## A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER VI.

One can imagine the surprise of the one can imagine the surprise of the good clergyman on hearing this request, for he knew how long the sacristan had neglected his duties. He cast a grave, searching look at the man, who divining his thoughts answered: "I am perfectly sober, Father. I tell you something has happened semething something has happened—something very terrible—and I remembered your very terrible—and I remembered your sermon yesterday, and have come to you to confession. But first tell me one thing; supposing the confessor could or would not give the penitent absolution, would the seal of confession in this case still be binding on the

"Undoubtedly," the priest answered. "Very well, now please hear my con-

"Most willingly.—Have you prepared

yourself for it ? I have thought of nothing else the

whole afternoon."
"Then kneel down on this hassock. I do not feel at all well this evening, but the joy of reconciling to God a soul who has so long resisted grace, is the best modifiers I could be grace, is

soul who has so long resisted grace, is the best medicine I could have. First let us implore the light of the Holy Spirit, and the help of the Mother of God, the Refuge of Sinners."

"Have you not better hear me in the bedroom?" asked Loser, glancing timidly towards the door. "I do not want to be seen, and you will not tell anyone, will you, that I have been to confession?"

"I promise you that I will not.
Under certain circumstances it might
even be a violation of the seal of confession were I to do so." Thereupon
Father Montmoulin carrying the lamp
went into the inner room, followed by
the man whose strange conduct mystified
him wave and more, and looked the door. him more and more, and locked the door after him. Raising his heart to heaven, he fervently invoked the enlightenme he fervently invoked the enlightenesses and guidance of the Holy Spirit, for he foresaw that no easy task was before him. Putting on a stole, he motioned to the man, who stood trembling like an aspen leaf, to kneel down beside him.
"Courage, my child," he said, "even

"Courage, my child," he said, "even if your sins be red as crimson—"
"Red as crimson! who teld you that?" interrupted Loser with a shud der. "They are red, red as blood! a clean breast of it, or shall have no rest! Yes I have shed innocent blood, and it cries to Heaven for vengeance. This very day, in this very house, I murdered Mrs. Blanchard, there she lies down in the lumber room. Her blood lies on my soul, it burns me like fire. Now absolve me, Father, I have told you all!"

It is impossible to describe the horror It is impossible to describe the norror Father Montmoulin felt on hearing this confession, wrung from the murderer by an almost frantic terror. He waited for a moment to recover himself, before making a reply, and inwardly besough making a reply, and high. Then he en-deavored to soothe the man's excite ment; he said he was indeed guilty of ment; he said he was indeed guitty of an awful crime, but even the sin of murder could be forgiven, if it was con-fessed with sincere contrition of heart. The blood our Lord shed upon the cross had power to cleanse from that, and yet more heinous crimes. Did he not remember that the Redeemer when hanging upon the cross had pardoned one of the thieves crucified with Him, although he had been a highwayman and had probably committed murder. thus seeking to inspire him with confidence, he told the penitent he must now complete his confession; he must accuse himself of all other mortal sins whereof he had been guilty since his last valid confession, mentioning as far as he could remember, their nature and

Loser answered impatiently that twenty years had elapsed since he last went to confession. How could he be expected to confess all the sins of those past years? "God requires nothing that is impossible to us," the clergyman replied; "He is satisfied if we accuse ourselves of all the sins we can accuse ourseives of all the sins we can remember after a strict examination of conscience; besides," he added, "I will help you with questions."

Loser rejoined that he had made no themselves to lead into his most life here.

attempt to look into his past life, he had only thought about this crime, committed that same day, and for this he was sincerely repentant. Would the priest tell him at once whether he would give him absolution or no; he had not a moment to lose, he ought in fact, to be already far away by that

To his infinite sorrow the good priest recognized from these words that his penitent was lacking in the dispositions requisite for the valid reception of the absolution he desired. He began to exhort him, and entrest him by all he held most sacred, to think seriously of onfession he had commenced. He would help him, he said, to examine his conscience and would most assuredly size science and would most assuredly give him absolution, as soon as he had ob-tained the necessary faculties, and the penitent had conlessed, not only this crime but all other mortal sins with sincere contrition, and shown himself ready to make all the reparation which

Loser rejoined angrily; "The day after to-morrow I must be on the other side of the water! I was a fool, to come to you!" he cried. "And as for speaking with the cried." reparation, what reparation can be made? I cannot recall the dead to

"Unfortunately that is quite impos sible," the priest responded. But if I understood you aright, you killed poor Mrs. Blanchard in order to gain posses. sion of the money that she had with her. As a matter of course you must return the money to the Guild, it was collected to build a hospital. And besides-

" What, am I expected to give up

the money? And what besides .
"It is quite possible that some innocent person may be arrested and even sentenced to death for the murder. In this case you must be ready to inform the court of justice upon its error.'

