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LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"THAT ENDS THIS STRANGE, EVENTFUL HISTORY."
—As You Like It.

"A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual jointure of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips."
—Twelfth Night.

"Why, as a woodcock to my own springe,
I am justly killed with mine own treachery."
—Hamlet.

"Yet again methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming toward me."
—Richard II.

The soft showers and mild sunshine of April had washed and warmed the world's fresh and green beauty. The May blossom in Phœnix Park was thick upon the hawthorn; the singing birds in the green leaves and the white were wild with the rapture of the spring. The mellow air that fanned the faces of the lovers was full of perfume and music. They sat close together, and the words of love were sweeter to the sense than the perfume of the May blossom or the clear song of the birds.

"Norah," he said, "I am called home, and I cannot go alone. I have had letters from Cloonlara that my presence is sorely needed there. Duty calls me thither; love chains me here. Join these powers, darling, and come with me. When?"

She was flushed and trembling; her heart consented to his prayer, but her lips could form no words.

"For their sake, if not for mine," he pleaded earnestly, "whisper the day that will make earth heaven to me?"

For your sake, my darling," she murmured so softly that her low whisper scarce stirred the warm air. "I have no will but yours. It's yours to command, and mine to obey. I am all yours, body and soul; take me to yourself when you choose."

"On May-day, then, be it, my May Queen," he said gaily, and sealed love's bargain.

Their wedding was to be simple and secret. Father O'Carroll had consented, at the earnest request of Maurice, to bind their lives together. A quiet little wooden chapel, half-a-dozen miles from the city, was selected for the marriage. Their honey-moon was to be spent in Cloonlara, and amid the fair scenes of their new home.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, now a happy, excited, bewildered father, had pressed one request with so much earnestness that it was impossible to refuse it. They were to call at Carton for an hour or two on their flight westward. Maurice must make the acquaintance of little "Mother" Pamela, and his bride of the "baby."

"I, too, have a request to make, Maurice," said Norah. They were seated together in the drawing-room, where he had first told his love. "No, no; you must not have payment in advance, or at all. It is to be a free gift. But first tell me, have you guessed Christy Culkin's secret?"

"Secret?" said Maurice, lightly. "He is all secrecy and silence. But I know no one thing about him more secret than the rest."

"How blind you men are," laughed Norah. "Have you never seen Peggy Heffernan?"

"What has that to do with Christy? Oh, I believe he is her uncle, or something of that kind. You will like her, Norah. She is as sweet as a wild rose, and a regular rustic heroine to boot. I have a story to tell you how she saved—"

"Save yourself the trouble. I heard the story long ago from lips more devoted than yours."

"Not Christy's?"

"Yes, Christy's."

"You don't mean to say so, Norah?"

"But I do. Now, if you look so dumbfounded, I may think you are jealous of his good fortune."

A fine was promptly exacted, and Peggy Heffernan and Christy were, for the moment, forgotten.

"But your request, Norah," he whispered at last his arm, as if forgetfully, still around her waist.

"I want Peggy Heffernan for my bridesmaid."

"Most gladly. It is your right to choose."

"I want Christy Culkin to be your 'best man.' I owe him many a kindness, and I can think of no reward he would value more."

"Why, Norah, you are a witch. You beg me so prettily to please myself, and grant requests before they are asked, on pretence of making them. Christy has been my 'best man' since I was a boy. It is fitting he should hold his place still on the happiest day of my life. So that weighty business is settled—and now—"

But the lovers "now" belongs to themselves alone.

Brightly dawned the wedding day. Norah, very pale and quiet, and with happiness shining in her calm, clear eyes, drove down with her father to the church in the early morning.

In defiance of Mrs. Grundy, the bridegroom-elect was allowed a seat beside her in the phaeton. For the roads about Dublin were dangerous, and there were rumours of daring highwaymen at work at the very outskirts of the city.

