

# The Catholic Journal.

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## THE LAND OF THE SUN

AT THE HACIENDA.

(Concluded.)

FROM THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

"There was not a shadow of pretext for such an act—but pretexts for executions were not necessary in those days." Don Rafael paused for a moment, and a shade fell over his face as if cast by the memory of the evil times of which he spoke. He turned his eyes away from the countenance regarding him with such keen interest, and gazed down one of the verdure-framed vistas as if it were that vista of the past where he saw enacted the tragedy of which he was about to speak.

"It gave," he said, "a noble and pathetic touch to the end of this poor man that he died with great dignity and courage. Yet even in his death the ruling passion of his life showed itself. He ordered that a fine piece of tapestry should be spread on the spot where he was to kneel, to be shot, and then, dressed in his richest apparel, he went forth to meet the soldier's death of which he proved himself not unworthy."

There was a moment's silence as the speaker's voice fell. Pathetic indeed was the picture which his words painted for all who possessed imagination enough to see, like himself, the generous, childish soul kneel down in his brave attire, to die with the courage of a gentleman and a soldier because his enemies coveted his great possessions.

"What a story!" said Dorothea at length softly, drawing a deep breath. "Its romance and its tragedy would not be possible in any other country, unless, as you have said, seigneur, it were an Oriental one."

"Mexico abounds in such stories," said Don Rafael, regarding her bright and interested face with a smile. "One of the grandest of the past, who is the hero of many popular traditions, was the Count del Jara, from whom are descended some of the greatest and richest families now existing in Mexico. He possessed no less than ninety great haciendas, and cattle upon a thousand hills was no figure of speech in his case, but less than a statement of the literal fact. It is related of him that being once solicited by a poor student for aid to complete his education, he gave him (it was at the time of sheep-shearing) the wool from the tails of his sheep, and it constituted a fortune."

"The wool from the tails of his sheep!" repeated Dorothea. "How patriarchal and Oriental it sounds! How different from giving him a check upon his bank."

"It opens a very interesting field for speculation," said Travers. "If the wool from the tails of his sheep constituted a fortune, what did the entire wool of the sheep constitute? And there are the cattle upon a thousand hills to be considered, and the products of ninety great haciendas—I doubt if the Count del Jara was able to tell the sum total of his own income."

"It is doubtful," said Don Rafael. "At least a hundred details must necessarily escape the attention of a man of such vast wealth—and wealth which, from its character, was almost incalculable. Another story told of him, with a very Oriental touch about it, is this: Meeting one day a large drove of very fine mules, he asked the man in charge of them what was their price. They are not for sale," replied the man, proudly, for my master has no need to dispose of his property. 'And who is your master?' asked the count. 'El Conde del Jara,' answered the man. Then said the count, 'I am the Conde del Jara, and these mules are yours, because you know how to speak of your master in a becoming manner.'"

"A very magnificent personage!" said the general. "And, I presume, at that time only one of many such striking figures."

"The most striking of all in his day," replied Don Rafael. "But certainly in the history of the country only one of many. There is a point which seems to me very noticeable in all the popular stories told of these great proprietors, the speaker added, after a moment's pause. 'Rarely, if ever, are they accused of cruelty or oppression. On the contrary, the tales of their princely generosity and charity are countless; and it was chiefly from them that the Church obtained the property which it held for a hundred useful purposes, and of which it was robbed by the leaders of the revolution—men in every instance risen from poverty and obscurity—the descendants of those whom the Church alone had saved from slavery and extinction.'"

"And who at the first opportunity repaid the debt by spoliation?" said the general. "That is an old story in the history of the world."

"Yes, ingratitude is an old story," said Don Rafael; "but I think it has seldom been more conspicuously displayed than here in Mexico. On every page of the early history of the country is written the vast debt which the native races owe to the church that preserved, taught, Christianized and civilized them. More than this, the individuals foremost in the crusade of robbery—for example, Benito Juarez—sought their own personal education, and consequent power, to the charity of the church they persecuted." said Don Rafael, with a deeper shade of sadness in his eyes. "And we

know, generally speaking, where he will ride. But beggars who have ridden roughshod over Mexico are not half so interesting as the picturesque figure of the past, before Progress and Reform became watchwords for tyranny."

