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ROME MUST BE THE POPE'S

LEO XIII.'S REJOINER TO ITALY'S RECENT CELEBRATIONS.

He Demands That the Church Shall be Independent in a Free City, the Capital of Christendom—Crispi's Intrigues.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Sun.

ROME, Oct. 19.—The telegraphic agencies have sent you the abstract of the Pope's masterly letter to Cardinal Rampolla. Every enlightened person, even the Masonic press, has acknowledged the serene beauty, the novel and sorrowful tone, the sweet resignation combined with the firmness of its recommendations. What is least known, what gives to this act its importance, religious as well as international, is the peculiarity of the conditions amid which it was produced. In fact, aside from its official and generally known origin, the act of Leo XIII has a secret and mysterious history. Outside of diplomacy, there is no suspicion of the almost insurmountable resistance which the Pontiff has had to overcome in order to make his protest against the celebration of Porta Pia. To point out this unknown side is to reveal the capital and highly diplomatic importance of the episode.

Signor Crispi's speech, a real glorification of the Papacy as a spiritual power, was not an accidental improvisation. It was the result of negotiations which are none the less real for having been carried on in the dark. The speech is the historic continuation of the whole method of the President of the Council. Despite the eminently, almost exclusively, Masonic character of the celebration of Sept. 20th, Signor Crispi has not broken with the system publicly inaugurated at the beginning of the rebellion in Sicily, the island of fire. To let down the iron screen that separates the two halves of the Italian people; to draw the Catholics into parliamentary life by inducing them to vote; to promise with this end in view concessions in ecclesiastical matters to the Roman Pontiff; to pose as the savior of order and of the social system; to crush with the aid of the Vatican, once the object of so much abuse and so much contempt, the republican, socialistic, anti-dynastic, federal party, and finally, the supreme object, to save the monarchy and the government established on the usurpation of Rome, such was the Ministry's design.

The speech of Sept. 20 was merely the culmination of this strategy. The result of secret negotiations with certain conservative Italian groups, its object was to give force to the conservative current in Italy, and to force the Pope to silence and the tacit acceptance of the STATUS QUO.

Therefore, as soon as the festivities of Porta Pia were over, the partisans of a compromise between the Vatican and the Quirinal went about repeating that Signor Crispi's speech marked the conversion of the Minister; that the eulogy of the Papacy would hasten the conservative movement throughout the peninsula; that the Holy See should not only not protest, but also take into account this moral evolution, which would assist religion and result in restoring peace to Italy and its independence and prestige to the Papacy.

Persons high in station spoke thus; but it was not at all difficult to surmise the diplomatic influence hidden beyond the intrigue. Perspicacious and well-informed, Leo XIII was not deceived. By his letter he has dissipated this dangerous illusion. In writing to Cardinal Rampolla, who is aimed at in all these intrigues, the Pope has shown what importance he attaches to the Pontifical cause; just as in June, 1887, when Crispi tried to accomplish the same thing, he has wished to give to his incorruptible and faithful Secretary of State an irrefutable mark of his confidence and esteem; he has shown to all that for him as well as for Catholic rights the Roman question is the knot of the situation in Italy and in the domain of ecclesiastical interests.

Hence the resounding effect of his words in the higher sphere of diplomacy. An ambassador of the Triple Alliance, on reading the letter exclaimed: "There is nothing to be done; Leo XIII is inflexible."

That is the state of the matter. However factions may be agitated, the Pontiff is not to be won over. From the heights of the Vatican Leo XIII looks down with serenity on the struggles in the plain. No doubt it is not he who will utter words of vengeance; it is not he who will proudly lay low a Ministry that is in the last extremities. When, terrified by Sicilian peasant uprising, Signor Crispi asked him for his assistance, the Holy Father intervened without noise or ostentation to bring about an understanding between the peasants and the land owners. His secret instructions to the Bishops have contributed in great measure to the maintenance of order and to union. In like manner, in questions of a purely ecclesiastical character, Leo XIII has shown as much gentleness as firmness. Whatever bearing the insurrections in the interior may have had towards the justification of the Papal Government, Leo XIII has shown neither feelings of pride nor desire for vengeance. Peaceful and pacifying, he has perhaps shown his greatness more by this condescension than by his fervor in repelling attacks. Calm, merciful, smiling at impertinences as at audacities, he desired in no way to compromise or to resist Signor Crispi's "renewal." His patience and moderation have been admirable. He has shown the sovereign majesty of strong and unconquerable men, the confidence in the final result, the calmness of those who believe in the future and seem to hold it in their power.

