

Senate R. Room

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## CURRENT COMMENT

In all our very natural jubilation over this year's bountiful harvest and the fine weather that enables the farmer to make the most of it, it is well not to forget our Heavenly Father to Whom all these blessings are due. In nothing is the hand of God so visible as in that most uncertain and yet most necessary of factors, the weather. Gratitude to the giver of all good gifts is the mark of a noble and wise soul, whose chief occupation during its endless life hereafter—compared to which the present life is but as the brief flight of an arrow—will be to thank God in grateful transports of ecstatic love.

Nor should we forget that each bumper crop diminishes the probability of the next one being a bumper. With all our modern improvements we have not yet improved away the possibility of drought or excessive rains or scorching heat or untimely frosts or rust or destructive insects. Hence the wisdom of not spending this year all that the harvest has brought in. Foresight and economy are always in order.

Although the change may be painful, it is one that was inevitable in these days of real Papal reform. We mean the removal of Protestants from St. Mary's choir. Let them play and sing in their own churches; but, when you come to think of it, it is almost a travesty on religion to hear a Protestant sing "Adoro te devote, latens Deitas," "Devoutly do I adore thee, hidden Deity," before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, when the same Protestant does not believe in the Real Presence. Of course the converse holds good: Catholics must not sing nor play in Protestant churches; but, apart from the sin of actively participating in the worship of misbelievers, their position when they do so is far less anomalous than that of Protestants singing in Catholic choirs: for most Protestant hymns are sufficiently vague and general to admit of a Catholic interpretation, whereas Catholic church music is often exclusively Catholic.

The case is somewhat different for a High Church Anglican who believes in Transubstantiation, auricular confession, purgatory and the Primacy of the Pope. There is hardly any thing in our church music that he cannot enter into with all his heart. And this is the paramount question with our church choirs. Can they really enter into the spirit of what they sing? Even Catholics do not meet this requirement if they are merely nominal members of the Church. Their faith, at least, must be lively. It would be shockingly unbecoming that a Catholic who neglects his Easter duty should pretend to represent the universal Church in its praise of the most pure God. Better have no singing at all than to have it performed—we use this word advisedly because it is all a piece of insincere acting—by blasphemous or licentious men and women.

One of our readers has kindly sent us a clipping taken, at second hand, from a Catholic paper already some months old. We reproduce it because we think it worthy of more than mere quotation or space-filling. When we showed it to an extremely fastidious French literary critic, he thought it a perfect gem and asked, in evident surprise, who was its author. We could only say that this admirable lesson in charity was clipped from the Toronto Star, a pearl dropped by some nameless genius, as generous as he was modest in the vast waste of daily journalism. Here it is.

### He Gave to the Lord

Yesterday he wore a rose on the lapel of his coat, and when the plate was passed he gave a nickel to the Lord. He had several bills in his pocket and sundry change, perhaps

a dollar's worth, but he hunted about and, finding this poor nickel, he laid it on the plate to aid the Church Militant in its fight against the world, the flesh and the devil. His silk hat was beneath the seat, and his gloves and cane were beside it, and the nickel was on the plate—a whole nickel. On Saturday afternoon he had a gin rickey at the "Queen's," and his friend had a fancy drink, while the cash register stamped thirty-five cents on the slip the boy presented to him. Peeling off a bill, he handed it to the lad, and gave him a nickel tip when he brought back the change. A nickel for the Lord and a nickel for the waiter! And the man had his shoes polished on Saturday afternoon and handed out a dime without a murmur. He had a shave, and paid fifteen cents with equal alacrity. He took a box of candies home to his wife and paid forty cents for them, and the box was tied with a dainty bit of ribbon. Yes, but he also gave a nickel to the Lord. Who is the Lord? Who is He? Why, the man worships Him as Creator of the universe, the One who puts the stars in order, and by whose immutable decree the heavens stand. Yes, he does, and he dropped a nickel in to support the Church Militant. And what is the Church Militant? The Church Militant is the Church Triumphant of the great God the man gave the nickel to. And the man knew that he was but an atom in space, and he knew that the Almighty was without limitations, and knowing this, he put his hand in his pocket and picked out a nickel and gave it to the Lord. And the Lord, being gracious and slow to anger, and knowing our frame, did not slay the man for the meanness of his offering, but gives him this day his daily bread. But the nickel was ashamed, if the man wasn't. The nickel hid beneath a quarter that was given by a poor woman who washes for a living.

The last touch, which is perhaps the best of all, accentuates the fact, so often observed by priests, that the poor are immeasurably more generous than the rich. Not long ago a Catholic pastor announced to his congregation that having to travel a great distance on important business, he would be absent several weeks. Although he asked for no contributions to the expense of his long journey, no sooner had he returned to his house than the poorest man in his parish called on him and begged him to accept ten dollars as a small offering towards his unforeseen expenses. The good man hardly waited to be thanked, and when he was gone the priest turned to a visitor and said: "Ten dollars is more of a sacrifice for that man than would be a hundred dollars for A, B and C," mentioning three of his wealthy parishioners who had heard the announcement and never offered anything.

In the west of England there lived, some twenty years ago, a rich Catholic widow who had a Catholic servant girl. The latter, whose wages were seven or eight dollars a month, frequently offered her parish priest four times the usual stipend for a Mass, and when he would expostulate she would invariably reply that she had so great an esteem for the Holy Sacrifice that she would feel mean if she did not do as she insisted on doing. Her mistress, with a surplus of several hundred pounds a year, seldom made any offerings but such as she was in conscience bound to make to the Church. If wealthy Catholics were to give of their surplus in the same proportion as their poor brethren give of their necessities to the Lord and to one another the spectre of Socialism would loom less large in the future, all church and school debts would be soon paid off, and the devil would not have such a free hand among the heathen.

The neighboring State of North Dakota is greatly exercised over the case of a criminal sentenced to be hanged on circumstantial evidence. The case has been rehearsed over and

over again by the Board of Pardons and thoroughly threshed out in the local papers, especially those of Pembina County. So strong was the feeling in favor of the man's innocence that a parallel case was recently manufactured out of whole cloth in order to prejudice the popular mind against circumstantial evidence. This parallel case, reciting how a man who had murdered a girl thirty years ago had just confessed on his deathbed how, by changing his blood stained clothes with another man, he had fastened suspicion so strongly upon him that he was sentenced to death and actually hanged. The telegram announcing this startling confession appeared two or three weeks ago in all our Manitoba dailies, and the impression it produced of instinctive distrust of circumstantial evidence is still fresh in many of our readers' minds. A news agency, having since examined into the origin of that telegram, has discovered that all the new and startling parts of it are utterly foundationless. There was, indeed, a girl murdered in that place thirty years ago and the man who was executed for the crime protested his innocence till the end. But the name and existence of the man who made the dying

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**Northwest Review**

confession lately, the place where he was supposed to have made it, and every detail of that confession, all this is pure fiction. Thus is exploded one of the many tales condemning circumstantial evidence.

And yet there remains the difficulty of choosing between two alternatives. Shall all judges refuse to execute any criminal on purely circumstantial evidence, because this kind of evidence is sometimes misleading? Or shall they continue to inflict the death penalty after carefully sifting the only kind of evidence that is, generally speaking, obtainable, even if an innocent man occasionally suffers? Is this latter alternative not better for the common good of society than the former, which would deprive murder of nine-tenths of its terrors?

This is the view taken by Mr. Grant S. Hager, a learned North Dakota lawyer, who sums up the history of the case in question and insists strongly on the finality of judicial sentences, a final-

ity the absence of which in criminal cases is greatly deplored by the best American jurists. What Mr. Hager says of "dreams" is an allusion to a dream which one of the county officials had and which, because it exonerated the condemned murderer, was much used as sensational testimony by the local press. We quote from the St. Thomas Times, edited by Mr. Hager.