"Not half," said Dorothea. "So pray, seigneur, tell us some more about those figures."

It was not very often that Don Rafael found listeners so sympathetic and interested, and he was quite willing to gratify them by relating other stories steeped in all the romance of his wonderful land. The modern world seemed far away as they listened, in the green heart of this enchanted garden, conscious that around them spread the vast sunlit plains and shining hills which had been the theater and setting for all these vivid, picturesque, dramatic events, for conditions of life which were like a mingling of the pastoral and the feudal of past ages, for tales in which the most primitive forces of human passion displayed themselves together with the stirring heights of heroism and extremes of noble generosity, and with now and again a touch of spiritual sweetness and simplicity that seemed drawn from the tender Franciscan spirit which first taught and still dominates the religious feeling of this deeply religious country.

"What a field for the story teller—the genuine story teller, not the fin de siècle realist—is here!" said Dorothea, when at last Don Rafael smilingly said that he must not tire them, and that they would now adjourn to the house. "It is one of the few fresh and untrodden fields for literature yet left in the world."

"Not altogether untrodden, if my memory serves me," observed Travers, who was walking by her side.

"Trodden only by one writer—the author of the 'Stories of Old New Spain'—who has presented the types and conditions of life in the country with true artistic sympathy and fidelity," she replied. "But how much remains yet to be told of the old, picturesque life that Don Rafael has been painting for us!"

"We would require another Thousand and One Nights in which to tell it all, I fancy," said Travers. "I confess that what pleases me most are the suggestions of boundless wealth. Think of a man who paved his house with bricks of solid silver! There is a glimpse of opulence in that, beside which the extravagances of our modern rich men seem very tame."

"But you remember the reason," said Dorothea with a laugh. "He was a great gambler, and his wife, fearful that he would gamble away all his fortune, great as it was, insisted on this very solid investment, so that when the worst came to pass they might have something to fall back upon."

"It is to be hoped her foresight was justified—but how easy to lift a brick in a quiet way whenever a stake was needed! I am afraid that, unless he departed this life before his other resources were exhausted, there did not remain much silver pavement for his family to inherit."

"It is all fascinating," said Dorothea, comprehensively, glancing up at the long, arched front of the casa grande with the picturesque open belfries of the chapel at one end, which they were approaching. "This hacienda life is decidedly the most interesting bit of Mexican experience."

"It is interesting because it is so novel, fresh, and totally different from every other life one has ever known," Travers agreed. "And the family are charming. I think—glancing at Philip, who as he sauntered in front of them was talking earnestly to Dona Mercedes—that efforts to counteract the effect of Miss Gresham's appeals have been as unnecessary as your solicitude with regard to them."

"It is also unnecessary," said Dorothea with some asperity, "to call my attention afresh to the fact, which I assure you I clearly recognize, that I have acted like an absolute idiot with regard to the whole matter. If humility is good for the soul, I feel myself at present possessed with enough for a saint."

"Hum!" said Travers rather doubtfully. "I believe that the humility of the saints was generally accompanied with some gentleness toward their fellow creatures." CHRISTIAN REID.

Large Catholic Windfall in Ireland.

By a decision of the Irish Master of the Rolls the Catholic charities of the North of Ireland are likely to benefit very considerably. An old lady in business in Castlebellingham, County Louth, left by her will the bulk of her property, estimated at over £10,000, to the Archbishop of Armagh. The will contained a direction that the money should go to the 'most deserving' Roman Catholic charities, as might be determined by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh. A daughter-in-law of deceased claimed the property on the grounds usually put forward. His Honor, however, has held the bequest to be valid, and requested his Eminence, Cardinal Logue, to settle a scheme for the disposition of the amount. The Master of the Rolls has, however, intimated that the claim of the daughter-in-law, Margaret Duffy, who is in great want, should be put before his Eminence, to see if he would see his way to consent to pay her a portion of the fund.

"There are minds limpid and pure wherein life is like a ray of light playing on a drop of dew."

In character, in manner, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—Longfellow.

## HIS CONVERSION.

How Bishop Rosecrans Came to Enter the True Church.

Led by His Brother, General Rosecrans' Devotion to Himself Becoming a Convert—His First Visit to the Interior of a Church Was One of Caritas.