But just as carefully as he has avoided giving Signor Crispi any pretext for reprisals, has Leo XIII preserved intact the sovereignty confided to him.

The letter of Cardinal Rampolla, an act of the central government of the church, indicates that this trust is not to be touched. It sums up and completes all the other documents. It is the serene and indomitable demand for Rome a free city and the patrimony of St. Peter. It is the clear demonstration, that without the bulwark of territorial independence the Papacy is powerless to perform its full mission. It is the promise, for Rome at least, of reforms adapted to the circumstances and the needs of the times.

This MAGNA CHARTA is defined by the addresses that preceded it, especially by that to the Neapolitans in 1888. The Rome he wishes to re-conquer will not be the capital of a little political state; it would be in truth and entirety the patrimony of St. Peter; the Catholic and international city, the intangible corner of the earth where the whole of the world would be effectively represented and heard.

Eighteen hundred and seventy has for ever put an end to a historic period. The temporal power must be adapted to the new conditions, and be made the starting point of higher and vaster action by the greatest moderating power in the world.

When the unity and faultless continuity of Leo XIII's thought is considered, could any one doubt his inflexible refusal to compromise? Yielding for historical contingencies, he cannot be moved when principles and general lines of action are at stake. Much as he loves his native land, he looks on himself as the incorruptible guardian of the trust that has been confided to him.

That is why the ingenious combination of Signor Crispi has completely failed. If it is a homage paid to the renewed power of the Papacy, it is in another light only a new form of all the ventures of official Italy.

Leo XIII knows that in the Holy City as in no other city in history there dwells a power of driving out that has never been overcome by events. Every conquest, every invasion, has fallen into ruin, from the domination of the Greeks, lashed by Juvenal in his third satire, to the taking of Rome by Cadorna's army. Through all the ages this law of history has shown its relentless force. Everything has passed over the Eternal City without breaking it; the invasions of the barbarians; municipal and aristocratic riots; the insolence of German emperors; the republicanism of Cola di Rienzi, and the brutality of the sovereigns of the north. And whenever a temporary possession was prolonged, such corruption and degradation have entered into the sacred pomerium as to drive afar off the profaning foreigner.

Have we not reached this turning point in the history of the third Rome, as Leo XIII calls it? Do we not see everywhere in that adorable land once more spring up the hope in the Pope, from it expects deliverance and security? Yes, in the heart of this people beats the faith in the power of resurrection of that Papacy which in all critical periods has saved the heritage of the nation.

This people is exhausted; it turns about in distress that has never been equalled; but it has near it the sacred pool. I cannot help recalling Leopold Robert's picture of the Roman pilgrim sitting in the arid campagna; she sees neither her bleeding feet nor her nursing, thirsty and panting in her lap, if she can but reach the blessed hill that rises on the horizon, MONTE DI GIORDA!

THE LETTER.

Text of Pope Leo's Letter to Cardinal Rampolla on the Italian Celebrations.

From the Tablet.

MY LORD CARDINAL,—The unusual political demonstrations, the last echoes of which have barely died away in the streets of the city, lead us to address to your Eminence a few words on the subject, not so much to give vent to our distress of mind as to point out the gravity of the fact and the intentions that inspired these doings. In truth, from that sense at once of decency and humanity which sometimes lingers even in minds inflamed with passion, it did not seem to us extravagant to hope for some regard at least for our gray hairs. It was decided instead to carry on the proceedings with uncompromising rudeness, so that we have been compelled to be, as it were, an eyewitness of the apotheosis of the Italian revolution, and of the resulting spoliation of the Holy See. Made familiar, by Divine favor, with sufferings and pardon, we put aside the personal affront to ourselves the more easily since the piety of Catholic people has spontaneously come forward to mitigate our grief, while Italy signalized itself among these by her generous protestations and most precious evidences of affection.

