



### LASCINE.

BY AN OXFORD MAN.  
CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

It was Sunday morning. The sound of the church bells came softly into the sick-chamber at Watlington House; the dying man turned in his bed, Eddy, pale with his three weeks' watch, caught the slight sound that fell from his lips.

"Is it Sunday?"

"Yes, my father."

"Pray for me."

"Willingly, oh willingly, my father."

The voice of Eddy Lascine mingled with the glad sound of the bells:

"And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever." "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

Only a few verses of the Apocalypse, for fear of tiring the invalid; then the prayers for the Dying, from the "Garden of the Soul."

"Thank you, my boy."

"I am going to take my bath, papa; then I will return."

Those sad eyes followed him lovingly round the room.

Eddy motioned the nurses to the bed, and left the room.

John was not made for a sick-room; he could not stay there long at a time. Mrs. Lascine and May were too delicate, except a few hours in the middle of the day, Eddy did not leave his father.

Small, loving attentions. The tables, with the medicine and ice, each had its tiny vase of fresh flowers. Softly and noiselessly he moved about, and his cool hands seemed to ease the sick man more than the machine-like movements of the hired nurses.

"Eddy, what are you doing?" one day, after his arrival, the sick man said.

"I am praying for you, father that God may spare or enlighten you; but you must not talk."

Just then Mr. De Vere came to administer the Lord's Supper.

Eddy left the room.

The sick man would not receive the bread and wine, or could not.

Day by day the boy grew paler and paler, but at meal-times he was gay and amusing. The half-hour he walked with his mother every day in the grounds, his soul seemed to shine out clearer and more beautiful. He joyed because he was leading his father into the Catholic Church.

October 31st.—Mr. Lascine's birthday dawned clear and bright. The whole family were sitting with him.

"Where's Eddy?" he gasped out.

"He has just left you to take his bath and get an hour's rest."

"Send for him."

In a minute Eddy entered the room.

"A glad birthday to you, papa," said he, "and many glad ones more through the long eternal ages in heaven!"

"In Christ my hope."

What matters? Why do I linger over a scene that carries such pain with it? A rich birthday-present that father received that day. He was numbered with the children of the one Holy Catholic Church.

It was evening. The lamp of life burnt very low; the bleeding came thicker and faster; and, as the holy waters of baptism sparkled on his brow, the glad light deepened in his eyes, and the innocence of his childhood was given to him. The nurses, at Eddy's word, had gone to the far end of the room. No witnesses were there but the angels and the Eternal.

Gradually, during the night, that life stole quietly onward to its hour—its rest. No fear now—all light—all joy.

During the early morning hours the breath came slower and slower. Eddy sent for Mrs. Lascine after he had said the prayers for the Dying. She sent for John and Mrs. Crowner. The frightened servants stood in one corner of the room. He was holding Eddy's hand and his wife's, speechless; those dark eyes glittered with joy as now and again Eddy stooped and whispered in his ear of the glories of the Church triumphant, of the helps through the great valley, to unite his agony with the agony of Christ.

The morning sun broke through a bank of crimson clouds, and the birds sang their morning hymn of thanksgiving; the scent of the flowers came in by the open window; but the red veil of the humanity of Mr. Lascine, which had hung between him and God, was severed.

Noislessly a voice had summoned him—"Friend, come up higher."

He had entered into the joy of his Lord.

"Edward!"

"Yes, doctor; I am here."

"Stealing the best flowers, as usual."

"And for a good purpose—for my father's coffin."

Your mother was asking for you. She is very ill indeed. Her one idea seems that you must drop this notion of the priesthood for three years, and travel."

"I cannot."

"Unless you do, I will not answer for her life. It may bring on a disease of the heart. For your own sake I urge this. The last three years have altered you wonderfully. I consider it economy of health."

"I cannot—I cannot!"

"Then you will be the murderer of your mother. Much as I love you, Edward Lascine, if any thing happens to her, never do I answer to you again! This is selfishness."

"I can give no answer now, Dr. Pinton. God only knows how dearly I love my mother; but I love Him more."

"Poor Eddy! I speak sternly. I speak sternly. I know how you suffer; but this must be."

"Dutiful morior." I die daily. My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken me? The crimson and white buds he held in his hand fell on the conservatory-floor; he shivered as though some cold wind blew on him.

"De excelsis cogitationibus, et actibus heroicis filiorum Dei. Have I fallen so far as this from the lofty thoughts and heroic acts of the sons of God? If Father Clare only were here to advise me! If dear Father Ring—"

As he stooped to pick up the fallen flowers, his hand struck against a cactus, and the sharp prickles remained in his hand.

Involuntarily he sang to himself. John strolled in behind him, and listened. The words came from his poor, bleeding heart:

"All for thee, O heart of Jesus! All the long, ascending stairs, All the soul's deep crucifixion, All the weariness of life."

"Eddy, your hand is bleeding."

"It is nothing, John. I struck it against a cactus just now."

"Let me bind it up for you, and pull the thorns out."

"Thanks. I wish you would pull the thorns out of my heart, too, Jack, old boy."

John's handsome eyes opened wider.

"How, Ed?"

"You see, John, Dr. Pinton has been here, says *maman's* heart is set on my traveling three years. I cannot waste so much time in my studies for the priesthood."

"Ed, it must be. I tried to help you; but it must be."

"We will talk later about it, John. Thanks for your trouble. I have to finish my design for the coffin-lid, in flowers, and to say the 'Office for the Dead.'"

"Where?"

"By the side of our dead father, John."

He was kneeling by the dead, praying; the hot tears rolled through his hands, and blasted the pages of his book.

The door softly opened, and Mrs. Lascine entered leaning on the arm of her maid. Never had such a change appeared as in her stately figure. Eddy started as she bent over the corpse and kissed the cold lips.

She motioned the maid away, and leaning on Eddy instead, her frame shook with uncontrollable emotion.

"Eddy, by your father's side, your dead father's side, in God's presence, promise me you will never do anything toward becoming a priest for three years."

"Mother!"

"Eddy, our circle is lessening now. If you leave me, you, my darling, I shall die. O Eddy, do not despise my shall die of love. All your dead father's love is yours now."

Once more that uncontrollable emotion shook the mother's frame, and great sobs burst from her.

"Mother, if it will comfort you, in Christ's name I promise."

"Kiss that cross in flowers you have made upon his coffin-lid to seal your promise."

He bent down low, and pressed his lips to the starry, white flowers.

Reader, were you in his place, would you have done otherwise?

CHAPTER XII.  
THE TOUR.

The Duchess of Mount Pleasant and the Countess of Castleton sat under the shadowy trees in the park at Brussels, during the concert of the military band. They were sitting in the Central Avenue; the streams of fashionably-dressed people passed and repassed almost unheeded.

"You had not heard of Mr. Lascine's death until a few days ago?"

"No, indeed."

"And he has been dead almost three months."

"Mrs. Lascine, Mrs. Crowner, and the boys, are staying at the Bellevue."

"Indeed, I have not seen them."

"They are only here three days, and Mrs. Lascine is very unwell. She was driving in the Bois yesterday; her widow's weeds make her look more charming than ever."

"You say the boys are with them. Is Eddy here, too?"

"Yes; and handsome than ever. All the girls ask me who the superb young Englishman is who sometimes chats with me. Earnest Trevylian is with Edward; they were inseparable at Oxford, and, directly it was known he was to make a tour of three years, Ernest obtained permission to go with him."

"The Duchess of Mount Pleasant, and too occupied to speak with us," said a cheery voice, close to them.

"Indeed!" said the good duchess, laughing; "never too occupied to speak with the Honorable Ernest Trevylian, and only too happy to chat with Mr. Edward Lascine."

"Your Grace is too kind," said Eddy, as he spoke; bowing low to the Countess of Castleton.

"Now, Ernest, you must occupy the Countess while Eddy and I speak on English news. Then my dear," said the duchess to her companion, "you shall have Eddy loaned you, and Ernest comes to me; so we shall arrive at the truth of all English news."

A kind, motherly interest beamed from the good duchess's face, as she conversed with Eddy.

