

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. HOW SHE WAS REWARDED.

There is nothing more beautiful in the character of the young than kindly deference to their elders. This story tells of one young girl's kindness and how she was rewarded.

She was a beautiful spring morning. In the middle of a large shaded yard stood a low, rambling farm house. The neat walk leading to the front gate was bordered with flowers, lilies, roses, and masses of modest, old-fashioned annuals, all abloom and scenting the morning air with delightful perfume.

Along the walk, an elderly woman, Mrs. Markham, an mistress of the house and yard, wandered, bending admiringly over the flowers, and occasionally touching them with loving hands.

She was evidently attired for a trip, and her dress was quaint and old-fashioned. Presently she turned and lifted her dimmed eyes from the flowers, as a comfortable little wagon driven by an old man, her husband, drove up to the gate.

"Are you ready, mother?" he asked gently, as he looked into her face and saw her efforts to hide the tears.

"Yes," she answered, "I was only looking at Annie's flowers, while I waited for you."

"You love the flowers as much as Annie did," he said, as slipping the reins over his arm, he came and opened the gate for his wife to pass out.

"Yes," she answered again, "and because they were Annie's. Every root in the beds was planted by her hand, and every flower came from seed she saved. And now they are all blooming and she is dead."

The old man's voice broke as he said, when his wife had been lifted to her seat beside him in the wagon, "Don't fret, mother. It is hard, but it will all come right in the end."

"I know," she answered, "but she was our only one, and everything we had was for her. Oh what use is it all now?"

One brown hand was taken from the reins and laid tenderly upon hers, almost as if to comfort her, as she sat in silence they drove on.

Annie, of whom they spoke was their only child, who had died a few months previous, just as she had grown into womanhood. To-day the old people were going into the neighboring city to do some necessary shopping.

When they reached shopping, as the old man always called her, wife, left at a dry goods store to make her simple purchases, while he went elsewhere to attend to his.

There was something in the appearance of the old lady which immediately attracted the amused attention of the clerks in the store and to one or two of them, there appeared opportunity to have a little fun out of the antiquated country woman.

One young girl, particularly, took amusement in taking advantage of her simplicity. This went on for a little while, when the old lady began to suspect she was being ridiculed. The color flushed in her pale, pitiful face and she turned from the girl for her to another who just then came from a distant part of the store.

"My dear," she said, "will you come and wait on me? I think a young lady does not know how to wait." There was no anger in her voice, but the girl's quick ear took the tone of hurt dignity.

"The term," "my dear," addressed to a shop girl by a customer brought a giggle of laughter to the first girl's lips, as she said in an aside, "Mary, what you can do for this guy. She certainly came out of ark. I have exhausted myself."

Mary noted Mrs. Markham's flushed cheeks, and understood the situation a moment. "For shame, Lucy," replied, and turning to the old lady with unaffected politeness and deference she would have shown to another mother, had she had one, she tended to her every want.

When Mrs. Markham came for her wife and her purchases, Mary followed her to the wagon, saw the beautifully soiled away and then bade both a cordial good bye.

"Good-bye, my dear," said the old lady, "I shall not forget you!" and did not.

The remembrance came in the form of frequent gifts of lovely little dainty pats of butter, fresh egg-baskets of fruit, brought to Mrs. Markham in his trips to town.

"How beautiful it all is," said she as she shared these treasures with her at their cheap boarding house where lovely it must be to live where such things are.

The hot and trying days of winter were on hand, and the two were beginning to wonder when they would be during their brief vacation.

"O, for just one breath of air," has not been purchased by the household, they sat together, "Yes," said Mary, "if we had only one day of cool, quiet country life, it would be heavenly." Her vacation was the next day. When she returned a note was given to her from her dear old country friend, Mr. Markham, to make her a visit.

"If you will come," she said, "father will bring you out just a simple, old-fashioned home, with only father and mother there is everything to give you and that I know you need."

