

The Angel of the Apocalypse.

[From Katherine Tegen's new volume, "The Angel of the Apocalypse."]

Down through the village street, Where the shining shafts were sweet, Swiftly the angel came, His face like the star of dawn, When night is in the heaven; His hair was a blown gold flame.

His wings were purple of bloom, And eyed as the peacock's plume; His robes were of the rainbow's hues, Clear brows with aureole rimmed, The gold ring bright and dimmed, Now rose, now fell on his hair.

Oh marvelous eyes! All strange with a rapt surprise, They stared and dreamed as he went; The great light of the white, Screened the glory from sight; His lips were most innocent.

His clear hands shined withal, Now lifted, silver and white, That had grown in the presence of God; His robe was fashioned and spun A threads from the loom of heaven; His feet with white fire were shod.

O grand, with the grave, white brow, No dust of travel had there, Yet those hands came from afar, Beyond the night and the moon, And thy brother the evening star!

He entered in at the gate, Now lifted, silver and white, Where the law-breakers shiver and quake; The rustling of his long wings, Like music from gold trump strings, Or songs that the birds make.

None saw as he passed their way; But the children paused in their play, And smiled as he came near; A bird sang clear from the nest, And a babe on its mother's breast, Stretched hands with an eager cry.

The women stood by the well, The water was clear and bright, The chatter and gossip grew mute; They raised their heads to the eyes, Had the gold sun waxed in the skies; Was that the voice of a lute?

All in the stillness and heat, The angel passed through the street, Now passing by the well, God's finger-tongue on his lips; His great wings were of the rainbow's hues, His gold hair flame in the wind.

CHARLOTTE'S ESCAPE.

THE ILL-STARRED EMPRESS SAVED BY HER BEAUFORT.

Twenty-one years ago on the morning of the 4th of June, 1866, during the time of the Franco-Mexican war, there was great excitement in the city of Mexico, caused by the sudden appearance of the Empress Charlotte, riding on a white swift mare through the streets at full speed. She was without escort, and her course was from the western side of the Palacio Nacional, situated in the heart of the city. The bells of the great cathedral and of every church in the city were ringing; a regiment of French cavalry came out from the Palacio Nacional and went through Plateros Ave, west toward the royal castle of Chapultepec. Groups of men gathered on the corners of the streets and in the cafes, asking each other what it all meant; women and children appeared in front of their houses and balconies, making anxious inquiries. Some said the Liberala (Red Liberala), as the Mexican soldiers fighting for their country were called) had come to lay siege to the city; others that the Empress was near being caught by a gang of bandits, but that she made her escape ahead of her body-guard of soldiers, or guard d'honneur; others surmised that it was the guerrilla band of General Aureliano, from the mountain of St. Juan, fifty miles from the capital in pursuit of a French regiment carrying off the army; and another affirmed it was a French battalion, bribed or suborned by a Mexican general, who, deserting his party had gone to join the Mexican army.

Soon the regiment came back conducting twelve men, eight of them in an ambulance cart and a woman in a coach. The curiosity of the people increased, but the soldiers had strict orders and did not answer a single question, even to their comrades. However it was learned that the empress, while on her way to Chapultepec, was assaulted by a guerrilla band, that she escaped ahead of her soldiers, who were either killed or wounded, with the exception of her body-guard, who was also safe. Charlotte, after this event, no longer frequented her favorite riding place from the Palacio Nacional to the Royal Castle of Chapultepec. In fact, four days afterwards, Maximilian, with his court, went to Olinda (State of Morelos), his summer residence, to spend part of the summer. While there he received that well-known letter from Napoleon III, saying "he had resolved to abandon him to his own fate." This induced the empress to the extraordinary resolution of going herself to Paris, for the purpose of conferring with Napoleon, and persuading him to continue his aid to the precarious Empire. Accordingly she sailed from Vera Cruz on the 8th of July, and reached Paris the 9th of August. The following day she presented herself at the Palais de St. Cloud, where she had an interview with Napoleon, who received her in a very old manner, and refused to help Maximilian any longer, adding that he was going to order a retreat of the entire French army from Mexican soil. The disheartened empress left Paris and went to Rome, where she was lodged in the Vatican. The next day she gave signs of a disturbed mind, and on the 4th of October she was recognized as having lost her reason, and was taken to Laeken, near Brussels.