"Mrs. Lascine is unwell? Tell her I am coming to spend this evening with her."

"Your Grace will be welcome. Trevy and myself go to Spa to-morrow for a couple of days. I shall go with more pleasure if I know *maman* is under such good care as yours."

"You are pale, Eddy, in crossing the Channel."

"No, Eddy, no, my boy; old eyes such as mine read deeper. It is heart-sickness."

"We have had trouble lately."

"It is not that, my boy. Your heart is not here in these gay scenes; it is in the quiet of the past two years at the Catholic college you were at. I read it in each lineament."

What was it made the crimson flash to Edward Lascine's face, and die suddenly away? Was it the words of his friend? or was it the strains of the "Poppe's March," by Viviani, that rang through the park? Did he think of the last time he heard it, in the little room at Brill, on the wheezy piano of Mrs.

Jewson? Or, did those words strike home?

He was deadly pale and silent for a moment. She interpreted those looks differently, as she said: "Take the advice of an old woman: *Prenez toutes choses du côté le plus facile*."

She did not hear the low whisper, and if she had she would not have understood it: "De excelsis cogitationibus, et actibus heroicis filiorum Dei."

"Well, you ladies must excuse us; we have promised to meet John Lascine and the Marquis de Marle on the Boulevard, and now we have only ten minutes. We are not *comme il faut*, yet, because we have not been presented at the club."

"Often you'll go there, when you are."

As they strolled off, many an eye-glass was raised at the tall, graceful figure of Trevylian, his splendidly-fitting clothes showing off his figure to perfection.

Edward Lascine, too, was remarked more closely—the black serge suit of clothes, the dark necktie, the only relief being the pale-lavender gloves, tiny feet, too, and the clear complexion, with the blue gleaming eyes, and the proud, graceful curve of the head, caused many a flattering remark to follow them.

"Trevvy, I cannot go!"

"Ed, this is nonsense; you must. What do you say, Marle? He has news of the go?"

"I'd go, Ed; you can escape early."

"I had promised to dine with Monsieur Chigi to-night. He is only here en passant."

"Nine will be early enough—you can leave him by that time."

"Whose box do you go in, Trev?"

"Read," said Trev, throwing a scented sheet of paper across the table, which he had picked out of a heap of such notes.

"Madame la Comtesse de Blois."

"You must go, Eddy; our Ambassador will be the only 'other' in the *loge*, and you have not yet met Amelie de Blois. They are the most Catholic ladies here, and Madame la Comtesse has several times asked me of you."

"I'll go, Marle, if you'll take my mother; and at nine, Trev, come to my room for me. I am in haste to see 'Le Nonce Apostolique,' to hear the Roman news. *Adieu!* I'm going to dress immediately."

The beauty of Paris, London, and Brussels, were crowded into the Grand Opera-House. At 8:30 the *avant-scene* opposite the royal box was occupied by Madame la Comtesse de Blois, Monsieur le Comte, and Amelie de Blois. Madame la Comtesse was a striking beauty; to-night the yellow satin, trimmed with a pale pink tulle, set off her southern beauty to its full extent. The costly diamonds glittered in her raven tresses, and glinted in myriad tints on her fair neck and white arms.

"Comme elle est belle! *C'est quelque chose magnifique!*" one heard on all sides, as the glasses were turned to the *loge*.

But by degrees one's eyes tired of the diamonds, and rested on the fair girl at her side, Amelie de Blois.

Had one dreamed of beauty, and sketched the ideal, the ideal was here. Long, blue-black hair, in natural curls, flowed over the fleecy white dress beyond the waist. Guileless of ornament (but of a splendid figure, the pure Greek features lit up with animation; the heavy silk opera-cloak, with its golden fringe, resting on one fair shoulder, and the head slightly bent over the bouquet of white rose-buds. One crimson bud shrouded in her hair, just giving the necessary color to the entire figure.

The Count, a fine, handsome man, sat by his daughter's side.

"Countess, do you think he'll come?"

"Qui, ma fille?"

"Monsieur Edouard Lascine, *ma petite maman*." Her face flushed as she spoke. She took out her jeweled watch, which sparkled again in the strong light of the chandelier:

"*New hours* *etiquettes*."

At that moment the door opened, and Mr. Edward Lascine was announced. Edward Lascine was looking his best. The talk with the Nunco of Paris and the news from Rome had flushed his face with enthusiasm.

The dress-suit fitted him perfectly. He wore no chain, no ring, no ornament, save a very tiny, crossed by a gold bar worked with some Grecian pattern. Three sprays of lilies of the valley, with a waving, feathery fern-leaf, were fastened in a *neglige* manner in his dress-coat; pale-lemon gloves, fitting perfectly to his small, white hands.

Half an hour had elapsed, and during the *entr'acte*, an animated conversation was carried on.

The Countess spoke:

"In honor of your Excellency's visit, and these other English gentlemen, I forbid a word of French in my *loge* to-night; nothing but English."

The English Ambassador leaned forward to say some polite words to the Countess. Edward Lascine and Amelie were discussing the merits of various operas.

"A magnificent young couple they would make, Madame la Comtesse; seldom have I seen such rare grace and beauty, both of body and mind, in two young people!"

A proud smile hovered over the mother's face.

"Mrs Lascine made the same remark to me to-day."

Ernest Trevylian caught this word as he was speaking with the count. A troubled look came over his face. At the same moment, in a box opposite, he saw the dark robes of Mrs. Lascine, and knew that the forgotten of the lady was fixed on their box. Marle, also, was gazing intently at the fair picture.

Amid the excitement of society in Paris, Moscow, and Geneva, Edward

Lascine kept his calm, even manner. Whence did he draw this simplicity, which attracted so forcibly? In the early light of the morning, while the fashionable world was sleeping, he was kneeling, making his hour's meditation in some church, and assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. Ernest Trevylian was with him, and for months had been in no church but the Church of Rome. Seldom two such quiet, denying, unselfish lives were led in the fashionable world.

At St. Osmund's, in the early morning, good Father Clare offered weekly the Holy Sacrifice, that Edward Lascine might yet stand at the Altar.

When persons asked Father Clare for or of him, he would reply:

"Edward Lascine cannot fall. *De excelsis cogitationibus, et actibus heroicis filiorum Dei*. Suffering is his lot, much suffering. And tears would glitter in the good father's eyes."

TO BE CONTINUED.

### CHRISTIANITY VERSUS FREE MASONRY.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

In another column will be found a translation of Abbe Gayraud's letter dealing with the motives which have prompted French Free Masonry, acting through its tools in the Chamber of Deputies, to inaugurate a crusade which aims at the extirpation of Christianity from France. The writer of the letter, who is one of the foremost orators in the French Chamber, speaks out of the fulness of his knowledge. He has had ample opportunity of learning from personal contact with the anti-Christian crusaders what their programme is. The charges they bring against the religious Congregations are lies out of the whole cloth.

The crime these associations are guilty of, in the estimation of Free Masonry, is that they are the advance guard of the Catholic Church, who plants herself across the path of Free Masonry and gives battle in defence of the Christian principles of which she has been the guardian for nineteen hundred years. The logical consequence of the determination of Free Masonry to uproot Christianity is an attack upon the Catholic Church. She must be either got rid of or reduced to such impotence as to become a negligible quantity in the affairs of the world. Just as a general conducting a siege concentrates his efforts upon the stronghold, knowing that if that is captured weaker positions will fall of themselves, so Free Masonry directs its attacks upon the Catholic Church, feeling confident that a decisive victory over her would leave the divided Protestant sects at its mercy.

Abbe Gayraud, as well as every other thoughtful and clear-seeing Frenchman who is not under the influence of Free Masonry, knows exactly the meaning of the tactics adopted by the Comtesse de Blois. The religious Congregations in France were an effective, but not an essential, means of strengthening Catholic influence in the land which has been honored with the proud title of "the eldest daughter of the Church." If every door of every convent, of every monastery, of every Catholic college, of every Catholic school, of every Catholic hospital, of every Catholic orphanage, of every Catholic asylum were closed to-morrow throughout the length and breadth of France and kept closed, the Catholic Church would survive. The words the American poet employed to describe truth are literally true of the Catholic Church: "The eternal years of God are hers."

