

in Christ. Here is what he says of himself:

"When studying for the Episcopalian ministry in England I was often struck with the paucity of historical, as contradistinguished to scriptural, authority regarding the existence of Jesus Christ. That pagan historians should have omitted the mention of this greatly endowed man is not to be wondered at, but it does seem strange that neither Philo, Josephus nor Justus of Tiberias should ever have alluded to him. Philo was born at Alexandria about twenty years before Christ. In the year A. D. 40 he was sent by the Alexandrian Jews on a mission to Caligula, to entreat the emperor not to put in force the order that his statue should be erected in the Temple at Jerusalem and in all the synagogues of the Jews. Philo was a Pharisee. He traveled in Palestine and speaks of the various sects he met there, but does not mention anything about Jesus Christ or his followers. The passage in Josephus, of about ten lines of English ordinary column space, in which Josephus is made to describe Christ as more than a man, and to assert that he arose from the dead, is in direct opposition to the sentiments of Josephus, who died as he had lived, an orthodox Jew. A glance at the passage will also show that it interrupts the chain of ideas in the original text. Before this passage comes an account of how Pilate, seeing there was a want of pure drinking water in Jerusalem, conducted a stream into the city from a spring two hundred stadia distant, and ordered that the cost should be defrayed out of the treasury of the temple. This occasioned a riot. After describing the riot the ten lines regarding Christ appear, calling him more than man, and asserting that he arose from the dead, and the passage is immediately followed by, 'About this time another misfortune threw the Jews into disturbance; and in Rome an event happened in the temple of Isis which produced great scandal.' The story he tells is an indelicate one and I shall not repeat it. Eusebius (A. D. 315) is the first to quote the alleged description of Christ by Josephus, but it was unknown to Justin Martyr (A. D. 140). Tertullian (A. D. 293), Clement of Alexandria (A. D. 192) and Origen (A. D. 230) all followers of Jesus of Nazareth, and all acquainted with the writings of Josephus. The great pagan historian Herodotus makes no mention of the eclipse of the sun, that must have plunged Rome itself into darkness, when Christ died, and which he might have been expected to narrate as, at least, an event of importance."

Just fancy Herodotus making mention of Christ, when Herodotus lived some 400 years before Christ was born. The other rubbish he has picked from the Charles Bradlaugh School of Theology. He says crucifixion was not the Jewish method of killing, but stoning, therefore the Jews did not kill Christ. This is the old, old story. When Christ was executed Roman law, not Jewish law, prevailed in Jerusalem. And it was Jews who gave all the testimony. The fact is that Hunt would do anything for notoriety. I believe he would marry Mrs. Parsons—if she would marry him—for the notoriety it would bring him.

No later than last March Mr. Hunt invoked his muse, and here is what he produced in praise of

## LENT.

[Written for the *Catholic Home*.]

Hail, holy season of the soul's most sweet serene blest resting time,  
Giving the weary spirit peace and pointing to a land sublime.  
Where 'neath the glory of the throne of Him, the All-Creating One,  
Our Easter hopes are realized when Lent's calm course has gently run.  
Hail, holy season! memory calls to mind the Savior's sufferings sore,  
From Bethlehem's manger to the mount up which his heavy cross he bore,  
The anguish in the garden of tears. The sacramental meal  
Partaken whilst athwart his soul the shadows of his sorrows steal.  
The cross whose height reached up to Heaven that God's stupendous love might flow.  
Whose depth in wondrous majesty traversed the gloom of sheol below,  
Whose length swept round the world, whose breadth enwrapped mankind,  
And for coming generations left hope's own glad light behind.  
That hope for our redemption if the thorny path we tread  
In which he trod, and with whose thorns they crowned his blessed head,  
"Father, forgive them."—(Hear the cry rending the vaults of blue!  
"Father, forgive them, for—alas!—they know not what they do.")  
And now this holy season of Lent, in which we fast and praise and pray,  
Reminds us of the dreary hours that in his tomb "the Master lay"  
Emblem it stands of this world's toils, its sorrows and its weight of care.  
But leading to an Easter morn, where all will be serene and fair,  
Where we shall meet those gone before, whose souls of ours had formed a part,  
Where all is joy, and rest, and peace and never felt is sorrow's smart,  
Where endless ages, endless joys in rich profusion ever roll,  
And every age more drops will seem in the fruition of the soul.  
Then let us spend those holy hours commemorative of God's pain,  
As that they may for us at last an Easter morn in Heaven gain.

