

HALF HOURS WITH THE SAINTS.

Saint Apollonius. WORLDLY AND SINFUL PRESENCE.—Apollonius, one of the most learned and eloquent Roman senators, had been converted to the faith in consequence of his communications with the Pope, Saint Eleutherius, and by a profound study of the Holy Scriptures. Religion at that time, namely, under the reign of Commodus, was blessed with but little repose. Apollonius devoted himself without fear to Christian deeds; he was denounced by one of his slaves, and cited to appear before the Senate. The informing slave was bound to the wheel, in accordance with a decree of Marcus Aurelius, which forbade, under pain of death, any denunciation of the Christians. Apollonius, far from seeking to screen himself, took advantage of so noble an opportunity, to make before the whole Senate an impassioned defence of Christianity. The senators were shaken in their opinions, and religion gained the victory; but the prefect, Perennis, hastened to pass sentence against him by virtue of the edicts bearing on persecution, which had not been abolished, and from a fear lest some example might involve political results too important. Apollonius was accordingly condemned to public torture and put to death: the very pagans were filled with indignation at such an enormity.

MORAL REFLECTION.—Such false prudence, leading inevitably to crime, has been pointed out by the apostle in these words: "Be not wise in your own conceits." (Rom. xii. 16)

Saint Leo IX.

JESUS CHRIST IN THE PERSON OF THE POOR.—Humility well becometh true greatness, and is ever merciful. Bruno, Bishop of Toul, and of the illustrious family of the Counts of Aspurg, was elected Pope at the Diet of Worms in 1049. Never was choice more happy, for the pontiff elect possessed all the virtue and wisdom, patience, courage, and grandeur of soul, needful to restore peace to the Church and re-establish discipline. He alone accounted himself unworthy, and did everything in his power to demonstrate this to the assembly. Being forced to give way in their presence, he appealed from them to the people and clergy of Rome, presenting himself before them barefoot and in the humble garb of a pilgrim, hopeful of being rejected. The general voice declared in his favour. He answered in all things to what had been expected of him. One day he placed in his own bed a leper who had begged hospitality. The leper disappeared, and it is piously believed it was Jesus Christ himself that had appeared in the case of the illustrious St. Martin. Leo died in 1054, after having held the pontificate most worthily for five years.

MORAL REFLECTION.—Let us hold in honour "those men of mercy, whose godly deeds have not failed." (Eccles. xlv. 10)

Saint Theodinus.

WISDOM UNTO SOBRIETY. St. Theodinus, Bishop of Thomas in Scythia, has been trained in the leonine path of the Greeks; into Christianity he imported that wise philosophy recommended by the Apostle, which attempts zeal while enlightening it. Hid away, so to speak, in the midst of a barbarous race, oftentimes exposed to the exactions of princes and kings who deemed him rich because of his gifts; and dwelling amongst a population which regarded him as all-powerful, because God had granted him the gift of miracles, he stood in need of as much prudence as zeal, and of wisdom equaling his ardour. But it was especially at the Council of Chalcedon, convened by St. Epiphanius for the condemnation of the writings of Origen, that he showed to what a degree moderation reigned in his mind. St. Epiphanius, impelled by a hatred for error, sought to have Origen condemned absolutely. St. Theodinus, urged by a love for truth, resisted the proposal, whatever there was of good in these writings. The council, animated in the outset by the hostile sentiments of St. Epiphanius, ended by advocating the views of St. Theodinus. This occurred in 431.

MORAL REFLECTION.—True wisdom consists in never exceeding the right line. "Do not more wise than it behoveth to be wise, unto sobriety," says the Apostle.—(Rom. xiii. 3)

Bishop England's Story of the Cincinnati Sec.

The late Dr. England, first Bishop of Charleston, S. C., was wont to relate a remarkable incident connected with the then vacant Bishopric of Cincinnati, for which two names whose claims seem equally balanced—Mr. Hughes and Mr. Parell—had been suggested to the Holy Sec. and Dr. England, at that time visiting Rome, had been urged, if possible, to hasten the appointment, the importance whereof he frequently impressed upon the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, who finally confessed to him the dilemma of the S. Congregation as to choice between the two reverend candidates presented, adding: "If you, Bishop, can mention any particular, no matter how trifling, wherein one seems to you better qualified than the other I think we may come to an immediate decision." After some little reflection, Bishop England suggested, as a point deserving of some consideration, that the Rev. Mr. Hughes, being emphatically self-made man, would perhaps be on that very account more acceptable to the people of a Western diocese than the Rev. Mr. Parell. "Ah!" said Cardinal Franconi, "I think that will do," and the next day he informed the Bishop, with an air of extreme satisfaction, that the question was settled: "As soon as I told the Cardinals what you said relative to Mr. Parell being a self-made man, they agreed upon him unanimously, and the nomination will be forthwith presented for approval to His Holiness." "I was about to explain the mistake," adds Bishop England, "but I reflected that it was no doubt the work of the Spirit of God, and was silent." The Cardinal never knew of his mistake.