"That is quite enough," exclaimed Loser, springing to his feet. "I am to hand over the money, and finally give myself up to the law! I am not the idiot you take me for. The wisest plan would be to silence your tongue forever! Who knows what subterfuges there may be in your vaunted seal of confession? I wish I had courage to do it but I have not!" do it, but I have not !"

do it, but I have not !"

So saying, the unhappy man rushed to the door with an oath on his lips, unlocked it, and disappeared in the deep shadows of the corridor. Entering the little kitchen, where he had temporarily concealed the basket, he struck a light. Thrusting the bloodstained hankerchief and the knife under the dresser, he stuffed the banknotes into his pocket book, filled his pockets with the gold and silver coins, and hastened away down the other staircase by which he reached the kitchen on the ground floor, and through it escaped ground floor, and through it escaped into the garden. By a circuitous route he avoided passing through the village and having got into the road to Mar-seilles, ran as fast as his feet could carry him through the darkness until day dawned. Then he crept behind some bushes to rest; and before night he found himself in Marseilles, where he arrived just in time to go on a vessel bound for Montevideo.

## CHAPTER VII.

AN EVENING AT THE "GOLDEN GATE." Mrs. Blanchard lived in the house of her brother, who was the town clerk. She occupied a small suite of rooms in the upper story, with an orphan girl whom she had taken out of charity, for her servant. Her brother and her servant. Her brother and his family had the ground floor. The relations between the two households were not very intimate. The town clerk did not belong to the party of the clericals," and he looked upon his sister, who had ventured to speak to him concerning the new parformance of him concerning the non-performance of his duties at Easter as a devotee and a nis duties at taster as a devotee and a pictist. But the sisterly admonition she had ministered did not rouse his ire as did her great liberality to the poor and sick. He considered that by poor and sick. her lavish almsgiving she was defraud-ing him and his children of the inheritance which ought to be theirs after her death, and had even gone so far as to consult the Mayor, who held the same political opinions as himself, as to whether it would be illegal to put this whether it would be integral to put this spendthrift, as he called her, whose weak good nature was taken advantage of shamefully by the priests, under some sort of restraint. However, as some sort of restaurch incompetency to manage her own affairs was forth-coming, the charitable old lady was coming, the charitable old lady was left at large to go about with her basket on her arm visiting her humble clients, spending daily in the relief of their wants a sum which would seldom have been found to exceed what her brother and the worshipful Mayor ex-pended every evening at the "Golden-

On the evening of the 20th February those two village magnates were seated with a few other habitants of the tavern, like-minded with them-selves each having a bottle before him. Politics had been freely discussed and the increasing influence exercised by the Church denounced and deplored. Le clericalisme, voila l'ennemi! The power of the clergy is the most formid able antagonist we have to combat-such was the watchword of the party.

"And you will see," said the Mayor, striking the table forcibly with his fist, "that these men will get their candidate through at the next election. They are sly, they are increasing in authority, they gain the working classes, the populace to their side by an appearance of benevolence. This hospital, which they are going to build for the Sisters is a trump card their hands, and this Reverend Father Montmoulin is by no means as simple

as one would take him to be."
"The government ought to prohibit the erection of this hospital, and above ail take the duty of caring for the sick and relieving the destitute out of the hands of the clergy and of the Sisters their sworn adherents," said the town clerk.

"It will all come in good time," the Mayor replied. Everything cannot be done in a day. It would be a grave political error on our part to oppose the building of this infirmary, interest the elections are to take place." just as the elections are to take place "I wish we could get some right

scandalous story against a priest into the papers," old Carilon suggested.

"Nobody pays any heed to the old tales now," the Mayor rejoined. Besides our free-thinking journals are not read generally, and the clergy are too wary to let themselves be entrap-ped. Now if one could get a good ped. Now it one could get a good strongly flavored story of something that happened in a place which is known where every one could point at the man and say; 'Just look what your priests are! They are every one

lette for the purpose?" said the town-clerk, slowly blowing a cloud of smoke

into the air. "On the principle: calumniare andocter, semper aliquid haeret; 'If you throw enough mud some is sure to stick, Interposed the notary. The worst of it is, that if such weapons are used, the assailant usually comes off with less credit than the assailed."

