

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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A GOOD MOVE.

The Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland assembled at Maynooth, June 20th, passed the following resolution: "In view of the general elections which are believed to be imminent, we deem it our duty to express our earnest hope that Catholic electors will not support any candidate who will not expressly pledge himself to use his best exertions for the establishment of a University to which the Catholics of Ireland can repair without sacrifice of their religious convictions. We hope that the members who go to Westminster will present a united front to their opponents and demand that they in the matter of education should be on an equality with their Protestant fellow countrymen. At any rate we shall have the fair play so dear to the heart of the Anglo-Saxon put again to the test."

THE WAR.

Mr. Michael Davitt has sprung a surprise on the British public by showing that Mr. Chamberlain and his allies know, despite their protestations to the contrary, the strength of the Free State and the Transvaal.

Writing in the New York Journal, he gives some startling information, gleaned, according to him, from documents found upon English officers who had surrendered to General Botha. He states that the War office had, some months before the war, been in possession of detailed information concerning the various forts—their armament—that Lord Lansdowne declared the Boers had obtained in the United Kingdom "the supply of ammunition sufficient for a protracted campaign" and other data that go to show that England was not taken by surprise in October, 1899.

He contends that Lord Lansdowne's "Military Notes" prove the existence of a conspiracy against the South African Republics. We do not think Mr. Davitt will get the lovers of justice and civilization to swallow this medicine. The facts may be against them, but it will be another case of "so much the worse for the facts."

A GRAB AND MURDER TYPE.

Mr. Demetrius Boulger, a gentleman who writes extensively in various magazines, is away behind the age, that is, the age not represented by the fire eating German Emperor and his kind. He has in him the making of a thorough paced freebooter, and had he been vouchsafed a part in the days of Drake and Hawkins, he would have been an unmitigated terror. Just now he is crying out for blood—and more blood. He advises the Powers to destroy Pekin—to harry and to kill and then to divide what is left among themselves. His cure for sick China is to murder her. It is a very simple and effective way, but to reconcile it with the principles that are supposed to dominate European States may tax the resources of the truculent and redoubtable Boulger. We do not believe he carries much weight, but he is interesting as a type—prominent now—who, drunk with the passion of the game of grab and murder, utter sentiments repugnant to every believer in Christianity.

U. S. PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

We remember reading some time ago a glowing eulogy of the public school of the United States. It was fashioning a superior sort of citizen! It was the source of national greatness! And when every subject of Uncle Sam would know how to read and write the American eagle would announce to an admiring world the beginning of the millennium. Up to date, however, the United States has its own share of troubles. It is the dumping-ground of fads innumerable, the paradise of social and religious fakirs and home of not a few who do anything but prove that the Public School education is all that its panegyrist would have it. In banishing religion from the schools it has banished, as impartial witnesses admit, religion from the entire life of the great majority of the American people. "If the public school were," said Richard Grant White, "what it was set up to be, its fruits would by this time be manifest." After fifty years of common schooling, our large towns swarm with idle and vicious lads and young men who have no visible means of support. Crime and vice have increased *pari passu*, almost with the development of the Public School system. Filial respect and parental love have both

diminished. And Rev. Dr. Hodge called upon all who really believed in God to thank Him that He has preserved the Roman Catholic Church in this country true to that theory of education in which our fathers first founded the Public Schools of the land, and which has been so madly perverted.

CATHOLIC COLLEGES SUPERIOR.

The parents who commit the educational interests of their children to institutions not under Catholic auspices are guilty of the most deplorable and criminal carelessness. If they choose to subject their offspring to the enervating and corrupting influence of a non-Catholic atmosphere they will have on their hands later on some polluted imitations of ungodliness. They will assure you that their children are safe—quite able in fact to withstand anything that may prove harmful to their faith. This is the most pitiable delusion that can be born of ignorance. The children are, so far as sturdiness of belief goes, as safe as an impressionable female at the mercy of a reckless libertine. We contend that it is impossible for a Catholic lad to come out of a godless school or college unscathed. It may not attack his faith, but the disregard for all religion—the contempt for it as having no bearing on the life which has a commercial value—these and other things are bound to leave unlovely marks on his soul.

This system of education tends to produce the individuals who are lovers of themselves, covetous, haughty, proud, blasphemous, disobedient to parents, ungrateful, wicked, without affection, without peace, slanderers, incontinent, unmerciful, without kindness, traitors, stubborn, puffed up, and lovers of pleasures rather than of God.

Again we are told that non-sectarian institutions have as pupils the better class, and that, consequently, Catholics brought into contact with it get a better idea of life and manners than they would otherwise obtain in their own institutions. It goes without saying that the Catholic who alleges that as an excuse must be mentally and morally twisted. Life and manners forsooth! And for these, which are understood only by Catholic students, immortal souls created for God must be sacrificed!

The only system of education is the Catholic one—that system that is based on and directed by religion; that cultivates and develops the entire moral being of the man. It lays stress upon the point that the "one thing necessary" should be the aim of the student's endeavor. It equips us indeed for life's battle, but it never ceases to remind us that our real life, for which we are born, begins when we are summoned into eternity. But while doing this Catholic educators are aware of the intellectual needs of the present day, and spare no pains in order to meet them. As a result we have colleges that are second to none. Despite prejudice and the half-hearted support of Catholics our halls of learning can, so far as secular education goes, turn out graduates who can challenge comparison with any in the country. The Catholic parent who sends his children elsewhere is false to his duty and recreant to his God.

THE HONORING OF RELICS.

The boxes of chocolate sent by the Queen to the soldiers are eagerly sought after as mementoes of the South African war. Amongst the relic hunters are individuals who manifest but a compassionate pity for what they style the antiquated ignorance of Catholics who persist in venerating the relics of the men and women whose memories are cherished and honored by the Church of God. If, however, bullets from the veldt and buttons from khaki uniforms are set aside as possessions beyond price, why may not we pursue a similar line of conduct with regard to the saints who have been soldiers in a truer and higher sense than they who have contributed their quota of blood and courage to the British cause in South Africa? But in this, as in other matters, our separated brethren are wont to allow the bogies that have been evolved from the imaginations of their forbears to frighten them out of all sense and decency. And when some female missionary returns with a tale of superstitious practices of Catholic

countries the bogies become very real and substantial. They may go their way hunting boxes of chocolate, etc., and regard it as a patriotic occupation, whilst Catholics may not, without being branded as idolaters, venerate the relics of saints.

On this point the Church teaches that the bodies of holy martyrs and of others now living with Christ, who were the living members of Christ and the temple of the Holy Ghost, by Him to be raised up and glorified unto everlasting life, are to be venerated by the faithful, through which many benefits are bestowed on man by God; so that they who affirm that veneration and honor are not due to the relics of Saints, or that such relics and sacred monuments are uselessly honored by the faithful, and that the places dedicated to their memories are in vain visited for the sake of impetrating their aid, are absolutely to be condemned.

In the above words our readers will discover the motives which induce us to honor the relics of Saints. We know that it is asserted we attach a supernatural efficacy to bones and garments. We do nothing of the kind. We believe that relics have of themselves no virtue or power, but that God uses them as instruments to dispense favors. We read in the Acts that God wrought special miracles by the hand of Paul, so that there were brought from his body to the sick handkerchiefs and aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the wicked spirits went out of them.

The pages of history can furnish many a testimony to the fact that the honor of relics and miracles wrought through their instrumentality have been since the beginning the inalienable possession of the Catholic Church. We know our brethren scoff at miracles, but if they are sustained by the most irrefragable proof what are they going to do about it? Must they reject them, for the reason as Middleton confesses, that "if they admit the testimony they must accept the facts, and with them the institution they illustrate."

FRANCE'S "CATHOLIC SALVATION ARMY."

I have seen a Catholic Salvation Army. It is not as noisy as Booth's, but it is a thousand times more demonstrative. They are called the Assumptionists. The man who really founded them is forgotten in the blaze and glory of the achievements of the two Bailey Brothers. They have no connection with the Bailey Brothers of circus fame, and they are in no way related to them; but a similarity in name is accompanied by a very striking resemblance in talent. The French Bailey Brothers are priests, and they have undertaken to convert the slums of Paris. They have a religious order of Sisters who share with them the labor and glory of the undertaking. They have a vast and fruitful field in Paris. The common people are neglected to a frightful extent in the French capital; and the priests are not to blame. In the faubourgs there are parishes of forty and fifty thousand souls with only a little church and one priest. You may ask why there are not more. The government establishes parishes, and the present government of the republic cares little for the souls of the people so long as they have their votes. The Archbishop of Paris tried the experiment of establishing chapels, but he was confronted with an old law which forbids the opening of a chapel without the permission of the government.

There are 3,600,000 people in Paris and there are only ninety parishes. To meet this crying evil a number of young priests have banded together and, with the sanction of Cardinal Richard, have undertaken to evangelize the faubourgs. They are meeting with very signal success. They publish a paper called *La Vie Catholique*, and from it I have learned much about their work and methods.

But for any work of this kind organization is needed. The Assumptionists have gone into the field and they are reaping a glorious harvest. They are the publishers of *La Croix*, the paper which the French government suppressed the other day and from which the Pope recently ordered the Assumptionists to withdraw. *La Croix* is a dignified edition of the *War Cry* of the Salvation Army. It has penetrated every nook and corner of France; and is sold for a sou and is published daily. It has a Paris edition and an edition for every province in France. It is violently opposed to the republic and its articles are fierce and fantastical.

These Assumptionists have organized pilgrimages everywhere and they keep the French Church on the march and under arms day and night. The

Assumptionists became very wealthy. They own millions of dollars worth of the best property in Paris. These Bailey Brothers are extraordinary business men as well as taciturn leaders. The government became alarmed when they found that *La Croix* had its candidates in every department of the country and were actually prepared to grapple with the infidel abortion of 1870. They suppressed the society and confiscated its property. After their condemnation the Cardinal paid them a visit of condolence and the government complained to Leo XIII. The latter promptly ordered the Fathers to withdraw from politics and the management of *La Croix*. The Fathers were nominally suppressed and *La Croix* is nominally under lay management; but things are going on pretty much as before. There is no denying the fact that the Assumptionists have thoroughly aroused the Catholics of France; and to day the latter resemble an army in array. They have carried Paris and now defy the government at every point of the political compass.

The priests walk the streets like conquerors, and the Catholic people are proud to show that they are with the Church and against the infidel, Freemason, Jewish cabal in Quays d'Orsay. The government is pressing its temporary advantage and is now trying to tax the orders to death. They have mulcted the Marists 300,000 francs and the others in proportion under the law of accretions. They have ordered the Jesuits and Redemptorists to cease giving missions and threaten still further reprisals. But they have not confiscated any property yet. They obtained a judgment against the Passionists of the Avenue Champs Elysees last month, but the sheriff has not put in an appearance yet. It is hard to say what will be the final outcome of the death struggle. People who pretend to know stroke their heads and say "Wait till after the exposition."—Rev. D. S. Phelan, in the *Western Watchman*.

THE MALIGNANT POWER OF RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE.

May not an important lesson be learned from the conduct of the Scribes and Pharisees, in presence of the miracles of our Lord? On one occasion, we are told, He healed a paralytic by simply telling him to stretch forth his hand, and it was restored. But the Scribes and Pharisees who witnessed the miracle, instead of being convinced of His divine power and being converted, "were filled with madness and conferred with one another what they might do to Jesus."

Filled with madness because He performed a manifest miracle before their eyes! That was strange. Why should they refuse to give assent to the claim of a divine Teacher who thus established His authority by a manifest miracle? Nay, why should the Scribes and Pharisees not only refuse to believe in Him but be filled with madness and confer with one another what they might do to Him?

It was the malignant power of religious prejudice. They did not like our Saviour's doctrine. In the first place, it was a new doctrine and involved the necessity of a change from the doctrines and practices in which they had been educated; and, second, His doctrine was too strict, He inculcated a too high and severe morality for them. In their hearts they hated Jesus because He furnished such convincing proof of the divinity of His teaching that they could not deny it, yet they determined not to believe—not to yield assent and become His disciples. That made them angry, and anger is always the reply of a man convinced against his will.

Are there not Scribes and Pharisees in our day and generation? The Catholic Church is the legitimate inheritor of the teaching and authority of our Lord. She is constantly demonstrating the divinity of her origin, the superiority of her teaching, the wonderful efficacy of the supernatural power lodged in her for the healing and uplifting of the nations. God has confirmed her teaching and divine authority by miracles as stupendous and certain as the Gospel miracles themselves. Her own existence, however, during all the centuries in the face of such trials and difficulties is itself a miracle and proof that she is in God's keeping. And what is the effect? Alas! the Scribes and Pharisees, filled with a prejudice which if not malignant is neither reasonable nor charitable, refuse to believe, and they consult together how they may cripple and destroy the Church. They are angry. They publish the most abominable lies about her—lies made out of whole cloth. They never cease to misrepresent and malign her, and they go as far as they dare in depriving her of her just rights and privileges.

Does she demonstrate her power in converting, civilizing and Christianizing, the Indians? She must be deprived of all Government aid, and the poor children of the forest, as far as they are concerned, turned over to the cold charity, the heartless indifference and selfish greed and inefficiency of official secularism.

