

all swindlers and liars," thundered Duke Pietro, looking toward the judge, jury and State councillors, as he walked to the door, followed by his demoniacal friends. Thus ended the famous trial, a travesty upon justice. Duke Pietro is free, and few people doubt that five months instead of five years will be the length of Duke Francesco's imprisonment.

## A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

(Pilot, February 6).

Two notable religious movements are going on outside of the Catholic Church in New England: the one, impelling devout and earnest souls into her visible communion; the other, for the satisfaction of souls who lack either the light or the courage to go further, grafting Catholic practices upon Protestantism itself. People not yet old can remember when Christmas and Easter were unthought of in New England outside the Catholic Fold; when a stained-glass window in a Protestant church would have been denounced as a dangerous "Popish" innovation, and the daughters of the Puritans would have looked askance at a Madonna. Now practically all the Protestant churches have splendid Christmas and Easter services; many of the sects have some sort of Lenten observances, their church architecture conforms more and more to the old Catholic model, and pictures of the Blessed Virgin adorn many Protestant homes. Among the more thoughtful there is an almost resentful reaction against "the purblind foolish policy of the Puritans" in their opposition to religious symbolism. This finds an especially candid and energetic expression in Rebecca Harding Davis' "Old Lamps for New," in last week's *Independent*. We quote some striking passages. The writer, having a reasonable mind, instinctively uses the Catholic arguments for the veneration of religious symbols and images:—

"Let us talk common sense about this thing and put aside for awhile the prejudice of our grandfathers.

"It is folly to say that symbols and painting or sculpture do not powerfully influence the majority of men. The very people, good, well-meaning men and women, who would shudder at the introduction of a picture or crucifix in their meeting house, touch their betrothal rings with tenderness, and look with brimming eyes at the clothes which their dead baby wore. Does not the poor photograph on the wall soften their hearts towards the prodigal son who is sowing his wild oats they know not where? Did they not march to battle with stouter hearts for the sight of the old flag going before?"

"They all know the value of symbols. They use them in their college clubs, their political organisations, their friendships, their tenderest home ties, their treatment of their dead; everywhere—but in their religion. Why?"

"The American, passing through Continental Europe, finds in almost every town galleries of paintings of scenes in the history of the Saviour. At the street corners there is the carved figure of the Infant Jesus, His hands outstretched to bless. The roofs of the houses, even sometimes of the barns of pious peasants, bear His Name; in the fields or in solitary mountain passes stands the rude crucifix, to remind the lonely traveller of him.

"What is all this?"

"'Romish' superstition you have been taught. Clear your eyes, look for yourself, and see that it is a great object lesson, by which the facts on which the Christian faith is based reach the knowledge and hearts of the people through their eyes.

"You fear that these people believe that the poor picture or stone figure is the real God and make an idol of it?"

"Do you believe that it is your real son who hangs on the wall in the photograph, or your country itself that flutters in the flag?"

"Do not fall into the vulgar error of supposing that the man whom you do not know is necessarily less intelligent and more of a savage than yourself."

And she goes on to plead for similar object lessons in religious truth in America for the sake of the "millions of men, women and children in the United States, both ignorant and educated, who never read the Bible, never go into a church, never hear a sermon." Further on Mrs Davis pleads for another Catholic custom, the opening of the churches on week-days. The church "should be always open," she says; "the place where they could be sure of finding, what every human being should find each day, solitude and quiet for a brief space, to recollect himself, to see where he stands, to face his own soul and his God. . . . The people whom we accuse of idolatry before their pictures and crucifixes are not troubled by these qualms or fears. Spend a morning in a cathedral in Rouen or Antwerp, and you will see not only young women and old crones on their way to market come in and drop on their knees in silent prayer, but merchants going to change, fashionably-dressed young fellows and school-boys. They do not heed you or the crowd. They say their prayers and go out as simply and quietly as they would have bought food. One act is apparently as necessary to the day's routine as the other."

She does not realise that the Catholic is drawn to his open church, not by picture or crucifix, or the mere chance for solitude and quiet, but by the Real Presence of Christ on the altar. Catholics and Protestants, as has well been said, live in two different worlds; and the kindest Protestant eyes still see the Church as through a glass, darkly.

## "WHY HE NEVER LOOKED BEHIND HIM."

"After this I never looked behind me."

