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A TIMELY PROTEST.

The Jewish brethren in Baltimore have grown so strong and influential, says James R. Randall, in Catholic Columbian, so rich and powerful, though numerically a mere handful, as it were, that they, through their Rabbinical system, protest openly against Bible reading in the public schools. They simply ask for the removal of the Bible. Of course, this has set Protestant sect in motion, and some of the preachers, notably a Bishop, warn the Jews that they are presuming in their conduct, that they ought to be thankful that they have large toleration, etc. But the Jews resent this assumption and stand on their constitutional rights as citizens, with inexorable logic, and Catholics back them up properly.

The sectarian ministers assume that this is a Protestant country, but statistics would show the contrary. It is more of an infidel country than Protestant. In a communication to one of the local papers Rev. W. E. Starr shows that Catholics are not opposed to public schools, but desire them, when founded in justice. He restates the Catholic position on this subject—denominational schools where religion goes hand in hand with secular education.

I understand that in Baltimore 20,000 Catholic children keep away from the public schools, as now managed, though their parents are taxed for the support of those institutions. It is estimated that if these 20,000 Catholic children made early application to the public schools, 20,000 Protestant children would not get admission, and if the city were compelled to furnish additional school room, it would require millions of dollars to accomplish that object.

It is further stated that about \$1,000,000 annually is saved to the city by Catholic children remaining away from the public schools. It is strange that Protestants do not see the monstrous injustice of the existing public school system, and how much better it would be all around, individually and nationally, if the Catholic constitution were adopted. The Lutherans, I understand, observe it clearly, and now the Jews are "catching on." So, Father Starr may well extend his "heartiest sympathy to his Jewish friends and fellow citizens" in this matter.

It is true that even without temporal power and shorn of the accompaniments of earthly royalty, the power of the Papacy as a moral and spiritual force was perhaps never so great as it is to-day. The New World says with reason that "men may sneer and grieve to believe that the whole system of Vatican statesmanship is antiquated and useless; but current events tell a different story. Even the less important announcements of Leo XIII. are anticipated and looked for as though men still believe his words to be divinely inspired. But his more important utterances supply the text not only for the guidance of the faithful in the communion of which he is the divinely constituted head, but for the direction of millions who do not see in the bark of Peter. The full text of the encyclical on Christian Democracy has recently been translated in many of the papers of this country. A few of the leading daily papers have not only printed it in extenso, but have given it a prominent place in their columns, and have editorially approved the sentiments which it contains."

It was after he had published his own in defense of the seven Sacraments in reply to Luther, that Henry VIII. was seized and detained from Pope Leo X. as the title of "Defender of the Faith." The faith which he defended was of course, the Catholic faith. Henry VIII. was separated from the Catholic Church and passed it on to his children. In this connection the

Freeman's Journal makes a good point. "Now when, Edward VII. takes the oath of office," says the editor, "he will be required to swear that that faith of which Henry was styled by the Pope the defender, is 'superstitious and idolatrous.' And in doing this he will swear that ten millions of his Catholic subjects are idolaters!"

POPE LEO'S LATEST POEM.

Metrically translated by a Protestant Clergyman. The Rev. Dr. Wm. Waith, of Lancaster, N. Y., contributes to the Illustrated Sunday Express the following fine metric translation of Pope Leo's "Ode to the twentieth Century."

An age that loved each liberal art, Like some old friend, midst now depart; What secrets it from Nature wrung, What help it brought may now be sung.

O'er all its faults I sorely grieve, Now wrath, now sighs my bosom leave, As looking back I see and name So many a monumental shame.

Here thrones o'erturned and slaughter there, Bold license stalking everywhere; And thousands long the flame to fan Against our sacred Vatican.

Our city, erst supreme and free, Where all to Pontiffs bowed the knee— Where is the honor once its due From pious ancestors and true?

Alas! when God from laws is thrust, Good men have neither law nor trust, Moved from the holy altar fire, Laws totter, slide and soon expire.

Do not hear the rude and impious host In crazy scientific boast— The boast of fools in loud acclaim That God and Nature are the same.

They flout the doctrine scriptural Of man's divine original, And caught by theories absurd Make men and beasts a common herd.

Lo, the blind power of helpless pride Is whirled along the filthy tide; Mortals, be steadfast, fear the rod, And keep the holy law of God.

The one right way, the Truth we need, The Lord who is the Life, indeed, Can check the wrong and turn the tide, For those who in the faith abide.

To Peter's ashes here inurned The pious crowds were lately turned; Christ was the leader—hopeful sign Of wakening life and faith divine.

