#### Be of Good Cheer.

Rise up out of the shadows, my heart, and come with me; You are young and strong and buoyant. What is one storm to a sea?

What is one snow to the violets? What is one frost to the rose? Next June it is all forgotten. Except—only God, He knows.

And the shadows, why should you love them?
They are damp and chill and grim:
They take all warmth and brightness from
heart and brain and limb.

Come out, O heart, in the sunshine; in this golden, laughing light,
Lift up your voice and thank the good God that it is not always night!

#### From the Catholic World. A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAST INTERVIEW. Killany came up-stairs, after the consul-Nano. As she was quite prepared for it, there was no display of emotion. Her face was pale enough to suit the role of grief-stricken daughter, and its helpless, blind despair was gracefully interpreted Olivia from her Christian standpoint. would be a thankless task to follow the drift of Nano's thoughts for the last few weeks. They had been like rudderless vessels on a stormy sea and she the watcher on the shore, seeing them vacantly wander one by one into the harbor or founder in mid ocean, and keeping no account. She tried hard to be gay, to act as if the most ordinary events were hapas if the most ordinary events were nap-pening, and she one on whom sorrow having lightly touched, passed by and left behind no traces. In vain, all in vain. At no time or place could she have been or felt more desolate. A great gulf, the gulf of crime, which no repentance could ever close and make as if it had not been —lay between her and Olivia and Olivia's brother; between her and the society she worshipped; between her and everything that was good and beautiful on earth. If there were devils she had kinship with them. She had taken her place with Killany, and in that rested her condemna-The high born lady had stooped to the worthless adventurer. Yet she had done no legal sin. Her father had been pronounced mad and sent into retirement by responsible physicians. The law could not reach her, but conscience could It tore at her heart like a vuliota in her fight with temptation. Her theories had lost their foundation—pride in her own virtue. The virtue being fled, pride and its superstructure of deceit and rambling, cultured falsities tumbled to the ground. Human beings, even jail-birds, had got into an extraordinary perspective, and towered down from an un-

usual moral height upon her littleness.

Olivia, her brother, and her lover seemed high as the heavens compared to her. Killany alone preserved his proper dimensions, and she had reached his level. There was more meaning and more humiliation almost in that simple, disgusting fact than in her sin.

in her sin.
"In a few days," Killany said, "the legal formalities will be ended."
"It is all in your hands," she replied shortly, and with so evident a desire to be rid of him that he took his leave forth-

with.
"I cannot resist," she said afterwards to Olivia, "the temptation to show likes and dislikes after your blunt fashion. I am utterly unstrung, and have not the patience to do these things with society's tact and discretion. Perhaps I am more sin-

"I am afraid not," said Olivia. "It is so much to your taste and so much a part of your nature to do things after a society model that any new departure savors of perisy. I give you credit for sincerity in this case. But, O Nano! is not this a terrible misfortane which has befallen

you?"
"Terrible is not the word," answered the lady, clasping her hands with convulsive strength. "It is crushing. It has lain on me as a mountain would ever since the awful possibility first appeared, and though I have tried to shake it off, it still

clings to me with fatal stubborniness.
doubt if I ever recover from it."
They were speaking, and Nano alone
have of it. of very different things. knew of it, of very different things. Olivia alluded to McDonell's insanity, the

lady to her own crime.
"There is nothing in it so bitter," Olivia hastly replied, struck by the expression of her friend's countenance, "that you need mourn for ever. It is very painful, and you don't know how sorry I am for

"It is not so much a trouble as it is a stain on our name. You know what absurd prejudice, the world has on this point. surd prejudice, the work has on the point.

In a measure they are behind the savages, our cultured citizens. If they can say, "Her father is in an asylum, crazy as a loon," they are satisfied. I do not give a snap of my finger for their criticisms or cypicism. They will always be civil enough to me personally, but it takes considerably from one's standing. It was e his sickness that I began to have a real affection for my father, and I could now wish that it had remained as it had been. I would not endure such suffering as I endure at this moment."

Again she spoke with a meaning hidden "Sentiments of this kind," said the fear-

less girl, "sound very meanly in my ears, What sentiments do not when uttered

"What sentiments do not when attered by one of our school?"

