

a gaping crowd of morbid sentimentalists, who crushed and jostled each other to get a glimpse of the dried bones of the *par nobile fratrum*. Voltaire's skeleton, says the chronicler, still sneered. Rousseau's was *minus* the bullet-hole which, says tradition, ought to have been visible in his skull. Nevertheless, there lay, beyond all doubt, the twin prophets and high priests of the infidelity which added such a weight of horror to the French revolution. They were well mated in life and in death. Rousseau tells us in his *Confessions* how he was a cheat, liar, thief, and *roué*. He openly sent his five illegitimate children to the Foundling Hospital. He was surpassed in sheer malignant wickedness by the more virile Voltaire, who was imprisoned for gross crimes against morality, betrayed his country, traduced the venerable Maid of Orleans, and for half a century—until death cut short his career—waged against the Church a bitter war, which assumed at last the proportions of a diabolical mania. "I am tired," said he, "of being told that twelve men sufficed for the establishment of Christianity; and I long to prove that only one is necessary to destroy it." The *Encyclopédie* was written to "crush the infamous one"—to wit, the Church. Falsehood, satire, and ridicule were the infantry, cavalry and artillery of Voltaire and his fellow-writers. "One is obliged to lie," said he in a letter to Diderot, "and still one is persecuted for not having lied enough." In the eightieth volume of his *Œuvres Complètes* he writes to another collaborator, Thiriot: "Lying is a vice only when it does harm; it is a very great virtue when it does good. Be then, more virtuous than ever. You must lie like a devil—not timidly and for a time only, but boldly and always. . . . Lie, my friends, lie. I will do a similar good turn when occasion offers." Here we have the true keynote to the character of Voltaire—the *summa summe* of his ethics, his philosophy, and his history—unmitigated falsehood. Voltaire's bones are mouldering into dust under Tissot's great dome. The Church grows and flourishes as though he had never lived or written. Time is, indeed, a great friend of truth. The end of Voltaire's lying reminds one forcibly of the words which the poet Bryant wrote in his *Battlefield* :—

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again :  
The eternal years of God are hers ;  
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among his worshippers."

IN William O'Brien's novel, *When We Were Boys*, A MUCH NEEDED Captain Plynylmon says that "swearing should LEAGUE. go out with duelling and prize-fighting." We have, unfortunately, abundant evidence that it has not done so. For many years there has existed in France an association, the members of which solemnly pledge themselves never to take the name of God in vain. We are glad to learn that a similar crusade against swearing has been started by the Catholics of Brooklyn, and that 9,000 men have taken the requisite pledge. This is the beginning of a movement which will, we hope, ultimately find its way into every corner of the English-speaking world. According to Landor, Philip of Macedon's claim to be considered the most pious pagan of his time was based on the fact that he swore more frequently and more awfully than any officer in his army. There is much of this paganising irreverence in the light and airy, or downright blasphemous, fashion in which the most Sacred Names are bandied in the conversation of our workshops, fields, and street-corners. Our godless schools are busy turning out youths of the type of Huck Finn, who could find no comfort in "talking nice," but had to "rip out" a while every day, just "to get a taste in his mouth." Catholics brought up under right influences have a deep and instinctive reverence for the Sacred Name, and are shocked at its free and frequent mention by persons of other creeds. Among Protestants, Leibnitz pronounced the name of God with great outward signs of reverence. Newton, as a mark of veneration, seldom made use of the Sacred Names. In this he imitated, to some extent, the custom of the Jews, who, out of respect, avoided pronouncing the tetragram or "peculiar name" of God (Jhvh), which was scarcely ever heard or uttered except in the Holy of Holies.

OWNERS PARLIAMENTARY returns are usually as "dry as summer dust." But their almost unvarying monotony is occasionally broken by such tales of hidden wealth as were extracted by a writer in

the latest issue of *Chambers' Journal* from the returns presented to the last session of the British Parliament. It appears that on February 29, 1896, the English Chancery had a balance in hand of £59,732,768. A great portion of this seems to represent unclaimed monies. Of the total sum in hand, £2,372,822 were appropriated by Government to various purposes, in the absence of claimants. Our readers need not, however, be alarmed: the Consolidated Fund is liable for principal and compound interest in case the legitimate heirs appear at any time and make good their claim. On September 30, 1896, the Supreme Court of Judicature (Ireland) had funds to the amount of £5,381,213. The Chancery division also held a

