

reality. This is a truth which is so a parcel of the integral system of Catholicism that it has been taken as a matter of course for centuries.

The reality of the supernatural is as vital to the little children in our household of the Faith as is the existence of stewed prunes.

Moreover, the definite hope for personal immortality is as old as Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Socrates, Plato, and other noble pagans, and older by many a long century.

These marvellous discoveries of modern Spiritists were formulated in those splendid productions of the early Fathers of the Church, ages and ages ago. The searching judgments of Thomas Aquinas, with the discriminations and practical principles of ascetic theology, for the divination of angelic from diabolic spirits, are as old as the hills. The regulation of private from public revelation was as rigidly measured by a fixed standard of the Church, far away in the past, as it would be now, at the séance of a fashionable Spiritistic medium. It is the horrible lack of this norm of moral authority that will bring psychical havoc and disaster. In this, Sir Oliver is our colossal enemy. Sincere and susceptible himself, he will breed a generation of Spiritistic vipers who will poison and eat down to the root and stock of all moral effort. It was that great Pope Leo I. who emphasised the terrible warning that the Oriental superstitions debauched ancient Rome and Greece. Already criminal personal conceit and absurd individual fancy are creating a psychical literature so confusing that if you peruse it earnestly you cannot tell whether you are on your head or our heels. This is the mighty difference between the sane, ascetic literature of the Church concerning heavingly and devilish spirits and the pestiferous aberrations of these religiously insane mediums. There is no species of mental disorder which will more profoundly and in a facile and plausible fashion produce such debilitating effect on morals, and such neurological disturbances for the highly organised body. The tragic pathos of Sir Oliver Lodge's life is pitiable, but his terribly wicked influence is worthy only of rebuke.

A TRIBUTE TO ARCHBISHOP MANNIX.

Rev. John Talbot Smith, the greatest dramatic critic in America, and a writer of powerful articles on Irish affairs, says of Archbishop Mannix:—

"Archbishop of Melbourne, the hosts of America salute you and thank you for the golden words booming across the far seas? It is not often an Archbishop talks nowadays in public. Manning of London is dead and Croke of Ireland; Mercier speaks like an angel at times in righteous and stormy protest; the rest are silent, doubtless with good reason, for silence is always golden. None the less do Catholics love to hear the ringing voice of the men whose words can sting mankind, or lift up their hearts, or cut through the fogs of pompous prejudice like the sun, at the very moment when the world seems darkest. So Thomas of Canterbury spoke, and Stephen Langton; so John Hughes of New York spoke five years ago, not once but often, in the press, in the hall, from the pulpit; so Cardinal Mercier spoke in tones that strengthened his people and shook the cruel German grip upon his country. Ah, for a score of such voices and such Archbishops, to shatter the sneaking conventionalism of the world, to silence the squeaking persistency of the cowards, to shame the mediocrities in high places, and to fill the earth with the sonorous music of courage, intelligence, justice, eloquence, and power."

The first telephone ever installed in a private English residence is still to be seen at Marlborough House. It was made in 1878, on board the warship *Thunderer*, and was subsequently fixed up between the schoolroom and the boudoir of the then Princess of Wales.

OURSELVES ALONE.

(SLIABH CUILINN.)

The work that should to-day be wrought,
Defer not till to-morrow;
The help that should within be sought,
Scorn from without to borrow.
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—
They speak in trumpet tone,
To do at once what is to do,
And trust OURSELVES ALONE.

Too long our Irish hearts we schooled
In patient hope to bide,
By dreams of English justice fooled
And English tongues that lied.
That hour of weak delusion's past—
The empty dream has flown:
Our hope and strength, we find at last,
Is in OURSELVES ALONE.

Aye! bitter hate, or cold neglect,
Or lukewarm love, at best,
Is all we've found, or can expect,
We Aliens of the West.
No friend, beyond our own green shore,
Can Erin truly own;
Yet stronger is her trust, therefore,
In her brave sons ALONE.

Remember, when our lot was worse—
Sunk, trampled to the dust—
'Twas long our weakness and our curse
In stranger aid to trust.
And if, at length, we proudly trod
On bigot laws o'erthrown,
Who won that struggle? Under God,
Ourselves—OURSELVES ALONE.

Oh! let its memory be enshrined
In Ireland's heart for ever!
It proves a banded people's mind
Must win in just endeavor;
It shows how wicked to despair,
How weak to idly groan—
If ills at others' hands ye bear,
The cure is in YOUR OWN.

The foolish word "impossible"
At once, for aye, disdain;
No power can bar a people's will,
A people's right to gain.
Be bold, united, firmly set,
Nor flinch in word or tone—
We'll be a glorious nation yet,
REDEEMED—ERECT—ALONE!

EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL.

Some years ago a medical materialist sought to sustain against a famous preacher the doctrine of the non-existence of the soul: upon which subject he asked the Reverend Father three questions.

"Have you ever seen a soul?—No.

"Have you heard a soul?—No.

"Have you tasted a soul?—No.

"Did you ever feel a soul?—Yes, thank God, said the Father.

"Then see," continued the doctor, "here we have three senses against one, in proof that there is no soul."

The Reverend Father replied with these questions.

"If you are a doctor of medicine, tell me—

"Have you ever seen a pain?—No.

"Have you ever heard a pain?—No.

"Have you smelled a pain?—No.

"Have you tasted a pain?—No.

"Did you ever feel a pain?—Yes.

"Then," continued the Father, "here you have four senses against one, which show there is no pain, yet you know that it exists, and in the same manner *the soul exists.*"

The doctor saw himself somewhat confounded and ran off.