

manner to suit Calvin's views, and Scotch Presbyterianism has constantly boasted of its thorough Calvinism. But the present departure from Calvin's views on foreordination and reprobation arises out of the growing unbelief in these doctrines for years past. Notwithstanding the efforts made to conceal the fact that the present revision of the Creed is not a change in the teachings of Presbyterianism, the whole world is perfectly conscious that there is a most decided change toward acknowledging that God is merciful, instead of being a tyrant who has created the majority of mankind, and a large percentage of the angels for eternal perdition.

Another doctrine which has always shocked the commonsense of mankind is found in the 16th. Chapter of the Confession. It is that all the works of unregenerated man are actually sinful, even though they are in themselves "things which God commands, and of good use both to themselves and others."

It is true that such works cannot be meritorious of salvation, but the doctrine that they are worthy of damnation is horrible and most unreasonable. The revisers propose to change it so that it may declare that while such works do not merit salvation for the doer, they are of moral value inasmuch as they place the unsaved man on the road to salvation. The original doctrine is admitted to have been put into the Confession of Faith through the unreasoning desire of saying something which would be decidedly antagonistic to the Catholic doctrine that the good works of God's saints increase their reward in Heaven, and that they even form a treasury of merit which is applicable through God's mercy, and by means of indulgences to the benefit of others who are not so far advanced in the way of perfection.

At the time when the Westminster Confession was adopted, the hatred of the Reformers toward the Pope was intense, and it found expression in the twenty-fifth chapter of the Confession which says that "the Pope of Rome is that anti-Christ, that Man of sin and Son of Perdition that exalts himself in the Church against Christ and all that is called God."

This is to be omitted, the revisers contenting themselves with the statement that "There is no other head of the Church but the Lord Jesus Christ."

This is a plausible doctrine, but while it is chiefly aimed as a side thrust against Catholics who believe that under Christ, St. Peter's successor is visible head of the Church, it is also a very direct blow aimed at the Church of England and the Established Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland, both of which give the visible headship of the Church to the King of Great Britain.

A curious decision of the revisers is that upon which they have agreed regarding oaths. Not only do they propose to omit the statement that "it is a sin to refuse an oath touching anything that is good and just, being imposed by lawful authority," but it appears from what is published regarding the decisions reached that the obligation of adhering to the truth, and that of binding oneself to do only what is good and just, is also to be omitted.

If this be exactly correct, the whole matter would appear to be a concession to Quakers, who deny altogether the lawfulness of oaths.

We can scarcely imagine Presbyterians going to this extreme, but when a creed is to be amended it is hard to imagine in what shape it will come out of the revisers' hands, so we may wait patiently for the next meeting of the Assembly before making any predictions on this point.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT IRELAND COMPARED.

It cannot be denied, and we do not deny that in comparison with other countries, and especially with other portions of the British Empire, Ireland is a poor and suffering country; but it ill behooves those who have been the cause of Ireland's poverty, or who have taken part with the oppressors of Ireland, and have thus assisted in reducing it to a condition of poverty and suffering to reproach it with the result of their own cruelty. Yet this is precisely what bigots are constantly doing.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, Ireland was prosperous. We do not mean to say that the country was contented with its subjugation to British rule which had been gradually becoming more and more strong every succeeding century from the first Anglo-Norman invasion of 1169; but at all events during that period there was not that religious hatred on the part of the rulers of Ireland which culminated in the complete spoliation of the population, and its persecution under the most oppressive and cruel penal code which ever disgraced a professedly Christian nation, and which was the real cause why Ireland was impover-

ished and that the education of the people was practically made an impossibility, unless they would at the same time renounce the Christian faith as it had been transmitted to them from the days of St. Patrick.