An event occurred to justify this precaution. As the phaeton rapidly bowled along the road, about halfway from Dublin the galloping of swift hoofs was heard behind them. Their coachman whipped up his thoroughbreds. But nearer and nearer came the clatter behind. Looking back, Maurice could see a single horseman, on a powerful bay horse, thundering along the road—a tall and powerful man, dressed all in black, with his face covered with a black mask.

Norah grew pale, and her timid touch on his arm sent the blood coursing hotly through his veins. Very quietly he slipped out a double-barrelled pistol, and let it rest hidden on the seat beside him, with his grasp on the stock, and his finger on the trigger. Woe betide the man who stood before the muzzle when the trigger was pulled.

Nearer and nearer the horseman behind came thundering along. He slackened his speed a little as he drew level with the phaeton. But one glance at Maurice, with the pistol half raised and ready, seemed sufficient. The robber's hand came out of the bosom of his coat empty. He raised his hat with a flourish, bowed to his horse's neck, then drove in the spurs, and swept on like a whirlwind.

Norah drew a deep sigh of relief, and thanked her lover with a look.

"Glad we had you, Maurice," said the Doctor, heartily, "that fellow did not seem to like the look of your pistol."

"Curious," replied Maurice, "The figure, and his seat on horseback, seem familiar. I'm not so sure it was my pistol frightened him."

No other incident marked the progress of that pleasant drive, which, to Norah, seemed so short, and to Maurice so long.

At the porch of the little church, standing back from the neatly-kept churchyard, they found Father O'Carroll waiting for them, with Christy Culkin and Peggy Heffernan, fresh as a wild flower.

Impulsively Norah kissed her blooming bridesmaid, and called her friend.

"I have heard," she whispered, "how you saved them all. How brave you are. I should have died of fright. You know who told me," with a sudden half glance at Christy, who stood fumbling with his hat, the picture of awkward shyness.

But there was scant time for greeting or gossip. The Nuptial Mass had commenced, and the solemn words, more solemn from impending danger, went straight to their hearts.

Marriage, and all belonging to it, comes natural to a woman. Never was court damsel more deft or self-possessed in the discharge of a bridesmaid's function than the rustic beauty. She had the ceremony at her finger's ends, and the words of the solemn service by heart, ready to prompt the principal performers. Christy, on the other hand, was shy, and awkward as a schoolboy.

A sly whisper from Peggy at the beginning, "Cheer up, man alive; how will you ever go through it when your own turn comes?" completed his confusion.

The sacred pledge of eternal love and constancy was spoken at last. Norah's soft whisper went straight home to her bridegroom's heart, and made her father's eyes fill with sudden tears.

In a few quiet words the good priest commended to each other's care and love the newly-married man and woman, made one by solemn sacrament.

Norah Blake signed her new name in the old book, with hand that shook a little.

Maurice, in all the pride of a husband's ownership, kissed the tears from the eyes that looked into his own with meek, submissive love.

A sibilant sound from a dark corner of the vestry, followed by a muttered "Behave yourself, now do," seemed to tell that Christy's shyness had abated.

While the marriage was in progress another scene—trivial apparently, but curious—was enacted in the little graveyard outside the church. A few moments after the bridal party, a one-eyed weather-beaten beggar arrived, clad in the tattered livery of his trade. He must have been a tall and a strong man in his time, but now he appeared bent double with age. The sole covering of his head was a thick thatch of grey hair, which fell wildly across his face. His patched and tattered rags of all forms and colors were a mere caricature of clothes.

He lounged up to the iron gate of the churchyard, and through it, and leaning lazily down on one of the tombstones, basked in the May sunshine that made the still air pulsate with its warm glow. He was curious and restless this old beggarman, and the eye left him was evidently a keen one. It caught a metallic gleam in the bright sunshine on the top of a tall grey headstone that stood broadside close to the gravelled pathway leading to the church. With a quickness and lightness wonderful in so old a man the bent figure slipped down along the walk, then lifted itself suddenly over the tombstone.

