

THE WAR IN KANSAS.

Notes from the Scene of Conflict.—Contempt for Authority—Poison, Treason, Cowardice, etc.—A Merited Rebuke.—Peace at Last.

On February 20, Gov. Lewelling made public a statement which was intended as a defence of his own actions during the unpleasantness. He charges that the chief reliance of the Republicans now is that treason has affected the militia.

John O'Flanagan, of the *Kansas Catholic*, has administered severe rebukes, in recent issues of his paper, to five Catholic papers, edited by clergymen, and located at St. Louis, Philadelphia, Denver, Buffalo and St. Paul. Bishop Fink, of Kansas City, approves the stand taken by Mr. O'Flanagan, and thanks him for "the well-timed remarks on some so-called Catholic papers * whose Catholicity seems to consist in assailing Bishops and priests who are distasteful to them on account of their strong adherence to the doctrine of the Church, as expressed by the Pope and the Councils; leaning on the power of the State in matters of Catholic education as against the spiritual power of the Church." Bishop Fink further says: "Every Catholic should set his face against such sheets before their minds become contaminated by the poison they vend for wholesome food." The Bishop commends the *Kansas Catholic* to the people of that State.

THE POISON WORKING.

The five papers that we referred to two weeks ago have not only been a source of grave scandal to the laity by their attacks upon fellow clergymen, and Catholic writers, and upon the Bishops and Archbishops, but they have been instilling a poison in another direction which will require the administration of copious antidotes to hinder it from being productive of serious evil. In their efforts, as abhorrent to the great body of the clergy as it is a scandal to the laity, they appear to have concluded that some extreme agitation of "the school question" would cover up their real object, which is insubordination, rebellion and anarchy in the ranks of the hierarchy, and in this they have doubled the harm they have been inflicting.

It is upon a Christian "education" of the children alone that the Catholic Church can be—humanly speaking—perpetuated, and it is by this Christian "education" alone that the Catholic churches of the future can be filled. If you were to convert this whole land to Catholicity this year, and give up or even neglect the Christian education of the youth, the vast body of the coming generations would lapse back from Christianity. A correspondent of one of those papers, writing from Cincinnati, shows the evil they are sowing. He says: "There is a vast deal of misrepresentation, misunderstanding and annoyance without measure here among so-called educated Catholics upon the subject of Catholic schools."

This is but the inevitable working of the poison administered to the faithful by that very paper and four other "Catholic" papers. * * * The *Catholic Columbian*, an earnest and really Catholic paper, gives the following instance occurring in its vicinity: "A mother calling herself a Catholic, said to a priest the other day that she is sending her little girl to the public schools because she has been reading the papers and knows it is all right." She must have been reading one of those five "Catholic" papers.

It is amazing that at this very time when Catholicity has shown its utility, its beauty, above all its wonderful—supernatural—consistency and the courage of its members and their determination to have the same rights accorded to them that they accord to others, that five papers in their midst, distributed at five different points, as if reared up by Satan to do the most mischief within the fold, would attempt to halt this onward march and mar the sublime spectacle by sowing dissension and anarchy among laity and clergy.

The doctrines of the Church, as expressed by Popes, Councils, and now by the Delegate that the Holy Father has in his paternal love and solicitude favored us with, Archbishop Satolli, all teach and insist that Catholic children must receive religious as well as secular instruction—a Catholic education. The poor Catholic cottager gave this thorough Catholic education to his children in Ireland when the penalty for publicly teaching them was death, and these men are unworthy of this age, unworthy of American courage, and unspeakably unworthy of the heroic race from which all five of them have sprung.—*Kansas Catholic*, Feb. 16.

The *Western Crusader* has made a weak reply to the *Kansas Catholic*.

A human skull and crossbones hanging over the main corridor of the State House attracted much attention Monday morning, says a dispatch.

Now that peace has been declared the Republicans have taken a solemn pledge that they will not molest the Catholics.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Two Ideas of Happiness.

An old farmhouse, with meadows wide
And sweet with clover on each side;
A light eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,
Thinking, thinking, all day long:
"Oh, could I tread once more
The field path to the farmhouse door,
The old, green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Who Is to Blame?

Shall I raise the broken vessel—
Emblem of my light, my love—
Now despoiled by man's mad passion
Like a soiled and wounded dove?

Shall I touch the hand polluted
By the libertine's foul shame?
Shall I hurl my curses on her—
Crush her with the guilt and blame?