It is proved beyond possibility of reasonable doubt, even by Protestant

testimony, that the condition of the Philippines is a model of purity, virtue and contented happiness—in the language of Sergeant Peyton, a Protestant Episcopalian, "I do not know that on the earth there is a people so cleanly, so moral, so temperate, and so devout as they!" So much the worse for them. That is their misfortune, their fault—they are Romanists and they must have the Protestant Bible with its multitude of contradictory interpreters, and all the glorious privileges and blessings of Protestant civilization, including civil marriage, divorce, secular, godless education with the multiplication of drinking saloons, gambling halls, and other evils not proper to mention to ears polite.

The misfortune of the Philippines is that they were converted, civilized and Christianized by the monks and friars, who, though they make them the most cleanly, the most moral, the most temperate and the most devout nation on the face of the earth, yet made them devout Roman Catholics. That can not be forgiven to the monks and friars, and we must make haste to undo their nefarious work as soon as possible by confiscating their property and crippling their efforts in doing further good. It was, indeed, a marvelous work—a miracle of divine grace and blessing, such as Protestantism never has done nor ever can do. But Protestantism is not going to be convinced—it is angry—at least it hates the Church—and it is plotting how to destroy the good work as soon as possible. Such is the malignant power of religious prejudice.—Sacred Heart Review.

HOW RUSSELL CORNERED PIGOTT.

Describing the memorable legal battle of Parnell against the Times, which began on Oct. 22, 1888, and ended Nov. 22, 1889, the *London News* says: Of all those scenes the most stirring was, of course, Russell's cross-examination of Pigott, which began on Feb. 21, 1889. During the whole of the preceding day and the first few hours of the 21st Sir Charles Russell had been making his last preparations for his onslaught. He had turned Houston inside out, so to speak. And he had been quietly taking stock of Richard Pigott during the forger's long-winded, plausible story to Sir Richard Webster. Who can forget his treatment of the prim, priggish, composed, bandbox-like Houston? Composed, I mean, until Mr. Houston became demoralized by the meretricious caused by his own admissions in answer to abrupt little questions, delivered in a sort of confidential undertone, curiously at variance with the sudden, searching gaze that accompanied them. After eleven years I can see Mr. Houston, in the flesh as it were, coming miserably to grief in that cross-examination about the black bag in which Pigott and his alleged confederates brought the Parnell letters to their purchaser in the Hotel des Deux Mondes, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris. I can hear the laughter in the densely packed court promptly suppressed by the usher—while Mr. Houston told how he waited "upstairs" while the bargaining for the letters was going on "downstairs," and how he refrained from going "downstairs," or seeing who was there, or taking any part whatever in the bargaining—"because," said Mr. Houston, "I wished to keep myself aloof; I wanted to keep myself in ignorance of the source of the letters." I can hear Sir Charles' "aye"—"aye"—"aye," uttered at intervals, quietly encouragingly as it were, while the smart Mr. Houston was laying bare his own extreme simplicity—or worse. Sir Charles looked at the ceiling. Then down again, in an absent minded sort of way. He unpoockets his snuffbox. He taps the lid. With his right thumb he helps himself to a "pinch." "You didn't go downstairs?" he asks quite casually. "No." The soupy brown handkerchief half way up to Sir Charles' nose stops. The keen eyes look Mr. Houston through and through. "No?" "No." Laughter—and furious rebuke in the usher's eyes.

At 1:30 on the following day Sir Richard Webster's examination of Richard Pigott came to an end. Almost before Sir Richard sat him down Sir Charles was up. The loud murmur of talk that broke out after Pigott's "evidence" came to a dead stop. You could hear a pin fall as Russell and Pigott stood there confronting each other. "Take that"—the words rang out sharply in the breathless silence. "That" was a sheet of paper which Sir Charles Russell held out. Pigott took it—gazing the while at Sir Charles in blank bewilderment. Everybody in court glanced at each other. "He has him," a barrister whispered, turning round to me. "Write down 'livelihood' 'likelihood,' your own name, 'prose,' 'tism,' 'Patrick Egan and his initials,' and 'hesitancy,'" which Pigott did, smiling the while, foolishly, and with a flushed face. It will be remembered that in one of the forged letters Pigott had spelled the last word "hesitancy." It has often been said since, and by experienced members of the bar that

Sir Charles' initial tactics were a mistake. Was it not probable that Pigott, warned by the early discussions about the forgeries, would have taken care to spell the word aright? Pigott might have done it. But he didn't. Sir Charles Russell had taken stock of his man and considered the effect of a surprise. The subject suggests a military analogy. By "the rules of war," Wellington, say the military critics, "ought" to have been beaten at Waterloo. But he wasn't—and there's an end on't. An ordinary advocate would not have started with "Take that." Sir Charles Russell was not an ordinary advocate—he was an advocate of genius, and that first shot of his was decisive. I can see Pigott's round, broad back, as he bends down (after screwing his eyes-glasses into its place) to scrawl the word "hesitancy," and when he stands up again, a short, stoutheaded, round-shouldered man, with a bald, shiny head, bushy white whiskers and moustache, large irresolute mouth, big, fleshy nose and smallish eyes far apart. Many an amusing scene occurred in the cross-examination which showed how Pigott had tried to swindle both side—Parnellites and anti-Parnellites. But the most amusing of all were caused by Pigott's admissions as to his persistent efforts to sell "information" to Mr. Forster, to escape and even bully Mr. Forster, and by his excuses for not emigrating to America with the help of the money which, he said, kindly Mr. Forster had given him more than once for the purpose. Sir Charles Russell, quietly helping himself to a contemplative pinch now and again, Pigott making himself more ludicrous every instant with his story of excuses to Mr. Forster, and the three judges trying hard to preserve a severe composure—made an ineffaceable picture. The three judges were not equally successful. Sir James Hannen compressed his lips. Sir Alexander Smith thrust his hands into his pockets and stared hard at the ceiling. Mr. Justice Day laughed outright—reddened and laughed at each fresh recital of Pigott's failure to emigrate with poor Mr. Forster's money. The only absolutely self possessed man there was Russell himself, now seemingly lost in a brown study, now tapping his snuff box as if in search for an idea, now taking a pinch and then darting a searching look at his victim, with a brief, half confidential question. The emotional side of Russell's nature, his inborn tenderness, his deep humanity, revealed themselves in all their unconscious strength in the magnificent, historic speech in which he summed up his case, not merely for the Parnellites, but for the Ireland of his birth.

A JESUIT RULING CHINA.

The Catholic World Magazine has a very readable article on the "Prospect of the Church in China," beautifully illustrated, too. It details something of the introduction of Christianity among the Chinese, and among others relates the following curious story:

"An interesting incident showing the prestige of the Catholic missionaries in China in the second half of the long reign of Kang Hi is related in a letter by the French Jesuit, Father Jartoux. A famine resulting from an inundation, was during this year devastating the province of Shantung. The mandarins were unable to cope with the evil. A number of them were punished and many others fell into disgrace. It was then the Emperor summoned the missionaries to his presence. He informed them that it was their co-operation alone that he desired in combating the dreadful scourge. He placed some thousands of taels in their hands and requested them to go forth and take measures for the relief of the suffering. It is a charming picture that the missionary drawings of the troops of starving Chinese flocking to the Catholic priests with the confidence of obtaining relief; of the method of the latter in cooking and apportioning in the various districts the huge quantities of rice and herbs necessary to satisfy the urgent needs, and of their carrying out the whole arrangement with a discipline and order as perfect as if a highly trained European army were concerned. This was in the year 1704, more than a century before the first Protestant missionary set foot in China."

BYRON AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

From the Ave Maria.

It was recently noted in this magazine that all the lineal descendants—two families—of Lord Byron are Catholics. In the new edition of Byron's works, published by Murray, there are a number of hitherto unpublished letters, in one of which the poet writes: "When I turn thirty, I will turn devout. I feel a great devotion that way in Catholic churches and when I hear the organ." In another of these interesting letters he records his intention of placing his daughter Allegra in a convent and having her brought up "a good Roman Catholic and (it may be) a nun."

That was a good prescription given by a physician to a patient; do something for somebody.—Father Faber.

AURELIA; OR, THE JEWS OF CAPEA GATE.

PART THIRD—THE VESTAL.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

It was represented to Lucius Maximus that this was the only feasible plan, in the new situation brought about by the revelations of Marcus Regulus; that Domitian possessed immense resources, and would inevitably crush Antonius; that it was therefore advisable to forestall him; to fall suddenly upon the general of the army of Germany; to defeat him; to take and destroy his papers, and thereby prevent the emperor from wreaking vengeance upon all who had participated in the plot for his overthrow. With nothing but vague suspicions, Domitian would probably not dare to order the murders he already contemplated.

It was true that this would be sacrificing Antonius; but what was the life of one man when so many were in danger; and would not Maximus himself be one of the victims, if Domitian learned the share he was to have taken in the proposed insurrection?

Those whom fortune abandons seldom find friendship strong enough to remain faithful in the hour of adversity. Maximus, frightened by the serious news sent him from Rome; knowing better than any one else that Antonius was not yet ready either to attack or resist; and fearing for his own safety, resolved at once to abandon his accomplices. He raised precipitately his camp, and marched with his legions against Lucius Antonius. In sudden rise of the Rhine had been indicated the embarrassment of this general, who, separated from the greater portion of his troops, was reduced to inactivity. Maximus attacked him at once, and gained an easy victory.

Lucius Antonius was killed in this battle. A soldier cut off his head, and preserved this bloody trophy to present it to Domitian. The latter arrived shortly after to reap the fruits of his lieutenant's victory. But his hopes were disappointed. Maximus had hastened to destroy every document concerning the plan of insurrection. Domitian was in a fearful rage when he learned that he could get no clue to the accomplices of Antonius, and that the designs formed against him must remain forever a mystery. He did not punish Maximus, however, for the latter's hasty zeal. But he committed unheard-of atrocities in Germany, where he remained some time, trying to discover the lost thread of the conspiracy.

When he returned to Rome his resentment knew no bounds. Then commenced a reign of terror for the capital of the world. Tacitus has described with indelible energy of language those scenes of horror. Death and ruin were the fate of the wealthiest and most virtuous citizens. The informers attained the greatest favors; the rewards they reaped were odious as the infamous acts by which they earned them.

Bliss—Younger, in his letters, has also described those days of universal desolation. But he mourns, above all, the numerous friends of which he was robbed by death and banishment.

But Domitian's relentless persecutions were not confined to men whose political influence could have given him umbrage. The philosophers had already been driven away by him from Rome and Italy; scholars, historians and poets were now comprised in the renewed edicts of expulsion. For some secret motive the Christians were spared, and neither Flavius Clemens nor his two sons were molested at the time. It is only two years later that the Christian persecution commenced in which Flavius Clemens suffered martyrdom.

It may be that the uneasiness caused to the emperor by the recently suppressed insurrection was the secret of his leniency towards his relatives. The young Caesars were very popular, and the people who had borne such a cruel fate, but the times, would probably not suffer him to sacrifice to his fury the princes they looked upon as their future rulers.

There may have been another cause for the tyrant's hesitancy. The strange adventures of Minerva's statue, disarmed by a god more powerful than Jupiter, was still present to his memory, and he could not help thinking that he would, perhaps, himself succumb, if he dared to attack the worshippers of that mysterious and terrible deity.

What became of the Grand Vestal amidst general gloom and terror? Since the emperor's return she had lived in continued anxiety. She had found strength and courage to bear the burden of her sorrows only in the friendship of Cecelia and Aurelia, who scarcely left her.

Cecelia, wishing to complete the work commenced, spoke to her with affectionate perseverance of the celestial hopes of Christianity, and the contempt which the greatest misfortune must inspire to those who see in another life an everlasting reward and eternal repose. But the Grand Vestal was too cruelly troubled to understand these words of comfort. She could think of nothing but the fearful prospect of a terrible death in the vault of the Campus Scleratus, and it seemed to her that Christianity, far from saving her from this cruel fate, would only be another motive for the pontiffs to order the death of the unfaithful priestesses who had renounced her creed.

She derived more comfort from the assurance given her by the divine Aurelia, who proposed to intervene near the emperor as soon as she who had been to her a second mother would be seriously threatened, and to save her once more, Domitian would not resist when he should see his niece at his feet.

Domitian seemed to think no more of terrifying Rome with the execution of a Vestal, condemned in accordance with the most rigorous provisions of the ancient religious law whose traditions he wished to perpetuate. But, at last, this project, conceived long ago, presented itself anew to his mind. It would be the means of illustrating his reign.

He therefore sent for Marcus Regulus, and stated to him that he would proceed as High Pontiff against the Grand Vestal, and this Metellus Celer, who had been initiated into the projects of Lucius Antonius, and consequently, deserved death on two grounds of accusation.

"Yes, my lord," replied Regulus; "but Metellus Celer is not in your power; and without an accomplice to show to the people, the accusation against a Vestal becomes difficult to manage, and must, at all events, lose its intended effect."

"Regulus, it is for you to find this man; you took charge of the management of this business; you must bring about its successful termination."