When the diocese of Columbia was erected, Rt. Rev. Sylvester Horton Rosecrans, who had been consecrated titular of Pompeopolis, in partibus, on the feast of the Annunciation, 1862, and appointed Auxiliary to Archbishop Purcell, was transferred to the new See, and at once took possession of his vineyard. Born at Homer, Licking county, February 5, 1827, this prelate, whose memory is still held in benediction here, studied at Kenyon College, where he had for a classmate the late President Hayes, and graduated from that institution with high honors in 1845. His elder brother, General Rosecrans, then a captain, had but recently embraced the true faith, and one of the dearest desires of his heart was to lead his younger brother to a knowledge of the truth and peace which he himself had found. After his graduation from Kenyon, the future Bishop paid the captain a visit, and as the train were taking a walk one day, they chanced to pass a Catholic church, whereupon the captain, to quote the words of one conversant with the facts in the case, said to his brother: 'It is high time, Sylvester, for you to put an end to this procrastination of yours, come in here and get baptized.'

Mechanically obeying the command, and entering for the first time in his life a Catholic church, the same authority tells the story of the Bishop's conversion: 'They soon reached an altar, before which, to the young brother's surprise, shone a lighted lamp, although it was broad daylight. 'Let us pray here,' said the captain, in the Real Presence, for two graces, the grace of strength to follow it, and with this he knelt down. Sylvester also knelt, as a matter of courtesy to his brother, but by no means to pray. He gazed for awhile around at the works of art within reach of his eyes, but not being in the habit of kneeling long at any time, and his knees aching, he turned to look at his brother, whom he found absorbed in God. The sight was too much for Sylvester.

'Wretch that I am,' said he to himself, 'while this truly good man is so earnestly interesting himself with Heaven for my soul's salvation, I am indifferent, as if it were none of my business. God is everywhere, and therefore, here, I too, will pray for strength and light.' And he did pray, so long and earnestly, that when he began to look for his brother, he found him in a remote part of the church. Up sprang Sylvester, and with agitated steps he approached the captain. 'Well, Sylvester,' whispered the latter, 'what will you do?' 'I wish to be baptized,' was the prompt reply; 'I hope the priest is at home.' Happily the priest was at home, and finding his caller, already, thanks to his brother's good offices, well instructed in Catholic teachings, he had no hesitation in baptizing him and receiving him in the Catholic fold.—Catholic Columbian.

A Mirage at Sea.

The Konigsberger Allgemeine Zeitung states that recently a number of fishermen were in their fleet of fisher boats about half a mile distant from Great Heydekrug. The water was calm, the temperature high, and the sun's rays beat hotly upon the wide expanse of sea. The fishermen, about two in the afternoon, had their attention drawn to a peculiar phenomenon. On looking about, great was their astonishment in not being able to see their homely strand. Nothing was visible but an immense tract of water. Presently above the water shadowy outlines appeared; then, taking more definite form, the villages of Great Heydekrug, Margen, Widitten, together with the forests, appeared to be swimming about. But these places did not hold their usual positions, for the villages and forests were upside down. This picture, to the fishermen, was a puzzling arrangement, and bothered them much. While wondering how it would all end, they saw the people of Great Heydekrug and surrounding districts moving about, but not in their usual way—they were walking upside down. Seaward the steamers and sailing boats were careering in precisely the same manner, and the whistle of a distant steamer was twice heard. Under this inverted arrangement were still to be seen the well-known villages as firm as ever. The fishermen saw people on the shore and elsewhere feet downwards, whereas in the upper picture they stood upon their heads. This illusion continued for about a quarter of an hour; then the sun was obscured by a rain cloud, and the mirage vanished.

Mivart's Articles Condemned.

The London Tablet's Roman correspondent telegraphs that Professor Mivart's three articles in The Nineteenth Century upon "Happiness in Hell" have been condemned in the Holy Office of the Inquisition and accordingly placed upon the Index Expurgatorius.

Foolish men imagine that because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice, but an accident alone, here below. Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed some day or two; but it is as sure as life, as sure as death.

## ELECTRIC LIGHTS IN CHURCHES.

Beautiful Adaptation of Lamps in St. Francis Xavier's, New York.