There was a man behind, crouched close in the long grass and wild spring flowers, in which he had made himself a lair like a hare's, he had lain there so long. He was well dressed, young, and handsome. But his hat pulled close over his brows showed the lower part of his face.

His right hand, with something in it, was thrust hastily into his breast as the beggar accosted him.

"Help a poor, dark cripple, yer honour," he whimpered with the true mendicant's drawling whine. The single keen eye so quick a moment before was now turned almost round in its socket and presented a blanky, yellow bloodshot surface hideous to look at.

"The devil damn you, for a whining old imposter," growled the other fiercely. "I have half a mind to give you such alms as you little dream of."

But his anger was appeased when he looked into the other's blank sightless face. "Here," he said, still surly, "here is a guinea for you, and take yourself off from this place as quickly as your crooked legs can carry you, if you have any regard for that parchment bag of bones, your carcase."

The beggar, fumbling a little, seized the gold coin at last in the great coarse hand of a giant, and conveyed it to some receptacle in his rags. Then he burst forth into a torrent of fulsome prayers for his benefactor, praying that his shadow "might never be less," which, as it was nothing at all where he lay, was a safe enough supplication.

The person prayed for cut him short abruptly by striking him with his flat hand across the face and bidding him begone. The beggar slouched rapidly down the walk, turned to the right, behind where his benefactor lay, and disappeared.

Five minutes passed—ten—fifteen. The place was filled solely with silence and sunshine. The low murmur of solemn voices from the church reached the strained ear of the solitary watcher. Then suddenly the thrill whistle of a thrush in a neighboring grove clove the still air, and a goldfinch answered from a poplar tree that stood close at hand amongst the graves, tall and trembling with the trembling sunlight on it.

Did that peaceful scene soften him, or change Mark Blake's fell purpose? Not one jot.

Now the church door opens at last, and the sound of happy voices flows out on the mellow air. Norah proudly leaning on her bridegroom's arm, trustfully gazing in his happy face, comes down the pathway from the church to where the phaeton waits.

Slowly, stealthily the crouching figure behind the high tombstone straightens itself. The bright metal glints again in the sunshine, as a pistol barrel slips softly over the rough edge of the stone. The eyes of the newly-married lovers are too absorbed in each other to notice it. They are scarcely twenty paces now from the spot where death lurks; moving on to it. The tip of the pistol barrel trembles a little, grating on its stone rest. Then it points straight to the heart of Maurice Blake. The finger steals stealthily on the hair trigger. A touch is death. But suddenly, in that awful instant, the crouching figure goes back swiftly, silently, prone on its back in the high grass behind the tombstone.

A giant's grasp is on the wrist of the right hand that still holds the pistol. A huge fist squeezes mouth and nostrils, even to suffocation, stifling all sound. The bridal party paces softly down the quiet sunlit walk, and wheels away as fast as swift-stepping horses can carry them, unconscious of the deadly peril escaped by a hair's breadth; unconscious of the wild passion and death struggle they have left behind them in the lonely graveyard.

The first fierce and stealthy onset had taken Mark Blake completely by surprise. He lay for a few moments unresisting in the iron grasp of his captor. Then fury lent him sudden strength. He tore away the huge hand that pressed his mouth and nostrils, stifling him. He made a desperate effort to free his own right hand that still held the loaded pistol.

Freeny (for needless to say his sudden assailant was Freeny) resisted desperately. He knew that to release his captive's hand meant death to himself.

But he had to strain his great strength, even to the utmost, to hold him. The two men rolled over and over in the long grass like dogs in hold. No sound was heard on either side, but their quick, fierce panting and hoarse curses strangled between their teeth. Freeny's grey wig had fallen off, and his hair blazed red against the green ground. The face of Mark Blake was malignant as a devil's. The veins stood out on his forehead like a ship's cordage, and from his fierce eyes murder flamed. His whole strength was strained in the effort to turn the pistol's mouth towards his opponent's heart. He fought like a wild beast. Stooping down suddenly he buried his sharp teeth in his opponent's hand. With the keen spasm of pain Freeny's grasp on his wrist relaxed for a fatal instant. Mark wrenched his right hand free, flung himself on his opponent, turned the pistol at his face, and fired.

