

was opened; but a thick heavy portiere hung down. The Quaker drew it gently aside, and they found themselves in a large dining-room, now fitted as a theatre; but all the lights burned low until but a faint twilight filled the room, save at the end, where a narrow stage was brilliantly lighted with electric lamps. Hence they stood and then sat unobserved by the audience—a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, all in evening costume, and who besides were so interested by the stage tableau that they could not hear the almost noiseless entrance of the visitors. Nor did the visitors heed them; for their eyes were riveted on that same stage, where, clad in fawnskins, with a thyrus in one hand and a winnow in the other, and apparently in an advanced state of intoxication, was Louis Wilson, in the capacity of the "Strayed Reveller." He sat, or rather reclined, on a couch, softened by mosses and ferns; the fawnskin had slipped from his shoulder, which gleamed like marble; the dark curls hung low on his neck as he raised his face upward towards the enchanted dress of Cyprus. Clad in the costume, her hair filleted and knotted by circlets of gold and precious stones, and her feet quiver bare. Near her stood Ulysses, grim and weather-beaten, his mariner's clothes rather tattered and seaworn, and on his face was a look of gladness as of one who had escaped shipwreck, and yet as of one who had determined not to be taken in the toils of the enchantress. Circe was just repeating the words:

Footish boy! why tremblest thou!
Thou lovest it, then my wine!
Wouldst more of it? See, how it glows
Through the delicate marble.
The red creaming liquor,
Srown with dark seeds!
Drink, then! I bid thee not.
Dost thou not love the bowl,
Come, stretch forth thy hand—then—so,
Drink, drink again!

And Louis repeated:

Thanks, gracious One!
Ah, the sweetest again!
More soft, ah me!
More subtle-winding
Than Pan's music,
Faint—faint! Ah, me!
Akin the sweet sleep.

"I wish to God he'd never wake out of it," hissed the doctor. "I'd rather see him dead a million times than this."
"Hush! hush!" said the Quaker. "Come out!"
"No, I'll see the damnable thing to the end," hissed the doctor. And they did. Then, with a sigh, the doctor went out, followed by his friend.

"What's all this infernal business about?" said the doctor. "What do they call this Devil's Drama?"
"Now, now, friend, thou art reasonably excited," said the Quaker. "This is a harmless poem enough; written by a very excellent good man; and now more or less degraded into what they call *Tableaux Classiques*. If thou wert to see thy excellent son as Perseus, rescuing that fair lady, Andromeda—"

"And who is that harriard?" said the doctor.
"A most excellent wife and mother. Didst thou never hear of the beautiful Mrs. Wenham, wife of one of the *alides-de-camp* to Lord?"

"Certainly," said his companion. The doctor softened a little under the magic of the name, though he felt his son's degradation keenly.
"And that old Silenus—who is he?"

"The reputable and pious Crawford, whose name stands behind six figures at the Exchange."
"The old ranting hypocrite! I thought he'd nothing but cheat on the Exchange, and sing psalms with old toothless cats, and slander over their sea-tables!"

"Now, friend, thou art irritated, and there's no use. Even the godly and the pious must have legitimate recreation; and thou knowest the object is charitable."
"Indeed! I should be much surprised if my young cub ever did a charitable thing in his life."
"Oh, yes!" said the Quaker. "Thou shouldst not object. Is it not one of the tenets of thy own Church—the end justifies the means? And what can be more laudable than to wean away young baby Papists from their darkness and superstition and bring them into the sunlight of the Gospel freedom? Good-night, dear friend!"

And the kindly sarcastic Quaker went his way. Next morning the robe patients had a little rest. There was a scene, a violent scene, in the doctor's study, in which, for once, the doctor's honest anger overwhelmed and subdued the keen sarcasm of his son, whilst Barbara and her mother, with white faces, were trembling in the drawing-room. That evening the mail boat from Kingsdown had on its deck a very distinguished passenger, with a good deal of the manner and airs of a foreign prince. And then Louis Wilson had to face the humiliation and misery of his London lodgings during the long vacation, when all the world was abroad, except the vulgar. He would have fretted a good deal but for two resources—the case of his face and a certain tiny flask which he carried with him everywhere, and a few drops of whose magic elixir waited him to a Mahometan paradise.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Protestants Built the Church.
One of the most notable churches in the West was dedicated on June 13 at Imperial, Neb. About a year ago, two non-Catholic business men of Imperial, suggested to Rev. Father Loughran, of McCook, the advisability of building a Catholic church in Imperial. A meeting was called, which was addressed by Bishop Bonanum, and in which \$1,200 was pledged. A building committee, three of whom were Protestants, was appointed, and these three being prominent business men had practically entire control of the construction of the church. It was completed at a cost of \$3,000, all of which, with the exception of \$300, had been paid. One of the memorial windows was donated by the wife of one of the non-Catholic members of the building committee. In his dedication sermon, Father Loughran said he knew of no other case in which Protestants built a church for Catholics.