But that which moves and cuts us to the heart is the solemn character of the offence done to the rights of the Apostolic See, and the evident design of perpetuating rather than terminating a conflict of which no one can gauge the calamitous effects. The gravity of the proceedings, sufficiently obvious in itself, is unfortunately enhanced by the confessions of their promoters and eulogists. By glorifying in the manner that has been witnessed the triumph of 1870, they have had primarily in view the consolidation of the fruits of their conquest and the proclamation to Italy and the world that the Pontiff, as far as it depends on them, must henceforth resign himself to captivity without hope of redemption. Nor is this all. They have sought likewise to make a further step towards an anti-religious ideal. The ultimate aim, therefore, of the occupation of Rome, we do not say in the minds of all who co-operated in it, but of the sects which were its initial promoters, was not, or at least was not solely, the achievement of political unity. No; that act of violence, which has few parallels in history, was intended by the decrees of the secret societies to furnish the means for and serve as a prelude to a more sinister design. If violent hands were extended to tear down the walls of the civic metropolis it was with a view to the better assailing the sacred city; and in order to carry out the project of assailing at close quarters the spiritual power of the Popes, a beginning was made in the overthrow of its earthly citadel. In a word, when the invaders came to impose their yoke on the Roman people, on that population which maintained to the last its loyalty to its Prince, resisting violent and daily temptations from without, they brought with them the firm determination to change the destiny of the privileged city, to metamorphose it, to render it pagan once more; or, as they termed it in their dialect, to call into existence a third Rome, whence should radiate, as from a centre, a third civilization. And, in point of fact, more than appears at first sight, was and is done towards carrying into effect the fatal design.

Five lustres have passed, during

which Rome, regarding the progress of events, has seen the assailants of Christian beliefs and institutions masters of the field. Currency is given to the most iniquitous doctrines; the person and ministry of the Vicar of God on earth are vituperated with impunity; free thought is opposed to Catholic dogma, and the Masonic lodge to the chair of Peter. And it is to this sinister conjuncture of actions and ideas that it has just been attempted to lend a semblance of right and a character of stability, by putting on it the seal of a new law, and the clamorous demonstrations that seconded it, openly headed by a sect hostile to God. Is this, then, the triumph of the Italian cause, and not rather the advent of apostasy?

Justice is certain of the final triumph, as Rome is of the immutability of her exalted destinies. But, in the meantime, the one is violated, and the other traversed by the conspiracy of wicked associations and the frenzied action of those who favor them. And what profit as the nation reaped from it? The acquisition of Rome was presaged to the Italian people as the dawn of salvation and augury of future prosperity. We will not inquire if events have fulfilled the confident promises made in the domain of material prosperity. But undoubtedly the achievement of the goal has morally divided instead of uniting Italy. It is also the fact that in this medium every form of cupidity has become emboldened, depravation of morals has spread in the shadow of public perversion of faith, and the consequent weakening of religious belief; offenders against human and divine laws have multiplied, and extreme parties, frantic multitudes, plotting to subvert civil and social order from the foundations, have increased in strength and numbers.

And amid the extension of all these evils the war against that divine institution wherein lies the hope of the best and surest remedy, so far from being mitigated becomes more and more embittered. We speak of the Church, and especially of its visible head, from whom was reft, together with the civil principality, the autonomy, no less becoming to the dignity of the Pontiff than necessary for the liberty of his Apostolic ministry. Vain is all recourse to legislative expedients; no manner of legal provision can ever confer real independence without territorial jurisdiction. The condition which it is affirmed has been secured to us, is not that which is due to us, and which we require; it is not effective but fictitious and ephemeral independence, because subject to the discretion of others. This form of independence can be withdrawn by him who conferred it; those who sanctioned it to-day may revoke it to-morrow. And have we not in these recent days seen the abrogation of what are called the Papal guarantees, demanded on the one hand and hinted at by way of menace on the other? But neither threats nor sophisms, nor shameless accusations of personal ambition, shall succeed in silencing in us the voice of duty.

What is, and should be, the true guarantee of Papal independence was shown in anticipation from the time when the first Christian Caesar saw fit to transplant to Byzantium the seat of the empire. From that time to days immediately preceding our own none of those who held sway in Italy was ever seen to seat himself in Rome. Thus the state of the Church took life and birth, not through the working of fanaticism, but by the disposition of Providence; combining in itself the best titles that can render a principality legitimate, that is to say, the grateful love of peoples benefited, the right of nations, the spontaneous assent of the civilized world, the suffrage of centuries. Nor was the sceptre in the hand of the Popes a hindrance to the pastoral staff. The sceptre, in point of fact, was borne by those of our predecessors who shone by sanctity of life and pre-eminence in religious zeal. Often, too, were they called on to heal the most bitter feuds, often did they victoriously oppose a stout resistance to the overweening pretensions of the mighty, and preserve to Italy, in moments of peril, the treasure of the faith, while propagating from the east to the west the light of Christian civilization and the blessings of human redemption. And if at the present day the

Papacy, despite hard and evil conditions, continues to hold its course amid the reverence of the nations, let it not be ascribed to the withdrawal of that human support, but to the assistance of the divine grace which never fails the supreme sacerdotal office of Christendom. Was, then, the wonderful growth of the infant church the work of the imperial persecutions?