"It is your misfortune, and quite often your fault, that you choose for admiration some of the very worst kind. It is a fatality among you. But I didn't come here to scold, only to cry with you."
"I have no tears," said she, with a chilly

"I have no tears," said she, with a chilly smile. "I cannot weep, unless it be for myself. Often the bars of an asylum hold more satisfaction, and peace, and goodness than the plate-glass of a mansion like this. I wonder would my father

change places with me?"
"With you, Nano!" cried her friend,
quite shocked.
"Ah!" I was rambling, was I not? Yet,

"No, not crazy," said a cold, quiet, hard voice from the door, "but wronged, cruelly, deeply wronged, and by his own

McDonell was standing there with his fiery eyes glaring upon them, but his face was calm in expression, his manner was no longer nervous and hurried, and altogether he looked more like the cool-headed business man of old than he had done since his illness. Nano's presence of mind did not forake her at this untoward incident.

impudence. But Olivia, startled beyond measure by his appearance and his words, grew pale and flushed by turns, and stood looking helplessly from one to the other. "If you wish to speak to me, father," said Nano gently, "pray return to your own room, and I will follow at once. For the present respect our guest, Miss Fullerton, so much as to leave instantly."

ton, so much as to leave instantly."

"I do respect her so much," he answered calmly, "that I shall not go till I have made known to her what a wretched thing it is she loves and regards in you; I beg of you to be calm, Miss Fullerton, and to fear nothing from me. A commission of some kind is about to make me out crazy, I believe, and in a few days I shall be con-I believe, and in a few days I shall be consigned to an asylum, there to end a very miserable life. It is her doing," and he pointed his outstretched arm at the defiant and indifferent woman. "She, my child, my daughter, to retain this ill-gotten wealth of mine, has put me in such a position that no word or writing of mine they have the leaves while hefore the law. position that no word or writing of mine can have the least value before the law. Oh! beware of her, young lady. Never did serpent wear a smoother guise than this. Never did a sepulchre look more beautiful. Beware of her!"

"You are not yourself, father," said the lady, still calm and unmoved. "You have told my friends this same story many

told my friends this same story many times in a few days, and it has but injured yourself. You wish to appear reasonable and your mad words carry only a surer conviction of your insanity to those who

know you. Pray retire to your room."
He would have spoken had not his attendants suddenly entered and forced him out of his daughter's presence. True to a certain line of conduct which he seemed to certain line of conduct which he seemed to have adopted, the old gentleman did not attempt to resist the violence, but went away with the attendants quietly, leaving two frightened women behind him.

"You see, Olivia," said Nano, with a de-jected air, "what I am called on to endure daily. Regularly I have had those reproaches flung at me. He has gone over the same catalogue of my offences it is very long when given in full-some. times in his own room or mine, and often ture, and the agony threw a mist over whatever her eyes fell upon. Her books and her philosophies seemed fit only for the fire. They had not helped her one you."

you."
"I will forget," said Olivia quickly. "But that he should turn on you of all others!"
"It is the worst feature of his madness,

and through all his sickness I was his most devoted and tireless attendant. He would have none other. But let us dismiss so sad

"And myself at the same time," said "And myself at the same can-olivia, rising to go. "Good-bye, dear, and God give you strength to bear this suffering! Ah! Nano, if you knew Him as you should, this hour would not seem so dark. The sympathy which then cannot give, which would reach into the depths of your soul as rain into the earth. depths of your soul as rain into the earth, would be yours. You seem to go further

from Him every day. Good-bye."

As before, Nano managed to avoid kiss and hand-clasp from her friend. Smiling,

"If it would please you I could almost believe in your beautiful superstitions. But I know that you want conviction of their truth as well as of their beauty, which

in all honesty I cannot give."

Olivia went away sadly troubled about

he should fall into the same state, I think that, no matter how fierce he might be towards others, with me he would be always gentle. And yet I have heard that the insane do the most shocking things

