil holding my words.

I shall hold to any rebuke from those who hold Christianity to command entire non-resistance. But criticism from any other quarter is only that nauseous hy- poisery which, stung by three-penny tea- tates, piles Bunker Hill with granite and statues, prating the while of patriotism and broad- word, while like another Pecksniff, it re- commends a century of dumb submission and entire non-resistance to the Russian who, for a hundred years have seen their people by thousands dragged to death or exile, no one knows which, in this worse than Venetian mystery of police, and their main- ed flogged to death in the market place, and who share the same fate if they pre- sume to ask the reason why.

"It is unfortunate," says Jefferson, "that the efforts of mankind to secure the free- dom of what they have been deprived should be accompanied with violence and even with crime. But while we weep over the means, we must pray for the end." Pray fearlessly for such ends; there is no risk. "Men are all Tories by nature," says Arnold, "when tolerably well off; only unscrupulous injustice and atrocious cruelty can rouse them." Some talk of the rashness of the uneducated classes. Alas! ignorance is far oftener obstinate than rash. Against one French Revolu- tion—the scarerow of the ages—weighed nations meted out and trodden down, the dull and contented footstools of priests and kings. The customs of a thousand years ago in the sheet-anchor of the passing generation so deeply buried, so fixed, that the most violent efforts of the maddest fanatic can drag it but a hand's breadth. Before the war Americans were where the crowd in that terrible hall of Edlis which Beckford painted for us,—each man with his hand pressed on the incurable sore in his bosom, and pledged not to speak of it,—compared with other lands, we were intellectually and morally a nation of cowards.

vilanous saltpetre, you would yourself have been a soldier." But Bacon says: "In the theatre of man's life, God and His angels only should be lookers-on." "Sin is not taken out of man as Eve was out of Adam, by putting him to sleep." "Very beautiful," says Richter, "is the eagle when he floats with out-stretched wings aloft in the clear blue; but s blime when he plunges down through the tempest to his eyrie on the cliff, where his unfledged young ones dwell and are starving." Accept proudly the analysis of Fisher Ames: "A monarchy is a man-of-war, when under full sail yet a single hidden rock sends her to the bottom. Our republic is a raft hard to steer, and your feet always wet, but nothing can sink her."

If the Alps piled in cold and silence be the emblem of despotism, we joyfully take the ever-restless ocean, for ours, only pure because never still. To be as good as our fathers we must do better. They silenced their fears and subdued their prejudices, inaugurating free speech and equality with no precedent on file. Europe shouted, "madman." With serene faith he persevered. Let them rise to their level, crush appetite and prohibit temptation, if it rots great cities. Entrench labor in sufficient bulwarks against the wealth, which, without the tenfold strength of modern incorporation, wrecked the Grecian and Roman States, and with a sterner effort still, summon women into the ranks as reinforcement to our laboring ranks in the effort to make our civilization a success.

Sit not, like the figure on our silver coin, looking ever backward. New occasions teach new duties. From a new day dawn, new thoughts have sprung. Who would keep abreast of truth, Let him not be less than the "one Mediator." We ourselves must pilgrims be, Launch our Maxims, and steer boldly Through the desperate winter sea, Nor attempt the future's port, With the past's rusted key.

PROTECTION OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN.

We have much pleasure in reporting the gratifying success of the movement recently inaugurated in Liverpool for the rescue from the streets of nomad and destitute Catholic children. The Catho- lic Children's Protection Society was origi- nated a few weeks ago without the slightest flourish of trumpets. Its prom- otors trusted rather to the general con- science than to ordinary arts of advertise- ing, and they have not been disappointed. It is hardly necessary to say that the Catho- lic Children's Protection Society is very con- siderable, and that many thousands are of that pitiable class who live hour by hour from hand to mouth, depending upon the fluctuations common to great seaports, and victims too often of reckless and intemperate habits. The offspring of such luckless creatures form of course the bulk of the children that swarm the thoroughfares,—ragged, unwashed, un- taught, and deliric. These grow up to fit prisons and workhouses—to revenge themselves afterwards upon the society that scarcely gives them a thought during the period when they might be redeemed and brought into citizenship. The ordinary machinery of religion or benevolence, or of the law, is not capable of coping with so gigantic an ulcer in teeming cities like Liverpool. Something of a special nature required to be devised, liberally supported, and energetically directed.