That is very true remarked the doctor, a stout, good-natured looking doctor, a stout, good-natured loosing gentleman, taking a pinch out of his gold snuff box. "I for one, advocate a more honorable way of warfare than is sometimes adopted by one party. And as for the laicisation of hospitals and infirmaries, I am dead against it. When I acted as army-surgeon in Italy and again during the last war, I saw behind the seenes. Provided the secular surges had a young, good-looking ular nurses had a young, good-looking officer to nurse, it was all very well; officer to nurse, it was all very well; but let the smallpox or cholera break out in the ambulance, and they soon took to flight. Now the Sisters are no ore afraid of a bullet on the battlefield than of typhus in the military hospital, they are thoroughly to be relied on, and they do not want to be paid

for their services, which is more by a

for their services, which is more by a great deal than can be said of the other nurses. Of course there are some honorable exceptions, but as a rule, let them give me a wide berth."

After this long speech the doctor emptied his glass and got up to go. But the Mayor laid his hand on his arm to detain him, saying: "Now that you have delivered yourself of your favorite opinions, you must drink another glass to the success of the election. Then we must have a rubber of whist before we break up. Waiter, bring the card table and cards."

"Well, I do not mind," replied the

card table and cards."

"Well, I do not mind," replied the doctor, "but it must be only one. It is already close upon 10 o'clock, and I must look in on one of my patients to sight".

night."
The little green card-table was soon placed under the lamp which hung from the ceiling, and the play began.
The stout doctor had the thin, hungry The stout doctor had the thin, hadgry-looking notary for a partner, while the town-clerk had the honor of being paired with the great man of the place. Fortune favored the doctor, who seemed very well pleased with his hand, while on the contrary the Mayor looked very surly, and addressed a few

looked very surly, and addressed a lew uncomplimentary remarks to his part-ner in regard to his play. The doctor was just about to throw down the trump card, which he held in his hand with an air of triumph, when his hand with an air of triumpi, when the landlord, who had been looking on at the game, was called out, and came hurrying back to say that Mrs. Blan-chard's maid was at the door, asking to speak to the town clerk; she was afraid omething had happened to her mis-

tress. "Wait till the game is finished!"

exclaimed the doctor.

But the Mayor, who was glad of an excuse to avoid defeat which he saw to be certain, laid his cards down on the be certain, laid his cards down on the table, and said the town-clerk had better go at once and hear what was the matter, if misfortune of any consequence had befallen Mrs. Blanchard.

"Oh, no misfortune ever happens to

the old devotee, unless she has not got a half penny left to squander on impostors," the clerk interposed in a tone of vexation, as he too threw down his " Let the girl come in."

"Keep your cards in your hand, the game is almost out," cried the doctor, knitting his brows; but when he say the piteous tear-stained face of the girl, he piteous tear-stained lad laying is expression changed, and laying he inquired: "What down his hand, he inquired: ever is the matter, Jenny? Has your mistress fallen down stairs and hurt herself? Do you want me to come? Is she alive or dead?"
"I do not know," the poor girl sob-

bed, a fresh stream of tears running down her cheeks. "She must have down her cheeks. "She must have been murdered; old Susan says so too." And she put her apron up to her eyes.
"A case of homicide in my municipality?" said the Mayor incredulously, what has put such an idea into your nead, child?"

nead, child?"
It was some time before Jenny could compose herself sufficiently to say that her mistress had gone in the morning to the convent to see the priest, and nothing had been heard or seen of her since, though she was to have been

home by dinner-time.
"No doubt the priest told her of some sick person, and she has gone running about after him with her almsrunning about after him with her amis-basket, Heaven knows where, "remarked the good lady's brother half angrily. "No, no," persisted Jenny amid her sobs; "it was not so; she was

going to fetch a large sum of money from his Reverence and come back with

it directly." A large sum of money !" repeated all present, opening their eyes wide in Yes, a whole lot of money that had

been collected to build the hospital : ever so many hundred pounds!
"Good Lord!" ejaculated the Mayor,
starting to his feet, "why did you not