even to those whom they have best Three days later the arrangements, legal and otherwise, for McDonell's removal to the asylum were completed, and Nano and Killany were appointed administrators and guardians of the estate. Killany himself, in his graceful and delicate fashion, had informed McDonell of the decision of the law and of the hour of his departure, and the unfortunate man had asked mildly to see his daughter once again before he set out for his new home. He made no outcry, uttered no reproaches. His resigna-tion was complete. He had thought deeply since the first intimation of his enemies' designs. They had the start in the race. He knew that no violence of his could now undo their work, no court would make him sane again under the damning evidence of the last few weeks. Therefore the wisest and best plan of action was to proceed with extraordinary patience and caution; as he had been accustomed to do in the height of his business fame, to perform every act with almost superhuman carefulness and pre-cision, and thus force upon observers the truth of his sanity. At first he could not think with equanimity of accepting his dreadful fate and the degradation of being housed with madmen. When that feeling had worn away a hope sprang up in his heart that his daughter might yet be merciful, and, pitying his age and his many infirmities, refuse at the last to send him to the prison of despair. It was rather chimerical, and so he understood it. He forced himself to accept his coming imprisonment as an accomplished fact, and formed in detail the scheme by which be was to liberate himself from the toils. It was the bite of the serpent to him that he had rejected the great opportunity of confessing to the priest during his illness. He felt that his present suffering was the first and perhaps final instalment of the ven-gence of God for that insult, and he prepared to receive it with resignation, filled with a sense of its justice and necessity.

The calmness of that day was his first step towards liberty. He felt hope's sweet assurance in his breast. If he could but maintain that demeanor through every trial, carrying it to the extraordinary de-

McDonell was standing there with his fiery eyes glaring upon them, but his face was calm in expression, his manner was no longer nervous and hurried, and altogether he looked more like the cool-headed business man of old than he had done since his illness. Nano's presence of mind did not forsake her at this untoward incident. She retained her seat, determined to face the present danger with all her nerve and impudence. But Olivia, startled beyond measure by his appearance and his words, grew pale and flushed by turns, and stood looking helplessly from one to the other.

"If you wish to speak to me, father." If you wish to speak to me, father, and stood looking helplessly from one to the other. "If you wish to speak to me, father, and stood looking helplessly from one to the other. "If you wish to speak to me, father, and stood looking helplessly from one to the other. "Since passion was forcibly dead in him, he passed it over in silence.

passed it over in silence.

"I know scarcely why I have called you," he said, with an ease of manner and expression that staggered her, "and hardly know what I am to say to you, except it know what I am to say to you, except it be to say farewell. I can imagine that you have thought long and carefully on the deed which is to be consummated to day. One does not deliberately settle down to the commission of a desperate act without long consideration of the difficulties which may surround it. I did not when I stole from two little orphans the thousands which you steal again at this later date. Among my many apprehensions was not that of imprisonment in a lunatic asylum. You have done well. You are as successful as I was, and you may be as unsue ful as I am. In me you see the end of all iniquity. You triumph for to-day, and to-morrow your hour will come. But to-morrow your hour will come. But you have thought of these things, no doubt, and I but waste breath in pointing out to you the future consequences of your crime. I wish to tell you from my your crime. very heart I forgive you for all you have done. I was wicked, and God has chosen to punish me in a most terribly just way through you. I submit to his will. You and I will never meet again. The grave is my next resting place. I wish to assure you of one thing, and to warn you against another. I shall never raise my hand against you nor speak one word that would result in harm to you. The secret would result in harm to you. The secret of our sins and misfortunes shall never of our sins and mistortunes shall never have mouth with me, except in so far as it is necessary to right the wronged. Be-ware of Killany. He has lured you into a great snare, and, although I have confi-dence in your ability to match him, I tremble knowing to what lengths he can dare to go. Guard your good paine and dare to go. Guard your good name and your fortune securely from him. Prepare yourself also for suffering. You have only staved off, after your foolish manner, the

and he did not dare to note the effect of his words. She was amazed at his language, and a very tempest of feeling seemed threatening to overpower her

resolution. "You need not go," said she in a low voice. "It is in your power to remain. Say that this idea of restitution was only a fancy, consent to such conditions as may impose, and you have freedom, and me, and daughter left to you still."
"That cannot be," he answered grimly.

"I go to the asylum."
"It is a terrible place," she continued, hopefully attempting to work on his fears—"a place of hideous sights and sounds, where the old and enfeebled, and often the strong, though never so sane, are sure to lose their wits in time. Its mournful silences, broken only by yells, and howls, and wailings, its hopelessness— for he who enters there leaves hope behind—are appalling. Can you think of enduring all this when one word might save you?'