The Catholic population of Albany, N. Y., is about 45,000, nearly half of the entire population.

THE HUB.

Joachim Miller Visits the Athens of the New World.

The following letter appeared in the N. Y. Standard of Saturday. I do not know how I am at last in the Athens of the New World! What thoughts crowd upon the mind as one approaches and enters this wonderful old city of advanced thought. As we write of it, with singular and conflicting emotions, this city, which has named itself the centre of the Western Hemisphere, the hub of the universe! This learned and illustrious city! The home of Professor John L. Sullivan; the birthplace of Jesse Pomeroy; the only city in the world that to-day has an amateur boy-murderer, who reads the Testaments in the original Greek. I do not know whether he believes in this Testament or not. But that is merely a detail; a matter of little importance to so learned a city as this; the only city in the world that has a Tewksbury tannery for a suburb. The only city in the world that has a reformer in every man, now foremost in the sun never goes down on the British flag in its circuit of the earth. It may as certainly be said that the sun never goes down on the Boston reformer. There is not a place on this earth where he is not to be found; if he can only make it pay, even so he will be there. It is this city of advanced thought that it now converts the skins of its poor into razor straps, kid gloves, tobacco pouches, boots, shoes and bindings for hymn books. Other cities, not so advanced in thought, bury their dead and waste all this. Oh, it is a great thing for a city to have noble universities and museums and great learned thinkers to lead the world and lecture the world and impress the world continually with its tremendous bigness!

Boston is not a beautiful city, in any sense. Suburban it has of the most lovely; however, all the drives about the outside of the great city of science and thought are a perpetual delight; the roads are perfect, cool, clean, and hedged by over-reaching oaks and other well-ordered trees; while back from the road thousands of beautiful homes, perfect in arrangement and architecture, testify to the refinement and good taste of their owners. But the heart of Boston is horse cars; horse cars and graveyards. The streets are the narrowest in America, if you except those of Quebec, and the street cars the longest, broadest, and biggest. And these horse cars seem to be as countless and omnipresent, as are the Boston women at twilight along the doubtful margin of Boston Common. These narrow, crowded, crooked and ugly streets are dirty, dirtier a great deal than are the streets of New York. And it is putting them down as pretty dirty. A hot day here, the horse cars blocked by hundreds, the narrow, slippery pavements packed, a dreary drizzle, a graveyard on either side of you, and I tell you your enthusiasm for this city of science and advanced thought ceases out of you; and you lift your face toward Banker Hill monument, questioning, THE "COMMON."

Real of it, love it from afar off, but don't come to see it on a hot summer twilight. For at that season and that hour it is "Common." I tell you that they did not burn all the witches in the old days on Boston Common, or were their ashes scattered, as traditional dragons' teeth!

Coming directly from Quebec, a Catholic city, with the biggest part of a hundred thousand people, is not a single house of doubtful fame—settle here and remember this—I was simply appalled at the immorality of this great city and centre of American culture. Mark you, I am no saint. Born and bred far away from Boston, I have had little chance, at school or anywhere, to be abused and busy all the time. I have grown up sadly to need; but I like purity, however impure I may be. And, by the way, I am not in question now. We are discussing immortal Boston Common, where they buried the witches, whipped the Quaker and roasted the negro. The council forbade it, and put it on record that the burning of the negro set a smell upon the town like unto roast pork, and must not be done more. Of course Boston Common, where the trees are, away down further in the newer part, too, where the flowers are, when the nature is, is the place is perfect; but here where man grows or rather where woman is, this muddy, dirty margin of the river of humanity, this mall! It is a market. It is a shamesome market of shame, this peopled part of Boston Common at twilight. I think there is nothing in it, not a good thing in the world. And I have seen the best side as well as the good side of almost every city on this earth worth seeing. True, the best people are out of town at this season and may be some of these women are rovers like myself. Anyway, it is awful! What is our religion for? Protestants, are you not? Well, I was brought up strictly so, and by the strictest Protestants, too. But I tell you it is time to see if there is not something wrong in it; or something of the sort. For, Quebec, your Catholic neighbor, not 25 hours away, has not one pitiful woman of shame within her walls. Angry to be told this? Well, it is my duty to tell you. Furious, are you! None of my funeral! But it is, and I weep at it. Speaking of funerals, let us go to TEWKSBUURY.