come and tell me this before now? maid, "I waited till dark. And then I wanted to ask mistress's sister in-law what I was to do, but she would not hear a word I had to say, only told me she had enough of beggars. Then I was afraid to go out alone in the dark, at last I ran across to old Susan and she told me that she saw Mrs. Blanchard go up to the con-vent at 10 o'clock precisely, but she did not see her go back. I begged Susan to go with me to Father Montmoulin, for I would not go into that house alone after dark for anything in the world, people say there is a ghost Susan would not go ; she declared his Reverence was ill and had given orders that he was not to be dis-turbed. He did not even have his He did not even have his

supper taken up as usual." We must see if we can venture to disturb the good gentleman, 'exclaimed the Mayor, twisting up his mustache. "Come, Sirs, this singular disappear the Mayor,

'Come, Sirs, this singular disappear

ance of a lady, who apparently fetched
a large sum of money from the clergyalarge sum of money from the clergyman, must be cleared up, and that with-out delay. "You," he said turning to the town clerk, "will, if you please, go instantly to the priest, and ask him what has become of your sister. If you do not obtain a satisfactory answer, we must take his deposition and search the house. Mr. Notary, you will have the goodness to accompany me to the convent; we will remain outside Father Montmoulin's apartments, so as to be in readiness to proceed to business, in case our friend here is not satisfied as to his sister's whereabouts.

you say Doctor, will you come too?"
"I do not see that I am particularly wanted," the doctor answered as he took down his overcoat. have seen my patient I shall go straigh home, so you will know where to find me, if my services are required. I see little probability that they will be, and Is should advise you gentlemen, not to push matters too far, in view of the coming election. It will not do to make the priest responsible for the disappearance of this old lady, if she really

disappeared.' "What question is there of elections and politics when the painful task lies before us of immediately and energetibefore us of immediately and engelic cally searching into what appears to be a detestable crime!" replied the Mayor with an air of offended dignity.
"All in good part!" said the doctor

laughing, as he bowed and took leave of his friends. "For ought I care, you can take a body of police up with you, and call up the sacristan to ring the great bell; that would make quite

"That man never can be serious, served the Mayor. "However observed the Mayor. "However it might be as well to take the police with us in case of necessity. And the sacris-

"The sacristan, Sir, went off to Marseilles last evening, and has not yet returned. He left the keys in my keeping." explained the host. "The policeman is here, having a glass in the

"Take the keys of the sacristan's rooms with you, and summon the con-stable. We will go up together, quite quietly."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE SILENCE OF JOHNNY. MOTHER'S HEART-HUNGER AND HOW

IT WAS SATISFIED. By Harriette M. Collins.

As she asked : " is the letter from Johnny, Mary agra?" the pathetic appeal in Mrs. Ryan's quavering voice and the heart hunger expressed in her wrinkled, parchment like face brought a lump to the throat of her daughter as nlied:

he replied:
"No, mother darlin,' it's from Andy this time.

Why doesn't Johnny write, an why doesn't he come an' see his poor ould mother afore she dies?" the old woman wailed. "Och, but me heart is sore wid the longin' for me darlin' boy, an' me ould arrums is aching to hold him again. Niver a word from him this three years, come Chrisymas! It's not like Johnny! Its not like Johnny at all, at all!"

"But, mother achree, Johnny does not forget you," Mary answered sooth-ingly. "An' he never forgets to send

not torget you. Many answered to send you two pounds every three months by Liza, or Andy, or Katie."

"I know it, Mary. Johnny was always a generous boy; but it's not his money I want, but himself back agin! Shure I'd rather beg wid Johnny than own the wurruld an' all wid-dout him!"

Mrs. Evan answered. "Read Andy's

Mrs. Ryan answered. "Read Andy's letter for me, Mary accushla." While Mary Ryan read aloud the letter which she had just brought from the village postoffice, her mother gazed yearningly over the restless expanse of yearningly over the restless expanse of dark blue ocean, which stretched away to the crimsoning west. With dreamy eyes, which saw but heeded not, she watched the hovering, screaming sea gulls, the white-sailed fishing smacks and the long black streak of smoke that far away on the horizon, marked the course of an outward bound steamer.