There is probably no church edifice in the United States to-day which is so completely and beautifully lighted by electricity as that of St. Francis Xavier, in West Sixteenth street, near Sixth avenue, New York. The full power of the plant is rarely brought into play, except on festival occasions. A visit to the church at such a time is sure to be rewarded by a spectacle of brilliancy and good taste which is seldom seen anywhere. The architecture of the interior is peculiarly adapted to successful electric lighting. The style is Italian Renaissance, and the number of pillar capitals, alcoves and arches furnished Mr. Columbani, the designer of the effects, with an admirable background for the working out of his ideas. There are about two thousand lamps on the main floor of the church, which are controlled by sixty-two switches. The switchboard is in a room by itself, back of the main altar. Every capital of every column in the church is surmounted by a row of sixteen candle power lamps and has its own controlling switch. Transparent globes are used in these lamps, but in the main altar the globes are all opalescent and are ranged in rows but a few inches apart. The tabernacle is lighted with eight sixteen-candle power opalescent globes of a cylindrical pattern, made especially for the church equipment. But the most beautiful effect is gained by the arrangement at each side of the altar steps. A pedestal of alabaster at least four feet high is surmounted by an exquisitely carved vase of about the same height. Six glass lilies of delicate pink texture spring from the vase through carved foliage. The stems of each lily is a tubular lamp like those in the tabernacle. When the current is turned on the effect obtained is positively ideal. Not only do the lilies light up their opalescent stems in warm contrast to their pink petals, but the vases and pedestals, which are hollow, glow into radiance, causing the veins of the alabaster to show out in all the beautiful tints of the natural stone. Above the outer edge of the alcove in which another altar stands is a white cross composed of sixteen spherical opalescent globes. Following the line of the arch and depending from the cross is a vine with thirty tubular opalescent lamps of diminutive size and run two in series. At the back of the altar is another vine with a plentiful supply of grapes hanging from the branches. Intermixed with the foliage at different points along the length of the stem are twenty-four red and white miniature lamps. This lot is run eight in a series. From each side of the alcove a single jet projects. It is composed of a large red rose, deep in the centre of which nestles a sixteen candle power lamp. At each side of the proscenium arch a swinging candelabra, composed of brass palm leaves, carries six sixteen-candle power opalescent globes. Up behind the outer arch, and out of sight of the spectator, is a corrugated glass reflector, which reflects the light of thirty sixteen-candle power lamps. This superb arrangement makes the altar the most completely lighted one in the United States, if not in the world. The entire plant necessary for the production of this effect cost \$15,000.

SOCIAL REFORMS IN BELGIUM. Priests Who Are Laboring to Right the Wrongs of the Poor.

Social reforms are more than ever the order of the day in Belgium. Canon Winterer is giving conferences at Mons, and developing before his Belgian hearers the progress and difficulties of German Catholics in the career of social improvements. At Liege Abbe Nandot, a Frenchman, has been most enthusiastically received, and his discourses meet with great applause. Abbe Nandot is a pioneer in the arduous task of reconciling the lower classes in France to the Catholic Church. He had been asked to preach a course of Lenten sermons in a church near Bordeaux in 1891. The services were well attended, but not by men. On the third Sunday the abbe said to the parish priest:

"Are there no men in your parish? I should like to find them out, and propose to call a meeting in some public building where I can go to the people, as they will not come to me in church."

The idea was novel and slightly audacious, but the meeting was a success. The men came in hundreds, and the priests succeeded in making a favorable impression at the very outset.

A would-be disturber called out that the orator was only the son of a shoemaker.

Abbe Nandot heard and answered: "Yes, I am the son of a workman and I am proud of my father, the modest and courageous toiler. While watching him day by day, I learned to understand the nobleness of the humble and trying-life of a man who earns his bread by the labor of his hands. Gentlemen, my father is here to-night listening to me as you are. I am happy that an occasion offers to render him publicly this testimony, that I have always been proud of him, and to add that I will endeavor to follow his advice and his example, so that he may always be proud of me."

The voice of the speaker was drowned in a storm of applause, a real ovation was made to the humble shoemaker, and from that day Abbe Nandot is the French workman.

## PONTIFF AND KING.

An Anecdote of Pius IX. and Victor Emmanuel.