And to whom was it due that these cruelties were inflicted? To the Protestants of England, in the forms of Anglicanism and Presbyterianism. In the face of this incontestable fact, we find in the Globe of May 14th a report of a meeting of the Presbyterian Synod of Toronto and Kingston, then being held in Toronto, the following piece of impudence uttered by the Rev. Dr. Lyle, convener of a Committee of the General Assembly. Dr. Lyle said:

"Presbyterianism is a great religious moral, and educational factor. For instance, with the exception of Ulster, Ireland is a land of idleness, vice, ignorance, chronic suffering, and chronic woe. Ulster, the worst part of Ireland so far as climate and soil are concerned, is strongly Presbyterian, and the members of the Church there stand first in intelligence and education, and all that constitutes the highest type of Christian citizenship. The British crown and Empire owe a great deal to Presbyterianism, and there have been a number of notable Generals who had been brought up in the atmosphere of the Church, and who in India, South Africa and elsewhere, had upheld British prestige and honor."

We believe that no one who is at all acquainted with the history of British rule in Ireland will deny the cruelty of the penal code under which Ireland was governed down to the date of Catholic Emancipation in 1829. That code impoverished the people, and practically prohibited their education, and we are moderate when we say that even under the most favorable circumstances, and with all the encouragement which good legislation affords, it takes several generations to undo the evil wrought to a nation by centuries of oppression. But though the condition of Ireland has been undoubtedly greatly improved, especially during the last quarter of a century, it cannot be said even now that there has been such favoring legislation to the people in general as might be expected to make them prosperous; and the reason is that it is governed from without by aliens who have no sympathy with the people of Ireland.

We say then that the present time education is generally diffused in Ireland, and the wonder is that so great strides have been made in this direction during the present generation, notwithstanding the fact that even to the present day, the British Government has steadily refused to encourage the education of Catholics, or even to allow a Catholic University to be established, for the Catholics—three-fourths of the population—though there are two Universities for the Protestants, who constitute only 25 per cent. of the people.

In spite of this and other similar facts the number of Catholic pupils attending the National schools of Ireland in 1880 was 865,057, while the non-Catholics numbered 227,963. In the denominational schools in the same year there were 441,612 Catholics and 63,983 Protestants, so that there was a total of 1,266,669 Catholics and 291,946 non-Catholics. (See Encyclopedia Britannica, art. Ireland.) As the Catholic and non-Catholic populations were respectively 3,951,888 and 1,207,951, it will be seen that 100 children out of every 305 Catholics attended school, whereas only the same number out of 414 Protestants were at school. Thus notwithstanding the poverty of the Catholic people, in which Rev. Dr. Lyle gloats, it is clear that their love of education is nearly 36 per cent. greater than that of their Protestant fellow-countrymen.

But perhaps Dr. Lyle will say that the Catholic families are larger than the Protestant, and that this accounts for the difference.

Why should Catholic families be larger than the Protestant in the same country, and among people to a considerable extent of the same race? The only solution to this problem is that Catholic parents are more moral, and more faithful to the sanctity of the marriage tie; and in fact statistics show that this is really the case. It thus appears that the thoroughly Catholic counties of Ireland, which are calumniated by Dr. Lyle, are not only the greatest lovers of education, but are also the most moral, and, therefore, Dr. Lyle's aspersions on their character, are simply falsehoods.

The Catholic people of Ireland are not idle, but British legislators impose laws upon Ireland the purpose of which is to kill all the industries of the country. It is for this reason that the people of Ireland have been forced to emigrate, and that their number has diminished more than one-half in half a century. The laws imposed on them by English and Scotch legislators combined have depopulated the country, and then Pharisical theologians like Dr. Lyle proclaim their greater wealth to be an evidence of greater sanctity. We may here add that when the Irish people make homes in other countries,

where they are on an equality with the people of other races, they prosper and progress equally with those of other nations who are in the race with them.

To show briefly the character of the penal code which is the great original cause of Ireland's suffering, we shall here merely quote a sentence from the Report of Lord Gosford, Governor of Armagh in 1795-98. He says:

"It is no secret that a persecution accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty which have in all ages distinguished that dreadful calamity, is now raging in this country; neither age nor sex is sufficient to excite mercy, much less to afford protection. The only crime which the wretched objects of this ruthless persecution are charged with is a crime, indeed, of easy proof: it is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic faith, or an intimate connection with a person professing this faith. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this new species of delinquency, and the sentence they have pronounced is equally concise and terrible—it is nothing less than a confiscation of all property, and an immediate banishment."