"The girl went with her from the hot town. The wagon, beside her father, listened kindly talk as they drove through woods, invigorated her in body and mind. When they reached Mrs. Markham stood on the

SURPRISE SOAP. A pure hard Soap. Last long-lathers freely. 5 cents a cake.

"IRELAND IN PICTURES." A Year's Subscription to the Catholic Record and this Beautiful Work of Art for \$6.00.

The gem of the ocean. The scenic treasure of the world. IRELAND IN PICTURES in book form, the most beautiful series of art work ever published. Containing four hundred magnificent photographic views of everything of interest in the four provinces, with written sketches by Hon. Jno. F. Finerty, of Chicago.

JOHN RUSKIN AND ST. FRANCIS.

There is a pretty story told of John Ruskin concerning the origin of his admiration of St. Francis of Assisi. It seems that he was a dream in which he fancied himself a Franciscan Brother, but he soon forgot all about it.

CATHOLIC NEGRO CLERGY.

Many of those who have given close study to the problem of religion among the Negroes of the South are in favor of a Catholic Negro clergy. What might have been done by the white missionaries among the Negroes at the close of the war still lingers in the minds of many.

EVERY DRUGGIST.

EVERY DRUGGIST in the land sells Pain-Killer. The best liniment for sprains and bruises. The best remedy for cramps and colic. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis, 25c, and 50c.

Caticura SOAP. Makes the Hair grow. Clears the Complexion. Softens and whitens the Hands. Preserves and beautifies the skin of Infants and Children.

BUCKEY BELL FOOD. THE E. W. VAN DUZEN CO., Cincinnati, O.

GENUINE FLORIDA WATER. THE UNIVERSAL PERFUMER FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF TOILET & BATH. BEATS ALL SUBSTITUTES.

GOOD BOOKS FOR SALE. We should be pleased to supply any of the following books at prices given: "The Christian Father," price, 35 cents (cloth); "The Christian Mother (cloth), 35 cents; Thoughts on the Sacred Heart, by Archbishop Walsh (cloth), 40 cents; Catholic Belief (paper), 25 cents; cloth, strongly bound) 50 cents.

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Third Sunday of Lent. CALUMNY.

"But some of them said: 'Is casteth out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of devils.' (Luke 11, 18.)

Even the Son of God, my dear Christians, the infant St. Simeon, cannot escape the slanderous tongue of the vile calumniators, and they take a miracle, a divine act, as the occasion for heaping insults on our Lord. "By Beelzebub the prince of devils" said the Jews. "He casts out devils."

Now, my dear brethren, should we not abhor, with our whole heart, a sin, which goes so far as to attack, even the honor of our divine Saviour? Should we not carefully guard ourselves against it? St. Bernard says, "He who slanders his neighbor has the devil on his tongue, and he who listens to the slander has the devil in his ear."

An awful saying, yet perfectly true, for what does the slanderer do? He accuses his brother of crimes that he has not committed. He calls him a thief, fully aware that it is false; he speaks of the scandalous conduct of his brother, knowing it to be a lie; he accuses him of leading a bad life, and has no proofs for his assertions. Can malice invent more cruel deeds against his innocent brother? Consider, my dear brethren!

If a diabolical tongue uttered these things against you, would it not cause you great sorrow and indignation? Would you not have difficulty to control yourself, so as not to lay hands on the calumniator? And you dare thus to grieve your brother? Can this be called fraternal charity? Is it not rather fiendish malice? This is not all, however, the slanderer adds the greatest injustice to the injury. Is there anything more precious than a man's reputation, or more irreparable when once lost? Without a good reputation he cannot perform his duties; transact his business, hence the common saying, honor lost, all lost. Truly the wise Solomon says, "A good name is better than great riches, and a good favor is above gold and silver." (Prov. 22, 1.)

