## From the Catholic World. A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT-ITS FIRST PART. Sandy, the valet, was uneasy after the accidental meeting of McDonell and Juniper. Not having been able to approach near enough to hear their brief conversation, he was all the more disturbed because of this enforced ignorance of what master might be meditating. In the act itself there was not much to excite suspicion, for McDonell spoke many times a picion, for McDonell spoke many times a day to various persons in the institution; but nevertheless a large batch of doubts and restlessness took firm root and flour-ished in the valet's brain. It was his duty to be suspicious. He was paid for it, and with the death or escape or recov-ery of McDonell his salary ceased. He was not talented, append or miscipled was not talented enough or principled enough to win so easily as here a living in the generous but discerning world. opportunities for watching his master were limited. He was forbidden the room, except at stated times, and dared not be seen spying upon him under pen-alty of expulsion from the asylum. Night and the darkness of corner staircases were his vantage points, but they were too scanty in space, and in convenience not at all proportioned to the work to be

He was uneasy over the late incident

because his quick eye had detected emo-tions in both Juniper and McDonell which had never been present on similar occa-sions. The former walked away surprised, thoughtful, and serious, as if meditating something of importance; the latter was nervous and excited, and hastened down the corridor with a feverish energy of gait which he had not shown for days. These unusual signs of emotion were enough for the keen-eyed valet. He kept guard that day with reckless indifference to consequences. McDonell, however, was drooping and sad as usual during the consequences. the day He made his ordinary visits and the day. He made his ordinary visits and took his ordinary exercise, dining with the Stirlings, where Sandy heard him and Trixy laughing in a cheerful, natural way. He was always cheerful in Trixy's presence. In the evening he returned to the solitude of his own room, and the valet saw no more of him, although he watched until the lateness of the thour rendered it impossible to suppose that any keeper or ipatient would dare venture forth on an unlawful errand. The merry gentleman with the sugary nose, whose name was Andrews, had called on McDonell and gone away again, as he had been in the habit of doing for some weeks. If Sandy noted the circumstance he gave it only the attention which an every-day occurrence deserved; yet herein was the suspicious gentleman wickedly deceived. policy of suspecting everything and everybody was too unnatural to be successful, and in this case it failed him. Within his master's room, between the time of Andrews entrance and exit, an episode had taken place which the valet uld have given his ears to have

"You are ready for the message which I

spread for emergencies.

"Ready sir," answered Andrews heartily, "and ready to carry it through a rain-storm, though it should melt off my head as well as my nose."

A declaration which drew tears of grat-

itude from the poor merchant, who, hav-ing become accustomed to his friend's ways, and being of late very weak and unsettled, wept when ordinarily he would

McDonell dried instears, and the metry and never lained to show it. On this gentleman, having applied the moistened bandkerchief to his own nose, gave such a liable to be misunderstood than ever." yell of terror as is seldom heard outside of an insane asylum.

he muttered, on ascertaining that his nose had not suffered. "Emotion is my forte. I have been told often enough to b calm on all occasions, and you see how I obey the injunction. Every excitement of this kind sends the blood bounding through

patched as quickly as possible. "Excuse me for dismissing you at once, for my man may be waiting, and it would not do
to miss him." Having recovered his equanimity and his handkerchief, Mr. Andrews apologized for his long-windedness and hastened on his errand; and in this way was the valet deceived and his suspicions lulled to reasonable repose for

17th on which to make his escape, and this he communicated to Juniper with his general instructions. It had been rumored in the asylum, and it had become a cerin the asylum, and it had become a cer-tainty in the city, that the Irish parade of that day might be a source of serious danger to the lives and property of the citizens. The Williamite mob had sworn vengeance on the "croppy" who should deck himself that day in the green, and a mob never discriminates. The authorimob never discriminates. ties found it necessary to summon their forces and to warn the citizens of the impending danger. The confusion prevail-ing in the city would not, of course, pene-trate to the asylum; but as the officers would have their attention mainly directed against outside attack, the chances of escape were fairer than they might ever be He had not described his plans to any one save Juniper. Andrews was as much acquainted with the venture as was necessary for the part which he had been selected to play, and that this was not of small importance will appear in the