Lord of the future, here engage To guide and bless the rising age; Hold back the impious and profane; Let better things their power regain.

Scatter the seed of love and peace; Make war, revolt and wrath to cease, And drive into the deepest night The frauds that threaten and afflict.

Rule in the heart of kings and cause That strictly they obey thy laws; The Shepherd thee let men behold And all the world thy peaceful fold.

My life is done, my course is run; For ninety years I've seen the sun, Do not thy Leo's prayer disdain, And crown with gifts his priestly reign.

THE DIVORCE CURSE.

Protestant Clergymen Give Their Views on a Grave Situation in New England.

The Rev. W. G. Puffer, a Protestant minister of New England, has been stirring things up in the east by gathering up the birth statistics of New England, and drawing from them certain obvious conclusions. The Boston Transcript disputed his statements, to which, last week, the reverend gentleman replied:

"I wish to put my statements as I spoke them. I did not speak of a lamentable falling off of children in New England, but a lamentable falling off of children in New England families. I made the statement in order to show that the houses had as many children to-day as ever, but of a different race. It is a serious question, this loss of genuine American families; all the more so when American families are the offspring of the divorce courts. You do not find the foreigner breaking the marriage tie. To such an extent has the divorce business grown that it is doubtful whether Mormonism can show such a purity of wives and husbands as one can find among the Gentiles. Nothing surprises me more when I get as far West as Michigan than to find the number of children that get on the train with their mothers. There is no use in trying by a wrong line of figures to bolster up false pride. For whatever reason, it is true that few of our modern families have such households as their fathers and mothers had. I am not judging the motives of people who do not have children. I am merely stating the fact, and I cannot but feel that it is a very grave situation. I am not alone. Letters are now coming thanking me for what I said."

In the same connection, the Standard Heart Review calls attention to a sermon by Rev. Bravard D. Sinclair, delivered some years ago at the first Presbyterian church, Newburyport: "New England is lifting her head as to-day with horror at the thought of Catholic domination. We are told that Roman Catholics are going to possess New England. Through your sin they may do so. And if you persist in sin they ought to. In God's providence and in the struggle for

existence, the fittest survive and the weakest and wickedest become extinct. And the criterion of the 'fittest' of the human race is the standard that those who best subserve the end of God in creating them, shall survive. When we find the native New Englanders defeating the end of marriage by the prevention of offspring, and the Catholic population obeying God's laws in rearing families, we are simply seeing the working of God's natural law."

PEARL OF THE OAKS.

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PART SECOND.

(Continued from last week.) XIII.

Less than a month after Father O'Brien's arrival there was to be an exchange of prisoners and hope filled the hearts of many of the stronger men, while some who knew that they were too weak to be further use to their country became sadder if possible than before. James, as he looked at his bony arm, half covered by the shreds of a tattered sleeve, murmured sadly to himself, "Not I, there is no hope for me, but God's will be done, my freedom will soon come." The party of Confederates who were looking over the men, approached nearer to him and fearing to face them lest the sight of his enemies might awaken the bitterness which he so bravely strove to stifle, he turned his head away, but he could not shut out the sound of their voices. They were beside him now and he recognized one of the speakers as his own father. His first impulse was to beg to try to have him released, but remembering that his once loving parent was now a bitter enemy, he would not have spoken to him had it not been for hope of hearing from his sister whom he feared might ere this be among the dead.

"Father," he gasped in trembling tones. Mr. Levimore turned and the sight that met his gaze caused him to exclaim in horror: "My God James are you here?" The tattered remnants of what could now be scarcely dignified by the name of uniform were scarcely sufficient to cover the form of the son whom from the handsome, stately youth he seen at home little over a year before, had been reduced to a mere shadow from which the breath of life might flit away at any moment. A short but heavy unkept beard covered the lower part of his face, making him almost unrecognizable, but the dark eyes turned so pleadingly upon him he knew to well. He had grown accustomed to such, and worse sights, and while his heart had been touched with pity he had considered it beneath the dignity of his position as a Southern officer to give in to such sentiments; but when he beheld his own son in such a pitiful state he was well nigh overcome and from that day he never had courage to enter the prison.

"Father," said James laying his hand on his arm, "how is Marie?" "She is very ill." "Is there any immediate danger?" "I fear there is for they have sent for me to come home as possible and I expect to go the day after to-morrow." "I wish that I might accompany you." "You may if you wish." A light, born of buried hope, shone in James' eyes. He could scarcely believe that he heard aright, but his father would not deceive him, and the hope of seeing Marie once more before her death seemed an ample reward for all he had suffered. To go home and die with her would be sweet.