Now is this all, the base slanderer robs his neighbor, not only of his good name and reputation, but often of his property, inflicting the severest injuries on his fortune by malicious lying. Who will engage in any transaction with a man, whose character for honesty is questionable? And who will be held accountable for all these evil consequences? Who will have to answer for the loss of employment, the hunger that has been endured in consequence, the tears that have been shed by innocently suffering families? Who, but the vile calumniator, who has caused all this misery and woe.

The calumniator, however, has not yet exhausted his malice. Not only does he act contrary to God's first law of Christian charity, not only does he rob his neighbor of that precious boon, his good name, not only does he injure him in his temporal prosperity, but he destroys his peace and happiness. How many have not lost their health, how many have not grieved themselves to death at the loss of their good name! How often has not a slanderous tongue caused the greatest hatred, the most intense discord between husband and wife, between brothers and sisters, between neighbor and neighbor, who formerly were united in love and fraternal charity. How often does not this infernal seed, sown by the vile slanderer, cause a flood of the most poignant tears, of curses and blasphemies, of bloody fights and quarrels, and of never ending animosities. And who is the cause of all these sins and crimes? Whom will the eternal Judge hold accountable for all this woe and destruction? Whom else, but the vile wretch who, with the venomous fangs of his slanderous tongue, has blasted the heart of his innocent brother.

Behold, this is the malice of slander, which cries to Heaven for vengeance; this is calumny, with its fearful consequences. And yet, there are many who consider this detestable evil as naught, or at most, a slight fault, not worth mentioning. Ah! how false the judgment-seat of God, vile calumniator, you will discover the heinousness of the sin. Hearken at once to this truth, and remember that you will be irreparably lost, if you will be cast into the pool of fire, unless you not only confess these crimes and be sorry for them, but also retract your slander, make reparation for all the injuries done, and restore as far as possible, your neighbor's good name and reputation. Be on your guard for the future, and do not injure your neighbor's character nor destroy his happiness. Always speak of others as you wish them to speak of you. Let your conversation be such that you will be justified before the eternal Judge, who will call you to an account for every idle word. Amen.

MORMONISM AND DIVORCE.

By Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., in February Donahoe's.

Mormonism is a poisonous belief, but the noxious gas of divorce, generated on the camping grounds of Dakota, is much more fatal to the moral and clean social life of the people than the plural "sealing" of virgins in the Mormon temples of Utah. The American congress may close its doors in the face of Brigham H. Roberts, but it will not have done its full duty till it has repealed the divorce law in every state in the Union.

Surely to join in the hue and cry against Roberts, the polygamist, and dwelling in the foul, rank, and un-

weeded garden of divorce, is naked and arrant hypocrisy—an hypocrisy which would make mockery of the clean things of life. It is too much, then, to expect in behalf of the jewel of consistency that the petitioning and clamoring of the divorced wife, the divorced husband—yes the divorced minister of the gospel—against Brigham H. Roberts should for very decency cease—that these zealous enthusiasts might momentarily turn the eyes of their souls inwardly and view the moral havoc that has been wrought.

THE MARTYRS OF TYBURN.

A remarkable pilgrimage recently took place to York Cathedral, England, in honor of St. William, Archbishop of that city, who died in June 1157. The pilgrims numbered six hundred, coming from all parts of York and Lancashire, in which counties Catholics are numerous. Mass was celebrated in St. William's Church, after which the great Archbishop's grave in the Minster, or Cathedral, was visited. A small slab marks the spot in the cathedral under which the remains of the saintly Archbishop repose. The cathedral was taken from the Catholic Church at the same time when all the church property was appropriated for the use of the modern Anglican Church; and it is a curious fact that upon this wholesale robbery monks and nuns based their wondrous theory that their Church to-day is the continuation of the ancient Church of England, and one and the same therewith.

After the visit to St. William's tomb, the procession of pilgrims, together with the Catholic school children and many of the priests and lay of York, proceeded to Tyburn, the spot where hundreds of martyrs suffered during the years while the penal code of England was in force.