The mistake the Free Masons make consists in viewing the Church as if she were a human institution fashioned and formed by men. If that were the case she would have ceased to exist centuries ago, as she has had to breast storms compared with which that raised by French Free Masonry is as a summer zephyr alongside a devastating cyclone.

Abbe Gayraud enumerates for us some of the lies which this storm has evoked. He believes that many of the rank and file of Combes' parliamentary majority honestly believe all that is alleged against the religious Congregations. This is not surprising. There are minds so constituted that they are prepared to accept as Gospel truth the grossest lies, if they tell against the Catholic Church. Bigotry brings on mental blindness; just as ophthalmia is likely to produce physical blindness. It will be remembered that a few years ago ex-Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, rose in his place in the United States Senate and gravely announced that there was a Jesuit in every newspaper office in the United States. The gulf with which the statement was received from the Atlantic to the Pacific probably did not disturb the equanimity of the one making it, who, of course, knew that a Jesuit was just as much a part of every American newspaper office as is "the office cat." Evidently there are many Blairs in the French Chamber of Deputies. We learn on the authority of the Abbe Gayraud that they are the dupes of the more brainy leaders who are shaping and directing the attack upon the Catholic Church, or in other words, upon Christianity.

To Americans democracy of the Combes sort is a fearful and wonderful thing. What a shock does it give to all our ideas of personal and religious liberty to learn that a legislative majority, which, under a Republican form of Government, necessarily possesses temporary power, imposes upon the minority laws dealing with questions which are wholly outside the range of legislative power. Abbe Gayraud informs us that the Blairs in the French Chamber of Deputies are so obtuse that they believe that the only alternative to non-interference with religious vows is imposition of all sorts of pains and penalties upon those who do not take the French Blairs' view of the vow question. Think of Congress or of any State Legislature enacting a law that any man or woman who voluntarily takes a religious vow for his or her spiritual good, shall by that act become an outlaw!

There is one piece of advice embodied

in Abbe Gayraud's letter which Catholics the world over would like to see our French brothers follow.

"The past is behind us," writes the eloquent Abbe. "Let us fix our gaze upon the future which belongs to democracy. Let us bend to the work of gaining that democracy at one and the same time to liberty and the fraternity taught by Jesus Christ." This is an echo from the Vatican whence Leo XIII. has sent his voice forth to the whole Catholic world urging upon all Catholics to identify themselves with the cause of the people, by helping in the upbuilding of a social system in which the teachings of the Gospel will supplant Godless teachings, which inevitably lead to the deification of brute force at the cost of humanity.

The fight on in France between the Catholic Church and Free Masonry has a world-wide interest. The anti-Christian forces are gathering for a desperate assault. As Abbe Gayraud suggests, it is the prelude of a great evolution from which the Church will emerge in the twentieth century as triumphant as she has emerged in her century struggles with the foes of her Divine Founder.

### DEATH ROBBED OF ITS TERRORS.

John P. Macaulay, who was a teacher here (St. John's College) during the years 1875-76, was one of the victims of the Galveston flood. A Jesuit Father, writing from Galveston after the storm, gives the following account of his death: "A hopeless victim of paralysis, he lived in an apartment house on the very edge of the gulf; 'For,' said he, 'I love to hear the sea forever telling of the vanity of human life and of the greatness of the God to Whom I am going.' The day before the storm one of our Fathers brought him First Friday Communion. 'Father,' said he, when taking leave, 'the prayer of my life has been to die on the seashore.' His prayer was heard. During the storm generous friends carried the cripple in their arms from room to room to escape the invading tide. Reaching the last refuge, he said: 'Friends, this is the end. I thank you for your assistance, but I will no longer impose on your generosity; I look now to your own lives. I believe my time has come, and I will meet the end here.' They laid him on his bed; he requested before parting, that they clasp hands, kneel around his bed and say the Our Father. This done, all retired. A few moments later the apartment collapsed and the Christian was with his God."—Fordham Monthly.

### OFFERING FOR MASSES.

The following query is frequently made by non-Catholics and sometimes by Catholics: Why are we obliged to make an offering for Masses? Since so many Catholics insist that we have to "pay" for them, would it not be better not to have any money in connection with them? What satisfactory explanation can we give a Protestant in this matter?

We are not obliged to have the Masses said, nor is the priest obliged to say them; at least he is not obliged to say them for our intention. The priest is obliged to give the people the opportunity of attending Mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation. He feels it to be his duty also, his priestly duty, to say Mass every day, insofar as may be possible, and to say Mass at an hour convenient for some people to attend. His own love and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament are sufficient reasons why he will try to be always faithful to the daily Mass. The love and devotion of the pious members of the congregation who can find leisure moments for attending daily Mass will be added to his own priestly motives. But even when his piety and devotion lead him to say Mass, there is nothing to bind him to the saying of that Mass for this or that particular person. So some one asks him to "say a Mass to-morrow for my intention," and offers him not pay, because no pay can be given for spiritual things or benefits, but what the Church calls an *alm*. If he accepts this, then he is obliged to offer a Mass for the person or for the intention of the person who makes the offering.

It might be better to have no money offered at the celebration of a Mass, at a baptism, or at a marriage, but what may be better in theory is not always better in practice. There is, on the other hand, a disposition among most Catholics to make an offering to the priest on these occasions. But all should understand and know that in the case of poverty, no one need be deprived of the Sacraments, nor in the case of death, need a poor person be without Mass. Sometimes people imagine that the money is necessary that the priest will do nothing without it. And this is very unjust to the priests. They expect that those who can, shall make the recognized offering, but they expect, too, to make allowances for those in need. And no one should ever hesitate for the benefits of religion, no matter in how destitute circumstances they might be. That abuses have crept into even sacred matters is true, but these abuses have never had the sanction of the Church. Rather it has been her constant endeavor to seek the highest and best in human nature.

Everyone who can do so pays for his pew or seat in the church. How else could the Church be maintained, or who would meet its expenses? And so everyone who has a Mass said, or comes to the priest for a baptism or a marriage, takes the occasion to contribute a little to the support of the priest. And as no one is deprived of the right to hear Mass, even in want, (though many refuse to believe the priest when he insists on this) so no one is deprived of grace and blessing under the conditions already mentioned.

On the principle established in the Holy Scripture that the laborer is worthy of his hire, (Luke, x, 7), the priest, who works for the people, must look to the people for his support. These ways enumerated are among the ways in which the people provide for support. Nor can the priest well look elsewhere; "they who serve the altar partake with the altar." (I. Cor. ix, 13.)

Nor would it be to the advantage of the people that the priest should find it necessary to devote to his own livelihood the time and energy which should be given to the people and their welfare, temporal and spiritual. Therefore, it is of no great consequence, and any congregation the number who request Masses is quite small if the whole congregation is considered.

No doubt the whole matter is settled on the basis that it is according to God's law that the priests shall receive their necessary support from the people. It surely is according to our notion in this country the best way. We look at those places where the priest receives help or a salary from the Government, and we do not envy their condition. We have allowed to the Scripture and have given a few texts. Let these be added: "The priests and the Levites and all that are of the same tribe shall have no part nor inheritance with the rest of Israel, because they shall offer the sacrifices of the Lord, and His obligations, and they shall receive nothing else of the possessions of their brethren; for the Lord has said of them, their inheritance, as He has said of their inheritance, shall be the priests' due from the people, and from them that offer victims; whether they sacrifice an ox, a sheep, they shall give to the priest the shoulder and the breast, the first fruits also of corn, of wine, and of oil, and a part of the wool from the shearing of the sheep." (Deuteronomy xviii, 1-4.)

"They (the sons of Levi) shall not possess any other thing, but content with the oblation of tithes, which have separated for their uses and necessities." (Numbers xviii, 23, 24.) So God Himself made provision for His priests in the Old Law, and Christ proclaimed in the New Law that "the workman is worthy of his meat." (Matt. x, 10.)—Donnelly's.

### BISMARCK'S CONFLICT WITH THE CHURCH.

(From "A Little Catholic History," abridged from N. York Sun.)