Maximilian received the sad news about his wife's condition at the same time that Napoleon, urged by the notes of Secretary Seward, ordered the retreat of the French army from Mexico, when the Mexicans, roused like one man, endeavored to complete the expulsion of the invaders. Seeing that everything was against him, the Emperor decided to resign his crown and return to Europe. He was on his way to Vera Cruz, his baggage was already on board the frigate Dandolo, when he received the letter from his secretary, Riou, saying that he had been welcomed by his brother Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, he would be imprisoned as soon as he dared to step on Austrian soil, God only knows what impression this letter made on him, and the result was that he resolved to go back to the capital and abandon himself to his fate. The end of this unfortunate prince is well known, who paid with his life on the hill of Le Campans for the foolishness of lending himself as an instrument in the

hands of the ambitious *ipoli* Napoleon.

In 1878 I was coming from the city of Mexico to El Paso, Texas, and by chance I met General Aureliano, who is now a member of the national congress in the city of Mexico. We began to talk of the improvements of the country and other topics. When we passed the city of Queretaro, where Maximilian was made prisoner, I mentioned the incident about the Empress Charlotte in 1866, and he said: "Yes, it was I who made the attempt to capture her." "Will you explain to me how it was, and what he answered." "You may remember," he said, "the decree of the 3rd of October, 1865, issued by Maximilian and his ministers, and which read: 'Every Mexican caught with any weapon in his hands shall be executed immediately.' It is said that Maximilian himself was opposed to this decree, but influenced by Bascombe and the Empress Charlotte, was compelled to issue it. Now by this mercenary law we lost the bravest of our soldiers and the best of our officers and the best of our generals. In May of 1866, the well-known and perhaps the best of our guerrilleros, Nicholas Romero, was taken prisoner in Jalisco and brought to the city of Queretaro, where, together with others, he was to be shot the 6th of June. I had a great regard for this man, brave in battle and merciful with his prisoners, and I resolved at the risk of my life, to save him. I was commanding 1,000 men; my headquarters was the Mount of St. Juan, which you know is not far from the capital; I chose sixty of my bravest men, and favored by the darkness of the night of the 6th of June, I led them through the forests of the road connecting the castle of Chapultepec with the capital; I hid my men and myself in a small river along the road; I knew the Empress had to pass between the hours of 6 and 7 in the morning, as she was accustomed to take a ride every morning at that hour from the city to the castle. My intention was to capture her, and by doing that I was sure to rescue my great friend. I also knew she had with her ten or twelve men, but I had six times that number, and what gave me confidence was they did not expect such an attack. I waited. The horse came, and said to my soldiers: 'Don't hurt the woman on a white horse, but try to capture her.' Just then Charlotte came in sight, and with the cry to my men, 'For Mexico,' we sprang up to the bed of the road, and a hand-in-hand struggle at once began. The empress, to my surprise, instead of being toward the castle, as I expected she would, turned to the city. I followed her closely—very closely. I was about to catch the tail of her horse, but by that time I was at the gate of the city and before 200 or more French soldiers who were thunderstruck at the sight of their empress passing like lightning between them. The captain commanding this body of soldiers was Bonlangere. I took advantage of their surprise and went back to my men. The empress owed her life to the beautiful mare. Indeed, that mare beat my horse and saved her mistress. When I reached the place where my men were, all the French soldiers with the exception of one, the captain, were lying on the road, some killed, others wounded, and a woman was also lying on a stretcher of one of my soldiers. I told the captain to take care of his companions and the woman, and ordered my soldiers to retreat to the Mount of St. Juan. I was unsuccessful, but even now I feel conscious of having done all in my power to rescue a dear friend.

