

A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE.

The Evening Mail, of New York, some time ago sent to France a special correspondent for the purpose of getting a plain, unvarnished story of the facts as regards the present relations between Church and State in France. The Evening Mail recently published the first instalment of a series of letters which are intended to show how the rights of Catholic Frenchmen are constantly violated. In the first place there exists a conspiracy of silence so far as the French and foreign press is concerned. This is especially true of the English and Italian press. English newspapers are unwilling to publish anything that will reflect upon England's French ally. Hence the silence that keeps from the English all knowledge of the outrageous religious persecution now in full swing in France.

The Evening Mail's correspondent referring to this silence says: "The entire cordiality of vital importance in Great Britain's policy of isolating Germany. The head of the big news agencies in London said the other night: 'Why should we bother with matters which do not directly concern us, and which would be offensive to the Government of Italy?' Here we have the explanation of the studied silence of the English press in reference to the way Catholic rights are ruthlessly trampled upon by the French Government."

A correspondent of an Italian newspaper having told the truth about the infamous policy adopted by the Clemenceau Government towards Catholics, was on the point of being expelled from France. Through the intervention of Count Torielloni, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, the order for expulsion was withdrawn. The Italian Ambassador at Paris warned the offending journalist of what he might expect if he continued to criticize Clemenceau's anti-Catholic policy. If it were not for the existence of this conspiracy of silence, foreigners would be shocked by the recital of brutalities such as were recently described in a lecture by M. Maurice Barres, one of the foremost literary men of France and a member of the French Academy.

The title of the lecture was "The Teachers." M. Barres told of the manner in which a little school girl of the tender age of seven was punished by her teacher for committing the unpardonable crime of going to Church on the previous Sunday. She was compelled to stand on a table and recite the Lord's Prayer before the entire class. She began: "Our Father, Who art in Heaven."

At this point she was interrupted by the schoolmaster saying: "Hold on, there. Your father is not in Heaven. Don't tell fairy tales. I just passed him in the street." When the child, continuing the Lord's Prayer, said: "Give us this day our daily bread," she was once more interrupted by the schoolmaster exclaiming: "Stop! Stop! It isn't your father who gives your bread. It is the baker who gives your bread. The following Sunday the little girl again went to Church. On Monday she was compelled to mount a table and recite the Hail Mary. She had got no farther than the first two words of the prayer when the schoolmaster broke out in this fashion: "Wait! Wait! Good manners above everything. Does that woman visit your home? Has she been introduced to her? You must never salute any ladies except those you know."

Schoolmasters of this kind are scattered all over France. That they might have a chance to imbue children with contempt for the religion of their parents, Catholic teaching congregations were disbanded and their property confiscated by the State. To make every French school house a nursery of atheism is a part of the programme which has for its ultimate object the complete uprooting of Christianity from French soil.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL

EXPLAINS THE CHURCH'S PRESENT POSITION IN FRANCE.

Mr. Maurice Gandolphe, editor of *Liberte*, Paris, writing from Rome on the interesting topic of what the Vatican will do in presence of the actual situation of religious affairs in France, gives the following summary of an interview held with Cardinal Merry del Val.

"Yes, the negotiations of the episcopate with the French Government are definitely and irrevocably broken off, if you wish to call a rupture the fact of our refusing to discuss what would be our dishonor and our failure—not to speak of our ruin which is accomplished and accepted."

First of all, we will be silent henceforth, in the name of the elementary logic; we would arrive at an understanding. How coolly the French Government informed us that we could not accept the service of the ex-religious clergy whom it had secularized? From a governmental point of view this implies an unexpected lack of good sense. When the Government ordered the religious to leave their several orders, that was the extent of the law. But it was never pretended, or imagined that they should be deprived of their priestly characters which we could provide for, nor of their rights of citizenship which they should enjoy under the protection of national law.

On the other hand, the Government has loudly and repeatedly declared that the clergy lose all standing and all quality as public functionaries. Does it need that I show you by what extravagant despotism and by what unjustifiable constraint this same Government punishes with taking away the standing in the law's eyes of the very same citizens who have complied with the law? And by what an inconsistent subterfuge this law also becomes oppressive, and, to tell the truth, offensive to those holding titles to these functions, when once their public standing is no longer recognized? At least good breeding ought to have induced the Government to present us with a little more serious process of reasoning. We are too polite to credit a Government with such a piece of asinine logic, and we can see nothing else in this fantastic ultimatum except a brutal exhibition.