Would that these things were better understood by the practical sense of the Italians. We do not speak of those misled by erroneous doctrines or in bondage to the sects, but of others, whose minds, though free from those bonds and unblinded by those doctrines, are yet obscured by political passion. Let these see what a pernicious and perverse work it is to oppose the true designs of Providence and persist in a dissension profitable only to the intrigues of audacious factions, and still more, to the enemies of the Christian name. To have been selected from so many others to guard the Apostolic throne was a rare privilege and good fortune for our peninsula, and every page of its history testifies what an abundance of benefits and what an increase of glory have always accrued to it from the immediate care of the Roman Pontificate. Is, then, the nature of the latter changed, or is its efficacy diminished? Human things indeed, may change, but the beneficent virtue of the supreme magistracy of the Church comes from on high and is always the same; but with this additional privilege, that being ordained to last for all ages, it follows with loving vigilance the march of humanity, nor refuses as its detractors assert, to adapt itself as far as possible to all the reasonable wants of men. If, lending docile ears, the Italians would but draw from their ancestral traditions and the knowledge of their true interests courage to shake off the Masonic yoke, we should conceive the most sanguine hopes in regard to this tenderly loved Italian land. But should the contrary occur, we grieve to say we can foresee for it only fresh perils and greater disasters.

With the expression of particular affection, We impart to you, my Lord Cardinal, the Apostolic benediction.
Given at the Vatican, Oct. 8, 1895.

Leo P. P., XIII.

MR. BALFOUR ON VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

M. A. J. Balfour, in the course of his address, to his constituents at Manchester, said:

"I come to the next question. 'The preservation of Voluntary Schools and of the great religious interests bound up with Voluntary Schools.' Am I to be told that a party which desires to carry out this great object is a party with a purely negative programme? Am I to be told that we have nothing to propose in which the interests of the great multitude of our fellow-countrymen are concerned? I tell you there is nothing you are more concerned in, whether as parents or as ratepayers, than in the preservation of these institutions.

There is a way of putting this problem which is not the way in which I feel inclined to put it. They say: 'What ought to be done in justice to Voluntary Schools? That is a fair way of putting it, but there is a better way: 'What ought to be done in justice to the parents of this country?' The parents of this country desire, I believe, to have the option, at all events, of sending their children to schools where they will be educated according to their own religious convictions. Are they to be deprived of this privilege by the action of the Education Department or by the action of the Government? And if we find that by the inevitable operation of causes sufficiently obvious in themselves, the Voluntary Schools are being squeezed out of existence, and if we can foresee at no distant date the inevitable result that every child in England will of necessity, or may of necessity, be educated in a school where definite religious education is not permitted by law, can you contemplate such a result without some natural and justifiable alarm? And are we not bound in the interests of parents—not in the interests of sects, not in the interests of any particular denomination, but in the interests of parents who, surely, commit no great error when they desire to bring up their children in the faith in which they themselves believe—are we not bound in their interests to do something substantial to preserve the Voluntary schools upon which alone their hopes repose, and to do that something quickly? My belief, at all events, is that this is one of the questions which we can least afford to neglect, and which we least ought to neglect."

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Popular wisdom has long recognized that there is such a thing as being too clever by half. That is just what has lately happened to Mr. F. C. Wade. He prided himself upon having caught Father Ritchot falsifying a date. So sure was he of his valuable find that he got the first page of the Father's remarks photographed and reproduced in photogravure. Then he pointed exultingly to a cipher written over what looked like a 3 in the date "1870," and, with his ornate insolence called for an explanation.

The venerable cleric, not being easily moved, has taken his time to answer; but the reply is crushing in its bluntness and simplicity. Those 'Remarks' of his, he says in last Saturday's Free Press, were written during the night between the 28th and 29th of April, 1870, on loose sheets of paper, which he afterwards rolled up in a bundle and placed in a trunk. These sheets were the rough draft of a copy which he himself handed to Sir George Cartier on the 29th April, 1870. Some years later, probably in 1873, while rummaging in the trunk, he came across this roll of papers, and was at first at a loss to remember what they referred to; when he had found the gist of the 'Remarks,' so as to save himself the trouble of looking into them again every time he should handle them, he wrote on a blank space under the title the words "28 au 29 Avril, 1870," to remind himself of that memorable night when he had drawn up and copied his 'Remarks' on the 26 clauses of the Manitoba Bill.

