

TOO LATE.

BY HELEN HUNT.

There is no cry in all the bitter earth
So bitter as the one which strives in vain
To pierce a grave with its remorse and pain:
"Dear one, at last I know thy priceless
worth;
Thy death brought to my love its travail
birth;
The far horizon of the loneliest plain
I seek, and soundless midnight on the main,
And stirless noonday in the desert's dearth,
To call thy name. I know thou livest. Wait,
Dear love for God's sake wait one moment
near;
I know thou lov'st me still. It cannot be
Too late for me to speak and thee to hear!"
Alas! no sound, no token answereth me,
Except the echoes of my words—"Too late."

HUMAN SOULS.

Some folks has souls so large and grand
It is a joy ter know 'em,
And some has souls so mean and small
It is a sin to show 'em;
Smaller than a musketeer's ear,
And twice as mean as pizen,
Meaner than any airthly thing
The sun was made ter rise on.

Their littleness o' soul shows out
In spite of all deceivin's,
And shows that they was made at best
Of Nature's meanest leavin's;
Just such as wouldn't made a dog,
Nor any beast or varmint,
And nothin' wuth a human hide
Nor wuth a human garment.

And yet they sneak inter the world
In shape o' human creatures,
Ter be a curse upon the airth
The same as the musketeers—
Ter sting and pester all the rest,
And blight all peace and gladness,
And sarve their master, who delights
In seein' all their badness.

SALLY JERUSA.

—Godey's Lady's Book.

NEWS NOTES.

Washington, D. C., is a cheap place to be married in. Licence fee, 50 cents.

Henry A. Merritt, a Troy lawyer, had a letter returned from Ireland with the following written on the envelope: "No man of the name of Lawrence Kyle, but there is one of the name of Catherine Kyle, who says the letter is for her."

"John McMillan and intended wife were registered at an Ogdensburg hotel the other day. Their instant summons to a minister saved the proprietor a conscientious pang, and themselves the honor of being asked to try some other hotel.

"Amen! amen!" shouted a Cedar Rapids parson, at the elegant remarks of a stranger at the camp meeting. Suddenly the parson turned his eyes on the man and jumping up screamed, "Catch him, brothers, catch him! He's the three-card monte man that got my last month's salary."

A Chicago paper thinks it would be well for girls to make pistol practice a part of their education, since a Davenport girl of sixteen went into a bank and tried but failed to kill the teller for seduction and desertion. "She fired two shots and didn't hurt him any," and such a waste of ammunition should not be encouraged these hard times.

A cat annoyed Louis Vollman of Mount Airy, Ohio, and he loaded heavily a double-barrelled gun, intending to shoot the pest. He fired once, wounding the cat, and then chased it, striking it with the stock of the gun. A blow hit the floor hard enough to explode the other charge, and Vollman was killed.

Some interesting experiments have been made at Woolwich in steering balloons for military purposes. The balloons were guided backward and forward in any desired direction by Mr. Menier, the inventor, in a still atmosphere. The value of the invention will, however, depend greatly upon its success in currents of wind.

There is a lingering belief that if General Scott's occupation of Mexico had in some way been continuous, it would have resulted better for us all on the North American Continent. The finger of manifest destiny seems to gravitate to the point that, eventually, everything from the Isthmus to the pole, and ocean to ocean, Cuba and the islands of the gulf included, shall be under one flag. By means of the throes of revolution, some of this outside territory may come; by means of conquest, some; and by treaty stipulation, some.—*Washington Chronicle*.

FATHER GERDEMANN AND THE CATHOLICS.

OUR readers have seen various items in our dispatches at different times lately concerning Father Gerdemann, a seceding Catholic priest, formerly pastor of St. Bonifacius' church, Philadelphia. He has now taken to lecturing upon matters and things connected with the Catholic religion. In a recent lecture, as reported in the *Philadelphia Press*, he spoke in the following style—