Even then the robber's quickness saved him. While his eyes glanced into the dark tube, scarce an inch off, his hand, flung up, instinctively struck the pistol barrel, almost as the flash came from it. The loud report so close to his head stunned him. He lay for a moment with quick beating heart, hardly knowing if he were alive or dead. He was conscious of a heavy weight on his chest. He pushed at it, and Mark Blake rolled limply off and turned on his back with a little jagged scorched hole through the centre of his forehead—quite dead. One glance was enough for Freeny. He leaped from the ground with the agility of a cat, and fled from the place as if death pursued him. Ten minutes later, he was on the back of his blood bay horse, thundering along the road, with such a look of wild terror as no man had ever seen before on his face.

Mark Blake lay where he had fallen—not a sound, not a stir—a ghastly object amongst the fresh spring flowers, with his blank, wide open eyes staring vacantly up at the sweet summer sky, that looked down on him in unconscious, unpitying beauty—

"Cut off, even in the blossom of his sin—
Unhousled, disappointed, unaneled—
No reckoning made, but sent to his account
With all his imperfections on his head."

Meanwhile, happily unconscious of his own escape from the very jaws of death, and of the terrible fate that had befallen his would-be assassin, Maurice drove with his fair young bride through deep hedgerows, white with the May blossoms, and musical with the love melodies of the birds. The gentle breeze which their own swift motion made in the still air blew softly and sweetly in their faces. Happiness pervaded their souls as sunshine, the air, bright, warm, making every thought and hope radiant with its glory. For a time neither spoke. No words that were ever coined in human brain, or that melted in music from human lips, could tell their joy and love. They looked in each other's eyes and silently communed soul to soul. The rosy shyness with which Nora's love peeped out in the hours of courtship had passed away; she was his wedded wife, all his own; and he was hers for ever. Lightly she laid her hand upon his and kept it there, a symbol of possession. So they drove through the rich land and fair kingly Kildare till they came to the proud seat of the Leinsters. On through the little town of Maynooth they swept, and passed the stately ruins of the tower and fortress of Silken Thomas, the first great rebel of the race of Geraldine. An amber-colored trout stream, with fish glittering in its shallows, flowed past under a high-shouldered bridge, and plunged down through the wooded valleys of the wide Carton demesne. A little beyond they passed through the great gates of iron, wrought like old-world embroidery, into the broad demesne. Straight in front of the long vista, the stately pile of limestone faced them, with its regiments of windows shining in the sun, vast and beautiful. In outline so clear, it seemed not built, but carved. Behind, the immemorial trees stretched up in rolling hills of verdure, slope upon slope, even to the sky-line.

Lord Edward met them with hearty welcome at the stately portals. He led them straight to the spacious library, while he despatched half a dozen retainers here, there, and everywhere, in quest of Pamela.

His welcome was not half exhausted when Pamela entered with the baby in her arms. She was pale, for the blood had been stolen from the young mother's cheeks to feed the life dearer to her than her own, that nestled at her bosom. Proudly and tenderly she held to her heart the soft fluttering bundle of white lace and pale blue ribbons, from which peeped out a tiny face cut in delicate pink coral with blue turquoise eyes wide open in it. The wee hands, smooth, fragile as wild rose petals, moved restlessly in the soft white drapery, feeling their way in the new, strange world. With bright eyes and quick step, still clasping to her heart the tender blossom of her happy love, Pamela came to where they sat.

"Maurice, my dearest friend, Pam," said the young husband, "You will love him for my sake."

"And for his own," she answered sweetly, with her pretty, foreign accent, putting her little hand frankly into his. "I know you well," she went on, with a winning look, impossible to resist. "Your portrait has been painted for me by my husband's praises. You will be my friend, won't you, as well as his?"