Tyburn is situated on the crown of the hill just beyond the gate of the city leading towards Kenselmire.

The pilgrims were addressed by Canon Goble, of St. William's Church, who stated that the place at which they were assembled is one of the most sacred spots in England. There had stood there for centuries a gallows, on which hundreds of martyrs had suffered for no other crime than the profession of the Catholic faith. On one day, May 11, 1587, fifty martyrs were hung there together.

After the sermon the pilgrims sang the hymn "Martyrs of England" and recited the litany of the saints and other prayers.

CATHOLIC NEGRO CLERGY.

Many of those who have given close study to the problem of religion among the Negroes of the South are in favor of a Catholic Negro clergy. What might have been done by the white missionaries among the Negroes at the close of the war still lingers in the minds of many. But things have changed since then and the most wonderful element that experienced the change is the Negro himself. He is no longer the simple child and servile tool of thirty five years ago. It is with the Negroes with the white—less than one half belong to any church. But to reach the unchurched Negro mass, men of their own color, the same as with the white, must carry the message and bear the burden of the cross. A church that is not willing to confide sufficient faith in Negro character to entrust their ministry to their hands will not gain their hearts or heads. The Catholic Church can concede this boon without loss of principle. Protestantism conceded the demand a century ago, but with the loss of principle and the consequence may yet be wreck and ruin. Protestantism conceded a Negro clergy, but immediately required a separate organization. Here principle was sacrificed. The Catholic Church, by means of her peculiar polity, can grant the colored people a native clergy within a distinct organization, as is done in all Catholic distant missions and in home with her diverse races. There need be no conflict upon the introduction of Negro catechists or Negro clergy that ordinary prudence may not forestall.

SAFE HAND, SAFE FIND.

Fortify yourself by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now and be sure of good health for months to come.

THE D. & L. MENTHOL PLASTER.

The most valuable remedy for rheumatism and all muscular pains there's nothing equal to it. Each plaster in an air-tight tin, 25c. Davis & Lawrence Co., Limited, Montreal.

THE FIGHTING ENERGY RESTORER.

Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

THESE ARE A NUMBER OF VARIETIES OF CORNS.

Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

BE SURE THAT YOUR BLOOD IS RICH AND PURE.

The best purifier of the blood is and will be Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

THEY DRIVE PIMPLES AWAY.

A face covered with pimples is a sure sign of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions. These come from stomachic troubles, and these pimples are a let you know that the blood protests. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean, and they will be another witness to their excellence.

HUMORS, boils, pimples and all eruptions are due to impure blood, and by purifying the organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, leucorrhoea and physical pain.

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER. Sacred Heart Review. LXXVI.

I dwell at considerable length on Melancthon's letter to Baron Henry von Einsiedel, because it bears irrefragably that whatever regard for popular freedom or for humanity the later Lutheranism may have had (and it seems, before the rise of Pietism, to have had very little care for humanity, while Pietism, too, has concerned itself very little about freedom), it derived neither from its two original leaders. Not only did Luther and Melancthon do nothing to advance freedom and humanity, but they distinctly and strenuously set themselves against such stirrings of conscience in their disciples as might advantage either.

We have heard Luther's savage admonitions to the princes to keep the common people at the lowest point of poverty; to be profuse among them "with heading, hanging, burning, breaking on the wheel" and to deal with them as with "asses, hogs, and other such creatures," rather than as with human beings and baptized Christians. The Catholic world listened astounded to such a ferocity of declamation against the natural rights of man as had never been heard before since the days when the Irish, and after them the English, missionaries first spread the tidings of great joy in Germany. Here was indeed a new gospel, a gospel wholly unknown to Apostles or Fathers, or Schoolmen, to Popes or Bishops. Luther is less ferocious indeed than Caligula, but apart from the persecutions, decidedly more ferocious than Nero.