Bismarck humbled Austria and made the North German Union. He conquered France and founded the German Empire. His shadow lay over the States and statesmen of the Continent for full thirty years. In its reputation withered and powers waned, small men grew great, and nations were created. The Hapsburgs were thrust aside and the Bonapartes were dethroned. The laurels of the Metterichs and the Schwarzenbergs died away and the Gaguers, Manouffels and Camphausen were forgotten. Mere association with him, mere opposition to him, was fame, and the names of Crispi, Gortschakoff, Kalnoky, Andrassy and Giers were known to all the world. His heavy hand was felt in every cabinet and court. His life became the history of modern Europe.

On January 18, 1871, the German Empire was proclaimed on May 10th treaty of Frankfurt was signed; on June 16 the German troops made their triumphal entry into Berlin. Fire and sword had done their work. Bismarck's diplomacy was triumphant.

The treaty of Frankfurt was hardly three months old when he challenged combat. Roman Catholic prelates had tried to force upon Catholic priests and prelates the doctrine of Papal infallibility. Bismarck replied with laws intended to mark clearly the dividing line between the offices of the Church and the offices of the State.

Then came the expulsion of the Jesuits from the German Empire and a mortal combat at the Church and Vatican followed thick and fast. The German ambassador at the Curia was withdrawn. Editors of Roman Catholic newspapers were prosecuted with renewed vigor. The Pope came to the aid of his German children with the declaration that the laws enacted in Prussia against the Church were null and void. Bismarck responded with the "bread and butter" which cut off the pay of rebellious clergymen. The conflict continued unabated for two or three years more.

In 1878 Pope Leo IX. died, and was succeeded by Pius XIII. Slowly and diplomatically Bismarck began his retreat, and finally in 1887 he withdrew from the Prussian parliament do away with almost the last vestige of anti-Catholic laws. He made a powerful speech in favor of the measures in question, and threatened to resign in case they should be rejected. He was at Canossa.

These obstinate respect due to and, although the intolerant have no hesitations the conscientious and coercing ideal opinion which one of which is a whose distinctive Persons who the moral un- tried to bring Ages, and rights, liberty have been dis- the ban upon the religion upon all fre moral unity an account of trinal opinion them to e- Having rea- Church by organization very com- and themselves clergy, of Concordat the religio- such as (and) Do they the victor- their poli- defeated common share the opinion who in trust to the affair- The lib- erty, influence

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AN ANTI-CHRISTIAN CRUSADE.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. In L'Univers of March 31, we find an eloquent letter by Abbe Gayraud, explaining the motives that have prompted Prime Minister Combes and his Parliamentary majority, who are simply agents of French Free Masonry, to make war upon the religious Congregations. We have translated this letter to the readers of the Freeman's Journal, and may know exactly the character of the anti-Christian crusade now in progress in France. The writer, who represents Finistère in the Chamber of Deputies, has the reputation of being one of the most eloquent members of the French Parliament.—Ed. F. J.

ABBE GAYRAUD'S LETTER. The iniquitous deed in the Chamber of Deputies is a majority so blind to the true interests of the country, so devoid of all political sense, so regardless of the rights of their fellow-citizens in the matter of religious liberty, so ignorant of the real role played by the religious Congregations, so led away by partisanship as to commit this act of injustice refusing to listen to the applications for authorization which, under the law, the Congregations had a legal right to make. They have done this because they are able to perpetrate a crime against Liberty and the Fatherland by abolishing religious associations which have rendered to France, at home and abroad, such brilliant and indispensable services—associations the members of which now only demand the liberty that is conceded to all citizens.

What were the aims of this anti-Christian crusade? How will they bear themselves under the blows they have received? It is for their wisdom, their zeal, their patriotism to decide. If they are willing to subject themselves to a new humiliation by submitting modified proposals for their religious establishments in foreign countries, they will in that way unmake the Combes Government and its Parliamentary majority and show the country that they deceived it when they let it be understood that religious Congregations devoted to charitable and patriotic work would receive every consideration at the hands of the Government and the Chamber of Deputies.

On the other hand, the members of the religious Congregations who have been struck down by the Combes majority, convinced of the utter inutility of making any new demands, should exhaust all legal methods of resisting the tyranny of which they are the victims and should not leave their complaints until compelled to do so by force. I say, they do this, it will be a protest in behalf of the rights of conscience and of free citizens against Parliamentary iniquity and the tyranny of legislative omnipotence.

In a little while they will take up the case of the Sisters, who are also doomed. In order to deprive Combes and the "Executive" Commission of the Chamber of Deputies of any pretext for resorting to subterfuges, it would perhaps be well for the Congregations of nuns to take on the demands already submitted other special demands, under a subsidiary heading, which would deal exclusively with works of charity and foreign missions. In this way the Government and the Commission would find themselves under the necessity of placing themselves on record in regard to the special work of the Sisters, which would mean that they could not avoid making a detailed examination of this work.

Whatever may be thought of these tactics, it behooves the Catholics of France not to forget that their rights are violated and their liberties trampled under foot by the persons of the men and women who constitute the membership of the religious Congregations. More than ever it is their duty to organize for the electoral campaigns of the future. A high ecclesiastic has stated that "the Concordat is to-day virtually abrogated." To-morrow it may be actually abrogated. A law dealing with the supervision of public worship, which was drafted some time ago, will establish among us a veritable kulkankamp.

We would prepare ourselves for the coming contest by going among the people, as is the wish of the Holy See, by defending their material interests, by working with them to realize their ideal of social justice so much in keeping with the Christian sentiment of brotherly love, by making them see that it is of the utmost importance to them that the liberty of the Church shall be maintained. The past is behind us. Let us turn our gaze to the future, which belongs to democracy. Let us bend ourselves to the work of winning for this democracy at one and the same time liberty and the fraternity taught by Jesus Christ.

The members of the religious Congregations are wending their way into exile, but France remains. Let us be angry with France, but let us prepare for her on the morrow a glorious and prosperous future. The religious life cannot be eliminated from a society that is Catholic. It is the unfolding flower and delicious fruit of faith. The events now taking place are perhaps the prelude of a great evolution affecting the relations between Church and State in our country. Must not the principles of the Revolution work themselves out to their legitimate consequences? Let us not be troubled in spirit nor lose courage. Upon our horizon rises the gentle figure of Joan of Arc and the bark of Peter steers safely through all tempests. To-day belongs to our tyrants, but eternity belongs to God.

Such are the men who make up the rank and file of the Ministerial majority. Do they know that in a free democracy the victors have no right to use against their political opponents the power of the Legislature in order to deprive the defeated of rights which they share in common with the victors, even as they share the hope that some day public opinion will restore them to power and intrust them with the management of the affairs of the State?

The leaders of the Ministerial majority, who are men of brains, are not influenced by all this rubbish. They

have a clearly defined political, social and even religious policy, with which they will combat the Church and suppress the religious Congregations. Anti-Christianism, toward which the various currents of contemporary socialism are converging, seems up to the policy of the Ministerial leaders. All Huns, under their fierce leader General, Julia was sold as a slave to a rich pagan of Syria.

Her master treated her kindly, and so cheerful and capable was she that soon he declared that nothing would induce him to part with so valuable a servant. Although she was a Christian and he a pagan he did not punish her for practicing her religion so long as she did her duty, and this she always did thoroughly and pleasantly.

Eusebius, the pagan, having business connections with Julia, and he and she were to go upon a long journey, he decided to go with Julia to Corsica, and he well the affairs of his household. They were to go to Gaul, from which place Eusebius imported many valuable wares, but on their way they stopped at the island of Corsica. Here at Capo-Corso, a pagan festival was being carried on, and this Julia's master would not permit her to see. He was a bull-worshiper and he would not let her see the festival, but he would let her see the other heathen rites prevailed, and Eusebius did not force her to be present, though his other slaves gladly went to please their master.

Felix, the Governor of the fair island of Corsica, was a pagan, and noticing the figure of Julia standing afar off, he said to Eusebius: "Who is this woman of your train who dares to insult the immortal gods?" "It is Julia, my slave," replied Eusebius. "A Christian, who, though she defies my authority in matters of religion, is so valuable a servant that I could scarcely exist without her."

