

WHAT ROME TEACHES

In the Year 1900 Rome Will Make This Country and Keep It—Hecker.

She Boasts That Religious Liberty Is Only Endured Until the Opposite Side Can Be Put Into Effect Without Injury to the Roman Church.

Education outside of the Catholic Church is a damnable heresy.—Pope Pius IX.

Education must be controlled by Catholic authorities, even to war and bloodshed.—Catholic World.

I frankly confess that the Catholics stand before the country as the enemies of the public schools.—Father Phelan.

I would as soon administer sacrament to a dog as to Catholics who send their children to public schools.—Father Walker.

The public schools have produced nothing but a godless generation of thieves and blackguards.—Father Schaner.

It will be a glorious day in this country when under the laws the school system will be shivered to pieces.—Catholic Telegraph.

The public schools are nurseries of vice; they are godless and unless suppressed will prove the damnation of this country.—Father Walker.

We must take part in the elections, move in a solid mass in every state against the party pledged to sustain the integrity of the public schools.—McCloskey.

The common schools of this country are stinks of moral pollution and nurseries of hell.—Chicago Tablet.

The time is not far away when the Roman Catholic Church of the Republic of the United States, at the order of the Pope, will refuse to pay their school tax, and will send bullets to the breasts of the government agents rather than pay it. It will come quickly at the click of a trigger, and will be obeyed, of course, as coming from Almighty God.—Mgr. Capel.

We hate Protestantism; we detect it with our whole heart and soul.—Catholic Visitor.

No man has a right to choose his religion.—Archbishop Hughes in Freeman's Journal, Jan. 29, 1852.

If Catholics ever gain sufficient numerical majority in this country, religious freedom is at an end.—Catholic Shepherd of the Valley, Nov. 23, 1851.

Protestantism, of every form, has not, and never can have any right where Catholicity is triumphant.—Dr. O. A. Brownson's Catholic Review, June, 1851.

We have taken this principle for a basis: That the Catholic religion with all its rights, ought to be exclusively dominant, in such sort, that every other worship shall be banished and interdicted.—Pius IX. in his allocution to a Consistory of Cardinals, September, 1851.

Protestantism—why, we should draw and quarter it, and hang up the crow's head. We would tear it with pincers and fire it with hot irons! Fill it with molten lead and sink it in hell fire one hundred fathoms deep.—Father Phelan, Editor Western Watchman.

Religious liberty is merely endured until the opposite side can be carried into effect, without peril to the Catholic Church.—Bishop O'Connor.

The Roman Catholic is to wield his vote for the purpose of securing Catholic ascendancy in this country.—Father Hecker, in the Catholic World, July, 1870.

Undoubtedly it is the intention of the Pope to possess this country. In this intention he is aided by the Jesuits and Catholic prelates and priests.—Brownson's Catholic Review, July, 1854.

When a Catholic candidate is on a ticket and his opponent is a non-Catholic, let the Catholic candidate have the vote, no matter what he represents.—Catholic Review, July, 1854.

In case of conflicting laws between the two powers, the laws of the church must prevail over the state.—Pius IX, Syllabus 1864.

We hold the state to be only an inferior court, receiving its authority from the church and liable to have its decrees reversed upon appeal.—Brownson's Essays, p. 282.

We do not accept this government or hold it to be any government at all, or as capable of performing any of the proper functions of government. If the American government is to be sustained and preserved at all, it must be by the rejection of the principles of the Reformation (that is, the government by the people) and the acceptance of the Catholic principles, which is the government of the pope.—Catholic World, September, 1871.

I acknowledge no civil power.—Cardinal Manning, speaking in the name of the Pope, S. R. S., 1873.

The Pope, as the head and mouth-piece of the Catholic Church, administers its discipline and issues orders to which every Catholic under pain of sin must yield obedience.—Catholic World, August, 1868.

In 1900 Rome will take this country and keep it.—Priest Hecker.

The will of the Pope is the supreme law of all lands.—Archbishop Ireland.

We have plenty of the issue of January 28, containing the exposure of Rome's plot to take this country by the sword. Ten for 20 cents; fifty for \$1.25; 100 for \$2. 500 for \$7.50; 1,000 for \$10. Have you sent any of that number to your friends? You should! They should not sleep longer.

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Dear Sir:—

I received your Atlas of the World and I am well pleased; far beyond my expectations.

JOHN COLLING.

No man's influence is so small but what he could make it tell against Rome.

STARS.