"There is then nothing to discuss, for further negotiation would be an irreparable surrender of our honor. Because a government takes it into its head to go outside its law, which comes and goes with it, shall the Church betray itself by approving an act of criminality which it is made the victim of? That would be one of the gravest crimes imaginable. The Church is powerless to keep the secularized religious in their legal standing, but she will guard them in all that she knows is their due. If an ex-congregatist, who has become a secular priest, come to a Bishop, who alone is responsible, and if he be found fit to discharge a sacerdotal role, by what right, and under what pretext can the government intervene? As far as the government is in question, there are no longer congregations or members of congregations in France, but priests solely; and over these the Church alone has choice and charge."

"Besides, since we are credited with being so great in diplomacy, much of which is said to us untruthfully, why do people get into their heads that we are going whimsically to complicate a situation at once new and difficult? It is only in Paris—and we might ask in what Paris—that the childish idea could arise that there is an effort toward the secret reconstruction of dissolved congregations. When we cannot be accused of disloyalty an attempt not to be convicted us, in advance and on principle, of all sorts of clumsy movements. And then the insult of asking us to subscribe to these kindly accusations!"

I do not insist on the question of church repairs, which perhaps is less acute, but just as unreasonably worded and equally as vulnerable when practically looked at. I have been told of a church in Paris that requires one hundred thousand francs for immediate urgent repairs. In the name of all that's fair, where could the pastor get that amount of money? And if he undertook the repairs with uncertain and insufficient funds, fancy the situation of the responsible insolvent, when the contractor's bills run beyond the limit of the popular subscription? It means bankruptcy as sure as fate; and there is not a pastor in all France but is aware of that fate. But on this matter the government asked neither our approval nor our views.

A POWERFUL SERMON.

Pope Pius X. lately in an audience to some missionary priests said:

"Preach the doctrine of hell, preach it strong; preach it as Christ preached it." This counsel of the Holy Father found a vigorous echo in a missionary sermon preached the other night by Father McGuire, S. J., in the Sacred Heart church, East St. Louis.

After a brief resume of what had been said in the previous sermons on the end of man, and the malice of mortal sin, the preacher launched out into his awful subject. He began by asking: Is there a hell and is it such as there have always believed it to be? The infidel would settle for himself and for others the existence of such a place by sweeping denial, the worldly-minded Catholic would divest it of its horrors, its eternal damnation, and convince himself by some species of logical jugglery that there is even a modicum of happiness to be found in that prison house of God's justice. A silver light will appear, red or blue, or green, according as it is viewed through colored mediums, and the same light will have a yellow tinge if seen by jaundiced eyes; but this does not in the least change the nature of the light.

So with hell; we may view it through the optics of passion or prejudice; we may soften it down to a something that has little or no horror for human weakness; we may deny its existence altogether; dispute all that infinite wisdom declares with no uncertain sound "that it is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

For half an hour Father McGuire spoke with cold, subtle reasoning of the proof of hell's existence, dwelling on the sanction of the divine law, the belief of all ages and all nations, and many texts of Scripture drawn from the Old and the New Testament.

After this the imagination was called into play, and the preacher took flight to the infernal regions, where he applied the various senses to the awful realities that surrounded him. With him we saw the lurid fires and the smoke arising from the pit, the haughty mien of the devil's gloating over their success, and the manacled slaves writhing in torture with a look of eternal despair stamped on their horrid features. We heard the cries, the shrieks, the blasphemous taunts of the damned, the opprobrium hurled at the demons, the recrimination of accomplices in sin, the vain and empty cries of regret echoing back from the rocks of eternal despair. By means of apt comparisons and striking examples the preacher depicted the constancy, the intensity, the eternity of hell's torments, asking with the Holy Ghost, the while, "Who can dwell with devouring flames? Who can endure everlasting burnings?" So strongly, so terribly did this application of the senses impress the audience that they saw and heard and tasted and felt the torments of the lost, as if they themselves were to a certain extent, actual witnesses of the reality.

Before concluding the subject the missionary dwelt at length on the mercy of God; all he has done and still doing to save sinners; how His Fatherly heart yearns for the return of His prodigal children; how He forgives and forgets our iniquities if we will only turn to Him with a sorrowful and contrite heart. But, if, despite God's infinite goodness and mercy, we refuse to walk in the straight path which leads to Zion and there to live and die in peace, how, in reason, can we think of charging the good Lord with our perversity and ruin?