This is a very common expression. What do people mean by it? Lot's wife looked behind her and was changed into a pillar of salt. A locomotive driver in America looked behind him one day last summer and so didn't see an open drawbridge in front of him. Hence a wreck and great loss of life. A man in London failed to look behind him and was run down by a hansom. What shall we do as a rule? Look behind us or not?

We introduce a man who says he never looked behind him—after a certain time. How are we to take his meaning? Why, by letting him explain it.

He goes on to say that in one day in February, 1890, he was suddenly seized with dizziness and pain in the head. Like all healthy people, under similar circumstances, he didn't know what to make of it. He says he felt strange and queer, he shivered as though the weather had suddenly turned cold, and then flushed with the heat as though it had turned hot again. What ailed him?

His doctor said he was attacked with influenza, and ordered him to bed. He went to bed. A few days later the fever left him, but the illness did not. It merely assumed another form. His tongue looked like a piece of brown leather, and his skin and the whites of his eyes became yellow, like old parchment. We must all eat to live, but when this man tried to eat, the food went against him, and after he had swallowed it by main force, it caused such pain in the chest, side, and stomach that he wished he had let it alone. Then his heart began to palpitate, and he says he felt low, languid, and tired. He had what he calls a sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach and a craving which nothing satisfied.

Being unable to take anything but liquid food he grew weak, so weak that he was barely able to walk. Then his heart troubled him once more, and, to quote his own words, "As I sat in my chair I could hear my heart thumping as if somebody was pounding me on the back.

This showed that the heart had too much work on hand and was struggling under it like a horse trying to carry two men. "I got very little sleep at night," he says, "and would lie awake for hours tossing about on the bed." This sort of thing is very wearing, and we are not surprised to learn that he lost flesh until little was left of him but skin and bone. "My cheeks," he says, "sank in until they were almost drawn together, and people shook their heads and predicted that my time in this world was nearly up. Still I had all confidence in my physician and kept on taking his medicine. From first to last I took some forty or fifty bottles of it (of all kinds) without benefit.

"Finally one day the doctor sounded my lungs and asked me if any of our family died of consumption. He said that the heart palpitation was caused by dyspepsia. Then he said I had better take further advice; he could do no more for me. This was after nine months of his treatment. I gave up all hopes of getting better, and, indeed, no one expected me to.

"It was winter again, December, 1890. One day I found a little book or pamphlet in the house, that I had never seen before. It was about a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup, and described a case like mine having been cured by it. Without going into all my hopes and fears on the point, it is enough to say that I got a bottle from Mr Kirkham, chemist, Ellerby Lane. I took the contents of that bottle and certainly felt a little better. I took a second and began to eat solid food, which agreed with me.

"After this I never looked behind me, though my recovery was a work of time, for I was very much reduced. I stuck to the medicine, and with good reason, and at last got back to my work, strong and well, and have remained so ever since. When I went back to the works the foreman and others gathered round me and asked what had wrought the wonderful change. I answered, 'Mother Seigel's Syrup had wrought it.' When I said I wished to start work they told me I must first be examined by a doctor. The doctor said I was fit for work, and I went to work the next morning and have never lost a minute since.

"I wish others to know what Seigel's Syrup has done for me, and I give the proprietors permission to publish this brief account of my case. I am a cloth presser by trade, and have worked at Messrs Hepworth and Sons, Clay Pit Lane, for four years. Harvey Askew, 2 Back Timber Place, Ellerby Lane, Leeds."

The doctor was right in saying that the apparent heart trouble in Mr Askew's case arose from dyspepsia, for dyspepsia was his only ailment. And it he had used Mother Seigel's Syrup in February, 1890, he would have had no tale to tell, for he would have been all right directly. As it is, we are glad that after he did try it he had no relapse. *He never looked behind him.*

The Rev. Dr Hanna, of Belfast, died suddenly one Wednesday morning. The speeches of Dr Hanna and Dr Kand, usually full of sound and fury, have long been the delight of the Belfast Orange Lodges.

Mrs Josephine Entler, one of the many friends of the late Cardinal, emphatically repudiates as a slander the statement of writers in the *Daily News* that "Manning had a contempt for women." Such a feeling, she says, could not be found in such a character as the Cardinal's, for the deceased prelate was a real saint.