Since the meeting with Juniper the valet had made it a duty every night to mount guard over his master's door from

cramped positions he was compelled to maintain for hours; but with the pertin-ency and hopefulness of his kind, he con-tinued at his post. On the fatal night he was quietly engaged in his self-imposed duty when Mr. Andrews came along to pay his usual visit to McDonell. Seeing the dark cropped head of the red the dark cropped head of the valet stretched incautiously from its hidingplace, he gave it a sounding and vigorous whack with his umbrella

"There, my spying friend," said he, "though you're not a croppy, you got as honest a crack that time as any Irishman would, which is one reason, perhaps, for my readiness in seizing so desirable an my readiness in seizing so desirable an opportunity. You were spying, and don't attempt to deny it. The doctor shall hear of this. Things are coming to a pretty pass in this institution if the dwellers are to be persecuted within as well as with-out. Be off to your own quarters at once, and rest assured that you will never sleep another night in the asylum."
Sandy slunk away meekly, but returned

Sandy slunk away meekly, but returned a moment later when the sugary, nose, which he swore to sponge and tweak at the first opportunity, was safely housed in McDonell's room. Mr. Andrews remained with his friend somewhat longer than usual that evening. The asylum was, through its officials, in a state of subdued excitement. The fighting had begun in the city within the past hour, and the the city within the past hour, and the guardians in the institution had masked their anxiety with a magnificent indifference which their activity in making certain defensive arrangements shamefully contradicted. The patients saw in it a circulated among them for days, and were impressed with an overpowering awe. The guards and keepers were still vigilant but only with the more restless inmates. It was a happy moment for McDonell's attempt, and Sandy felt that if his master had any thoughts in that direction this was his opportunity. He watched, therefore, with all his eyes, and stated through the twilight gloom of the corridor at the strip of light on the floor which marked

his master's room.

The door opened at last, and Sandy leaning eagerly forward, was agreeably disappointed to see only Andrews, hand-kerchief to nose and umbrella spread, come out and walk down the corridor. Fearful of another encounter with him. he withdrew from sight until the merry gentleman had passed and his steps had died away in the distance. There was a long interval of quiet. He heard McDonell moving about his room, as he was accustomed to do when preparing for rest, and seeing that there was no likeli-hood of any one passing at that hour, so engaged were the officials with their de-McDonell was grunting! Sandy stood with ears preternaturally erect at this strange and unusual sound. McDonell grunted again! It was not seem to take a higher, safer, and less exciting thoroughfare. In due time they came to a handsome residence on Wilton Avenue. McDonell stopped at the entrance to the drive, and leaving his grunted again! It was not a grunt of grunted again! It was not a grunt of pain, but of fat, sensual satisfaction, and bore a strong resemblance to a sound which he had not heard seldom before. After a moment of indecision and alarm his mind was relieved by a sneeze from the individual within of so marked and well known a character that further doubt was "You are ready for the message which is am to entrust to you?" McDonell said, as the merry gentleman entered with his handkerchief to his nose and his umbrella handkerchief to his nose and his umbrella recklessness that thoroughly appalled the recklessness that thoroughly appalled the recklessness that thoroughly appalled the merry gentleman within. Mr. Andrews made no attempt to admit him, hearty as was his contempt for the valet. He was trembling with apprehension for his own safety. To be caught in the act of assistsafety. To be caught in the act of assist-ing a fellow-madman to escape from the asylum had too great terrors for him, and he was anxious only to make his escape to his own room as speedily as possible. Sandy, finding that it was lost time to re-"Moisture, moisture," said Andrews, playfully putting his handkerchief to the other's eyes. "You are dampening the atmosphere. My nose will not stand it an instant longer." an instant longer."

McDonell dried his tears, and the merry
and never failed to show it. On this

"Dr. Sterling shall know of it immediately," said she, closi "Devilish forgetful on my own part," face; and returned to the work which she muttered, on ascertaining that his nose had laid aside, she composedly ignored the

valet and his message. In the meantime, favored by his disguise this kind sends the blood bounding through my veins like a race-horse, and of course the sugary formation at the base of my nose is more rapid. If I go on in this way my head will soon be affected. Think of a sugar head on me! O Lord! what a fate. I could shed tears as readily as yourself but for the danger of an overflow of my nose."