For many years Mrs. Ryan had been

For many years Mrs. Ryan had been in the habit of sitting on the rude bench by the door of the cabin, that was perched high upon the rugged hill side, and watching the steamers as they

came and went.
Four times during those weary years the mother's heart within her had grown numb with pain as she saw the black streak fade in the distance and knew that one of her darlings was

knew that one of her darings was being borne away from her. Andy was the first to leave the over-crowded cabin and seek work in the grand land of plenty across the water. for Liza, and in another year Liza sent the passage money for Katie. Then Johnny, the idol of her declining rnen Johnny, the 1001 of her declining years, kissed his mother good bye and, with cheery, hopeful voice, promised to return to her in two, or at the most, three years. With that dumb resignation, sometimes born of a sense of hopeless inability to cope with circumstances, Mrs. Ryan had watched him wend his way, with many a backward glance and wave of the hand, down the narrow zig zag path to the village and the training for Occensions, where the nce and wave of the hand, down the row zig zag path to the village and train for Queenstown, where the rolless steamer waited to bear him by forever from her loving arms. She sembered still how the sunbeams had ared upon his anipura hair that morn.

Going out of the cabin, they found merciless steamer waited to bear him away forever from her loving arms. She glinted upon his auburn hair that morning, and how handsome he had looked in his new tweed suit and green tie. She thought of the tears welded up in his blue eyes when she gave him her parting blessing, and she recalled the silent anguish with which she had sat by the cabin door and watched the black steamer, silhouted against the golden sunset and slowly disappearing in the distance. It had been hard to see the others go, but Johnny—what would life be without

Johnny? That was five years ago. For two years Johnny had written regularly, telling of steady work and good wages and promising to come home for a vacation as soon as possible. Then there came a short, badly-written note encame a short, badly-written note en-closed with a letter from Andy, and

after that—silence.

Andy and Liza and Katie wrote reg-Andy and Liza and Katle wrote reg-ularly and sent money for the support of their mother and Mary. It was Mary's mission to remain in the Old Country and take care of the feeble, aged mother.

Every three months, Andy or one of

the girls sent an order for two pounds and wrote that Johnny sent it with his love. That was all. They never answered the questions concerning Johnny, his doings and his whereabouts which Mary repeatedly wrote at her mother's

"Is that all, Mary? Is there nothing at all, at all about Johnny? Ryan queried in disappointed tones, when her daughter had finished reading Andy's letter.

ing Andy's letter.
"There's not a word in it about Johnny, mother darlin'," Mary answered reluctantly.
"Andy said Nancy Quin is comin' home on the boat that gets in Saturday,

"Yes, mother." Mary replied,
"Nancy is comin' to spend a month with her people."
"An' Nancy Quin lives out in the same family as Liza?"
"An' with Year mother: she's parlor maid

"Yes, mother; she's parlor maid where Liza's cook." "Then, plaze God, Mary, when Nancy comes to see me I'll larn the truth about the onnatural silence of

sheet of paper from beneath the plaid woolen kerchief that was folded across

"Read it for me, Mary agra,

her bosom.

"Read it for me, Mary agra," she said sadly, "read it for me agin—the last letter from Johnny. God bless him, wherever he is, this day and right!"

Mary held the frayed and faded sheet before her eyes. The writing was almost illegible and the paper was worn into holes where it had been folded, but she knew the words by heart and, as if conning a familiar lesson, repeated them slowly:

"Dear Mother: Don't fret if I don't write. I will send money to you now an' again by Andy an' the girls. Mebbe if it's God's will we'll meet before long. God bless you, mother darlin'. Good-bye, from Johnny."

"Three years an' niver a word from him!" sighed the old woman, as she again laid the long treasured note in its accustomed place over her heart. "Osh, but me ould eyes is achin' for a sight of him—me darlin' boy!"

The sunbeams were glittering upon the wide, heaving expanse of ocean which lay between Mrs. Ryan's cabin

the wide, heaving expanse of ocean which lay between Mrs. Ryan's cabin and the great Western world whither

her children had gone.
Sitting upon the bench by the open Quin laboriously climbing the steep, zig-zag path which led to the cottage. When the visitor reached the door and

When the visitor reached the door and the usual salutations had been exchanged, Mrs Ryan steadfastly fixed her eyes upon the girl's face and asked:
"In the name of God, Nancy Quin, why doesn't Johnny write an' why doesn't he come home?"
"Arragh, thin, Mrs. Ryan, darling how should I know that? I haven't laid me eyes on Johnny these three years." Nancy answered evasively, but her embarrassment and the compassion in her voice were not lost upon her questioner.