The emperor was dissatisfied. He dismissed the informer.

Decidedly, Regulus was unlucky. The two great undertakings to which he had devoted himself, and in which he had displayed so much activity, contributed little to strengthen his credit and to maintain him in favor. His denunciations against the Christians, his denunciations against the Jews, his denunciations against the informers, far from provoking new revelations, did not suffer him to refer to the subject. The accusation against the Grand Vestal had succeeded better, since Domitian had resolved to proceed; but, nevertheless, there was always some circumstance happening to diminish in the prince's mind the high opinion he had formed of the informer's great ability.

The disappearance of Metellus Celer at the very time he was wanted, was not likely to revive the emperor's angrily weakened confidence. Regulus understood this, and made extraordinary efforts to find Cornelia's pretended accomplice. He neglected all other business and took very little part in the personification of the citizen. Yet for a long time, he almost despaired of success. He had lost the spy he had boasted of having placed near Metellus. The young man having discovered that his servant was the agent of his worst enemy, treated him as he had done Parmenio.

At last, one day, when the disappointed informer was beseeching the gods to crown with success the search which was to lead an unfortunate young man to the most cruel death, a courier came to inform him that Metellus Celer had been seized in his retreat, and was now on his way to Rome, well secured in a closed litter, and under good escort.

The wretch hastened to carry this important news to the emperor. But, not his way to the Palatine house, Regulus met with an adventure so strange, that most we devote to it a new chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SATURNALIA.

To go to his residence to the Palatine house, Regulus had to cross the Forum. He found that spacious place filled with an immense crowd of people, enjoying themselves in a noisy and disorderly manner.

The informer suddenly remembered that it was the day of the Saturnalia, and this delirious multitude was entirely composed of slaves—temporarily the masters of Rome—and who were there only to give vent to their passions, and to amuse themselves in the license permitted by a few days of freedom.

Marcus Regulus would have turned back, but it was too late. A slave, who was seated on the pretor's chair, had perceived him, and cried out:

"By Saturn, here comes, I believe, that rascal, Marcus Regulus! Lictors! let that man be arrested and brought before me!"

The individual who gave this singular order—which made the informer shudder—was one of his oldest acquaintances. It was Paalestrion, the slave porter of the divine Aurelia. He was accompanied by his huge dog, so well fed upon cooked frogs, and which he had sworn to speak on Regulus, the first day he should meet him.

Yes, it was Paalestrion, in person, no longer chained by the waist to the wall of his lodge; but Paalestrion triumphant, honored, obeyed; Paalestrion wearing the insignia of the urban pretor for impious and insolent slaves; Paalestrion, lictor, and giving orders which were as promptly carried out as the magister's.

He had hardly spoken when the lictors seized the informer, amidst the joyful acclamations of the multitude. This Regulus, whose name made so many tremble, now stood abashed and humbled, at the feet of the slave whose disdainful and ironical looks increased his anxiety. But how came Paalestrion to obtain this power, and to preside over the tribunal of the pretor?

One word will suffice to explain this mystery: Paalestrion was the hero of the feast of Saturnalia.

On the evening of the sixteenth day of the Kalends of January, a pontiff had appeared, and the emperor, in the custom, under the portico of the temple of Saturn, situated in the centre of the Forum, and had cried thrice in a loud and solemn voice: Saturnalia! Saturnalia! Saturnalia!

At this proclamation, long expected by the impatient and tumultuous multitude, cries of joy rent the air, and a thousand voices replied to the priest by repeating the consecrated exclamation: Io! Io! Saturnalia! Io! Saturnalia!

In answer to this signal, gangs of slaves rushed from every direction, invading the Forum with an impetuosity which the current of the Tiber would have scarcely attained had it suddenly broke through the dikes. As these slaves wear the cap of liberty, as though they had just been set free. Their joy is delicious and the air is filled with their songs and shouts. The last comers find no room in the crowded Forum, and they spread in every direction over the city, which, until during seven entire days, the theatre of their wild revels and of licentious excesses authorized on this occasion by both law and custom.

Such was the inauguration of the Saturnalia; such the first entrance of the popular intoxication whose increasing manifestations ended only after every pleasure had been exhausted.

This season of liberty for the slave was also one of rejoicing for the master. It was the time for making friendly calls and sending presents. This ancient custom was generally observed by the poor and the rich, the humble and the great. Nobody would have liked to neglect it and everything, from the precious jewel to the toy of trifling value, or even the bunch of onions from the little garden plot, was received with gratitude, as a memento of good omen for the coming year.

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Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshawa, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

Letters should be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

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.

Its matter and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success. Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, J. D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Ottawa, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, Sept. 15, 1900.

LI HUNG - CHANG DISGUISED.

A letter from Shanghai received by Mr. Robertson Macaulay, President of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Montreal, from his son, states that Li-Hung-Chang left Shanghai very much disgusted with the reception he got from the foreign officials there.

Mr. Macaulay adds: "When he [Li-Hung-Chang] was in Hong Kong, he was given a most royal reception, but as foreigners here are very doubtful of his friendliness, he was only allowed a guard of eight, and an arch that the Chinese were putting up was ordered to be removed. Altogether he was given the cold shoulder, and he felt it very much."

CONVERTS FROM MORMONISM.

A recent issue of the Missionary states that a Catholic Church has been erected in Dampney Valley for the exclusive use of converts from Mormonism.

The pastor of this Church is Father Hendrick, who in a letter to the Missionary says: "Every time I hold services there I find some one who is anxious to leave the hodge-podge of Mormon belief and return to the old faith."

There are no more faithful converts than those from Mormonism. Especially they show a tender love to Jesus in the Sacrament of love.

Father Hendrick cannot visit this Church at present often than once in two months, but at each visit the whole congregation prepare for Holy Communion.

It is gratifying to learn that so much good is being effected in bringing back to the fold of Christ those who have wandered so far from Christian truth as to have adopted the gross superstitions of Mormonism.

From all accounts received, it is only from Protestant countries that Mormonism ever obtained recruits, so that converts from that creed are an absolute gain to the Catholic Church.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

The Duke of Norfolk returned from South Africa to Arundel, June 28th, and his first act was to go to the Catholic church on his estate, where a Te Deum was sung in the presence of a large concourse of people, who were, for the most part, his tenants and domestics.

On his arrival at the castle a salute of seventeen guns was fired.

The Duke has set at rest once for all the malicious statements of the anti-Catholic press to the effect that he went to the seat of war as a protest against the pro-Boer views of the Holy Father and the Catholic press of Rome.

In a letter written to a South African priest he expressly denies that such was the case. We may well understand that he was influenced solely by patriotic motives, and not by what foreign papers might say about the course he took.

The Holy Father, as a lover of peace, and the father of Catholics everywhere, regretted the war, and so expressed himself, but he did not express anti-British sentiments.

As far as the Roman paper are concerned, they are free to entertain their own political preferences; and if some of them, or most of them, favored the Boers, it was their own affair, and no one has the right to hold the Pope responsible for their utterances. The Pope is both able and willing to speak for himself when he deems it advisable.

He that has no resources of mind is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessities for the body; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of him who begs his daily bread—Colton.

THE IRISH PARTY.

According to an associated press telegram, the appeal of the Irish Nationalists for funds with which to carry on their work, has not met with the success which was expected, only \$5,000 having been received.

This sum, in view of the imminence of a general election, is totally inadequate, and it falls far short of what was usually given in times past in response to similar appeals.

The cause to which this failure is attributed is the disunion which still exists among the Nationalists, as the party of Mr. Healy has not come into the reunion which was brought about between the Redmondites and the main body of the Nationalists.

The Irish people fear that the result of the disunion will be that their contributions if given would fall into the hands of factionists, though if they were certain that they would be truly used to promote the cause of Home Rule, they would undoubtedly be willing to make great sacrifices for the cause of their country.

The leaders now see this, and an extra effort is to be made to make the union complete. It is generally supposed that Mr. Wm. O'Brien will be chosen leader of the Nationalist party with a view to his bringing about a complete reunion, in which case Mr. Thos. Sexton would probably be selected as the new leader, under whom all the parties may be reasonably expected to work harmoniously.

THE BRAND OF INFERIORITY.

In last week's issue of the RECORD statistics were furnished showing that in the matter of judicial appointments the Protestant minority in Quebec were treated with an open hand and their claims recognized with most conspicuous liberality, while the antithesis of this was the treatment accorded the Catholic minority in Ontario, who were being branded with the brand of inferiority.

In a pamphlet published in Montreal in August, 1897, entitled "Causes of the Conservative Defeat," one of the principal causes assigned for the Conservative reverses in the District of Montreal in the election of June, 1896, was the disregard by the Bowell Government of the rights of the Protestant minority in appointments to the Bench by the reduction of the number of Protestant judges from eight (which was almost one out of every four of the whole judiciary) to seven.

The writer of the pamphlet says: "But what caused the most pronounced dissatisfaction in this Province was the failure of the Bowell Government to carry out the understanding that has existed for many years as to the appointments to the Bench from the Protestant minority. The protests against the contemplated breach of faith were numerous and emphatic, and the Government was informed what the consequences would be if the rights of the minority were disregarded. So pronounced was the feeling that Bishop Bond and a large number of the Protestant clergy united in an appeal to the Government insisting on an acknowledgment of the rights of the minority in the distribution of the patronage. All this was disregarded. Then commenced the hostility that grew apace against those in power, some of whom my friend Mr. Mc Gillon fittingly described as 'pious masquerading with pretentious pomposity.' The united active hostility of the Protestant minority (the Kennedy bill not being a factor in their action) contributed largely to the defeat of the Conservatives in the Montreal district in June, 1898."

There are objections to the interference of ecclesiastics in politics, and as a rule such interference is to be deprecated; but there are times and circumstances when it may be obligatory on them, and an invaluable guide to people to intervene for the protection of their rights."

Edward Blake, in a speech delivered more than ten years ago, formulated his views as to the measure which should be meted out to the minority in his own Province, saying: "I would like to see a Roman Catholic fellow countryman, religious freedom, and next, their stipulated rights; but more, I say, being strong, we ought to be what the strong should always be—generous to the weak. Measure full, heaped up and running over is the measure to be given by the strong to the weak; and by so doing we shall exemplify true Christian principles."

The Protestant minority here echo every sentiment uttered by the great leader of the bane, but while doing so, say it would have been better had Mr. Blake, while in power as a member of the Government, insisted upon practical application being given to his views. This object-lesson of true and comprehensive liberality in dealing with the minorities of the various Provinces would have been given, and an invaluable guide thus furnished for other governments to emulate. But the niggardly spirit in which the minorities were treated by Mr. Mackenzie and his Cabinet was a grievous dishonour after the loud declarations made prior to their accession to power, according to which a new era of wide and extended Liberalism was to dawn upon the country."

The means of redress for any injustice is largely within the power of the minority itself. United action and a determined purpose in a righteous cause rarely fail. And although the minority may have a representative who does not represent, and thereby proves recreant and faithless to the trust, and assumes he has been placed there for self-exaltation, he can easily be disciplined by the action of those he misrepresents and the outspoken denunciation of a fearless and independent press.

With an independent press the minority never need despair of securing their rights as long as they do not harness themselves like cattle to the whim of any party or party. When they descend to that, rest assured no consideration will be accorded them. To be respected, they must be self-respecting; and if they submit to injustice, they need not be surprised if they find themselves treated with disdain. If the minority of any Province is true to itself, no government can long exist that does not live up to the principle of respecting their rights; and from the results of the recent contests here, and the determined attitude assumed

by the Protestant minority in this Province, there will not be the same difficulty in the future as there has been in the past in securing a recognition of their fair claims in the bestowal of the patronage. One of the chief reasons for this hope is that the minority are fortunate in having a press unshackled by party considerations when their interests are at stake or when their rights are being impeded."

Sir Oliver Mowat knows the value of a minority vote, as it kept him in power a quarter of a century. Had that vote been at any time withdrawn, his cause was lost. And it is asserted by those who should know that, were he again seeking support from that quarter, the result to him would be most disappointing. And had Sir William Meredith—who is absolutely free from even a speck of sectarian bigotry, and was, it is known, personally much more popular with the Catholic minority than Sir Oliver—not yielded to the insane suggestion of some of his followers that the sectarian cry would lift him into power, he would long ago have been Premier of Ontario. The result of raising that cry was his political undoing. Had he resisted the temptation to engage in such a conflict, it is success was assured in his own Province, and he might now be the time minister of Canada."

The writer then proceeds: "There are, as the 'Star' justly says, plenty of men of character, principle or ability, available in the Conservative party, who would be glad to lead a manly and virile force who possess the qualities of perspicacity and judgment without which great results are seldom accomplished, and who would also keep the middle path and seek safety and moderation, so essential in a mixed community. Endowed with these qualities a leader of the party proclaiming as a fundamental principle that there shall under his leadership be 'equal and exact justice to all men of whatever state or religion, persons and things, and that there shall be no partiality, and that all shall be equal before the law' would be meted out to every man. With such a leader and with this platform the Conservative party need not be disheartened by the late reverse, as victory is as certain to rest on its banners as it did in 1878."