Besides the doubts I had on doctrinal matters I was far more disgusted with the Roman Church on account of my knowledge of its priesthood. In fact, if I would not have feared to become a bad man, like the majority of priests I know of, I might be in their ranks yet. I repeatedly heard good and sincere priests say it was a blessing the American people did not know the true character of the Roman priesthood, for if they did they would sweep them out of the country, and I assure you, if you should know them as I do, you would not consider that remark as any too harsh. In the first place, they have an inordinate desire for money. The poor people are asked for money at all times and occasions. The more a man gives the better he is liked. He must pay every time he comes to church, and every time the priest comes to him. No matter how poor the family may be, how hard the man may work, how much the mother may slave, how poorly the children are clad, no matter whether the grocer is paid, the average priest insists on his dues. Baptisms, marriages, and funerals must be paid for, and woe to the poor Catholic who dares to offer a priest less than \$5. Too much he can never give. Go on any Sunday to almost any Catholic Church of this city, and you will hear something about money always. When I first met the late James Maguire, a conveyancer, and a good Roman Catholic, he warned me against this vice of the priests, saying that he never yet attended church in this country without having listened to more eloquent remarks on the money question than on the Gospel of the day. The more a priest returns to the Bishop for the seminary, or other purposes, the higher he rises in the Bishop's esteem. Provided a priest is sound on the money question his other qualities are of minor importance. I know of over five hundred priests and sixty bishops in this country. I have been frequently in priests' and bishops' company, and whenever the question came on the congregations, they never asked, "How are your people; are they temperate, faithful in attendance at church; do they raise their children well?" but always, "How much pew rent do you get?" "What do your collections amount to?" "What do you get at Christmas?" "What are your fees for baptism and marriage?" And if the sums did not seem large enough you would hear a "Damn it, that's little!" When Bishop Toebbe came home to his people in Covington, after an absence of six months, the first Sunday he appeared among them he gave them a tremendous overhauling about the money collections. I know priests who have been scarce ten years in the priesthood who own from \$20,000 to \$40,000. And the poor people who always give never are told where the money goes to. No priest and no layman in the city knows what Bishop Wood owns. No congregation hears what a priest receives and how it is spent.

And how is it spent? A good deal of it in gambling, cigars, grand dinners, and good drinks. Priests are, without doubt, the best livers in the country. Whenever you meet a company of priests, be it on a Sunday or weekday, night or daytime, you nearly always find them at a game of euchre, and not for mere pastime, but for money. I often saw priests, especially Irish, play for quarters, fifty cents, and a dollar a game. The German priests were generally content with a game for ten cents. Then came the grand dinners served in the most approved style, for which the good people foot the bill. These dinners are not got up on a small scale either, but cost from \$500 to \$2,500. The Bishop gives generally three or four grand dinners, where all are invited, a year, and God knows how many on a small scale. Priests give their dinners on stated occasions—at the funeral of a priest,

on the day of the corner-stone laying or dedication of a new church, and annually on the last day of the forty hours. The poor people are in the church at their prayers, while the good fathers are enjoying their terrapin, canvasback, and champagne. When the church I built was dedicated, Bishop Wood ordered me to give a grand dinner. On the Sunday previous Father Filan had his church dedicated. The Bishop told me that Father Filan's dinner had been a poor affair, although I considered it a very good one, and told me I should try to surpass that Irishman. I had to submit the bill of fare and wine list to him, and that little dinner cost the church almost \$1,000. It is no wonder that the good Bishop, who has to attend to all these dinners the whole year round, is so often visited with rheumatic pains, as we call it genteelly.

But the great curse of the priesthood in this country is the vice of drunkenness. Of the extent of this vice I can give you no adequate idea. When priests meet, the first and the last thing is a drink; early in the morning and late at night the whisky bottle is their consolation. You were no doubt surprised at the rather heavy bills for liquors and champagne produced at the late trial. I tell you candidly, they were very light compared with bills of the majority of priests for the same purposes. If you would not offer whisky and wine, and plenty of it, to your visitors, you would soon be spotted and cried down as a fool. Bishop Wood was a frequent visitor at my house, and he said he did not want any "Teutonic acid," meaning good German wine, but insisted on having champagne. And let me show you that his capacity is rather a large one.