"Here is the message," said McDonell, anxious to have a delicate matter despatched as quickly as possible. "Excuse"

and unconcerned manner. Now that he was in the midst of the danger, the old was in the midst of the danger in old the was in the midst of the danger in old the was in the midst of the danger in old the was in the midst of the danger in old the was in the midst of the danger in old the was in the midst of the danger in old the was in the midst of the danger in old the was in the midst of the danger in old the was in the midst of the danger in old the was in the midst different man from the McDonell me were accustomed to see. His white hair had vanished, his white beard had gone. He had shaved off the one and dyed the other, and his costume was that of a gentleman of dandified and wealthy An eye-glass sat upon his nose and he carried a stylish cane. He walked aimlessly through the halls until he ran against a the next few days.

McDonell had chosen the night of the keeper, who stared at him suspiciously.

with the most approved drawl, "but really I believe I have missed my way. I

really I believe I have missed my way. I was with Dr. Sterling a few minutes ago, and I am now unable to find the room."
"Come this way, sir," said the keeper, grinning broadly at a mishap of frequent occurrence with strangers. "It's a very easy thing to lose one's self in these big halls."

"I dare say." And he was led up to the door of the Stirling apartments. He knocked and entered. Trixy, as he very well knew, entered. Trixy, as he very well knew, was there alone. She came forward with

"I am sorry a surprised air.
"I am sorry to disturb you," he said,
"but having called on your father, and in leaving the office missed my way, would you be so kind as to send some one with

He had no intention of deceiving Miss Stirling—indeed, he was sure that he could not; but he did not wish tollying the Since the meeting with Juniper the valet had made it a duty every night to mount guard over his master's door from a convenient hiding-place. It had not as yet been productive of anything, and had caused him much suffering from the

quick perception of the situation she replied: "I shall be happy to show you to the door myself, and I shall send a boy with you for the rest of the way." All which she did very unconcernedly, and in a short time McDonell stood in the road outside the asylum-gates, a free man, with fully twenty minutes the start of the spy Sandy. He bore his extraordinary good fortune with as great equanimity as he had suffered his evil fortunes. His first act suffered his evil fortunes. His first act was to thank God for so signal a favor. Then he hastened to find Juniper. He had directed that the man should meet him at a point a quarter of a mile distant from the asylum with a carriage; and there, in fact, he found him, but without the car-

"They are having fierce times in the city," he explained—they could hear the uproar where they then were—"and I could not obtain a coach or vehicle at any price. The people in this neighborhood are afraid to let anything go into the city. It would be hard work to reach the depot, sir, for the mob has seized the railroad buildings, and trains can go neither one way or the other."

neither one way or the other."

"Annoying," said McDonell thoughtfully; "had I forseen that I might have furnished you with means sufficient to buy a carriage. Let it pass. Having obtained my freedom, I shall not complain of trifles. have many hiding places in the city. Let us go forward, in God's name."

The asylum being situated in the sub-urbs of the city, they had a mile of walk-ing before them; but in the fictitious strength with which excitement had en-dowed him McDonell could have walked a dozen. It was a clear, stabil night. The a dozen. It was a clear, starlit night. The wind was high, and the snow yet lay wind was high, and the show yet lay thickly on the ground. Juniper had no idea of the direction his new master in-tended to take. His fortunes were now linked with the fate of his benefactor, and he knew that from this fact they bore about them the faintest hue of desperation. Being a careless, irreflective youth, unwilling to struggle against the stream, he was as content with the new position as

he had been with the old.
"We must avoid the lower parts of the city, sir," he said after a time. "It would not do to get into the mob. They would

not spare us." "We shall be careful, Juniper," answered we shall be careful, duliper, answered the master. They hurried along with swift and silent speed. The cheers and howlings of the rioters were every moment becoming clearer and more frightful to the ear. At one time they saw down the streets the glare of torches and the surging of the crowd, and an advance-guard of small boys flung stones at them. This head against the gate-post, burst into tears. It was his home. There his daugh ter lived, and he dared not cross its thres hold or ask for the shelter, or the protection, or the alms which the poorest beggar in the world would there receive. wept bitterly, and raising his hands heavenward—a habit misfortune had given him—he thanked God for his many given him—he thanked God for his many mercies, and for this above all, that he had deemed him, the sinner, worthy to suffer in this way—to be homeless and wretched on a winter night and to know not where with safety he might lay his head.