Within the past three weeks many articles have appeared in papers of this State expressing the belief of the writers that Joseph Till, sentenced to life imprisonment from this county ten years ago for murder was innocent. Unquestionably these writers are sincere in their beliefs, and moved with sympathy for Till, are anxious to aid him secure his liberty. At the time Joseph Till was tried for murder Justice N. C. Young, of the State supreme court, was prosecuting attorney for the county. No man who knows Justice Young will believe that he ever lent his abilities as an attorney to send an innocent man to life imprisonment. During the trial Judge Kneeshaw, of this district, then practising before the bar, acted as Till's attorney. He used all his legal knowledge and energies to bring before the jury such evidence as would prove the innocence of the defendant. In this case he was aided by the chief deputy sheriff and jailor of the county, D. E. Morden, who had a firm belief in Till's innocence, and who has since been untiring in his efforts to secure a pardon for the condemned man. A jury of twelve just men, citizens and tax payers of this county, with all the evidence before them, and guided by the charge of an impartial judge, found that Till was guilty of the murder of Adam Miller and so recorded their verdict in open court. Since Till's incarceration in the State penitentiary his case has been before the board of pardons twice, and every mitigating circumstance in his favor weighed again and again, yet the men who are appointed by the State to inquire into these matters, with the record of the trial before them, and after hearing the arguments of his friends and counsellors, have refused a pardon. At one of these hearings before the board of pardons Justice Young, by virtue of his office as chief justice of the State supreme court, was a member of the board and acted upon the application. With his full knowledge of the original trial supplemented by the facts produced by Till's friend, Justice Young voted against the granting of a pardon. Statements have been made that the record of the trial had been purposely lost in order to hinder the securing of a pardon; that the facts which could be proven by the record were sufficient to procure a pardon. But in spite of these statements the record was easily found in the possession of the former court stenographer who had been ready to furnish a transcript of his minutes at all times. The Times does not believe in the punishment of an innocent man, and is always ready and willing to lend its aid in righting any wrong, but is not moved by maudlin sympathy and does not take kindly to beliefs founded on dreams or illusions. Joseph Till was convicted after a fair and impartial trial by an honest jury. He had the benefit of every doubt, and was defended by one of the ablest lawyers in North Dakota. His case has twice been reviewed by the State board of pardons which has refused to change the sentence of the court; and to insist that the man has been "railroaded into prison," or dealt with unfairly because he was a foreigner and unacquainted with the language of the country, is to charge that the prosecuting attorney, the jury and judge, and later the board of pardons are men unfit for public office or American citizenship. We hear much about the inadequacy of our laws, of the frequent escape of guilty men from just punishment, of the contempt of law by communities because of its non-enforcement, and yet when an occasional conviction is secured there are scores of persons

ready and willing to sign petitions for pardons, and urge that the man found guilty should be set free. For what purpose are laws made?

The Tribune keeps up its coarse caricatures of the Delegate Apostolic. Its persistent appeal to the vilest passions will end by disgusting all honest people with the cause it affects to serve with protestations of sincerity. To deplore such base tactics would be a mistake; they recoil upon their author with fatal force, while they cannot damage us in the mind of the reader who has any.

## Clerical News

Canon Francisco Figuera, who attended Emperor Maximilian at his execution, died suddenly the other day at his home in Queretaro, Mexico. He had a large fortune, all of which he gave away in charity. He was about to celebrate Mass, when he was attacked with a fit of coughing and died without uttering a word.

Father Raffin, who comes from the Lyons diocese, France, has been elected in Belgium Superior General of the Marists in succession to Father Martin, who died last March. The new Superior General has the reputation of being an able administrator. He was for many years head of the Grand Seminaire of Nevers.

Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago, has given to the Sisters of the Holy Family of Nazareth 58 acres of land at Feshansville, Ill., where a novitiate is to be built. The community is devoted mainly to teaching in Polish parish schools.

Last Tuesday Father Barras, pastor of Argyle, Minn., brought two young men from that town as students to St. Boniface College, where he remained overnight and said the student's Mass next morning. He says that the wheat crop in his parish seems ruined beyond hope by excessive rain. The grain stands so thick that even the sunshine cannot get at it to dry it. It is not yet cut at this late date because the fields are soaked in water. This state of things will make fall ploughing impossible and thus destroy all chance of a good harvest next year. Strange to say, the neighboring districts are not affected in the same way. There cutting and harvesting is going on. The cause of the trouble seems to be that the Argyle farmers are loth to undergo the labor required for the draining of their land. The harvest this year is a most bountiful one, but it cannot be reaped. Farmers have tried using binders with higher wheels, but they all stuck in the mud and the attempt had to be given up.

Rev. J. Beaudry, Rev. J. C. Cormier and Rev. L. E. Cormier, all of the St. Hyacinth diocese, arrived here last Tuesday after visiting California and the Portland (Ore.) exposition, whence they returned from Vancouver by the C.P.R. They were present at the reception tendered by St. Boniface College to His Lordship Bishop Racicot.

The Rev. M. O'Riordan, D.D., Ph.D., D.C.L., of Limerick, has been appointed Rector of the Irish College, Rome, and will repair to the Eternal City next month.

The Right Rev. Dr. Grace, Bishop of Sacramento, U.S.A., is on a visit to Wexford, his native town, where his mother still resides.

The Right Rev. Dr. Keiley, Bishop of Savannah, is on a visit to Ireland, the land of his forefathers.

The Right Rev. William O'Connell, Bishop of Portland, Maine, it is stated, has been appointed Papal representative to Japan, and he will proceed at once to that country on an important mission for the Vatican.

Father Meyer, who has been elected General of the Congregation of Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, is a native of Elsass.

A number of Jesuit astronomers from various countries visited Spain for the eclipse. Father Cortie, of Stonyhurst, went to the observatory of the Ebro, where he met Fathers Kramova and Stein from Holland, Fathers Schaffers and Lucas from Belgium, Father Villet from France, and Fathers Pintas and D'Elvas from Portugal, as well as several Spanish Fathers. Excursions were organized, and one of them was led by Father Cortie. Fathers Esch and Baur S.J., Germans, went to Burgos. Most complete arrangements for observation were made at the Tortosa Observatory by the Director, Father Cirera, S.J. The results obtained have been fairly successful.

A little before noon on Tuesday last the students of St. Boniface College greeted His Lordship Bishop Racicot with a cleverly turned French address read by J. B. Sauve and a neat little versified allusion in English to the relationship of uncle to nephew between their distinguished guest and His Grace the Archbishop, who was present, the verses being read by John Persichini. The college orchestra, under the able leadership of Father George Robichaud, played very acceptably. Mgr. Racicot replied in French and English, exhorting the students to prove worthy of the admirable training they were receiving under the Jesuit Fathers. The two prelates, accompanied by many clerical visitors, afterwards dined in the Fathers' Refectory, Mgr. Racicot leaving immediately after dinner for St. Jean Baptiste.

Father Drummond will preach next Sunday morning at the 11 o'clock Mass in St. Mary's church.

## Persons and Facts

The Telegram has received the following letter, dated Sept. 24, from the sisters of St. Boniface Hospital:

"The patients of St. Boniface Hospital enjoyed a very delicious dinner, yesterday, consisting of ducks and prairie chickens, sent by the Governor-General with his compliments.

This sympathetic kindness of His Excellency, the Governor-General was highly appreciated by the poor patients and by the Sisters in charge of the hospital."

Earl Grey also sent gifts of game, bagged by himself and party last week, to the Winnipeg General Hospital.

Mr. Louis F. Bouche has been appointed choirmaster and Miss Alice Doyle organist of St. Mary's church Winnipeg.

The University examinations in September—supplemental and medical entrance—are now so largely attended that special supervision has become necessary. Rev. Dr. Hart and Father Drummond divided up the seven days, from Sept. 21 to Sept. 28 inclusively, between them.

The Rev. A. P. Lonley, an Anglican clergyman, in a letter to the "Church Times" thus summarizes the objects of the enemies of the Church in France: "The fight is not against clericalism or the religious orders, but against Christianity, against Christ."

The proceedings at the International Congress of Freethought in Paris have been lively, the anarchists proposing a violent resolution in favour of Malato, who is in custody charged with having attempted to assassinate the King of Spain and President Loubet. A vote of sympathy with the accused was passed.

Writing from Vienna to the "Western Watchman" of St. Louis, U.S. Father Phelan says: "I never saw people show so much respect to the clergy as these Viennese do."

Dr. Charles Clinton Swisher, of Washington, professor of comparative politics in the school of law and diplomacy at George Washington University, is the first Protestant to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland. The degree was conferred on Dr. Swisher by Cardinal Gibbons recently, and was given in recognition of the former's "History of Religious Orders in Mexico," which received the indorsement of Pope Leo XIII.

Already preparations are being made at the Vatican for the great anniversary fete of the Swiss Guard, which was to have been in October, but has now been fixed for next January. This fete will celebrate the fourth century of their existence at the Vatican, where they were first called, 200 of them, in 1505, by Pope Julius II.