"You make a good tempter," he said. Olivia went away sadiy troubled about many ill-defined things. The scene with McDonell left a dark impression on her mind and gave rise to an unconscious suspicion against her friend.

"His own daughter!" she thought. "Oh! if my father were alive"—and a sudden pang shot through her heart at the recollection of Killany's slanders—"and he should fall into the same state. I think in git all even with the knowledge of where the Christian. And I can think of enduring it all even with the knowledge of what would save me. It is you who condemns me to all that misery."

"Rather it is yourself. The law has

been my champion against your mad-

"Do you think that will save you from remorse? Not if every judge and physician in the land ratified your conduct." "You do not wish, then, to save your-

"Not wish! If it must be at the cost of a soul, no. It is horrible to think of the life I shall lead there—I, a poor old man, weighed down with age and disease—but it is not the greatest of misfortunes. I had no pity on others, nor did I spare them. Why, then, should I be pitied or

"There is pity for you, father," she said in tones so sweet, and tremulous, and loving that he turned towards her quickly. You are pitiless with yourself.'

She seemed stirred, and there was a nameless something in her glance that inspired him with a mad hope. "I can never sav what you want said." he half whispered. "You know my beliefs. But, O Nano! do not be so cruel;

The encouraging light fled from her eyes, and she walked to the door. A fearful struggle was going on in her breast. His last sole hope was leaving him. His pallor grew deeper and his breath came in gasps. At that moment the jingle of gasps. At that moment the jingle of sleigh-bells was heard on the avenue. The carriage was driving up to the door, carriage in which he was to be taken to prison, and with that fatal sound all his resolutions fled. Down on his knees he fell, the father before his child, his face streaming with tears, his hands clasped towards her, his old face agonized beyond

the power of words to tell.
"Nano, my child, I cannot say that word, but oh! have mercy on your

The words went out to the walls. had rushed from his presence like one de-mented, passing blindly the doctors and asylum officers in the hall, flinging aside outstretched arms of Olivia with pitiful eyes and eager heart to address and comfort her, and burying herself in the refuge of her own room. took her station at the window, and watched with wild eyes the emuciated man who stood for a moment on the step awaiting with quiet dignity the disposi-tion of the officers who had him in charge. gree which his position demanded, he might reasonably expect to be restored to freedom in a very short time. The

late trying emotion in his countenance. He stepped into the carriage with scarcely a glance around him, and so was led away to his dreadful prison, while she, with mad tossings and ravings, flung herself on the

floor, crying:
"What have I done? what have I

done ?" She lay there moaning as strong natures She lay there moaning as strong natures moan when once they have hopelessly burst their bounds, leaving a grief-stricken girl to stand amazed at the open door, then to close it with a pale countenance, and to go away abhorring that house on which seemed to have fallen the curse of God.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SICK CALLS.

The Death Struggle

No. V. When the time of the death struggle has come to hand, then holy aspirations should be made so that the ears of the should be made so that the ears of the dying soul may hear only the sweet names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. The deathbed of the Christian should be like that of St. Joseph. He was assisted by Jesus and Mary. He is the Patron of the Universal Church, consequently of the members individually as well as collectively. The Church desires her children to initiate the lives of Jesus Maye and imitate the lives of Jesus, Mary and Joseph during their life, and most especi-Joseph during their life, and most especially in the most essentially important act of life. This act is the dying a good death, so that the act of dying may be the opening of a new life in eternity with God. When the prayers for the dying have been said, the persons in the room have been said, they be their kness and should not rise from their knees, and stand gaping at the dying soul. This taight do for persons who do not believe in God and the immortality of the soul, but it will never do for Catholics, who know, from the teachings of the Church what charity requires of them during these throes of death. Remain on your these throes of death. these throes of death. Remain on your knees and occupy vourselves in praying for the dying soul. Recommend it to the mercy of God. Ask the Sacred Heart of Jesus to shield this soul from the danger of its enemies, who are trying to drag it down into the awful abyss of despair. Remind Holy St. Joseph of his happiness is his driver werents, and ask him to in his dying moments, and ask him to bring Jesus and Mary with him to assist at the death of the soul in its agony. Remind the Guardian Angel of this soul of the love that Jesus Christ has for it, evil day. May you never know a jot of the suffering I have known!"