was travelling with him in Schuylkill county three or four weeks before I left the church, and I will now give you his day's work: Early that Sunday morning he confirmed in the German church at St. Clair. After having administered confirmation a good breakfast was spread for him, but he did not touch it, and asked for a bottle of wine. Good Father Froude was rather surprised, and said: "Hello! wine for breakfast?" After the wine was finished we went to the English Church. There the Bishop complained of the poor wine of Father Froude and asked for and received a bottle of champagne. After he had given confirmation there a few glasses of lager beer were enjoyed. Then came dinner, and a good one it was, and he partook freely of beer, wine, champagne, and brandy to wash it down. Before we left St. Clair for Mahanoy Plane on the superintendent's special car, a few more bottles of champagne were opened and dispensed by him and the priests present. Scarcely had he reached Father O'Connor's house when he asked for goat-milk punch of which he took two or three glasses. Afterwards he followed it with a few glasses of champagne. Still he got through with confirming about 200 people, only complained of not being quite well; but the dinner of terrapin, pheasants, and other choice things served afterwards, he did not enjoy, and he went to bed, where I brought to him the last glass of champagne after 11 o'clock. When you hear that a bishop can do so much in that line and still be able to give confirmation, you will not be surprised to hear that bills for liquors and wines are large with a priest who often enjoys his visits. To be more serious, the greater part of the priests who have died in this diocese since I was ordained died of too much drink, and many priests are serving there now who more than once suffered from delirium tremens.

To see priests drunk in their houses is bad enough, but how much worse, how much more disgraceful is it for them to be drunk even in the pulpit and at the altar? Even in September last I heard a sermon preached at the close of the forty hours' devotion, one of the most solemn occasions in the Catholic Church, by a priest when under the influence of liquor. That man arrived about two o'clock in the afternoon completely drunk. He slept off, it is true, partly the effects of his debauch, still, when he preached at 7 o'clock, he was anything but sober. After the ceremonies were over he commenced his potatoes, mixing whisky, beer, wine, and champagne, till he fell on the floor beastly drunk. That man is in the mission to-day, pastor of a large congregation, al-

though it is well known that not a week passes in which he is not drunk once or twice. On another occasion a priest, who now rests in a drunkard's grave, was so completely drunk when carrying the wafer in procession through his church that I and another priest, who acted as deacons, had to support him to keep him from falling. I might adduce many more instances of the fearful intemperance prevailing among the Roman clergy, but I suppose enough has been said to convince you that temperance is a virtue almost unknown among them.

I come to the last great blot on the character of the Roman clergy, which you will allow me to treat in a cursory manner out of respect to the audience I have the honor to address. Priests are not allowed to marry: would to God they were. They are called fathers by the people, and unfortunately, with many it is not only a name but a sad reality; not the honored, hallowed name of father, but a name whispering of shame and a broken heart, if not a ruined family. Undoubtedly the young men who are ordained priests are generally pure, sincere and good. But alas! the system of celibacy, at all times the bane of the Catholic ministry, too often ruins them. I spoke to a priest, not of this diocese though, whom I esteem as a good man, last year about this time, about my intention of getting married and leaving the church. He called me a fool, and advised me not to leave the easy life of the priesthood, but to do like him, and keep a mistress. I thanked him for his advice, and told him I was no dog. Bishop Wood told me of more than one priest in his diocese whom he characterized as immoral and thoroughly bad men, who to this day hold their offices. Marry, forsooth, in an honorable way, a priest is not allowed, but ruin a poor girl he may. It is better, the Pope teaches, for a priest to have two concubines than marry one woman lawfully. Shame upon such morality! shame upon the church with such teaching!

