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Written for the Record. From Zenobia.

PALMYRENE GAMES AT ZENOBIA'S RURAL PALACE—MURDER OF A SLAVE—DISCUSSION ON SLAVERY—HOW THE RENGWNED ODENATUS WAS SLAIN.

An unpublished Poem, by the Rev. Æ. McD. Dawson.

Wearied with journeying and many cares, To her suburban Palace now repairs Zenobia; nor to this sylvan scene Does she alone proceed; around the Queen Are noble Palmyrenes. 'Mong these appear The wise Longinus, Zabdas, Lucia, near The Royal Dame. By special bidding pressed,

pressed, Came good Heraclius and his Roman guest, His daughter Cortia and a noble train Of faithful friends, whilst o'er the flowery

plain.
Their Sovereign to attend, counsellors sage.
Though grave men all, in rural sports that please
The most when time allows the mind due statesman's cares, as oft they seek

with grace The merry throng, or follow in the chase. A lovely spot that rural home, sweet scenes On every side. A shady bower here screens From Asia's fervid sun; there wide-spread

lawns Flowers enamelled, meet the rapt view, as dawns
dawns
The morning light. For many a long mile
Towards the town, in rarest beauty, smile
Woodland and field; a tangled forest hides
The Syrian desert, here secure abides
The Lion, king of beasts, the Tiger shares
With Panthers wild, the jungle where their
lairs

lairs
Abourd the most, the Elephant finds place
Where loftiest trees engross the forest space.
And for the eager sportsman's chief delight.
The shaggy wild boar often greets the sight

In happier days, ere widowed was the Queen, This great forest many a cheering scene Had witnessed; boldest huntsmen in the chase Of noblest game engaged; Lions to face The sport of some; Tigers, untamed and fierce,

Sought others, with sharp javelins, to pierce; To many, wild boars were the chosen game, All burning for victorious huntsmen's fame, Twas thus, whilst hotly raged the Royal Twas thus, while hold the place of odenatus, struck the kingly game, And o'er his monarch boldly dared to claim The honor of the hunt, but met rebuke, Unworthy seemed another's prize that took. Spiteful as mean, revenge the traitor sought, One day, in hunting, unawares was brought the unheeding king within the villain's glance:

glance; Mæonius, cruel, pierced him with his lance.

Twas now proposed that all their skill should

prove,
In throwing of the lance, at once they move
Towards the lawn, Portla to Piso said:
True to my word, our skill shall be displayed,
How Palmyrenes the javelin can wield
And strike with steadlest aim the target

our Roman friend with pleasure will behold. Though not in strength excelling, will make

field
The youthful Cesars, first, their skill to try."
Lo! Hermianus makes his javelin fly;
But, feebly thrown, short of the mark it falls,
Timotheus, next, for the sharp weapon calls.
A slave the lance presents; 'tis quickly
thrown.

But reaches not the shield; defeat must own The baffled Prince. Then Marcus throws a By the shield staff, well aimed, 'twas seen to

glance.
Are nobles seen of the Patrician train
Striving with matchless skill the shield to
gain,
Their weapons in its centre struck, His
place The powerful Zabdas left, and seized with

grace, From the attendant slave, a ready lance, The appointed centrae mark to strike his chance. enance, But yet, too strongly thrown, to pass the shield The weapon failed,-fell shivered to the field.

At the proud game will now Zenobia play. New pleasure 'twas to watch the graceful way Her lance she poised, then, with unerring

The target reached, yet could not rightful Complete success. Her lance, indeed, had struck
The central aperture, but hapless stuck
In passing through, force failing, downward

bent, In the green sod its impetus was spent, Let noble Portia now the skill display of Syria's women,—art, as all men say, Unrivalled. Portia, graceful, wings the dart Straight and sure it speeds, faultiess gains the heart

the heart
of the great shield, and passing even on,
At distance to the ground is level thrown;
A perfect feat, applause, cordial and loud,
Spontaneous bursts from the surroundir

crowd.
"I knew it," said the Queen, "there's not the art
Portia excels not in. What e'er her part,
Superior she proves. Well in music skilled,
The harp her plaything, while her mind rich
filled

filled
With philosophic lore, she's fit to meet
Longfnus, or the wisest at the feet
of Mosses or of Plato wisdom drank;
Alone with her my own Lucia claims rank.
Now to the piay, my child, you cannot boast
The firm hand of Portia. Let not be lost,
Meanwhile, the power of art." Shakes in
her hand
The well poised lance; prompt at the Queen's
command
It speeds, the central opening haply gains.