"I will give you four of my best female slaves for this paragon," said Felix. But Eusebius shook his head. "Not so, your Excellency," he said. "All you are freely losing the most valuable thing I have in the world rather than part from her."

This but whetted Felix's desire to own her, and he determined to gain possession of the Christian girl. So he dragged Eusebius' wine at dinner, and when the pagan was too intoxicated to know what he was doing, Felix persuaded him to sign a paper giving to the Corsican all power over the Carthaginian.

"Sacrifice to the gods and I will procure your liberty," he said to Julia when the guards brought her before him. "I thank your Lordship," she said, calmly, "but I cannot sacrifice to the gods. There are no gods, but only my Lord and Master, Jesus only, my God. I am free to serve my Master, Christ, as I answer, and I care for naught else. He served all the world when he walked upon this earth of ours, and service is a joy to those who follow Him."

"Fool!" shrieked the Governor, in a rage. "Do you not know that I can kill you?" "You may kill my body," replied the intrad girl, "as wicked men killed my Master, the Crucified, but my soul you cannot kill. That belongs not to you, but to the Lord Christ."

Then Felix commanded her to be cruelly tortured, and all manner of fearful things were done unto her, but her courage failed not. At last, seeing she could not be prevailed upon to change her faith he cried out fiercely: "A Christian you are! and as a Christian you shall die! Take her out and crucify her, that she may die the death of the Nazarene."

Some there were who thought that too cruel a death for a maiden young and beautiful, but Julia said only: "It is too much honor to die as did my Lord," and went quietly forth to execution.

SAINT JULIA.

FEAST, MAY, 23.

Mary F. Nixon Roulet, in Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

There was in the city of Carthage in the year 439 a noble maiden named Julia. When the city was taken by the Huns, under their fierce leader General, Julia was sold as a slave to a rich pagan of Syria.

Her master treated her kindly, and so cheerful and capable was she that soon he declared that nothing would induce him to part with so valuable a servant. Although she was a Christian and he a pagan he did not punish her for practicing her religion so long as she did her duty, and this she always did thoroughly and pleasantly.

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The sacrifice to the gods had been celebrated with feasting and games, all the youths of the village competing in running, leaping and fighting for the prize, a wreath of beautiful laurel. At the close of the day the victor—a noble Corsican youth—coming home with his dark curling locks crowned with the garland of victory, saw a cross upon the hill. Upon it, stretched in all the majesty of death, was Julia, the Christian maiden. The youth had been present in the morning when the Governor proclaimed her, and he recognized the beautiful face. All day long it had haunted him. There was something strange about the Christians he had known. They all met death with a courage which appealed to him. He was a warrior, courageous and strong in battle. "Yet," he murmured to himself, "I could not meet death as did that Christian girl. What had she that I have not? She said that Felix could not kill her soul. Have I a soul?"

These thoughts flashed through his brain as he gazed upon the calm, still beauty of the dead girl. Then, seized by a sudden, unconquerable impulse, he dropped upon his knees before the cross, laying his laurel wreath at the martyr's feet.

"Thou art the victor in a far fiercer fight than I fair Julia. To thee belongs the crown. I go to find thy Christ."

"Then," the old legend runs, "he arose and sought out a Christian teacher and soon became a worshipper of Christ. Which, when this was known by the authorities, they did behind him the authority, they did behind him the Carthaginian maiden had been crucified. Then did the blood of the martyrs bear fruit, for a church arose upon that spot and many did believe."

THE sad story of her martyrdom as follows:

SAINT JULIA. The keen sea breeze a swiftly blew. The darting sea-birds swooped and flew. Across the foam, and o'er the rocky headlands, break and bare, A ship was brooding on the air.

The pagan games were ended; then The throng poured forth in glee, The bravest one in all the land. A warrior wild and free, His forehead was with laurel bouned, He, victor of the games was crowned.

The concourse panted suddenly, Their noisy clamor still, Waited for the victor's cross, Upon a lonely hill, Upon it hung a martyr's maid, A martyr of death arrayed.

Then forth the victor came and laid His wreath at her feet, "Julia," he cried, "thou hast displayed Valor and courage meet: 'Tis for thy sake that I would grant to me The wondrous faith so dear to thee!"

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Are Women Degenerating?

The question is frequently asked. The Pittsburg Catholic, in answer, says: "Is the modern woman degenerating? For our Catholic women let the thronged confessionals and crowded altars raise answer on every Sunday holiday and feasts of devotion throughout the year. Socialities, confraternities increase constantly in membership. Religious vocations to the multiplied sisterhoods are not lacking. The sisterhoods never weary in their offices of mercy, visiting the sick, aiding and supporting charities in that virtue's many forms. Our crowded parochial schools have for their teachers those devoted, self-sacrificing women. No hope of an earthly reward actuates them, they look to the Great Beyond. Who will estimate the numbers of devoted mothers rearing their children in the love and fear of the God. Blessed women, the aid and the mainstay of the future, who in their humble homes are bringing up the future citizen in virtue's way."

BEAUTY'S CHARM. A CLEAR SKIN, ROSY CHEEKS AND BRIGHT EYES COMPEL ADMIRATION. No woman needs to be told the charm of a clear complexion. No man can be blind to the beauty of rosy cheeks, and the power of sparkling eyes. And every woman—no matter what her features may be—can have a perfect complexion. Bright eyes and a perfect complexion come from pure blood—and pure blood comes from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By enriching the blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give vigor, strength, health, happiness and beauty. Here is a bit of proof: "For upwards of three years I suffered from anaemia," says Miss Mary Jackson, of Normandale, Ont. "I had no color in my face, my lips and gums were bloodless and I grew so weak I could scarcely walk about the house. I doctored a good deal but got no benefit until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had taken them more than a couple of weeks I could stand up for the better, and consequently the use of the pills for some time longer my strength returned, the color came back to my face, and I gained fourteen pounds in weight. I can recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to every weak, ailing girl or woman."

These pills are good for all troubles due to poor blood or weak nerves. Don't take any other medicine—see Dr. Williams' full name. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is found on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

THE DEMON, DYSPESIA—In olden times it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ambient air, seeking to enter into men, and trouble them. At the present time, however, it is known that the same way, seeking habitation in those who are afflicted with dyspepsia. The demon enters a man it is difficult to dislodge. He that finds himself so possessed should at once resort to do battle with him with the unseen foe is Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption while you can get Parmentier's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

SHYLOCK. Shylock was the man who wanted a pound of human flesh. There are many Shylocks now, the convalescent, the consumptive, the sickly child, the pale young woman, all want human flesh and they can get it—take Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion is flesh and blood, bone and muscle. It feeds the nerves, strengthens the digestive organs and they feed the whole body. For nearly thirty years Scott's Emulsion has been the great giver of human flesh.

We will send you a couple of ounces free. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont.

NESTLE'S FOOD



The selection of a proper food for the baby is of vital importance. It must be nourishing, easily assimilated, readily digested, and must never vary in quality. Nestle's Food has all these qualities. It is made from cow's milk—the most nourishing of all substances—and requires only the addition of water to be ready for use. Six ounces (sufficient for eight meals) free. LEEMING MILLS & CO. MONTREAL.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1903.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.: Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

THE VICE REGAL PARTY'S VISIT. Perhaps in no other city of its size, and containing such a small proportion of Catholics to the general population, are to be found so many stately buildings belonging to the Church as may be seen in London, Ontario.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE. We have every reason to be proud of the success of St. Michael's College. We are proud, of course, of its record as an educational institution, but we have also the pleasure of looking upon it as a monument to human courage and perseverance.

THE PERSECUTION IN FRANCE. The outrageous manner in which Premier Combes is applying the Associations Law continues to stir France to its utmost depths.

EXTREME UNCTION (?). Under the heading "Anointing the Sick," the Montreal Star publishes the following special despatch from Quebec on the 11th inst:

THE ANTI-RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION LAWS IN OPERATION IN FRANCE. The expulsion of the Religious Orders by force is being continued relentlessly by the French Government.