In a future lecture I may speak about this affair more exhaustively, when I will make some priests of this city ashamed to walk the streets. If you knew and saw those things, why did you not leave sooner? I hear somebody ask. The question is quite proper. Those who never were Catholics, and especially Catholic priests, will never appreciate the mental anguish and struggle I and others have gone through. I was born of strictly Catholic parents, and saw the first Protestant minister when about seventeen years of age. For six years I was an enthusiastic priest, and even afterwards I fought and prayed hard against every doubt in matters of faith, looking upon a wilful doubt as a mortal sin, and even after I was fully convinced of the fallacy of my religious belief, it was not easy to tear myself loose from my whole family, in which I have no Protestants, either by blood or marriage, to separate from all of my former friends and acquaintances. And there are a good many excellent men among the Catholics, and some very worthy priests, and those you would far deeper by the step you take than you would by depriving them of their greatest treasure. Then you know the custom of the Catholics to calumniate and hunt down every priest who dares to leave and oppose them. So it was with every one, so it was and is with me. There are plenty of priests who would do as I if they had the courage. I spoke to more than twelve of them, and showed them my wife's picture, and not one of them but approved of my step. The one told me he was too delicate to get married, the other feared he had not brains enough to make his living in any other way; another said he had only \$15,000, and would not leave till he had \$10,000 more. Still another did not go because he had found out that the girl he had been courting was kissing other priests rather indiscriminately. Another said: "John, if I should know a good Protestant girl like your bride I would marry her to-morrow, but those Catholic girls are entirely too soft with priests for me." And so on. Thanks to God! I had the courage. I went through a fearful ordeal. In the beginning I had scarcely a friend but my faithful wife and my zealous, energetic counsel, Mr. Heverin, and afterwards, Mr. Ransford, who, being a strict Roman Catholic, deserves all the more credit for his courage and

discrimination between a matter of faith and of law. Almost everybody else despised, or, at least, doubted me. Things of late have changed; I have many warm friends, and make new ones every day. But if my trials should have been tenfold, if I should have to choose between the gallows now and the priesthood, I would without hesitation choose the former.

The Catholics have tried to frighten me in vain, and I will stay in their midst and follow my business, and if they disturb me I have not the least doubt it will soon be decided who reigns in this good city of Philadelphia, the Catholic mob or law and order. They have tried to bring me back with money. Priests told me if I only would leave that woman, meaning my wife, they would do everything for me. But I spurned their base, immoral advice. One layman offered me as much as \$10,000 if I would return. Another one said he would settle the charge in twenty-four hours if I would return. I asked that man whether he knew priests. "Indeed, I do," he answered. "I have been in their company frequently in former years. No set of men can swallow as much whiskey as they. I know of their immorality. I despise Bishop Wood. In fact," he continued, "I don't allow priests as visitors to my house, that they may not corrupt my children by their bad examples. I know they can be very obscene. Yet, Gerdemann, come back if you want to, support a mistress, but come back, I'd sooner now see you commit adultery every week than help those damned Protestants." I need not tell you that I left the man in disgust.

In conclusion let me say a few words about the status and aim of the Catholic Church in this country. Their numbers are greatly over estimated, and they make very few converts among the Americans. Calculating in their manner, that is, including every man, woman and child, we will not find five millions. Of the children they lose at least fifty per cent, seventy-five per cent of boys and twenty-five per cent of girls. If the immigration of Catholics should cease to-day, in less than twenty-five years three-fourths of the Catholic churches would be closed for want of worshippers. Among all the new holders in the Roman Church of this city, there are not six per cent native Americans. Catholicism is not an indigenous plant here, but of foreign growth, and does not thrive. But the leaders are shrewd. They know how to display to the best advantage. It is a blessing indeed for our glorious country that things are not as they want to make us believe. Rome and its emissaries would like to control this country. In fact they will attempt to rule it. When I saw the parades on St. Patrick's day in '73 and '74 I was standing alongside of Bishop Wood in the second story of his residence. How delighted he was with the display of their great numbers! "That will show the Americans how many voters we have now, and how many fighting men we will command when the fight commences, and commence it will on the school question," he said repeatedly. If they praise our free Republican institutions now, don't be deceived. The Church of the Inquisition will never be the admirer and supporter of liberty. The Pope denounces and condemns that very corner stone of our Republic—liberty of conscience. If Rome has abandoned the stake and the tortures of the Inquisition, it is not on account of want of will, but of want of power. Give it the power to-day, and the dungeons will be thrown wide open to-morrow, for all heretics and unbelievers. Catholics like the laws very well as long as they please and help them. The Catholics may outrage the sense of the Protestant community by Sunday parades and noisy music; they may denounce Protestantism every day of the year, and we Protestants are silent; but one word said against them, they get perfectly crazy.

African elephants appear to be liable to a fault from which a still nobler animal is not exempt. There is a fruit of which they are passionately fond which makes them tipsy, and after eating it they stagger about, screaming so as to be heard miles off, and not seldom having tremendous fights. This is vouched for by the Hon. W. H. Drummond in his new work on the large game of South Africa.