He did not say tarewell, nor look at her, nor motion her to go. It required a strong effort to keep his emotions in check, dying soul with such

JACULATIONS OF LOVE AND CONFIDENCE Sweet Jesus have mercy on my soul! Jesus, Mary and Joseph I give Thee my life, my heart and my soul! Jesus, Mary and Joseph assist me in my last agony Sweet Jesus, Mary and Joseph let me die peacefully in Thy arms! Oh! my God, save my soul from my enemies! Do not let peacetally in Thy arms. On my cod, save my soul from my enemies! Do not let them overcome me! Sweet Jesus save me! Repeat slowly the Our Father and Hail Mary, acts of Faith, Hope, Love and Contrition. Continue thus from time to time during the agony of the soul to aid the during the agony of the soul to aid it in dying well. The mother, father or some one of the should do this charity for the poor dying soul. If there be none of the family present, let some one perform this act of

It should be a person of the same sex with the dying, unless the person assisting be advanced in years. The idea of allowing persons who are betrothed to be continually with each other, at the moments of the death of one of the party thus pledged, should not be even for a moment entertained. A few moments sober thought will convince any Christian soul of this necessity. The world may say just what it pleases and so may world but love, tion of the soul to whom it plighted its troth, now that God calls it. Let the well party then remain in the room, but not hovering over the bed of the dying, to distract his or her thoughts from God, unto whose presence the sick one will be ushered so soon. Foolish sentimentality does well enough inside the covers of a flashy ten cent novel, but not in the sick and death-room of the Catholic. There we want God and his mensy. Fersons who have no faith repeat with sickening details the trashy words that are put into the mouth of the dying, by the thoughtles and un-Christian living. The Catholic wants his or her sick friend surrounded by the

COMFORTS AND CONSOLATIONS that our holy religion gives to the dying Don't let self-respect prevent you from giving all the aid you can to help the dying to die well. There may be Protestents in the zoom. What matter if there be? Teach them how consoling a thing it is to die in our holy faith. They may want to assist. The places around may want to assist. The places around the death-bed of a Catholic should be filled by Catholics and not by those who are not of our faith. The fear of giving offense is all folly. Speak kindly to any Protestant, but tell them plainly you want to help the dying to die well and they will only think the more of you. They know enough of Catholic faith to understand well, that Catholics will want at this moment only Catholics immediately about them. When death has at length intervened, think—the soul has gone before the judgment seat of God.
Judgment has been passed on that soul
whose body now lies before you. It
wants of you an increase of that same
charity which made you help it to die.
Pray for it. A few moments and then
begins the begins the

PREPARATION FOR THE BURIAL of the body. It is customary to wash the bodies after death. You should not turn this work over to some unfortunate who from caring little of their own soul and body, have lost all respect for the soul and bodies of others. This body, though the soul has left it was once the temple of the Holy Spirit of God, and it is blessed. Furthermore, it will be blessed again by the Church before it is consigned consecrated ground, hence, respect it even for a time, into the and give it not, hands of others who will disrespect it. must be clothed. Clothe it with the habit of the Blessed Virgin, the scapular, if it has been enrolled during life or on Curious eyes were upon him, and he was not disturbed. There was no trace of the its death bed into this holy association.

Some may say: "But it is not customary More is the pity, for it denotes a de-cadence of faith. With Catholics there should be no change, but the change which the increase of fervor in the attention to Christian duties brings with it. They should have no concern for the manner in which those not of our faith manner in which those not of our fath clothe the dead. A Catholic wishes to look like a child of the Church, while living, don't make his dead body look like the body of an infidel. Let the shroud of the dead that encloses the child of the Church be blessed, and bear on it evidence of the faith in which the soul died. Let a rosary be twined around the hands of the corpse, which should be united on the a rosary be twined around the hands of the corpse, which should be united on the breast, or place in them a crucifix. These may be buried with the body or preserved by the family. Do not place in the hand of the Catholic a flower. It is the dead body of a Catholic. Let it be the dead body of a Catholic. Let it be known as such. When you lay it out, place at its head, on a table, a crucifix with a lighted blessed candle on each side of this crucifix. Put also some holy water of this crucinx. Fut also some not water in a bowl or glass and place in it a twig of pine or something of this kind, and set these on the same table or at the foot of the corpse, so that friends may sprinkle the death-room. Make your arrangements with the priest for the burial, and by all means have the Holy Sacrifice of the

MASS OFFERED UP FOR THE SOUL. Have the body brought to the Church, and Mass said for it, then bury it from the Church. This is the practice of the Catholic Church. Follow the practice of your spiritual mother in burying your dead. The house of death should indicate that the person who has departed this life belonged to the Catholic Church. Care should be exercised in this matter, and no heed paid to the sayings of foolish friends, who describe the funeral preparations of worldlings. When you make arrange-ments with the priest let the hour at which the body is to be in the church be clearly understood. Now remember that the priest must wait for the arrival of the funeral before he begins Holy Mass.