At La Roche, while the Benedictines were being dispersed, similar troubles occurred. Five hundred peasants assembled to protect the monks, and in the melee the police were driven off, and three magistrates who had led them to the attack were seriously injured.

At La Roche-sur-Yon, near Paris, five hundred citizens gathered around the Capuchin monastery, and stoned the magistrates and officers who attempted to evict the monks.

At St. Nicholas du Port several persons were wounded in the repeated charges made by the cavalry on the people who endeavored to prevent the Government's decree against the Redemptorists from being carried out.

At Kerbenent and Marseilles there were similar encounters, but the troops succeeded in dispersing the people without doing serious injury.

them at the entry and conducted them to the study hall, which was decorated in such a manner as to make it a veritable bower of beauty.

It is also a satisfaction to know that so many of our fellow-citizens had an opportunity of observing the splendid training imparted by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

Convent training in all its beauty and perfection was well exemplified by Miss Dromgole, daughter of John Dromgole, Esq., of this city, in her "Address of Welcome," to the Earl and Countess of Minto.

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At Landerneau, Anney and Versailles the monks were also expelled by force, the peasants assembled to protect them being dispersed without bloodshed or serious injury.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH. Thursday, the 28th of May, will be Field-day at Assumption College, Sandwich. On the same date the College will keep St. Basil's day, which falls, this year, too near Commencement day to have a celebration of its own.

bar of God and be condemned for their infidelity." We can take away this reproach. We must, if we have any respect for ourselves, support the institutions that can give us the men who may safeguard and lead us.

It is already felt that the recent friendly visit of the Emperor William to the Pope is a decided victory for the Holy Father, which may have far-reaching consequences by which France will greatly suffer in prestige in the far East.

It must greatly strengthen the position of the Church in the eyes of the people, that the ecclesiastical authorities are battling for the liberty of citizens and for the respect due to the sacred treaty of the Concordat, while the cause of the Government is the cause of the tyrant and oppressor of the people.

It will interest our readers to learn that Lord Kelvin, the distinguished Catholic scientist, took issue with Professor Henslow who lectured a few days ago before the University College Christian Association of London, England, in regard to the testimony of science on the question of the existence of God.

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At La Roche-sur-Yon, near Paris, five hundred citizens gathered around the Capuchin monastery, and stoned the magistrates and officers who attempted to evict the monks.

At St. Nicholas du Port several persons were wounded in the repeated charges made by the cavalry on the people who endeavored to prevent the Government's decree against the Redemptorists from being carried out.

At Kerbenent and Marseilles there were similar encounters, but the troops succeeded in dispersing the people without doing serious injury.

At Landerneau, Anney and Versailles the monks were also expelled by force, the peasants assembled to protect them being dispersed without bloodshed or serious injury.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH. Thursday, the 28th of May, will be Field-day at Assumption College, Sandwich. On the same date the College will keep St. Basil's day, which falls, this year, too near Commencement day to have a celebration of its own.

HIS OWN MEDICINE. Mr. John Charlton, M. P., had a dose of his own medicine neatly administered to him in the House of Commons on Friday night of last week.

incompetent in the fulfillment of the trust which has been confided to him. It is already felt that the recent friendly visit of the Emperor William to the Pope is a decided victory for the Holy Father, which may have far-reaching consequences by which France will greatly suffer in prestige in the far East.

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letter of M. Combes prohibiting the preaching of those priests who have been obliged under the law to leave the orders to which they have belonged. He tells M. Combes that he is "under a special obligation to maintain in all their plenitude the liberty and rights of his Episcopal jurisdiction and regards the ministry of preaching the Word of God."

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and the firm of His hands. In this age claim so low and science we are proud first scientific the same title to continue, and to science with tion.

KNIGHT OF COLUMBIA reception Mgr. Shar the address by the Knig very compli sion was a from the present Hi of Halifax Duhanel B. Bishop M and Vicar- all of wh dresses. The Knig have every great succe city, and that they of their purposes of. In next a full report ing the re

HOW CATHOLIC IT WAS. It was a Catholic launched principally Socialism, at Halle against Ca way limits its interest Catholic and metho of the admirably There is a local president treasurer They are general with the last year. of Gladb and amon committe priests, p the Cath mittee ag agent, w stand int communi his turn leading, town or himself of him by t the natu to secure their own Com mittee as they collect a benefice. He said: "Science makes everyone feel that he is a miracle in himself, and modern biologists are once more coming to the firm acceptance of a vital principle. We are absolutely forced by science to admit and believe in a directive power, for nothing can be more absurd than to believe that a number of atoms falling together of their own accord could make a crystal sprig of moss, the microbe of a living animal. Nobody can think that anything of this kind, even in millions and millions of years, could unaided give us a beautiful world like ours. Let nobody be afraid of the true freedom of thought and criticism, but with freedom we are bound to come to the conclusion that science is not antagonistic, but is a help to religion."

It has become fashionable of recent years to deny the necessity of a Creator of all things, and many imagine that the theory of Evolution gives us a substitute for God our Creator. This is a dangerous error. The theory of Evolution is itself only an hypothesis, and it has never been proved, nor is it likely that it will ever be proved that by any process of Evolution one living species of animal has been derived from some other. Still less has it been shown that any combination of matter will produce life of any kind, whether vegetable or animal; and less yet will it bring forth the rational human soul. Nevertheless even if Evolution could bring such effects about, it would be because there is in matter some inherent productive qualities or forces which would themselves need a creative power for their own production, and the matter itself, whether in its atomic state or in combination, would also need a Creator.

It is not merely because of the order, beauty and wondrousness of things created that there must be a God, but because without an infinitely powerful and wise First Cause there could be nothing existing. Dwell as we may in thought upon the origin of man and of all things, the conclusion is evident to us, and is forced upon us, that there must be one eternal and necessary Being; that is, there is a Being and one only which is the great First Cause of all things, a Being possessed of all the perfections of things existing and conceivable or possible.

Such a Being is necessarily infinitely perfect and is God, inasmuch as this is exactly what we mean by the word God.

Thus Lord Kelvin very properly says that science teaches the existence of a Creator. In this religion is sustained by Science, and the words of Holy Writ are fully borne out: "the heavens show forth the glory of God,

But it is good an numbers ceasing varied is one o reaching our day declared their b of Gu planned ground pily, th already first da work of and pr grown a read, w unreser had on been p cent every ponden the al which papers, them, articles desired lie writr social the Cat man Co the be of suc League member men a pears of the tains stories Pan of pr Cheap books, papers the co vereim ganda others own; it sell is sea religion ready dote.



THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCXIII.

I have come accidentally upon a very curious little book, which deserves some remark. It is entitled: "Life among the Germans." The author is a Western lady. It is published by D. Lothrop Company, and bears date 1887.

The editor, V. L. Conrad, describes the authoress as "an American Christian woman." We did not suppose she was a Jewess, but in this book her Christianity appears chiefly in an intense hatred of Rome, and in a marvelous credulity as to the excellences of Luther (his greatness we all know) and as to the unprincipled character of the Reformation.

President Hadley of Yale remarks that the violent political passions roused by the Reformers were the death of liberty on the continent for a number of generations. I am afraid that in Germany liberty has not recovered yet. Men can teach what they like, it is true, but Catholicity to atheism, and man's property and right of residence are secure. Yet when a maidervant can be thrown into prison for criticizing a photograph of the Emperor, and a landlady for remarking that the Emperor has grown stout, we do not commonly call that a land of liberty.

How is it nominally Catholic? The Lutheran clergy are established throughout the land, and paid by the State. The Lutheran prelates are only invested in authority. There are 2,000 Lutheran government schools, and only 40 Catholic. For the Protestant members of the court there is a special Lutheran Superintendent. There is not a Catholic diocese in the kingdom, only a vicar apostolic. Of the 48 members of the Upper House, four are ecclesiastics, at least three of them Lutherans. This one university, Leipzig, is thoroughly Lutheran, and is represented in the Upper House.