We hope to see such a declaration made by the leader of every political party. And we know this: that whether made or not the party that does not live up to the principles there in enunciated cannot in a mixed community expect to enjoy a lengthened political existence.

There has in the past been a want of cohesion—a want of united action—on the part of the Catholic minority in Ontario, and this in a great measure accounts for the disregard to their rights exhibited by the Dominion Government. We hope to see a remedy for this in the immediate formation of a Catholic Association for the whole Province on the lines suggested by some of the Bishops in the United States, with a branch in every county, which should have the effect of putting an end to the humiliating position now occupied by the Catholic minority. Without cohesion and united action the minority will always be at the mercy of the bigots and intolerants, who unfortunately are to be found in every Government. The Catholics of Ontario will have in this, as in every other effort for their political and social betterment, the hearty support and co-operation of the RECORD as an independent journal which will resent all and every attempt by any Government to brand the Catholics of Ontario with the brand of inferiority.

We will return to this subject in our next issue, and deal with the shameful ingratitude exhibited by the Mackenzie Government to its Catholic supporters and with the illiberal tendencies of the present administration.

THE RACE PROBLEM IN THE SOUTH.

North Carolina has at last adopted an expedient for the settlement of the race problem, which, though certainly not apparently just, is at least some, what preferable to the continuance of the race war which has been raging for years in the Southern States, resulting in innumerable lynchings and other murders, and in fraudulent balloting at the elections.

The following provision has been added to the State Constitution: "Every person presenting himself for registration shall be able to read and write any section of the Constitution in the English language, and before he shall be entitled to vote, he shall have paid, on or before the first day of May of the year in which he professes to vote, his poll tax for the previous year as prescribed by article 3, section 1 of the Constitution; but no male person who was on Jan. 1, 1867, or at any time prior thereto, entitled to vote under the laws of any State in the United States wherein he then resided, and no lineal descendant of any such person shall be denied the right to register and vote at any election in this State by reason of his failing to possess the educational qualifications herein prescribed, provided he shall have registered in accordance with the terms of this section prior to Dec. 1, 1898."

So far as an educational qualification is concerned, there is much to be said in favor of the above enactment, for it may well be doubted whether the simple manhood suffrage principle, which gives to the ignorant the same voting power as to the educated, is expedient. It may be said that the man who is so ignorant as not to be able to read and write, at least, the language of the country in which he lives, is generally to be considered not fit to exercise the franchise, and if the amendment rested here there would be at least no great injustice done. But the positive disfranchisement of all who had votes before the civil war, and their lineal descendants, removes white men from the category of the

disfranchised, unless they are newly arrived foreigners, while the negroes remain within it; and herein is found the apparent injustice of the law, the purpose of which is to evade the constitutional enactments of the United States which forbid any State to make laws depriving any citizen of the rights of citizenship on account of his color. It is believed that the constitutionality of this enactment will be disputed, and that the matter will be brought before the United States Courts to be decided, and that if it be sustained, other Southern States will pass a similar law. Such a law has been already passed by the Legislature of Louisiana.

The trouble which was the immediate occasion for the passing of this law was that at one election, a fusion of the Negroes and Populists resulted in a victory for the Fusionists, after which, as a consequence, most of the minor cities in the eastern part of the State were filled by uneducated and incompetent Negroes, while the white men who were appointed to the higher offices, were also totally unfit for their positions. As a result, the property-owners were left at the mercy of the lawless class, and the Negroes of other States, particularly from Georgia and South Carolina, went into North Carolina to enjoy the glorious privilege of re-velling as they pleased without any restraint; for the authorities had no wish to enforce the laws, nor were they able to do so if they had wished it. In fact the state, or a great part of it, was in a condition of anarchy, and those whose duty it was to maintain law and order were the most open violators of the law.

This state of affairs was certainly most undesirable; but it remains to be seen whether the Federal Courts will approve of the method by which it is proposed to solve the difficulty.

THE CHIMES OF THE ANARCHISTS.

The European press are discussing earnestly the influences at work which produce so many anarchists ready at any personal risk to do the diabolical deeds which have been so frequently perpetrated especially during the last few years.

It has been frequently asserted that the publicity given to crimes of this kind has been one of the causes why so many anarchical assassinations have taken place; and there is probably much truth in the assertion.

The intricacies of the human mind are hard to be understood; but there is little doubt that great publicity given to crime, with minute descriptions how it was committed, and the raising up of the criminal to the rank of a hero, have the effect of inciting others to the commission of similar deeds.

In the case of the anarchists, and of others who have perpetrated crimes of peculiar atrocity, many newspapers have seized the occasion to publish long drawn out and vivid descriptions of the atrocious deeds, to interview the guilty parties, to publish their portraits, and, in fact, to make heroes of them. Thereby a notoriety is given to assassins, which has a charm for persons who belong to the worst classes of the population of a country, and induces them to endeavor to imitate the model thus set before them. These newspapers may, indeed, condemn the deed, but where there are associations which have formed a public opinion among their members that such deeds are heroic and praiseworthy, the most enthusiastic members of such associations pay little attention to the detestation with which the general public regard the crimes committed, for they have formed their own theory in regard to them, and they esteem them as heroic acts.

They have brooded for years over the unequal distribution of wealth, and have come to the conclusion that the only remedy for this state of things is to murder the rich and all who are in high position, and the notoriety achieved by assassins who are caught red handed in the commission of crime seems to them something to be desired, and they seek a similar notoriety by the commission of similar crimes.

The continental papers appear at last to have come to realize all this, and, as if by common consent, the majority of the prominent papers have abstained carefully from giving the murderer of King Humberto the notoriety which he and his fellows are so anxious for.

A Buda Pesth paper developing this idea says: "The assassin who seeks royal victims does not look upon himself as a murderer, but as a martyr; and his desire is to become famed as a hero. Let us forego the privilege we enjoy of nourishing the vanity of assassins, and the Anarchistic exploits, will be-

come fewer till they cease altogether. "As soon as an Anarchist finds out that he must go to the gallows with as little fame as an ordinary murderer, and that he will not become famous, his mad fanaticism will vanish for want of encouragement. We must remember that the Anarchist has not any special purpose in view. He attacks any great man after the manner of a wild beast. He does not seek to obtain for himself or for the world in general, or for any class of men, any special advantages. He does not know what he is seeking for. He is simply a Nihilist. If anything allures him on, it is the story of his crime which will be published in the newspapers with his name. Take away this inducement, and the real incentive to his crime, the existence of which he frequently is unaware of, will go."

Beside this, other papers advise that in giving a description of anarchical crimes, nothing more should be written or printed than is absolutely necessary to give the public the information of what is going on in the world, and that instead of publishing biographies of this class of assassins, their past history should be passed over in contemptuous silence.

We ourselves believe that there is very much truth in these remarks. Still it cannot be said that newspaper articles which merely state the facts, with simplicity, and show by good reasons the baseness and detestability of anarchical crimes against society, are responsible for the encouragement of these crimes. Such articles create a proper detestation of the crimes so reported. It is, therefore, the press which, for the sake of increasing its subscription list, makes the criminals appear as heroes, that is culpable in this regard. There are also papers which avowedly advocate anarchical principles, and these are, as a matter of course, directly responsible for the evils they have encouraged, and probably frequently caused, as the deeds would not generally have been committed if there had not been people to advocate their commission. We, therefore, fully agree with those papers which maintain that revolutionary or anarchical papers should be suppressed by the Government of every country within which their publication is now tolerated.

One of the chief causes of the spread of anarchy seems to have been kept in the background in the discussion which has been going on in regard to this subject: that is the support given by several States, and by political parties and others, to godless education. It is the natural result of such a system of education that persons who have grown up under it will feel no moral responsibility either to God or man for their acts. They will feel no responsibility to God, because they have grown up in the belief that there is no God, or if there is a God, that He pays no attention to men's actions; and He feels no responsibility to man, because if we have no responsibility to God for the morality of our actions, the knowledge of a distinction between morally good and wicked acts cannot exist; and then we must be actuated, not by the distinction of what is good or bad, but by the expectation of being punished, or of our escaping punishment for our misdeeds. That only will be criminal which will be found out against us.

Also, we may be assured that he who is not deterred from the commission of evil by any responsibility to God, will not be deterred by human laws, which have no sanction for their enforcement except the vigilance of the police. If the officers of the law can be eluded by cunning, there will be nothing further to induce those who have been educated without a knowledge of God to avoid wrong-doing.

THE POPE AND KING HUMBERTO.

According to the telegraphic despatches announcing details of the death and burial of King Humberto of Italy, the King some months before his death applied to Cardinal Giuseppe Prisco, Archbishop of Naples, requesting that a trustworthy priest should be sent to him to hear his confession. A priest was sent, but absolution was denied unless he would give up Rome. The telegram adds that he was required to abdicate; but this is incredible, as he would certainly not be asked to give up the throne of Italy as a condition of reconciliation with the Church and the Holy Father. It is very possible, however, and most probable, that he would be called upon to give up Rome to the Pope and restore the independence of the Holy See on such terms as the Holy Father would be satisfied with, to come to an agreement.

The telegram goes on to say that the King asked time to consider the matter, as he was anxious to receive the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist.

It is added that this was his fact, and the readiness manifested by the King to come to some satisfactory agreement with the Holy Father, which induced

the Pope to allow him Christian burial. The Liberal organs in Rome, it is said, endeavor to throw discredit on these statements, and for this reason the letter of the King to Cardinal Prisco will shortly be published.

We cannot say how far these statements are correct, but it would not greatly surprise us to learn at any time that some agreement between the Vatican and the Government has been arrived at. The Government, and especially the King, must be aware of the terrible consequences which ensue to the people of Italy on account of the persecution of the Church, and the consequent evil training given to the people owing to the greatly strained relations existing between the Church and the State.

At present the public schools of Italy are absolutely godless, and the only knowledge of religious obligations obtained by the rising generation is got from the religious schools, which are under the ban of the State. There can be no doubt that the increase of crime, and the diabolical boldness with which the monster anarchy raises its head, are due to the open disrespect shown to religion by official Italy.

The Government cannot be ignorant that disregard for the religion of Christ, and for His representative and Vicar on earth, engenders disrespect and disregard for God, and this in turn begets familiarity with crime, so that Italy may go down deeper, and deeper every day into the abyss, until a lasting peace be made with the Holy Father; and that peace cannot be attained till the Pope be made once more the ruler of an independent territory with Rome for its capital.

It remains to be seen whether the new King and his Government will take any steps towards effecting a reconciliation. We may, however, entertain a hope that this will be the case, the more especially because King Victor Emmanuel III. has expressed the most profound respect for the good lessons he received from his truly pious mother, the Dowager, Queen Margherita.

A RIDICULOUS STORY.

The London (Eng.) Daily Mail is authority for a statement which the Associated Press has thought it worth while to cable to this continent, that there is a theory current in Ireland to the effect that De Witt, the irrepressible Boer general who has managed to elude the British forces so successfully, even with but a handful of men, and to inflict many defeats upon isolated parties of British soldiers, is not merely an Irishman, but is Charles Stewart Parnell himself in the flesh. The Mail says:

"The imaginative Celt has built up a romantic story to the effect that Parnell did not die and was not buried; that he attended the funeral which was supposed to be his, and smiled at the credulity of his countrymen. Now it is actually believed in many parts of Ireland that he really is Charles De Witt, and nothing apparently shakes the belief of the simple Irish folk in this remarkable story."

The supreme absurdity of this story makes it something to be laughed at as a fairly good joke, and it is barely possible that some simple-minded octogenarians here and there have credited such a tale, as there are to be found some simpletons in every country in the world, and even within the sound of Bow Bells; but to talk plainly, we do not believe, even on the Mail's solemn word, that it has obtained any credence worth talking of among the Irish people, who are not quite so simple as that paper would have us think. In fact we are of the belief that it is one of the sensational stories for which the Mail has been remarkable of late, and especially since the beginning of the Chinese war.

The Mail's correspondents seem to know what kind of stories will take with the intelligent readers of that journal, and they have been furnishing it with narratives which would compete with the marvels related by little Alice in regard to what she saw in "Wonderland."

We do not know whether to admire most the Mail's cheek in inventing the marvelous tale, or the simplicity of the Associated Press in giving it a place in the news sent over by cable to delude the innocent people of America.

A NOTE OF WARNING.

Parents and guardians cannot be too frequently admonished for their own good, and that of the young subject to their authority, with regard to the necessity of sleepless vigilance in supervising the reading matter which finds its way into the hands of their youthful charges. Children will read—they must and ought to read—but it is of the utmost importance that parents and guardians make sure that the literature they affect is pure and wholesome. Otherwise, the habit, instead of benefiting them, morally and intellectually, will prove injurious—a detriment alike to their mental and moral development. — San Francisco Monitor.

FUNERAL OF THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

The funeral service for the late Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, took place yesterday morning at the Brompton Oratory, when a low Requiem Mass was celebrated. In accordance with the wish of Lord Russell's family the arrangements in the Oratory, as indeed elsewhere, were of the simplest and plainest character.