Mother Mary Magdalen of the Sacred Heart, nee Countess Annetta Bentivoglio, foundress of the Order of Poor Clares in the United States, departed this life on August 18. She was born in the Castle of St. Angelo, Rome, on July 29, 1834, being the twelfth of sixteen children. Her father, Count Domenico Bentivoglio, held the rank of General in the Papal army and did worthy service both under Gregory XVI and Pius IX.

Mr. E. J. LeBreton, of San Francisco, has given \$200,000 to build a new Home for the aged in Los Angeles, California. The Home is to be under the direction of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Limerick city jail has been closed, as the small number of criminals incarcerated in it did not justify the expense incurred in keeping up the staff required.

M. Cola, attorney at Mont de Marsan, and liquidator of the property of the Congregations in the Landes, has, says "La Croix," just died after a long agony. He never had a day's health since he accepted the office of liquidator. Badly hustled by the crowd at Saint-Sever and at Tartas in the exercise of his functions, deserted by a great number of his friends, M. Cola long since bitterly regretted his connection with the persecutors. At his own request and that of all the members of his family, M. Froment, Cure-Archpriest of Mont de Marsan, visited the sick man, who, in full possession of his faculties, and in the presence of several witnesses, solemnly declared that he repented sincerely that he had accepted the position of liquidator, and took a formal engagement, if he should recover his health, to resign his functions. An account of these statements was at once drawn up in writing, and signed by all the witnesses. The sick man then received the Last Sacraments and died as a child of Holy Church. A nursing Sister tended him to his last breath.

This last week has treated us to several days of delightful summer sunshine and heat.

Mr. J. J. McGee, clerk of the Privy Council and brother of the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, stopped over here for a few hours on Tuesday on his way back to Ottawa, after his official functions at the birth of the two new provinces. Mrs. McGee, who had been ill at the Edmonton Catholic Hospital, has now fully recovered, and accompanied her husband.

On Monday evening Chief Justice and, Madame Dubuc entertained at dinner Monseigneur Racicot, Rev. Joachim Allard, O.M.I., Rev. F. X. Kavanagh and Rev. Raymond Giroux, all four of whom were fellow students of Judge Dubuc in the Montreal College from 1860 to 1865. His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface and Rev. Canon Martin, Mgr. Racicot's travelling companion, were also present. It was a feast of college reminiscences forty years ago.

We learn from the St. Thomas (N. D.) Times, of Sept. 22, that little Archie B. O'Connor, whose critical attack of peritonitis was mentioned in our columns three weeks ago, is gradually improving and is expected to recover.

St. Mary's Academy welcomed Mgr. Racicot on Thursday afternoon.

### WEARING AWAY YOUR LUNGS

Yes, and your strength too. Stop coughing and get rid of that catarrh. The one remedy is "Catarrhzone" which goes to the diseased tissues along with the air you breathe; it can't fail to reach the source of the trouble; it's bound to kill the germs, and as for healing up the sore places, nothing can surpass Catarrhzone. If you don't get instant relief and ultimate cure you will at least get back your money for Catarrhzone is guaranteed to cure catarrh in any part of the system. You run no risk—therefore use Catarrhzone—at our expense if not satisfied.



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### Lest You Forget

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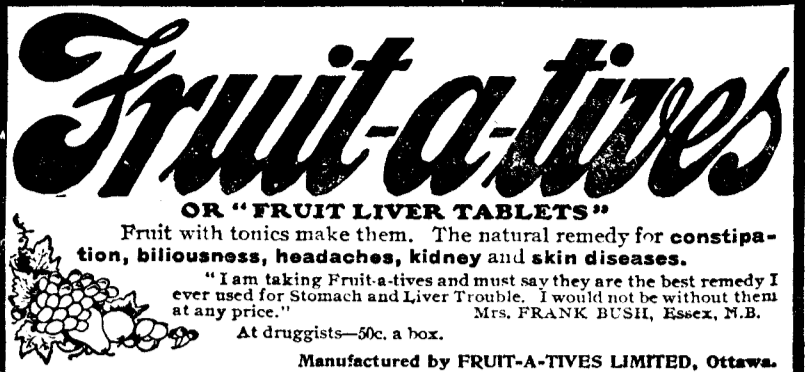
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These prices are advancing every year.

### A FEW POINTERS

On arrival at Winnipeg the wisest policy for any new settler to adopt is to remain in Winnipeg for a few days and learn for himself all about the lands offered for sale and to homestead.

There are districts that have been settled for many years in which land can be purchased. Some of this may be unbroken prairie which still possesses all the richness and productive powers of our virgin prairies. Other lands, cultivated and having comfortable farm buildings, are ready for immediate possession.

There are Provincial Government lands, Dominion Government homesteads, and railway lands to be secured.

The price of land varies from \$3 to \$40 per acre.

Location with respect to railways, towns, timber and water determines the price of land.

For information regarding homesteads apply at the Dominion Land Office.

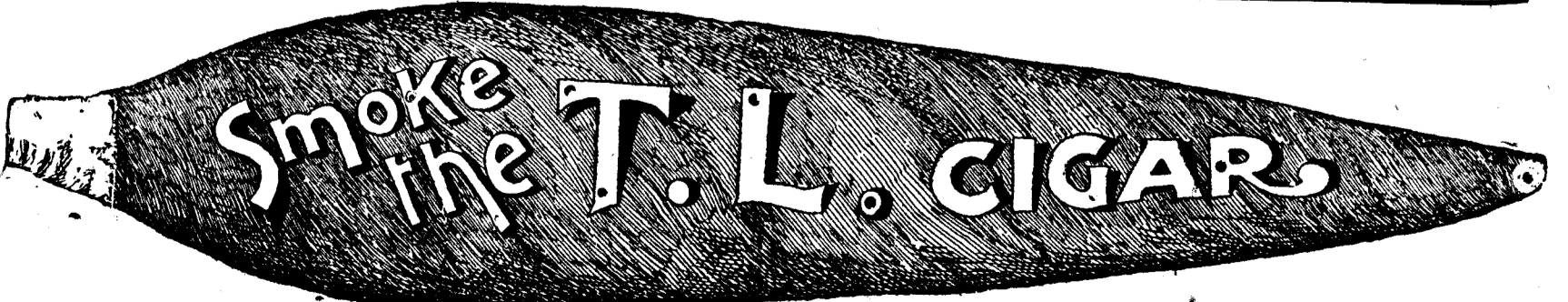
For purchase of Provincial lands apply at the Provincial Land Office in the Parliament Buildings.

For C. P. R. or C. N. R. lands apply at the land offices of said railway companies.

For lands owned by private individuals apply to the various real estate agents in the city.

For situations as farm laborers apply to: **J. J. GOLDEN**

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**PRIESTS TO THE RESCUE**

At the dreadful accident on the elevated road last Monday Morning, when one car of a crowded train toppled into the street, killing a dozen men and women, and badly injuring fifty others, the Catholic priest, as usual, was quickly on the spot. We read in one newspaper report:

"A few blocks away is the Church of the Paulist Fathers. Several of them rushed to the scene and were active in their ministrations to the dying. Wherever a poor huddled-up form stretched on the sidewalk or on the floor of a store could be seen, these men were, giving, wherever necessary the last rites of the Church. Sometimes they were in time to give the comforting words, other times they were too late."

Another paper tells the story thus:

"Two priests worked over the dead and dying, administering the last rites of the Church where it was necessary, and offering spiritual aid and consolation. They were Fathers Casserly and McMillan, who are connected with the Paulist Fathers' church at Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue. Some one had telephoned to the rectory that there had been an accident, and the priests went immediately to the place. When all of the injured had been removed to the hospitals they went to the Roosevelt Hospital where they continued their ministrations. Then they went down to the West Forty-seventh street station, where they did what they might for those who were seeking to identify the bodies."

So prompt are our clergy in hurrying to places where lives are in peril that every one is more or less accustomed nowadays to see the priest brave all sorts of danger in order to render spiritual or material aid to any poor victim within reach.—N.Y. Catholic News, Sept. 16.

**THE RESULT OF SUBTERFUGE**

Yasukiso Ishikawa, one of the Japanese journalists in the suite of Baron Komura, was condemning at New York the old style diplomacy that depended in the main on subterfuge and trickery.

"Subterfuge and trickery, when employed in a good cause," he said, "may be all very well; but they are as apt as not to give a wrong result. They do not move straightforward to the desired end as frank and honest methods do. They incline to bring things out all wrong."