command
It speeds, the central opening haply gains,
But, there, not strongly thrown, its head re
mains.

mains.
"My Princess," Zabdas, quickly rising, cried,
"A Roman chose that lance, as well I spied;
Let me select another, and once more
Your fortune try; a victory you'll score,
I deem, when trial fair your skill is given."
"Now that our hero bravely has arisen
My arm to nerve, glad to renew my fame
I'll strive; but first, let Zabdas play the
game:

game; The lesson he can set I sorely need, His art undoubted, triumph sure his meed.' Thus Lucia, the roused warrior sought the

feat,
Obedient to the call, nor feared defeat.
His energy awake, he threw the lance,
Through the shield's open mark 'twas seen
toglance,
'Yond Portia's sped, and level struck the
ground. ground. Admired they all who there were gathered

round,
With wakened courage Lucia now essays,
New strength with skill and firmness dis
plays, plays,
Herlance, by Zabdas given, unerring thrown,
Hath Portia's reached, prompt through the
centre flown.

"Our fortunes, Portia, still the same abide, United still, my place is by your side."

"Would not our cousin in the sport engage? What says Antonius?" "The play war we'll what says Antonius?" "The play war we'll From any the from the attendant slave prompt he receives A right good lance, and now fondly believes Unwonted victory he will achieve, By skill unusual his lost fame retrieve. The huge ungainly man his weapon throws So awkwardly, the grassy sod it strews With fragments, wide of the mark; there a slave

slave
servant, indication heedless gave
his contempt by laughing at the feat,
tended to be great, but proved defeat,
height of rage, Antonius seized a dart
id plunged it in the 'Ethiopian's heart.
the Queen's command the games we
ended.

ended.
"Were not such deeds by our laws defended, bearly should Antonius this outrage rue, To us insulting no less than to you Our chosen friends. Our wise Longinus says Though law forbids not, plainly are such ways

Our chosen records not, plainly are such though law forbids not, plainly are such ways.

Inhuman, gainst the eternal law that binds Our nature—law owned by the wisest minds.

minds."
Thus spoke Zenobia, Piso would reply:
Wisely speaks the Queen, meanwhile to rely
On nature's voice were vain. The slave at
Rome Rome A chattel is. Dominion in our home We claim. Obedience prompt our slave

A chattel is. Dominion in our nome
We claim. Obedience prompt our slaves
must pay;
Yet frequent they rebel a slave to slay
We, therefore, deem no crime. Hundreds
have bled
Their masters to avenge and free from dread
of new rebellion. But, while such our code.
'Twas crime to violate this Queen's abode.'
'O, sad,' said Lucia, 'that slaves should be
On this fair earth. Are not all men born
free?' "I grant you this. But, war, while we must

War captives makes, and captives must en-In slavery. For them no better fate
Nor Gods above nor mortal men create."
So far, Heraelius "the need must own
That slaves should be; but this poor plea

alone The system stays not. Big, with evil fraught, Like a dark cloud it lowers. If ever aught The system stays not. Big, with evil fraugh Like a dark cloud it lowers. If ever aught The fall of mighty Rome precipitate, And hurry on the awful doom of fate, 'Tis slavery. Eyen now in dastard fear Each master lives. The slave to spare He dreads; for doubtful safety cruel grows And 'mid Patrician power and grandet shave

shews
The lurking coward. Of a servile war
Has raged and with its horrors dimmed the
star
Of Roman destiny. O, that our state
The direful system promptly could abate!
From Rome's bright atmosphere for eve

blot Its greatest danger,—slavery's plague spot. "Will come the time," the Princess Lucis

"Will come the time," the Princess Lucia says,
When with improving manners better ways Enlightened men pursuing, its lost hold
The system will deplore. Ours to behold
The great day its end will see. The clear ray
Already darts its beams—will sweep away
The gathered mists that centuries have
thrown
O'er erring men. Then Liberty her throne
Will mount.—security and peace prevail,
Slavery outdone,—its power of no avail."
"From that mysterious force on wnich relies
Our Lucia, if aught beneath the skies
A change can bring, will come the order
new.

new.
The glad world in a better light will view
The social plague and liberate the state,
Whilst nobly freeing from his cruei fate,
The crushed and bleeding slave. My Lucia

say, Is not the Christian Faith this surer way Mankind will teach?" "'I'is thus I ever