"Oh, Norah, Norah!" She burst out, with true French abandonment, stooping down to kiss the blushing face of the bride. "I'm so glad you will be as happy as I am—almost. You and I will be friends always, like our husbands, and—and you shall paint the boy's picture—there!"

With a gesture of infinite generosity, like one who bestows the crown of all the world, she put the little smiling atom of humanity into the arms of the bride.

Tenderly, very tenderly, Norah took the soft white bundle, and pressed it close to her bosom. The mysterious maternal instinct that is born with a woman, that makes the busy toddler scarce out of her cradle so tender with her dolly, thrilled the virgin heart of the newly-made wife. Her cheek glowed, and a tender mist of tears softened the love light in the depths of her clear eyes. Pamela drew her gently apart to the great window that looked out on the wooded lawn and wide-skirted meadows, and those two joined heart and soul in woman's blameless idolatry, baby-worship, with all the pretty lisping inarticulate nothings by which the deity is propitiated.

Smilingly, lovingly, the two men glanced after them, and then clasped hands again in mutual gratulation. Each read in the other's face his hopes and happiness.

"Thank God, it is as well with the old land as with us," said Lord Edward cheerily. "You have had your wish, Maurice. We have won without fighting."

"I trust so," said Maurice. "But I do not trust our rulers." For the first time there was a touch of sadness in his voice.

But Lord Edward laughed as light-heartedly as a boy. "I trust their fears, not their truth," he said. "Ireland is safe. They dare not refuse her freedom. Yet do you know, Maurice," he went on, "sometimes when the old wild spirit gets uppermost in me, I am half sorry we will not have to fight for it. You remember the vow we took long ago with clasped hands under the starlight, in the wild backwoods of free America, to be true to Ireland even to the death?"

"Our lives have seen many changes since, but in this we have not changed," said the other solemnly. "That vow holds still, and we are ready to redeem it. Not danger nor death, nor love itself is strong enough to hold us back if Ireland calls. I will never fail the old land in her need."

"Nor I," replied Lord Edward, with flushed cheek and flashing eyes. "Life has grown very pleasant to me of late. Never so pleasant as now. But now, as ever, I am ready, if God so wills it, to die for Ireland."

Something in the tones of the men's voices drew the women towards them.

As the ominous words "die for Ireland" fell upon her ear, Pamela clasped her baby tighter to her bosom, and nestled close to her husband's side.

"God forbid," she cried with piteous earnestness.

"God's will be done," cried Norah, firmly, though the sudden tears blinded her. "Your life is mine, Maurice. But when Ireland calls I would not stay you if I could."

Again Lord Edward laughed out cheerfully. "There is no danger of fighting or dying, you silly little Mother Hubbard," he said, patting his wife's cheek with playful tenderness. "We are all going to live happy for ever and ever, like the good folk in the nursery tales."

THE END.

An Amusing Story.

The latest story told of Mr. William O'Brien, ex-M. P., has its amusing side. It appears he ordered for a batch of friends a lot of '98 brooches ornamented with pikeheads from a Dublin jeweller. The order having been finished, a message was transmitted to the effect that the "pikes are now ready." This came to the notice of an emissary of Scotland Yard. He was alarmed at the dangerous import of his news, and gave the alarm to his colleagues. After serious and searching inquiries the news that the pikes were harmless suddenly transpired on their astonished senses.

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SISTER THERESA'S STORY.

Through Darkness Riseth Light to the Upright.

BY BLANCHE C. KING.

She was such a pretty little creature that I could not help taking an unusual interest in her.