One of the Noble Guard's Visits to the King With a Letter from His Holiness. How He Was Received, and What the Pope Said on His Return.

The Southern Cross, Adelaide, gives the following anecdote: In a recent issue of the Unione, of Bologna, occurs the following interesting story, told by one, who, at the time of the event, was a noble guard of the Vatican. His words are as follows:

"It was in the beginning of November, 1872, and there was no 'Anticamera' on that day. That is to say, in the language of the palace, the Holy Father does not grant audiences, or, more correctly, grants them without formality, without the halls being lined with officials and detachments of the various military corps. We (the noble guard) were in quarters awaiting orders. As for myself, I was walking about the Sala Ducale, which is beside our quarters, when I saw Monsignor X., one of the principal prelates of the court, coming towards me. He was beloved by Pius IX. and is to-day a very high dignitary in the Church. He had a letter in his hand, and coming up to me said: 'Would you like to go to the King?' I knew the prelate very well, and as he was fond of a joke, and thinking this one, I replied: 'Willingly.' From my tone of voice the prelate saw I had thought he spoke in jest, and said: 'I speak seriously; will you go to the King on a message from the Holy Father?' 'Undoubtedly,' said I, also seriously. 'I do not question the Pope's orders.' The order itself pleased me. Besides the honor of being sent by the Pope on a confidential mission there was also curiosity and the strangeness of undertaking which made the mission attractive. Monsignor said: 'This letter is from the Pope to Victor Emmanuel. The Holy Father desires that you take it to the Quirinal and give it into the King's hands. Introduce yourself as one of the noble guard. It is evident the Holy Father cannot send a letter to the King except by a member of his court.' 'Must I go in uniform?' I asked. 'No, go in civilian dress,' was the reply. 'I will ask permission from my superior officer to go out,' I added. 'That is not necessary,' said Monsignor. 'I will let him know you are going out at my request.' I took the letter and left the Vatican, running home to get ready; then jumped into a cab and drove to the Quirinal. It was about midday.

"The hall porter—directed me to the side-de-camp's office. I went into a small room and found an official of whom I inquired for the A. D. C. in waiting. 'He is not here just now,' replied this functionary, without even taking the trouble to rise up. 'Come back at 3 o'clock and you will find him.' 'But,' said I, 'I have great need to see him.' 'Impossible, before 3 o'clock.' Seeing I could get no satisfaction, I determined to fire a bomb-shell. 'But I,' I continued, 'come from the Vatican, and bring a letter from His Holiness for his Majesty, the King.' The bomb took effect. The poor man sprang to his feet as though set on a spring, and said, 'Have the goodness to wait a moment,' and off he ran as though thieves were at his heels. After waiting some minutes he came back and asked me to follow him. We passed through the quadrangle—opposite, once called Palazzo dei San Felice. Going up to the second floor I was shown into a room plainly furnished, into which, after a few minutes, came a young gentleman in civilian attire, with long brown moustache. It was the A. D. C. 'So you have a letter from the Holy Father for his Majesty,' he began. 'Just so,' I replied, holding the letter in my hand. 'I am sorry that his Majesty is resting just now,' said he, 'but be assured as soon as he awakes, I will give it to him.' He held out his hand for the letter, but I drew back and said 'I am commanded to put it in the king's hands myself.' 'In that case,' he said, 'you must have the goodness to call back at three o'clock. In the meantime I will take his Majesty's commands.' 'And I will return to the Vatican and take the commands of his Holiness,' I replied. When I reached the Vatican it was about two p. m. I went straight to Monsignor X., and told him the result of my mission. He bade me to follow him, for perhaps the Holy Father might wish to see him. Up the winding stairs leading into the anti-chamber of the Swiss Guard, we reached the pontifical apartments. Here I stayed, while the prelate went into the Pope's rooms. In a few moments a private chamberlain came and said the Pope awaited me.