Mankind will teach?" "Tis thus 1 ever deem lts destiny will be. Already seem Its destiny will be. Already seem Powerful to work its influences grand, In vain the persecutor's mighty hand Is raised in wrath; nought 'gainst it can avail, avail; Like Truth itself it's destined to prevail." Such power the noble Portia fails to see. "Irso in Christianity there be The latent strength you claim, what has it done?

done? What good has it achieved? what conquests won?
Now that two centuries and a half and more,
We're often told of its mysterious lore."
"Judge you not," says Lucia "by what ap-

"Judge you not," says Lucia "by what pears,
In men's opinions, 'tis the work of years Successful revolution to achieve,
And, when achieved, we cannot yet believe
The change is wrought, because it is unseen.
Hence the cruelty that so long has been
In honor held and necessary deemed,
In secret thought condemned, although
esteemed
In outward act a safeguard of the state,
Lost in opinion, soon must meet its fate.
Christians, you'll own, abound in every
place,

place,
Their thoughts to share no longer is disgrace.
The voice of nature aiding, will prevail
Feelings more sound, sure destined to avail
'Gainst cruel deeds, and powerful sweep away
Their cause, in slavery that ever lives and reigns.

reigns.
The conquest won without apparent pains."
"So, Lucia, may it be! yet to believe
Is hard. Your panacea will achieve
A victory so great, 1 yet must deem
Incredible To most men it will seem
Alike impossible that in the mind
Ideas, lurking, unseen, ways will find
Grandly to renew our sad social state
And change what well are thought decrees of
Fate.

CATHOLIC PRESS

Catholic Review. THE little town of Lourdes, in France, is certainly the scene of one of the most extraordinary developments of this or any other age. It is very hard for skep-tics to account for them on any known ties to account for them on any known natural principle. The very fact that a constant and ever-widening and increasing stream of pilgrimage is kept up, and that, during the past year, from 150,000 to 200,000 persons visited the grotto from every nation of Europe, and, in fact, from all parts of the world would seem to fur. all parts of the world, would seem to furnish, at least, a strong probability that something more than mere natural causes must be at work to produce the extraordinary results that are constantly witnes ed there. There is no doubt that Rev Mr. Tyng, the late energetic and independent Episcopal clergyman of New York. who visited Lourdes, some two years ago, and afterwards published his experience to the world, was thoroughly convinced of the miraculous character of the cures the miraculous character of the cures effected there. Whether this publication had anything to do with his retrement from the ministry and engaging in secular employments, we have never heard. But we should not be at all surprised to be told that, after announcing his belief in Catholic miracles, he had found his theological and even his social position any-thing but agreeable, and had felt compelled to retire from a contest as fruitless as it was hopeless. Truth has sometimes a hard fight for success in the world, but we are taught by the old adage that truth is mighty and will eventually prevail.

A CHICAGO correspondent of the Boston Congregationalist supplies us with a little anecdote, which so admirably and unin-

tentionally illustrates the simple Christianity of a Catholic people, unspoiled by Protestant missions or even the typical New England schoolmarm, that we make no apology for transferring it to our columns: "An intelligent gentleman just from Mexico, was in our office to-day. He has been spending some time in Chilhuahua. (She-wa-wa. The phonetic speller who tries it on Spanish-Mexican Chilhuahua. (She-wa-wa. The phonetic speller who tries it on Spanish-Mexican words is likely to 'get left.') This man has purchased a 'pasture' there. Not to put too fine a point on the size of his 'lot,' it is fifty by thirty—e. g, eight miles in extent, and nearly all good laud at that. As he was traveling across it one day he and his guide got short of water. Meeting a small company of the simple with ing a small company of the simple natives with their jugs of water, this gentleman asked for a bottlefull, which was most willingly given. The pay for it which was offered was pointedly refused. He then told his interpreter to turn and thank then told his interpreter to turn and thank them. This, too, they refused to accept remarking with the same emphatic tone as before, "Thank God for it!" Would Ango-Saxon Protestantism, either in old or New England, display similar courtesy to a stranger? What is it that educates the humblest Catholic peasant and makes him, when unspoiled by contact with Protestantism, one of nature's noblemen, a Catholic gentleman?

Catholic Columbian.

Wonder if O'Donovan Rossa or Pat Crowe could give any information in regard to the condition of Queen Victoria's knee? They had better suffer an interiew by some enterprising reporter.