The high altar was draped in black and generally fitted with funeral furniture, but otherwise the Oratory was unchanged for the purpose of the ceremony. On Monday evening the coffin was placed upon a temporary catafalque which had been erected just in front of the sanctuary gates, and for some hours lights were burned near it. At the usual hour the Oratory was closed and the body left unwatched, the only light in the church throughout the night being that from the small sanctuary lamp. At the early Masses yesterday morning there were unusually large numbers of worshippers, most of whom passed by the coffin either immediately on entering or just before leaving the church and knelt for some moments in its neighborhood in prayer.

The Requiem Mass was to take place at 9 o'clock, but long before that hour the Oratory was well filled by the general public, and crowds had congregated around the doors and in the street to watch the arrival of the mourners. Close by the coffin were Lady Russell of Killowen, her three daughters, her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Russell, the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Russell, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Russell, and three of Lord Russell's sons, the Hon. Arthur, the Hon. Cyril, and the Hon. Francis Russell; and these, the chief mourners, brought with them wreaths of flowers, which they placed upon the coffin. Near them sat the Hon. Henry Stonor, who represented the Prince of Wales, and who at his Royal Highness's request, laid a wreath upon the coffin. Flowers were also placed upon the coffin on behalf of Lord Russell's two other sons, the Hon. Charles Russell, who is at present in Canada, and the Hon. Bertrand Russell, who is serving with his regiment in South Africa. Among the congregation were:

The Earl of Rosebery, Lord Wardrover, Sir W. and Lady MacCormac, Mr. Chateau (the American Ambassador), Mr. H. White (the Secretary of the American Embassy), Mr. F. Rawle (representing the American Bar Association), Lord Alverstone (the Master of the Rolls), Lord Justice Collins, Mr. Justice Kennedy, Mr. Justice Mathew, Mr. Justice Higham and Lady Higham, Mr. Justice Phillimore, Mr. W. W. Grantham (representing Mr. Justice Topley), Mr. Justice Day and Lady Day, the Speaker and Mrs. Gully, Mr. Asquith, Q. C., Mr. P. M. Smith, Q. C., Mr. A. Henry (the Recorder of Cardiff), Mr. E. O. B. Lane, Q. C., Mr. Marshall Hall, Q. C., Mr. Harrison, Q. C., Mr. J. Jardine, Q. C., Mr. Joseph Walton, Q. C., Mr. Chabry, Q. C., Mr. H. C. M. A. Houston, Q. C., Mr. G. Pitt Lewis, Q. C., Mr. Swinton Eady, Q. C., and Mrs. Eady, Mr. W. R. McConnell, Q. C., Mr. Iogre Joyce, Judge Baylis, Mr. Justice Stirling, Mr. J. G. O. Jones, Mr. J. G. O. Jones, Mr. J. G. O. Jones (Northern Circuit), Judge Snares, Mr. Beaumont Moore (Recorder of Hythe), Chevalier Parnell, Mr. E. D. Hoare, Mr. A. Lady Colclough, Sir K. Digby (representing the Home Office), the O'Clerys, Mr. Alex. Andrew Goshen, Countess Elizabeth de Lalande, Mr. G. Sherston Baker, Mr. R. Fellows, Mr. J. D. Crawford, Mr. John O'Connor, Mr. George Blacklock, Mr. Charles Reid, Mr. George and Mrs. E. D. Hoare, Mr. A. H. George Milner, Mr. Paul Strickland, Professor Oscar Yunque, Mr. Gwynn Carr, Mr. Joffery, L. O. C., Mr. Charles C. Scott, Mr. John Harr, Mr. J. E. Hoare, Mr. D'Oyly Carte, Mr. Vassy Knox, Mr. Vernon and Mrs. Vernon, Major Craven, Mr. George Baneroff, Mr. P. O'Brien, Mr. H. C. Richards, Q. C., Mr. P. M. Jackson (representing the Treasury), the Rev. Father Carpenter (Maynooth College), Mr. E. J. O'Connell, Mr. J. J. O'Connell, the Rev. Father Sheehy (All Hallows' College, Dublin), the Rev. J. W. Delaney, S. J., President of the University College, Dublin, the Rev. A. M. Mathew, Q. S. M., the Rev. Dean French (Brigg, Lincolnshire), the Rev. D. Walters (New Zealand), the Rev. J. Carlin (Newry), Mr. Francis Smiles, Mr. Joseph Hunt, E. D. Hoare, Mr. Stead Cox, and Mr. F. Crispin. The principal legal societies were represented, six Sisters attended as deaconesses, Elizabeth St. John's Charity, in Seymour street and there were also present several representatives from Newry.

Punctually at 9 o'clock the celebrant—the Rev. Mathew Russell, S. J., of Dublin, brother of Lord Russell—preceded by acolytes and the master of ceremonies, the Rev. A. Hoole, left the sacristy, and, slowly passing the catafalque, took up his place in front of the tabernacle, where he stood in prayer for some moments while a large body of ecclesiastics took seats within the sanctuary. These included the Bishop of Enniskillen, Father Kelly, of St. Mary's, Chelsea, the Bishop's chaplain; Monsignor Provost Barry, Vicar-General; Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J.; Father Anstob, Superior of the Oratory; Father Sebastian Bowden, Father Morris, and other Oratorians, and several Dominican, Carmelite, and Capuchin Fathers. The Mass was of the simplest description, but its solemnity was greatly emphasized by the beautiful singing accompanied by the choir, first, of Gounod's *A Verum* and subsequently of Rossini's *Quando Corpus* and Auber's *O Salutaris*. During the absolutions, to assist in which all the clergy and acolytes in attendance gathered around the catafalque, the *Libera* was impressively sung in plain chant.

At the conclusion of the Mass the body was carried down to the main door where, in the presence of a large crowd who reverently stood uncovered, it was placed in a hearse and conveyed to Epsom. While the coffin was being carried down the principal aisle the choir sang in Paradiso. The mourners remained in their seats for few moments after the coffin had been removed, and then slowly left the church. The ceremony lasted only 40 minutes, but it was most impressive in its simplicity and solemnity.

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The Requiem Mass was to take place at 9 o'clock, but long before that hour the Oratory was well filled by the general public, and crowds had congregated around the doors and in the street to watch the arrival of the mourners.

The Earl of Rosebery, Lord Wardsworth, Sir W. and Lady MacCormac, Mr. Choate (the American Ambassador), Mr. H. White (the Secretary to the American Embassy), Mr. F. Rawle (representing the American Bar Association), Lord Alverston (the Master of the Rolls), Lord Justice Collins, Mr. Justice Kennedy, Mr. Justice Mathew, Mr. Justice Bigham, and Lady Bigham, Mr. Justice Phillimore, Mr. W. W. Grantham (representing Mr. Justice Grantham), Mr. Justice Day and Lady Day, the Speaker and Mrs. Gully, Mr. Asquith, Q. C., M. P., Mr. C. T. Ritchie, M. P., Sir E. Clarke, Q. C., Sir H. Polard, Q. C., Mr. Ambrose, Q. C., and Mrs. Ambrose, Mr. Wheeler, Q. C., Mr. Hammond Chambers, Q. C., Mr. R. S. Smith, Q. C., Mr. A. Henry (the Recorder of Carlisle), Mr. R. O. B. Lane, Q. C., Mr. Marshall Hall, Q. C., Mr. Harrison, Q. C., Mr. J. Jardine, Q. C., Mr. Joseph Walton, Q. C., Mr. Chadwick Healey, Q. C., Mr. A. Houston, Q. C., Mr. P. H. Lewis, Q. C., Mr. Swinton Eady, Q. C., and Mrs. Eady, Mr. W. R. McConnell, Q. C., Mr. Ingle Joyce, Judge Baylis, Mr. Loveland Loveland, Q. C., Sir J. J. Jones, Mr. G. H. Horridge (Northern Circuit), Judge Snagge, Mr. Beaumont Morice (Recorder of Hythe), Chevalier Pinto Leite, Mr. R. Hunter, Amy, Lady Coleridge, Sir K. Digby (representing the Home Office), the O'Clery, Mr. Alexander Goschen, Countess Elizabeth de Palatinat, Sir G. Sherston Baker, Mr. R. Fellow, Mr. J. D. Crawford, Mr. John O'Connor, Mr. George Blacklock, Mr. Charles Reid, Mr. George Tottrell, Mr. Frank Tottrell (Dublin), Mr. George Milner, Mr. Paul Strickland, Professor Oscar Yunck, Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. Jeffery, L. C. C., Mr. H. Charles C. Scott, Mr. John Hare, Mr. E. de la Rue, Mr. D'O'ly Carte, Mr. Vessy Knox, Dr. Verdon and Mrs. Verdon, Major Craven, Mr. George Bancroft, Mr. P. O'Brien, M. P., Mr. A. O'Connor, Q. C., M. P., Mr. H. H. Richards, Q. C., M. P., Mr. Jackson (representing the Treasury), the Rev. Father Carpenter (Maynooth College), Mr. Eperon C. Baring Lawford, the Rev. Father Sheehy (All Hallows' College, Dublin), the Rev. J. W. Delaney, S. J., (President of the University College, Dublin), the Rev. A. M. Mathew, O. S. M., the Rev. Dean French (Bridge, Lincolnshire), the Rev. D. Walters New Zealand, the Rev. J. Carlin (Newry), Mr. Henry Sutton, Mr. Joseph Hirst, Mr. E. D. Hoare, Mr. Stead Cox, and Mr. F. Cripps. The principal legal societies were represented, six Sisters attended as deputation from the Sisters of Charity, in Seymour street and there were also present several representatives from Newry.

At 9 o'clock the celebrant—the Rev. Mathew Russell, S. J., of Dublin, brother of Lord Russell—preceded by acolytes and the master of ceremonies, and the Rev. A. Hoole, left the sacristy, and slowly passing the catafalque, took up his place in front of the tabernacle, where he stood in prayer for some moments while a large body of ecclesiastics took seats within the sanctuary. These included the Bishop of Emsau, Father Kelly, of St. Mary's, Chelsea, the Bishop's chaplain, Monsignor Provost Barry, Vicar-General; Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J.; Father Antrobus, Superior of the Oratory; Father Sebastian Bowden, Father Morris, and other Oratorians, and several Dominican, Carmelite, and Capuchin Fathers. The Mass was of the simplest description, but its solemnity was greatly emphasized by the beautiful singing unaccompanied, by the choir, first, of Gounod's Ave Verum and subsequently of Rossini's Quam Corpus and Auber's O Salutaris. During the absolutions, to assist in which all the clergy and acolytes in attendance gathered around the catafalque, the Libera was impressively sung in plain chant.

At the conclusion of the Mass the body was carried down to the main door where, in the presence of a large crowd who reverently stood uncovered, it was placed in a hearse and conveyed to Epsom. While the coffin was being carried down the principal aisle the choir sang in Paradisum. The mourners remained in their seats for a few moments after the coffin had been removed, and then slowly left the church. The ceremony lasted only 40 minutes, but it was most impressive in its simplicity and solemnity.

The interment at Epsom was witnessed by a large number of people. A new grave had been made in the Roman Catholic portion of the cemetery. It lies within a few paces of the boundary wall, on the eastern side, which separates the cemetery from the open Downs, and near at hand is the grave of Maria Mulholland, wife of the late Joseph S. Mulholland, M. D., of Belfast, and mother of Lady Russell of Killowen.

At mid-day a large number of the inhabitants of the town had assembled at the graveside, and many of the late Lord Russell's personal friends were already at the cemetery gates awaiting the arrival of the funeral cortege. Among the first to arrive were Canon Wilberforce and Mrs. and Miss Wilberforce, the Master of the Rolls, Mr. Justice Mathew, Mr. Mathew, Mr. Justice Bigham, Mr. MacDonnell, (Master of the Supreme Court), Mr. Justice Kennedy, Mr. Justice Phillimore, Father Mathew Russell, Father Bernard Vaughan, the Rev. W. Delaney, (President of the University College, Dublin) and the Rev. M. Maher, (Stonyhurst College). It was not until 12:30 that the cortege reached the town of Epsom, where it was joined by carriages sent by Lord Rosebery, Mr. Justice Bucknill, Sir David Evans, Lady Bridge, and others. Deputations representing the Epsom Liberal Club, the Epsom Conservative Club, and the Epsom Literary Association, of which the late Lord Russell was the president, formed part of the procession to the cemetery, which was reached shortly before 1 o'clock.

The coffin, which was covered with wreaths and crosses of white blossoms, was at once taken from the hearse and conveyed to the graveside. It was preceded by the Rev. T. Morrissey, of Epsom, private chaplain to the late Lord Russell, who was to officiate, Father Bernard Vaughan, and Father Mathew Russell, and was immediately followed by Mr. Arthur Russell, Mr. Cyril Russell, and Mr. Francis Russell, sons, Mr. Holms, son-in-law, and Mr. W. Mulholland, Q. C., brother-in-law. There were also present at the graveside:

Sir George Lewis, His Honor Judge Greenbow, His Honor Judge Wightman Wood, Mr. Strachan, Q. C., Mr. Joseph Walton, Q. C., Mr. Cosmo Bonser, M. P., Mr. Gibson Bowles, M. P., Mr. T. B. Curran, M. P., Mr. Vessy Knox, Mr. A. W. Asquith (chairman of the Epsom Rural District Council), the Rev. W. Summers (Congregational Minister of Epsom), the Rev. R. B.hurst, of Eastbourne, the Rev. R. H. Noble, of Leatherhead, the Rev. H. Kewley, of Croydon, the Rev. J. McKenna, of Croydon, Mr. R. Block, clerk to the late Lord Chief Justice, Mr. P. Clark, his former clerk, and representatives of the users of the Queen's Bench Division.

