

Pray for the Dead.

Oh! pray, pray for the dead!
Kneel in thought where the withered
grass
Rustling away o'er a once bright head;
Summer dies, and the autumn leaves fall;
Sigh, "Remember your loved and dead."
Fading, fluttering, whirling, falling,
Leaves come down with a sob of pain,
Come to cover the dear ones lying
Under the cold November rain—
Cold as clay when the soul has fled;
Oh! pray, pray for the dead.

Oh! pray, pray for the dead!
Every second death is calling
Dear ones fall like the autumn leaves;
Where's the grave that has lost no gar-
land?
Where's the home where no mourner
grieves?
Grieves for those who, perhaps in anguish,
Buried from glory are doomed to roam,
Voiceless, helpless, Oh, you loved them!
Beg our Father to call them home—
Home from suffering, darkness, dread;
Oh! pray, pray for the dead!

Oh! pray, pray for the dead!
Pray for those whom the yawning billows
Swallowed down in their fearful wrath,
Those who, scorched by the breath of fever,
Fell like grass in the mowers path,
Those who dropped by the way unnoticed,
Those who died in the battle's din,
All are loved by our Lord, and holy,
All must suffer who stoop to sin;
Pray for rest for each weary head,
Oh! pray, pray for the dead!

Oh! pray, pray for the dead!
Buried friends can we ever forget you—
You who fell for the world or for God?
God be with you, Oh, you silent sleepers,
Lying under the turf so low!
"Unless, vain is our weak bewailing—
Vain are murmur, and sob, and tear;
What! oh, what can our grief avail you,
Lifeless, dust that was once so dear?
Hark! a sigh from each lowly bed,
Oh! pray, pray for the dead!"

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

IV.

THE PROVIDENTIAL FOUNDATION, GROWTH
AND PRESERVATION OF THE JEWISH
NATION.

J. F. C.

The history of the Hebrew nation is the most interesting on record. It begins properly with the call of Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees. This divine vocation occurred in the year of the world 2083 or before Christ 1921. It is thus recorded in Holy Writ: Genesis chap XII, "And the Lord said to Abram: go forth out of thy country and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house and come into the lands which I shall show thee, and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and magnify thy name and thou shalt be blessed and I will bless them that bless thee and curse them that curse thee, and in thee shall all the kindred of the earth be blessed."

Abram was the son of , who had three sons, Abram, Nachor and Aron. Abram died before his father, leaving a son, Lot. Abram and Nachor both married, the first Sarah and the second Melcha.

Abram was in his seventy-fifth year when he received the call from God to go out of his own country and when he came into the land of Chanaan he brought with him Sara his wife, and Lot his brother's son "and all the substance which they had gathered in Haran." When Abram had passed through the country into the place of Sichem, as far as the noble vale, in the beautiful land of Chanaan the Lord appearing unto him said: "To thy seed I will give this land." It was a beautiful country in every sense of the term, the loveliest land the sun shone upon, a land truly flowing with milk and honey, a land of sunshine and plenty, a land the light of whose beauty must have inspired the blessed patriarch Abram with sentiments even as pure as those which first animated our first parents in Paradise and led them to pray.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty: thine this universal frame,
Then wondrous fact; thyself how wondrous!
Unspokeable, who stit'st above these heav-
ens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen,
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r

Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels—for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, even as he,
Circle his throne, rejoicing in heaven,
On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou hast seen, or know'st the smiling
Sere pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling
With thy bright eirelet, praise him in thy
sphere,
While day arises; that sweet hour of prime,
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his
praise

In thy eternal course, both when thou
clim'st,
And when high noon hath gain'd, and when thou
failest,
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now
dys't,
With the fixed stars, fix'd in their orb that
flies,
And ye five other wondrous fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up
light.

Alas, ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless
change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mist and exhalation, that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncoloured
sky,

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters
blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye
plains,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune, his
praise.

Join voices, all ye living souls, ye birds,
That, singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his
praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep:
Witness I'll be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his
praise.

Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered ought of evil, or conceal'd
Disperse it, as new light dispels the dark.

It was a land of sweetness, that prom-
ised land, a land where the suasive and
unspeakable gladness of love-light lin-
gered long, that sweet spring tide which
opens like the morning sung by the poet:

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high
And wakes the morning, from whose silver
breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty,
Who doth the world so gloriously hold,
The cedar tops and hills seem to blush
in gold.

