date. The modern Protestants are completing the work of the Reformation with a vengeance. The Reformers left the Bible alone, but now it is in the melting pot. Its parts are sorted out, interpolations are discovered throughout, what emerges is tattered fragments of doubtful value." Might not Dr. Fortesque have had the discussions at the recent "Methodist Ecumenical Conference" in mind when he wrote these words? "Bible religion" used to be the boasted distinguishing mark of the average Methodist. Now it seems repudiation of the integrity of the written Word is his badge of honor.

DR. FORTESQUE had been commenting upon a tract entitled "Reunion and Rome," written by a Rev. Percy Dearmer, D. D., with a view to disposing of the Papal claims to supremacy. The pamphlet contains nothing new, being a simple rehash of the old threadbare Anglican sophistries on the subject. What attracted Dr. Fortesque's attention, however, was the naive remark upon the famous text, "Thou art Peter," that "as it is still used in this way, we must briefly point out why the position has been long abandoned by scholars." It is a dangerous proceeding, Dr. Fortesque opines in this connection, to effect an easy air of familiarity with subjects of which one really knows nothing. Dr. Dearmer provides a number of salutary warnings to this effect. "Does he not delicately imply that he has studied the latest, the most scholarly and critical Protestant exegetes, and has found that they see no basis for Popery in the famous text. . . . It is rash to talk of scholars unless you know something about them. And here Dr. Dearmer has given himself hopelessly away. He only shows that his pretence is a fraud, that he knows nothing at all about his subject."

DR. DEARMER is of absolutely no consequence in a discussion of the subject in general. He is but a peg to hang a telling refutation of the old Protestant notion of the text upon. Time was when leaders among them, in excess of zeal rather than in a spirit of honest inquiry, mustered all their forces against the Catholic interpretation (and let it be added, the natural, obvious sense) of Our Lord's words to Peter. The "rock" was "Peter's faith"; St. Peter "had no authority over the other apostles"; the Catholic interpretation was a "tissue of insolent assumptions," and so on, *ad infinitum*. *But*, under stress of German criticism, these old notions have had to be abandoned, and, one by one, the first of higher critics, German, French and English, have been constrained to admit that "the blessing of Peter is absolutely hierarchical," "the text contains the root idea upon which the Catholic ecclesiastical system is logically built"; and "it cannot be disputed that it proclaims solemnly the primacy of Peter." These, and numerous other affirmations are gleaned from critics such as Holtzmann, Pfleiderer, Hausrath, Mehlhorn, Soltau, Wernle, Jülicher, Schmiedel, Wellhausen, Harnack, and others—all names of magic significance in the school of the "higher critics." So much for Dr. Dearmer's "scholars."

BUT, AS Dr. Fortesque is careful to point out, such affirmations as these are not made in defence of the Papacy. Far from it. They issue from men who are utterly opposed to it. But the significance of their admissions lies in the direction of proving the entire abandonment of the time honored Protestant point of view. The text of St. Matthew, xvi. 18 19, unquestionably points to the primacy of St. Peter, therefore *it must of necessity be an interpolation*. That is the way they get over the difficulty. One writer (Schnitzer) goes so far as to say that these verses were forged in Rome between the years 181 and 200. "The text did not make the Papacy, the Papacy made it"—a subterfuge and a shifting of position more grotesque even than the bull headed malice and obstinacy of the first "Reformers." The authenticity of the text is not the question under discussion, and is therefore not gone into. "What we can retain at present," concludes Dr. Fortesque, "is the admission of these critics that, *if authentic*, the Catholic position is sound." And that is sufficient to put shallow sophists of the Dearmer type completely out of court.

A CURIOUS commentary upon the world's vaunted reverence for intellect is afforded by the fact, now for but the second time publicly referred to, that Dr. Lingard received the munificent sum of £1,000 for the first volumes of his "History of England," and that this was considered under all the circumstances of the time a very good offer indeed. Five thousand dollars was doubtless at the time the History was published, (1819-1830) a goodly sum, but when one reflects upon the years of intense application and deep research devoted to its compilation, and, on the other hand, upon the prodigious sums earned even in Lingard's time by popular novelists, the material remuneration of England's greatest historian (for as such he is coming to be so regarded) seems the merest pittance. But like most writers of real eminence, Dr. Lingard found his most cherished reward in the applause of men of genius over all Europe. It earned him a Doctor's cap from Pope Pius VII., election to the French Academy, and a place among the world's immortals. That his fame has thus far not equalled that of Hume, Macaulay or Froude is due perhaps in some measure to the lack of an adequate biography, which want has in this year of grace been made good to us. It is still more due to his priesthood and to his identification with an unpopular cause such as the Catholic Church represented in the England of the time. That being so it reflects the greater credit upon Lord Melbourne, the first premier of Victoria's reign, that he ultimately settled upon the historian a pension of £300 a year.

WHAT IS less generally known is that Lingard was once thought to have been marked out for the cardinalate. Cardinal Wiseman discusses the subject in his most interesting "Recollections of the Last Four Popes," in which he pays a notable tribute to the character and attainments of the historian. But the words uttered by Pope Leo XII. in consistory in 1826, to the effect that he had reserved *in petto* for the dignity of Cardinal "a man of great talents, an accomplished scholar, whose writings, drawn *ex authenticis fontibus*, had not only rendered great service to religion, but had delighted and astonished Europe," which were in Rome generally understood to refer to the historian of England, had reference, as Cardinal Wiseman expresses it, to "a very different person," whose subsequent career not only rendered such elevation impossible, but, through the tortuousness of his own mind put him outside the pale of the Church altogether. This was the celebrated Abbe de la Mennais, whose earlier career was so full of promise. Dr. Lingard had no such high destiny as a member of the Sacred college, but he met with full appreciation at Rome, and Rome in her turn honored him. And what may be considered the two most notable literary events of the year 1911 is the recrudescence of Dr. Lingard and Bishop George Hay.