THE PRIEST IS FASTING and must wait for them. The hour is named. The priest makes himself ready for the celebration of Mass at the hour appointed, but he must wait oftentimes even more than an hour before the funeral cortege is in the church. There is no necessity for this delay; it does not benefit the dead and does injury to the

WHEN AT MASS remember what you are doing. Keep your mind fixed on the prayers of the Church for the deceased, and unite your whole self with them, so that you may do this last act of charity for your friend with the greatest merit possible. Do not solicit a sermon from the priest officiating, but in preference follow the desire of the Church, who wishes not to have fine things said of the dead, but prayers and the Holy Sacrifice offered for them. As the priest to say some prayers publicly,—some "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys,"—some "Our Fathers" and congregation, before with the assembled congregation, before consigning the body of the deceased to the grave, and be better content with these prayers of the faithful, than with all the fine things that can be said of the dead. If the body could speak, this would be its request.—S. S. M. in Catholic Columbian.

# BEECHER'S THEOLOGY.

The subject of Mr. Beecher's sermon yesterday was the government of cities. It was a novel one, perfectly characteristic of the man. Mr. Beecher has a way of mixing up his theology, salvation, and addition in such a manner of a part always to politics in such a manner as not always to pointes in such a lisamer as not aways to be agreeable to devout Christians, but generally interesting and amusing to those who are not regular church-goers. Mr. Beecher believes, with John Wesley, that the devil should not monopolize all that the devi should not monopolize are the fine music, and Mr. Beecher is quite right in not permitting the political demagogues to monopolize the duties of every good citizen. While contending that the government of cities in the United States is a failure, he forgot to mention that the most economical, the best governed cities in the world are to be found in Izeland. It is a rare thing to read of a city treasurey being robbed by any of its ficials, or a city or town made bankrupt by scoundrels engaged in an officia capacity. It was Gladstone who said "the Irish are a turbulent people." No people have been so outrageously wronged ad oppressed as the Irish people. Where here is good government there is inthere there is good government there is in-variably peace. The American colonists were, according to Lord North, "a turbulent people." So are all oppressed people, as a rule. The men who resisted the Stamp Act and cast overboard the tea in Boston harbor were "a turbulent people," Mr. Beecher mixed up his compliments to the Irish with some well deserved sarcasms. He said they gave a great deal of trouble in New York and Brooklyn, which is quite true. He failed to tell his hearers that sixty per cent. of the voting population in both cities are Irish, and under our system of representa-tion the Irish have some rights, and if the American and German voters don't recognize their rights, of course trouble must be expected. To use an Irish phrase, "It is natural that there would be ruc-tions." He complimented the Irish on being better soldiers than statesmen. Mr. Beecher forgets that the Irish have never but once had an opportunity to display statesmanship, and that was when they had an Irish Parliament. He ought to have been fair and said that Ireland was never better governed and never more prosperous than during that Parliament. As soldiers they have won renown on every battlefield where they have been engaged, and there have been few senate houses that have not resounded with their followers that have not resoluted with their eloquence. The Irish have never had a fair chance to build a nation. It is easy to sneer at a people not being able to achieve freedom who have never been permitted under penalty of death to have a shot gun in their possession. Let Mr. Beecher recall the fact that nearly a hundred years ago our cities, when there were but few Irish here, were no better governed than they are to-day. In 1793 the Democratic mob in Philadelphia, inspired by Jefferson, put the authorities at defiance, and surrounded the Hall of Independence and threatened to hang, draw, tried for rheumatis

and quarter President Washington if he did not declare war against England did not declare war against England. Vice President Adams writes that he had to invoke the aid of the navy to protect his life and property from the infuriated rabble. One of the reasons of the re-moval of the capital from Philadelphia was that neither the State nor city authorities could protect the officials of the United States Government from the mob. It is quite true that the freshly-made citizens from Ireland are made to be troublesome, but the men who lead in these troubles are generally American-born citizens Mr. Beecher thinks that we will hav either to stop immigration from Ireland or wait for the second-growth Irish, who make better citizens, before we can have our cities better governed. Mr. Beecher failed to strike at the true evil of bad government, which is corner groceries and fighting whiskey. When these evils are abolished, New York and Brooklyn will be found to be as well governed as Dublin, Belfast, Limerick, or Cork.—Commercial