Juniper recognized the place after casual inspection, and was surprised to learn that the woman before whom he had been willing to perjure himself was the daughter of this man. A dim perception of how matters really stood in that unfortunate household entered his mind, and a tunate household entered his mind, and as McDonell seemed about to enter the gate he laid his hand on his arm. "I do not think it would be safe, sir," he said. "You cannot take any risks, and if your flight is discovered by the asylum officials there is no doubt but that this place will first be

of the place and can easily avoid pursu

He went slowly up the gravelled walk half cleared of the snow. His heart was really bowed with grief now, and his frame really bowed with grief now, and his frame with weakness and suffering. The excitement of escape was gone. He was standing face to face again with his griefs. He went on until he reached the house. A went on until he reached the house. A light was burning in the drawing-room and one of the curtains was pushed aside He stole up to the window. Ah! she was there, and with her smiling Killany; and it tore his heart even while it pleased him Ah! she was see how well and easily she carried her neavy burden of sin and wrong. resh and sweet as if the current of her life had never known a storm, dressed with exquisite taste and richly, and towards Killany her manner was as distant and chilly as he had ever known it to be. chilly as he had ever known it to be. There was no sign of emotion or of servility, and on the doctor's part there was the old smiling adulation and submissiveness. There was something more besides in his manner. It was threatening; she appeared to be getting angry, and killany was getting frightened. How that delighted him! And he pressed his face closer to the window and he read every expression. and he read every expression

eagerly.
In the midst of the conversation she In the midst of the conversation she caught sight of the staring, death-like face pressed against the pane. Their eyes met for an instant—his fatherly, pitying and hungry for the affection of the daughter who had spurned him, hers full of a slowly increasing horror. She closed her eyes only when she had fainted and slipped quietly to the floor, and he, waiting until he saw the doctor, after one quick glance around the room, proceed to restore her, fiel again into the wretched estore her, fled again into the wretched night. A man was driving furiously up the avenue even then, and he had a presentiment that it was the messenger with

Juniper was at his post when he returned, and together they proceeded to the residence of Father Leonard, where McDonell was sure of a safe hiding place. It Donell was sure of a safe hiding-place. It had the misfortune of being in the heart of the city, and was surrounded at intervals by a mob anxious to burn it about his reverence's ears. A strong body of

and windows showed everywhere. inhabitants had either fled or buried themselves in the cellars. No light shone in the solitary streets, for the lamps had been destroyed, and here and there a fugitive, with a bandaged head, perhaps, stole fearfully along. The cries and cheers of with fearfully along. The cries and cheers of the mob had not diminished, although the troops and civil authorities were closing in fast on the rioters, and had limited their sphere of action to a considerable extent. Bands of soldiers went by occasionally, when Juniper drew his master in the protecting shadow of a building for fear of capture. They arrived at last in the critical neighborhood. As Juniper had said, every avenue was held by rioters, and who ventured to pass through might do so only with permission of the motley vil-

ms. McDonell, silent and moody since his visit to his home, had not yet recovered the coolness and steadiness of manner which he had displayed earlier in the evening. His spirits rose as the necessity of a cautious advance became more imperitive. The stronger but less intellectual man-servant was become deintellectual man-servant was become de-pendent on him, and with this consciousness of old-time power he went on his perilous journey. They chose a street which led to the back entrance of the priest's house. It was not so clogged with rioters as the others. Men stood on the corners and in the gutters, and on the verandahs of deserted houses, planning, swearing, or binding up wounded heads and limbs. Nearly all the wounded were carried to this quarter; and as they were numerous, in spite of the insignificance of their hurts, it presented the appearance of an hospital. The intrusion of two respectably dressed gentlemen among then the signal of a gathering of the sound men

of the party.
"Not so fast, lads," said a grimy youth with a large amount of orange-colored ribbon on his hat and a rusty sword dangling from his belt. "You don't pass this dis-trict without showing your reason and your papers. This is not the night for any one who isn't a son of William to be

abroad. Give an account of yourselves.
"None other than a son of William, answered the merchant gravely, "would venture as we have. We know our own own side, it is clear, or we would have come in with a few pieces of artillery, not to speak of the horse and foot. "My good fellow," and with this he slipped a gold-piece into his hand, "attend to your broken-headed men and let us pass on, for

we have urgent business beyond."
"Go ahead, my hearties," said the "Go ahead, my hearties," said the youth, whose reasoning powers were somewhat obscured by unlimited whiskey. "You're all right. Knock down the first man that objects, and if he wants references send him to me."