When she was carried into my ward from the ambulance and laid on the bed she looked so young and girlish. Her eyes were closed, and there seemed very little life in her. It was a sunstroke, they said. They found her lying on the church steps unconscious. We worked with her a long time before she came to herself. She was very plainly dressed, but exquisitely neat. Suddenly she opened her eyes—such big brown ones—and smiled the saddest smile I ever saw. She didn't ask me anything. Usually, the first question is, "Where am I?" or "How did I come here?" But she only smiled and said, "I am *so* tired!" and seemed losing herself again. I knew that wouldn't do, and I told Sister Madalene, who was helping me, that I believed the poor thing was starving. She was so thin. Her hands were painfully so, and the plain gold ring she wore on the third finger of her left hand would scarcely stay on. I was glad to see a wedding ring, and I looked inside, hoping to find a name. There was only the date, "Oct. 23."

She seemed too weak to stay awake, but we managed to feed her a few spoonfuls of beef tea, which, I was glad to see, brought a little color to her lips. Then she gave a contented sigh like a tired child, and sank into a sweet, natural sleep.

It was several days before she was strong enough to be questioned; she would rouse enough to take the nourishment I gave her and then fall asleep again. The doctor said she was completely exhausted, mentally and physically.

Finally, one morning when I was sitting beside her reading my office, I looked up and found she was watching me with a puzzled, wistful expression, as if she was trying to remember something. I told her where she was, and that we would take good care of her until she was well again. I knew, though, she would never be well again. I felt sure of that from the first. She had no vitality—there was nothing to build upon.

From that time, little by little, she told me her history. It was the same old story that we Sisters hear so often, of a woman's suffering caused by an unworthy husband. She had only been married a little over two years and was not quite twenty. Her husband's intemperance had caused all her trouble. A few weeks before, her little three months' old baby had died. She had worked so hard to take care of it, and of herself for its sake. For weeks her husband would disappear, and she would earn what she could, but it was barely enough to keep from starving. Then he would come home so penitent, so ashamed, and for a time things would be better.

He was a printer by trade and could earn a good living if he would but let liquor alone. But when the baby died he rushed madly out of the house, and she had not seen him since.

"He never could bear trouble," she said, in extenuation.

Holy Mother forgive me, but what punishment is great enough for these men—these *cowards*!—who leave their wives to suffer alone! Forgive me the bitter thoughts that arise in my heart when I think of that delicate little woman alone with her dead child, watching in vain for the husband and father—for the husband who had promised in God's sight to love and cherish her, and who now, when she needed him most, had left her, to deaden his grief with liquor because he "could not bear trouble!" I would not wish the soul of such a man, were he in Purgatory, worse suffering than to be obliged to realize those days and nights of watching and waiting; to understand the anguish of a woman's suspense.

But she loved him through it all. I could see how she was watching for him, ready to forgive and forget everything. We had sent word to a neighbor who had been good to her, and she had promised to send him to the hospital as soon as he came home.

Well, at last he came. They sent for me to see him first, and, indignant as I felt towards him, I must confess I pitied him with all my heart—when I saw him. His remorse was terrible. He had suffered, too, His face told that. He was a good-looking, manly fellow with brown curly hair and honest grey eyes, but a weak mouth and chin, very easily influenced for good or evil, I could plainly see; and he told me bad companions had been his ruin. He seemed to realize fully what he had done, and promised—oh, how earnestly he promised!—to do right now. I liked him in spite of everything, and I felt that with such eyes as his, that looked so frankly and unflinchingly into mine as he told his story, he might be able to redeem the weakness of his lower features.

I left them alone together for the few minutes I allowed him to see her. He was dreadfully shocked at her weakness and cried like a child when he left the room, but seemed sure she would soon recover. I knew she would never leave the hospital alive, but I tried to be cheerful with him, for he needed all the help he could get. He would find it out for himself only too soon.

He came to see her every day, and every day she grew weaker and weaker. She tried so hard to get stronger for his sake. She used to tell him she was sure she would be able to go home with him the next week.

Her widowed mother lived in the

country, perhaps two hundred mil
distant. She wanted her mother
come to her, and kept asking us
send for her, and we did not know ho
to tell her that her husband had r
ceived news of the mother's sudde
death; but she worried so much th
at last I was obliged to tell her. I fe
sure, in her weak state, that she wou
not fully realize her loss.