All the morning people were bustling about the house, this way and that, 'up to the eyes' in work. The maid and a temporarily engaged assistant superintendent operations over a steaming tub; Mrs. Jameson and her sister Caroline lent them an occasional hand, devoting the remainder of their time to various scouring, cleaning, and other household matters of domestic necessity, tradesmen, with that inuring instinct of their kind which always prompts their visits on the most inconvenient day, made frequent demands upon the door, the children, home for a while, were busy too; for this was wash-day in the house of Jameson.

The baby sat solemn and silent in his tiny chair, securely tied thereto by a dished pair of his father's braces. Scattered on the floor around him were toys and picture-books; on his lap lay a slice of bread and jam, a broad red trail of the latter indicating a direct path over his chin toward his mouth. He turned a large and listless eye upon the surrounding bustle.

"Baby is quiet today," said Mrs. Jameson once, glancing casually toward him.

"Yes, he is thinking of something—not even eating his bread and jam."

"Did you sit and snika-fink?" This to the child, with a seductive waggle of finger.

But baby sat motionless, gazing 'swlike with his eyes. He did not even say "Goo-goo!"

At that moment the maid came in from the scullery, bearing with her a steamy atmosphere and an unwholesome odor of soap. In her arms was a ponderous basket of damp linen fresh from the wringing; this she deposited with a thud upon the floor.

"I've done this lot, ma'am," she said, "an' I am almost ready to start in on the coloreds. I'll put this here a minute while I go and get my line out. Hope it'll be a fine day for drying."

Mrs. Jameson stood at rest for a moment and surveyed the bulky basket before her. She sighed. It was the dream of her life that at some happy far-off day her good man should earn just that little more-than-enough which would warrant her in putting out her washing. But now she was middle-aged, and the dream had not yet come; when it came—years later—it had lost its value, for her good man was gone.

"No, don't put the basket there," she said, "it's in the way. Put it where baby is, and move him into the corner."

"Did ums have to be put in a corner like a bad boy?" said the maid, as she followed out her mistress's instructions.

The baby remained as impassive as ever.

Suddenly a miracle occurred. The lamp-oil man having arrived and delivered himself of his odoriferous burden, it became again necessary for Mrs. Jameson to pause for her labors to pay him. For this purpose she went to the cupboard wherein she kept the sundry little boxes that served her for bookkeeping, and, drawing one forth, she presently poured into her hand a tiny shower of change. This comprised several coins of the smaller sort, but one of them stood out royally from the rest—a bright coppery beauty flashing with the sunshine. It was a new halfpenny.

The child's eyes glistened desirously. "Gee-gi!" he said, which, being interpreted, is "Give."

But this remark remained unheard amid the bustle; and it was not until the lamp-oil man had received his due, and the coins—bright halfpenny as well—had been restored to their little box and cupboard that Mrs. Jameson

"SEE BABY!" became aware of the child's restlessness.

"Halloo, little mannie! What 'oo want now?"

"Gee-gi!" This with an imperious wave of hand.

"Gee-gi? Oh, he wants his picture-book. Give it him, Caroline."

And Mrs. Jameson, turning away, began to scour a saucepan.

But baby had no joy of his picture-book. On top of his bread and jam it lay unheeded, its crude, gaudy illustrations seeming as naught beside that golden glorious something he had momentarily seen flash across his cosmos.

"Gee-gi!" he cried plaintively.

"Perhaps it's his gee-gee he wants," said Mrs. Jameson, picking up a dilapidated horse from the debris of toys on the floor.

"Na-na!" dissented the child, waving it aside.

"Look at the pretty tall wagging."

But no, the horse was but wooden. It could not glitter like a little disk of sunshine.

The bucolic looking doll, the tin engine, even the railway truck—more dearly loved for its lack of wheels—could not compensate for the vanished halfpenny. They were but the commonplace of earth, the well-known com-

mon joys of every day; the halfpenny was vision, miracle, so earthly thing.

"I'm afraid he's not very well," said Mrs. Jameson anxiously; "I don't like him to look so heavy about the eyes."

"Yes, and don't you remember he looked like that just before he had the measles?" added Caroline.

"He's been so quiet all the morning," said the maid. "It's not like him."

"Gee-gi!" cried the child.