"An English pharmacist in Tokio used subterfuge last month as a diplomat of the past did, and what happened will illustrate the point I desire to make."

"A little girl from the English colony came to the pharmacist and said:

"I want a dose of castor oil with the taste disguised."

"The pharmacist, a kindly man, smiled on the little girl.

"Do you like lemon squash?" he said.

"Oh, very much," she answered.

"With a little red wine to color it?"

"Yes, indeed."  
 "The pharmacist mixed a lemon squash—a lemonade you would call it in America—and in it, along with the red wine, he put the castor oil. The little girl drank it and smacked her lips."  
 "Anything else?" said the man.  
 "No; only my castor oil," she answered.  
 "Your castor oil? Why, you have just drunk it."  
 "And the pharmacist, well pleased with himself, laughed."  
 "But the little girl's brow clouded."  
 "Oh, dear," she said, "I wanted the castor oil for my brother."

**WHAT IS GOOD?**

"What is the real good?" I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;  
 Knowledge, said the school;  
 Truth, said the wise man;  
 Pleasure, said the fool;  
 Love, said the maiden;  
 Beauty, said the page;  
 Freedom, said the dreamer;  
 Home, said the sage;  
 Fame, said the soldier;  
 Equity, the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly,  
 "The answer is not here;"  
 Then within my bosom  
 Softly this I heard:  
 "Each heart holds the secret:  
 Kindness is the word."

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

**YOU MELANCHOLY WOMEN!**

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"Sunnies?"

"Nope!"

"Eels?"

"Nicht!"

"Then it's a wonder you don't get lonesome."

"No, there is always plenty of one thing."

"What's that?"

"Foolish questions by old guys that don't know a catfish from a clam?"

A friend of the late James McNeill Whistler saw him on the streets in London a few years ago talking to a very ragged little newsboy. As he approached to speak to the artist, he noticed that the boy was as dirty a specimen of the London "newsy" as he had ever encountered—he seemed smeared all over—literally covered with dirt. Whistler had just asked him a question and the boy answered:

"Yes, sir, I've been selling papers three years."

How old are you? inquired Whistler.

"Seven, sir."

"Oh, you must be more than that."

"No, sir, I aint."

Then turning to his friend, who had overheard the conversation, Whistler said: "I don't think he could get so dirty in seven years, do you?"

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1905.

### Calendar for Next Week.

#### OCTOBER

- 1—Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost.  
The Solemnity of the Holy Rosary.  
Commemoration of St. Remigius,  
Bishop.
- 2—Monday—The Holy Guardian Angels.
- 3—Tuesday—Votive office of the  
Apostles.
- 4—Wednesday—St. Francis of Assisi,  
Founder of the Friars Minor.
- 5—Thursday—Votive office of the  
Blessed Sacrament.
- 6—Friday—St. Bruno, Founder of the  
Carthusians.
- 7—Saturday—Votive office of the Im-  
maculate Conception.

### THE POLICY OF COMPROMISE

In the extract from our Archbishop's latest circular which appears in another column, and which we earnestly commend to our readers, they will see how forcefully His Grace insists upon the futility of compromise. All Catholic members of the Federal Parliament, except seven, to whom Mgr. Langevin feelingly expresses his gratitude, compromised on the school clauses. Have they thereby appeased our implacable foes? The coarse abuse of the Winnipeg Telegram and Tribune, and of a horde of Ontario papers, kept up even to this date, is the best answer. As His Grace pointedly puts it, Do you think they could have howled more ferociously if the school clauses had restored to Catholics full control of their schools? This is precisely the stand taken by our great English contemporary, "The Catholic Times," which, in its issue of the 8th inst, points the moral of "No more compromise" by the lamentable experience of the Northwest Territories of Canada. This article is so important, so germane to our present situation that we reproduce it here and make its arguments our own.

"Our readers are well aware that for years past we have championed the policy of making no further concession in the matter of our schools. In season and out of season we have insisted that our only safety lay in maintaining our hold on the buildings and our control over the teaching. For, in our view, to surrender any one of the powers which still enable us to conduct our

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schools as Catholic schools would be tantamount to opening the door towards the surrender of all the rest. With us, there is no distinction to be drawn between the forts and the fortress; the forts are the fortress. And to admit the enemy within our defences at all is to lay down our arms and proclaim that defence is no longer possible. Concessions are as useless for salvation as was the gold wherewith the decadent Roman Empire bought off the attacks of barbarian invaders. A bribe to-day is an incentive to further invasion tomorrow. The application of pressure upon us would be rendered more inviting, and would become easier with each concession we made. The State is already tempted to abolish denominational schools and institute in their place a system of purely national and secular education; and if we fail to resist the State now, we shall be beaten in the final struggle. Indeed, of the peril to which we are exposed, we may find a parallel in that through which our co-religionists in the North-West Territory of Canada have been and are yet passing.

"Our readers are acquainted with the fact that in Canada denominationalists have certain rights in matters of their schools which are recognized by law. We need not enter here into the character of those rights. Our purpose is to show how they were gradually filched away, in spite of law and in defiance of protest. And our evidence shall come from a correspondent of the "Times," who deals with this matter incidentally, in writing of the birthday of the two new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. After describing the origin of the denominational school system in Canada, with special reference to the North-West, he says: 'Later, when the Territorial Legislature was established, it became its duty to issue detailed ordinances and regulations for the guidance of the schools. In these ordinances, while the separate character of the schools could not be taken away by the subordinate Legislature, their privileges were very considerably curtailed, in spite of constant resistance on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy. This process culminated in the ordinances of 1901, which brought the separate (i.e., denominational) schools under the same regulations as the public schools, and made them national schools in all but name. The religious element was reduced to half an hour of optional religious instruction at the end of each day's work, together with the right of having denominational teachers.' Read the testimony

of this correspondent in the light of our own position in England, and the danger of compromise on any of our present powers whatever becomes evident at a glance. The Canadian priests protested but the Local Authority squeezed them all the same, until the central government stepped in and gave them—what? A concession whereby their Catholic schools became "national schools in all but name!" The Catholics may have Catholic teachers, and may let them give the children half an hour's instruction "at the end of each day's work!" And this, note, in Canada with its Catholic Prime Minister, and its multitudinous Catholic population. Shall we expect any better fate in England with a Prime Minister of any or no religion, and an insignificant, because disunited, Catholic population?

"Our readers will now see the meaning of fighting for the retention of the control of our schools. For the control is the school. As a man is the servant of him who pays him, so a school is the school of him who controls it. Every single child in a school may be a Catholic, and every teacher a Catholic, and the school may be owned by Catholics; but if the Catholics do not control it, it is not theirs. And this is a point of importance. Look at the Far West in Canada. There the Catholics have Catholic teachers and these teach the Catholic religion, and the schools, for all that, are "national schools in all but name!" Could any object lesson be more serious or more severe? Could any example more fiercely impress upon us the necessity of yielding not one single iota of the control we at present possess, charm the political parties never so wisely? That the Hierarchy will refuse to abate one jot of their just claims need not be questioned; the matter is one of life and death for the Church whose defenders they are. But we are not so sure that the various political parties will not expect some kind of transaction in Catholic demands before they undertake to attempt a settlement of this vexed problem of denominational education. It is well, therefore, for all Catholics to keep in mind the exact nature of the Catholic claim. Briefly stated, that claim is—Catholic schools, under Catholic control, for Catholic children, with Catholic teachers. This, and not a point less, is what we demand, and what we will have, before any political candidate shall be promised our vote. To fob us off with an arrangement for a concession of Catholic teachers at the price of a surrender of Catholic control, will be to land us in the predicament in

which our Canadian co-religionists have found themselves. The Canadian Catholics did not altogether see where they were going. They now see clearly where they have gone; their schools are "national schools in all but name!" Let us take warning in good time by the example they offer us. They protested but in vain. They resisted constantly, but in vain. They had sacrificed the point of control to some degree, and the sacrifice proved fatal. The Catholic control is now gone, and all that is left is the arrangement for Catholic teachers, and an optional lesson in religious doctrine for half an hour at the end of the day. Such a compromise in our case need not be thought of; no one would venture to put it forth. But the politicians are keenly alive to the potentialities of similar situations, and will be inclined to tell us that what is good enough for Catholics in Canada, is good enough for Catholics in England. To which we reply that it is not good enough for Catholics in Canada; they had to be forced to accept the arrangement. But certainly, parallels apart, it is not good enough for Catholics in England. We have not built schools and paid for them, for the privilege of half an hour's instruction in Catholic doctrine at the end of the day, when children are fagged and worn out. And if anybody thinks that we should be content with such an arrangement, he is a poor politician, and knows not the strength of Catholic convictions or the depth of Catholic principle on matters of education. To all wire-pullers and political intriguers our demand is—Catholic schools, under Catholic control, for Catholic children, with Catholic teachers. And we have no more intention of lessening that demand than we have of lessening the dogmas of our faith on which it is based. We have made the last compromise we intend to make."

