

states of old Mexico, presenting vivid pictures of the devotion and zeal, labor and self-sacrifice of those who carried the ensign of the church in the hope of redeeming from savagery a barbarous land and people. This portion of the work is most valuable as a historical record of a region of which the general reader knows nothing but unsubstantiated legends, prior to the acquisition of it by the Mexican war. It is a history of rare devotion, of many hardships, of danger and death to many, and of a patience and endurance as strong as was ever shown by devoted men in any cause.

The last chapter is a sketch of Bishop Scanlon's life, and his life work here in the west since he was a youth—a vivid picture of devoted toil, hardships, of superb executive ability and the self abnegation of a life consecrated to the work of the Master.

The book is finely written, a most instructive volume to non-Catholics, a book which every Catholic will want to possess: It is a great credit, not only to the gifted author, but to the publishing company as well. It will be an invaluable addition to every Catholic library, a valuable addition to any library for its historical facts.

The phlegmatic Frenchman is still drinking asinthe to steady his nerves, but the hysterical Anglo-Saxon continues to see German airships twice a day and three times on holidays.

**The Grave Gives Up the Dead**

A WONDERFUL villa has been discovered on private land within six hundred feet of the point in Pompeii, where the government is now working. As described, it contains several rooms, decorated with great elegance, and a large preclinium in the best Pompeian style. On the walls of this are a number of figures a little less than life-sized, magnificently done. One group represents Silenus offering a drink to a man who bends before him and eagerly presses the cup to his lips. On another wall a figure stands before a prone female figure, possibly an Ariadne. On the third wall a large winged Victory appears, striking a female figure who tries to avoid her blows, while the third kneels praying to the goddess to pardon the guilty one, and a fourth, standing behind, urges her on with clashing cymbals. The impression of these figures, the brightness of the colors, and the lightness of their movements, are said to be most extraordinary. A rich colonnade, containing a beautiful and original design of Maskers runs around this room.

Some Roman was rich; he built for himself a villa, he decorated it with all the art at his command and heedless of expense. He perhaps showed his house to his neighbors. Perhaps he was an alderman in the city, or maybe mayor. He possibly dreamed that when his life was over, he would still be remembered and spoken of as

one of the great men of the city. Then Vesuvius began its work. It called up its hot ashes and threw them out over the mountain side and over this city, and buried it all to a depth of sixty or seventy feet. But the houses did not ignite, and the ashes became a preservative. Now, after almost two thousand years, after the glory of Rome has passed away, after there are no longer tribunes nor legions, when the fear of Rome has passed from the hearts of men, explorers dig beneath these ashes to discover how the rich men of those days spent their money. But the rich men are forgotten; no trace of them remains, not even their ashes. The world has changed, the civilized world has been altogether transformed since that dreadful morn when this city was buried. In those days they prayed to Jupiter, to Mars, to Venus, to Pallas Athenae. They offered oblations to their gods before they went on a journey, they prayed for a successful trip. Victory was to them something to be prayed to, for it represented success. On land the slaves did the work, on the sea the slaves plied the oars; from all the treasuries of the earth Rome gathered her full quota until her wealth and her power was supreme. But two cities were picked out to be overwhelmed. They were both wicked cities. Perhaps transfixed is a better word than overwhelmed, because they were stopped in full career and embalmed, so far as becoming unchanged was concerned. Those slaves no longer till the soil, there are no more rowers on the sea, the steam engine does that work; the legions which made the earth tremble of old have passed away. The art of war has changed as much as the arts of peace; but by digging we get a house just as it was when it was transfixed two thousand years ago; we see how it is decorated; we see that wealth then was just as it is now, it was anxious for display. But the hands that did the work, and the man behind the hands that paid for the work, they all have passed away at last; not even their ashes remain.

And the lesson of it all is that a man may be rich, that he may build fine houses and decorate them with barbaric art; but unless he does something to distinguish himself as a benefactor of his race, as one who holds his wealth as a trust, it is but a little while until annihilation will come for him, both of his physical body and of his name. A thousand sermons could be written on what has already been found in Pompeii; when the whole city is exhumed, it will present to modern eyes the most impressive spectacle that man can ever hope to look upon.

John Madson-Johnson-Anderson has come to the pen for bigamy in California, twenty five of his wives having been discovered up to date. Careless fellow! Misspent life! If he had only started out in Utah he might now be head of the church, with more wives than Solomon or Swiftwater Bill.

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