Shall I join the mob's wild fury
And her faults the louder swell?
Shall I blast the flickering hope
Trembling on the verge of hell?

Oh, what conflicts rage within me—
Fires that tears cannot quench;
Wounds that cry for revenge, revenge;
Wrongs that know no law but hate!

Phantoms damned and jealous furies
Rack my brain while justice sleeps;
Reason now is slave to passion;
Manhood groans, and pity weeps.

I know not how she was tempted,
How she struggled to maintain
All her sacred vows and honor
From the tempter's gilded stain.

I was blind to her entreaties;
I was dumb to sighs and tears;
I was cold and proud and haughty—
Filled her heart with doubts and fears.

I can see how she has hungered
For the love of former days,
How she tried to draw me to her
By a thousand winsome ways.

Have I been as kind and gentle
As a husband ought to be?
Have I been as true and faithful
As my wife has been to me?

Have I shielded her from danger—
Guarded her from honeyed sin?
Did I not unbar the gateway
Where the wolf found entrance in?

Is my record free from sinning?
Is the guilt on her alone?
Shall I play the righteous judge
And cast forth the killing stone?

See her crouching, kneeling, weeping,
From the curse that I should send;
Hear her pleading and beseeching
For the love that she should mend.

Dry thine eyes. The scales have fallen
And revealed our sinful life!
Pardon grant! The fault was mine!
Rise and be my trusted wife.

—J. M. Munyon.

The Irony of Greatness.

A plain, grave man once grew quite celebrated.
Dame Grundy met him with her blandest
smile,
And Mrs. Shoddy, finding him much fied,
Gave him a dinner in her swellest style.

Her dining table was a blaze of glory;
Soft light from many colored candles fell
On young, the middle aged and hoary—
On beauty and on those who "made up" well.

The flowers were wonderful—I think that
maybe
Only another world had flowers more fair.
Each rose was big enough to brain a baby,
And there were several bushels of them there.

The serving was the acme of perfection;
Waiters were many, silent, deft and fleet;
Their manner seemed a reverent affection,
And, oh, what stacks of things there were to eat!

And yet the man for all this honor singled
Would have exchanged it with the greatest
joy
For one plain meal of pork and cabbage min-
gled,
Cooked by his mother when he was a boy.

Night.

Come, though tear dimmed, thy dewy eyes.
Lo, day is dead that did thee wrong!
Unveil again thy starry skies,
Deep drowned in garish light so long;
Unveil again each silver star,
Nor fold about with clouds thy head.
For day indeed, that did but mar
Thy nightingale's sweet notes, is dead.

Come, fear not now the flaming sun
That all too long has scorched the sky!
His tyrant reign is dead and done;
Resume of right thy throne on high.
Blind, blind in orange bloom thy brow,
And crown our blushing love with bliss.
Oh, give us thy good leave; till thou
Be near we are afraid to kiss.

Come swiftly; all to late the lapse
Of thine inconstant gilding moon;
On earth if aught of evil hap
Is not in the nights of June.
Come softly; hold thy healing hands
In deep, deep silence o'er my brow;
No balmy breeze from southern lands
Is softer sandaled, Night, than thou.

The Queen's Significant Speech.

The queen's speech, delivered in parliament recently, contained the following announcement on the question of home rule:

"The proclamations recently in force which placed Ireland under exceptional provisions of law have been revoked, and I have satisfaction in informing you that the condition of that country with respect to agrarian crime continues to improve."

"A bill will be submitted to you on the earliest available occasion to amend the provisions for the government of Ireland."

"This bill has been prepared with the desire to afford contentment to the Irish people, to afford important relief to parliament, and to furnish additional securities for the strength and union of the empire."

The language of the announcement is sufficiently guarded, but that makes little difference. The simple statement is important enough, and no words could minimize its significance.—*Boston Pilot*.

Be Hospitable to Thine Enemy.

Here is an excellent Spanish proverb which should be remembered, "Be hospitable always, even to an enemy; the oak does not refuse its shade to the woodcutter."

Ask God For His Blessing.
Prayer and practice should be inseparable. God does not force his gifts on any one; they are to be asked for and cultivated. He sows the seed; we till the ground.

"HAPPINESS IN HELL."

Vatican Councillors on Damnation With out Baptism.

Sir: I remember distinctly an episode of one of the private sessions of the Vatican Council which may prove interesting just now that so much is being written and said about St. George Mivart's article on "Happiness in Hell."