The fact that the parallel which the editor of the "Catholic Times" draws out so ably, is based upon an official correspondence to the London "Times," ought, if they were amenable to reason, to convince our howling dervishes here that the schools in the new provinces are, as the Times correspondent says, "national in all but name." Wherefore, then, the howl?

In the first week of August over 80,000 people visited the little town of Ars, near Lyons, France, in memory of Blessed John Baptist Vianney, the saintly Cure of Ars, who died in 1859, and was beatified at the beginning of this year.

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SECOND SECTION OF MGR. LAN-GEVIN'S CIRCULAR LETTER TO HIS CLERGY, UNDER DATE OF SEPT. 8, 1905.

II—School Question in the two New Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan Organized in the Territories of The Northwest. (Alberta-Athabasca—Saskatchewan-Assiniboia.)

The vote of the Federal Parliament at Ottawa, under date of the 29th of last June, admitted and maintained our right to **separate yet neutral schools**, together with the famous half hour's religious teaching to be given at the end of the afternoon class, whether in separate or (according to Lamont's amendment) public schools.

By this is meant that in localities where the Catholics are in the minority (and this is the exception) we may form distinct school districts, and there elect Catholic school trustees, and engage Catholic certificated teachers, and collect taxes from Catholic owners. These are real advantages, especially from a material and financial view point, but from a Catholic stand point this is too little, for the school itself will remain **absolutely neutral**, that is to say there will be no Catholic books; nothing on the walls of the schoolroom to remind us of our religion, that is to say, no Catholic atmosphere, and above all, no control of the school, nor of the formation of Catholic school mistresses or masters!

In a word, we have no denominational school—we have no Catholic school. And yet, agreeably to the constitution given to the Territories of the North West by her Majesty, Queen Victoria, at the request of the Canadian Parliament in 1875, we have a strict and evident right to denominational schools. Moreover, the Honorable Minister of Justice has proved conclusively that the Federal Government had full power to restore to us this right of which divers ordinances, especially those of 1894 and 1901, had unjustly despoiled us. We are, then, once more sacrificed to sectarian fanaticism! and we wonder if the fanatics would cry out any louder if our confiscated rights had been restored to us! Moreover, what, pray, do our adversaries lose with a system of separate schools, what do they lose as regards the education of their children? Nothing at all.

Furthermore, what advantage will accrue to them even if their system of so called **National** schools prevail? What advantage, if not to obtain Catholic monies and to make use of the same in order to **neutralize** the souls of their own offspring? These people are the very embodiment of impudence and tyranny. Their device is that of Pharaoh of old; **Opprimamus eos sapienter**, "Let us oppress them wisely."

That which is left us is, doubtless, worth preserving; yet we hold it on conditions so precarious that if adverse leaders (such as Mr. Haultain) get hold of the reins of power, they can easily deprive us of the little we possess, or render the enjoyment of our fragmentary school rights well nigh impossible.

Do you call that rendering justice to Catholics who invoked in their favor the **imperial promises** of 1870 coupled with the constitution of 1875, and that which is of still greater import, the **right of nations**.

We are, then, the victims of a real wrong, and the loud clamors of fanaticism, the tool of Freemasonry, will assuredly deceive no one.

At present we have but little left us and Ottawa has ratified by an unjust act the robbing us of the best of our school rights, to wit, the right to denominational schools.

Seven Catholic members alone, to whom we owe a great debt of gratitude, manfully proclaimed and reclaimed the rights of the Catholic minority.

We hope that a sense of justice and fair play, as well as the good sense and instinct of our new leaders, will lead them to respect the inalienable rights of Christian parents.

What we must do, consequently, is to unite for the preservation of what still remains, and to prepare to obtain a large measure of justice in time to come. Our watchword then, shall be, "God and my right," and we shall say with the Prophet: "**In te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in aeternum.**" "In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped, I shall not be confounded for ever."

A GREAT CATHOLIC PHYSICIAN

(The Casket)

Dr. James J. Walsh continues his excellent work of showing what valuable contributions have been made to medical science by men whose names the ordinary reader is not familiar with. The last of the great physicians with whom he deals is Marcello Malpighi, the founder of comparative physiology. In the August number of the "Messenger" Dr. Walsh tells us that "There is not a single one of the biological sciences allied to medicine in which Malpighi did not do ground-breaking work that stamps him as an investigating genius of the highest order. It is all the more interesting, then, to find that he was appreciated by his contemporaries and especially by the ecclesiastical authorities, who are usually supposed not to be interested in such progress in science. Opposition there was in Malpighi's career, and persecution, but they come, as in the case of Vesalius, not from the churchmen but from the scientists of the period, who sturdily refused to accept the progress made by a contemporary, and hampered him by jealousy. Malpighi and the various thumbscrews of educational politics." Sir Michael Foster, Professor of Physiology at Cambridge, fully recognized the merits of this distinguished Italian, for, in his opinion:

"It may be truly said of Malpighi that whatever part of natural knowledge he touched, he left his mark; he found paths crooked and he left them straight, he found darkness and he left light. Moreover, in everything which he did, there is a note of the modern man. When we read Harvey, we cannot but feel that in spite of all which he did, he, in a way, belonged to the ancients; while he was destroying Galen's doctrines he was wearing Galen's clothes and speaking with Galen's voice. When we pass to Malpighi we seem to be entering into the ways and thoughts of to-day. Doubtless Malpighi was reaping what Harvey had sown; doubtless also the microscope gave him a tool which none before him had possessed. It was just the putting of these three things together which parts him from the old times and makes him the beginning of the new."

The most important discoveries made by Malpighi have to do with the liver, the kidneys and the spleen. He was the first to point out that the liver has the construction of a true secreting gland; his description of how the kidneys were constructed was not improved upon until well on into the nineteenth century; and he described every feature of the internal anatomy of the spleen. He may also be considered the founder of the science of embryology, for he was the first to give an adequate description of the formation of the chicken in the egg, a description to which nothing was added for nearly two hundred years afterwards. "He seems to have been the first to realize, too, that the blood consisted of a watery fluid in which a number of red particles, spherical in character, were floating and giving the red color which has been heretofore considered due to the fact that the liquid itself was tinged with red." He was a pioneer in botany, and his book on the anatomy of plants was published by the Royal Society of England. At the suggestion of this Society he made a special study of silkworms and his work on this subject is still consulted as an interesting contribution to comparative biology. The microscope had been available for such studies for a generation before Malpighi's time, but no one had taken advantage of it. As Dr. Walsh remarks:

"It is Malpighi's special merit to have recognized just where the next development must come in the study of anatomy. He is the founder of the great science of histology, which includes our knowledge of the intimate structure of living tissues. Malpighi was indeed the last of the great discoverers in anatomy of whom our own Oliver Wendell Homespoke when, reviewing the history of anatomy he said there came first the geniuses of who, like the harvesters found the field ripe for the harvest and gathered the most of it in; they were followed by the gleaners, who finding here and there some grains of observation that had been neglected by their great predecessors made for themselves distinguished names by bringing them home to men; while, finally, there were the geese, who, coming after all the others discovered here and there a single grain that had been neglected, and cackled much over their precious finds."