It is in this manner, the example was set by non-Catholics. For many years a Protes- tant institution known as the Sheltering Home, Byrom-street, has been active in the very same work. From a report pre- pared for the Liverpool Sheltering Home, and forwarded to the Dominion, it testifies that during the last ten years some four thousand have gone in a similar manner from different parts of the United Kingdom. They have been picked up on the streets of London, and obviously Manchester, and other cities; and obviously an unfortunate could not be all Protes- tants by parentage or baptism. If they were, we should not have a word to say. Whoever gives a miserable human being a career full of philanthropy, does a deed of charity and philanthropy. From the ungrudging acknowledgment of the Liverpool Sheltering Home received a large proportion of Catholic children. Prosemy has been over and over denied by the man- uagers; but it is useless to argue over a word when the result is identical. Mrs. Birt craves deliverance to their future guardians as Protestants, and therefore every Catho- lic child picked up in Liverpool and for- warded in the emigrant bands signifies a recruit to the faith Mrs. Birt professes. To this we object most strongly, and we say that it robs the work of half its excellence. No doubt the noblest mission. Our duty is to see that as far as in us lies we shall not obtain control of our children. We can- not, perhaps, prevent individuals from drifting into the Sheltering Home, when the mass is so large and the unscrupulous are delivered to their fate, while we con- sidering the Catholic children got hold of by Mrs. Birt, we did practically nothing for them ourselves.

To be successful the Society must be generously sustained. No man can sin- cerely profess to be a Christian, if he him- self free from responsibility. The faith and freedom of conscience or expedi- ency. On all occasions the poor have been loyal and self-sacrificing. When they are shown a way to give according to their means they are the last to fail. The triumphs of Catholic energy have been a very powerful class when God numerous and of absolute or comparative abundance, and it is to them we would most earnestly appeal. If they will co- operate as cheerfully and devotedly as

their less prosperous brethren, the problem will be solved in the happiest sense. Yesterday, as we have said, sixteen chil- dren of various ages were sent away. Six- teen is a small number, but as each entails an expense of above £15, the whole necessitated an outlay of £240. The be- ginning was a good one, and symptomatic, we hope of a bright future. If we were inclined to reflect on the large amount of money required for the support of such an enterprise, it would be enough to point out the priceless character of the purchase. Several of yesterday's sixteen had actually been in the Sheltering Home, and would have sailed with Mrs. Birt had they not been recovered. Without the vigilance and benevolence of the Protection Society they would have lost their faith. "What good does it avail a man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? Considerations of pounds, shillings and pence disappear in presence of an obligation so sacred as the saving of souls; and if there had not been a Children's Protection Society the batch which Mr. Yates rejoices to have placed on the high seas of respectability and independence would, from all evidences at hand, have gone to the last until under other auspices and to another destiny. There is indeed no room for calculation. The Catholic body must act vigorously and systematically. All the congregations must organize themselves, and institute an effective mode of co-operating. No difficulty can be felt by people who are in earnest. What we lack in widely dif- fused wealth we possess in unity and the facilities it creates; and with a spark of Catholic genius success is assured.—Liverpool Catholic Times, July 1st.

SAINT WORSHIP.

How the Saints Hear the Petitions of Their Clients.

"I think Frank," said my Cousin Helen the next chance we got for a controversial chat, "that you played me the other day for your own amusement. Why didn't you stop me at once at my definition of 'to mediate'? Because, as to coming be- tween God and men in the sense of inter- ception, you might have stamped me to the bottom of the sea, or, again, by bring- ing the Our Father up at first, instead of leaving it to the last; or again, by re- minding me that our ministers in church pray for their congregation. And I ought to have attacked you, of course, about your reliance on the merits of saints in ad- dition to those of the 'one Mediator.' " "To be sure. But I wanted you to find out for yourself how unreflecting Protest- ants argue. Give a Protestant enough rope, he's sure to hang himself. Other- wise I might have saved time by telling you at once that we make the saints only mediators of intercession, not of salvation, and rely on their merits as no addition to the infinite merits of our Lord, but as secondary, derived from and dependent on them. But then, if I had saved time, you know, I should have lost the pleasure of the conversation."

"Ah! yes; that's all very true, sir. But you have now a less easy task, I imagine; 'How do you hear me?' " "Ah now, Frank! Don't trifle." "I'm perfectly serious, Helen. Please inform me how the action of *holy organs* conveys thought, which is spiritual, from mind to ear."

"You may well be dumb," said I; "for not all the boasted science of the XIXth century can answer that simple question. So supposing there is no explanation of how the saint's hear our prayers, is it *there- fore* any use of their merits as it is *there- fore* any use of Holy spiritual things? 'How me! How spiritual things? How me! How spiritual things? How me! How spiritual things?'"