Dr. Lyle's statement that the Catholic parts of Ireland are overrun with vice is shamefully calumnious. We have already spoken of this calumny in regard to one species of vice. Offences against person and property are more grievous and numerous in England and Scotland than in Ireland, and it is well known that intemperance is more rampant in Presbyterian Scotland than in any other part of the British Empire.

Against Pious Humbugs.

Evidently a world-wide reaction is setting in against the mongers of spurious pieties. Apparently, in no country is the reaction more necessary than in France. The Liverpool Catholic Times, quoting the Semaine Religieuse, of Puy, says that the watchful Bishop of that diocese has taken a step which all good and intelligent Catholics will applaud. A certain priest sent round a leaflet which related to some pretended revelations without episcopal sanction. At once the Bishop interdicted his flock from reading it, and in doing so pointedly put his people on their guard against publications of that character, which were nothing else but tricks to make money out of the simple piety of the Faithful. All sorts of appeals, he says, are put forth with the sole object of raking in money, and the fact of their continuance and their increase is good evidence that they and that the trade pays.

Such disgraceful traffic in holy things must stop, in the diocese of Puy at all events, where, says the Bishop, this pseudo-religious literature has become a peril to souls and furnishes weapons to the enemies of the Church. To put a stop to this nefarious traffic he forbids his flock to help any work outside the diocese which has not his episcopal sanction. All Catholics who love the good estate of their religion will be pleased at the prelate's action. It is insufferable that men should be allowed to gather money by exploiting the pious sentiments of the less instructed of the Faithful, covering their base traffic under the cloak of the holiest names. They have nothing to do with religion, nor it with them. They are pests.

BY ALL MEANS GET MARRIED.

It is Not Necessary to Have a Fortune to Enter This State.

Father Schaeken, who used to be the pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes at Riverside, is creating a sensation down in the Greenville section of Jersey City, where he is pastor of St. Paul's Church, says a New York dispatch.

At a recent service in St. Paul's he started in with a talk to the young people of the congregation, and he took them to task because of their apparent disregard of the matrimonial state. According to Father Schaeken there are too few marriages in the parish, and he is at a loss to understand why this condition should exist, when in nearly all of the Catholic parishes in the county marriages are numerous. That the young people of his parish should be so far behind the young folk of other parishes has caused him much surprise and a great deal of regret.

It is the ambition of Father Schaeken to build up St. Paul's parish, and to accomplish this object an increase in membership is essential.

"When you are able to do so," said Father Schaeken, "get married. It is not necessary to have a fortune to enter into this state. A man that earns enough to support himself can support a wife—if she is the right kind of a wife and is truly anxious to give her husband that aid essential to matrimonial success. Married people should certainly be congenial, and it behooves young men and women who are contemplating matrimony to endeavor to learn the dispositions of their prospective life-mates. They should endeavor to use common sense in the selection of life partners. If this done the chances for a harmonious wedded existence are excellent."

Death Had No Terrors.

A priest relates that once, when exhorting a very old peasant, who was on the point of entering into his agony, to die with Christian fortitude, the dying man assured him that he saw no terrors in death. On the contrary, he rejoiced. Death was about to reunite him to those whom he had loved in this world and who had gone on to heaven before him, and those friends were much more numerous than the ones he would leave behind him on earth. These are almost literally the words which the wise old pagan, Sophocles, puts into the mouth of Antigone. It is not beautiful minds alone that meet, but beautiful hearts as well, even though long leagues and many centuries divide them.

A LEGEND OF PROVENCE.

By ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

The lights extinguished, by the hearth I lean,
Half weary with a listless discontent.
The flickering giant-shadows, gathering near,
Closed round me with a dim and silent fear.
All dull, all dark; save when the leaping flame,
Glancing, lit up a Picture's ancient frame.
Above the hearth it hung: Perhaps the night,
My foolish tremors or the gleaming light,
Lent power to that Portrait dark and quaint,—
A Portrait such as Rembrandt loved to paint,—
The likeness of a Nun. I seemed to trace
A world of sorrow in the patient face,
In the thin hands folded across her breast:—
Its own and the room's shadow hid the rest.
I gazed and dreamed, and the dull embers stirred,
An old legend that I once had heard.
Came back to me; linked to the mystic gloom
Of that dark Picture in the ghostly room.