After her first grief was over s
said almost joyfully, "Baby is wi
mother!" and seemed wonderful
comforted. She would talk so mu
about it and tell us how plainly s
could imagine them always togeth
and her poor young husband wou
have to leave the room to hide
tears.

Father Ryan had taken a ve
warm interest in the young couple
soon as he heard their story. Y
know what a tender heart he has, a
how closely he follows in his Maste
footsteps. Many is the poor stor
tossed soul to whom he has brou
peace. The chapel of Our Lady
being renovated and repainted, a
through the Father's influence
young man obtained work there, a
he could be near the hospital, too.
was so thankful that he had foun
friend in the good priest. He was
of our faith; but that did not matt
he seemed to have no particular fa
of his own. That was the chief ca
of his trouble. Nothing to anc
him; nothing to hold him back.

In spite of her illness and his an
ety, I think they had never kn
such peaceful days. After all, pe
oftenest comes through afflict
though it takes years to make us
lieve it.

Hour by hour she grew weaker,
one morning, just at sunrise, cl
her eyes like a weary child to
them on "Mother and baby."
missed the care of her, for I had gr
to love her in these few weeks, b
was best as it was. Undoubtedly,
death was his salvation.

What became of him? Come
me to the chapel this evening a
will show him to you. He is a p
now—Father Francis.

SOME FURTHER PROOFS

That the Catholic Church is the True Church Founded by Christ.

Michigan Catholic.

Another immense congregatio
ened to Rev. Father Hallisey's
course in SS. Peter and Paul's C
dral Detroit, last Sunday evening.
on the preceding Sunday eveni
considerable portion of the assem
was made up of non Catholics.

Taking his text from John XV,
"If the world hate you, know
hath hated Me before you." F
Hallissey spoke substantially a
lows:

"I have presented to you durin
course of these conferences, a f
the many proofs which can be br
forward to show that the Roman
olic Church is the one true c
founded by Jesus Christ. It
take more than one series of in
tions to exhaust this important s
upon which volumes have been wr
There are other proofs then, ju
strong and as convincing as the
have given, which can be adv
did time permit. For example
might show that the Roman C
alone has that distinctive ma
Catholicity which has been looke
by the early Fathers as a
sign whereby the world could
nize the Church of Christ. And
sirous are they, who are not
household of faith, to lay claim
title, because they know fro
history of the early Church t
Christians gloried in the na
Catholic, that every effort is m
force the world to acknowledg
Church as the Catholic Church
the world will not do it. Whe
say we are Catholics they mu
their distinction, but not Roma
olics, whereas we who have
been known by that name, sim
we are Catholics, and people ac
for just what we are.

"This attempt within recen
to foist upon a people doctrin
practices and a name, which h
ways been found in the Roma
olic Church alone, is becomin
seating to earnest, intelligent
who will not be trifled with in
to a subject so serious and vita
ligion. Or again, we might s
divinity of the Catholic Churc
her doctrines, which are identic
those taught by Christ and H
tles. Or further, we might at
principles of Protestantism, a
how unstable and illogical th
for instance, the Protestant
Faith: all truth is contained
Scriptures, and each one mus
pret them according to his be
ment. The faith that is bu
such a foundation is built on
sand. It starts out with an ass
that the Bible is the word of
how can it be proven?

"Can it not be stated also t
of the works of Marcus Auri
the Koran, or the Imitation of
inspired? Every Catholic beli
Bible to be the Word of
grounds his faith in this beli
Church, which was before t
and which fixed the canon of S
declaring to him which books
spired and which not. But
laying too long on these ma
teresting and instructive as
and must come to the subje
will claim our attention this

"It is often asked: 'If
claim, the Catholic Church i
true Church founded by Jes
how does it happen that man
side of her communion and
her?'