DECORATED BY HER STATE.

WE HAVE KATE SHELLEY WEARS A WELL-WON GOLD MEDAL.

Newportville (Pa.) Letter to Pittsburgh Dispatch.

To day, at the house of a mutual friend, I met a nineteenth century heroine—a young girl who wears upon her breast a massive gold medal that was presented to her by the Legislature of the State of Iowa some years ago, as a mark of its appreciation of her wonderful courage and presence of mind. Tall, erect and well-proportioned, with her dark, bright eyes, rosy cheeks and clearly cut features forming a charming picture of strong, true American womanhood, Kate Shelley, of Boone, Ia., is a girl that any father of any State might be proud of. She is to day twenty-two years old, but she was only sixteen when, by an act of daring bravery she won the admiration and gratitude of the people of her native State and made her name famous among them.

Not the Fact.

Catholics are often confronted with the action of this or that alleged Catholic, and we are twitted with these instances as showing the loose hold Catholicity has on its members, or the little it effects in keeping them on the right road.

The world is prone to censure those who fall under its ban and to gloss the defects or worse of its favorites. Catholicity is not in odor with the world—and the criticism that comes promptly to the worldling is rarely if ever accompanied by the reflection that if here or there a themselves in connection with Catholic influences.

Take the family: are not Catholics free from that terrible ulcer of divorce, which is not only to be dreaded when accomplished and a household is broken up, but works an alarming unseen evil in the bare fact that divorce is possible? The marriage tie may well sit loosely, since it can be so readily severed.

Is there not something to be said for the self-sacrificing parental spirit manifested by Catholics in supporting parochial education and higher schools, all in the interest of a conscientious rearing of their children? This, too, when temporalities are injured by it, inasmuch as the State school graduate enjoys substantial public preferences; while, further, Catholics have to *pro rata* carry the burden of the vast wasteful expenditure of the State educational system.

To come to a matter quite to our American doors just now: regard the conservatism of the Catholic masses and what it implies? What right-minded, reflective and intelligent man but must admit that were the Catholic working-men to incline to the socialistic trend of too many labor organizations, a deadly bloody conflict would shortly be precipitated with capitalists and authority on the one hand, the restless many on the other.

Is this not a vital Catholic influence that to-day protects the American hearth and home? Is it not a living barrier of stout hands and clear consciences prepared to do battle for the very class that too often despises and indeed wrongs this humble Catholic labor?

On the other hand and across she crawled out on the remaining tie to the last one, and holding on with one hand for her life, she leaned over the water as far as she could, and waving her lantern, cried at the top of her voice.

From the black gulf below there came in answer the faint accents of the engineer, who told her it was a freight train that had gone over and that though badly injured, he had saved himself from drowning by crawling under some broken timbers. He believed that all the other train hands had perished, and advised her to proceed at once to the nearest station, warn the approaching express train of its danger and return with help for him.

Retracing her steps, the young heroine was soon hastening along the track with all the speed she could make against the howling tempest towards Morningside, a small station about one mile from Honey Creek. To reach that point she had to cross the high trestle bridge over the Des Moines River, a distance of 500 feet. Her trembling foot had scarcely taken its first step upon the structure when a sudden and appalling burst of thunder, lightning, wind and rain nearly threw her over into the water and at the same time extinguished her light. Matches were blown over her, even if she had them, and she was now unable to see even a hand's length before her, except when a vivid flash of lightning revealed the raging waters beneath her or the dark outline of the swaying bridge to which she clung. Throwing away her lantern, this dauntless American girl again dropped on her hands and knees and thus made her way through the darkness and storm from tie to tie over the perilous trestle. Reaching firm ground again she soon covered the short remaining distance to the station, breathlessly told her story, and then fell in a dead faint at the station agent's feet.