JOHNNY BULL keeps kicking the Irish cow that gives him so much milk, but he will discover ere long, we think, that rub-ber boots are extremely dangerous to the feet during such a performance.

"ROMANISM," is good, but suppose we say Englandism, or King Henryism, Knoxism, Calvenism, Wesleyism. No man of education could properly use any of these words, but the literati that love to dabble in strains of the Cabellic Charles of in affairs of the Catholic Church, of which institution they are entirely ignorant, must necessarily use language that betrays their ignorance.

Is it not startling to see Protestants claiming the glory of infidelizing France, Germany and Italy. They will run with any herd, infidel, pagan, or Jew, that will but their heads and knock their brains out against the Catholic abusing the out against the Catholic church. Consist ent Protestantism is rank infidelity, nothing else. The Catholic Church has stood ing else. The Catholic Church has stood more furious assaults, and more bloody persecutions than those of modern times. She does not weep for herself, nor does "Leo XIII. wail" on account of the pros-pected destruction of the Church, but rather because the world does not com-prehend the light shining in the dark-ness.

Father Muller, in his work "God the Teacher of Mankind," says the Church "having triumphed over two great enemies
—heathenism and heresy, has yet to win
another triumph—that over secret socie
ties." It requires, of course, in view of
the extended and well organized bodies
solidly arrayed against her, a great deal of
faith to believe this. Yet our dear Lord
stilled the storm on the miniature Judean sea-which is emblematic of his power to still all future storms against His Holy Church, whether excited by princes or people, by persecutors or by secret socie-ties.

Ave Maria.

THE city of Argenteuil, France, possesses one of the most precious relics to be found in the whole world. In the ninth century Charlemagne deposited there the seamless Tunic worn by our Divine Saviour when Tunic worn by our Divine Saviour when He ascended Mount Calvary, and on which lots were cast by the soldiers charged with the Crucifixion. The Bishop of the diocese, Mgr. Goux, wishing to give a new impulse to the veneration always paid to this sacred relic, some time ago consulted the Congregation of Rites in regard to the Congregation of Rites in regard to instituting a new office for his diocese in honor of the holy Tunic. The answer of the Congregation has been favorable. Before applying to the Sacred Congregation, Mgr. Goux had the reliquary of Argenteuil opened in his presence. From the document which he drew up on that occasion the following extracts have been made public: "We, Pierre Antoine Paul Goux, Bishop of Versailles, having gone to Argenteuil on the 17th of July last, for to Argenteuil on the 17th of July last, for the purpose of renewing the seals placed on the reliquary by our venerable predecessor in 1844, in our previous visits we had ascertained that these seals were in danger of falling off, the cords holding the danger of faling on, the cords holding the reliquary, to which they were attached, having become decayed by age), we found the sacred reliquary placed, as we had ordered, in the reception-room of the Sisters of Mary Joseph, whither it had been borne in procession by M. l'Abbe Tessier, borne in procession by M. l'Abbe Tessier, his vicars, and other ecclesiastics. After having knelt and prayed before the holy relic, we broke the seals and opened the reliquary. We then piously took out the sacred vestment, which we spread on a table prepared for the purpose, in order to examine in what state it had been left by the mutilations of former times, especially of 1793. We have ascertained that the holy Tunic is no longer entire; considerable portions of it remain, divided into four eces, one large and three smaller ones, the following being an approximate measure-ment of them: the largest piece, one metre and twenty-two centimetres in its greatest length and one metre in its great-est breadth, shows the form of the neck and the sloping of the sleeves at its upper part. On the surface of this piece are five holes of different sizes, and the piece ap-pears to be about half the Tunic. The

forty-two centimetres by fourteen. Besides these, are some very small fragments, one of which—about ten centimetres in length—has the form of a round hem, and seems to have been detached from the neck or from a sleeve. The texture of the holy Tunic is formed of threads of the color and about the thickness of camel's hair. The woof is not close, and is silky to the touch. We noticed in the principal piece numerous large reddish stains, as of blood."