Melancthon is less truculent than Luther, but more deliberately hard-hearted. Not being himself a peasant but a bourgeois, he has even less sympathy with the peasantry than his principal, the very violence of whose vituperations seems to show that, to gain the favor of the princes, he is struggling to overcome within himself an instinctive attachment to his own class. I am not largely acquainted with his writings, yet I can not believe that where policy does not shape his words, he exhibits a good deal of natural affection to the common people. Not so with Melancthon. There never was a man more completely divorced from the general life of his nation. He was a theologian and scholar, and nothing more. His placidity of personal temper, friendliness in society, and moderation in controversy, may well induce us to call him amiable, but his letter to Einsiedel, and his subsequent more formal decision, ought to disprove all attempts to pass him off for humane. Doubtless individual distress would have appealed to him, but there never was a more thoroughly cold blooded endeavor to suppress the compunctions of conscience that had begun to stir in the minds of certain nobles concerning their treatment of their vassals, and to leave these exposed to the utmost extremes of tyrannical caprice. The letter is a veritable curiosity of hardness of heart.

What I have already cited from the Einsiedel letter (including the substance detailed opposite) is bad, but what I have not cited is worse. Melancthon does, indeed, plead for abrogation of the death laws, which often led a bereaved peasant family stripped of a good part of its means. Otherwise he strains every nerve to quiet the consciences of the nobles, not only as Luther does, concerning their right to exact the accustomed dues, but as concerns their right to impose any future dues, to any extent, on any occasion. He even gives Einsiedel a not indistinct rebuke for disquieting himself at all about such worldly matters as the mitigation of his vassals' burdens. He does indeed once or twice say that taxes should be "reasonable," but the whole letter shows that by "reasonable" he simply means that they should not be absolutely annihilated. Knowing the government of the princes and nobles to be selfish and remorseless as Luther had declared before his change of policy, and as history proves, Philip admonishes the peasants that they ought to esteem the conduct of their superiors towards them "wise and right," that is, they ought to esteem it as being the exact opposite of that which everybody knew that it was.

He makes easy work of the complaint that the peasants were burdened above measure. Why! says he, they are burdened much more grievously in France and Italy, and other countries, ancient and modern, and yet these heavier burdens, he declares, are not unjust. We have to take their justice entirely on his word. They were mostly imposed at the mere will of the rulers. They everywhere left the people wretchedly poor. They were mainly spent in inordinate luxury of the courts and in wars of ambition concerning which the people had no voice whatever. Joseph, to whom Melancthon appeals repeatedly, as if his viziership was to be a rule to all the Christian ages, required of the peasants in Egypt one fifth of their harvest for the king. Luther tells the Germans that if the prince took one half their cattle (and he doubtless would have said the same about their crops) they ought to be thankful that he had not taken the other half. Melancthon fully concurs with him, for, like Luther, he contends for the re-introduction of serfdom (hardly like Luther, for chattel slavery) and tells the peasants that their unwillingness to be made bondmen was against the Gospel, nay, a wickedness and violence. In other words, they were violently withholding from their lords that property in them which their lords ought to have, only distinguished from an absolute slavery by

their not being subject to personal sale, or to separation from their families, and probably by their having a right to some small peculium. As they would persist in being so unchristian as to refuse becoming serfs, Philip says that there is something to be said against the appropriation of the princes of the peasants' immemorial rights in the common woods and pastures and fisheries. He refers them here to the judges. At the same time he warns them that the government may have good reasons for suppressing these rights. What the reasons are he does not even hint. I give him the benefit of his hesitation in supporting these tyrannical confiscations.