The Fathers of the Council were discussing a proposition about a Catechism of Christian Doctrine to be written in Latin, after the pattern of the Catechism adparochos of the Council of Trent, to be translated into all the vernacular tongues; that a uniform book might be in use by the Universal Church for the instruction of youth.

An American Bishop, if I remember correctly, the Right Rev. Augustine Verot of Savannah (soon after transferred to the See of St. Augustine, Fla.), was on the rostrum. What there was in his remarks that led to the subject of future punishments I cannot recall; but two or three times he referred to the "eternal torments" and "everlasting fire" which were the portion of "all who died without baptism." Murmurs of disapproval were heard on every side of the Council hall, until one of the Cardinal Presidents (either Cardinal Bilio or Cardinal Capalti) rang the little bell and reminded the right reverend speaker that he had struck a discordant note. There was, he said, a universal feeling in the church that an exception must be made when speaking of infants; there was an important distinction between the poena damni and the poena sensus; the essence of hell consisted in the eternal loss of the beatific vision of God, and to that hell even infants were consigned; but there was no definition of the church which taught that they suffered any pain of sense; on the contrary, it was admitted that they enjoyed a natural beatitude. Such was in substance the statement of the Cardinal, though I may not have used his exact words beyond those of poena damni, poena sensus, and natural beatitude; but those expressions I am positive that he used in the manner I have described. Moreover, his correction of the prelate in the rostrum was received by the assembled Bishops with signs of approbation quite as marked, if not more so, than the disapproval which had occasioned it. Of course, there is no question of a dogmatic or any other kind of definition, but it is a most striking evidence of the sentiment of the Church when her Bishops assembled in Ecumenical Council by common consent shrink from one statement, instinctively, as it were, and accept its opposite.

Does it not follow that, if infants who die without baptism enjoy a natural beatitude, there must be many others (infants in mind and heart, if not in years) who share the same condition in the future life? And if that be the case, is it unorthodox to say that there is a happiness in hell?

A STENOGRAPHER OF THE VATICAN COUNCIL, Paris, France, January, 1893.—*London Tablet*.

"Round Dances."

It would seem that certain sensitive souls in the United States are troubled as to the lawfulness of "round dances", and for their peace The American Ecclesiastical Review pronounces on the question. Of course there are some dances which in their very nature are immoral, but of these there is no question. Again it is said that there are persons so constituted that to them the practice of dancing would always be an occasion of sin; "and their duty is plainly to accept the injunctions of their confessors to avoid all such amusements altogether."

But to the two questions (1) May a priest interdict round dances on the general plea of immorality? (2) May he refuse absolution to a penitent who indulges in round dances or gives parties, of which these dances form a special feature?—the direct and general answer is No. There is no precept forbidding dances, or round dances in particular. At the same time our contemporary adds: "It may be safely asserted that with us, in the United States, the practice of dancing is full of danger, and a pastor cannot sufficiently warn his people, especially the young, against the habit or the occasions which may invite it."—*London Tablet*.

As regards the appeal which we made some time ago in the various English and Irish Catholic papers, we are glad to be able to report that it has been, and still continues to be, generously responded to. Up to date over 1,600,000 used stamps have been received. Several contributions of unused stamps, and a few postal orders for small amounts have also been sent to us. The edifying letters which we received, relating principally to the work of the foreign Missions afford abundant testimony of the deep and earnest zeal for the promotion of God's honor and glory, which exists everywhere among English and Irish lay Catholics. Our "appeal" has not been in vain.

Apart altogether from the question of stamps, it has excited a healthy curiosity in many minds, opened a new field for the exercise of their charity, and turned the gaze of hundreds of thousands in the direction of their soul perishing brethren in distant lands. While they are thus "gazing" and spanning with their mental vision the continents or oceans (as the case may be) that intervene between them and their poor benighted brethren, may God inspire them with the thought to extend their hands in relief to them, and to raise their heads in prayer to Him Who is the Good Shepherd, the Pastor of all souls, that He may deign to look with eyes of mercy on the populous heathen world and bring it to acknowledge him as the only true God, in Whom and through Whom alone there is hope of salvation.

—Rev. Fr. de Frattude, in *Liverpool Catholic Times*.

The nearer we approach to Jesus Christ, the more we shall endure great afflictions and contradictions.—St. Teresa.

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