It was a land from which the wealth and
mellowness of summer never seemed to
part. Summer even as that of Shelley:
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon—and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun, the
violet,
The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds,
The willow leaves that glanced in the light
breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a land where
The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with the odour
sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instru-
ment.

Then the pied windflowers and tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's re-
flection,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so
pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;
And the hyacinth purple, and white, and
blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet psalm anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath ad-
drest,
Which unvelled the depth of her glowing
breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a monarch, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through the clear dew on the tender
sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet
tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime."

Such was the land upon which the
eyes of Abram feasted as that to be held
and enjoyed for countless generations by
his own progeny. With what ardent
love of God his heart must have been
filled, with what gratitude he must have
been overwhelmed because of God's
goodness and mercy towards him? Not
only was he himself and his posterity to
be blessed but through him and his seed
all the nations of the earth. Abram's stay
in the promised land was of brief dura-
tion, for a famine breaking out he was
obliged to fly into Egypt.

While Abram is directing his course to
that country let us retrace our steps, to
the sad period of the fall of our first
parents. We have already made men-
tion of the first effects of the advent of
sin amongst the human family, alluding
briefly and specially to the brutal murder
of Abel by his brother Cain. Cain went
forth from the presence of his parents
with their curse and the curse of his
Maker upon him—and the mark of the
murderer on his brow. He built him-
self a city and founded a race known as
the children of men in contradistinction
to the children of Seth, another son of
Adam, born after the death of Abel,
whose descendants were known as the
children of God. It is said in scripture,
of Enoch the son of Seth, "This man
began to call upon God," not that Adam
and Seth, his father, had not before him
called upon God, but that Enoch did so
with special devotion and solemnity.

The patriarchs who lived from Adam to
Noe were blessed with many years upon
earth, as may be seen from the following
table compiled from Holy Writ.

Adam	lived 930 years,
Seth	" 912 "
Enos	" 905 "
Cainan	" 910 "
Malealeel	" 895 "
Jared	" 962 "
Henoch	" 365 "
"And he walked with God and was seen no more."	
Methusala	lived 969 years,
Lamech	" 777 "
Noe	" 950 "

It was in the days of Noe that took
place the universal deluge, the causes
whereof are recited in the book of Gen-
esis. For many generations the children
of God lived apart from the children of
men. But after a certain time the
sons of God seeing the daughters of men
that they were fair took to themselves
wives of all which they choose. And
God said: "My spirit shall not remain
in man forever, because he is flesh, and
his days shall be a hundred and twenty
years."

And God seeing that the
wickedness of men was great on the
earth and that all the thought of their
heart was evil at all times, he saw that
he had made man on the earth. And be-
ing touched inwardly with sorrow of heart he said:
I will destroy man, whom I have created
from the face of the earth, from man
even to beasts, from the creeping thing
even to the fowls of the air, for it repen-
teth me that I have made them." Noe,
however, was a just man and found favor
with God. Him the Lord chose to
save from the destruction with which
he was to visit the whole human and
animal creation. He directed him to
build an ark to receive himself, his wife,
his sons, and his sons' wives. And the
Lord said to him, go in thou and all thy
house into the ark, for thee I have seen
just before me in this generation. Of all
clean beasts take seven and seven, the
male and female. But of beasts that are
unclean two and two, the male and fe-
male. Of the fowls also of the air seven
and seven, the male and the female." Noe
did as God commanded. Then in the six
hundredth year of the life of Noe, in the
second month in the seventeenth day of
the month all the fountains of the great
deep were broken up, and the flood
gates of heaven were opened. And the
rain fell upon the earth forty days and
forty nights.

And the flood was forty days upon the earth, and
the waters increased exceedingly and
lifted up the ark high from the face of the
earth. For they overflowed exceedingly
and filled all on the face of the earth,
and the ark was carried upon the waters.
And the waters prevailed above measure
upon the earth. . . . And all flesh
was destroyed that moved upon the
earth, both of fowl and of cattle, and of
beasts, and of all creeping things that
creep upon the earth, and all men. And
all things wherein there is the breath of
life on the earth died. And he destroyed
all the substance that was upon the