In short, the Einsiedel documents exhibit Melancthon as resolutely determined to invest the princes and nobles with every right against the peasantry, and to divest the peasantry of every right as against the nobles. The only mitigations are his demand for the abrogation of the death dues, and his hesitating disapprobation of closing in the commons. Melancthon justifies his willingness to divest the common people every where of almost all rights as against the magnates, by adding, with special reference to Germany, that "such a wild and untamed race, such a blood-thirsty folk as the Germans," instead of being admitted to more liberty, ought to be cut short of what they had. Nothing can be done with them, he declares, unless they are "held hard." This is infamous. Except the English, there seems to be no people on earth less disposed to private murder, or less disposed to bloody insurrection. Even Luther, as we remember, when summing up the evil results of the Reformation, does not put down increase of murder among them. It is true, there was shocking havoc and ruin during the Peasants' War, but this was after such oppression as was enough to make wise men mad. And now, in all the greatness of their strength, there is no people less inclined to aggression than the Germans while their submissiveness to their rulers is so complete that it seems to the rest of us not only childlike but childish.

And what they are now they have been for a thousand years. The description of the medieval Germans given somewhere, "brave as lions, but modest as maids," rests on a certain patience and simplicity of character, which has always distinguished this great people. Melancthon is here guilty of a monstrous and criminal libel against his countrymen.

Happily, Philip is hardly known except as a theologian who lamented the schisms of Christendom, and whose influence is perpetuated in one of the mildest and most rational bodies existing, the German Reformed Church. Charles C. Starbuck, 12 Moacham street, North Cambridge, Mass.

PRAYER AS WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY: A UNIQUE PROPOSITION.

Rev. Canon Wilberforce takes a novel but suggestive view of what is to some people a vexed question. In the January number of an English publication called St. John's Parish Magazine, the following report from a recent sermon by him appears: "Intercessory prayer is that divine essence of soul union, that heavenly ministry which laughs defiance to scorn and creates a meeting place in God for sundred hearts and lives. It cannot analyse it and reduce it to a proposition; but neither can I analyse the invisible fragment vibrations which proceed from a bunch of violets, and which will perfume a whole room. I cannot analyze the passage through the air of the dots and dashes of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy. But I know that intercession is a current of the breath of God, starting from your own soul, and acting as a dynamic force upon the object for which you pray. It sets free secret spirit influences (perhaps the Father's mighty angels, that excel in strength, who can say 'I') but which influence would not be set free without the intercession."

"I can well understand Mary Queen of Scots saying that she feared the prayers of John Knox more than an army of 10,000 men. Why should not intercession be a part of God's regularized workings, as much as wireless telegraphy? Why should it not be a natural law, and none the less spiritual, because nat'ral? Such forces do exist—call them thought-transference, psychic sympathy, spiritual affinity, what you will. These forces of influence between man and man, acting independently of distance, are rapidly claiming recognition from the physical investigator. Why should not intercession be one of these secret affinities, appertaining to the highest part of man, and acting, by divine natural law, directly upon the object prayed for, originating from the divine nature in you, and passing, full of the infinite resources of God, directly to the one for whom you pray?"

ALL HE LOVED BEST WAS IRISH.

Thackeray's wife, who was Irish, became demented in the early years of her married life. "I was as happy as the day was long with her," he told one of his chums; and one day, when Trollope's groom said to him: "I hear you have written a book upon Ireland and are always making fun of the Irish. You don't like us." Thackeray's eyes filled with tears as he thought of his wife—born in County Cork—and he replied, turning away his head: "God help me. All that I have loved best in the world is Irish."

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER. Sacred Heart Review. LXXVI.

I dwell at considerable length on Melancthon's letter to Baron Henry von Einsiedel, because it bears irrefragably that whatever regard for popular freedom or for humanity the later Lutheranism may have had (and it seems, before the rise of Pietism, to have had very little care for humanity, while Pietism, too, has concerned itself very little about freedom), it derived neither from its two original leaders. Not only did Luther and Melancthon do nothing to advance freedom and humanity, but they distinctly and strenuously set themselves against such stirrings of conscience in their disciples as might advantage either.

