

SHUNNED SMALL-POX

An Indiana pharisee Shown in His True Light by a Priest.

HE MINISTERED BY LETTER.

The world judges Christianity by its deeds, and has accepted the virtue of charity as the highest test of religion. Over a year ago the small-pox broke out in Muncie. The virulent disease spread rapidly and soon the neighboring cities quarantined against the quondam magic burg. People in alarm eagerly sought means to stamp out the dread plague. To whom would they turn for relief? The Ministerial Association existed then as now, Godly men, all of elegant physique, and just bubbling over with zeal for God's honor and glory. Naturally we would expect these men to come forward in the time of Muncie's dire distress and exemplify the life of their Master in going about doing good. But as these gentlemen stood before their plate-glass mirrors and gently stroked their cheeks, they concluded that in their case facial beauty would be preferable to the exercise of charity just then, and getting behind their wives' petticoats they shut out from view religion, all beautiful, beckoning them on to duty.

There was found, however, one man in Muncie, diminutive in size though he be, to prove himself a giant in the heroic service he performed for the afflicted of the town. A pest house was bought for small-pox patients, but who was to be there and attend the sufferers? Father Schmidt solved the difficulty. From Chicago came the gentle Sisters of Charity. Silently they entered the abode of the dread disease, and when, like white-winged doves, they took their departure, peace again reigned in Muncie and her people were again wholly clean. Father Schmidt was faithful in attending the sick, consoling all and administering to the dying the consolations of religion.

The members of the Ministerial Association during this time prayed long and loudly that God might keep the disease from members of their flocks, because the pest house, during their waking hours, loomed up menacing before them and at night haunted them in their dreams.

One day an aged and devoted couple was brought to the pest house and one of the two was never to leave it alive. When the faithful wife was informed that her husband's race was nearly run she thought of her pastor, whose preaching had edified her and whose prayers had mellowed her heart into sweet repentance. She would call him new to prepare her husband for the long journey to eternity. So she sent a message to the Rev. S. Clark, pastor of the First Baptist Church, asking him to hasten to her husband's bedside. Of course the Rev. Mr. Clarke, as a faithful pastor, responded to the call of duty? Well, he didn't. Friends immediately noticed that the reverend gentleman's countenance grew pale and haggard. A lump formed in the good man's throat and at meal-time his food remained untasted. Cold chills chased one another up and down his clerical spine. Gradually a thought wiggled its way into his cranium—he would write a message, and as the dying man's eyelids were closed forever to the light of day the nurse could read the message to him. Ah, but the nurse was a Popish, nun and could he trust her? Nervously curling his mustache he remembered a brother preacher who had passed through a siege of small-pox, and who, no doubt, would willingly be the messenger, and to him the precious document was entrusted.

To justify himself for refusing to go, Mr. Clarke says, "no minister's hands

can save you." The statement is absolute and unconditional, consequently no minister can assist in saving a soul either directly or indirectly. Under what title then can the reverend gentleman draw his salary? Of what use is he in the pulpit. Would it not be a saving of time and money if his flock would remain at home and read the one hundred and thirtieth Psalm and receive prayerful messages from their pastor? It seems to me that the services of a preacher are ever needed at the bedside of the dying, and if Mr. Clarke believes otherwise, he is of the class of thieves and robbers spoken of by our Lord, who entered not the ministry through the door but the window.

Now for the aftermath.

Father Schmidt was sent for, and he went. The man became a Catholic and died a most edifying death, and no doubt is now in heaven.

Muncie should never forget who freed her from the scourge of small-pox—the heroic Sisters of Charity.

Muncie should ever admire the true Christian Charity of him who braved danger in behalf of suffering humanity—fearless Father Schmidt.

Muncie should ever respect the religion that inspired both priest and nun to deeds of most heroic charity.—*D. J. Mulcahy in the Catholic Times.*

Notes in Court.

What bade fair to be the most sensational and keenly contested criminal trial in the history of the Canadian courts opened on Thursday morning last. The array of legal talent was such as might easily give premonition of an active contest and the first cross-examination showed this assumption to be correct. The first questions asked by Mr. Lount showed that the principal crown witness was to be discredited, if possible.

A week before, the death of his wife had removed one of the foremost of Canadian counsel from the conduct of the case for the crown, and the chances of the prisoner in that case were thought to have been thereby improved. Mr. Osler was now back again, and at his side sat the able young crown attorneys, Messrs. Dewart and Curry.

At another table sat Mr. Lount, and beside him the two New York lawyers who have been so active in this case, Mr. Wellman, the district attorney of New York who conducted the famous prosecution of Mr. Erastus Wiman, and his partner, Mr. Gooch. Mr. Wellman is a smiling, alert, bright-eyed man, with that steel-trap aspect we have come to associate with the outcome of American living at high nervous pressure. His bearing is quiet and introspective, and his face quite impassive. His colleague, Mr. Gooch, is a fair, clean-shaven, well-built man, who might be classed as of the type of large-bodied and large-brained men, the like of whom President Cleveland has drawn about him in his cabinet.

The first figure to attract attention is Mr. Justice Street. Viewed on the bench, his Lordship has a decidedly ascetic look; one has to see him skipping actively up the stair to understand his athletic disposition.

Mr. Osler is possibly the best known figure amongst all those who are famous in the Canadian bar. His tall, striking figure, his heavy, sallow, impressive countenance, his piercing, suggesting eye, his quietness in conducting his own case, his apparent unconcern at exciting times, his general aspect of possessing great force in reserve for emergencies, all lend dramatic interest to his appearance.