earth, from man even to beast, and the
creeping things and fowls of the air, and
they were destroyed from the earth, and
Noe only remained, and they that were
with him into the ark." After one hun-
dred and fifty days the waters of the
flood began to be abated, and the ark in
the seventh month and seven and twen-
tieth day of the month, that is five
months and ten days from the beginning
of the deluge, rested on the mountains of
Armenia. And the waters went on de-
creasing till the tenth month on the first
day of which the tops of the mountains
appeared. It was not, however, till the
second month and the twenty-seventh
day of that month or, in other words, ex-
actly one year and ten days from the
time Noe entered the ark that the earth
was dried and that Noe with his wife, his
sons, and his sons' wives left their long
tenanted place of refuge. When Noe
had left the ark, his first act was one of
thanksgiving to God for his mercy. For
he built an altar and taking of all cattle
and fowls that were clean, offered sacri-
fice to God. So pleased was Noe that he
declared "I will no more curse the earth for
the sake of man; for the imagination and
thought of man are prone to evil from
his youth; therefore I will no more
destroy every living soul as I have done.
All the days of the earth, seed-time and
harvest, cold and heat, summer and
winter shall not cease." Then God
blessed Noe and his sons, bidding them
increase and multiply and fill the earth,
and he made a covenant with Noe that
never again should the earth be wasted
nor the children of men destroyed by a
flood.

This is the touching and striking story
of the deluge as told by the inspired
writer, a story of the exercise of God's
supreme and inalienable justice on the one
hand and of his endless mercy on the
other. It was to save the human race
from the consequences of its own crimes
and to arrest the justice of heaven that
God sent the deluge.

More than two thousand years later
God again saved man by a marvellous in-
terposition, from material and spiritual
destruction. On this latter occasion not
by a destructive manifestation of his
might, like the deluge but by the mission
of his own Divine Son, to be born in a
manger, to live amongst men, to suffer
and die for their redemption, regenera-
tion and sanctification.

TO BE CONTINUED.

KATE SHELLEY'S PLUCK.

IT RECEIVES A FITTING REWARD FROM THE
IOWA LEGISLATURE.

The State Legislature took possession
of the Capitol in Des Moines, Iowa, Jan-
uary 15th, and presented Kate Shelley
with a handsome medal valued at \$200
in recognition of her heroism in prevent-
ing, at the risk of her life, on the night
of July 6th, 1881, a disaster on the
Chicago & North-Western Railway near
Moingona. It was prepared by Tiffany &
Co., of New York, and represents Kate in
the act of crossing the railway bridge
over the Des Moines River. Above are
the words, "Heroism, Youth, Human-
ity."

On the reverse of the medal is the fol-
lowing inscription: "Presented by the
State of Iowa to Kate Shelley, with the
thanks of the General Assembly, in re-
cognition of the courage and devotion of
a child of fifteen years, whom neither the
terrors of the elements nor the fear of
death could appal in her efforts to save
human life during the terrible storm and
flood in the Des Moines Valley on the
night of July 6th, 1881."

Congressman Holmes, to whose efforts
this action of the Iowa Legislature is
largely due, hopes to secure, in addition
to the small sum voted by the Legisla-
ture, enough money to pay for the edu-
cation of Kate Shelley. Her family is
poor, the father, who was a section fore-
man of the Chicago & Northwestern
Railroad, was killed in an accident ten
years ago. The mother has since then
endured many hardships and privations
in the endeavour to bring up her five
children.

The story of Kate's heroic deed is as
follows:
Just before midnight, on the 6th of
July, 1881, a storm of wind and rain of
unusual severity descended upon the
region around Boone, Iowa. In an hour's
time the Des Moines River rose six feet.
So great was the velocity of the wind
that many buildings were destroyed.

Looking from her window Kate Shelley
saw through the darkness a dark and
locomotive headlight. A second later
it dropped from sight, and she knew
that the Honey Creek bridge was gone
and that the train had fallen into the
abyss. There was no one at home except
her mother, her little brother and sister,
and the girl knew that if the express
train, soon due, was warned of the dread-
ful danger she must undertake the task
alone.