Morover, Protestantism is acknowledged as the established religion by a peculiar provision. A Catholic may become Lutheran at will, but no Lutheran may become Catholic until after an examination before a court, and a certificate granted that he is acting without constraint. Furthermore, the King himself, at his accession, swears to maintain the Lutheran Church in her rights.

It is hard to see how more thorough guarantees could be given for the Protestant character of a country than there are in Saxony. True, the reigning family is Catholic, but that no more makes Saxony a Catholic kingdom than the succession of the Catholic heir of the constitutionally established character of a Protestant kingdom, or than the fact that the reigning house of Baden is Protestant makes Baden a Protestant grandduchy. Nay, should the line of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen ever become Kings of Prussia and German Emperors, Prussia will still be a Protestant empire, and Germany, unless it annexes Austria, will remain a Protestant empire.

The author seems to glance unconsciously towards the position, that no country can be regarded as properly Protestant, so long as it is allowed to obey a Catholic chief magistrate. True, that principle has thus far been practically applied to our line of Presidents, but it is not recognized by law, nor, I am sure, would our author wish to have it so. In Germany no such principle has ever been known, in law or practice.

Her Saxon history, however, is much drollier than her Saxon law. She tells us that before Augustus the Strong (whom she calls Augustus I., being in fact Augustus II.) many and many an Elector had tried to force Catholicism upon Saxony, but in vain. Now as every Elector, from Frederick II., had

been a Lutheran, what possible motive could this inexplicable succession of men have had for forcing on their people a religion which they had renounced for themselves? Saxony, says Dr. David Muller, from the Elector Maurice on, was not only Protestant, but for a long while the head of Northern German Protestantism.

At last Augustus II., a fearfully sensual and utterly unprincipled man, seeing a prospect of obtaining the crown of Poland, pretended conversion to Catholicism, and realized his wish. It would be an insult to the Catholic religion to treat him as a genuine convert. He became King Augustus I. of Poland, retaining the Elector Augustus II. of Saxony.

Of this vital change of relations the author seems not to have the faintest consciousness. Indeed, she appeals for her history to her landlady, who is probably not a university professor. However, hearing talk of King Augustus I., she quietly converts Saxony itself into a kingdom one hundred and nine years before it ceased to be a simple Electorate. By the way, our anti-Popish friends seem to have a remarkable freedom in dealing with chronology. A century or two more or less, one way or the other, matters nothing to them. I was once told by a young lady in a girl's school that the Thirty Years' War was owing to the appropriation of Church property by the Protestants in the time of the Crusades. Our author is a teacher in a girls' school, and perhaps it is there she has learned her free and easy way of dealing with dates and events.

When Augustus II. became a Catholic, we learn from the author, or rather from her accomplished landlady, an arrangement was made that Saxony was to become Protestant again as soon as an heir should be born to the crown. How it could become Lutheran again, when it had been Lutheran before, was a mystery to me, but she explained it. Lutheran then, and has been Lutheran ever since, the two learned ladies do not explain. If they mean anything at all (which is very doubtful) they can only mean that while Augustus II. was to remain a Catholic, his heir, who became Augustus III., should be brought up a Lutheran. At all events, this was what was done. However, on growing up, he found that he could not follow his father as King of Poland and become a Catholic likewise.

Perhaps she, or rather her lodging house keeper, will say that Augustus the Third's Lutheran education did not fill the contract, as he was born before his father's change of religion. The arrangement, if any had ever been made, has now lasted for two hundred and six years. During all this time, the author assures us, owing to "the hidden wickedness of Rome," no heir has ever been born in the reigning family. Every reigning pair have been childless. The crown, in every case, has descended to a nephew.

Let us see the facts. Augustus II. was succeeded by his son Augustus III., he by his son Frederick Christian, he by his son Frederick Augustus I., he by his nephew Frederick Augustus II., he by his brother John, and he by his son Albert. King Albert has been succeeded by his brother George. King George has three sons and two daughters. His eldest son, the Crown Prince Frederick Augustus, has likewise three sons and two daughters.

We see then, since 1697 brothers have twice succeeded brothers, and four times sons have succeeded fathers, and a fifth son is on the point of succeeding his father, having himself three sons to succeed him. And yet this Western governness comes back and retails the meaningless gabble of a Dresden housekeeper, as if we had no encyclopedias or *Almanachs de Gotha*!

**IMITATION OF CHRIST.**  
A PRAYER AGAINST EVIL THOUGHTS.  
O Lord my God, depart not far from me. O my God, have regard to help me. For divers evil thoughts and great fears, afflicting my soul, have risen up against me.

How shall I pass without hurt? How shall I break through them? I will go before thee and will humble the great ones of the earth. (Isaiah, xiv. 2.)

I will open the gates of the prison and will reveal to thee hidden secrets. Do, O Lord, as thou sayest, and let all these wicked thoughts flee from before Thy face.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

ELOQUENT TRIBUTE FROM THE PEN OF BISHOP GLASSON.

There is no kindlier word in our language than "home," nor a sweeter creation of our civilization than what it stands for. What memories it conjures up; what untold longings it creates; what undefined good it has done! Now the home, as we understand it, is essentially the product of our Christian Faith. The Greeks and Romans of old, though representing classic civilization and literature of a high order, had no definite idea of a home. They had no word to express it, they had no principles on which to base it. For these principles we must go to our Christian Faith, which taught first the sanctity and stability of the marriage bond, making thereby husband and wife "one and forever."

**FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.**  
Sunday Within the Octave of the Ascension.  
THE ASCENSION.  
And the Lord Jesus after He had spoken to them, was taken up into heaven. (St. Mark 16:19.)

In looking back over the life of our Lord while on earth, we see that all the mysteries refer to the Ascension as to the end and completion of His work. As every mystery of His life began with the Incarnation of our Lord, so they all end with His Ascension into heaven. After that the work of our Holy Ghost begins. And every glorious ending upon Him and when He was condemned to death, His humility and love when He cried out on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," all are finished by the mystery of His Ascension, that which nothing can be more noble, than which nothing is more sacred to occupy the throne of our Lord.

Our Lord's Ascension leads us to think of Him and to follow Him in mind and heart. His rising from the dead and ascending into heaven He gave us a model to follow no less than by His suffering and death. By His Ascension our Lord would show us that although we are in this world we should not be of the world, that our minds and thoughts should be directed towards the gates of heaven, and long placed against us. He is not here to be all our hearts with gratitude? Should it not compel us to forget ourselves, and our surroundings—should it not make us think of God and our eternal home? Our Lord says: "Where one's treasure is, there is his heart also."

But now, my dear brethren, have you followed this advice? Is it not the case with many of you that your thoughts are centred on things of this life? Do you seek worldly happiness, often at the expense of eternal happiness? And yet those who have been the most successful and most ardent in the pursuit of the riches and the joys of this world have finally become the most severe in condemning them. Perhaps, too, you seek those pleasures and enjoyments which are yours in common with their duration and bitter in their end, but filthy and disgusting. Our Lord's Ascension teaches us to seek the joys of heaven and such as lead to them and are worthy of a rational man. All others are below our level, and to the following them, of us insult to our regenerated with them, is that nature that our blessed Lord deigned to take upon Himself and to bear aloft with Him to Paradise.

A day like this is a favorable occasion to store one's soul with the virtue of hope. Our Lord brings into His Father's presence the five wounds, the recollection of all the agony that they mean. He does so on our account, that those wounds shine resplendent in heaven, and they are the jewels with which our Saviour has purchased our salvation. Let us be full of courage, then. Let us call out to our Lord, "Remember me, now that Thou art come into Thy Kingdom. I am a lowly man, but I am sorry; give me the grace of purity. I am a drunkard; oh! cure me of my dreadful appetite for drink. I am a worshipping; teach me the value of sternerity. I am quarrelsome; give peace and good will to my stormy soul." Such a prayer as this on Ascension Day will move our Lord to give us the proper dispositions for a good Confession and Communion for our Easter duty.