They were accosted several times during their onward course by the scattered roughs, but the cool off-handedness of McDonell—for Juniper wisely said nothing—was sufficient to tide

wisely said nothing—was sufficient to tide them over all difficulties. The barrier was passed, and they were on the point of ob taining safety when a sudden change in the scene of the riot caused a serious, and no doubt but that this place will first be visited."
"I cannot help it," said the agonized man. "I must take one look at my home again. It may be my last. Stay you here and watch. I know the ins and outs of the place and can easily avoid pursuoiderly crowd of roughs, pursued by a orderly crowd of roughs, pursued by a teady, well-managed, and well-drilled body of volunteers, suddenly rushed into he streets. Juniper pulled the disap-pointed and unwilling McDonell into projecting door-way, and endeavored to The mob having gathered in their vicinity and stopped to take council of the leaders the two fugitives were soon discovered and dragged out in the midst of an angry and hideous crowd mad with the consciousness of defeat. McDonell's elegant and finical appearance drew the usual sarcasms from e unwashed upon their more fortunate brother.

"What have we here?" said he who held the position of leader.
"A sound and true man," answered the grimy youth from a veranda near—"one of ours. I let him pass, and I think you

an do the same, captain."
"Are you a Papist?" asked the leader. "No," answered Juniper truthfully "We are not Orangemen, but not Papist either.

"I did not ask you to answer for this nan. Are you a Papist or a Protestant? "The soldiers, the soldiers!" came in horus from the mob around. "They are

retreating! Down with the soldiers!
Down with the croppies! Down with the priest! "Quick !" cried the leader—"Papist or

Protestant?" He had been standing with his eyes cast own, thoughtful and indifferent, and he looked up at the imperative words with the light of a new-born heroism shining in his eyes. His natural courage had not deser-ted him, and there was added to it the courage of his lately-awakened faith. The first test offered to him on his return to the fold was one of life and death, perhaps, and sure at least to bring him serithat for a little time longer he should live—there was so much to be done, so much to be made right that now was all wrong. The men around were silent from expec tation. The glare of the torches gave a rugged picturesqueness to their hideous-ness, and brought out more clearly the ele-gance and refinement of the man who was

"Speak out," they cried, "and swear to Papist or Protestant?" "I am a Papist," he said unhesitatingly, or John of Leyden; suppose that these paying no heed to Juniper's looks of secretaries began to propagate their doc-

their prisoner.

The mob seized on the words.
"A Papist," they roared, "and a spy
Down with him!"

The chief saw something pitiful or praiseworthy in the calm bearing of the man, and he would have interfered to saye answered sadiy. "My own nome is said against me, most of my friends would fear me, and here alone would I dare to trust myself for any length of time. We must steal or force our way through."

Juniper trembled with apprehension; but, with a devotion scarcely to be expected from so hare-brained and reckless a youth, he determined to remain with McDonell to the end. Indications of their nearness to the scene of the riots were fast increasing. The mob had been in this district, but had turned their attention to new fields of labor after destroying whatever was destructible. The streets were filled with debris: broken fences, trees, and windows showed everywhere. The when a figure on horseback, diminutive but with a voice as shrill and the tones of a trumpet, came dashing into the heart of the multitude, scattering men right and left until he stood over the prostrate man and had cleared a space

about him.
"Fools!" he cried authoritatively, and his voice was heard ringing along the street, "madmen! do you know what you are doing when you let the soldiers escape and heat the life out of States have a soldier. beat the life who is no Papist?'

out of a Scotchman and one McDonell caught the words even while osing consciousness. "I am a Papist," he

muttered feebly.