We have heard Luther's savage admonitions to the princes to keep the common people at the lowest point of poverty; to be profuse among them "with heading, hanging, burning, breaking on the wheel" and to deal with them as with "asses, hogs, and other such creatures," rather than as with human beings and baptized Christians. The Catholic world listened astounded to such a ferocity of declamation against the natural rights of man as had never been heard before since the days when the Irish, and after them the English, missionaries first spread the tidings of great joy in Germany. Here was indeed a new gospel, a gospel wholly unknown to Apostles or Fathers, or Schoolmen, to Popes or Bishops. Luther is less ferocious indeed than Caligula, but apart from the persecutions, decidedly more ferocious than Nero.

Melancthon is less truculent than Luther, but more deliberately hard-hearted. Not being himself a peasant but a bourgeois, he has even less sympathy with the peasantry than his principal, the very violence of whose vituperations seems to show that, to gain the favor of the princes, he is struggling to overcome within himself an instinctive attachment to his own class. I am not largely acquainted with his writings, yet I can not believe that where policy does not shape his words, he exhibits a good deal of natural affection to the common people. Not so with Melancthon. There never was a man more completely divorced from the general life of his nation. He was a theologian and scholar, and nothing more. His placidity of personal temper, friendliness in society, and moderation in controversy, may well induce us to call him amiable, but his letter to Einsiedel, and his subsequent more formal decision, ought to disprove all attempts to pass him off for humane. Doubtless individual distress would have appealed to him, but there never was a more thoroughly cold blooded endeavor to suppress the compunctions of conscience that had begun to stir in the minds of certain nobles concerning their treatment of their vassals, and to leave these exposed to the utmost extremes of tyrannical caprice. The letter is a veritable curiosity of hardness of heart.

What I have already cited from the Einsiedel letter (including the substance detailed opposite) is bad, but what I have not cited is worse. Melancthon does, indeed, plead for abrogation of the death laws, which often led a bereaved peasant family stripped of a good part of its means. Otherwise he strains every nerve to quiet the consciences of the nobles, not only as Luther does, concerning their right to exact the accustomed dues, but as concerns their right to impose any future dues, to any extent, on any occasion. He even gives Einsiedel a not indistinct rebuke for disquieting himself at all about such worldly matters as the mitigation of his vassals' burdens. He does indeed once or twice say that taxes should be "reasonable," but the whole letter shows that by "reasonable" he simply means that they should not be absolutely annihilated. Knowing the government of the princes and nobles to be selfish and remorseless as Luther had declared before his change of policy, and as history proves, Philip admonishes the peasants that they ought to esteem the conduct of their superiors towards them "wise and right," that is, they ought to esteem it as being the exact opposite of that which everybody knew that it was.

He makes easy work of the complaint that the peasants were burdened above measure. Why! says he, they are burdened much more grievously in France and Italy, and other countries, ancient and modern, and yet these heavier burdens, he declares, are not unjust. We have to take their justice entirely on his word. They were mostly imposed at the mere will of the rulers. They everywhere left the people wretchedly poor. They were mainly spent in inordinate luxury of the courts and in wars of ambition concerning which the people had no voice whatever. Joseph, to whom Melancthon appeals repeatedly, as if his viziership was to be a rule to all the Christian ages, required of the peasants in Egypt one fifth of their harvest for the king. Luther tells the Germans that if the prince took one half their cattle (and he doubtless would have said the same about their crops) they ought to be thankful that he had not taken the other half. Melancthon fully concurs with him, for, like Luther, he contends for the re-introduction of serfdom (hardly like Luther, for chattel slavery) and tells the peasants that their unwillingness to be made bondmen was against the Gospel, nay, a wickedness and violence. In other words, they were violently withholding from their lords that property in them which their lords ought to have, only distinguished from an absolute slavery by

their not being subject to personal sale, or to separation from their families, and probably by their having a right to some small peculium. As they would persist in being so unchristian as to refuse becoming serfs, Philip says that there is something to be said against the appropriation of the princes of the peasants' immemorial rights in the common woods and pastures and fisheries. He refers them here to the judges. At the same time he warns them that the government may have good reasons for suppressing these rights. What the reasons are he does not even hint. I give him the benefit of his hesitation in supporting these tyrannical confiscations.