The very form of this reminder shows that it is not an initial date. No man that is beginning a document puts two dates to it. But how did the 3 come under the 0? The Reverend Father attached so little value to this rough draft that he really cannot remember. These loose sheets were never meant for any one but himself. It was only, when the late Archbishop Tache insisted upon their importance, that they were pasted in at the end of Father Ritchot's diary. However, he suggests two explanations, inclining rather to the first, which is, that what looks somewhat like a 3 (though it is very different from his other threes in the diary) is merely an involuntary slip of the pen when writing on a bundle of papers tied up in a roll. Having noticed this involuntary flourish, he wrote a heavy cipher over it. The second explanation is that, writing in 1873, with the acquired habit of that date, he may have inadvertently first written a 3 and then perceiving his mistake, immediately cor-

rected it. At any rate, he never made any pretence of intending this reminder as a corroborative date, for he expressly insists upon the fact that the space in which these figures now appear was blank in 1870.

Mr. Wade fancied he saw, and therefore affirmed with his usual cocksureness, that there was a difference of age between the ink of the 3 and that of the 0. No one else has been able to detect any such difference. We in particular, having carefully examined the original, agree with Father Ritchot that the ink is the same, except that there is more of it in the heavy 0 as well as in the tail-strokes of the 2 in "28" and "29." But what Mr. Wade's jaundiced eye has completely overlooked, though it is of vital import for the question at issue, is that both the ink and style of writing in the entire phrase, "28 au 29 Avril, 1870," are manifestly different from the rest of the ink and writing on that page, thus indicating that this phrase was written at some different time.

The best point that Father Ritchot makes is this. Had there been any fraud, the merest tyro would have completely effaced the awkward flourish or or 3. But there is not the slightest attempt at concealment. Therefore there can have been no attempt to conceal anything. The correction, in fact, is so obvious that it cannot escape the most casual observer. But that is just the sort of thing that a malevolent critic is apt to fasten upon and illustrate with a photogravure in the hope that the unthinking multitude, who will never have the patience to wade through a pamphlet of interminable side-issues and persistent repetitions of exploded slanders, will at least gloat over this pictorial representation of a ridiculous mare's nest. When some wiseacre finds out a thing that is self-evident, the French say he has discovered the Mediterranean. When an over-zealous person spends his energy on a bootless quest, the English say he goes on a wild-goose chase. Both sayings fitly apply to Mr. Wade's attack on Father Ritchot's honesty. The latter's straightforward explanations make the amateur detective look like a silly child.

THOSE LIBEL SUITS.

Mr. R. L. Richardson is in a state of mind over the outcome of his libel cases. He had been accused by the Nor'-Wester of manufacturing news, and as correspondent of other papers of having concocted sensational dispatches. In regard to a person who has borne for a number of years a reputation for that kind of work it would naturally be thought that there was nothing very extraordinary or out of the way in such charges. But it is understood that in one or two specific cases mentioned the culprit was not really the Tribune editor, but another person; and as the former saw in these an opportunity to establish a character for himself, he had the publisher of the Nor'-Wester indicted for libel. The case was sent up from the police court for trial, but miscarried on the way. We have heard it hinted that the accuser and the accused agreed between them that if the writing of the article could be fastened upon Mr. Beaton, the accused would be let off with the merest form of an apology and proceedings against him would be dropped. The publisher, Mr. Bell, was not above escaping from responsibility for the article in this manner, so the story goes; and evidence was furnished to implicate the supposed writer. Then followed the case against Mr. Beaton, which went on from the police court to the grand jury, by whom it was thrown out. Mr. Bell had to be let off, according to the agreement which is said to have been made, and the second case broke down. Between the two stools the Tribune man fell to the ground, and ever since has been foaming with rage.

R. L. Richardson says there has been a miscarriage of justice. We are inclined to agree with him; but it was not in Mr. Beaton's case, which ran its course until it exhausted itself for want of legal vitality. There was not evidence enough to establish a prima facie case, and the

grand jury had no option but to throw it out. The miscarriage was in connection with the case against the publisher; and if rumors are true the editor of the Tribune was himself a party to it. There has not only been a miscarriage of justice, but a gross abuse of it, one so scandalous in its nature that we are surprised it should have been overlooked by the court. In his charge to the grand jury the Chief Justice referred among others to an indictment for defamatory libel against the publisher of a newspaper. That indictment never came before the jury. What happened to it? Where or how did it miscarry? It was a criminal case duly committed to the assize for trial, with the Queen as prosecutor. Mr. Richardson was open to make any agreement he pleased with Mr. Bell, but if he can go further and with the connivance of the Attorney-General's Department thus tamper with the administration of criminal justice the country is confronted with a condition of things that is simply alarming. This is a matter of much greater public consequence than fifty "libels" on the editor of the Tribune, for it is a scandal on the administration of the law. That his Lordship has allowed it to pass unnoticed can only be attributed to the heavy work of the assize court, in which he was so immersed that the incident escaped him.