**ANOTHER LIE NAILED.**  
SILLY STORY FROM MEXICO SHOWN TO BE AN INVENTION.  
Editor Union and Times:  
Dear Sir—A few weeks ago the following news from Mexico went through the daily press:  
City of Mexico, March 2—News-papers here publish the following remarkable story, which is said to be authenticated by the Church authorities in the town of Bagos in the state of Balisco:  
During a visit of pilgrims who arrived from Leon Guanajate at one of the churches a woman, under the influence of liquor, attempted to enter a shrine. She was stopped at the door by one of the pilgrims and she began to swear so horribly that a bolt came from the sky and she was converted into a rock statue. The reports said that the statue was then removed to the house of the parish priest and that the latter is exacting a fee of fifty cents from everybody who wants to see it. Many residents of Bagos claim to have seen the statue and recognized the woman who was so severely punished.

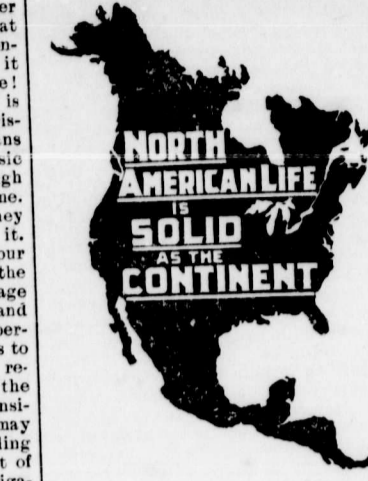
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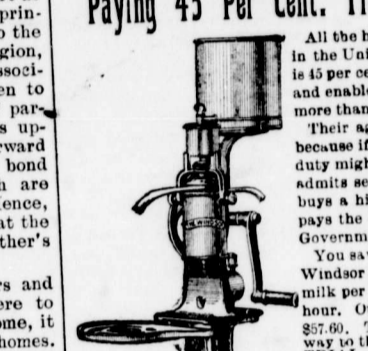
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You are then the home-builders and the home-defenders. If you were to say that men should build the home, it might be true if houses were homes. Let the men build the houses; but houses are not homes. The true home is not so much a thing of brick and mortar as of hearts conspired in a common affection and a common duty. It is where love counts and duty urges, and we look to the mother as the most fitting symbol of both.

**OUR IMMACULATE MOTHER.**  
We are in the beautiful month of Mary, as we affectionately call it. In our climate it is the loveliest month in the year, and is a special fitting time in which to pay a special honor to the Immaculate Mother.

Every Catholic child should be more than ordinarily devout to the Blessed Mother during this month. Cultivate a simple and sincere confidence in, and a genuine love for our heavenly mother, for we know any depth of love we may show His Mother, our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Next to our Saviour, she is the best friend we can have in heaven. Always bear in mind this which has been said in praise of our Mother Mary: "The noblest women that have blessed the world have been moulded after one type, the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God. No holier or higher woman could be presented to the sex. She is the mirror of justice, and woman has only to look into this flawless work of the Most High—all modesty, humility, patience, sweetness are here."

**WHY THE DIFFERENCE?**  
Protestant clergymen are often sorely puzzled to see the fact that while Catholic churches are crowded three or four times every Sunday morning, winter and summer alike, their own places of worship are ordinarily but sparsely attended at the single, conveniently-timed Sunday morning service. They have long been trying to master "the art and science of making people come to church," but as a rule, with indifferent success. A minister in New Jersey, however, has tried a new experiment and with results thus far most gratifying. A short time since, a few pews contained his congregation; now it packs the whole auditorium. Like Ixion's cloud-tower, it has grown to the sound of music. Short prayers and sermons, and a magnificent choir have done this. Votaries of the art divine will go almost anywhere to hear good music. If it can be had at church, so much the better, and so much less are they out of pocket in gratifying their cultured predilection. Moreover, the Rev. gentleman above mentioned, has educated the musical taste of his people, and famous oratorios are now relished—nay, craved—by

CHATS WITH

Life will bring doubtless heavy doubts for me, but I am generally safe all, and that is worth anything else. Upon the mouth various conditions of doubt, sorrow, poverty that in passing, record of their bright so plain that all Good traits and I alike on the mouth go by, this mobility assumes an expression emotions most common.

Thus, the great was a little bit of 3 inches in height Great, the most famous of Prussia, boasted number of inches Great was 5 foot 4 figures, as far as the century, Eugene of Savoy, Duke of Marlborough while the Duke foot 6. Messieurs Wagner, Theirs, were all exceptions indeed, not to say that I can read in keeping late Prince Bismarck, cellor of the Ger.

The way to success is the same what is needed—put things through the matter, is effort, extra, the line of endeavor stairs brings our last great shock of its foundation. don't spare your mate of your noble you to real life. If your all of gadding, copy yourself it is he who holds his arrows in the ly succeeds or ough; do some than well, and a plenty.

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Life will bring doubtless heavy doubts for me, but I am generally safe all, and that is worth anything else. Upon the mouth various conditions of doubt, sorrow, poverty that in passing, record of their bright so plain that all Good traits and I alike on the mouth go by, this mobility assumes an expression emotions most common.

Thus, the great was a little bit of 3 inches in height Great, the most famous of Prussia, boasted number of inches Great was 5 foot 4 figures, as far as the century, Eugene of Savoy, Duke of Marlborough while the Duke foot 6. Messieurs Wagner, Theirs, were all exceptions indeed, not to say that I can read in keeping late Prince Bismarck, cellor of the Ger.

The way to success is the same what is needed—put things through the matter, is effort, extra, the line of endeavor stairs brings our last great shock of its foundation. don't spare your mate of your noble you to real life. If your all of gadding, copy yourself it is he who holds his arrows in the ly succeeds or ough; do some than well, and a plenty.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Life will bring cares, many of them doubtless heavy and bitter—troubles that are far more sad than many fortunate ones ever know...

What the Mouth Tells.

Upon the mouth are recorded the various conditions of the mind—worry, doubt, sorrow, peevishness, and anger. All the human emotions perch upon the lips in passing...

Small Great Men.

Most great men have been small. This sounds paradoxical. But grandeur of intellect does not always go with greatness of stature...

How to Succeed.

The way to succeed is to be thorough, which is the same as thorough. That is what is needed—is to be thorough and put things through to a conclusion.

Gentleness.

Gentleness is really the outcome of virtue. It comes from overcoming our tempers, our faults, and this necessarily requires that strength of will from which true gentleness is born.

Maxims of the Successful.

Be Honest. If a man is not honest he is bound to fail eventually. Be Earnest. Crown your smallest actions with the halo of earnestness.

Be Confident.

Confidence is the basis of a stable business. If you do not trust yourself, who will?

Be Alert.

Opportunity comes sometimes disguised and surrounded by hard work and adverse circumstances.

Be Truthful.

Truthfulness does not alone consist in telling the truth, but more often in doing it.

Rise Early.

The morning hours are the best hours of each day. Study Causes. Men who succeed are not magicians, but you will probably find they have a capacity for hard work.

The Poor Boy's Chance.

Theoretically, the rich man's son has a better chance of success in any line, no matter what, than the poor boy. He starts higher up the ladder...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE LITTLE MAID OF ISRAEL.

BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT. CHAPTER X.

Early upon the morning following a servant came to Leah and said: "There he is outside the gates of the palace who desires speech with thee."

"He inquired for the Israelite maiden who is a slave in the house of Naaman," replied the servant.

"Leah! sister! I have found thee at last!" he cried, "and thou art here with wide, bewildered eyes."

"Yes, 'tis indeed thy Isaac!" he answered. "But, as thou dost see, no longer a cripple, for Elisha has made me whole."

"Elisha has made thee whole," she repeated. "Yes; listen, and I will tell thee all."

"I journeyed to Samaria and seek the prophet, Elisha," answered our mother. "Tell to him how heavily the hand of misfortune has fallen upon our home."

"So upon the morrow our father did bring forth the ass of his neighbor and set forth upon his journey to Samaria."

"Then did I set forth to seek thee. I was often hungry and footsore, but I was happy for I was no longer a cripple."

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"I asked her name, and she said: 'Brother,' she said, 'I am no more a slave; neither shalt thou nor our parents labor, for Naaman has made me rich.'

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low of the Royal University of Ireland. I do not think he was an unhappy man, though a much-hampered one.

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