"He says he is a Papist," growled one
who stood near enough to catch the whispered words.
"You lie!" said Quip coolly. "This man

is a madman. He escaped from the asy-lum to-night, and back he must go again. You have not left much to carry away, and the more shame to you for so using a Scotchman and a Protestant. Now follow the soldiers. They are men who will give you men's work to do. Away with you! They are retreating!" "The soldiers! the soldiers!" roared the

mob, catching the word with enthusiasm. In an instant they were pouring down the street in the direction taken by the volunor malice, must be rectified! teers, and over the unfortunate McDonell stood only Juniper and the strange horseman.

the Middle Ages was burning at the stake. This horrifies us who are accus-"Quip!" was all Juniper could say as the strange man dismounted.
"At your service," said the student, with a grin. "This man is well-nigh tomed either to punish acrocious murder-

"At your "This man is well-night with a grin. "This man is well-night murdered. "Where were you going?" "Don't know," said Juniper shortly. "To the priest's, it is likely. Very good; but the priest does not chance to be home. I have a safe place for him, I

fancy, and you will help me carry him there."
"Not a step," said Juniper firmly. "He goes where I choose to bring him. You can get out. You have nothing to do with

the man. "There's gratitude for you. After saving his life, too. Juniper, my very dear friend, I think I know McDonell considerably better than you, and it is to friends I shall take him, and not to his enemies. It doesn't matter much one way or the other now, for the poor fellow

way of the other how, for the poor ferlow will scarcely see the morning."

"Go ahead, then," said the appeased Juniper, "and look for deviltry if you attempt any of your usual tricks."

Placing the bleeding and senseless body

of McDonell on the saddle, Quip rode away to the residence of the Fullertons.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Familiar Talk by a Catholic Priest.

[N. O. Morning Star.] Must civil government grant liberty of conscience to all without exception! In answer to this question we hear an almost unanimous yell affirming that no governnent has the right to impose restriction on the liberty of conscience, or to punish any one on account of his religion. In spite of this, I most emphatically assert that were the civil power to grant in all cases liberty of conscience or religious liberty, anarchy would soon result therefiberty, anarchy would soon result therefrom. The civil power is bound to protect the lives, property and morality of society, of the people, and to punish any external violation thereof. The principle of universal toleration is inadmissible in practice, because it is absurd, and either impracticable or destructive of society. On this subject Balmes says: "It has been attempted to establish in principle and on this stoject balmes says: "It has been attempted to establish in principle universal toleration, and refuse to government the right of violating consciences in religious matters; nevertheless, in spite of all that has been said, philosophers have

not been able to make a very clear exposi-tion of this principle, still less have they

been able to procure its general adoption as a system in the government of states. In order to show that the thing is not quite so simple as has been supposed, I will beg leave to ask a few questions. If a religion which required human sacrifices were established in your country, would you tolerate it? No. And why? Because we cannot tolerate such a crin But then you will be intolerant; you will violate the consciences of others, by proscribing, as a crime, what in their eyes is a homage to the Deity. By what right do you make your conscience prevail over theirs? If you prescribe the exercise of theirs? If you prescribe the exercise of this atrocious worship, would you allow the doctrine to be taught which preaches as holy ard salutary the practice of human sacrifices? No; for that would be permitting the teaching of murder. Very well; but you must acknowledge that this is a doctrine with respect to which you have a right to be and are obliged to be, incolerant. You are aware, no doubt, of the sacrifices offered in antiquity to the goddess of love, and the infamous worship which was paid to her in the temples of Babylon and Corinth? If such a worship reappeared among you, would you tolerate it? No; for it is contrary to the sacred laws of modesty. Would you allow the doctrine on which it is based, to taught? No; for the same reason. This, then, is another case to which you believe you have the right and the obligation to violate the consciences of others and the only reason you assign for it is, that you are compelled to do it by your own conscience. Moreover, suppose that some man, over-excited by reading the Bible, desired to establish a new Christian-

ity, in imitation of Matthew of Haarlem or John of Leyden; suppose that these

trines, to assemble together in bodies, and that their fanatical declaration seduced a portion of the people, would you tolerate this new religion? No; for these men might renew the bloody scenes of Ger-many in the 16th century, when, in the name of God, and to fulfil, as they said, the order of the Most High, the Anabaptists invaded all property, destroyed all existing power, and spread everywhere desolation and death. This would be to act with as much justice as prudence; but you cannot deny you would thereby commit an act of intolerance. What then becomes of the principle of universal toleration? You will say that the security of the state, the good order of society, and public morality compel you to act in this way. But do you think that the men against whom you declaim, did not also intend to protect those interests, by act-ing with that intolerance which is so revolting to you? It has been acknow-ledged at all times, and in all countries, as an incontestable principle, that the pub-lic authority has, in certain cases, the right of prohibiting certain acts, in violation of the consciences of individuals who claim the right of performing them; it is obliged to do so in the name of humanity, of modesty, of public order. Universal tolerance is, then, an error, a theory which cannot be put in practice." To these remarkable words, let us add some reflections. If the civil power has not the right to restrict the liberty of con-science, how can the laws of this State make Mormonism and polygamy a penal make Mormonism and polygamy a penal offence? How can you punish Guiteau, or the crimes of the communists and Nihilists? All these people assert that they follow their conscience, and you have no means to prove the contrary!