And mark you—the editor of this paper will testify to it, too—that I do not choose to take any credit. There are better things, prettier things to see and write about than this new industry in the shoe and leather business. But the staff of a great paper is a little army. It has its orders, and every man must obey them.

"What is the fare to Haymarket station, cable?" "I get a dollar from gentlemen, sur, an' ye looks like a gentleman!" "None of that, my gentle Frenchman. I am going to Tewksbury, and I don't want to be skinned, even if I do go there, half a dollar." "Ye knows yer way about it, I'm at yer service, sur." I jumped down at the Haymarket station, which is still a sort of market of stale fruit and cheap literature, it was in my hand at the window for a fifty-five minutes."

"Twenty cents; start at 12 sharp; time, fifty-five minutes." And with all the clerk's stamp and his prompt and precise answers to my questions still ringing in my ears we drew out and were

whirled away towards the unhappy town of Boston's homeless poor; those who have been hit in the battle of life, wounded, mortally wounded in the intellect, and unable to cope with their fellows, live yet on; wounded, mortally, in the soul; dying morally, in this incessant battle between good and evil, shot down early in the fight with all the tears of manhood and womanhood wasting away there in the hospital! Pity them; oh, pity them! Help them. Help them. Will they ever get well and come out of the hospital with their soul healed? It is not much to be shot down physically and die there on the green grass and be buried there and so sleep forever. It is not much for a man to die in battle so. But for a woman to be wounded, morally, to be taken to this sort of hospital, to heal her soul, as it were. Pity her everybody; help her everybody that can.

IN THE HOSPITAL OR POORHOUSE. One short hour from Boston, inland, remote from the sea, but set on a little hill of land, and healthy I should say so far as good air and location could make it, and we were set down at Tewksbury Station. A little Black Maria sort of wagon, driven by a kindly old man who would accept no fare, drew us half a mile up to the top of this barren hill of sand and stone and we were into the stoutly picketed poorhouse, by a one-armed porter, to the Superintendent. But do not get into the impression that the place or its surroundings are barren or bare. Many trees stand in the enclosure of a few acres with the houses making a circle about the outer edge of it. And there is grass here, too, and some flowers. And then on the outside there is a healthy and well-ordered farm, several hundred acres of tillage, stone fences, pine trees in clumps, a few oaks and many little tangles of wild grape vines in the less ambitious growth of woods; but what I mean to say is the land is very poor, granite stones and tawny sand make up the solid earth here, without and within the Poorhouse of Tewksbury.

And I found nothing here at all strange or startling, or out of line with the usual order of such dreadful places. In truth, I found those in charge of the unfortunate much more gentle and patient than the hardy Englishmen who showed me over Bodlam a few years since. The place is even better ordered, although, of course, not so imposing, and even of a little different character, too, than the malhouse of Toronto, which I saw only the other day. It is a fact that all such places are sad, are simply horrible, if you go among the inmates. But the kitchen here and all its appointments is a work of perfection. Better bread I never ate. In fact, I believe if I had the regular Tewksbury fare instead of what I now get I should weigh more. And it is hard to conceive that with this kitchen—for the new order of things could not have introduced that, or put up the perfect buildings either—there could have been any real suffering for the necessities, or even the delicacies, of life.

The law of the great State of Massachusetts is mainly been about the bad treatment of the dead, not the living. Let us pass hurriedly through the quarter of a mile of cots with the sleeping, groaning, moaning, dying old men; worn out, the inevitable awaits them. They are crowded as if they were going to be made so many poor wretches in so small a space. Physically comfortable. But mentally? I wonder if they are thinking about being cut up by the students of Harvard in their intractable devotion to science? They know this awaits them. The law of the great State of Massachusetts sets give the bodies of these old men to the students of Harvard. The whole row, ah, civilized, distinguished Protestant world, has not been about that at all. To put it briefly, the question has not been as to whether they should be cut up, but whether they should be cut up and their bodies given to the students of Harvard?

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GENERAL BETTER.

