

reason, in village, hamlet and city, he has uttered malicious insinuations against the convents of the country. He has inspired the fanatic and bigots who have banded together against Catholics to make the foolish and idiotic demand for the opening of convents. Weak-minded men have joined the vicious in these demands, so that injustice and wrong have been wrought against the innocent. Robert G. Ingersoll was among the very first of the present generation to engender by suggestions and insinuations hatred of Catholic convents and their inmates in the minds of many. Ingersoll would have his hearers forget the work done by these noble women at the bedside of the dying and in caring for the orphans as well as for the poor soldiers on the field of battle. No man who will do this is brave, no matter in what war he fought.

Members of Christian Endeavor and other societies have of late been engaged in the laudable task of praying for Ingersoll. One Endeavorer told the speaker that Bob was laboring under some pre-natal spell, that he was the object of a pre-existent influence; that under those circumstances that he must fight the church; that he must do precisely what he is doing; that he would surely go to heaven. Father Malone here spoke in a somewhat jocular vein, saying that after he had finished the journey of life, which he hoped and prayed he would do successfully, and after he had passed through the pearly gates which separate the heavenly from the earthly he did not think he would relish the sight, probably the first to meet his gaze, of the genial colonel sitting in there and playing his harp. He believed that Bob would find himself very much in the same condition as a Swedish lumberman who was working in the forests of the northwest. He desired to make a journey to a certain place. It was necessary for him to go by boat part of the way. As he reached the shore the boat was just steaming out, but the man's companion cried out, "I think you make it! You, in about two yumps, so yump, quick, yump." But "You" was just two "yumps" behind, and the speaker believed that Ingersoll would be farther in the rear than that.

"In considering the war of scepticism and infidelity on our common Christianity we are," said the speaker, "met with a sad and somewhat discouraging fact. It is a fact that gives courage and hope to the enemies of Christianity. I refer to the dissensions, bitter antagonism and animosities among Christians themselves. Christ intended his church to be one in government and in doctrine, that his followers should constitute a united brotherhood and to present to the outside world a united front. Instead of that Christianity is split up into hundreds of sects and denominations, each professing different and contradictory doctrines and each frittering away its energies in warring against the other. There is no denying that this is a scandalous picture and that it exposes our common Christianity to the derision of the unbeliever. Still more, it is a fact that it is the cause of a great deal of modern scepticism. The young man who sets out with the best intentions to come with a knowledge

of revealed truth is appalled and discouraged by the clamor of so many claimants. He despairs; falls into a condition of apiritual or intellectual lethargy and indifference. It is he of a vigorous and positive turn of mind his indignation changes indifference into positive enmity and he becomes an irascible opponent of religion.

"It is not necessary for me to enter into and discuss the cause of this divided condition of Christendom, and who is responsible for it. Such a discussion would tend in no way to obviate the difficulty. It would tend rather to increase it. It would, therefore, be worse than unprofitable. We must consider the unfortunate divisions in Christendom with a view to abolishing, removing them, or at least to minimize the evil effects that flow from them.

"But in the meantime something must be done. Something to which every Christian can participate. We can begin by fulfilling the scripture injunction to 'Let the dead past bury its dead.'

"The Christian of today is not responsible for the blood-thirstiness of his semi-barbarous ancestors. The Protestant is not called upon to defend the indefensible atrocities of Queen Elizabeth; nor is the Catholic bound to defend the butcheries and the burnings of a Queen Mary. Both had in them the blood of Henry VIII, who persecuted and executed Catholics and Protestants on the same scaffold. It is a fact that Catholics and Protestants persecuted each other alternately as the power to do so passed from one to the other, and it is not for us to throw into each other's faces the blood they spilled, and which has long since cried to heaven for vengeance. They used religion as a watchword and a battle cry, but under it they sought their personal ambitions and vengeance. Fanaticism, of course, played its part, but as a rule the perpetrator of these atrocities that stained the pages of history, assumed the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. Why should their quarrels long since hushed in death continue to keep us apart? What have we to do with them more than to deplore the errors and barbarities of our common ancestors? If we condemn, and we should, the persecuting spirit of those times of turmoil, let us not imitate it.

"If we cannot agree to all the doctrines, let us in charity agree to disagree; give each other the credit of honest of motive and of sincerity. Our way through life is rugged, long and weary enough without adding to each other's burdens. Let us unite them in the doctrine we have in common and on the general object of Christianity and stand like loyal soldiers, shoulder to shoulder, to beat back the invasion of scepticism and infidelity. May the day never come when infidelity shall permanently dominate this or any other land. May religion now and forever guide and guard our national and undivided life.

"We may now drop the curtain upon Mr. Ingersoll, and as he passes from our sight into the dark of the light, or not."

Lead, kindly light, amid the encroaching gloom,
Lead thou him on!
The night is dark, and he is far from home,
Lead thou him on!"

METROPOLITAN FILLMORE.

FILLMORE, Millard Co., May 28, 1896.—There are many persons scattered abroad who remember and frequently inquire after the welfare and progress of this the ancient capital of Utah; and some of these will be surprised to learn of our efforts to keep in touch with the popular march of modern civilization. We cannot point to anything to induce a boom in real estate, or invite the homeless homeseeker to drop down in a land flowing with milk and honey. Yet there are evidences that we still possess the metropolitan instinct, and put on airs to attract notice, and keep step in the march of progress. The old State house is now surrounded by a bicycle track. I enclose clipping from a local paper describing the same:

The wheel craze has struck Fillmore with cyclone force. A track is being made on the public square where the cyclists in the future expect to break all possible records. The track is to be made of dirt with a top layer of thick dust, excepting in stormy weather, when mud will be the striking feature. The cyclists organized a club and agreed to assess each person owning or riding a wheel one ounce of castor oil to rub on skinned noses and sore joints.

Then we have people who think that the fastest mare ever raised in the State is owned here, and they are ready to back her against anything that "wears hair" to the extent of their limited "pile." You see we are strictly in the modern run of things.

But the latest and most unlooked for innovation is the introduction of the prize ring, regularly advertised. Your correspondent witnessed this grand exhibition today, and as such like affairs are considered of sufficient importance for the Associated Press to dish up for the nation's breakfast every morning, and as few of the NEWS readers have ever seen a snow of the kind, I will try to give them an idea of its nature. This was a licensed show; the city charged two whole silver dollars for the privilege, and it took place one block south of the court house on a lot east of the old Gibbs place on Main street. Here a trail stockade was formed of small poles and dilapidated wagon covers, which a stiff breeze frequently brought down, rendering the application of twine and baling necessary to hold the flappy walls in place. The whole affair looked like the abandoned remains of a tornado-stricken circus tent. High up on derriks were boys perched, getting a free sight at what was going on inside the walled arena; and high up in an apple tree the crowd discovered a rich man perched, and cheered him. William smiled like a fledgling crow at his vantage over the fifty cent crowd below.

Inside the ducking walls are seats of planks and boxes to accommodate the patrons, among whom are a few ladies. In the center is a twenty-foot ring, composed of four stakes and two strands of rope. Tim keepers, referee and two seconds are announced for each participant in the big event. The band plays and two local aspirants to fistic fame step into the ring and are instructed in the etiquette of nose pounding. Then they attempt its actual accomplishment with varying success for fifteen minutes and retire.