Chicago, March 12, 1899.

"Poor Doc. is gone at last." This was the utterance most frequently heard in connection with the death of the notorious Bull Haggerty who breathed his last a day or two ago. The utterance was sympathetically delivered, and in saddened accounts it passed from one to one of a large circle of friends, admirers and acquaintances of the dead man. The Sunday before his death he had more visitors than all the patients combined in the large Presbyterian Hospital in which he died. Men, women and children in one continuous throng poured into the hospital all day. Flowers and delicacies were brought until the ward began to assume the appearance of a vast storeroom. Finally the warden had to shut the doors to keep out the crowds. Then the people congregated on the streets and sidewalks until both were impassable. At the home of the dead man where his remains underwent the usual ceremony of "waking" the same thing was present.

In a few minutes \$600 were collected for the relief of the dead man's mother. The funeral was conducted at a Roman Catholic church. A solemn requiem high mass was chanted for the benefit of his soul. All the gorgeous pomp and stately ceremony of the Roman church were called into requisition to honor the dead hero, for such he has now become.

An old saying still survives that of the dead nothing but good must be said. There is charity in this, though the saying originated with the old Romans, who had little

charity or sentiment in their natures. But in being charitable to the dead we must not be cruel to the living. What did Bull Haggerty do during life that all these honors should be showered on him in death? Were there no patients in Chicago hospitals last Sunday worthy of being visited and cheered and sympathized with? How many an honest, industrious, poor man went to his long home without the ceremony of book, candle, bell or organ, and no more heard of him.

But here is a man whose life has been one prolonged round of riot, turpitude and debauchery, who has been a "jury fixer," a "ballot box stuffer," a barroom terror and a hustings bulldozer, now apotheosized as a saint, a hero and a god. What is the moral to be drawn from all this? Is the general public so depraved that the devil is at last actually worshiped? Are purity, honesty, morality and integrity to be cast aside as obsolete fads? Yes, such it would seem is the case.

Even Bad Jimmie Connon has his admiring circle. The bell wire in his home had to be cut to prevent visitors from disturbing him. Crowds congregated on the outside where they held continuous watch, and to whom bulletins of the sick man's condition are regularly published at intervals of every fifteen minutes. What a sad condition of affairs it is when General Fremont's wife is a neglected pauper, and General Grant's body sleeping neglected and forgotten, while Bull Haggerty's body rides triumphant to the tomb, and his mother presented with a purse of gold and greenbacks. Is this the end of enterprise, patriotism and military genius? Surely the millionaires of New York might for once take a lesson in gratitude and in chivalry from the thugs of Chicago.

No doubt a good deal of this demoralizing bosh must be attributed to Chicago newspapers. They make too much sensationalism out of murders, robberies and arsous. We have a good illustration of this in the Cronin case. This murder is now figuring in American politics. It was a hideous murder, but it was no more than the thousand such committed from year to year. And throwing sentiment aside Cronin actually sought the end he met with. He was enrolled in an honorable profession, one which would engage the whole time and attention of the closest student. The duty of a medical man to his patients and to the public is to keep abreast of the progress and improvements in his profession and in medical science. To do this takes all the available time that can be commanded. Dr. Cronin, unfortunately, mixed up in everything—politics, religion, professional patriotism, secret societies both English and American, music, dancing and athletics. And, strange to say, he did not belong to any medical society or medical club, or to anything connected with his profession. Is such a man to be held up as a model for the young of America? Dr. Cronin went into the mire of politics and