She hurried from the house into the
storm, she gained the railway track, and
made her way to Moingona, a station
about a mile from Honey Creek, as fast
as she could struggle against the terrible
wind. To reach Moingona it was neces-
sary for her to cross the high trestle
bridge over the Des Moines River, which
was exposed to the full force of the storm
and about 500 feet in length. She crept
upon the structure, the wind, the rain,
the thunder and the lightning were ap-
palling. She nearly lost her balance, and
just escaped falling into the swollen
stream. She could not see a foot ahead
of her. The darkness was intense, except
when the dazzling lightning revealed the
timbers and the surging and seething
waters below. Knowing that not a
moment must be lost, she crept, from tie
to tie, across the high trestle. Having
gained the ground on the further side she
ran to the station and told her story in
breathless haste, and fell unconscious at
the feet of the station keeper. Tele-
grams were sent flying up and down the
line notifying all of the loss of the Honey
Creek Bridge. The express came thun-
dering along with many passengers on
board, and was stopped. This account
was recently given to the writer by one
who was on board the train at the time,
who said he should never forget or cease
to be grateful for his life to the child he-
roine, with her torn and ragged clothes,
and bruised and bleeding limbs.

THE TWO CREDOS.

AN ELOQUENT SERMON BY FATHER RYAN,
S. J.

On last Sunday evening Father Ryan,
S. J., who has been delivering a series of
lectures at the Jesuit Church in Chicago,
lectured on the worldly and spiritual
Credos. He took for his text: "This is
eternal life to know Thee, the only true
God—John xviii. 3.

The preacher said it was a pleasure to
him and he knew it would be a pleasure
to his hearers to return to the interest-
ing subject of the Christian credo after a
digression which, from the nature of the
case and the character considered, could
not be very agreeable to a Catholic audi-
ence. This evening he would ask them
to consider the first word of the credo
and the first word of the credo is "credo."

"I believe. But though credo is the first
word of the credo, the credo of the
Christian is not the first credo. The
fact is there are two credos—two "I
believe"—the natural and the super-
natural, the human and the divine.
Each has its own object, and the object
gives each its peculiar character. The
object of the natural credo is the seen,
the tangible, the material, the temporal;
the object of the supernatural credo is
the unseen, the substantial, the spiri-
tual, the eternal. The natural comes first
in the order of time; the supernatural
comes first in the order of dignity and
power. The supernatural comes from
above, and comes to conquer as a heav-
enly soldier should conquer, not by
destroying or even impairing the power
it finds before it, but by lifting up that
power to its own level and making it
more perfect, its conquest is not
gained in a moment, for it has to win
the willing, free consent of the natural
credo, and win it not for the first time;
for that consent has been won before,
won by the world of sense. And now the
captivity of the natural has to be made
captive of the supernatural. And when
the conquering Christian credo that came
from above returns to its home, it will
be able to say with Christ ascending: "I
have led captivity captive." But not
only has it to conquer consent, it has to
conquer something similar to itself,
something that simulates and pretends
to be the equal of itself, the natural
credo, which says: "I believe in what I
see; I believe in the world of sense; I
am satisfied with the world of sense."
What can I for the credo that comes
from above? I need it not." Now, this
seeming bravery is only a self-encourag-
ing boast. The very vehemence of the
protest shows that the challenger is
beginning to fear. It is the boasting of
Goliath, of Gath, who felt, he knew not
why, that David was coming against him
in the strength of the God of Israel.
Divine faith knows this. It knows that
man's heart is, as Tertullian says, natu-
rally Christian. It knows that created
good can never satisfy the almost infinite
capacity for happiness that God has
given the human soul. And so it says,
calmly and confidently, to the human
credo: "You do need me. You cannot
have true life in you without me. You
must have faith of some kind, and the
faith you have in yourself and in the
world is not food proper or sufficient for
your hunger. You show by your own
avowal that you must believe in
something and someone—even though
that something be only the surface of
things that appear and that someone
only yourself. Passing by and seeing
your idols, I find that you are even su-
perstitious. You have set up an altar to
the world you worship, and on that altar
you have placed yourself, to whom
you would offer sacrifices of praise, rever-
ence and service. Now, I came to show
you a world more worthy of your worship
and a person whom you shall find more
profitable as well as more honorable and
glorious to praise, reverence and serve.
I am not afraid if I tell you that the sac-
rifice most pleasing to the Master that sends
me is the sacrifice of self. You shall not
be forced to make the sacrifice. But you
shall get strength and courage to make
it freely; and you shall find that nothing
is impossible to supernatural faith." So
speaks the divine credo in its first parley
with the human that it comes to conquer.

The first sermon it preaches is on the
dignity of the human reason and the
power and freedom of the human will.
It begins by professing its faith in man
because it would end by having man
professing his faith in God.