It is now about eleven years I reckon, since I first called upon Butler here in this city at his law office. Mr. Spofford, Caleb Cushing's law partner then, and Senator Sumner were with me. I disliked this man before I met him. He killed him a great deal less after we met. But Spofford, as well as his wife, Harriet Prescott Spofford, a name as famous in literature as is that of Butler's in law, insisted that he was the gentlest and truest of men. As Butler pressed me to visit him, and as I was stopping with my friends, the Spoffords, at the time, I went with them and spent some days at his country place. But I ate his bread reluctantly, and never learned to like him from that day to this. I never could quite get at him. He showed me as well as I could, and other like things became the talk of the country. Let us pass on quick from this scene and this subject. But let me tell you this, students of Harvard: I have a profound reverence for learning. I have always felt like lifting my hat to a Harvard man when met him. Hereafter I shall never meet a Harvard man without an irresistible desire to lift my hat.

skinning the dead and tanning their skins, I look upon him merely as an informer—one who has turned State's evidence against his fellows in crime. For he must have known of this all the time. And with his great power and capacity, his health and legal ability, he could at any time, as a sovereign citizen, do all this before waiting to become governor. However, he has shown himself to be about the best man in the State of Massachusetts. But this is saying very little for Butler as things stand now. JOAQUIN MILLER.

MORE LUTHERANISM.

London Weekly Register, August 25.

Among the Lutheran registers exhibited the other day at the British Museum was one of the very documents, commonly called Indulgences, which Tetzel sold off, as we prefer to say, gave way of respect for certain aims offered to God. Our Protestant friends may be supposed to know by this time that an Indulgence did not deal with the spiritual guilt of sin—still less license to commit sin; but they recognize and avow the truth that man may be lessened, by special acts of faith and of charity, the temporal punishment which, duly repented of, may still deserve. That Tetzel did his work in a clumsy manner—that there was something of what Tennyson calls "a hawkera of holy things" about him—has been asserted even among Catholics; but it is his adversary, and so far as we know his adversary alone, who asserts that the Friar and his comrades proclaimed that anybody who gave the alms towards the building of St. Peter's which entitled him to a copy of this document, won also the right to enter Heaven. If it is so easy, even in the political life of these days, when fifty reporters are taking down your words, for partisans to misinterpret and to misrepresent you another, the danger of such confusion must have been a thousand times greater in these stormy times, and among men who were neither scrupulous nor frank—if they were men like Martin Luther. It remains, however, that the activity of Tetzel and his followers, who overflowed from the churches into the marketplace, and who gained on the alms they collected, that vulgar thing which permeates modern commercial-commission—was the cause of scandalous Catholics. It was, therefore, easily made a ground of complaint against the Court of Rome by monks who, like the Augustinians at Wittenberg, began by being merely jealous of Tetzel's sales, and were led almost insensibly on to opposition to Catholic truths; as well as by men who were eager for any excuse to quarrel with a creed which imposed upon their passions so many irksome restraints.

And that the Reformation gave the populace what it wanted by way of license, we know on the testimony of those who looked on, sometimes with dismay, at the work of their own hands. But what about the leaders of this motley throng—did they really fall into corruption into which their followers fell? Our act disproves, at once and for ever, the hollow and the hypocrisy of their agitation against Indulgences—we mean the granting by Luther himself of an Indulgence of the kind which Protestants of his party still believe in, and which Indulgences to be, but which no Catholic Indulgence ever was—a permission to sin. It happened in this wise. Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, one of the greatest friends of Luther, had married Catharine of Saxony—a princess who was both accomplished and beautiful, but who did not win the constancy of her fickle lord. Being doubtful attentions in various quarters, Philip formed an intimacy with Marguerite de Stael, which he had not the moral courage to dissolve. How he could continue it, and yet be a good Lutheran, was the difficult problem after all, so very difficult—problem which he did solve. The most decent way, he thought, would be to call both the ladies his wives. And in a letter to Luther he supplicates the Protestant Fathers to make things pleasant for him. Moreover, he makes them really fall into corruption into which their followers fell? Our act disproves, at once and for ever, the hollow and the hypocrisy of their agitation against Indulgences—we mean the granting by Luther himself of an Indulgence of the kind which Protestants of his party still believe in, and which Indulgences to be, but which no Catholic Indulgence ever was—a permission to sin. It happened in this wise. Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, one of the greatest friends of Luther, had married Catharine of Saxony—a princess who was both accomplished and beautiful, but who did not win the constancy of her fickle lord. 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