At this point Mr. Jameson entered, and attention was diverted toward dinner. This was of the usual wash-day order—a discomfortable spread of remnants, eaten haphazard to a meal of soap suds. The hungry man glanced impatiently around, a slight shade of annoyance passing across his features. The male mind cannot readily grasp the inwardness of wash-day, and Mr. Jameson was no exception. "Why cannot these things be altered somehow?" he thought. "Never mind, one of these days!"

The dream brightened his face once again. He bent affectionately and kissed his wife.

Sister Caroline, poor, ugly, helpful old sister, looked on and sighed quietly. She, too, had had her dream.

After dinner the busy wash still continued, but by now its back was well broken, and signs of its eventual subsidence were all over it. The white linen was all out on the line, drying as fast as a steady breeze and fair sun could manage, the "coloreds"—that distressful after-dribble of wash-day's tide—were well on to completion; the tradesmen were less frequent, and, surest sign of all, there were hints of potato cake for tea. Even wash-day can find compensation in potato cake.

"And the little mannie shall have a wee brown cake all to himself!" crooned Mrs. Jameson, imparting to baby's dumpty body an affectionate wriggle—secret only known of mothers!

"Gee-gi!" The glistening eyes still held the dazzle of that sometime glory they had caught.

"I'm sure he is sickening for something," said Mrs. Jameson; "I don't like this flush on his poor little cheeks."

The child moved restlessly. His head ached and there was a hot sense of discomfort about his eyes. All day he had felt ill, but not being able to correctly sort out his little sensations had let himself into that pathetic abstraction which seems to be the refuge of babyhood under such circumstances. Then had come the glittering coin—an incarnate thing of desire, giving point and form to his distress; and now, amid the feverish restlessness that was growing upon him, it still shone out indeliberately upon his imagination as the thing-hoped for, the dream goal, the resolution of his suffering. Child epitome of grown mankind, he little guessed his kinship with every woman that bore babe, every poet that ever sang from breaking heart, every weary worker, man and woman, that ever lived, and desired and struggled and seemed to lose; nay, he did not know that at the portals of his tiny heart were beating the strong wings of the Son of God Himself.

Presently the woeful wash subsided; all the clothes were gathered in from the drying, ready for the mangle; the kitchen, freshly cleaned and sanded, became cheerful once again, and the long looked for tea time arrived—potato cakes and all.

But baby by now was ill indeed, and the doctor had been sent for. It was not a very serious ailment, only one of the tiner tragedies of babyhood, which mean a few days' hectic cheeks, a cough, a tired mother's sleepless nights—little things, yet these little things press sorely upon the heart.

"Gee-gi!" Still the plaintive cry.

It was a short time after this that Mrs. Jameson, having occasion to go once more to the small box of change in the cupboard, brought out the very halfpenny of the child's desire. In the lamplight it shone like a star. Baby had refused every other offering intended to divert him; with motherly craft Mrs. Jameson made one other venture.

"See, baby," she said, holding up the gleaming treasure, "see, a pretty halfpenny!"

The child turned a slow, large eye upon the brightness; lifting up his hand he took it feebly; for a moment he seemed to waver between desire and weariness, then, with a petulant gesture, he put it away from him.

"Na-na!" he said.

The evening drew on. The hurry-scurry of wash-day was over, and the household had sunk to rest, but through the long hush of night an anxious mother sat watching over a restless child. The firelight flicker half-illuminated the room, showing around the cot wherein tossed the tiny sufferer, a few scattered toys and picture-books, whilst in their midst, untouched, unvalued, no longer desired, lay a pathetic little coin.—C. Rann-Kennedy in London Weekly Sun.

Two Mayflower Relics.

Mrs. J. J. Faran and Mrs. Robert Hosea of Cincinnati both own relics of Mayflower days of which they are justly proud. Mrs. Faran's is a box of boxwood, almost black with age, and about the cover are leaves and flowers inlaid in other woods vividly colored. This box is in excellent preservation, and but for a deep crack across the top might have been kept in a glass case all these years. It is a tradition in the Faran family that this little glimpse of Puritan precision was brought over by a Mayflower ancestor in which to keep her caps from the ravages of the salt sea air during the voyage. Mrs. Hosea's Mayflower relic is a piece of a gown worn during the voyage across. It is of homespun, faintly stamped in tiny clusters of delicately tinted rosebuds. The edges have been carefully fringed and the "sample" is wonderfully preserved.

TEN POINTERS.

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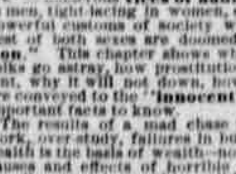
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Are You Married?



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