### INFIDEL "CASUISTRY."

Lying and Stealing Justifiable.

The infidel hulabaloo against the straw man they have erected and dubbed Jes-uit casuistry, is neatly retorted upon by an English Catholic in the last issue of the Monitor. He takes a well-known in-fidel book, Van Buren Denslow's "Mod-ern Thinkers," which has the imprimateur of Cel. Ingersoll, and makes these quo-

ations:"It is generally believed to be moral to tell the truth, and immoral to lie. And yet it would be difficult to prove that nature prefers the true to the false. Everywhere she makes the false impression first, and only after years, or thousands of years, do we become able to detect her in her lies. Nature endows almost every animal with the faculty of deceit in order to aid it in escaping from the brute force of its superiors. Why, then, should not man be endowed with the faculty of lying when it is to his interest to appear wise concerning matters of which he is ignorant? Lying is often a refuge for the weak, a stepping stone to power, a ground of reverence towards those who live by getting credit for knowing what they do not know. Where, then, do we discover that any law of universal nature prefers truth to felseled any do we discover that any law of universal nature prefers truth to falsehood, any more than oxygen to nitrogen, or alkalies to salts? Inasmuch as all moral rules are in the first instance impressed by the strong and the successful upon the weak, it would not be strange if a close analysis and a minute historical research should concur in proving that all meral rules are doctrines established by the strong for the government of the weak. It is invariably the strong who require the weak to tel the truth, and always to promote som

interest of the strong.

'Thou shalt not steal,' is a moral pre-

cept invented by the strong—and by them impressed upon the weak, the infantile, and the failures in life's struggles, as all criminals. Universal society might be pictured, for the illustration of this feature of the moral code, as consisting of two sets of swine, one of which is in the clover and the other is out. The swine that are in the clover grunt: 'Thou shalt not steal, put up the bars.' The swine that are steal, put up the bars.' The swine that are out of the clover grunt; 'Did you make the clover? Let down the bars.' 'Thou shalt not steal,' is a maxim impressed by the property-holders upon nonproperty holders. It is not only conceivable, but it is an absolute verity, that a sufficient deprivation of property, and force and delicacy of temptation, would compel every one who utters it to steal if he could get an opportunity. No one if he could get an opportunity. No one would say that if a lion lay gorged with his excessive feast amidst the scattered carcass of a deer, and a jaguar or a hyena stealthily bore away a haunch thereof, the steatthily bore away a haunch thereof, the act of the hyena was less virtuous than that of the lion. How does the case of two bushmen, between whom the same incident occurs, differ from that of the two quadrupeds? If the under dog in the social fight runs away with the bone, in violation of superior force, the top dog runs after him, bellowing, Thou shall not steel, and all the other top dogs unite in bellowing. This is divine law, and not dog law. But philosophy sees in this contest of antagonistic forces, a mere play of opposing elements, and would as soon assume as a divine command, 'Thou shalt not break out in boils and sores,' to the weakling or leper, as one of 'Thou shalt not steal,' to the failing struggler for subsistence. So the laws forbidding unchastity were framed by those who, in earlier periods of civilization, could afford to own women, for the protection of their property rights in them, against the poor

# Jesuits to Reside in Florida.

The Orange county, Florida, Reporter announces that Mr. James Willcox has given twenty-eight acres at Lake Maitland to the Society of Jesus. This land adjoins the church recently built there at the sole expense of Mr. Willcox. On it one thousand orange trees have been planted, which in a few years will yield a large income. Besides this present, Mr. Willcox has set apart two hundred and forty acres thereabouts, to be disposed of in ten-acre plots to worthy Catholic families who may be unable to purchase elsewhere.

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C. A. Livingstone, Plattsville, Ont., says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever