

happiness, its fertility in temptation, its want of connection with virtue and purity, have been among the commonplaces of religion and morality. Hesiod declaims against it, and exposes its bad effects on the character of its possessor, and Christ makes it exceedingly hard for the rich man to get to heaven. The folly of winning wealth or caring for it has a prominent place in mediæval theology. Since the Reformation there has not been so much declamation against it, but the rich man's position has always been held, even among Protestants, to be exceedingly perilous. The stewardship of wealth is still strongly insisted upon, and the philanthropic movements of our day afford some—though a relatively very inadequate—substitute for endowments of institutes of charity and religion which afforded such a splendid outlet to the wealth and piety of the middle ages. But nowadays the wealthy 'old nobility' seek comfort first and above all; the 'new rich' hanker more after ostentation. In the days of slavery the display of wealth and power was a comparatively easy matter—uncomplaining service could be bought in indefinite quantity at a cheap rate, and it created the luxurious splendor of Hadrian's villa and Diocletian's palace at Spalatro, and the villas of Lucullus and Mæcenas. The cheap service of the seventeenth century also enabled persons of such moderate fortune as Madame de Sevigné and Madame de Montespan to travel—the one to her country château, the other to Vichy—with a retinue that resembled the baggage train of an infantry battalion. Other great families—such as the Colignys, the Rohans, the Montmorencis—careered over the surface of the earth with even greater retinues. The same thing prevailed in England. In both countries the nobles had power over the great numbers of people. They were, to a great extent, a law unto themselves, and their exaggerated sense of their position was pithily expressed in the saying of a high-born French woman: 'God Almighty thought twice before damning one of them.' Nowadays the power of compelling such service or of ruining a refractory subject is happily about as dead as Julius Cæsar. The 'old families' have the mode of using their wealth—their kind of house, their number of servants and horses, the extent to which they shall entertain, etc.—settled for them by well-established usage or tradition. Their expenditure, says Godkin, is, in a certain sense, 'the product of popular manners. If a rich man in England, for instance, expends money like a rich Turkish pasha, or Indian prince, he is frowned on or laughed at. But if he keeps a great racing stable, or turns large tracts of land into a grouse moor or a deer forest, in which to amuse himself by killing wild animals, it is thought natural and simple.'

In European countries—as Matthew Arnold points out—the newly enriched drop easily into the ranks of the aristocracy by a mere process of imitation. They try to dress and behave in the same way, and though a little fun may be made out of them at first, they and their sons soon disappear in the crowd. No such traditions of wealth-expenditure prevail among the newly enriched of America. 'The result is,' says Godkin, 'that we constantly see wealthy Americans travelling in Europe without the slightest idea of what they will or ought to do next, except get rid of their money as fast as possible, by the payment of monstrous prices and monstrous fees, or the committal of other acts which to Europeans are simply vulgar eccentricities.' Reckless expenditure is not, however, a folly that is wholly monopolised by the American *nouveau riche*. Baron Grant, spent £40,000 on a single staircase in the home which was known as his 'Kensington Palace.' Another wealthy Englishman expended £14,000 on the furniture and decorations of his Lillhard-room. The late Lady Brassey possessed a feather cloak valued at £100,000. In 1832 Lady Mackin paid £210 for a silver dog-collar studded with diamonds; and as far back as 1806 a wealthy English nobleman parted with close on £4000 for another collar—of gold and precious stones—to encircle the neck of a favorite dog! Mr. Thomas Lawson—a wealthy Bostonian—paid £6000 for the 'rights' of a pink carnation. Mr. Stephen Marquand (New York) spent £200,000 on a single bedroom—the wardrobe alone costing £29,000, the dressing-table £12,500, and the bed the tidy fortune of £38,000. William C. Whitney, a well-known New York millionaire, paid some £10,000 for the painting of the ceiling in his mansion. Howard Gould paid £20,000 for a fan as a casual present to a lady. His father, Jay Gould, expended a 'king's ransom' on the purchase of a Spanish crown for his daughter, the Countess Castellane. William Waldorf Astor spent £50,000 of his £40,000,000 on the 'fountain of love' in the grounds of Cliveden. 'Silver King' Mackay's mausoleum is estimated to have cost £80,000.