passion in her voice was a passion in her voice was upon her questioner.
"Don't lie to a poor, ould woman, Nancy acushla," Mrs. Ryan entreated.
"but tell me, God's truth, where me to me?" boy is an' why he doesn't come to me? For a moment Nancy Quin looked with infinite pity into the anxious,

with inunite pity into the anxious, wrinkled, pleading face, then, dropping her eyes before the old woman's wistful gaze, auswered brokenly:

"Don't fret yourself about Johnny, "Don't iret yoursel about soning, Mrs Ryan agra. You'll soon see poor Johnny, you'll be wid your boy before long," and turning away with a stifled sob, she entered the cabin in search of Mary, while Mrs. Ryan sat very still upon the bench and gazed with tear-less, unnaturally bright eyes out upon the bounding, white crested waves of

the Atlantic. "Oh, Mary acushla, she's read it in my face!" Nancy cried in remorseful tones, "an' I promised I'd keep it from

"Keep what from her?" Mary asked anxiously. "Is it anything about Johnny, Nancy agra?" "Yes, Mary," Nancy answered sorrowfully. "Sure an it wrings me heart to tell you. Poor Johnny was killed—run over at a crossin' three years ago."

years ago."
"An' why didn't they let us know?" "Where was the use of

Mary sobbed. "Where was the use of deceivin' us?"
"It was the poor boy's wish," Nancy replied tearfully. "They took him to the hospital and kept him alive for a day, an' before he died he made Andy an' the girls promise they'd never let his mother know of his end. He had a hundred and fifty dollars saved to take him home an' he bade them sind it to her a little at a time wid his love. His last words were. 'Don't let poor mother know! It would kill her! Don't

At last Mary said, wiping her

Going out of the cabin,

Mrs. Ryan still seated upon the bench.
"Mother darlin'," Mary said softly, "it's growin' cold, an' you'd better for your cup of tay. A smile of

There was no answer. A smile of ineffable peace lingered upon the aged, care worn face. In the faded blue eyes, whose unseeing gaze was fixed upon the merciless ocean which had taken her darlings, one by one, from her arms, shone the wondrous light, that never was on sea or land.

To his mother, the silence of Johnny was no longer a mystery. He had not ome to her, but she had gone to him.-Watson's Magazine.

## MR. COREY ON MASONRY. N. Y. Freeman's Journal

Some ill-instructed Catholics think the Church too severe in her legislation in reference to secret societies, imagin-ing that she exaggerates the danger incident to them. For the benefit of those weak and ignorant members we will give some quotations from a letter of J. B. Corey, a Protestant gentleman of Pittsburg, with whom we have been of Pittsburg, with whom we have been for some time back discussing Catholic principles. His letter is published in the Irish Pennsylvanian, of June 14,

1906 Mr. Corey's letter is an account of Mr. Corey's letter is an account of his talk with a young lawyer who as-pired to membership in the Knights Templars, giving his reasons why his young friend should let secret societies everely alone. The young lawyer said : "Oh, Mr.

Corey, you are too much prejudiced. The Knights Templars is a Christian Order. They got their principles from Christ. The very best church mempers and best citizens are members of Masonry and the Knights Templar. George Washington and all the presidents of the United States were Masons. You are the first man I ever heard say anything against the Masonic Order."
To this Mr. Corey, who seems to have studied the subject pretty thoroughly,

said:
"Well young man, I must say you are not very well posted on the history ruth about the onnatural silence of Johnny! Och, but he was the darlin' boy always so gay and pleasant!"

There was a brief silence, after which the old woman drew a worn and yellow young men they lay for. They led

them to form the habit of drink. Now let me give you a few historical facts to answer that one stock of argument of answer that one stock of argument of the lodge champions that all the good church members and good citizens being members of Free Masonry; this will give you the truth concerning George Washington. He was initiated into Washington. He was initiated into Masonry when a young man, but in his mature years it was distasteful to him to be addressed even as a Mason; and in reply to a letter from Dr. Snyder, declared that he had not been in a lodge but once or twice in thirty years. Governor Ritner, in response to a request of the Pennsylvania Legislature to relieve George Washington from the to relieve George Washington from the stigma of adherence to the lodge, proves from authentic documents; "First, that in 1768 Washington ceased to at tend the lodge. Second, that in 1798, shortly before his death, his opinions were the same as thirty years before, when he was thirty-six years old. Third, that he never was a Grand Master or Master of any lodge. Fourth, that by the records of King David's Lodge, Newport, R. I., it appears it was not agreeable to George Washington to be addressed even as a private Mason. Fifth, that all letters said to have been Fifth, that all letters said to have been written by Washington are spurious." I think that disposes pretty fully of the Masonic fables regarding Washington's Masonry. Now let me read you the published opinion of the Order; from another of the Presidents of the United Masonry and you will see how much States; and you will see how much truth there is in your statement that all the presidents of the United States