The Canadian counsel for the defense are men of very dissimilar appearance. Mr. Lount is an erect figure, well proportioned, and seems to have escaped the common fate of hard-working lawyers, preserving a healthy looking, almost rosy complexion. He

is one of those in whom, as with the great Plunket, excitement sends the blood pumping visibly to the head. Mr. Johnston, who made so successful a case the week before, does not, on the other hand, seem to be upheld by great physical capacity. His appearance argues an acute, accurate intellect, rather than sheer natural force. His semblance of calm covers a great deal of suppressed nervous activity. Mr. Murdoch is tall, slight and younger-looking than any of his colleagues, except, perhaps, Mr. Horn.

The trial opened by Mr. Lount asking that Mr. Wellman be allowed to plead and cross-examine witnesses. This privilege his Lordship felt unable to grant. It appears that the constitution of the law society is responsible for this decision, and not any ill will or discourtesy on the part of the court. The prisoners, who are Americans, naturally desired the full assistance of the clever men who have largely handled their case up to this point, and the result was a disappointment not only to them, but also to many present, barristers and others, who were curious to compare the American with native talent.

The swearing in of the jury was a tedious task. As a man stepped into the jury box, two or three pairs of eyes glanced for a moment at him. Generally speaking, a glance was enough. At one time twenty-one men were challenged before one was selected for the jury. Osler, Wellman, and Johnston seemed to gauge the disposition of a candidate instantly. Eventually the twelve men were selected and sworn and Mr. Osler stated the Crown's case. His manner was cool, his delivery simple, natural and conversational, and his presentation of the case clear, effective and impartial.

The trial thus begun promises to be long drawn out. There are ominous rumors in the air that methods have been or are to be introduced into the trial which will test legal ability to the fullest limit.

From day to day the court room has been fully occupied. Not a few women, several clergymen and a great many lawyers were almost always present.

Items from Everywhere.

The coming centenary of Maynooth College is being made the subject of articles in the Catholic magazines. The current Catholic World has a very interesting paper on the famous Irish seminary and its 100 years of existence; but the most complete account of Maynooth will doubtless be found in the work which Canon O'Hanlon, the distinguished Irish ecclesiastical writer, is preparing for the centennial celebration. Doubtless the American Catholic hierarchy and priesthood, which count in their ranks many men who read their theology at Maynooth, will be duly represented at the college next month.

The American hierarchy will have numerous representatives this month in the Eternal City. Cardinal Gibbons is to start for Rome as soon as he has participated in the celebration of Arch-Bishop Williams' golden jubilee, and he will have as a travelling companion Bishop Foley of Detroit. Monsignors Scannell of Omaha and Cosgrove of Davenport have already started for the Holy See, and Bishop Shanley, with some other prelates, are preparing to follow. Moreover, there are some American bishops on the other side already, so that the American church will be well represented there this season.

According to the last official census, 64,517 out of the total Newfoundland population of 181,374 were Catholics, and a later census taken in their parishes by the priests puts the Catholic population at 78,900, most of them being of Irish birth or descent. There are, as is well known, three episcopal districts in Newfoundland, St. John's and Harbor Grace being bishoprics,

and the western district forming a vicariate-apostolic, from which Dr. Howley was recently promoted to the bishopric of St. John. The whole island is, moreover, as far as its hierarchy is concerned, directly subject to the Holy See.

Mr. Maguire, M. P., who was married recently to Miss Peel, eldest daughter of the late Speaker, owes his success in life, in one respect to Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the great pioneer and millionaire in South Africa. They were college friends at Oxford, and in after life Mr. Maguire went out to South Africa, where he made a large fortune. It was the member for West Clare who got the Matabele concession out of Lobengula. Mr. Maguire lived in a splendid London residence in Park-lane.

The address which Lord Halifax delivered in England the other day, and in which he alluded to the appeal of the Holy Father to the Anglicans would seem to indicate that the apostolic letter is destined to obtain a better reception in Anglican circles than some people thought possible. Lord Halifax appears to have been very favorably impressed by the interview which he had in Rome with the Sovereign Pontiff, but the latter part of his address gives color to the assertion that Cardinal Vaughan was not in favor of having the Holy See make any special appeal at this time to the Anglicans, with which attitude the cable had previously credited the archbishop of Westminster.

Major-General John Newton, whose death was announced last week, was, during his life time, an emphatic contradiction of the calumnies which their enemies level against American Catholics on the issue of their loyalty to this country. General Newton was at once one of the most distinguished and gallant officers of the civil war. He participated in a large number of the great battles of that war, and although he was a convert to Catholicity his faith was of the most thorough and uncompromising sort, and no one ever imagined that his loyalty to his church impaired, or in any way interfered with, his fidelity to the country for whose sake he fought so bravely over a quarter of a century ago.

And there is little doubt that the next conclave will choose at the successor of Leo XIII, a Pope who will walk in his footsteps and continue his policy. The great, good results that have ensued from that policy are too numerous and too important ones not to have an influence in the coming conclave whenever it may be held. Doubtless there are ecclesiastics in Rome who dissent in some minor particulars from the course which Leo XIII has at times followed, but on the main features of his policy, especially his attitude on the Roman question and his liberal views, there is practical unanimity among the dignitaries who will have a voice in the choice of the next Pope.

It is easy to understand that Leo XIII, who, more than any other individual, is conscious of the benefits which the policy that he has pursued since he became the head of the church has brought to the Papacy, should wish to see that policy continued until its full fruits are gathered. Hence it is not in the least surprising that he has addressed a document to the cardinals setting forth his ideas on the subject, with a view of influencing them to choose, when the proper time comes, a successor to himself who will continue his policy. The Holy Father does not limit to his own lifetime, which he knows cannot be long now, his interest in the church, but seeks, in this document, to give to his successor and those who will choose him the benefit of that wisdom which has so strongly marked his own Pontificate as well as the results of his experience.