THE FAITH THAT OVERCOMETH.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

Our friend Mr. Harding in his study of French life and character, did not restrict himself to Paris salons or Parisian slums. He took a wider range of social observation, and visited provincial towns and obscure villages, to take notes of men and manners under different aspects of human life.

Thus, one day found him seated in a little inn in the Breton village of Las-Kermor, in Leonnais, on a certain fete day, listening to the conversation of a group of sailors, two of whom, Yves Trahee and Jean-Marie Hoel, having just returned from a voyage to Tonquin, were chatting and drinking with their relations and friends. These honest fellows had been away nearly two years, and must have suffered much in those distant countries! They took no notice of the Englishman who was smoking a cigar and apparently absorbed in the perusal of his newspaper, but he was listening attentively, for he was not yet quite accustomed to the Breton language.

While Jean-Marie filled his pipe, and smiled at his little brother Jennie who had climbed his knee, Yves Trahee, faithful to his reputation of being a good talker, answered the thousand questions addressed to him, without forgetting to empty his glass.

"Look here, Yves," suddenly exclaimed the old pilot Mathurin, "I have a question at the tip of my tongue. Tell us if what Monsieur le Curé says is true, that there are missionaries out in Tonquin who would let themselves be torn to pieces for their religion?"

"Ay, certainly Pilot, all that is true?"

"Thou art jesting!"

"On the contrary, I am quite in earnest."
Mathurin shrugged his shoulders, and replied in an incredulous tone, "Wouldst thou have us believe that there are people in the world simple enough to suffer martyrdom, when they might by one word save their lives?"

"There are such, Mr. Mathurin; I have seen them."
"Thou hast seen them, child?" said the pilot mockingly; "I should very much like to see such people myself. My belief is that such things are no longer of our time! I know no one in Las-Kermor who would be disposed to sacrifice his little finger rather than renounce his baptism."
Heupon loud protestations were raised. "Dost thou take us for heathens? We are not pious folk, but if it came to apostasy, one would think twice about it."

Yves Trahee tapped the pilot on the shoulder: "No humbug, oldascal; you make yourself, and us, out worse than we are. It is all very well to put on Protestant and heathen airs, for a sham, but when one is out at sea, and you are dashed 'y the hurricane on the crest of waves that threaten every moment to swallow you up, it is another thing. Then one understands the nothingness of man, when face to face with God. That is what the sailor out there in Tonquin said to himself, whose story I am going to tell you."

"Ah! thou hast a story?"

"Certainly!"

"Well, then, tell it; let us hear it. But be brief, for we cannot lay to very long."

"Listen then. I will set all sail and give you the facts. It was on the— but what is the good of dates? They are all very well for historians, but amongst sailors one does not look so close at things. This is what happened. A French column has lost its way in the thicket, near Bac Lo. There, during an engagement with pirates, a sailor was separated from his comrades, and, falling into the hands of the enemy, was led before a sort of tribunal presided over by a Mandarin of the gold button, very fanatical and very ferocious.

"Stranger," said he, "thou longest to the barbarous nation whence come the priests of Jesus Christ. Art thou of their religion?"

"I glory in being so."
"Ah! bravo! Now we shall have a laugh. Listen."

The Mandarin made a sign to his guards; one of them laid down a crucifix at the sailor's feet.
"Trample on that emblem of superstition," he commanded. "If you refuse, you will receive a hundred blows of the rattan, and then be beheaded."

In spite of his bravery, the sailor trembled. The outlook was not attractive! A hundred blows of the rattan, and, for a final treat, decapitation; there was no fun in that. The Mandarin was a man who would keep his word.

He resumed in a voice of thunder, "What dost thou decide?"

