

to the 'new sect,' and were sent forthwith to the lions. Pages and hostages in the imperial household, graceful scions of Rome's haughty nobles and of vassal monarchs, were from time to time found 'guilty of impiety to the gods of the Empire'—i.e., they proudly confessed to be followers of Christ, and accordingly were scourged to death. All things come to an end, and so did paganism on the royal hill that domineered Rome, Europe, the then known world. Conversions grew too numerous for persecution's arm to destroy. And a day came when the Cross was planted on the Palatine by a conquering monarch, when the trembling Church came forth from the Catacombs, when the real life of the world commenced with the blessing of the Crucified.

THE DESTRUCTION OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

PRIESTS HELP THE WOUNDED.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, the well-known American writer, in a special cable from Rheims to the *Spokesman-Review*, under date September 21, writes:—

There is always a weaker brother who says: 'There are two sides to every question.' To satisfy him concerning the destruction of the Rheims Cathedral I will first give what probably was the German apology. Only one is conceivable. That is that the towers of the Cathedral were used as points of observation. They were not.

After entering Rheims, to protect the innocent citizens against bombs dropped by German airships, for two nights a searchlight was used on the towers, but fearing this might be considered as a breach of agreement as to the mitrailleuses, the searchlight was withdrawn.

Five days later, during which time the towers were not occupied and the Cathedral had been converted into a hospital for German wounded and Red Cross flags were hanging from both towers, the Germans opened fire upon the Cathedral.

This afternoon, two days later, when, with the Abbe Chinol, I spent three hours in what is left of the Cathedral, they still were shelling it. Two shells fell within 25 yards of us.

For some months the north-east tower of the Cathedral has been under repair and surrounded by scaffolding. Saturday afternoon a shell set fire to the roof of the Cathedral. The fire spread to the scaffolding and from the scaffolding to the wood frames of the portals some hundreds of years old. Father Chinol, abbe of the chapel of the Cathedral, young, alert, and daring, ran out upon the scaffolding and tried to cut the cords that bound it. In other parts of the city the fire department was engaged with fires lighted by the bombardment and, unaided, the flames gained on them. Seeing this, he called for volunteers. Under the direction of the Archbishop of Rheims they carried on stretchers from the burning building the wounded Germans.

Rescuers None Too Soon.

The rescuing parties were not a minute too soon. Already from the roofs molten lead, as deadly as bullets, was falling among the wounded, and the blazing doors had turned the straw on which they lay into a prairie fire. Splashed by the lead and threatened by falling timbers, the priests, at the risk of their own lives and limbs, carried out all but one of the wounded Germans, 60 in all.

But after bearing them into safety the charges were confronted with a new danger. Inflamed by the sight of their own dead, 400 citizens having been killed by the bombardment, and by the loss of their Cathedral, the people of Rheims who were gathered about the burning building called for the lives of the German prisoners. 'They are barbarians,' they cried. 'Kill them!'

Archbishop Landreux and Abbe Chinol placed themselves in front of the wounded. 'Before you kill them,' they cried, 'you must first kill us.'

Picture Will Always Live.

This is not highly colored fiction, but fact. It is more than fact. It is victory, for the picture of the venerable Archbishop with his Cathedral blazing behind him, facing a mob of his own people in defence of their enemies will always live in the annals of this war and of the Catholic Church.

There were other features of this fire and bombardment, of which the Catholic Church will not fail to take advantage. The leaden roofs were destroyed, the oak timbers that for several hundred years had supported them were destroyed, stone statues and flying buttresses weighing many tons were smashed into powder, and in all the chapels not a single crucifix was touched, not one waxen or wooden image of the Virgin disturbed, not one painting of the Holy Family marred. You could explain it to suit yourself as a coincidence or a miracle, but the fact remains.

Tapestries Intact Amid Sparks.

I saw the Goebelin tapestries, more precious than spun gold, intact while sparks fell about them, and lying beneath them were iron bolts twisted by fire, broken roof trees, hallowed carvings and beams still smoldering, but the special providence that saved the altars was not omnipotent. The windows that were the glory of the Cathedral were wrecked. Through some the shells had passed, others the explosions had blown into tiny fragments. Where Friday I saw in the stained glass gaping holes, this afternoon the whole window had been torn from the wall. Statues of saints and crusaders and cherubs lay in mangled fragments.

The great bells, each as large as the Liberty bell in Philadelphia, that for hundreds of years for Rheims have sounded the Angelus, were torn from their oak girders and melted into black masses of silver and copper without shape and without sound.

Like Vitriol Scarred Saint.

Never have I looked upon a picture of such pathos, of such wanton and wicked destruction. The towers still stand, the walls still stand, for beneath the roofs of lead the roof of stone remained, but what is intact is a pitiful, distorted mass, where once were exquisite and noble features. It is like the face of a beautiful saint scarred with vitriol. It was not only carved stone and stained glass that the Germans wiped out, but the traditions of several hundred years.

Two days ago, when you walked through the Cathedral, the scene was set as it was when kings were crowned in these same surroundings. You stood where Joan of Arc received the homage of France. To-day you walk upon charred ashes, broken stone, and shattered glass. Where once the light was dim and holy, now through great breaches in the walls rain splashes. The spirit of the place had gone.

Archbishop's Palace Gutted.

Outside the Cathedral, in the direction from which shells came, for two city blocks every house is destroyed. The palace of the Archbishop is gutted, his chapel and the robing room of the king are cellars filled with rubbish. Of them only crumbling walls remain.

Hamilton

(From our own correspondent.)

St. Mary's Club, Hamilton, seems to be developing some good debaters amongst its members, if one may judge by the keen interest taken in a matter that came before them for debate—viz., 'Should the saleyards be shifted out of the town, or away from its present position?' It is a subject of local interest and one on which the Borough Council is evenly divided in an attempt to raise a loan of £1500 for improvement to the present site. In the club debate there were three on each side, the affirmative being taken by Mr. F. J. Pryor and the negative by Mr. M. O'Leary. Each speaker made a good speech, and got in some telling points. At the close a hearty vote of thanks was passed to the various speakers. Dean Darby exhorted all the young men to join the club and take part in its excellent debates, etc.

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