To accuse R. L. Richardson of manufacturing news and concocting sensational dispatches is a libel, is it so damaging to his character that he must seek redress in court? In August, 1892, the Free Press charged him with manufacturing "Indian massacre" dispatches to the New York Herald during the rebellion of 1835, in terms so blunt and plain as to put to shame the Nor'-Wester article of September last. Why did he not take proceedings then? Did he not think his character was through the trouble? If he will go back through the files of the Free Press for several years previous to that date he will find the same charge made again and again. Where was his indictment then? Was he waiting until death and mundane changes disposed of inconvenient witnesses? As editor of the Tribune he published a manufactured piece of news only a few weeks before the Nor'-Wester article appeared, to the effect that Mr. Greenway was promised knighthood by the Earl of Aberdeen if he would settle the School question. That was a scandalous reflection on the honor of the Governor-General. This is one instance of many that might be cited. Was he correspondent of the New York Herald in 1835? He will not deny that he was, for it is a fact too well known. In that paper, of date April 28, there is a long dispatch from Winnipeg with the following headlines: "Rebels' Great Victory;" "General Middleton Beaten by the Half-breed Sharpshooters;" "Forced to Retreat;" "Dreadful Effect of the Rebel Volleys." And the narrative to correspond begins:

"A terrible sensation was caused by the receipt of the news which, when undisguised, amounts to nothing less than the signal defeat of our troops."

Who sent that lying dispatch? In the Herald of April 30 there is the following from Winnipeg:

"The Indians around Winnipeg are getting uneasy. The chief of the St. Peter's Reserve Indians waited on the Indian Superintendent to-day and made an exorbitant demand, which, if not conceded, he said, would cause his band to leave their reserve and go on the war-path. The Department is embarrassed. Every effort is being made to keep the Indians on the reserve."

Who sent that lying dispatch? More could be quoted if necessary, as untruthful and sensational as these. To say that their author is libelled when accused of being a manufacturer of news can only create a laugh.

Bad Writings.

A suggestive fable is attributed to the Russian fabulist Krilof. A robber and an author are in Hell; both are enclosed in huge, iron cauldrons, beneath which fires burn; yet with this difference—the fire beneath the robber is continually decreasing, while that beneath the author is ever growing worse. The author deems his sins to have been

less than those of his companion; he complains of injustice, and one of the demons comes to vindicate the sentence of divine justice.

"Wretch!" he exclaims, "dost thou compare thyself with the robber? His crime is as nothing compared with thine. Only as long as he lived did his cruelty and lawlessness render him hurtful. But thou! Long ago have thy bones crumbled to dust, yet the sun never rises without bringing to light fresh evils of which thou art the cause. The poison of thy writings not only does not weaken, but, spreading abroad it becomes more malignant as years roll by. Look here!"—and for a moment he allowed the condemned to look upon the world—"behold the crimes, the misery of which thou art the cause. Look at these children who have brought shame upon their families; who have reduced their parents to despair. By whom were their heads and hearts wounded? By thee. Who strove to rend asunder the bonds of society, ridiculing the rights of authority and law, and rendering them responsible for all human misfortunes? Thou art the man. Didst thou not magnify unbelief with the name of enlightenment. Didst thou not place vice and passion in the most charming and alluring lights? And now, look! A whole country, perverted by thy teachings, is full of murder and robbery, of strife and rebellion, and is being led onward by thee to ruin. For every drop of that country's tears and blood thou art to blame. And now dost thou dare to hurl thy blasphemies against the God thou has outraged? How much evil have thy books yet to bring upon the world? Continue, then, to suffer; for here the measure of thy punishment shall be according to thy deserts."

Thus spoke the angry demon, and slammed down the cover on the cauldron.—The Angelus, Detroit.

SHE THOUGHT OF SOMETHING.

A Mountain Girl's Bright Idea That Saved the Lives of Passengers.

From the Washington Evening Star.

"Speaking of experiences on the railroad," said a New York travelling man, "I had a slight scrape one time on a mountain road in Tennessee that may be worth the hearing.

"We were coming down a long grade of ten miles in a mixed train. That is, we had a gondola loaded with ties, as the end car, with our two passenger coaches and baggage car, and I should say we were making about twenty miles an hour on a track that would be treating us very kindly if it didn't sling us into eternity if we dared to add five miles an hour to our speed, when I happened to look out of the rear door and saw a wild train of loaded coal cars swinging down after us. They had evidently started at a tippie which we had passed only a few minutes before, and when I saw them they were going so fast that they distanced the men on the ground, who made a run to get on and stop their further flight. I made a wild rush for the conductor, but before I reached him he had ordered the engineer to let out his engine for all she was worth, and in this way keep ahead of our chasers. Fortunately we had no women aboard, and the men could be kept in better control, though it was all we could do to keep them from jumping off.