By odd sayings, witticisms and comical examples, Father McGuire went to relieve the monotony of his strong and earnest discourses; but this time he was too much impressed with the fate of lost souls to deviate in the slightest from the strict lines of seriousness.

TO FIGHT INTemperance.

AS THE SALOON IS ITS GREATEST FRIEND SO MAY THE TEMPERANCE CLUB BECOME ITS ENEMY—EVERY PARISH SHOULD BE EQUIPPED WITH HALL AND GYMNASIUM.

Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P., rector of the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D. C., delivered a lecture on the Life of Father Mathew, or Total Abstinence, at the Pittsburgh cathedral, on Sunday, April 7, in which he made a special plea for the temperance club.

The lecture is the first of a series on Total Abstinence to be delivered annually at prominent Catholic centers, under the auspices of the Catholic University. When the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America endowed a chair at the University, this annual lecture was made a condition. Heretofore the lecture has been delivered at the University, but the thought that so many more people would be thereby reached determined the University authorities upon the plan of gradually covering the country by holding the annual lectures in the large cities.

The reversed lecturer said in part: There are three great causes of drunkenness in this country to-day. The saloon is one of them and perhaps the greatest, and the so-called moderate drinker is another.

The American saloon, with all its accessories, including its peculiar political and social power, the outcome of our political life with its manhood suffrage, is a unique institution. It is quite true that liquor is sold the world over, and every nation has its place where refreshments are dispensed. The places differ as the characteristics of nations differ, for I suppose there is no place where human nature is so without disguise and free places of the world, and consequently no place where the characteristics come out in stronger relief.

The public house has been erected in all civilized countries. There is a personality about the American saloon-keeper that differentiates him from his cousin in any other nation. His importance began with the era of prohibition. After the war a peculiar conjunction of circumstances heaped the masses of the population together into cities. Thousands of loose, unattached elements, who had no home-life, but who had been accustomed to the wild scenes of camp and the roving excitement of a soldier's life came home from the battlefield to earn a living for themselves. Simultaneously with this set the immense tide of immigration.

The saloon often became the workman's club. Its absolute freedom from all restraint made it the resting and lounging place of the homeless. It seems to me that just now the time is peculiarly apt for bringing to our attention the immense amount of practical good that can be done by temperance halls, gymnasiums and club houses—places where the societies may gather for their social life, where the attractive features of the Y. M. C. A. may be united under Catholic auspices, and where particularly the young men may be induced to find wholesome recreation, far from influences that are baneful to their faith or degenerating to their moral life. Many of our best societies have already established these club houses. It is always well in the movement that looks to the building of these club houses, to place the project under the administration of the parochial authorities. Some of our gravest difficulties in the past have come from total abstinence societies settling up a temple at whose shrine the virtue of abstinence was worshiped, while the virtue of obedience to the parochial authorities was trampled under foot. Moreover, if the parochial administration is behind the project, the financing of it will be an easy matter. The proper supervision of it will keep it from the danger of becoming a political hot-house, or merely an incubator for prize fighters.

The advantages of a well regulated and attractive temperance hall or club house nowadays are so many that it is hardly necessary to enumerate them all. The highest is the well recognized fact that it will attract into our societies by its gymnasium and athletic features the young men. One of the most potent agencies about a church is the well equipped gymnasium. No schoolhouse should ever be erected in a parish unless the basement or some other portion of it is devoted to a gymnasium. Temperance societies can easily take up this work, because total abstinence is a prime necessity for success in athletic sports.

SKIN DISEASE

is Blood Disease

"Fruit-a-tives" clean the blood of all impurities and clear the complexion.

Pimples and blotches—Redness—Boils—Eczema and other inflammations of the skin—mean Impure Blood.

A person with a bad complexion always suffers from poor digestion—non-action of the bowels (or Constipation) and often the kidneys are weak.

These unhealthy organs cannot rid the system of the waste matter. It is this waste—taken up by the blood and carried to the skin—that ruins the complexion.

"Fruit-a-tives" cure all skin troubles because they cure the kidneys and bowels.

"Fruit-a-tives" cause the eliminating organs to do their

proper share of the work of ridding the system of waste. This purifies the blood—and instantly the pimples and blotches disappear, and the complexion clears.