Success was hastily despatched to the suffering engineer in Honey Creek. Telegrams went flying up and down the line, notifying the railroad officials that the bridge was gone.

Just one minute after the brave girl had fainted, and while she still lay unconscious, the express train came rushing in. When the passengers learned of the awful accident from which they had been saved they were so overcome with gratitude that a medal should be given her to commemorate her daring act, and appointed a special committee to present it, her heroism being made the theme of many eloquent speeches.

When the fame of brave Kate Shelley's exploit spread throughout her native State, men and women of all classes united to do her honor. Several subscription were started for her benefit, and if money for the short remaining distance to the station, breathlessly told her story, and then fell in a dead faint at the station agent's feet.

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Yet in the very breath that some of our exchangers smell the Church as weak, because some political hireling, may be, calling himself a Catholic, gives scandal of disobedience, the same paper will revile the Church as a tyrant, its followers as abject slaves.

It reminds us of the guards over the sepulchre of the resurrected Christ. They said that while they slept the disciples came and removed the body. There are editors too who seem to see with their eyes shut.

The fact is, only a divine Church and an implicit obedience to its laws can save the best of us in this trying world, but the fall of a practical Catholic who frequents the Sacraments, punctually attends the Mass and practices morning and evening devotions, is rare, in any condition of life, and back of such a fall there must have been the saddest of temptations.—Catholic Observer.

A RECENT MIRACLE AT LOURDES.

From the Month.

It not infrequently happens that when a large section of a nation rebels against God, He asserts Himself in their very midst by miraculous manifestations of His divine power. While they are refusing Him the minimum of "reasonable service" He confronts them with direct evidence of His supremacy over the laws of nature, although the evidence may not be accepted by minds blinded by prejudice or passion, it often acts as a staff to the wavering, and as a source of fresh courage to steady believers. Without vouching for the miraculous character of every favor alleged to have been granted at Lourdes, we cannot deny that the wonders God has wrought there are innumerable. When the wave of infidelity and moral degradation now sweeping over the land of St. Louis was beginning its destructive work, a counter wave—if we may be allowed the expression—of re-awakened faith and renewed charity has been raised up to counteract the evil and misery that were approaching, and its power has been nowhere so manifestly manifested as at Lourdes.

Among the numerous miraculous answers to prayer recorded in the history of the grotto, not the least interesting comes from the pages of the *Revue Religieuse de Rodes et de Mende*. Marie Ricome, a native of the village of Onet-le-Chateau, was born in 1861, and from an early age attended a convent day school until she was fifteen. She then entered domestic service, and three years later showed such unmistakable signs of a vocation to the religious state that her director advised her to apply for admission to the convent of the Visitation nuns at Bordeaux, where she was received as a *secular novice*. Not long after the completion of her novitiate, she was appointed to assist in adorning the repose altar for the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament on Holy Thursday. In the discharge of this duty she radically injured her spine by the effort she made to carry a large flower-pot containing a laurel. But the energy that had prompted her thus to overtax her strength, enabled her for a time to make light of the pain she suffered, and for a few days she continued her usual duties. Struggle with physical suffering is often an unequal contest, and it was certainly so in Marie Ricome's case. She was forced to yield, and was laid up in bed. When the doctor attended the community called to see her, she merely told him that she had acute pain, but she did not name its cause, neither did she detail her symptoms. Judging of her case from insufficient information, he treated it as an attack of neuralgia, with no other result than that of aggravating her malady. At the end of three months the marriage theory broke down to give place to the idea that Sister Ricome was a victim to acute rheumatism. Sulphur baths and complete rest brought her some little relief, but the improvement was only transitory, and she relapsed into her former state of suffering. Under these circumstances it was decided that she should return to her native air and spend some time with her family.