large amount, both in money and real estate. We are accustomed to hear of people leaving umbrellas, bags, hats, bicycles, and perambulators in railway carriages; but it is news to learn that the total of Government stock and dividends thereon still unclaimed amount, in round numbers, to a neat five million sterling. Unclaimed dividends in bankruptcy amount to £1,141,319. In 1886 the Crown got a modest windfall of £47,654 from absence of heirs and illegitimacy. The balance on hand of this account at the close of the year was £125,275. A mere bagatelle of £77,138 represents army prize money, and £140,848 soldier's balances, which Tommy Atkins—or his heirs and assigns—have not deemed it worth their while to claim; while the jolly Jack Tar has left in the Government coffers an unconsidered trifle of £261,958. Evidently the dry-bone annals of the Blue Books sometimes contain possibilities of romance which far outvie the story of *Treasure Island*, or the tales of the days when Paul Jones was a buccaneer bold, and pirates *galore* sailed the Spanish Main.

#### A BLACK-LOOKING PROBLEM.

WE do not hold with Mr. Moody, the revivalist. None the less, he has said and done many good things in his time, and has had at least the merit of having caused a wave of sorely needed religious revival to pass over England in 1873-1875 and 1883-1884. He is now in the sere and yellow leaf—61 years old—and finds himself face to face with the black-looking problem of dealing with the churchless masses—the pagan population of England and the United States. The New Zealand Presbyterian organ, the *Christian Outlook*, quotes him as saying that the Protestant churches are half empty because ministers, instead of preaching the Gospel, are plaguing their congregations with "pulpit essays and political discussions." The people, therefore, "go away empty, and stay away." They "like doctrinal subjects"; and the way to win them back is to "preach the old doctrines faithfully"—repentance, atonement, regeneration, the law, love, faith, hope, justice, grace the resurrection, and generally, "the great fundamental truths of Christianity, from which," says Mr. Moody, "in many places, the (Protestant) churches seem to be separating, with the result that their audiences are depleted, and the power of the pulpit gone." Ritualists, with their nearer approach to Catholic dogmatic teaching and liturgy, seem to be securing a better hold on the ear and eye and heart of the masses in England; but the lamentable absence of definite doctrinal teaching in the pulpits of the Evangelicals and of the great body of the dissenting sects—coupled with the action of Godless schools—is undoubtedly in great part responsible for the fast-growing unbelief and indifference which are spreading among the English people. The great Evangelical organ, the *Rock*, says that "in this England of ours, at the end of this century, so marked by advance in all directions, there are millions upon millions as utterly unsaved as the wildest savage roaming the forests of Africa." The *Church Review* deplores the woful weakening of the faith among the rural population in England, and applies to them the words which Heber wrote of pagan lands :—

"Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile."

The decline in church-going is an old-standing complaint in the Anglican Establishment. The *Church Times* dealt with the problem in 1895. In the following year the *St. James's Gazette* had a lively controversy on the subject in its columns. In the same year the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* published a comparative census of church-attendance in that city and Gateshead for Sunday, March 30 1851, Sunday October 2, 1881, and Sunday July 12, 1896. Between 1851 and 1896 the population of the two places had increased by 200,000. Yet only 13,000 persons were added to the attendance at churches. In the 15 years from 1881 to 1896, about 100,000 persons had been added to the population; but, were it not for the vast increase of the Catholic returns, "there would have been," said the *Chronicle*, "an absolute decrease in the total number of persons attending places of worship of all kinds." As it was, not one person in ten went to church on Sunday in Newcastle. The London *Daily Chronicle* published, in April of last year, a clergyman's letter addressed to the Bishop of London, pointing out a vastly more deplorable state of things in thirty-nine churches which lie within the city walls. It is impossible to view without a feeling of uneasiness or dismay the steady advance of the tide of practical infidelity. The only redeeming feature in the melancholy prospect is the splendid manner in which Catholics have stood every test of comparative attendance, and the daily evidence of the advance which the Church is making in a land that may, after all, once again merit its old title of "Our Lady's Dowry."

#### A FRESH ATTEMPT ON SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN in the ranks of literary workers there are many persons of the type of Jim Smiley in Mark Twain's *Jumping Frog*—with the bump of contradiction abnormally developed. They frequently die young, but when they survive they are often driving full tilt at some darling bit of history or

**TIGER BLEND TEAS HAVE NO EQUAL.**