"Which means," I rejoined, "the abso- lutely infinite knowledge that belongs to God alone. Now, we sometimes call Shakespeare omniscient. And when we speak with a man of extraordinary learn- ing, we are apt to say he 'knows every- thing.' But this is not investing a fellow- creature with a divine attribute. In the same way, then, when we believe the Blessed Virgin able to know all the pray- ers and praises that the whole world can offer her at once, we ascribe to her a know- ledge which, however extended, is finite and limited, and therefore, as nothing com- pared with that of her Creator." "But how is so extended a knowledge possible to a creature?" said Helen. "For while I withdraw my first objection, Mr. Frank, I shall not proceed to the second until you have favored me with a direct answer to the question which opened this argument. I asked you to explain *how* the saints hear you. You met my How by another. Have you, then, no explana- tion?" "Oh! yes. I can give you a most satis- factory one—if you can take it in." "Come, sir!" with a pert little toss of the head. "Do you know what the Beatific Vision means?" "Well, I have not heard the term be- fore; but I suppose it means the happi- ness of heaven." "You're pretty near. It constitutes the chief part of that happiness. It means the beatifying vision of God's essence—the sight of the Trinity 'face to face.' Now, the saints enjoy this vision." "Why," said she, "I thought God was invisible. How can His essence be seen, then?" "Not seen with bodily eyes, but in the sense of intellectual apprehension. And this through what is called the 'light of glory'—a supernatural reward which

each soul possesses in a degree propor- tioned to its merit." "Then, some saints see God more clearly than others?" "Certainly. And now, to see God's essence is to see His mind, which is one thing with it. And His mind reflects, like a mirror, all that passes hourly in the universe." "Ah, now I understand!" said Helen eagerly. "You mean that the saint sees and knows in God's seeing and knowing." "Precisely. And while some see and know more than others, all see and know as much as concerns their happiness. Now a great part of their happiness con- sists in praying for and helping their brethren on earth. Therefore, each saint, according to his range of patronage, must not only know the petitions of his clients, but also the state of their souls and what- ever bears on their interests."

"Well, to be sure. But tell me, where do you get all this from? There's nothing about it in the Bible." "I think we shall find more than you imagine. The silence of Scripture is your second objection, I suppose." "You have guessed it. Ah! there goes dinner-bell number one. We must finish our discussion another time."

"Very well. But let me answer your question." "You mean that the saint sees and knows in God's seeing and knowing." "Precisely. And while some see and know more than others, all see and know as much as concerns their happiness. Now a great part of their happiness con- sists in praying for and helping their brethren on earth. Therefore, each saint, according to his range of patronage, must not only know the petitions of his clients, but also the state of their souls and what- ever bears on their interests."

REMARKABLE CURE IN ITALY BY THE WATER OF LOURDES.

For several months, Miss Anna Torquati, niece of Mgr. Inghami, Coadjutor of his Eminence Cardinal d'Hollenholle, Bishop of Albano, lived at the episcopal palace with her family. She had been sick for three years, and entirely confined to her bed during the last months. Her malady was growing worse and worse, she had frequent fainting-spells, and for a long time could not retain either food or drink. Given up by her attendant physician, Pro- fessor Santalamazza, as well as by the other physicians of the town who visited her, she was considered in the last exte- mity.

On May 20th, it would seem that she had a presentiment, though of what pre- cise nature we cannot tell; for she an- nounced to her weeping parents that next morning, at eight o'clock, she would have one of those terrible spells, and she begged that the Holy Viaticum should be adminis- tered at once; at ten o'clock a second crisis would bring her to death's door, and then she should be mounted, because soon afterwards a last attack would carry her off.

The first and the second part of her prediction was verified, and the Blessed Sacrament and Extreme Unction were administered, as she had requested. The members of the family, including Mgr. Inghami, kneeling around the bed, recited in tears the prayers for the agonizing. Suddenly, after a short coma, the sick patient sat up at the foot of the bed, and called the Water of Lourdes, which was in a bottle near by. She seized it and drank freely, to the utter bewilderment of those that were present. Fearing lest she should do herself harm, as she had been long unable to swallow anything, they at- tempted to take it from her; but she held out her hand; to it, continued to drink, and then cried out that she was cured. She called for her clothes, dressed herself, and ordered some rice-soup, chicken, and bread. These were soon furnished her, and she ate heartily and with evident relief.