"Do you really mean it, father," he asked, may I go?" Had it been possible, Mr. Levimore would have gladly clasped in his arms the frail form of his son whom he could carry as easily as a child now, but stifling his parental love he said calmly, "Yes, on one condition."

"What is it, father?" asked James eagerly.

"Only this that you promise as soon as you are strong enough to join the Confederate army and never again to help the North."

Hope vanished from his face giving place to indignation as he replied, "No, father, let it not be said that the grandson of the brave General Levimore, who so bravely sacrificed his life under Napoleon, has turned traitor."

"My son, you did nothing else when you left home as you did to join the 'Confederals.'"

"Father, I did only what I believed to be right and I do not regret it."

Your head seems to be filled with strange ideas which I cannot fathom. I hoped that you would come to your senses and learn what was right long ere this; but alas, I grieve to see that you persevere in your error to the end."

"Please do not say so, father, for the time may come when you will be forced to admit that your son died for the right. Our difference in opinion, and the cruel separation enforced up-

on us, has grieved me more than you can ever understand; so let us part in peace so you will have nothing to regret when I am gone."

"Regret, my boy, can I ever cease to regret that my only son, the pride of my life, for whom I had planned so brilliant a career, watching over him from the days of his infancy with the tenderest care a loving father could bestow, has rewarded my kindness by giving his life to the enemy?"

"No one could appreciate a father's kindness more than I, and it grieves me to be obliged to differ with you; but I am firmly convinced that I am right."

"Poor, deluded boy, since you will not accept the offer I have so kindly made you and return to your home and the dying sister, who they tell me often calls for you, I must leave you, for it will drive me frantic to remain with you much longer."

"I am sorry for you, father, and I would like so much to see little Marie; but our lives will soon be over and it will not be long ere I hope to meet her in heaven."

"Come," said one of Colonel Levimore's companions, this is indeed a sad scene and I do not wish to tear you away from your unfortunate son; but we must be going."

"Only a moment, father I have a favor to ask which I hope you will not deny."

"What is it?" "I cannot hold out much longer, for my strength is failing rapidly, and I want you to promise not to let them bury me here. Take me home and make me a grave beside my sister, Alice; but oh, father, do not let them see me when I am dead for I know I would frighten them so they would never forget how I looked; rather let them remember me as they last saw me. Do not let Marie know that I am dead; but when you see her tell her that you have talked with me and I sent her my love; but the others do not tell them how or where I died, only that through the kindness of a good priest who was among us I was prepared to meet my Creator."

James spoke in low, even tones which betrayed no sign of regret that his life was soon to have such a sad ending, but his father was nearly overcome with grief and he hastened away ere the young man could give him the messages he intended to send to his mother, sisters and Melissa, who was dearer than all.

At the mention of a priest Mr. Levimore supposed that his son meant one who had been permitted to visit the prisoners and was rejoicing that such a privilege had been given when he was met by Father O'Brien whom he learned was no more than a captive like the others. He had his release procured, but when the good man was informed of it he refused to leave the place where he felt that duty bound him and sent in his stead a Protestant man who had left a wife and six small children at home.

James' strength was failing rapidly now, and he believed that in a few days more all would be over. One afternoon after having made his confession, which he feared might be his last, and had a long conversation with Father O'Brien, he stole away to meditate on the consoling words he had listened to. He wished that he might die now when he felt so well prepared, for already he felt that his sister Alice, was calling to him from the mansions of eternal bliss; and if, he could not like her, enter as an innocent child, he hoped that his soul had been purified by suffering as well as by the blood of Christ in the cleansing words of holy absolution.

His reverie was interrupted by the sound of "Hello, thar mas!" and turning he saw, through a hole in the wall, the woolly head of a negro lad of about sixteen years.

To be addressed by someone outside who was not a Rebel was cheering to any of the prisoners, and the lad, in whose great eyes shone true sympathy, reminded him so much of Jack that his heart opened to him at once. "What is it my boy?" he asked.

"I wish I could get you all out o'dar," was the blunt reply.

"Unfortunately you cannot help us to escape, but will you please give me a drink of fresh water?"

"Yes, mas''," and the boy disappeared, soon returning with a gourd full of clear, cold water from a spring near by.

James did not see the small vial which the boy had stealthily emptied into the water, neither did he detect the peculiar taste as he would have done a few months ago. It had been so long since he had tasted a drop of pure water that it seemed to give him new life as it cooled his parched tongue and he drank every drop, giving the boy a hearty "God bless you," with his thanks as he returned the gourd. Soon after overcame by a strange feeling, he fell into a quiet slumber so closely resembling death as to deceive the priest who came to look for him.

(To be continued.)

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