The publication of Mr. Keatinge's review of "Mozey's Reminiscences" recalls a remarkable vision of St. Teresa, No Cathremarkable vision of St. Teresa. No Catholic now doubts that the Oxford movement was the work of the Holy Ghost. The Saint thought herself standing on the shore of a vast sea, and on the water she beheld a great ship with all sail set, floating majestically along. While she was gazing at the beautiful object, it suddenly began to disappear heapent the gazing at the beautiful object, it suddenly began to disappear beneath the waters, with sails set and pennons flying. It sank deeper and deeper, till nothing but the tops of the masts could be seen above the water. While thus gazing on the spectacle, saddened and wondering, the ship, after a time, began to rise from the deep, first the masts and rigging, then the hull, until it appeared as at first, and then resumed its onward course. St. Teresa lifted up her heart to God, desiring to be enlightened in regard to the apparition. She was given to understand that the ship represented the English Church, that England would fall away from the Faith, but after three hundred years it would be restored. When the Oxford movement began the three hundred years were just accomplished. three hundred years were just accom-

Milwaukee Catholic Citizen

The anti-Christian and immoral forces everywhere at work in the society of the present day cannot be effectually met un-less Catholics give a united support: (1.) to religious education.

(2.) to the temperance cause. (3.) to Catholic literature.

(3.) to Catholic literature.
If children are brought up without any knowledge or belief in God, Heaven, Hell and the Creed, they are the creatures of avarice, lust and falsehood. They have no sense of future responsibility for pres-ent misdeeds. Duty and right have no ent misdeeds. Duty and right have no meaning or sanction in their regard. But pre-supposing that they have received instruction in their religion, if after leaving school and approaching the period of manhood they seek pleasure and conviviality in saloons and drinking resorts, thereby exposing themselves to the temptations in which these places abound, what in reality is gained? A drunkard can not enter the kingdom of heaven because he knows his catechism. Nor will cause he knows his catechism. Nor will pious teachings received in his youth shield or dissuade a man who has been so insensible as to become a habitue of a saloon. Once that he has begun the downward course it will take a miracle rather than a knowledge of miracles to save him. Again pre-supposing a good religious training and a temperate manner of living, woman give their minds up to irreligious, sensational and immoral reading, all is lost. Skepticism blights the crop sown in the Christian school:—drunkenness is neither the only nor the greatest sin. It may be said that the religious education received in the parochial school ought to forefend against the dangers of intemperance and immoral literature. In a degree it does do so, but neither so entirely nor so effectually that a constant temperance movement and a militant Catholic are not essential. The climatic, social and political condition of this country make intemperance an especially men-acing evil, and the deluge of bad and poisonous publications render it a matter of the deepest concern that good literature shall be universally diffused.

THE MARCH ONWARD. Never in the whole history of the Church was a grander spectacle presented to the world than the silent, steady, onward march of the Catholic Church in this Less than a century ago the enemies of God declared that the free atmos phere of America could never prove congenial to the Catholic Church. They boasted that Catholicity could never flourish in a land dedicated to liberty; they asserted that it was only through the influence of monarchy that it survived in the Old World, and they cherished the hope that when it had to fight its way through a free people it would be distan-ced in the race by the Protestant, sects, False prophets! Vain visionaries! Univisionaries! Univisionaries! They forgot that God was on the side of the Church, and while He is with us we care not who is against

Cheering indeed it is to every Catholic heart to note the grand victory which the Catholic faith has won in this free land wherein the cross planted by the holy hands of Columbus is destined to endure The trials of our martyred priests have been turned into the triumph of the faith they died for. The persecutions endured by our Catholic ancestors in the past but inflame anew our love for that ever-living faith of the present. Doubt, dismay or despair has no place in the Catholic soul, no matter how dark may seem the surrounding world. We always feel that the same God presides over the destinies of His Church whose promise we have that it should endure to the end o the world. And if we but reflect upon all the wrongs which the Church has overcome in this country during the past century we shall be all the more astonished at the mercy of God in bringing her out of the bondage of bigotry into the eternal freedom of the Land of Promise!