The sailor hung his head. A violent struggle was taking place in his soul. He had long forgotten his religious duties, but he was a Breton, and he had the faith.

In a moment a thousand memories crowded upon him; the little home where he had lisped the name of Jesus to his mother's knee; the church where he had been baptized and made his First Communion; the cemetery where slept those of his ancestors from whom he himself had learnt his simple trade; and what more I know not. All this brought the tears to his eyes. You must forgive him, he was but twenty. He was no coward. His resolution was taken. "One cannot renounce one's God," he said to himself. "One cannot desert one's colors!" And he quietly tried to say a long forgotten prayer.

The Mandarin stamped his foot, saying, "Wilt thou obey?"

"But I did not see him," said the old pilot, mockingly.

Mr. Harding had been listening with breathless attention to the tale of Yves, and had given a sign of relief as he ended; and the old pilot's words sounded to him almost like a sacrifice.

"Well, then! look at these shoulders," cried Yves, roughly drawing off Jean-Marie's vest, see here the marks of the Bac Lo rattan!"

Mathurin, the old sailor, was deeply moved; he seized the hand of Jean-Marie and wrung it. "Thou art a brave fellow," he said.

"Yes! thou art indeed a brave fellow!" cried all the other sailors with one voice; "is a Breton and a Christian, or nothing!"

Jean-Marie, greatly confused, turned towards Yves Trahee and murmured, "How tiresome! There was no need for thee to tell that tale!"

"'Twas well told," said Mr. Harding, and going towards Jean Marie, said, "Let me, too, have the honor of shaking hands with you, for an Englishman, and a brother in the faith, and I thank God who gave you grace and strength to confess Him in the very face of a cruel death."
C. H. N.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SUPERSTITIONS.

One reads the latest instalment of George Milmine's, "Mary Baker G. Eddy," which is entitled "The Revival of Witchcraft," with a curious sensation of having strayed back several centuries, and wondering how implicitly in witchcraft days.

Who has patience now with the deluded creatures who believed even earlier than the days of the Salem delusion that one might "remove" a human obstacle from one's path by making a waxen image of him and letting it melt before a slow fire; or with the judges who hanged nineteen persons, and imprisoned a hundred, and twenty-six, on the absurd charge of bringing injury to others' health and property by diabolical agencies?"

Yet, Mrs. Eddy's "malicious mesmerism," for the exercising of which on the late Lucretia L. S. Brown, of Ipswich, suit was brought against Daniel H. Spofford, of Haverhill, Mass., less than thirty years ago before the court of Salem village, was equally absurd. The defendant's lawyer appeared with a demurrer, which the judge, of course, sustained, declaring with a smile that it was beyond the power of the court to control Mr. Spofford's mind.

Since Mrs. Eddy and her disciples declare there is no real evil in the world but only "Error, or Mortal Mind," how can an active malevolent principle exist, and work tangible mischief to human beings? Well, answer the Christian Scientists, evil seems to exist; but true religion is in realizing that evil has no existence.

We take Mrs. Eddy's explanation verbatim from her "Miscellaneous Writings": "Mortal mind includes all evil, disease and death; also all beliefs relative to the so-called material laws, and all material objects, and the law of sin and death. Mortal mind is an illusion; as such in our waking moments as in the dreams of sleep. The belief that Intelligence, Truth and Love are in matter and separate from God, is an error; for there is no intelligent evil, and no power besides God, Good." These sentences are taken from the sixty seventh edition of the work named; so it is clear that the doctrine has found persons who were at least willing to accept it.

If any one should be immune from the attacks of a mere illusion like "mortal mind," it should surely be the prophet of the new dispensation. But thirty years ago, according to Mrs. Eddy's own statements, she herself suffered most terribly from "malicious mesmerism, or mortal mind." She was then a woman of fifty six years, and married to the man upon whom she had galloped in her "divine revelation." She was engaged on a new and larger edition of her "Key to the Scriptures," but her work was impeded by the conviction that her pupils, engaged in healing, were through thoughtlessness or selfishness, drawing upon her energies, and burdening her with the "beliefs" (allment) of their patients.