In the far south, where clustering vines are hung;
Where first the old chivalric lays were sung;
Where earliest smiled that gracious child of France,
Angel and knight and fairy, called Romance,
I stood one day. The warm blue June was spread
Upon the earth; blue summer overhead,
Without a cloud to fleck its radiant glare,
Without a breath to stir its sultry air.
All still, all silent, save the sobbing rush
Of rippling waves, that lapsed in silver hush
Upon the beach; where, glittering towards the strand,
The purple Mediterranean kissed the land.

All still, all peaceful; when a convent chime
Broke on the mid day silence for a time,
Then trembling into quiet, seemed to cease,
In deeper silence and more utter peace.
So as I turned to gaze, where gleaming white,
Half hid by shadowy trees from passers' sight,
The Convent lay, one who had dwelt for long
In that fair home of ancient tale and song,
Who knew the story of each cave and hill,
And every haunting fancy lingering still
Within the land, spake thus to me, and told
The Convent's treasured Legend, quaint and old:—

Long years ago, a dense and flowering wood,
Still more concealed where the white convent stood,
Borne on its perfumed wings the title came:
"Our Lady of the Hawthorns" is its name.
Then did that bell, which still rings out to-day,
Bid all the convent rise, or eat, or pray.
Before that convent shrine, the haughty knight
Passed the lone vigil of his perilous fight;
For humbler cottage strife or village brawl,
The Abbess listened, prayed, and settled all.
Young hearts that came, weighed down by love or wrong
Left her kind presence comforted and strong.
Each passing pilgrim, and each beggar's right
Was food, and rest, and shelter for the night.
But, more than this, the Nuns could well impart
The deepest mysteries of the healing art;
Their store of herbs and simples was renowned,
And held in wondering faith for miles around.
Thus strife, love, sorrow, good and evil fate,
Found help and blessing at the convent gate.

Of all the nuns, no heart was half so light,
No eyelids veiling glances half as bright,
No step that glided with such noiseless feet,
No face that looked so tender or so sweet,
No voice that rose in choir so pure, so clear,
No heart to all the others half so dear,
So surely touched by others' pain or woe,
(Guessing the grief her young life could not know,)—
No soul in childlike faith so undeluded.
As Sister Angela, the "Convent Child."
For thus they loved to call her. She had known
No home, no love, no kindred, save their own.
An orphan to their tender nursing given,
Child, plaything, pupil, now the Bride of Heaven.
And she it was who trimmed the lamp's red light
That swung before the altar, day and night;
Her hands it was whose patient skill could trace
The finest broidery, weave the costliest lace;
But most of all, her first and dearest care,
The office she would never miss or share.
Was every day to weave fresh garlands sweet,
To place before the shrine at Mary's feet,
Nature is bounteous in that region fair,
For even winter has her blossoms there,
Thus Angela loved to count each feast the best,
By telling with what flowers the shrine was dressed,
In pomp supreme the countless Roses passed,
Battalion on battalion thronging fast,
Each with a different banner, flaming bright,
Damask or striped, or crimson, pink, or white,
Until they bowed before a newborn queen,
And the pure virgin Lily rose serene.
Though Angela always thought the Mother blest
Must love the time of her own hawthorn best,
Each evening through the year, with equal care,
She placed her flowers; then kneeling down in prayer,
As their faint perfume rose before the shrine,
So rose her thoughts, as pure and as divine;
She knelt until the shades grew dim without,
Till one by one the altar lights shone out,
Till one by one the Nuns like shadows dim,
Gathered round to chant their vesper hymn;
Her voice then led the music's vespere light,
And "Ave, Maris Stella" filled the night.
But wherefore linger on those days of peace?
When storms draw near, then quiet hours must cease
War, cruel war, defaced the land, and came
So near the convent with its breath of flame,
That seeking shelter, frightened peasants fled,
Sobbing out tales of coming fear and dread.
Till after a fierce skirmish, down the road,
One night came straggling soldiers, with their load
Of wounded, dying comrades; and the band,
Half pleading, yet as if they could command,
Summoned the trembling Sisters, craved their care,
Then rode away, and left the wound there.
But soon compassion bade all fear depart,
And bidding every Sister do her part,
Some prepare simples, healing salves, or bands,
The Abbess chose the more experienced hands,
To dress the wounds needing most skillful care;
Yet even the youngest Novice took her share.
To Angela, who had but ready will
And tender pity, yet no special skill,
Was given the charge of a young foreign knight,
Whose wounds were painful, but whose danger slight.
Day after day she watched beside his bed,
And first in hushed repose the hours fled:
His feverish moans alone the silence stirred,
Or her soft voice, uttering some pious word.
At last the fever left him; day by day
The hours, no longer silent, passed away.
What could she speak of? First, to still his plaints,
She told him legends of the martyred Saints;
Described the pangs which through God's piteous grace,
Had gained their souls so high and bright a place.
This pious artifice soon found success—
Or so she fancied—for he murmured less.
So she described the glorious pomp sublime,
In which the chapel shone at Easter time,
The Banners, Vestments, gold, and colors bright,
Counted how many tapers gave their light;
Then in minute detail went on to say,
How the High Altar looked on Christmas day:
The kings and shepherds all in green and red,
And a bright star of jewels overhead.
Then told the sign by which they all had seen
How even nature loved to greet her Queen,
For when Our Lady's last procession went
Down the long garden, every head was bent
And, rosary in hand, each Sister prayed;
As the long floating banners were displayed,
They struck the hawthorn boughs, and showers and showers
Of buds and blossoms strewed her way with flowers.