But perhaps the two credos may be
seen and known better from their names
and from their words. See them in ac-
tion and look at the human credo first.
It may be well to say that though
what is here called the natural credo, the
human "I believe," is found first in the
soul that has not received the gift of
divine faith, it is also found in the soul
of the Christian. Supernatural faith does
not destroy nature, but takes it up,
assumes it, something in the same way
as the eternal word assumed a human
body and soul, and by assuming
sanctified both. What shall be said,
therefore, of the natural credo may be
applied to the Christian who does not
practice what he believes as to the non-
Christian who does not yet believe. St.
Paul says: "The just man lives by faith."

By the just man the apostle here means
the Christian man—the spiritual, super-
natural man. But it may be said with
truth that every man, whether just or un-
just, lives by faith. It is, of course, un-
necessary to say that the unbeliever does
not live by supernatural faith—that faith
is a divine virtue, or power, or habit,
or faculty infused by God into the
soul, raising the soul to a supernatural
state, and rendering it capable of giving a
meritorious consent to the revealed word
of God. But it is necessary to say and to
repeat, for it is always remembered,
that every man lives and acts by some
kind of faith, whether that faith be divine,
human or satanic. There is a satanic credo
—the credo that believes and hates and
trembles—the credo that is conquered,
but can never be converted. This credo
shall be considered in some future lec-
ture. But at present only two credos
are contemplated—the human and the
divine—and these shall be seen in ac-
tion.

The credos set out on their way and go
to their work, each with its profession
and purpose. The supernatural says: "I
believe in God." The natural says: "I
believe in the world—I believe in man—I
believe in myself." Just look at the
world for a moment and see if this is not
so, "Go abroad into the street of the
populous city," as Charles Newman,
speaking on a kindred subject, puts it:
"contemplate the continuous outpouring
there of human energy, and the countless
varieties of human character. The ways
are thronged, carriage way and
pavement; multitudes are
hurrying to and fro, each on their own
errand. The streets are lined with shops,
open and gay, inviting customers, and
widen, now and then into some spaci-
ous square or place, with lofty
masses of brick work or of stone gleam-
ing in the fitful sunbeam, and surround-
ed or fringed with what simulates a
garden's foliage. In another direction
are found the homes of the mechanical
arts. The air is filled, below, with a
ceaseless, importunate, monotonous din;
and overhead with a canopy of smoke,
shrouding God's day from the realms of
obscure, sullen toil. On stairways, hon-
ours, and take up one of those daily prin-
ciples, which are so true a picture of the
world; look down the columns of advertise-
ments, and you will see the catalogue of
pursuits, projects, aims, anxieties, amuse-
ments, indulgences which occupy the
mind of man. He plays many parts;
here he has goods to sell, there he wants
employment; there again he seeks to
borrow money, here he offers you houses,
great stores, or small tenements; he has
food for the million, and luxuries for
the wealthy, and sovereign medicines for
the credulous, and books, new and
cheap, for the inquisitive. You will read
of the money market, and the provision
market, and the market for metals; of
the state of trade, the call for manu-
factures, of accidents at sea, of exports and
imports, of gains and losses, of frauds
and failures. This is the curious, rest-
less, clamorous, panting being that is
called the world." And this is
the world at its best as well as
at its basest. Not the world that is
sinful and seated in iniquity, but only
the world that is not supernatural and
not serving God in sanctity. Now try
and get at the mind and heart of this
world. See what is the primal force and
power that sets this vast machine in
motion. Stop it a moment in its restless
course. Seeing what it is, ask it a ques-
tion. Ask it why it is? and whence?
and whither it tends? It may stand as-
tonished and put you aside, and wish to
hurry on. But if it stops and thinks
and takes time to answer rightly, it will
most surely say—the mind and heart of
the world will say, the man of the world
will say: Why do I so act and live and
move? Why? Because I believe. I believe
in the world; I believe in business,
in commerce, in the useful arts, I believe
in humanity, in individual talent
and tact and energy and enterprise. I
believe in social success, political power,
material progress and national great-
ness. I believe in all this, I believe,
and therefore I speak, and act,
and work, and live. The man of the
world cuts here. He is ready to say he
lives for the world, but he does not care
to say he dies for the world. Indeed, he
does not wish to think of death at all.
But death shall come, whether thought
of or not; and will probably come to the
man of the world, like a thief in the
night, when he least expects it. The
world shall die. In to-day's gospel its
funeral sermon was preached in prophecy
by the Son of God when He said:
"The heavens and the earth shall
pass away, but My words shall not pass
away." It is true that the end is not yet.
The world simulates an unending life,
and so deceives its votaries who give it
their credo and say: "I believe in the
world which is. My credo is a present,
practical credo." Now, the supernatural
credo comes and finds men so believing,
so acting, so professing their belief.
What will this divine credo do? Will it
call for natural, human credos to its tri-
bunal, and pronounce sentence upon it
as being essentially sinful and radically
wrong? Or, when it has conquered the
human credo, will it condemn the cap-
tive to death, or even to perpetual im-
prisonment? No, it will not. It takes
what is good in the human credo, its
desire to know and its capacity to be-
lieve, and raising this desire and capac-
ity to a supernatural plane gives each
an object that will satisfy both. It gives
to the natural credo the evidence of
things that appear not, and the substance
of things to be hoped for—gives it a new
world to see, and new light and sight to
see that world. "Lift up your eyes," it
says, "and look from the place where now
thou art—to the north and to the south,
to the east and to the west—all the land
that thou seest I will give thee forever."