"It would be no greater crime," she writes, "for them to come directly and thrust a dagger into my heart; they are just as surely in belief killing me, and committing murder. The sin lies at their door and for them to meet its penalty sometimes. . . . If the students will continue to think of me and call on me, I shall at least defend myself and this will be to cut them from me utterly in a spiritual sense by a bridge they cannot pass over and the effect of this on them they will then learn."

But this fault so severely reprehended and for which chastisement was hinted at was only the selfishness of pupils trying to get the utmost out of a teacher in whom, apparently, they were reposing almost the confidence that creatures put in their Creator. One of Mrs. Eddy's students set up for himself, and endeavored, so she thought, to make her the victim of his personal animosity.

"This malpractitioner tried his best to break down our health before we learned the cause of our sufferings, loathed the cause of our sufferings, and hated his neighbor will have no need to traverse his fields, to destroy his flocks and herds, and spoil his vines; or to enter his house to demoralize his household; and not in propria persona be seen committing the deed. Unless this terrible hour be met and restrained by science, mesmerism, that soon as time will leave nothing sacred when mind begins to act under the direction of conscious power."

Faust, of the legend, disposing of his soul to the devil, makes a poor figure beside the accomplished mesmerist of our day! One of the latter pursued Mrs. Eddy's mind, as a bound prisoner to prey, and since he could not thus disturb her, we need not be surprised that her pupils and disciples

suffered too; the tendency of the mesmerism being "to sour the disposition, to occasion great fear of disease, dread and discouragement, to cause a relapse of former diseases, to produce new ones, to create dislikes or indifference to friends," etc.

She destroys the devil under his usual name, and sates come up and routs her under the name of Mortal Mind!

As the old rhyme has it:

The devil is voted not to be, and so the devil is gone;
But honest people would like to know who carries his business on!

Well, it is Mortal Mind, at your service! And if the enquirer unkindly retorts that mortal mind is responsible under God's Providence, for men's good deeds and bad, in general, that it can be moved by higher intelligences, which are either good or evil, then you will hear that Mortal Mind and all its supposed results are but the figments of a dream. Yet there are thousands of rational beings who accept these doctrines, apparently oblivious to the contradictions involved. The superstitions of two hundred or five hundred years ago are held up to scorn, while these twentieth century men and women in our own America become the willing victims of delusions unsurpassed in the history of recorded time.—Boston Pilot.

AN ENGLISH NON-CONFORMIST ON THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

The famous Dominican, the Rev. Vincent McNabb, calls the attention of the London Tablet to some hopeful signs in a peculiarly unhelpful season.

It is true that the non-Conformists, generally, are trying to destroy the denominational schools in England, but there must be a small minority of better spirit. Writes Father McNabb:

That there are some embers of hope even where we might least expect, may be shown from a recent issue of a leading—perhaps we should say—the British Weekly. Its accomplished editor, the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, has trained his hearers to expect a high standard of style and scholarship in the columns of his paper. But it may be questioned whether he has ever surpassed his recent leading article on "The Limits of Christian Union."

There is scarcely a phrase which a loyal Catholic would wish to see altered. There are many phrases which could only be altered by being robbed of their peculiar force or grace. Throughout the article there runs a clearness, an earnestness, and a modesty of thought which could well be copied by any future writer or speaker on reunion.

The opening paragraph discusses the duty and manner of reunion; wiser and graver words could hardly be found:

"We pay no lip service to the cause of Christian union. It was the Master's prayer that His disciples should be one. To say that that prayer would be answered by a general good feeling amongst Christians organized in different sects, appears to us extremely inadequate. The natural result of a true internal union is an external union; and it is to an external union that the eyes of the world will be drawn, as Christ prayed that they might be. It is well that so strong and earnest a desire for union should prevail among the churches of Christ, and it is significant that nearly all, if not all, the unions that have taken place have been of much advantage to the general Christian cause. Federation is not a substitute for union but a step toward it. True Christian union can only be effected between Christians, between those who hold that the Church is the Body of Christ, the company of believers who profess faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

This clear declaration is followed by a detailed treatment of the various churches possessing the fundamental doctrines of Christianity—the Catholic, the Anglican, the Free churches. It is noteworthy that the writer gives the Christian Churches to the Catholic. His words are well worth quoting:

"We are all agreed, perhaps, that a union of Roman Catholics and Protestants as things stand is impossible. (Italics mine.) The Church of Rome has no terms of union; she insists on complete surrender. The surrender can never be given by those who believe that her form of Christianity is largely corrupt. Neither is federation in any way practicable. Nevertheless, whatever view the Roman Church may take of Protestants, Protestants can with joy recognize the lineaments of Christ in her saints. They can distinguish between the Church and the Papacy. They can acknowledge that the Church of Rome retains the main articles of the Christian faith. Dr. Charles Hodge, the illustrious Calvinistic theologian, was asked toward the end of his life as to the propriety of granting tracts of land along a rail road for the purpose of building Roman Catholic churches.