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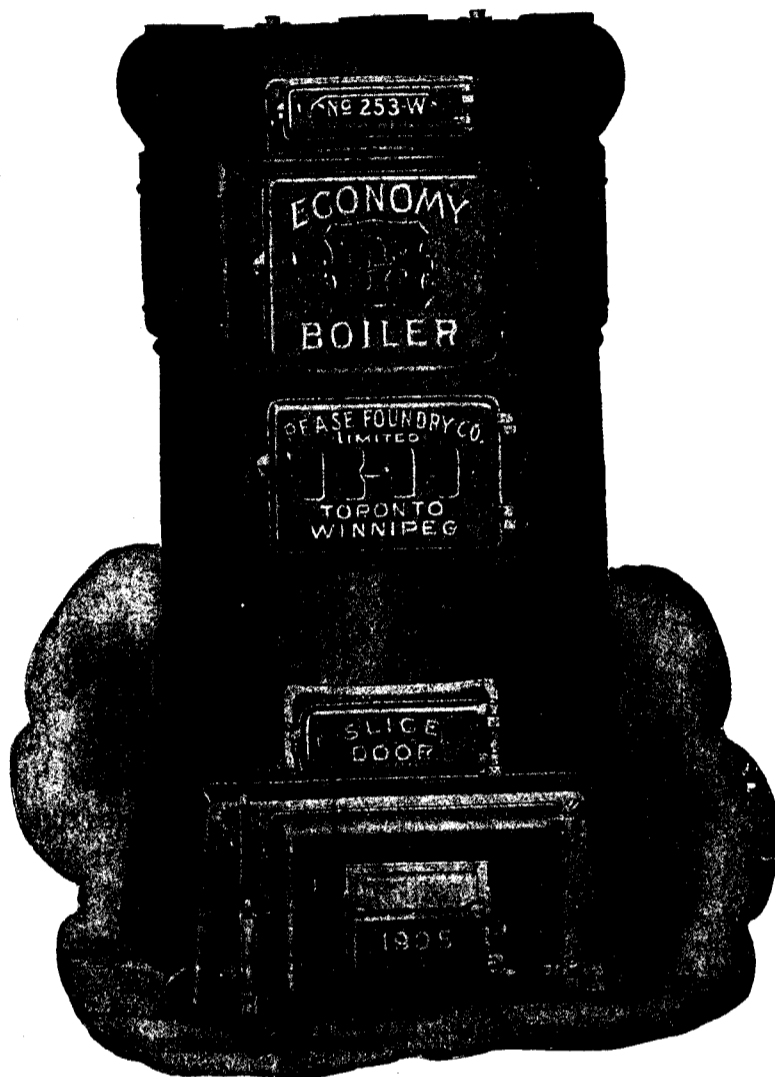
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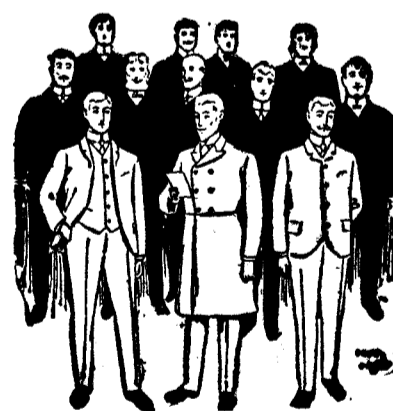
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Born near Bologna in the year 1628, the son of a small farmer, Marcello Malpighi was fortunate enough to be able to attend the University of Bologna, then one of the best in Europe. At twenty-five he was a Doctor in Medicine and in Philosophy. Three years later in spite of much opposition from the followers of Galen, his Alma Mater made him a professor. But receiving a very tempting offer from the Grand Duke of Tuscany to enter the new University of Pisa, he thought it better to take advantage of the special opportunities for original research offered him therein. From Pisa he returned to Bologna and thence passed over to Sicily as head of the medical faculty of the University of Messina. Here was spent the most important part of his life, yet he only remained four years before going back to Bologna for nearly a quarter of a century. Like so many other great students, he never enjoyed good health, yet he not only continued his investigations but devoted himself to an extensive medical practice, for he considered it always his duty to let all the sick people who approached him have the benefit of his remarkable skill. In 1691 he went to Rome by special request of his great friend Pope Innocent XIII., whose private physician he had been before and was now to be again. How amiable was his disposition we learn from his biography by Dr. Ercole Ferrario, who says:

"Malpighi was not less remarkable for his goodness than for his wide learning. Although he was bitterly persecuted by many, (especially because he held views opposed to Galen, and many other scientists considered this little better than heresy), he did not hate them nor look for revenge, but on the contrary, made it his business to praise them for



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whatever he knew to be praiseworthy in their work. For instance he advised Vallisneri, his favorite pupil, to hear the lectures of Sbaraglia, his hereditary enemy, who had done everything to discredit Malpighi's observations and to neutralize the influence of his discoveries in medicine." He met many reverses of fortune with great fortitude, but the death of his wife prostrated him utterly and he died at the age of sixty-seven, full of honours, if not of years.

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**FATHER PHELAN IN DRESDEN**

Dresden, July 4th, 1905.

Dear Watchman:

This is the glorious Fourth, and I am in the capital of Saxony. I was surprised to see the Stars and Stripes so much in evidence in the streets, all the more so because tourists from America are not now in the habit of placing Dresden in their itinerary. Yet there are many Americans resident here, and Consul General Gaffney is a great favorite; and after learning that the latter was to give a grand reception in the evening, I saw the reason for the display of American flags. Besides, this country is one of those monarchies which exist solely by the sufferance of the voters, and merely until these can agree on some form of popular government. The King is the merest figure-head, and the best of it is, he fully appreciates the fact. Poor man! He is trying his best to make himself popular. He walks through the streets accompanied by his children. He rows in the Elbe and goes in swimming at the free public baths among the poor of the city. They took sides with his wife, ascribing her disgraceful flight with the tutor of her children to desperation brought on by his brutal misconduct. I learn that this is not a just view to take of her escapade. The King is a weak character, but is not a bad man. He goes to the sacraments, and on the morning of her flight they both went to the Altar together. It was not her first offense by any means. Now that all the facts are known, they claim that she was crazy. Well; leave it so. The poor King lives a lonely life, and has his poor, terribly orphaned children always with him. The people of the city miss the court functions, and want to know why, if the King will not take back his wife, he does not marry another and give them some court balls. They do not see what business the Pope has meddling in the political affairs of Saxony. Still, thoughtful people pity the King, and they tell me he is growing in popularity. His brother, the priest, never visits Dresden, and devotes himself scrupulously to his professional duties in the University of Freiburg. There are 40,000 Catholics in Dresden; while their number in the whole kingdom is not more than 160,000. There is a titular bishop here. The Court Church is the only one in the heart of the city; but there are four others in the new quarters of the town. There are ten priests connected with this church; but they are mostly engaged looking after the scattered groups of Catholics in the interior of the Kingdom. They seem to be a very busy and devoted body of men.

I was anxious to visit Dresden and Saxony; because I wanted to study the social side of life in this oldest and most Protestant country in the world. I find that there is very little Protestantism, or in fact, any other kind of religion left among the people. The great majority of the children born in Dresden, Leipsic and other places in Saxony are illegitimate. I have been

told that this is true of the whole country; but I can scarcely convince myself that matters are that bad. They tell me that marriage seldom takes place before a child is born; and these girl mothers are not looked down on in any way. The church taxes are high here and to escape them great numbers have renounced their connection with the Lutheran State church. After notifying the officer in charge of that department that they have ceased to belong to the church they are compelled to pay one year's taxes in advance; and after that time, if they still persevere in their determination, they are stricken from the rolls of ratepayers. In some cases whole villages give notice at the same time. Marriages and funerals are very costly affairs here, as they are everywhere on the Continent. I could wish that they were less expensive in Catholic countries. It scandalizes the poor, and the rich are sometimes taxed beyond their means.

We can well understand the low estimate placed upon female chastity and church affiliation in Saxony, when we remember that it is honey-combed with socialism. Of the thirty-six members in the Reichstag from Saxony thirty-five are Social Democrats. These men have some respect for the government of the state; but only scorn and contempt for a state church and a state religion. God and the Church cut no figure in their programme of social reform. The Socialists of Saxony are integrally united with the Socialists of Germany; and when the Social Republic, for which all Socialists sigh, is established in Germany all state lines will be blotted out; and Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, France, Italy, Spain and Russia will form one grand European republic, with its capital in Berlin and its flag of peace, fraternity, equality and liberty floating over every town hall from the North Sea to the Mediterranean and the Danube to the Atlantic Ocean. And with the rank and file of Socialists it is not a wild dream, but a solid and stolid and thoroughly realizable proposition. When the great cataclysm comes, the king, the priest and the soldier will be cast in the same pile of rubbish. This programme takes man as it finds him, and releasing him from every restraint, gives free rein to all his human propensities, under the fundamental law of social perfection, that the way of enjoyment is the way of progress, and the perfect man is the man who gets most out of this life at least cost to his natural appetites.