In short, the Einsiedel documents exhibit Melancthon as resolutely determined to invest the princes and nobles with every right against the peasantry, and to divest the peasantry of every right as against the nobles. The only mitigations are his demand for the abrogation of the death dues, and his hesitating disapprobation of closing in the commons. Melancthon justifies his willingness to divest the common people every where of almost all rights as against the magnates, by adding, with special reference to Germany, that "such a wild and untamed race, such a blood-thirsty folk as the Germans," instead of being admitted to more liberty, ought to be cut short of what they had. Nothing can be done with them, he declares, unless they are "held hard." This is infamous. Except the English, there seems to be no people on earth less disposed to private murder, or less disposed to bloody insurrection. Even Luther, as we remember, when summing up the evil results of the Reformation, does not put down increase of murder among them. It is true, there was shocking havoc and ruin during the Peasants' War, but this was after such oppression as was enough to make wise men mad. And now, in all the greatness of their strength, there is no people less inclined to aggression than the Germans while their submissiveness to their rulers is so complete that it seems to the rest of us not only childlike but childish.

And what they are now they have been for a thousand years. The description of the medieval Germans given somewhere, "brave as lions, but modest as maids," rests on a certain patience and simplicity of character, which has always distinguished this great people. Melancthon is here guilty of a monstrous and criminal libel against his countrymen.

Happily, Philip is hardly known except as a theologian who lamented the schisms of Christendom, and whose influence is perpetuated in one of the mildest and most rational bodies existing, the German Reformed Church. Charles C. Starbuck, 12 Moacham street, North Cambridge, Mass.

PRAYER AS WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY: A UNIQUE PROPOSITION.

Rev. Canon Wilberforce takes a novel but suggestive view of what is to some people a vexed question. In the January number of an English publication called St. John's Parish Magazine, the following report from a recent sermon by him appears: "Intercessory prayer is that divine essence of soul union, that heavenly ministry which laughs defiance to scorn and creates a meeting place in God for sundred hearts and lives. It cannot analyse it and reduce it to a proposition; but neither can I analyse the invisible fragment vibrations which proceed from a bunch of violets, and which will perfume a whole room. I cannot analyze the passage through the air of the dots and dashes of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy. But I know that intercession is a current of the breath of God, starting from your own soul, and acting as a dynamic force upon the object for which you pray. It sets free secret spirit influences (perhaps the Father's mighty angels, that excel in strength, who can say 'I') but which influence would not be set free without the intercession."

"I can well understand Mary Queen of Scots saying that she feared the prayers of John Knox more than an army of 10,000 men. Why should not intercession be a part of God's regularized workings, as much as wireless telegraphy? Why should it not be a natural law, and none the less spiritual, because nat'ral? Such forces do exist—call them thought-transference, psychic sympathy, spiritual affinity, what you will. These forces of influence between man and man, acting independently of distance, are rapidly claiming recognition from the physical investigator. Why should not intercession be one of these secret affinities, appertaining to the highest part of man, and acting, by divine natural law, directly upon the object prayed for, originating from the divine nature in you, and passing, full of the infinite resources of God, directly to the one for whom you pray?"

ALL HE LOVED BEST WAS IRISH.

Thackeray's wife, who was Irish, became demented in the early years of her married life. "I was as happy as the day was long with her," he told one of his chums; and one day, when Trollope's groom said to him: "I hear you have written a book upon Ireland and are always making fun of the Irish. You don't like us." Thackeray's eyes filled with tears as he thought of his wife—born in County Cork—and he replied, turning away his head: "God help me. All that I have loved best in the world is Irish."