Sister Ricome left Bordeaux in 1882, after remaining a month at Onet-le-Chateau, and the greater part of the year at Rodes, where she underwent a course of treatment similar to that which she had received at Bordeaux. She joined the diocesan pilgrimage to Lourdes in July, 1883. Her prayer then was, not for complete restoration to health, but for sufficient strength to enable her to return to the religious state. Health she could willingly sacrifice, but she could not sacrifice her wish to be a religious. At the end of the first day of her pilgrimage, she was immersed in the miraculous water, but with no apparent effect, and she returned to Onet-le-Chateau saddened by the failure of her petition, yet with her wishes directed more ardently than before to a cloistered life. She confided the matter to the cure of the parish, who advised her to make a retreat at the Abbey of La Trappe, at Bonneval, and seek the counsel of Father Emmanuel, a celebrated director of souls. He saw her vocation almost at a glance, and sent her at once to the superior of the Carmelite convent at Mende.

At Carmel the young postulant was received with open arms; happiness—the happiness of religious life—was hers once more, and little by little she was able to fulfill her new duties, though her sufferings remained unmitigated. After being a *secular novice* for sixteen months, she begged to begin her novitiate as a cloistered religious, and favor was granted. It was something of an experiment, but she had a brave heart, plenty of determination, and unbounded confidence in God, and, despite her infirmities, she managed to keep up to regular observance for four or five months after she had put on the habit. Then came the inevitable breakdown—the trial of her trust and patience—but it did not find her wanting. After another year of toilsome and prostration, a doctor from Mende was called in; and then the bed-ridden novice for the first time related the story of her malady from the very beginning, naming its cause, the various courses of treatment she had undergone, the opinions of the medical men who had attended her, and the fluctuations of her illness during the three years she had been its victim. After a careful examination of his patient, the doctor, M. Boyer,

declared that the spine had been affected by her overstrain of strength at Bordeaux, that there was a displacement of one of the vertebrae, and that the paralysis of the legs with which she had been afflicted for nearly a year, indicated a decay of the backbone. This was not a promising aspect of affairs for a novice; and, despite the skill and care of the medical man, Sister Ricome's case became every day more hopelessly incurable. One of its most distressing features was that every effort made by the nuns to secure her presence at Mass, only served to aggravate her sufferings, for the slight movement necessary on her part caused formation of painful abscesses on her spine. A more searching trial than this was in store for her. Being only a novice, she could not hope to remain in the religious state with such shattered health, and for the second time in her life she received the unwelcome intimation that she would be obliged to return to the world. So persuaded was she, however, that she would be cured through Our Lady's intercession, that in parting with her superior and Sisters at Carmel, on May 16, 1885, she did so with the steady conviction that she would soon restore to him in good health to finish her novitiate.

Within a month she was received as a patient in the hospital of Rodez, and lodged in St. Ursula's ward, where the doctors confirmed the opinion of her case given by M. Boyer at Mende, and brought every available resource of science to bear upon it. All of no avail; the only earthly prospect before her was that of being a bed-ridden incurable for a lifetime of suffering. In the beginning of August she heard that there was to be a pilgrimage from Rodez to Lourdes the following month. Here was her opportunity; but it was a matter of no little difficulty to obtain the necessary permission from the hospital authorities. It was granted, however at last; and the poor sufferer prepared for her journey by a novena to Our Lady of Lourdes, in which she was joined by the Carmelites at Mende and the Sisters of Charity and their patients in the hospital at Rodez.