"It was only a short time until we began to see that our salvation lay in the pursuing train flying the track, because we had reached our limit, and our train was swaying and tossing so that everybody was scared out of his wits. I know I was, and I just sat in my seat and held on, waiting and listening to the thunder of the train behind us, which was not 500 yards away and gaining every second. It was far heavier than ours, and if anybody went off the track it wasn't going to be the coal train. I said a moment ago we had no women aboard. I meant we had none to speak of.

"There was one, but she was a homely mountain girl, who didn't seem to know anything, and because she sat quiet in the corner and didn't scream, we thought she didn't amount to enough to count. I was looking at her in a dazed kind of a way, when all of a sudden she lit out of her seat as if she had been shot out of it, and, knocking everybody out of the way, she dashed out of the rear door before anybody could touch her, and we thought she had jumped off, but she didn't. She jumped for the open car hanging on like a cat, until she got to the far end of it, and in a second she was tumbling those ties off at the rate of a dozen a second.

"They would hit the track and bounce every which way, but she kept piling them off, the coal train getting closer every second, and at last a couple of them stuck up in a cattle guard, and the next thing we knew there was a terrific crash, rails and ties and tracks, and coal cars flew, and the coal train rolled over itself and went down the hill in a heap. By George, as that girl stood there in

her plain calico dress and old sunbonnet and watched that train pile up at her feet, I thought that Joan of Arc, Cleopatra, Grace Darling and the lot of them weren't a patching to her, and, as far as we were concerned, they weren't.

"She had saved our train and our lives and we took her off with us in triumph. Then we made up a purse for her big enough to buy a farm with, and I'll bet she's got more good clothes and jewelry and books and trinkets than any girl in the mountains, for we never forget her. She doesn't quite appreciate some of the fine things she has, but what do we care for that. We appreciate her just the same."

The Mexicans Highly Civilized and Honest.

From the Catholic Review.

General Ransom of North Carolina, our Minister to Mexico, expressed himself fully, the other day, in an interview for the Morning Journal, of this City, in relation to the people of Mexico, their manners and morals. He said in substance that he went to Mexico prejudiced against its people. For this he cannot be blamed. The Protestant missionary societies have been engaged for many years in collecting money to convert Mexico, and in order to swell their funds for this purpose had to deceive those who would be likely to subscribe into believing that the Mexicans needed to be converted. The common story told by these missionary agencies was that "Romanism" had so debased the Mexicans, and had given to them such crude or false notions of religion that these people had become plunged in vice, ignorance and superstition.

This deplorable condition of the Mexicans has been so constantly insisted upon by the Protestant missionaries in their eagerness to collect money that the utterances of a gentleman of unquestioned integrity like General Ransom is of very much more than passing importance. General Ransom divides the Mexicans into two general classes, the smaller class consisting of those of Spanish descent and the greater class, or mass of the Mexican people, who are of Indian race. The white Mexicans he describes as a highly well educated and refined people, temperate, moral, and, by implication quite equal to any class of our Americans in intelligence and capacity. The great mass of Mexicans, those of Indian race, he describes as all Christians, and thoroughly civilized, and he speaks of them as the gentlest people he ever met. Contrast that for a moment with our own Indians after two hundred or three hundred years contact with Protestantism. Who would think of describing the "wards" of this nation as "gentle?" And to conclude this encomium of the Mexicans by an impartial observer who has had opportunities to become acquainted with their characteristics, General Ransom dwells strongly on the honesty of the Mexicans of all classes, their hatred of all forms of deceit or fraud in matters involving money.

If it be sincerely desired to compare the influence exerted by Catholicity and Protestantism respectively in civilizing nations and cultivating in them all that gives beauty and solidity to civilization, it is probable that no better examples can be had than that afforded by the conditions of the Indians of Mexico and the Indians of the United States.

Give Us a Rest, Preachers!

From the N. Y. Sun.

On the last Sunday preceding an election the regular political speakers are glad to be able to take a rest. So far as they are concerned, the campaign is over. If they have been on the stump pretty steadily, even in a canvass as short as this has been, their voices are hoarse and their vocal chords are strained and sore. The people who have listened to their eloquent appeals have also had their fill of politics.