"When Pius IX. saw me he exclaimed, 'Well! In a few words I told him what had happened, and asked him what I was to do. 'Go back again,' said he, 'at three. If the king asks you what the letter is about tell him you do not know.' (The writer afterwards learned from the Pope that in the letter in question he had begged the King to have a certain house closed, the inhabitants of which caused great scandal and were an intolerable nuisance, very near some schools, Scuole della Pace, in which he took a great interest. It also treated of a certain library in the city.) 'I am sure,' said I, 'the King will receive me, but in case he should not what am I to do?' Pius IX. thought a moment and then replied: 'In that

case leave the letter, but do all in your power to get him to receive you.' At three exactly I was again at the Quirinal, in the side-de-camp's office. This time I had not to wait a moment. The side-de-camp came at once and told me that His Majesty was awaiting me. Victor Emmanuel occupied the ground floor of the Panetteria. The side-de-camp left me in an anti-chamber, and in a few moments there came a gentleman to call me, whom, in spite of his civilian dress, I recognized as an officer. This officer announced me, and going in I found myself in the presence of Victor Emmanuel. The King was at his writing table. Seeing me he rose and came forward, and holding out his hand, said: 'You bring me a letter from his Holiness? 'Yes, your Majesty,' said I, and gave him the letter. 'Do you know what is in it?' asked the King. 'I do not know.' 'I suppose,' he continued, 'it treats of the usual religious question. Believe me, I would wish to spare his Holiness many annoyances, but I can do but little. Rest assured, that rather than take what belongs to him I should have wished to give him what belongs to me, but the times, the will of the nation, and perhaps—who knows?—the will of God. Any how, I would have been glad if some one else had been picked out instead of me.' Then he inquired about the health of the Holy Father; asked if he walked much in the gardens. He wanted to know how long I had been in the noble guard; and then, if the room we were then in was really that once occupied by Cardinal Antonelli.

"Then taking leave of me, he said: 'Tell the Holy Father I am ever his devoted son,' and again he held out his hand. Hardly had I got out of the room when he called me back. 'Do you see His Holiness to-day?' he asked. 'Yes, your Majesty, I return at once to the Vatican, where I am on duty.' 'Very well, tell the Holy Father I will do all I can to oblige him, but I repeat, I can do little. Give my compliments to Cardinal Antonelli. On my way back I did nothing but keep going over and over the King's words in my mind, to be able to repeat them exactly to the Pope, and am sure I changed nothing. When Pius IX. heard I had returned he sent word he would receive me in the evening. So just after the Ave Maria an official came to my quarters to call me. I went up to the Pope and carefully repeated the words of Victor Emmanuel. Pius IX. listened to me attentively. When I had finished he remained some moments silent, then said: 'Any one would be forced to call him a hypocrite, yet a hypocrite I do not believe him to be.'"

Note.—The writer concludes by saying that what the Holy Father desired was done in a few days, though the carrying out of the wishes cost the King personally a large sum of money, there not being any side light on the curious character of Victor Emmanuel.—Translator.

The Heroism of Nuns.

In the course of a recent sermon his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, said: "Some years ago I accompanied eight Sisters of Charity to New Orleans. They were sent to reinforce the ranks of their companions who had perished at the post of duty. Their departure from Baltimore was unheralded by the press. It was not marked by any popular applause. They rushed into the jaws of death like the famous Six Hundred, not bent like them on deeds of blood, but on deeds of mercy. They had no Tennyson to sound their praises. They sought none of that ambition that their good deeds might be inscribed in the Book of Life by the recording angel, and that they should receive one day their reward from Him who said: 'I was sick and ye visited Me, for as often as ye have done these things to the least of My brethren, ye have done them to Me.' The following summer six of the eight died victims of the yellow fever. Here are instances of heroism not recorded in the musty pages of martyrology or in books of ancient chivalry, but happening in our day and before our eyes. Here are acts of heroism not aroused by the sound of martial music or by the clash of arms in the battlefield; here is a heroism not excited by a lust for fame, but inspired in the heart of these women by a love for God and their fellow-beings."

A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the arts.

A man who gives his children habits of truth, industry, and frugality, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

It is in the heart that God has placed the genius of woman, because the works of their genius are all works of love.—Lamartine.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.—Beecher.

I have observed many who, by speaking, have fallen into sin; scarcely one who has fallen by silence.—Ambrose.

There is a chill air surrounding those who are down in the world, and people are glad to get away from them as from a cold room.—George Eliot.

Men sometimes affect to deny the depravity of our race; but it is as clearly taught in the lawyer's office and in the court of justice as in the Bible itself.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for want of a little courage.