

"THE REVOLUTION."

THE following remarkable paragraph is taken from the 'Revue des Deux Mondes':—

"The revolution has not kept one of its promises, and will never keep them. It announces impossibilities, and has smitten the world with a delirious fever, a contagious one which afflicts its victim with a longing for the unrealizable, and, at the same time, a secret conviction that this conviction can never be gratified. 'This revolution is like a gigantic lamp, against whose flame thousands of men, moth-like, beat their wings and perish.'"

How true, remarks the Catholic Review, this is. The socialistic revolutionaries of Europe and South America are constantly exciting men to revolt promising them Utopias, and forever showing them that these promises are as utterly false and dangerous as the flicker of a lamp's light, which is so easily puffed out and leaves them in utter darkness. The destruction of all revealed religion must also annihilate all belief in an absolute standard of morality: and once a man is convinced that he is responsible for his actions to no one—to no God—his only occupation is to gratify his passions and hide his crimes from the detection of the police. Bye and bye human laws are overthrown. The magistrate who condemns is called the criminal, and the criminal the victim. Murder is an hallucination, and property a theft—as Prudhomme said, "*la propriété c'est le vol*." In the last century, in '93, this awful harpy, the socialistic revolution, was triumphant. What a lesson she taught! yet how little has the world profited by it. Enthroned in the guise of a prostitute on God's altar, she deluged France and Europe with blood, and scorched it with fire. Never since the establishment of Christianity has there been seen a like era of terror. Never a longer, more terrible, or a darker night. Civil war and war of extermination went breathing death over the surface of the earth. Every bad passion was loosened, every moral idea overthrown. Man deprived of the light of faith groped about in the darkness, until maddened by his vain search for the impossible, he became like a wild beast. Then followed the sacking of churches, the ruining of abbeyes, and the wholesale massacres of men, women and children. Fortunes were lost, great names perished. The rich were made beggars, and the beggars are starved. Utter confusion reigned everywhere, until at last Napoleon I. invoked to his aid religion, and she alone calmed the troubled waters. Since '93, the fearful fury has been partly chained down but not killed. Four times has she burst her fetters in France, and gone up and down the land sowing discord and anarchy. Of late, under the semblance of a "liberal and constitutional government," she has fixed her seat in Italy. Her mask is well fixed upon her face; her tongue is glib; her attire seemingly modest—like that of the Black Crook damsels who are "simply attired in skirt and vest, which just withhold the secrets they suggest." Little by little, however, this shrewd fiend has dropped off her disguise, and who knows that ere long, before, perhaps another year is past, she will stand completely undisguised, the whole of her horrible and death-giving Medusa countenance visible, a fire brand in one hand, and holding by the other, ready to loose them, her dogs on whose collars are written the words—irreligion, immodesty, theft, violence, injustice, anarchy. And when she has laid in ashes the glorious monuments of the past, shed the blood of the innocent, and devastated the land, whom will the very people who now adore this monster, call to their aid but religion? Then once more will humanity learn the lesson, so often taught, that socialism is disorder, anarchy and death—and religion, peace, justice and life. But will humanity remember the lesson long? time alone will show.

FRANCE.

LETTER FROM THE POPE TO MARSHAL MACMAHON.

MARSHAL MACMAHON has been signally honoured by the Holy Father. The 'Bombay Catholic Examiner' says on the subject:—

"Marshal MacMahon has received a most gracious letter of congratulation from the Holy Father." So says the Paris 'Union' of the 3rd June, and the 'Unità Cattolica,' commenting on the news, aptly remarks that the illustrious Marshal well deserved such reward and encouragement at the outset of his new career. The Holy Father rejoices at the election of the Marshal to the Presidency of the French Government, not only because the impious throughout Europe are greatly indignant at the event, but because the character of MacMahon is one of those which cannot but be pleasing to Pius IX. Not long ago the 'Revue des Deux-Mondes' told us how the Duke of Magenta voted in 1858 against a certain measure proposed by Napoleon III. He voted against it, because his conscience, "which was that of an honest man," did not permit him to act otherwise. And he said on that occasion: "I remember the saying of our ancestors, '*Do what thou oughtest, come what may*.'" If we compare these noble words with the "*Non possumus*" with which Pius IX. always meets every proposal made to him to betray his duties towards God, the Church, and his conscience, can we wonder why he looks upon the present Ruler of France with special favour? Pius IX., too, has always fulfilled his duties of a Pontiff and a King without giving a thought to the persecutions he would have to endure in consequence. How often did not Napoleon III. remind him that unless he yielded to the Revolution he would be crushed by it? But Pius IX., the great Pontiff-King, never allowed himself to be frightened by any of these gloomy predictions; he did his duty and calmly awaited events. Again, how many were persuaded that the Encyclical and the Syllabus, the Vatican Council and the dogma of infallibility were just so many ways of unchaining the furies of Hell, and letting them loose against the Church? But Pius IX. never gave all this a thought. We find him always doing his duty, speaking, teaching, and acting like a Pope, "come what may." It would be well indeed for all governments to adopt with Pius IX. and Marshal MacMahon, as their guiding principle the maxim, "*Do what thou oughtest, come what may*." For, the society of our day shall not have peace, until peoples and Kings learn to value the observance of their duties above all things else, without calculating on the temporal disadvantage or advantage likely to result

PROPOGATION OF THE FAITH.