Before coming here I spent a few days in Berlin, where I found a great, bustling, modern city and the throbbing heart of Pan-Germanism. It did not interest me. Its ideals are too new; its heroes are too well known and look too much like cheap actors in their bronze coats and heroic pose. The present emperor has done much for Berlin, and before long it will be the greatest city in the world; the fairest paradise of the flesh and the strongest citadel of the Devil. I found religious and social conditions there very much what they are here in Dresden. It is an adage there that people do not go to church on Sunday in Berlin; they go to the theatre. The middle classes are still devoted to conservative home life, and go to church; but the upper and lower classes have given up all religion. It is strange that in the two cities where for four hundred years all the energies of the state and all the passions of the people were directed towards the extirpation of Catholicity, the Catholic religion should be the only one to survive. In Berlin and Dresden, if you hear a church bell on Sunday or any other morning, you may depend upon it, it is either the Angelus or a call to Mass. I visited the new Evangelical Cathedral of Berlin dedicated by the Emperor the other day, and proclaimed the St. Peter's of the Protestant world. It was closed. I asked the reason, and the guard told me it was open on week days from ten till six; but on Sundays it was open only one hour and a half in the forenoon and an hour in the afternoon. On week days strangers visited it; on Sundays nobody. On the other hand the Catholic churches are thronged with worshippers at every Mass. It is so in Berlin; it is so also in Dresden. The presence of the great and unbending Centrum has made Catholicity respected in Berlin; and has given courage to Catholics everywhere in the Empire. Nothing is too good for a Catholic in the eyes of the Emperor; and no place or post too high for the aspiration of a German Catholic. The effect of persecution is here everywhere evident in a bold and demonstrative Catholicity. Catholics take off their hats to a priest in Berlin and Dresden; as they take off their hat to an old soldier in Paris. And

for the same reason. The priest has been in the thickest of the fight and bore the brunt of the battle during the Kultur Kampf. The people visit the churches and pay respect to the Blessed Sacrament. There is a live, active, virile Catholicity in the most Protestant sections of Germany that speaks vol-



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# DION AND THE SYBILS

By Miles Gerald Keon

A CLASSIC CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

## CHAPTER XX.

The evening of that day was dark and stormy, and the moon had not yet risen. When Paulus (who was leaning against a tree in the Calpurnian garden, gazing at the house in which his beloved sister lay sick, desolate and despairing) heard close to him a low murmur of voices; immediately after which eight or nine men passed near where he stood, without seeing him in the shadow, and hastened toward the house, into which he could just perceive by the dim light that they were admitted. No words could convey the feelings with which he maintained his post for about a quarter of an hour longer, until a figure approached him quietly in the dusk, and he heard Thellus asking, "Are you still there?"

"Yes," he replied; "and I have dreadful news for you. Lygdus whose voice I immediately recognized, has just passed here, and gone into the house with a gang of ruffians. What can this be for?"

Thellus replied "that the fellow must have entered the garden by the entrance at which he had the last—in fact only that moment—stationed a watch. No more can enter now," he added; "all the gates of the enclosure are guarded; and we have still thirty men to spare. Let us proceed at once to operations. If they will not open one of the doors of the fortress-like house to our knocking, the last and only resource is to use the combustible materials which we have collected. So soon as they perceive within that the flames are kindled at one door they will parley, and, upon condition of our extinguishing the fire, will admit us at another."

"That is quite certain," returned Paulus; "and none can leave the house meanwhile, on any side without falling into the hands of one or other of our posts."

While they were speaking, about thirty armed men, who had followed Thellus, gathered around them; and Paulus said:

"The wind blows against the face of the house; bring the pitch-barrels to the front door—follow me."

"Ay! we'll follow; lead on; the barrels are there already."

"The assailants, without another word, moved swiftly in a body to the portico of the Calpurnian house, the grounds and gardens of which they had secured against the intrusion of any but an overwhelming force.

Within, leaning her bowed head, upon her arms, which were stretched crosswise over a marble table, poor Agatha sat alone in the innermost triclinium of the ground floor. A bright lamp burned on the top of a pole in a corner. She had just driven the Lady Plancina out of the room by the incessantly reiterated entreaty, "Leave me, leave me, abhorred woman!" As Lady Plancina retired, she exclaimed, grinding her teeth, "Then, be it so; I'll send you a pleasanter companion."

Agatha, when her dreadful hostess had retired, sprang from her settle, ran to the door, and locked it on the inside. This done, she paced the forlorn room, wringing her hands and moaning, till worn out with fatigue and anguish of body and mind, she flung herself upon the couch, and fell into a miserable slumber, filled with dreadful dreams. A loud knocking at the door of the apartment made her spring from the couch. The knocking continued.

"Who is there?" said she, full of terror.

"Open!"

"Is it Charicles?" she persisted; "but no, he would not knock so rudely, to frighten a helpless girl."

"Open!"

"Who is it?"

"Open!"

"I will not open till you say who it is."

There was a whispering outside, after which a voice answered.

"Open to your doctor; open to Charicles."

With a trembling hand she hastily unlocked the door, which as she did so, was pushed inward. She saw five or six men standing in the passage, the foremost of whom entered, and at once closed the door again behind him, but

without locking it. That man was Lygdus. She at once knew her brutal captor, and indeed, had she never seen him nor been in his cruel power since that afternoon when he had tried to kill her brother with Piso's sword, she would still have remembered him. She was too weak now to scream, and, besides, knew its inutility. She fell on her knees with clasped hands, and gazed at the sicarius wildly. He bade her put on her cloak as she must take a short journey with him. She seemed not to have heard him. He repeated his command with an oath. She merely continued to stare at him. He shook her roughly by the shoulder. At the touch of his hand she rose, and hastened, with a reeling step to the furthest corner of the room, and fell down there, but partly recovered herself so as to lean against the corner of the wall, where half-sitting, half-lying on the floor, her beautiful face was changed into a deadly hue; her eyes were wide open and fixed upon Lygdus; her lower jaw had partially dropped. The monster approached her with his fist clinched; but she then suddenly seemed to regain some little strength, for she motioned him away with her right hand, and said slowly, and with a gasp:

"Paulus, brother dear! why leave your poor Agatha to be so treated?"

At this Lygdus stooped, and struck her on the delicate shoulder, yelling out: "Perish your brother Paulus."

Agatha put a hand to the stricken shoulder, and crouched into the angle of the wall, an object of such helpless terror, refined beauty, simplicity, innocence, and suffering, as would have melted, it might be supposed, the hardest and most ruthless heart that an assassin ever had in his bosom. But Lygdus only seemed to be still more enraged at this affecting spectacle.

He was in the act of repeating the dastardly caitiff blow, when he was suddenly arrested by a terrible succession of sounds which he could well understand. It was the rush of footsteps in a distant part of the building, followed by the violent trampling of men to and fro as if in deadly struggle, the noise of blows exchanged, the shrieks of women, cries, curses, a loud shout from many voices, and all the tumult of a sudden and desperate conflict. The tenderest claims of pity, the most touching pleas of compassion, had been unable to move the heart of Lygdus against his love of cruelty; but there was one thing before which his lust of cruelty instantly gave way, and that was his cowardly love for his own precious carcase. Leaving his victim where she crouched, he crept to the door on tiptoe, placed his ear at it in a bent attitude, and listened to the uproar which perceptibly swayed nearer and nearer. Lygdus opened the door and peered forth, just as the tumult rolled and thundered into the passage itself. Slamming the door hastily fast again, Lygdus locked it inside, and retreating to the middle of the chamber, drew from the breast of his diphthera, or tunic, a long knife, and thus waited. Not long had he to wait; a brief combat seemed to take place outside; a heavy body or two were heard as if roughly flung on the ground, and then the door itself was sharply struck with some metal instrument, while above the din, a voice which sent a thrill to the crown of Agatha's head to the soles of her feet rang clearly out, crying: "Sister dear, be not alarmed; help has come; it is Paulus who knocks."

Agatha raised her eyes toward heaven but could not speak; and Lygdus of course remained silent, knife in hand, as we have described him.

(to be continued)

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### CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANT SERVICES

An Important Question Answered.