The knight unwearied listened; till at last
He too described the glories of his past;
Tourney, and joust, and pageant bright and fair,
And all the lovely ladies who were there.
But half incredulous she heard. Could this—
This be the world? this place of love and bliss!
Where then was hid the strange and hideous charm,
That never failed to bring the gazer harm?
She crossed herself, yet asked, and listened still,
And still the knight described with all his skill
The glorious world of joy, all joys above,
Transfigured in the golden mist of love.
Spread, spread your wings, ye angel guardians bright,
And shield these dazzling phantoms from her sight!
But no; days passed, matins and vespers rang,
And still the quiet Nuns toiled, prayed, and sang,
And never guessed the fatal, coiling net
Which every day drew near, and nearer yet,
Around their darling; for she went and came
About her duties, outwardly the same.
The same? ah, no! even when she knelt to pray,
Some charmed dream kept all her heart away.

So days went on, until the convent gate
Opened one night. Who durst go forth so late?
Across the moonlit grass, with stealthy tread,
Two silent, shrouded figures passed and fled,
And all was silent, save the moaning seas,
That sobbed and pleaded, and a wailing breeze
That sighed among the perfumed hawthorn-trees,
What need to tell that dream so bright and brief,
If joy unchecked by a dread of grief?
What need to tell how such dreams must fade,
Before the slow, foreboding dreaded shade,
That floated nearer, until pomp and pride,
Pleasure and wealth, were summoned to her side,
To bid, at least, the noisy hours forget,
And clamor down the whispers of regret.
Still Angela strove to dream, and strove in vain;
Awakened once, she could not sleep again.
She saw each day and hour, more worthless grown
The heart for which she cast away her own;
And her soul leant, through bitterest inward strife
The slight, frail love for which she wrecked her life
The phantom for which all her hope was given,
The cold bleak earth for which she bartered heaven,
But all in vain; would even the tenderest heart
Now stoop to take so poor an outcast's part?