The coffin, with only a bunch of roses upon it, having been lowered into the grave, the ordinary Roman Catholic service for use at the graveside was read by Father Morrissey, who also blessed the grave. The simple and impressive ceremony thus concluded, the assembly slowly dispersed.

Most of the wreaths were sent by the children, grandchildren, and other relatives of the late Lord Russell, and the cards attached to them bore simply the Christian name of the sender. Lady Russell also sent a wreath; and attached to a wreath of white flowers sent by the Prince of Wales was a card with the following inscription: "A mark of sincere regret and regard from the Prince of Wales."—London (Eng.) Times, August 15.

CATHOLICS IN CANADA. Letter From Mr. Devlin. To the Editor of the Dublin (Ireland) Nation. Sir—In recent issues of your paper you have able articles dealing with alleged disabilities and grievances in as far as Irish-Catholic Canadians are concerned, and you have placed the sin against both political parties—Liberal and Conservative. You drew your information on this subject from a correspondence which appeared in the Toronto Irish Canadian, and you claimed that I would not attempt to defend such conduct. Most undoubtedly I would not defend an act of injustice, no matter when, where, by whom or against whom perpetrated. I will not even attempt a denial of the fact that in matters of patronage an injustice may not be committed in Canada as elsewhere; but in this latter case I would first hold responsible the Irish Catholic Cabinet Ministers, whose duty it is to look after the interests of their co-religionists, and if they should proclaim their inability to obtain fair play for their people then would I brand the party to which they belong as unfair and absolutely unworthy of our support. At least this is the usual course of political procedure in Canada. So far no such avowal has been made by Messrs Scott and Fitzpatrick, who are the Irish Catholic representatives in the government of the day.

The conduct of Sir Wilfrid Laurier or of his Government could be challenged in this respect, they were the proper men to do it, and the floor of Parliament was certainly the most effective place to ventilate grievances.

Notwithstanding this, I will not pretend that a grievance here and there may not exist, that, for instance, a position or, indeed, several positions in the civil service, which have been given to others might not have gone to Irish Catholics. The thing is quite possible, but I do most emphatically deny that a policy of ostracism in as far as Irish Catholics are concerned was either inaugurated or followed by the Government of Canada.

What are the facts? The Irish-Catholics of Canada have two representatives in the Government, the one holding the portfolio of Secretary of State, the other filling the post of Solicitor General; you will find Irish-Catholic Members of Parliament, Irish-Catholic Senators. You will find your co-religionists in almost every branch of the civil service. They are on the bench, they are members of local governments, they are to be found occupying posts of trust and honor in every branch and path of life. I have yet to become acquainted with the country where wiser legislation is to be found, or where, generally speaking, more liberal and generous measures are provided for the welfare of all classes and denominations.

In Canada the highest post in the gift of the people is that of Premier. An Irish-Catholic has already occupied it; to-day it is filled by a Catholic.

In the Province of Quebec the civil laws in many instances are made to conform to the laws of the Catholic Church, so that what is the law of the Church that is the law of the land, in so far as the Catholic is concerned.

Our school laws, imperfect as they may seem in certain limited localities, are in the great Provinces of Ontario and Quebec—the seat and the home of three-fourths of the total population—not only most acceptable to Catholics, but broader and more respectful of religious rights than the school laws of any other country. We have in those Provinces separate schools in the full sense of the word. We have in Canada our great Catholic University of Laval, enjoying the same rights and privileges as any other University, and conferring degrees in theology, science, law and medicine.

To sum up the situation, and making full allowance for local prejudices, I think I have the right to claim for the country to which I belong the glory—and it is not a small glory—of treating fairly members of every faith and nationality, and if I may particularize a country in which less than any other the Catholic Church is subject to grievance or annoyance.

It is only fair that when such a charge as that which prompted your able article is made, that we should look into all the facts, and one fact which may have escaped your notice is that in Canada we are on the eve of a general election, when appeals are made, perhaps not wisely but effectually, to religious and racial feelings, and when all kinds of charges are launched, some no doubt well founded others not quite so clear.

If, however, the power and influence of the Irish-Catholic in Canada is not as extensive as you would wish, it is simply because in the matter of numbers we do not count as other nationalities. There is an easy and only way of remedying this. Let us have a proportion of those who leave Ireland, of those who will not remain, whom in one word you cannot keep, and soon our power and influence will increase. We will welcome them. We will give them land rich and productive, laws just and fair, prospects not easily surpassed, a climate healthy and bracing. Yours very truly, C. R. DEVLIN. Canada Government Offices, 14 Westmoreland St. Dublin, 23rd August, 1900.

THE CATECHISM.

We had occasion to refer last week to the excellent lessons of the little catechism. Too often its teachings are laid aside with the book from which they were temporarily memorized.

There is one eternal truth found in its pages of which parents might, at this time, make a subject of wholesome and helpful meditation.

The unbroken transmission of the sin of Adam has made the evil results of his unhappy disobedience the inheritance of all his posterity. "Our understanding was darkened, our will was weakened and there was left in us a strong inclination to evil." How easily parents forget this in their duties toward the children, though they have presented to them their own life efforts which have not been able to level down the strong inclination to evil. That weakness of the will they confess in every fault made manifest in their scrutiny of themselves, or easily discernable to the eyes of others. Ignorance scars more to the half the lives that are lived. And yet there are parents, professedly earnest Catholics, who start their children in life without any equipment against their own inherent enemy.

Children born physically weak and puny, are cared for most zealously and treated with the greatest delicacy and closest attention. Nothing is left undone to remove or to stay the doom of sickness and death which is also an inheritance from Adam.

But the poor soul is allowed to struggle under its burden of disability. The true weakness of the soul can be replaced with strength only by means of a religious education. And

that cannot be found in schools where no particular and no practical religion is taught. A few empty Emersonian proverbs cannot fill up the religious needs of a child; and beyond a recommendation of kindness, and obedience, because they are nice, and of sobriety and honesty and truthfulness, because they make friends and gain riches and bring success, the public schools cannot go in their moral training.

The virtue to endure must have as their unshakable foundation the great truths of religion revealed by Almighty God Himself. Passion may tear them away from this foundation, and evil habits may break them, but the foundation endures, and the rebuilding is a matter of greater ease.

All the arguments made use of by parents to justify themselves in depriving their children of a Catholic education are drawn from the worldly advantages, which they believe a public school education bestows. The Catechism teaches that first, and most important of all, we are intended for Heaven in plain contradiction to those parents who direct all their attention to the things of this earth.

If parents know more of their Catechism they would have a greater desire that their children should know it also.—Church Progress.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

Sacred Heart Review.

We think it expedient in these days of martyrdom in China, to copy for our readers a letter of a young French priest who was martyred in Tonquin in 1861, at the age of thirty one. It will show the spirit which animates the heart of the true martyr in death. The letter was written to his family in 1854, when he was to leave for his life-work, never to meet them on earth again.

"Well, my dear people, I am going to Tonquin. There the venerable Charles Cornay died a martyr. I do not say that the same fate is reserved for me; but if you will only pray ardently, perhaps God may grant me a like grace. . . . I am not going to China, but must guide my boat to another shore, a shore on which MM. Schœtler and Bonnard (one on the 1st of May, 1851, the other on the 1st of May, 1852) obtained the martyr's palm. It is in the Annamite country, which includes Tonquin and Cochinchina, where the spirit of persecution is most active. A price is put upon the head of each missionary, and when one is found, they put him to death without hesitation. But God knows His own, and only to those whom He chooses is the grace of martyrdom given. The one is taken, and the other left, and there as everywhere His holy will is done. In spite of the violence and the universality of the persecution, it is there that the missions are the most flourishing. 'Sanguis Martyrum semen Christianorum.' (The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.) We run the risk likewise of being cut off by pirates in the passage from Hong Kong to Tonquin but that must be as God permits. . . . This mission, to which I am appointed, is indeed a grand one! Grand in its organization; grand in the number and fervor of its converts, who amount to upwards of 150,000 souls; grand still in hopes; grand in its native clergy, who number eighty priests and 1,200 catechists; grand in its religious communities, for there are upwards of 600 Sisters; grand in its seminaries, where there are more than 300 students; grand in its chief pastor, of whom the highest praise that can be given is, that since his episcopate, he has added 40,000 sheep to his fold. Is not that a noble escort with which to mount to heaven—a beautiful crown for all eternity? I can not tell you with what impatience I am looking forward to being under so holy a bishop, to be initiated by him into the apostolic ministry, to be trained in his school, and to march as a simple soldier under the orders of so great a general. There are already six missionaries under him from the Foreign Missionary College. May I make a worthy seventh! And then think of the martyrs, those real glories of Tonquin. The remembrance of their triumph gives fresh courage to those who are already in the strife." To another friend he writes: "Oh, dear old friend! every time that the thought of martyrdom comes me, I thrill all over with joy and hope."

Was this only enthusiasm? Seven years later, Theophane Venard indeed received his soul's desire, the grace of martyrdom; and a few days before his death, he wrote from his prison joyously: "I do so love this Tonquin mission! But now, in place of the sweat of my brow, I give them my blood. The sword hangs over my head, but I have no fears. Our good God has taken pity on my weakness, and filled me with Himself, so that I am happy and even joyous. From time to time I astonish the mandarin's household singing: 'Noble Tonquin! land blessed by God! Thou glorious country of the heroes of faith! I came to serve thee. I gladly die for thee. So be it, O Lord! Amen.'"

In this spirit the blessed martyr, Theophane Venard, entered into his rest and his reward.

Do we not understand a little better now what we mean, when we chant in the Te Deum, "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee, O Lord!"

Frequently remember to offer for the dying the Precious Blood of Jesus our Redeemer. Say: "O merciful Jesus, Lover of souls, I pray Thee, by the agony of Thy Sacred Heart and by the sorrows of Thy Immaculate Mother, wash in Thy Blood the sinners of the whole world who are now in their agony, and who must die this day."

LOURDES' HISTORIAN.

Relates How He Was Led to Write His Famous Book.

The death of M. Henri Lasserret, which occurred some three weeks ago, removes from the world one of those remarkable men who seem special to this age. He thus relates how he was led to write the book which has made his name known all over the Catholic world, his "History of Our Lady of Lourdes."

It was, he says, in the year of 1862, "that I was threatened with blindness and condemned by order of the physicians to the regime of blue spectacles and opaque glasses hermetically shutting out the view." He tells that after three months of hesitation he decided to recur to "Our Lady of Lourdes." His friend, Czacki, who afterward became Cardinal, asked for water from the fountain of Lourdes for Lasserret. While using it he said: "O Holy Virgin, have pity on me and heal my physical and moral blindness."

"In pronouncing these words," he continued, "I rubbed successively both my eyes and my forehead with a napkin which I had dipped in the water of Lourdes. This movement which I am describing did not last more than thirty seconds.

"One may judge of the shock—I might almost say the fear—that came upon me! Hardly had I touched my eyes and my forehead with this miraculous water than I felt immediately healed—suddenly, without transition, with a suddenness that in my imperfect language I can only compare to that of a thunderbolt.

"This event changed my life. It was the first appeal of Providence to write the history of the Virgin who had appeared at Lourdes."

Such is the account given by Lasserret a few weeks ago of the event which happened nearly forty years ago, and it is almost a repetition of that which he gave in his "History of Our Lady of Lourdes."

This book was translated into forty-three languages, and was universally read, the number of languages into which it was translated giving evidence of its enormous success.

The work brought its author quite a fortune, and in the eyes of many almost raised him to the dignity of a Father of the Church.

He was sufficiently rich to give a donation of 100,000 francs to the erection of the Cathedral of Lourdes, and a recent deliberation of the Municipal Council of that city gave him the title of "Citizen of Lourdes."

THE DEVIL'S WORK.

Dr. Stang's little brochure, "The Devil, Who He is and What He Does," reminds us of a curious case discussed by Father Gallo, S. J., of the Madura Missions. In his treatise on Moral Theology, He testifies that the case is an actual, not an imaginary one—"non est fictus sed factus." Here it is: Certain strange performances on the part of four native women were reported to the local missionary priest. These women were often deprived of their senses, suffered violent convulsions, and uttered loud cries. They declared that they had been bewitched by a certain Brahmin, and while unconscious, seemed to recognize his name when it was pronounced. One of them jumped into a well, and, instead of falling to the bottom in accordance with the laws of gravity, was apparently suspended in the air. Other wonderful things are related about the others which we need not mention. When they recovered their senses they could not remember what they said or did. The priest sent for them, watched them closely for nine days, but, though he sprinkled them with holy water, and employed exorcisms, could get no positive signs of the presence of the devil. He concluded that the case was one of hysterics, pure and simple, and sent the women home. But as Father Gallo says, subsequent events seemed to prove that the missionary was not correct in his diagnosis. The women on their return from the place where they underwent the exorcisms experienced no further molestation, while the Brahmin whom they blamed for their trouble and who said, when he heard they had gone to the priests, that they would be relieved and that he would die, did die when they came home. Our readers may take the case for what it is worth. To us it seems to show that strange things happen which are not dreamed of in up-to-date philosophy.—Providence Visitor.