And yet the security of society itself depends on their being punished! The civil power must therefore possess the right and obligation of punishing all external acts which interfere with the good of society, even if such acts are done under the pretext of conformity with the dictates of conscience; for such consciences being erroneous from vincible ignorance or malice, must be rectified! These peo-

ple ought to know better, or be taught to know better!

The usual punishment for heretics in

ers very lightly, or even to let them go scot free. Great crimes were then, fortunately for society, never left unpunished, and the punishments inflicted were of a severe nature. Now I have shown you the heinousness of the crime of heresy; it is therefore deserving of severe punish-ment. But the Church never punished with death, for she has always forbidden not only entrance into holy orders, but even their exercise to any one who has shed blood even legally! This very fact is sufficient to exonerate the Church of the accusation of burning heretics. History confirms this. The heretics in the Middle Ages were branches of the Manicheans, whose doctrines and practices were so abominable as to justify their proscrip-tion by all civil governments; even that of Diocletian inflicted capital punishment on them on account of the infamous practices of their worship. The heretics of the Middle Ages taught doctrines opposed not only to the Catholic faith, but also to the good of society, and even sought to put them into practice. They hated marriage, but were addicted to incest and marriage, but were addited to incest and other abominations at their religious meetings; they strove to carry out Communism, and, refusing all obedience to civil law resisted it by force of arms, under the pretext of not being bound to obey such as were not in the state of grace, that is, members of their sects! And in all this they pretended to follow the dictates of their conscience! Were any set of men to attempt to teach, propagate and practice such abomination free country, we would soon see the whole milltia rushing to arms, if required, whole milita rushing to arms, it required, at the call of the President, to put down such enemies to society. This would be proper; why? Because such principles and practices are subversive of the public and the government good, and the government is bound to protect the liberty, life, property and morality of its people. Now what would be right in the nineteenth century in this free country, cannot surely be wrong in another age in another country. Hence the various governments in the Middle Ages did not exceed their duty in punishing with the greatest severity the abomin-able sects of the Albigenses, Waldenses, Cathari, Hussites and the like.

Cathari, Hussites and the like.

The Inquisition was first established by
Innocent III., the greatest of the Popes, to
inquire into the doctrines and teachings
of the Albigenses. It was composed of clergymen, as being alone competent to inquire into the doctrines of the accused and to declare them good or bad. If the and to declare them good or bad. If the accused were found guilty of the infamous Albigensian heresy, he was given the opportunity of retracting and promising to become a law-abiding citizen. If he did this, he was set at liberty; if he refused, he was handed over to the civil authorities to be dealt with according to the laws of the land. Consequently the the laws of the land. Consequently, the Inquisitors were no more responsible for the punishment of these heretics, than are our juries when they bring in a verdict of guilty against the accused. Nor was the civil power any more cruel in most rigorously punishing those heretics, who were guilty of such great crimes against society, than are now our criminal judges in pronouncing and our sheriffs in carrying out the sentence of capital punishment against those found guilty of murder, by the jury. We may here observe that in many things the Inquisition of the Middle Ages was superior to our criminal system. The Inquisitors were far more competent. onscientious, and upright men than are the majority of our jurymen in criminal cases: moreover they always did their best to convert the accused not only from his erroneous doctrine, but also from his criminal ways into a law-abiding citizen, and if they succeeded, they would set him free. Our jurymen can make no attempt to convert criminals, nor can they set the repentant at liberty. Hence the tribunal of the Inquisition was in itself more humane than our criminal courts.

We cannot discuss this subject without calling attention to the noteworthy fact that severe religious persecution existed in all of the original thirteen colonies from Great Britain, Maryland alone ex-cepted, which was settled by Catholics.

CCNTINUED ON PAGESIX.