Years fled, and she grew wretched more and more,
Until the humblest peasant closed his door,
And where she passed, fair dames, in scorn and pride,
Shuddered, and drew their rustling robes aside.
At last a yearning seemed to fill her soul,
A longing that was stronger than control;
Once more, just once again, to see the place
That knew her young and innocent; to retrace
The long and weary southern path; to gaze
Upon the haven of her childish days;
Once more beneath the convent roof to lie;
Once more to look upon her home—and die!
Weary and worn—her comrades, chill remorse
And black despair, yet a strange silent force
Within her heart, that drew her more and more—
Onward she crawled, and begged from door to door.
Weighed down with weary days, her failing strength
Grew less each hour, till one day's dawn at length,
As first its rays flooded the world with light,
Showed the broad waters, glittering blue and bright,
And where, amid the leafy hawthorn wood,
Just as of old the quiet cloister stood,
Would any know her? Nay, no fear. Her face
Had lost all trace of youth, of joy, of grace.
Of the pure, happy soul they used to know—
The novice Angela—so long ago.
She rang the convent bell. The well-known sound
Smote on her heart, and bowed her to the ground.
And she who had not wept for long, dry years,
Felt the strange rush of unaccustomed tears;
Terror and anguish seemed to check her breath,
And stop her heart. O God! could this be death?
Crouching against the iron gate, she laid
Her weary head against the bars, and prayed;
But nearer footsteps drew, then seemed to wait;
And then she heard the opening of the grate,
And saw the withered face, on which awoke
Pity and sorrow, as the portress spoke.
And asked the stranger's bidding: "Take me in."
She faltered, "Sister Monica, from sin,
And sorrow, and despair, that will not cease;
O, take me in, and let me die in peace!"
With soothing words the Sister bade her wait,
Until she brought the key to unbar the gate.
The beggar tried to thank her as she lay,
And heard the echoing footsteps die away.
But what soft voice was that which sounded near,
And stirred strange trouble in her heart to hear?
She raised her head; she saw—she seemed to know—
A face that came from long, long years ago:
Herself; yet not as when she fled away,
The young and blooming novice, fair and gay,
But a grave woman, gentle and serene;
The outcast knew it—what she might have been,
But, as she gazed and gazed, a radiance bright
Filled all the place with strange and sudden light!
The Nun was there no longer, but instead,
A figure with a circle round its head,
A ring of glory; and a face, so meek,
So soft, so tender.

Angela strove to speak,
And stretched her hands out, crying, "Mary mild,
Mother of mercy, help me!—help your child!"
And Mary answered, "From thy bitter past,
Welcome, my child! O, welcome home at last!
I filled thy place. Thy flight is known to none,
For all thy daily duties I have done;
Gathered thy flowers, and prayed and sung, and slept;
Didst thou not know, poor child, thy place was kept?
Kind hearts are here; yet would all the tenderest one
Have limits to its mercy; God has none.
And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,
But yet he stoops to give it. More complete
Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,
And pleads with thee to raise it. Only Heaven
Means crowned, not vanquished, when it says, "Forgiven!"
Back hurried Sister Monica; but where
Was the poor beggar she left lying there?
Gone; and she crouched in vain, and sought the place
For that poor woman, with the pale face;
But only Angela at the gateway stood,
Laden with hawthorn blossoms from the wood,
And never did a day pass by again,
But the old portress, with a sign of pain,
Would sorrow for her loitering; with a prayer
That the poor beggar, in her wild despair,
Might not have come to any ill; and when
She ended, "God forgive her!" humbly then
Did Angela bow her head, and say, "Amen!"
How pitiful her heart was! All could trace
Something that dimmed the brightness of her face
After that day, which none had seen before;
Not trouble—but a shadow—nothing more.

Years passed away. Then, one dark day of dread
Saw all the Sisters kneeling round a bed,
Where Angela lay dying; every breath
Struggling beneath the heavy hand of death.
But suddenly a flush lit up her cheek,
She raised her wan right hand, and strove to speak.
In sorrowing love they listened; not a sound
Or sigh disturbed the utter silence round.
The very tapers' flames were scarcely stirred,
In such hushed awe the Sisters knelt and heard.
And through that silence Angela told her life:
Her sin, her flight; the sorrow and the strife,
And the return; and then clear, low, and calm,
"Praise God for me, my sisters," and the psalm
Rang up to heaven, far and clear and wide,
Again, and yet again, then sank and died;
While her white face had such a smile of peace,
They saw she never heard the music cease;
And weeping Sisters laid her in her tomb,
Crowned with a wreath of perfumed hawthorn bloom.

And thus the Legend ended. It may be
Continued on Eighth Page.