BISHOP GRAFTON'S RETREAT.

The clergy of Bishop Grafton's diocese, Episcopal, are having a retreat at Fond du Lac. Bishop Grafton is a High Church leader, and has taken to copying the Catholics in everything. We are told that absolute silence will be insisted on for the "priests" present. They will celebrate "Mass" every morning. Meditations and sermons will follow. About noon instruction will be given concerning the spiritual life, followed by an examination of conscience made by each clergyman apart by himself. In the afternoon there will be meditations, vespers, etc. Following the retreat will come the council on Thursday, which is to perform the important office of electing a coadjutor-Bishop. The services of the day will be opened by the singing of ten or twelve "Low Masses" between the hours of 6 and 8 and in the morning at the chapels at the cathedral, at Grafton hall, at the choir school and at the private chapel in the Bishop's home. Bishop Grafton

is evidently pushing his High Churchism to the limit.

THE CRUCIFIXION SCENE AT OBERAMMERGAU.

We are pleased to find in a late number of the Congregationalist a very well-written and sympathetic paper on the Passion Play, from which we extract the appended description of the scene which is the climax of the drama—the Crucifixion. The subject is treated in an understanding and Catholic spirit which one does not expect in a Protestant publication:

"The music changes to the minor key, the late afternoon light fades a little, the shadows across the stage lengthen, the intensity of the audience is at its climax! The Crucifixion follows. It is wonderful—that is the only word for it—the meeting-place of realism and suggestion.

"The nails do not actually pierce the hands—the fastening to the cross is simple and yet with it all the impression of real suffering is so well expressed in every line of the weak, tortured body that one can not but feel pity and sympathize. All the hideousness of such a death comes vividly before one, but only for a moment—and then, while the earthquake shakes the temple, the curtain drops behind the cross cutting off from view all the crucifying mob, leaving only the little group about the cross, the two Marys and the disciples. The sweet pathos of this scene is irresistible—the grieving love of the mother, the tender compassion of John, and the whole reverential handling given to the descent from the cross has not its equal either in art or literature. No words of description, however clear, could ever make so real to the present generation the details of the Crucifixion as does the scene planned and executed by the simple folk of Oberammergau.

"Who can conceive a love so great As Bled His holy mind, Who rendered good for every hate, His life for all mankind. Come make the cross on which He dies An altar for your sacrifice."

CONVERT-MAKING.

The following story bears out the truth of the adage that good example, even shown by little ones, can sometimes effect wonders. Some months ago a little English girl of non-Catholic parentage was sent to a Preston Catholic girls' higher grade school, and among other subjects she learned the Catholic catechism. Anxious to acquire herself with honor at the examination, she requested her father in the evenings to test her in religious knowledge by getting him (catechism in hand) to put the stated questions to her. After a time, the father (who had attended no place of worship for some years) began to be religiously impressed and at last informed his wife of his determination to attend some place of worship on Sundays.

His wife, of course, suggested a non-Catholic church, but her husband said he would go to the neighboring Catholic church and hear Mass and a sermon. The Sunday following his wife accompanied him, and this went on for several weeks. Meanwhile the child (who was the cause of this change in her parents) became distressed because her classmates were going to make their First Communion and she could not. Both father and mother took the child to witness the First Communion function, with the result that the father promised his little one that she should be instructed and have the privilege of making her First Communion on the earliest possible occasion. Not only did the little child have her sacred wish gratified, but she received Holy Communion along with her father and mother, while the younger children have also been received into the Catholic Church.

KING HUMBERT AND LEO XIII.

An esteemed correspondent calls our attention to a letter which appears in L'Italian Reale, of Turin. It is a remarkable document. The editor of the paper states that he has received it from a particularly trustworthy and authoritative source. The story it tells is this: In 1895 the late King Humbert opened negotiations directly with Leo XIII. in order that they might come to a common understanding. The Pontiff not merely received the royal overtures in a friendly manner, but undertook to lay down the basis upon which conciliation would be acceptable. Some days afterwards the King, through a confidential agent, was handed a communication from the Pope setting forth the conditions for a complete agreement. (When King Humbert read the terms he was surprised at the moderation of the Papal demands, and exclaimed that his own Ministers of State could not have proposed a more suitable arrangement. Then he summoned Signor Crispi and asked his opinion. That gentleman begged to be allowed to consider the matter for twenty-four hours before the concordat was signed. Next day Crispi returned and in icy tones said: "Your Majesty, I laid the proposal before the Grand Master of the Freemasons, and his reply was: 'Tell the King that on the day when he seeks to come to terms with the Holy See, we shall raise all Italy against him.'" The King made no reply, but the Masonic hatred of the Papacy triumphed over his desire for peace with the Holy See. We should like to see the author of the letter signing his name instead of writing anonymously. It would strengthen our faith in his assertions.—London Catholic Times.

Prejudice is like a thick fog through which light gleams fearfully, serving rather to terrify than to guide.—Father Faber.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SECRET HEART REVIEW. PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER

CIL

We come back now to Dean Hodges, and find that we have reached this point: "The Bible was forgotten. Luther taught the Bible. The new doctrine was justification by faith."

My answer to this is a simple denial. It is simply not true that Luther, in teaching justification by faith, taught the Bible. He taught something utterly antagonistic to the Bible. I think I have already made this evident in various ways, but no matter how often we come on such assertions as this of Dr. Hodges, we ought to meet them with the fact. So long as other people are not tired of embellishing Luther's doctrine of justification into another thing, we must not be tired of stating it as it is.

St. Paul says: "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love." Here faith evidently means a full belief in God's gracious purposes in Christ Jesus concerning us, and a self-surrender in the humility of love, that He may work out in us the image of His Son. In all goodness, purity and truth. This is salvation, for evidently he who is like Christ can not be finally separated from Him.

This doctrine of St. Paul is taught and has always been taught by the Catholic Church. It may have been overshadowed by pharisaic externalisms, as seems to have been largely the case in Spain. In Germany it does not appear to have been by any means thus largely overshadowed, although everywhere, as the Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J., shows, in his admirable little book on "External Religion," lazy humanity is prone to be overshadowed by pharisaic externalisms, as seems to have been largely the case in Spain.

Yet Dr. Hodges no more gives us Luther's real gospel than Luther gives us Paul's. What he does give us, however, we will inquire more particularly next week. Dr. Hodges' spirit is excellent, but no amiability of temper can take the place of a rigorous ascertainment and exposition of the facts. Luther would never have recognized his gospel in the Dean's presentation of it, but would either have burst out into uproarious laughter over it, or, after his usual fashion, would have belittled with coarse rage against the caricature. CHARLES C. STARBUCK, Andover, Mass.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

DEATH.

"Behold a dead man was carried out." (Luke 7, 12)

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," says the wise Solomon, "for in that we are put in mind of the end of all; and the living thinketh what is to come." (Eccles. 7, 3)

No serious-minded antinomian desires men to be loose, dishonest, merciless. He would rather have them pure, upright, kind, helpful. His antinomianism does not lie in a disposition to disparage the moral virtues, but in a belief that conduct here is quite independent of condition hereafter. Now this belief is authentic, original Lutheranism.

My dear Christians, perhaps in a short space of time, you will have an opportunity of following the admonition of the Holy Ghost, that is, you will see a dear relative or friend or neighbor in the agony of death. I implore you to follow the voice of God; overcome the natural fear of death; approach your departing brother, not only to console and to pray, but to learn a salutary lesson. There you see what life is, how even the most perfect health, the bloom of youth, must bow before the almighty ruler, ghost name is death. There you see the helpless state of your poor brother. How necessary it is while in health, to think of your soul before the days will come upon you when your weakened mind is scarcely capable of a thought. What will pass in the soul at the moment when it is about to depart from the body? What will be thought when reviewing his past life? What will he wish to have done? He has, alas! not done it, and now time for him no more. When you thus meditate, my dear Christians, say: "What if I were now lying there, if that were my death-bed? Could I pass contentedly to eternity? Have I lived in such a manner that I have nothing to fear? Ah, no! why then do I not change my life? It is possible that I may die to-morrow as my neighbor is dying to-day. It shall and must be different with me. I can and will no longer walk on the same path; this day shall be the beginning of a new life for me. Behold, my dear Christians, the thoughts and resolutions which the sight of a death-bed scene should awaken in you! Oh, do not neglect this salutary sermon, no priest can preach to you a more terrifying one.

As soon as the eyes of the dead have been closed, enter once more into the house of mourning, kneel before the unclosed coffin of the deceased, for says Scripture: "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." (II. Mach. 12, 46) Look once more and, verily, such a sight will teach you wisdom; will teach you to despise the world; to seek the salvation of your immortal soul.

Look into the coffin, you avicious man, you who have been sunk in the mire of earthly things, and who no longer have a place in your heart for God and eternity. What gain does the departed receive for all his labor and cares? For all his goods? how much can he take with him? A coffin, a shroud are all that is left of his glory, and O fool, will you place all your works and merits in temporal frivolities, as if you were created for these alone?

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It is easy enough

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Surely Ireland must contain more humorously eccentric characters than the rest of the world can count, else why so many Irish stories of the nature of the following from a recent volume of memoirs?

Jerry. Jerry McCarrie was often the guest of friends who, on account of his pleasant ways extended to him that sort of old Irish hospitality which enabled a visitor in his own family who came for a fortnight to stay for six years.

In McCarrie's case, the visit stretched to nearly double that time. After eight or nine years, however, his kinsman got a little tired of his guest, and let him know of his old mansion's proposed renovation, and that he had signed a contract for having it repaired from garret to cellar.

"By George," said Jerry, "it's fortunate that I don't object to the smell of paint, and it will be well to have some one to keep an eye on the painters, now that the Wall fruit is ripening!"

Some months passed. Then his host informed him that he was going to be married, adding: "I thought I'd tell you in good time, so that you could make leisurely preparations to go, as the lady and you may not hit it off as well as you and I do."

With tearful eyes Jerry grasped his cousin's hand, saying: "O, Dan, dear, you have my hearty thanks for your consideration; but, dear, dear boy, surely if you can put up with her, I can."

Singing Away Trouble. "A merry heart goes all the way. A sad heart tires in a mile—a!"

Cheeriness is the conqueror of all trouble. Here in Philadelphia there is a young girl who has undergone more terrible suffering within the past year than falls to the lot of half a dozen soldiers wounded with shot and shell "on the firing line."

A similar experience is told by a writer in "Christian Life." On the way to the Lakes of Killarney a party of tourists heard a sound of singing in a little farmhouse by the roadside.

"No, he's gettin' a bit old now, and the doctors say he'll never be the better in this world; but," she added, softly, "he's that heavenly good it would near make you cry to see him, with the tears rollin' down his cheeks with the pain, and then it is that he sings the loudest."

Somehow the listeners thought of the Eternal City—and they drove on slowly as if their wheels were pressing its streets.

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," quoted one of the ladies, "and there shall be no more pain." Philadelphia Standard and Times.

Ginger. You'll never guess who or what Ginger is, so I'll tell you that he is the cutest little yellow dog that ever tried to catch his tail. I could hold him in one hand when father first brought him home, but he grew very fast, soon becoming quite a dog indeed.

We tried several names, but none of them seemed to fit the droll little fellow. To tell the truth, his appearance was really quite comical. His hair was a bright snuff yellow, brindled in places, and his ears and tail were cut so short that they stood up like interrogation points at either end of his small body.

But his eyes were the brightest, and his bark was the sharpest, and he was as brim full of snap and fun as any puppy could possibly be. And still he had no name.

At this time I was a schoolgirl, and every day I carried a luncheon to eat between the long sessions. One night mother said: "This is the last of the soft gingerbread you like so much. Put it in your basket for to-morrow's lunch." So the cake was laid in the basket, and both were put in the sideboard, and then I frolicked with my nameless puppy until my early bedtime.

When I prepared for school the next morning, my basket was empty. In surprise, I questioned Bridget.

"Sure an' yer dog must o' take your gingerbread, jumpin' and climbin' as he do into ev'rything, the mischief! Sure he's that lovin' o' the cake, he'll stand by the oven door when I'm bakin' of it an' cry for some."

"Who ever knew a dog to eat ginger bread!" I said, incredulously. "He seems to have eaten your share,

anyway," said mother: "Why not name him Ginger?"

So that was the way he got his name; and, what is more, the name fits him to a T. He is as yellow and as fiery as any ginger was ever known to be. Our little Ginger has many tricks that are an unfailing source of amusement. He is indefatigable in trying to catch the end of his stubby tail, and whirls around and around in vain to catch in his mouth that absurdly short member. When he falls he becomes enraged, especially if we laugh at his antics, and bites himself until his growl of anger change into a yelp of pain.