this country, but in order to achieve this | England, this country, but in order to achieve this glorious work Catholics must be true to their baptismal promises; they must steadfastly practice their faith; they must teach it by word and example "in season and out of season;" they must so comport themselves as citizens of this great republic so that those outside the pale of the Church will be edified by their example and be led thereby to "seek first the Kingdom of Cad" so that all things else may be dom of God" so that all things else may added thereto. This is the mission which is alloted to every Catholic in this land; and if we are faithful to our yows to God the day will yet come when America will be known as the great Catholic contin-of the Christian world! The enmity wh men bore towards Catholics in the past men bore towards Catholics in the past is rapidly dying out. The falsehoods which calumny circulated against the Church have been dispelled by the sunlight of truth as its rays have been shed by the Catholic press. Injustice, therefore, can no longer work iniquity against us, and to us is given the glorious apostolate of bringing into the true fold of Christ the wandering sheep who now, food we she wandering sheep who now feed upon the poisonous pastures of Protestantism. do this we have only to do our duty as Catholics and leave the rest to God, who will so mold the minds of men as to lead will so moid the minds of men as to lead them out of the darkness that causes them to doubt, into that effulgent light of divine faith where all is certainty; where hope in the mercy of God is wedded to that charity for our neighbor which makes us pray that all shall be enrolled in one true fold under one true shepherd.

That such a consumption of Christian

That such a consummation of Christian unity may be effected in this land looks, even to the human eye, within the bounds of reason; but when seen with the vision of Catholic faith its probability becomes certainty when we take a retrospective glance at the past and measure it with the glorious prospect which heaven has in store for the Church in the future.—Sin Francisco Monitor.

ENGLAND'S REPRESENTATIONS AND AMERICA'S SENSE.

Rumors, with a strong color of truth, ave been going the rounds of the press of late concerning certain representations made by the British Government to this Government as to the agitation being carried on in this country in favor of the distressed people of Ireland. If such representations have been made, the American people have a right to have for the first property of the country of the cou presentations have been made, the American people have a right to know of them.

They have a right to be apprised of the criticism passed upon their freedom of speech and action by foreign governments; for that criticism if it has been passed, necessarily urges coercion upon the part of our government over the citizens of the Republic. That is to say, Great Britain, through lic. That is to say, Great Britain, through its government, urges here repression of freedom of American speech and action within certain lines.

We sincerely hope this may be so. It

would do more than most things towards opening the eyes of our people to the native arrogance and presumptious impudence of the British Government. Great Britain would fain muzzle every people and power in the world. It dictates to all natio nations, either through its foreign office or its press. It instructs all governments how to govern—on the English plan. It always hated this country, much as it hates Ireland. It refuses freedom to Ireland, lest Ireland should prove a political and commercial rival to England. It was for this reason that it resisted to the death the independence of the American Colonies. It was for this reason that when these States became a great power, Great Brit ain, all through the terrible civil struggle, attempted to stab us in the back. "Thrift, thritt!" That is England's motto. And so it takes advantage of every other And so it takes advantage of every other nation's weakness. As far back as the reign of Elizabeth there was not a sore spot in all the body politic of Europe but England had a finger there. Elizabeth's government employed an army of spies, and the continent of Europe swarmed with them. There was hardly a revolt hatched from that day to this, a revolt of which England expected to reap some reward, that it was not encouraged and fostered by England. England's capital and England's soil were made the hatchand England's soil were made the hatch ing and breeding ground of all the dark coning andbreeding ground of all the dark con-spiracies that have convulsed Europe; from those against the Pope to those against the Sultan; from Sicily to Morocco, from Paris to Vienna, English hands and English gold were felt. Indeed England may be described as the univer sal conspirator against the peace of nations, and it is this power to day that ldresses its remonstrances to Washington, because people in this country choose to and express their free judgment on England's vicious and oppressive gov-ernment of Ireland—a country that it has moral right to govern at all.

It is not that England dreads the fitting at from here of armies or navies to wreck er fleets and assail her power. England nows, as all the world knows, that such thing is altogether beyond the range of olitics. Nor does it dread much th paration and despatch from here of in-fernal machines for the purpose of work-ing destruction to English property and capital. It knows very well that such armaments of war find a more congenial storing place and arsenal on its own soil. It is the moral dynamite of the forces of public opinion in this, the greatest and wealthiest of English speaking nations, that it fears. The true story of England's wrong and Ireland's sufficient is wrong and Ireland's suffering is wrong and treland's suffering is being told here every morning in the daily press, is being dilated on from every platform and pulpit in the land, and its influence is felt in the halls of our legislature, and pears to be about half the Tunic. The three other fragments measure respectively sixty-two centimetres by forty-three, thirty-six centimetres by twenty-two, and

stand, there stands hope and cheer for the Irish people at home. It would destroy this hurtful influence by threat, if it dared; by bribery, if it could; by lying, which is its favorite weapon; by suborning the press, which it cannot do to any extent, for the coterie of Anglo-American journalists are known, and derican journalists are known and de-American journalists at a large the strength of the strength o the righteous hostility to its methods and its Government.—Catholic Review.