And when the conquered and converted
human credo has said to itself its "sur-
sum corda," "Be thou lifted up, my
heart," it falls on its knees, and with
folded hands says with the credo that
comes from above: "I believe in God."

Freeman's Journal.

THE DELUGE OF DIVORCES.

From Rhode Island to Oregon is a long
distance; but on the matter of divorce
Rhode Island and Oregon are as one.
Their divorce mills grind almost without
intermission.

The Governor of Rhode Island recently
called the attention of the Legislature
to the fact that the little State was be-
coming a resort for people who want to
be divorced with ease. In 1882, there
were, according to the Governor, one
divorce to six or seven marriages. Dur-
ing the ten years preceding 1882, there
were 2,824 applications and 2,291 divorces
granted. The Governor does not know
exactly what to recommend, in order to
stop the shameful increase of divorces.

He states that one-third of the population
is Catholic, and takes that fact into ac-
count in arranging his statistics. Catholics
are not counted among the offenders
against the sanctity of marriage. We
wish we could help His Excellency; we
can only suggest that, as he assumes the
responsibility of proclaiming days of fast-
ing and thanksgiving, he might recom-
mend the Non-Catholic two-thirds of the
population of Rhode Island to turn Cath-
olic. This is the only remedy for a state
of affairs which no human law can re-
medy. So long as Protestant ministers
consent to "marry" divorced people,—
so long as "orthodox" Protestantism de-
grades marriage by teaching that man
can break bonds made by God, the Gov-
ernor, in his perplexity, cannot look for
help among the sects. The State may
make its divorce laws more stringent, but
it can only check the apparent increase
of the social evil for a time.

Commenting on an equally shameful
condition of affairs in Oregon, a Unitarian
minister tries to show that the Catholic
Church is not the guardian of domestic
morality, by citing the social anarchy
that followed the French Revolution.
Domestic infidelity was so common in
Catholic France, he would have us be-
lieve, that when the restraints of religion
and law were withdrawn, divorce ceased
to be rare and became a common luxury.

It is admitted that here in the United
States where public opinion and secular
law encourage license, it is the Catholic
Church alone that exercises a powerful
influence in preventing divorce. The
Rev. Samuel Dike, an "expert in divorce
statistics," the writer in the February
Century, the Governor of Rhode Island,
in subtracting the Catholics of that State
from his divorce statistics, admit this
willingly. Why, then, need the Oregon-
ian Unitarian, Rev. Mr. Eliot, go back to
France and the Revolution?

Mr. Eliot would hardly assert that the
Catholic Church cherished the atheism
which burst forth in the dedication of
the goddess of Reason and the abolition
of Sunday. "Every tenth day," Alison
says, in his "History," "a revolutionary
leader ascended the pulpit and preached
atheism to the bewildered audience.
Marat was universally deified, and even
the instrument of death was sanctified by
the name of the Holy Guillotine. On all
the public cemeteries this inscription was
placed: 'Death is an eternal sleep.' The
comedian Monnet, in the Church of St.
Roche, carried impiety to its height.
'God, if you exist,' said he, 'avenge
your injured name! I bid you defiance,
atheism! to the bewildered audience.
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