The question may sometimes be asked: "Why do Catholics give missions to non-Catholics, and specially invite Protestants to hear Catholic doctrine expounded by Catholic priests, when at the same time Catholics resent any attempt to get Catholics to attend a Protestant service? The answer is simply this, says the "Sacred Heart Review": Protestants are invited by Catholics to listen to explanations of Catholic doctrine, because Catholics know that Protestants can attend without violating any principle of Protestantism, which is a religion of private opinion. Disclaiming infallibility both for himself and for the denomination to which he may at present be giving his allegiance, a logical Protestant must necessarily be in the attitude of a seeker after truth. On the other hand, a Catholic, not resting his faith on varying and fallible witnesses, but on the infallible Church, believes that he possesses an absolute certainty that this Church is the one Church and the only Church that Jesus Christ established. This fact is as clear and unshaken in his mind as the mathematical proposition that two and two make four. It admits of no question no shadow of doubt. The logical Protestant is and must be a seeker after truth; the Catholic believes that he has already found it. The Protestant, therefore, can take part in any religious service, for he knows not at what turn he may receive more light to cause him to change his present denomination for another, but the Catholic, because of the facts stated, can not without violating the essential principle of his faith, take part in the religious service of any Church but of that which he believes to have been instituted by Christ. Participation, therefore, in a Protestant service is, to the Catholic mind not merely a question of liberality or toleration or broad-mindedness; it is a question simply of right and wrong.

### THE JESUITS AGAIN

The unmasking of the Jesuits, which occurs every summer when other topics fail, has been of an unusually interesting nature this year. As a rule the General of the Jesuits has been found to be at the bottom of most of the mischief that happens, but this time nobody has accused him of anything, although he might have been seen almost every afternoon this week (until yesterday, when he left Rome) taking his usual afternoon walk with Father Chandler, and wearing instead of the customary "greco" or long coat, a light cloak which concealed the pitiful absence of the right arm removed by the surgeons a couple of months ago. Father Martin seems to be in good health, and he ought to be as dangerous as ever, for not only does he say Mass every morning in a private chapel, assisted by one of the Jesuit Fathers, but he has already learned to write almost as well with his left hand as he ever wrote with his right.

It is the Jesuit of the "Civiltà Cattolica," however, who has been found out now. The "Civiltà" has been accused off and on for the last fifty years of being the organ of all that is old-fashioned, conservative and reactionary in the Church. But the leopard has changed its spots after all. Some months ago the Civiltà began a series of articles on the burning questions of the day in Italy,—on Socialism, the "Non Expedit," the Catholic social movement, the German Volksverein, and so on. Then came the last Encyclical, and it was found to contain

practically all and severally the ideas promulgated already in the "Civiltà." The conclusion was obvious; the encyclical was dictated to the Holy Father, if not actually written for him, by the Jesuits of the "Civiltà." The cause of the change of front on the part of the "Civiltà" Jesuits was equally plain—they had suddenly become liberal in order to get possession of Pius X., and force their views upon him. This does not sound very coherent when one comes to analyse it, but it passes muster as a good summer story in Italy at the present moment. The real truth is that the Jesuits of the "Civiltà" have given another specimen of their extraordinary insight into the mind of the Holy See on the great questions of the day.—The Tablet.

### WHAT THE REFORMATION DID FOR THE ENGLISH CLERGY

(Sacred Heart Review)

The uneducated or wrongly educated non-Catholic usually has an idea that the Reformation in England, and in other lands, wrought a great transformation in the low moral and spiritual ideals, which had been fostered by Catholicism, but which Protestantism changed at once bringing moral and spiritual order out of the chaos of Catholicism. It is their impression that the Reformed Church in England freed from the "Roman incubus" immediately began to awake to greater activity, and to shine with greater beauty. A far more correct idea of the effect upon the State Church in England of the Reformation may be gathered from competent Protestant historians. There is a passage in the History of England (page 165) by F. York Powell, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and T. F. Tout, M.A., Professor of History at the Owens College, Victoria University (published in 1906 by Longmans, Green, & Co.), which is worth quoting in this regard.

"The Reformation had left the clergy a poor and despised class, *unpopular with the laity* (the italics are ours) and of mean social distinction. There were few livings now that would support a scholar, and by the middle of the (sixteenth) century the universities which earlier in the century had shown increasing affection for the new learning, became desolate, and there was imminent danger of their colleges following the fate of the monasteries, though under Elizabeth a revival took place. Harrison complains that careless patrons sold their livings or presented their servants and dependents to them. The owners of the monastery lands would not give enough to pay competent vicars to serve the churches whose tithes had gone to them on the fall of the religious houses. The married clergy were hardly pinched, even where the celibate clergy might have lived in comfort. Elizabeth robbed and bullied her bishops, and the local magnates followed her example by ill-treating the parish clergy. 'The Church,' says Harrison, 'is now an ass for every man to ride on.'"

### BISHOP PRAISES THE JAPS

Here is the opinion of Msgr. Mugabure, Bishop of Sagalasso, and Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Tokio, Japan.

"I believe the Japs will become one of the greatest nations the earth has known, and this will be really the reward of work."

"You would like my opinion on what is called the 'Yellow Peril' Well, I think a state of things that would just-

fy alarm is very, very far away. I have seen so much of the people—all grades—that I have become a pro-Japanese in almost all things.

"They will certainly continue to flow from their country to others in the East, for the simple reason that their own country is not large enough to keep them. But they go to other places to work, and they generally improve the districts of their adoption.

"You would be astonished to find in Tokio and other cities what large congregations are obtained by the Christian churches. But they come not as the Hindoos and the Chinese—after the famine, the typhoon and the earthquake—but regularly. The conversion takes longer, because they think for themselves, but the conversion is permanent. The adoption of a new religion has not impaired their patriotism in the slightest degree, as may be realized from the fact that some of the best soldiers in the war are Christians."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address:

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### THE ENGLISH MARTYRS

The appearance of the second and final volume of "The English Martyrs" is an event of more than merely literary importance. It was a lover of paradox who said that a book was a greater event than a battle. There are books and books, and there are battles and battles, but here the alternatives do not clash, for this is a book and a battle, a battle for the faith. Historians in general have been very reticent about these heroes of Tyburn. And how many of the "noble army," now written about with finality in this new volume by Dom Bede Camm, Father Phillips of Ushaw, Father Sebastian Bowden and Father John Pollen, find a record, a mention even, in the boasted "Encyclopaedia Britannica?" Speaking from memory, we shall answer two at the most. Well, indirectly, the appearance this week of this book of Martyrs under Queen Elizabeth has helped to change all that, and we have reason to know that in the new edition of the "Encyclopaedia" now in preparation at the "Times" office every name on this glorious roll-call of Dom Bede Camm's editing will find at last its proper place.

All popular stories about the winners of the Victoria Cross pale before these tales of Tyburn. In the excitement of conflict a brave soldier sallies out to the rescue of a comrade. The deed is well done, and so all the people say, while the King publicly pins the cross on to the breast which is the breast of valor. Yet one wonders how many of even these gallant men would have endured in cold blood, and for an intangible good, the Elizabethan rack. Take the typical case of Alexander Briant, son of a Somersetshire yeoman. At eighteen he matriculated at Hert Hall—the Hertford College of to-day—and went from Oxford to Douai. In 1581, while on a mission, he was brought into the Tower, "where he had almost died of thirst, and was loaded with most heavy shackles. Then sharp needles were thrust under his nails." After eight days in a subterranean pit he was taken out of the rack chamber, where the torture was so intense that he, supposing within himself that they would pluck him to pieces, put on the armor of patience having his mind raised in contemplation of Christ's bitter passion. And here they asked him whether the Queen was supreme head of the Church of England or not? He replied: "I am a Catholic, and I believe in this as a Catholic should." That the martyr "should be made a foot longer than God made him" was the persecutor's inhuman threat, so that "he was racked more than any of the rest." With what effect? "He laughed at his tormentors and, though nearly killed by pain, said: 'Is this all that you can do? If the rack is no more than this, let me have a hundred more for this cause.'"

Catholics will read these things, and will find in them the tonic that in easy and complacent days perhaps they need. But one cannot help wondering what will be the effect of a book like this upon Anglican readers. To no poor controversial uses would we put the records of a human tragedy: all mankind has its share in the treasury of human endurance—rather every song of defiance—of these Tyburn martyrs is controversial. The spiritual independence safely asserted by Anglicans to-day at

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Church House meetings was won for them, if only as a boast, by the endurance of our spiritual ancestors under tortures inflicted by theirs. The Tree of Tyburn is the family tree of the Catholics of to-day, and this book of Elizabethan martyrs will make them prouder than ever of their descent.—The Tablet.

The late Dr. Temple, who is popularly believed to have been unequivocally brusque and cutting of tongue, had a sense of humor which enabled him to be suave upon occasion.

When he was head of Rugby School a lady of high position, with a handsome son of whom she was inordinately fond, went to Dr. Temple in great indignation. Her son's master, she said had described him in a letter to her as an impostor.

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