Intemperance and Crime.

In a lecture on intemperance, delivered last week at Day View, Wisconsin, by Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, he said: "Statistics show that over three-fourths

of the crimes reported in our courts are lue, directly or indirectly, to intemperance. Consequently three-fourths of the expense entailed by police forces, jails, reforma-tories and such institutions are attributable to alcohol. A year ago the statistics of the Bareau of Labor in Boston undertook to find out exactly the full part which al-cohol bears in producing crime. All the crimes in Suffolk county were "TRACED TO THEIR ORIGIN

and it was found in twelve months 84 per cent. were due to alcohol influences. The great misfortune is that we are so accustomed to it that we are not alarmed. Pauperism tells the same tale. The people who belong to this class are the victims of alcohol or their natural protectors are such. We live in a most beauteous land. Oppor-tunities for all are golden. No indepen-dent class monopolize the avenue to wealth dent class monopolize the avenue to wealth and prosperity. There should be no poverty in America, and if there is poverty it is to our shame. If there is poverty it is because a despot more insatiate than tyrants of old reign supreme among us. The institutions of our country are tottering on their pedestals. God has given us a country of unparalleled liberty where every man is a ruler. Yet America ranks among man is a ruler. Yet America ranks among the intemperate nations of the world. In monarchies it matters not how the people fare for the fare, for the hand at the helm may yet guide aright the ship of state, but in this country what is to become of us if we are intemperate and deposit our ballots amid the fumes of whiskey. Alcohol is our political king, when we have elected him we obey him, and our slates are made up amid beer glasses and whiskey bottles. The home is a fount of hope and the guardian of innocence, and every father should give to his family a home, a hearth which he can hold in spite of emperor and king. And if our people, I am talking this evening especially to fare, for the hand at the helm may

evening especially to
"THE IRISH PEOPLE,
own no homes in America it is because of own no homes in America it is because of alcohol, were it not for which they would be among the most wealthy classes of the country. They are a hard-working, industrious race. Why are they not wealthy? The saloon, again, is the response. To advance in businessa man must be reliable, and a man who takes whiskey is not to be depended upon. God has blessed the Irish people with warm hearts, with a temperament so mercurial that they can pass through life with more of its joys and less of its shadows. But they are an excitable people, and one glass will do more to unseat their reason than four in the case of other people. I know that 95 per cent, of their vices are attributable to intemperance, so good are they when sober, or bad when intoxicated. Why do we not bend our energies to annihilate our enemy?
Ireland is not simply across the ocean, Ireland is wherever her people are, and whatever they do in any country reflects to her glary or discusses? glory or disgrace."

At the close of the lecture 200 persons

took the pledge.

What the Church has Done.

An extract from the sermons of Rev. Clarence Woodman, O. S. P., preached last Sunday in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New

"Ancient paganism was the personifica "Ancient paganism was the personifica-tion of cruelty; Jesus Christ was the friend of the suffering and the sick. The former degraded women; our Lord raised them up and showed that they were intended as the helpers, not the slaves, of men. Paganism either ignored children or destroyed them at times by wholesale; our Lord Jesus Christ made them the type of loving humility. The heather type of loving humility. The heathen world, in a word, was afflicted with the twofold curse of barbarity and pride; the Redeemer taught the lesson of gentleness humility. Contrast the cruelties of bloody paganism with the tender mercies of Jesus Christ. The Church removed of Jesus Christ. The Church removed from labor the unmerited stigma which was upon it. Our Holy Church has benefited the world intellectually and politically. In her ten thousand monas-teries she kept alive the torch of learning when it would otherwise have died out. Recall the world; in particular, the control of the Recall the works in painting, architecture, sculpture, music, and literature which she fostered. Compare Paine's "Age of Reason" with St. Augustine's "City of God" and note the difference. The Catholic Church is not opposed to true science, but only to that unstable sort which to-day contradicts a theory of yesterday, only to contradict has no the contradict the new theorem. contradicts a theory of yesterday, only to contradict the new theory on the morrow. To say that the Church is hostile to civilization is false, unless by word "civilization" progress is meant, I can only say that the Church kept civilization alive through centuries. If we would only live up to the teachings of our Church there is no reason why the whole world should not be converted to Catholicity." not be converted to Catholicity.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced he lacks principle—a friend should bear with a friend's infirmi-