A long mirror is tilted over the parlor mantel, and every time that Ginger looks that way he sees a slender little dog looking down at him and imitating his movements. Ginger springs at the dog in the glass, and the dog springs at Ginger, but they never meet. When Ginger growls and snaps at the dog, the dog growls and snaps at Ginger, and, indeed, everything that Ginger does this teasing dog does too. It is exasperating to be mocked, and Ginger evidently means to subdue his enemy in time, for every day he returns to the charge and jumps and barks until some one drives him from the room. I wonder if he will ever be so wise as to know that the dog in the glass in his own shadow?

Ginger is useful in many ways besides giving warning of the approach of strangers. He keeps the hens out of the garden quite nicely. Our poultry are allowed to run at large all over the farm, so that it is sometimes difficult to keep the lettuce and peas out of their greedy bills. In one corner of the garden is a stump, and on that perch Ginger can overlook the entire space. If a hen is visible within the enclosure, he is after her in a trice, and it is nip and tuck to the fence.

Sometimes I must tell you of Ginger's dear friend Tad Ragan, a very handsome tortoiseshell cat, and of his dislike for Polly, who lives next door, whose harsh voice is the only sound that he really fears and dreads.

We love little Ginger so much that we never remember that he is not handsome, or, if any one says, "What a homely dog!" we reply, "Handsome is that handsome does."

Brave Little Eddie. "Now, Eddie," said mother, smoothing down the new jacket and polishing the brass buttons, "you'll have to quit being a baby, since you have taken off petticoats."

"I ain't a baby," said the little boy, looking with disdain at the little pile of ruffled petticoats out of which he had just stepped. "I helped to fight a bum' bee's nest yesterday."

"Ho" cried Fenton, the brother, who had been wearing trousers ever since Eddie was born, "they were white-faced bum' bees. They don't sting."

Eddie looked a little sheepish. "I rode old Mac to water, too," he said.

"And father held the bridle," mocked Fenton.

Eddie walked up and down the carpet to see what big steps he could take; and mother said in that soft little preaching way mothers have: "When a boy puts on trousers he must do the hard things that come along, like going to bed at 8 o'clock and washing his face and hands for dinner, and—"

"But his curls ought to be cut off first," interrupted Eddie, who hated his beautiful yellow curls as much as his mother loved them.

"Very well," said mother, smiling, "as soon as you win a real sure enough victory you shall have your curls cut off."

For Eddie was a timid little chap, and very much inclined to hide behind mother's petticoats; and his father was beginning to shake his head, and to say that it was time he had some bones in his character.

Eddie hadn't an idea what father meant by having bones in his character. But he knew that when the beetles flew in the room at night, he felt like screaming, and so he screamed. When Mr. Ford's big Newfoundland came about he felt like running, and so he ran. When the lightning flashed he hid his eyes. He had never tried to do anything else. But this thing of being a man and wearing trousers was different, and Eddie thought that it was only his curls that hung between him and manhood now.

The trousers had been finished none too soon, for that very evening there was a lawn party at Aunt Ellen's—a whole yardful of children playing "come" and "prisoner's base," and eating ice cream, and spilling lemonade, and falling out of the hammock, and doing all the rest of the things that children usually do at a lawn party.

Eddie joined a party of little boys sitting on the big, square-top stone post at the gate. He felt very big-boyish sitting on a gate post.

"Yes, sir-ee," Tom Ross was saying, "that dog is certainly mad."

"What dog?" asked Eddie, his heart beating rather fast.

"Why, Mr. Ford's Rip." Didn't you know he was mad?"

"Is he, Tom? How do you know?" "You're blind, ain't you? Did you see him run past here just now with his mouth open and his tongue lolling out and his eyes glaring?"

Now Eddie had promised to come home at 8 o'clock by himself; and he had to pass Mr. Ford's big yard for a long piece of the way. It seemed to him a very long piece. Would the open mouth and lolling tongue and glaring eyes meet him at that low

wall? He might stay all night with Aunt Ellen, he thought; but then he had promised to come home. He might ask her to send John the butler, with him. No, he had said he would come by himself, because that would please papa.

Eddie lost interest in "I spy" and "King George and his men," while he was sitting on the grass behind the spruce-pine, and wishing that he had his petticoats on again, with leave to be a baby.

But he got home on time, flushed with haste and excitement, his curls hanging damp and tangled about his face.

"I did it, mother, I did it!" he cried eagerly. "Now cut off my curls!"

And he told with many a big word the story of a mad dog, of the open mouth and glaring eyes; of how much afraid he had been to come alone; how he had actually seen the creature at the gate; now he had turned back in terror once, twice, but the third time had set his teeth, and determined to keep his word with papa if the dog "chawed him up."

"But I got away from him; and now, mamma, where are the scissors? Quick! I want to hear the old curls go snip, snip!"

"But little green-pea, Mr. Ford's dog isn't mad at all," said Fenton, coolly. "I've been playing with him all the evening. Tom Ross was just guffing you. That's what he was doing."

Eddie looked dazed for a minute, and then burst into tears. Poor little soldier! All his trying to be brave had earned papa's praise; and they would not cut off his curls if all he had done was to pass Mr. Ford's big good natured Rip.

But papa came and lifted him up from the floor, and himself cut off every golden brown ring of hair. He cut it so badly, too, and snagged it so that the barber had to do it all over again.

"That was just as much of a victory, my boy," said the big, kind voice "as if Rip had been foaming with hydrophobia. The enemy that you got the victory over was not curly and white-pawed and soft eyed like Rip. He is a cruel, crawling thing, and his name is Cowardice. You've got him down to-day, and please God, we'll make you a true knight sans peur et sans tache. Now go and kiss mamma, and ask her what that means."

But mamma was in such a hurry, between laughing and crying, to get the little head to look less as if a mad dog had mangled it, that it was a good while before Eddie found out that the queer words meant "without fear and without stain."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Mental Culture. Knowledge perfects the mind. We should, therefore, aim at acquiring during life as much of it as lies within our reach. School and college education is for the most part a preparation for further mental culture; and it loses much of its utility if it do not inspire us with a determination to continue our studies in after-life as far as our duties will permit. Yet how very few, after leaving school, ever think of taking up a book of science, a history, a work of solid literary worth, and studying it at those odds and ends of time when they have no other serious occupation. How very few keep up even the elementary knowledge of useful subjects acquired in the classroom at a heavy sacrifice of time and labor and money. Ask a young man who has started in business a few years ago some simple question in history or geography, and I fear he will admit with an ill grace that he has forgotten most of his school-book knowledge.

Young men fresh from school or college and starting in life could scarcely take a wiser resolution than to devote some little time every day to self-instruction in some useful branch of knowledge. When they will have once begun to do so they will find the practice so pleasant that they will be in no danger of leaving it off for any less worthy occupation. They need not, however, give all their free time to it; and perhaps it is better not to do so. Young people require fresh air and healthful bodily exercise; and if their business confine them indoors during the day they would act very imprudently to rush to their rooms when they come home in the evening and bury themselves in their books until bedtime.

Half an hour or, at most, an hour will be ample time to give every day to this work of self-improvement we recommend. Even a shorter period, indeed, will suffice, provided it be given regularly, and not by fits and starts. But here lies the great danger and stumbling-block to good resolutions. They are made in good faith and with a certain glow of pleasure and self-approbation. In carrying them out, however, we are apt to find them irksome, and to invent some excuse for setting them aside. The excuse in many cases is soon forthcoming, and the resolutions are thrown to the winds. To provide against this result, we ought to cultivate firmness of will until it becomes a distinctive feature of our character. We ought to be slow in binding ourselves to any self-imposed duty; and before doing so, we ought to weigh well all the obstacles that are likely to interfere with our fulfillment of it. But when we have once bound ourselves, we should allow no motive of convenience or interest to prevent us from carrying out to the letter the resolution we have taken.

Tippling. A young man taking his first few drinks, when approached regarding it, will often say: "Look at Mr. So and So. He is eighty years of age and has used liquor all his life. If liquor is good enough for him it is good enough for me. If I live to be eighty years of age I shall be satisfied." My friend, how do you know you have as strong a constitution as this man? How much stronger would he be, and how much longer might he live, had he never indulged in alcohol and tobacco? Besides, when a man makes a habit of using a poison he is not living in the true sense of the word. Do you call it living to rise from your couch in the morning with an aching head, a foul stomach, unsteady nerves, and depression of spirits? I call it dragging out a miserable existence. If one could see the stomach, liver and other internal organs, before and after using liquor, and note the changed condition, no other warning be needed.

An athlete training for an event knows that if alcohol is used he can not make his muscles hard and vigorous, and therefore abstains from it in every form. It is true that some athletes, distinguished for great bodily power, are users of alcohol when out of training. But these men usually become diseased, and die young. When an athlete is training for any great event, he generally has a trainer that takes note of everything he eats. The trainer usually accompanies him everywhere he goes and he is not allowed to use liquor in any form. Observe how useless our noted ball players become when they acquire the alcohol habit. The same might be said of prize-fighters, wrestlers, football players, soldiers, anybody that depends on the muscle and vitality of the body.

It is often thought that wine and other spirits give strength and help one to endure hardships, but such is not the case. It stimulates like the whip stimulates a horse. Some horses will run until they drop dead from exhaustion if the whip is applied.

Read what some noted men say regarding alcoholic poison. Willard Parker, M. D., says: "Alcohol is poison. It is so regarded by the best writers and teachers on toxicology. Like arsenic, corrosive sublimate and prussic acid, when introduced into the system it is capable of destroying life without acting mechanically, and it induces a general disease as well marked as fever, smallpox or lead-poison." The disease of the drinker is well marked. The symptoms can readily be seen, and should be a warning to others. Who but a drunkard would lie down in the mud and filth and act like a hog? He carries the red flag of warning on his nose, in his general appearance. Says Sir William Gull, M. D.: "A very large number of people in society are dying day by day poisoned by alcoholic drinks without knowing it, without being supposed to be poisoned by them. I hardly know any more powerful source of disease than alcoholic drinks. I do not think it is known, but I know alcohol to be a most destructive poison. I say from my experience, that it is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country."

Many persons think they can take a little and leave it alone—being moderate they call it, but it is not so. All drunkards were at one time moderate. Says B. W. Richardson, M. D., F. R. S.: "A man may be considered by his friends and neighbors, as well as by himself, to be a sober and a temperate man; he may say quite truthfully that he was never tipsy in the whole course of his life; and yet it is quite possible that such a man may die of disease caused by the alcohol he has taken, and by no other cause whatever. This is one of the most dreadful evils of alcohol, that it kills indolently, as if it were doing no harm, or as if it were doing good, while it is destroying life."

Again a person drinks because he likes it, and the feeling it produces. He may say and really believe that he is doing nobody an injury but himself. What a terrible mistake he is making! He likely does not know that the most saddening and serious of the many evils inflicted by alcohol on the drinker, is the hereditary transmission of disease brought about by drinking. The drinker is also inherited. Physicians claim that a large proportion of mental and brain afflictions can be traced to the drunkenness of parents. The drinker blunts all his finer feelings, clouds his intellect, is a bad example for others who are weak. He disgraces his wife, children, father, mother, brothers, sisters and himself.

We read, hear, and see so much of liquor, that we pay little or no attention to it, but it is playing havoc with the manhood and womanhood of our fair land. Let us then with a united effort cry down every form of intemperance and immorality and educate the succeeding generation to do likewise, and the time will come when this curse which is undermining our national life will be eradicated.—Physical Culture.

"Delays Are Dangerous." A small pimple on your face may seem of little consequence, but it shows your blood is impure, and impure blood is what causes most of the diseases from which people suffer. Better heed the warning given by the taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cures all diseases due to bad blood, including scrofula and salt rheum.

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THAT OFFERTORY COLLECTION. Says the Providence Visitor: "Father Ducey, the picturesque pastor of St. Leo's, New York, came out last Sunday with a vigorous statement of his views about the putting of pennies into the collection box. It makes him tired to count them and he thinks that the giving of them argues a disgracefully low degree of concern for religion. It is interesting to learn that his cultured flock took his remarks in the proper spirit and that coins of brighter hue, yea even bills, were forthcoming when the ushers began their rounds. We agree with Father Ducey, says the (Roman) Catholic Transcript, to a considerable extent. While well aware that the widow's mite has its reward before God, we have never been able to understand on what principles well to do Catholics who would be ashamed to hand pennies to a street car conductor, content themselves with restricting their contributions at the offertory to one solitary specimen of our smallest and meanest coin. But that is not our chief grievance. If every adult who comes to Mass would give even the beggarly copper, the aggregate—and we should not complain of the labor of counting it—would be most acceptable. As things are, collectors often canvass pew after pew of devout, well-dressed worshippers without getting a single red cent. The subject is one about which the clergy dislike to speak. We can hardly protest against penuriousness in this matter without exposing ourselves to the unjust reproach of being over fond of the shekels. The offertory collection is as old as the Mass itself. It is a survival of the days when the faithful brought to the altar their gifts for the Holy Sacrifice, and for the maintenance of those who offered it. Every decent Catholic ought to familiarize himself with the facts in the case and decide accordingly. The only way to get at what is right is to do what seems right. Even if we mistake there is no other way—George MacDonald.

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