(Concluded).

Writing in May, 1872, our zealous Jesuit Father, says:—

"I spent Holy week in attending to a Mission; and, having also visited Christians at two places. I returned to Virdoupatty on the 12th April, intending to go and baptize the catechumens of a village who had been for three months expecting me. But a new deputation having arrived the next day from Vatrapi, I yielded to the desire I had long entertained of making an excursion into these mountainous regions; and, consequently, we commenced our journey on the 15th

"From Virdoupatty the road goes right to the west, for a distance of twenty miles, meeting half way my great Christian settlement of Vellour; then, we enter a magnificent valley, ten miles wide by fifteen deep, shut in on all sides, except the east, by a range of lofty mountains. It is separated from the village of Cambam by a chain of mountains, which foot passengers can cross in half a day's journey. As it is very fertile, it is also well peopled; there are about twenty large villages. The principal of these is Vatrapi, giving its name to the valley, occupying the centre, and serving as the residence of a native inferior magistrate. The whole centre of the valley is covered with rice grounds watered by streams, and beautiful forests shade the sides of the hills. Being anxious to gain a good knowledge of the fine country, I journeyed along by easy stages from one wood to another, till I came to the last place in the valley, a village called Kanoussabouram. It was from this the deputation had come in search of me. I passed by the one where formerly dwelt the Saliers of Madura, and saw their cemetery, still marked out by about thirty granite crosses. I also visited the site of their church; it is not of much importance, and would be of little use to me even if I converted some of the villages.

"Since these Saliers emigrated, there has not been a single Catholic in the valley, only some Protestants have formed an independent under a name which corresponds to the English 'free Church.' Their first minister, deceased three years ago, was a Hindoo of the Pallers caste, named John Podaghea. An Englishman, who had adopted and educated him, when about to return to Europe, left him a considerable quantity of land in the valley and a good sum of money on condition of devoting himself to the propagation of the pure Gospel in the country. John preached his Gospel assiduously for some time under the authority of the Anglican ministers of Timesevilly, but afterwards fell out with them and set up a separate sect. For twenty years, he was virtually king of the valley. He had in his pay thirty catechists, and his adherents numbered, they say, 1,500 souls, nearly the whole of his caste. But since his death, the number has greatly diminished, and his son has been nearly ruined in consequence. I think I shall not find it hard to carry off his flock.

"As I had not a spot of ground in the valley, I intended to encamp in the first wood I met near the hamlet I was going to. But, at this season, even the thickest wood cannot insure warmth. Providence, ever kind and foreseeing, did better for me than that. On approaching the village, I saw not far off, at the foot of a hill, and occupying a charming situation, one of the large cut stone buildings, where travellers lodge, standing apart and easy of access, supplied with a well of excellent water. There we dismounted, and installed ourselves quite at our ease. I spent thirty-five days in that spot, and might have spent a year without causing the slightest annoyance to any one. In my own district, there is not such a comfortable habitation to be found. Besides being comfortably lodged, I enjoyed the advantage of being able to see every one freely who desired to come to me. As for the children, to speak of no others, I had more than one hundred brought to me that I might bless them. Of these, I baptized eighteen in extremis, many of whom are now in heaven. My congregationist Michael made excursions with the catechist, nearly every day visiting one village or another.

"However, immediately after my arrival, I took a piece of ground in the part of the village inhabited by the twelve families who were preparing for baptism. I had it enclosed and partly built a church within the bounds. On Whitsun Eve, I baptized forty-seven pagans. Besides, I received the abjuration of three families formerly Catholic, one belonging to the pariahs, and the other two to the Pallers, and natives of a neighbouring village, who had become Protestants, as they ingenuously said, for want of anything better, but who had had their children baptized by a Catholic Missioner. In this way I founded a Christian settlement of seventy souls in the valley, without counting an equal number of catechumens.

"With all these satisfactory results, the campaign was not without its disappointments. The first came in this way. The caste of the Maravers is one of the most numerous in the valley. Living in the valley where I am stopping, I found their chief. This man has great influence, and held in as much awe as a king. [My arrival in the country at first caused him offence, and he began to take measures for preventing the pariahs, the Pallers, the washerwomen, etc., having anything to do with me. This being the case, the people expected that I should have great difficulty in setting foot in the valley. Even the person who had sold me the site for the church dared not sign the agreement, although he was himself of the number of the catechumens, and the ground was of no use to him. There was no reason for this chief taking a prejudice against me, except the fact that his father had formerly had some disputes with the Anglican ministers, and had been for twenty years in almost constant warfare with John. Naturally he supposed it would be the same thing with me, if I established myself in the valley. I was determined to let him see that he need not be afraid of me. One fine morning, I repaired to his residence, without announcing my visit, and unattended by a suite of any kind. Making him sit down beside me, I talked to him as if I knew nothing of the ill-will he entertained towards me. The plan succeeded wonderfully. Flattered by my visit, and amazed at the coolness of my address, he openly declared himself my friend and even my humble servant. Nothing more was wanted to put a stop to every sign of hostility, and from that out the people came to me freely. He himself came several times to see me, and he would have been glad of an opportunity to do me a service. All I asked him, however, was to let me send my oxen