Such phenomenal folly is not new, even for Christian days. A Spanish Governor of Brazil formerly shod his horses with gold. Many French noblemen, shortly before the great Revolution, shod their horses with silver, and some of them had tyres of their carriage-wheels made in the same metal. During part of that period of folly Lord Stair was British ambassador to the Court of France. He dropped into the prevailing

fashion, and the six splendid horses which rumbled him through the streets of Paris wore shoes of solid silver. The extravagance of the 'Humane Elizabeth' Petrovna, Empress of Russia (daughter of Peter the Great) ran into costly dresses, of which she had some 15,000 unused, at her death in 1761. Queen Elizabeth of England shared to some extent in the same form of extravagance: as many as 3000 costly and little-used dresses lined her wardrobe when her soul and body dissolved partnership in 1603. Louis XIV. was a connoisseur in buttons. The diamond buttons which bespangled the front of a single vest of his cost some £40,000, and the dressy old monarch is said to have spent on buttons alone as much as £120,000 a year. American and English millionaires have undoubtedly done much in the erection of colleges, schools, museums, and institutes of charity. But much of their great wealth is spent in those frivolous and useless and oftentimes vulgar displays which recall the follies of the days of Louis XIV. and the farther-off extravagances of the later Roman Empire, and which, flaunted in the face of the poor, raises their gorge as in the days that preceded the Great Revolution, and contribute more to the spread of anarchical socialism than all the preaching of all its long-haired, wild-eyed prophets. The rich sorely need to have the Gospel preached to them, and to be taught the lesson that an energetic Irish Chief Secretary once vainly tried to instil into the unwilling minds of rack-renting Irish landlords—that property has its duties as well as its rights.

THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

BITS OF CHINA, OLD AND NEW.

THE FRANCISCAN MISSION.

In the nine Chinese vicariates entrusted to the care of the Franciscans there are, (says the *Franciscan Herald*), 239 Franciscan missionaries and native priests (these latter are all members of the Third Order). They have under their care 109,000 Catholics, and 13,000 catechumens, and the conversions average 10,000 every year. The statistics also show that the missionaries have baptised 51,102 children in the course of a year (between August 1, 1898, and August 1, 1899); that they have 35 orphanages, 518 schools, and 32 workrooms; the number of children being brought up in these establishments is 16,475. The missionaries are greatly helped in their laborious ministry by the good Franciscan Nuns, as well as by a number of bishops, and Chinese girls who help in the orphanages. It is difficult to ascertain the number of Tertiaries scattered throughout the vast Empire. It is calculated that the proportion of Tertiaries average about 100 out of every 2000 Christians. In Southern Hu-pe, for instance, there are about 250 Tertiaries out of 45,000 Christians. Besides this, in each vicariate there are, on an average, 10 native priests, 20 Chinese helpers, and 50 catechists. These are for the most part members of the Third Order, and make themselves its apostles.

CHINESE AGRICULTURE.

'Chinese agriculture (says the United States Consul at Tientsin, in a report on agriculture in the provinces of Chi-li and Shan-tung) like everything Chinese, illustrates the talent of the race for doing almost everything by means of almost nothing. They fatally lack initiative, but if new methods are forced upon their attention, they may be persuaded to adopt them, and, once having done so, will not again give them up.' Wheat is the leading cereal in Northern China, and is grown everywhere. As it is harvested in June, a second crop of maize, beans or sweet potatoes may be raised from the same soil; but as this diminishes the succeeding wheat crop, it is found to be bad economy. Millet comes next to wheat and is very extensively grown. The tall millet similar to the sorghum or sugar-cane, grows to a height of as much as 15 feet, and in its almost impenetrable jungle thieves and outlaws find a secure asylum in which pursuit is impossible. Every part of the plant serves some useful purpose: the leaves are stripped while green as fodder for cattle, the ears are threshed for the grain, the stalk, being full of silica, is invaluable for the roofs of houses, as when covered with layers of mud it resists the heaviest rains for a long time. The roots are used for fuel, and form with stalks and weeds the only fuel of numbers of people. Beans are grown for feeding animals and for making a coarse oil, the residuum from which forms a bean cake which is in great demand for manure. Cotton is also raised, but the plant is a very poor one, with a boll no larger than a walnut.

AN ADDITION TO THE ROLL OF MARTYRS.

The following additions to the roll of our martyrs in China (says the *Tablet*) have been received by telegram and letter in Paris during the week. The Franciscan Procurator at Hankow announces the destruction of the mission of Hu-nan and the slaying of Fathers Cesidius and Stephen, O.F.M. Father Cesidius perished on July 6, at Hen-chew-fu. The rebels attacked the residence just after dinner, and the good Father was wrapped up by them in cotton cloths and burned alive. Whilst still writhing in his agony in the midst of the flames, Father Lawrence gave him the Absolution. Father Quirinus Henfling was able to escape. The Convent of the Holy Infancy was seized by the fiendish mob, the girls were carried off as booty and divided among the miscreants, whilst the little ones who were too young to walk were thrown into the flames and burnt. Father Stephen, together with his servant-man and a catechist named Ly, was massacred near Man-how. The name of the priest who perished with Bishop Fantosati, Vicar-Apostolic of