"Fruit-a-tives" are a wonderful cure for Pimples and Blotches on the skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices, intensified, and combined with valuable tonics and antiseptics. They are without doubt the greatest blood purifier in the world. 50¢ a box—6 for \$2.50. At all druggists.

Fruit-a-tives
(OR FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.)

DEVOTED PRIESTS AND PEOPLE.

The Right Rev. Bishop Keane, of Wyoming, who is in the East in the interest of the Church in his sparsely settled diocese, in an interview with the representative of the Tribune, of Providence, R. I., while the guest of Bishop Harkins, feelingly alluded to the sacrifice made by the priests and people on the western frontier for their religion.

"I have known men and women," said the Bishop, "to drive over fifty or sixty miles of almost inaccessible roads to partake anew of the divine things of their faith. These are men and women whose lives are dominated by the great realities of the supernatural. They move with a mystic temple, for all their life is a worship, happy in the consciousness of a father's presence and care."

"There are engaged with us in the work fourteen priests. Six of these have no homes, and some of them neither church nor chapel in all their territory. They live in the stage coach or on the trail. They are true missionaries, who renew by their devotion and endurance the best traditions of the Church's glorious apostolate. They have pleasures only in conscious association with a great and world-wide cause, and in an unselfish and active participation in the great work of establishing the Church in a new country."—Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.

DRUMMOND'S UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Boston Transcript.

It seems that our charming Canadian guest of a few years ago, Dr. Drummond, the poet, who has immortalized the "habitant" dialect, gave to his friend, Walter Brackett, the trout painter (they were fond companions of the fishing pool,) while here in Boston last, a copy of the verses which he recited in the studio with tears streaming down his face, and which, because they commemorated the poet's own son, Mr. Brackett has thought too sacred and intimate ever to allow published in the lifetime of the author. They are published here as an affectionate tribute to the gifted lover of things "both great and small!"

THE DREAM.

Last night when I was sleeping I dreamt a dream,
An' a wonderful was it seemin'—
For I'm on de road I was never see,
Too long an' hard for a man lak me,
So ole he can only wait de call,
Is sooner or later come to all.

De night is dark an' de portage dere
Is narrow, wit' log layin' ev'rywhere,
Black bush aron' 'em de right de left,
A sign from de road, an' you los' yourself;
De moon an' de star above is gone,
Yet somethin' tell me I mus' go on.

An' off in front of me I go,
Light as a dreef de fallin' snow,
Who is dat little boy dancin' dere?
Can he see de light an' de right de left,
Can he see de light an' de right de left,
An' out dere among de tree—

An' den I hear'n a voice is sayin',
"Come along, fader, den I mus' de way,
De boss on de camp is I was goin',
So you leetle boy is goin' to guide you too;
It's easy for me, for de road I know,
'Cos I travel I mus' a year ago."

An' O! den I'm I'm in de turn hoe head
I'm seein' de face of de boss de dead,
Dead de face of young blood in hees vein,
An' dere before me he mus' again,
Wit' de curly hair an' de dark blue eye,
So lak de blue on de summer sky—

An' now no more for de road I care,
An' slipper log layin' ev'rywhere,
De swamp in de valley, de mountain, too,
But climb it just as I use to do,
Don't stop on de road, for I need no rest,
So lak an' de dere, de leetle wite dress—

An' I feller it on, an' wance in a wile
He turn again wit' de baby smile,
An' say, "Fader fader, I'm here, you see,
We're botte together, just you an' me,
Very dark to you, but to me it's light,
De road we travel so far to-night—"

De boss on de camp w're I always stay,
Since ever de lam I was go away,
He welcome de poorest man dat call,
But love de ch'ildren de best of all,
So dat's de reason I seek for you,
An' come to-night for to bring you too.

Lak de young Jean w'en He's here below
De face of my leetle son look jus' so—
Den off beyon' on de wood I see
De wite dress fadin' among de tree—

Was it a dream I dreamt last night
Is goin' away on de mornin' light

If you wish others to spare you, do
you spare others.—La Fontaine.

EASTLAKE STEEL SHINGLES
METALLIC ROOFING CO.
TORONTO, CANADA



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The soul is the very center of our life. We lead but a base, mean and partial existence if our soul merely takes cognizance of its human and palatable surroundings.

"With this fact in view, it seems almost criminal to put up an ostentatious, expensive church, unless with it or before it there are provided for the growing boys and young men an assembly hall, gymnasium or reading room. If we take care of the young men of this generation the fine cathedrals and glorious churches will come in the next."

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