It is easier to imagine than to describe the enthusiasm of the crowd. Amidst the cries of, *Viva la Santa Vergine*, mounted with sob and tears, an *Assiette* cried out: "I too am a Catholic, and all my family will be Catholics with me." Next day, the happy recipient of this grace went to the cathedral, where a sol- emn Te Deum was sung in thanksgiving. The Fathers of the Holy Ghost, and the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and of Mary, hav- ing lately brought a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes from France, availed them- selves of this happy occasion to erect it ad- vancedly for the veneration of the people, and a tradition of thanksgiving was offered up in return for the miraculous cure and the conversion.

PREJUDICE KILLS.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and some of the worst) phy- sicians, who gave her disease various names, but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by a simple remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had procured at for two years, before using it. We earnestly hope she may suffer as we did, on account of her prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—The parents.—Telegram.

LIBERAL PRESBYTERY.

The spirit of John Knox seems to be marching on in Scotland, as John Brown's is said, or sung, to be in this country. We take the following from one of the daily papers:— "Dr. Adam Stuart Muir, who made a defense of Mary, Queen of Scots, recently, has been arraigned therefor by the Free, Presbytery of Edinburgh, and asked to hand in his manuscript for examination, on the ground that he has caused public scandal."

This lofty-minded Presbytery cannot stand any exonerations of the gifted prin- cess who has been so systematically belied for three centuries. If she had been a disciple of John Calvin, and her character, life and death had been as they were, she would have been held up as a glorious martyr suffering for her faith; but as a Catholic, all evil reports against her must be accepted as unquestioned truth, and all contradictions thereof as made-up lies.

When poor Mary went to Scotland with her native grace, beauty, culture and elegant manners, she found herself in the hands of a body of noble and princely ruffians, who were more treacherous and savage than our American Indians. She was badgered, persecuted and tormented by them from the beginning to the end of her troubled reign. She knew not to whom to turn or in whom to trust. Her illegitimate half-brother, Murray, who ought to have been her friend and protector, was for his own selfish interests one of the worst of her enemies. He was not quite the worst, for probably his half- brother, the recent priest, John Knox, whom Dr. Johnston so properly designated as the *Ruffian of the Reformation*. Mary was surrounded by ruffians, but Knox was the worst of all.

This man has been credited with courage on account of his insolent behavior towards her personally, and his invective against her in the pulpit. She made va- rious efforts to conciliate this harsh fanatic or hypocrite, all of which were met with overbearing insolence. This was very brave towards a lady who was a queen indeed by right and in name, but who was perfectly powerless, as he knew her to be, in the midst of her enemies.

Knox and his followers had a double interest in crushing Mary, a triple interest if we may allow religion to be one of the things assumed to be the especial champion. They wanted the 'spoils' of Catholic churches, and they were in the pay of the worst woman of her age, Elizabeth, of England. This potent sovereign used Knox while she despised him. As Miss Strickland says, "It was in vain that he endeavored by personal flattery to herself to excuse his attack upon the folly and incapacity of her womankind in general. He resented her that she was an exception to the sweeping rule he had laid down, that her whole life had been a miracle, which proved that she had been chosen by God, that the office which was unlawful to other women was lawful to her, and that he was ready to obey her, but that the queen was associated with the iniquity of adultery from such a quarter, and notwithstanding the persuasions of a cell and Throckmorton refused to permit him to set a foot in England on any pretense."

It is rather late in the day for the Free Presbytery to attempt to suppress the vindi- cation of Mary, Queen of Scots. The world is tired of the Calvinistic calumnies so long heaped upon her. Protestant as well as Catholic historians are exposing the false charges and forgeries used to crush her in life and broken her bones after death. Speaking of her treatment, says Whitaker, an Anglican clergyman, "Forgery—blush for the honor of Protes- tantism while I write—seems to have been peculiar to the reformed. I look in vain for one of these accused outrages of imposition among the disciples of Popery." (*Vindication of Queen Mary*.)

The goodly Free Presbytery does not want the vindication of the queen and the condemnation of her savage enemies. Mr. Frazer Tytler, one of their own countrymen, said of the English public of his day, that no writer could in their opinion "commit a greater crime than heresy than to tell them the truth." We presume that Dr. Muir is giving this same kind of offence to the Presbytery, for which he will be proscribed in common with Professor Robertson-Smith. Both of them seem to be giving offence to the Kirk, the latter indeed is boring the Kirk through the bottom of her treatment, knowing it, as Carlyle said, of Dean Sten- ley. We do not see how Muir can wreck the ship by vindicating the Scottish-queen, so the Presbytery might let him express honestly the result of his investigations. It must manage the other gentlemen, who is dangerous, as he can say with or without its consent, Mary doubtless now "rests in peace," in what she never knew in Scotland.—Catholic Mirror.

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