On Monday, the 28th of September, Marie Ricome began her arduous journey to Lourdes, which was reached by the pilgrims early the following day, St. Michael's Feast. Then she was carried to the Hospital of Our Lady of Dolours, placed in a chair before the altar where Mass was being celebrated, and received Holy Communion. Shortly afterwards she was taken in a litter to the miraculous grotto, where her confidence of obtaining her cure suddenly forsook her, as she awaited her turn to be plunged into the healing waters, while the sound of the intercessory Rosary went up to the Mother of God from the thousands assembled there. When Marie Ricome was lowered into the water she experienced no sensation but that of cold; two minutes afterwards she was taken out and placed upon a chair; then she felt a gentle diffuse itself through her body and give it new life. She rose; her legs were no longer stiff and insensible, but full of life and obedient to her control; she could walk; she was cured! And then the chant of the *Magnificat*—the token of gratitude for a miracle from Mary's hands—interrupted the intercessory Rosary, while the favored client who had regained her health entered the grotto and knelt there a while in thanksgiving. Far from being alarmed, Marie Ricome did not think herself radically cured. She experienced some slight pain in the soles of her feet, and considered it an indication that the root of her recent physical ill had not been destroyed. This led her to enter the water again both on the 29th and 30th of September; but, as she was already cured, and as the pain in her feet merely resulted from her not having used them for so long a time, these further immersions were not followed by any results.

She returned to Rodez perfectly well, and in November was again at Mende, where her former doctor, M. Boyer, asserted that her sudden and complete recovery was both thorough and extraordinary. It was soon decided that she should resume her novitiate at Carmel. She re-entered during Christmas of the same year, receiving the name of Sister Mary of the Immaculate Conception; and on February 2, 1886, she was received as a *secular novice* in the hospital at Rodez, stating that she was in perfect health; that she was able to keep up to regular observance from morning till night, and that the doctor at Mende had told her that "la sainte Vierge m'a guerie toute seule et que les medecins n'y ont pour rien." At the end of March, just six weeks after her return to the hospital, the principal witnesses of Marie Ricome's former illness and present health stated that she could walk, work, and move about without experiencing any pain in her spine; that her health daily improved and that it was evident to all that in her Our Lady's power had been miraculously manifested. Testimony of the same character was given several months later, and there is no doubt that cure is not only a complete but a permanent one.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites is sold all over the world. It is far superior to plain Cod Liver Oil, palatable and easily digested. Dr. Martin Miles, Stanton, Bury Bucks, London, England, says: "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion, and taken it myself. It is palatable, efficient, and can be tolerated by almost anyone, especially where cod liver oil itself cannot be borne. Put up in 50c. and \$1 size.

There is no remedy known to medical science that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, or any form of summer complaint afflicting children or adults.

If attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for the bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cholera and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

WORMS CAUSE MUCH SICKNESS among children that Freeman's Worm Powders will surely cure.

ROME AND THE INQUISITION.

DISPASSIONATE ACCOUNT OF THE CAUSES AND DOINGS OF THE INSTITUTION.

The average reader never ceases to connect the code and acts of the Roman with those of the Spanish Inquisition. It is, indeed, a very easy task to discover the collateral tie, but a very difficult one to conscientiously compare their histories in the light of one and the same institution. Founded in 1248 under Innocent IV, its primary object was the guarding of Christian faith and morals against the adverse influences of various sects that arose from time to time during the later middle ages, and whose votaries had finally become so bold and treacherous that heresy was regarded in those days as the very worst of crimes.

Administered at first by the zealous Dominicans, the "Holy Office" was the means of instituting the most salutary reforms. It was not until it became identified with the state that its nature and purpose were corrupted into a tool of the unscrupulous monarch, whereby its religious characteristics were obliterated in Western Europe acquiring in later days the opprobrious name of "Spanish Inquisition." That section of the Inquisition operating in Italy, being under the immediate and paternal influence of the popes, retained its ancient characteristics, and remains to this day a purely religious tribunal.

The church's creed evidently does not embody oppression among its articles, though such was the predominant spirit among the Spanish Inquisitions. Indeed, from their clutches not even an eminent ecclesiastic could free himself when once rendered his as a suspect; and it was only after a mighty struggle that Sixtus IV. succeeded, by pure virtue of his office, in debarring the establishment of its courts in those cities of Italy then belonging to Spain.

Yielding to the urgent appeals of Isabella, Sixtus, in 1480, consented to its establishment as a means, more political than religious, of preserving the integrity of the monarchy, then disturbed by the intrigues of the Moors and Jews and countless criminals.