Inasmuch as the Roman Catholic Church teaches truth enough to save the souls of men (of which I have no doubt); inasmuch as it proclaims the divine authority of the Scriptures, and the obligation of the Decalogue, and the retribution of eternity; and inasmuch as it calls upon them to worship God the Father, Son and Spirit, it is un-

derstandable that St. Joseph's example teaches us the great value of small things when done generously for God. We can study in the school of St. Joseph the virtues of the Hidden Life, a life hidden with Christ in God.

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speakingly better than no Church at all. And therefore when the choice is between that and none, it is wise and right to encourage the establishment of churches under the control of Catholic priests."

Read with sympathy and the historical sense, these words are not without their large contribution to hope.

That a reunion can take place only on the assured foundation of the divinity of Christ is clear from the following earnest phrases:

Far more serious are our differences with the Unitarians. Those who worship Christ, those who believe in their hearts that God has raised Him from the dead, cannot unite with the Unitarians, and cannot even federate with them. This was clearly seen when the Evangelical Free Church Council was formed. One of the great aims of that body was the preaching of the Gospel, and it was the Evangelical Gospel we had to preach.

The rejection of the New Theology is unequivocal. When we are asked to accept all the negations of Unitarianism plus Pantheism, accompanied by the use of Christian phrase, the declination must be absolute. It is not for us again to say who is a Christian and who is not a Christian. But those who can think clearly know perfectly well that such a system is an open denial and mockery of Christ and His Gospel as we have received them. It is as impossible for us to work on the same ground with these men as it is for us to work with Mr. Blatchford.

The closing paragraph is worthy of the best traditions of non-Conformity; if our chapels are to become mere houses of call for men divided on fundamental principles; if people hear in them one day that St. Paul's teaching is just nonsense, and on another that it is the heart of the Gospel, then it is quite certain that those chapels will be soon deserted. There can be no union between men without common aims and a common faith. The brotherhood that unites the saints is not a rope of sand. It can never be a mere negation, a mere opposition. There are those who seem to imagine that the chief hindrance to the growth of true Christianity is the necessity of agreeing in common, and that men would struggle to propagate the Gospel if everyone were allowed to have his own Gospel. It is the vainest of all fancies. Such a method would eliminate all spiritual religion from the body subjected to it. The people will never support an elaborate religious organization when those who attempt to lead them in work and in thought are at direct issue on central principles. Earnest Christians will turn away from such societies to seek an organization where they will not be countenancing by their co-operation the propagation of what they consider deadly heresy.

Were these thoughts and feelings as widespread as they are earnest and justifiable no one could say whether they would lead. Those gifted to read the signs of the times—evening in the flash of dawn—a storm in a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, see in them, perhaps, a coming religious Hague Conference from which the successor of St. Peter will not be excluded.

The Noisy Devil.

"The devil is making all the noise in the religious world just now," says the Western Watchman. "He is always a good advertiser. The demon our Lord expelled was dumb. All the devils of our day talk and write, and sing and dance and shout, until you would think there was no one else in the world. The newspapers are in the hands of men who if they have any faith, keep it concealed from their readers. They pretend to know most things and discuss everything. When they are done the discussion is adjourned indefinitely. To a man on the fence, it would appear that this hum and buzz is the whole life and thought of the world of our day. It is only the froth. The shallows murmur, but the depths are dumb. The froth is tossed and blown about by the wind, but the great ocean deep is unmoved. The real thinking, sentient Christian world prays much, hopes much, believes much, but talks not at all. . . . This we call the life of the world is infernal. In the silent nooks and dark corners of noisy highways, believing souls are wept in prayer."

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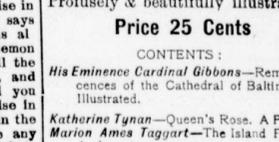
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