All hands are glad of the rest and distraction of the last Sunday of the campaign, and if they are of the religious spirit which should be in every soul, it is a relief for them to turn their thoughts from mundane affairs and human contentions to the consideration of the eternal verities with which religion concerns itself. Accordingly, the church should be especially careful to exclude from their worship and exhortations on the last Sunday before an election everything that disturbs their religious calm by suggesting the controversies of politics or that tends to inflame the passions excited by the secular conflict of the week. It should be a time for prayer and meditation on spiritual things. The man who enters the house of God should find there a refuge from the turmoil of politics.

To-day, however, he will have to keep out of many of the churches of this city if he seeks this needful medicine for his soul; but, fortunately, he has warning

of particular churches to avoid. This is furnished in advertised announcements that the preachers are intending to gratify their passions for meddling in politics to-day. He will shun the Washington Square Methodist church, in the evening more particularly, when there will be a "mass meeting in the interests of Sunday closing," and an address by a preacher on "Sunday Local Option Fallacies." Avoid also the Grace Methodist church, where the pastor will weary and exasperate people surfeited with political electioneering by preaching on "The Crisis of the Coming Week." Of course, nobody who wants spiritual food will go to hear the religious guerrilla, Dixon, shriek out at the Academy of Music, "The Last Words Before the Battle." Those last words have already been spoken at the regular political meetings.

Who is going to have his repose of mind disturbed by listening to the Rev. Madison C. Peters answer the question in the Bloomingdale church, "Shall Righteousness or Rum and Rascality Rule New York?" for there is no such issue in this canvass. Nobody favors any such rule. The Central Congregational church is a place to avoid, for the political pastor, the Rev. William Lloyd, will waste the evening by discoursing on "The Kind of Men Needed to Meet and Slay our Modern Goliaths in New York." There being no Goliaths here, no kind of men are needed to slay them. Why should any body leave his Harlem home after nightfall to hear the Rev. Dr. Elmendorf preach in the Reformed church on "Every Citizen's Supreme Duty"? That duty is to obey God, not to vote the ticket of Dr. Elmendorf's party on Tuesday. Why should any body go to the Lexington Avenue Baptist church to hear the Rev. Dr. Campbell's electioneering sermon on "Christians and the Election"? The duty of Christians and of all men is to vote at the election in accordance with the political principles which commend themselves to their judgment and conviction as sound and necessary to the public welfare; but Christians honestly differ as to those principles and thus make up the divisions in politics which correspond to the divisions of Christians into Protestants and Catholics, Baptists and Methodists. Christianity does not command a man to vote for any particular political party. The kingdom of Christ is not of this world. He did not interfere in politics.

All these preachers will waste the unctious they put into their electioneering sermons, so far as concerns any influence exerted by them on the vote of next Tuesday. They will simply blow off steam. They will preach to people whose minds are already made up. In the whole community there is not an intelligent voter who has not decided how to vote day after to-morrow. Why should any man leave his home this evening to hear a preacher's argument in a case which he has already decided finally? Give us a rest! every sensible citizen will say when he reads the advertisements of to-day's political sermons.

ST. VITUS DANCE.

A MALADY THAT HAS LONG BAF- FLED MEDICAL SKILL.

A Speedy Cure for the Trouble at Last Dis- covered—The Particulars of the Cure of a Little Girl Who Was a Severe Sufferer.

From the Ottawa Journal.

In a handsome brick residence on the 10th line of Goulbourn township, Carleton Co., lives Mr. Thomas Bradley, one of Goulbourn's most successful farmers. In Mr. Bradley's family is a bright little daughter 8 years of age, who had been a severe sufferer from St. Vitus dance, and who had been treated by physicians without any beneficial results. Having learned that the little one had been fully restored to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a correspondent of

time we read in the Ottawa Journal of a similar case cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which gave us renewed hope. We procured a couple of boxes, and before these were all used there was a perceptible improvement. After using six boxes more she was entirely free from the disease, and as you can see is enjoying the best of health. Several months have passed since the use of the Pink Pills was discontinued, but there has been no return of the malady, nor any symptoms of it. We are quite certain Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her and strongly recommend them in similar cases.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of lagrippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

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You may always know when your liver is out of order, or when you are what is called bilious, by any of the following symptoms: Pain in the side and back, dizziness, dull headache, a bad taste in the mouth in the morning, sallow colored complexion, yellowish tint in the eyes, costiveness or diarrhoea of slimy dark color, low spirit, and general debility. It is acknowledged by all physicians and others, who have seen their action, that Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are a perfect cure for all bilious affections. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are sold by all medicine dealers.

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