The pontiffs were ever ready to extend the hand of charity and offer asylum to the unhappy refugees of every creed and race who sought protection from the fury of the Inquisition. In fact, a large share of the necessities of the poor are taken advantage of, and needy men, who would cast honest ballots if let alone, are tempted into selling their votes, thereby electing bribe-takers to office, disgracing their manhood, and injuring the country.

Ineffaceable and simple-minded workmen are at first induced by ward politicians to perpetrate election frauds which, if made public, would consign them to the penitentiary. Many of the young men of our cities as they grow up are lured away from useful and honorable occupations and mastered into the service of the despotic political class.

The atrocities of the Spanish institution were thoroughly and completely abolished by the decrees of the Council of Trent. The Church may hold herself irresponsible for her crimes. More than once had seen her own bishops summoned before that arbitrary tribunal with no hope of pardon or freedom, even through the good offices of the Holy See.

The Spanish Court of Inquisition was a mixed tribunal, composed equally of lay and clerical members, and its authority ultimately commenced and ended with the crown; and to give it a yet more civil character, it followed the example of the common law, and followed up conviction and punishment by arbitrary confiscation of personal property.

The king filled his treasury with these spoils. It was to the advantage of the royal family to covertly encourage its excesses. On the other hand the penal code of the Inquisition was merciful and just when compared with the code of the kingdom as administered in the time of Charles V.

The latter was rife in red-hot pinners, mutilation and terrible methods of capital punishment, while the Inquisition was free from all such barbarities. (Compare Heffeli's "Life of Ximenes.")

Even Florentine (Lorenzo), the fallen priest historian and avowed enemy of the inquisitors, admitted in accession to a marked difference was evident between the inquisitorial and government prisons; and this nominally religious court enjoyed ere long the reputation of being the justest tribunal in Christendom, a title which, to say the least, was wholly inapplicable to a court that occasioned by its own voluntary acts so much misery and suffering.

Whatever accusations may be hurled against the Roman Congregations in the exercise of their offices, it is a solemn historical fact that, during the long and varied careers of those powerful tribunals, no authenticated case of capital punishment has ever occurred in the dominions of the Pope, where they exercise their chief authority.—A. K. Glover in North American Review.

A GHASTLY PLASTER CAST.

There is a curious object of interest in the Algiers Museum—a ghastly plaster cast of the Christian martyr Germain, writing in agony of death. Tradition has for 300 years told the story of the Moorish lad who, coming under the influence of Spanish missionary monks, became a Christian and a saint. He abjured the faith it was said, for a brief moment under the pressure of bitter persecution and slavery; but returned to it with new zeal, and proved it in the end by a heroic and horrible death—that of being thrown alive with his hands tied behind him, into a block of liquid concrete, which was afterwards built into the wall of one of the outlying forts near the city. Such is the tradition, simple and literally true in its minutest details as was proved in 1858, when part of a fort was demolished, and a block of concrete found containing the accurate impression of the writhing body, face downward, and the hands tied with cords behind the back. The block itself was deposited with great honor in what used to be a Mohammedan mosque, but is now the Roman Catholic cathedral of the town.

TAMARAC ERLIXIE.

It is not advertised to cure consumption, but it has made some remarkable cures of persons supposed to be in the first stages of that disease.

CATHOLICS AND CIVIC VIRTUE.

The Duty which every Catholic Citizen Owes to Society.

AN ABLE ARTICLE FROM THE PEN OF P. T. BARRY IN SEPTEMBER CATHOLIC WORLD.