were Masons.
"His Excellency John Quincy Adams was one of the ablest presidents that ever sat in the presidential chair. It was from him that I first learned that the Order of Masonry was not the off-spring of Hiran Tyre, or King Solomon; but was organized in Apple Tree Tavern in 1717. I confess to you as I watched the procession marching down Fifth avenue, and called to mind that the Royal Arch, and Knights Templar degrees were all American Grafts upon the so called Scottish three degrees of Masonry, I felt the procession of Knights Templar was a fitting tribute to the Apple Tree organization."

Speaking of some Protestant minis-ers who hold high places in the Masonic Order, Mr. Corey says:
"These preachers profess to be unable to understand, why the men,

especially the laboring classes, can no longer be induced to attend church : so that they are compelled to resort to all manner of expedients such as euchre parties, ice cream and strawberry festivals; to get them to support their churches. In calling the editor of the United Presbyterian's attention to the fact that Catholic churches were filled as early as 5 a. m. with men, he said they did not go to worship God. I said what do they go for? He replied from fear of the priests. I asked him fit would not be a good thing for us Protestants to have our ministers inject a little of the terror of the gospel into their ministers. into their ministry. I told him that it was such exhibitions of vanity as that Methodist Sir Knight burlesqueing the gospel that kept intelligent men and women away from their churches! Who would care to sit in a pew and listen to a minister of the gospel por-traying the blessing of the poor in spirit after witnessing him parade down the streets arranged in such a head dress as that of the grand prelate. But then it is just such an exhibition of vanity as you might expect from weak-minded men capable of being towed, blind folded and led around a such that the capable of th darkened room, and taking an oath to have their throat cut from ear to ear let poor mother know! It would kill her! Don't have their throat cut from ear to ear, their tongues pulled out by the roots should they partake in initiating their only by the subdued sobbing of the mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, mad mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, mad men or idiots, into a lodge of Free Masons. Now I ask you. man but a hermaphrodite take such an She's oath?

But let me read you what John Quincy Adams says and as you are a young lawyer aspiring to make an honorable record in life, you will have the opinion of not only an able jurist, but that of a young man who left an example any young man can follow Here is what he says of the entered apprentice's oath. "If I had any apprentice's oath. apprentice's oath. "It I had any right of person or property in a court of justice, with an entered apprentice, or Knights Templar for my adversary, I should much disincline to see any man sworn upon a jury who had been present at the murder, and resuscita-tion of Hiram Abiff, and still more any one who should have crawled upon all fours under the living arch. In other words, I do hold as disqualified for an impartial juror, at least between a Mason and anti-Mason, any one who has taken the Masonic oaths, and adheres to them; not accepting the twelve hundred certifiers themselves.

" I have said to you that the institution of Free Masonry was vicious in its first step, the initiation oath, obligation and penalty of the entered tice to sustain this opinion, I assign you five reasons :

Ist. Because they were contrary to the laws of the land. 2nd. In violation of the positive precepts of Jesus Christ. precepts of Jesus Christ.

3rd. A pledge to keep secrets the swearer teing ignorant of their nature.

4th. A pledge to the penalty of death for the violation of the oath.

5th. A pledge to a mode of death, cruel, unfit for utterance, from human

Again President Adams asks "Have I proved that the entered apprentice's oath is a breach of law apprentices oath is a create of law human and Divine, that its promise is undefined, unlawful, and nugatory, that its penalty is barbarous, inhuman, murderous in its terms, and in its least obnoxious sense, null, and void The first step

least obnoxious sense, null, and total fis on my task is done. The first step in Freemasonry is a false step; the obligation is a crime, and like all crimes should be abolished."

John Quincy Adams, Sixth President of the United States: "I am prepared to complete the demonstration before God and man, that the Masonic caths, obligations and penalties, cannot, by obligations and penalties, cannot, by any possibility, be reconciled to the laws of morality, of Christianity, or of

Daniel Webster, perhaps America's greatest statesman and jurist, said : the land.