In speaking of the labor troubles which agitate the country, Cardinal Gibbons not long ago referred to the demands of our laboring-men for a more equitable share of the product of their labor, and warmly recommended their protection by legislation from the unjust exactions and aggressions of certain capitalists and monopolists. For this wholesome advice Cardinal Gibbons merits the thanks of every true patriot, of every friend of justice and fair play. His noble words should inspire every Catholic layman of influence throughout the land to lend his aid in the passage of such laws as will be fair to all and burdensome to none. It is no less our duty as Catholics than it is our right as citizens to join in any movement having for its object the welfare of our fellow-citizens, the peace and good order of society, and the advancement of the nation which gives us security, happiness and liberty. The trouble among our laboring men are taken advantage of by socialist agitators, and there is danger that many who think themselves unfairly treated under the existing order of things may become infatuated with the teachings of Carl Marx, Frederick Engels, Ferdinand Lassalle and other agitators.

We are now about to enter upon that stage of our national development which will require the combined wisdom of the ablest, wisest and most unselfish men of our country to guide successfully the destiny of the republic. Our immediate danger closely associated with that of the labor troubles is the universal system of corrupting public officials which prevails in our great cities. Capitalists combine for private gain, and in a wholly unscrupulous manner obtain, by means of bribery, from the chosen servants of the people franchises and rights that belong only to the public, and which should be used for the benefit of the people or held in reserve for posterity. In fact, a large share of the present of corruption because this system of corruption because this system of the necessities of the poor are taken advantage of, and needy men, who would cast honest ballots if let alone, are tempted into selling their votes, thereby electing bribe-takers to office, disgracing their manhood, and injuring the country.

Ineffaceable and simple-minded workmen are at first induced by ward politicians to perpetrate election frauds which, if made public, would consign them to the penitentiary. Many of the young men of our cities as they grow up are lured away from useful and honorable occupations and mastered into the service of the despotic political class.

The atrocities of the Spanish institution were thoroughly and completely abolished by the decrees of the Council of Trent. The Church may hold herself irresponsible for her crimes. More than once had seen her own bishops summoned before that arbitrary tribunal with no hope of pardon or freedom, even through the good offices of the Holy See.

The Spanish Court of Inquisition was a mixed tribunal, composed equally of lay and clerical members, and its authority ultimately commenced and ended with the crown; and to give it a yet more civil character, it followed the example of the common law, and followed up conviction and punishment by arbitrary confiscation of personal property.

The king filled his treasury with these spoils. It was to the advantage of the royal family to covertly encourage its excesses. On the other hand the penal code of the Inquisition was merciful and just when compared with the code of the kingdom as administered in the time of Charles V.

The latter was rife in red-hot pinners, mutilation and terrible methods of capital punishment, while the Inquisition was free from all such barbarities. (Compare Heffeli's "Life of Ximenes.")

Even Florentine (Lorenzo), the fallen priest historian and avowed enemy of the inquisitors, admitted in accession to a marked difference was evident between the inquisitorial and government prisons; and this nominally religious court enjoyed ere long the reputation of being the justest tribunal in Christendom, a title which, to say the least, was wholly inapplicable to a court that occasioned by its own voluntary acts so much misery and suffering.

Whatever accusations may be hurled against the Roman Congregations in the exercise of their offices, it is a solemn historical fact that, during the long and varied careers of those powerful tribunals, no authenticated case of capital punishment has ever occurred in the dominions of the Pope, where they exercise their chief authority.—A. K. Glover in North American Review.

There is a curious object of interest in the Algiers Museum—a ghastly plaster cast of the Christian martyr Germain, writing in agony of death. Tradition has for 300 years told the story of the Moorish lad who, coming under the influence of Spanish missionary monks, became a Christian and a saint. He abjured the faith it was said, for a brief moment under the pressure of bitter persecution and slavery; but returned to it with new zeal, and proved it in the end by a heroic and horrible death—that of being thrown alive with his hands tied behind him, into a block of liquid concrete, which was afterwards built into the wall of one of the outlying forts near the city. Such is the tradition, simple and literally true in its minutest details as was proved in 1858, when part of a fort was demolished, and a block of concrete found containing the accurate impression of the writhing body, face downward, and the hands tied with cords behind the back. The block itself was deposited with great honor in what used to be a Mohammedan mosque, but is now the Roman Catholic cathedral of the town.

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