THE HEROIC pages in the history of Catholic missions of the past is being repeated in every quarter of the globe at the present day. Alaska furnishes many typical instances of this. We have read of the consecrated life and heroic death of Brother Paquin of the Society of Jesus. Not less heroic, if as yet spared the sacrifice of life, are the labors of the Ursuline nuns in that far off and (in the long winter) inhospitable land. Hand in hand with the Jesuit Fathers, they are laboring for the welfare of the native Esquimaux and for the spiritual benefit of the white miner and trader isolated in that far-north corner of Canada. St. Mary's Igloo is about one hundred and fifty miles north of Cape Nome, and is described as the last station on the border separating the civilized from the uncivilized and unexplored world. There the winter cold sometimes touches fifty below zero, the snow blizzard is an ever near danger, and church and hut are sometimes completely buried from sight. In such weather it is next to impossible to stir from the hut. An incident is related of a miner who ventured out to bring logs lying less than fifty yards away, and who succumbed before help could reach him.

AT THIS far off station a little church—a primitive structure of logs—has been erected at a cost of $500. The altar is a plank on which stands a statue of the Sacred Heart, another of Our Lady of Lourdes, the patron saint of the mission, and a few ornaments. The priest in charge, Father Bernard, S. J., has learned the language of the Esquimaux and is seeking to bring them into the Church. They are pagans, but of peaceful disposition, and believe in a just God. Twenty converts a year is about the average result of his labors, but the prospects are good and the Fathers in the district, of whom there are seven, live in patient hope and expectation. They travel from mission to mission, either on snowshoes or by dog sled. The life is very hard, but the cause inspiring, and, like the missionaries among the Hurons three centuries ago, all is counted gain if neglected souls may be brought to the true God. The Ursulines are not so far north, but they labor for the same end and endure trials scarcely less severe. To the Catholics of Canada and the United States they look for support and encouragement.

If we could only live a day at a time, wouldn't we be happier? Just fill each day with the best work we can do, the cheerliest things we can say; let love radiate all around us and not worry over the things we are afraid are going to happen and make ourselves miserable over those which happened long ago.

ST. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY AND A CANADIAN PARALLEL

BY a curious coincidence, just when the English journals were commemorating the five-hundreth anniversary of the foundation of the ancient University of St. Andrews, a kindly correspondent sent us a copy of our contemporary, The Casket, for August 31, 1911. At first sight the connexion may not be immediately apparent. For it is hardly necessary to say that this paper dating from last month and coming from the other side of the Atlantic was not occupied with the centenary celebration just holden in St. Andrews. And in point of fact its pages are filled with the record of a local festivity, and that moreover not to commemorate the past but to crown and consolidate a comparatively new work for the welfare of the present and future generations. It is a far cry from St. Andrew's to Antigonish. And it may seem a characteristic difference that while men in the Old World are thus looking back, those in the New Western World are mainly occupied with the present and the future. But a closer examination of the facts and a little further reflection will show us that with all these differences the two celebrations have far more in common, and that both alike convey the same lesson and give us the same cause for satisfaction.

There is one aspect of the event recently commemorated in Scotland that has unfortunately received far too little attention in this country. And there is more reason to regret this, because the religious significance of the foundation of St. Andrew's University might do much towards removing some popular prejudices. For Englishmen the characteristic and predominant Prostestantism of Scotsmen is scarcely less conspicuous than the Catholicism of the Irish. And as many still cherish the old belief that the Church is opposed to learning and enlightenment, they may readily suppose that there is some close connexion between the superiority of Scottish popular education and the pronounced Protestantism of the people, even as the alleged illiteracy of Irishmen and Spaniards is put down to their Popery. Were it only for this reason it is well that the world should be reminded that Scotland's love of learning dates from her olden Catholic days, and that the first Scottish University had a distinctly Catholic and papal origin.

If this fact stood alone it might be open to the Protestant to make a plausible objection. He might suggest that the foundation of his first university was but the beginning of better things, that the progress of education and enlightenment has accompanied the decline of Catholicism, and that the people so conspicuous for their love of learning are now mainly or wholly Protestant. We are well aware that this is fallacious. We know that a great part of the Scottish people were true to the faith of their fathers, and that if they have not the same opportunity of showing their love of learning as their Protestant countrymen this does not come from their faith, but from poverty and persecution. But however well we may know this ourselves, we might well wish to have some luminous fact to make it manifest to others, to show that the Church still cherishes scholarship as she did five centuries since, to show that the Catholic Scotsman, where happier circumstances allow it, will do as much for science and learning as any of his Protestant countrymen. And this is just what we find in the events recorded in the columns of The Casket.

This excellent journal, as our readers may remember, is published at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, where it has been established for close upon forty years, and may be said to represent one of the most Catholic dioceses in that new Scotland of the West. For as it styles itself "A Catholic journal non-Partisan in Politics" it does not speak for any particular section of the people. And when it devotes the greater part of its pages to the events of "a day to be remembered," to wit August 24, 1911, we may be sure that the interest of that day was something distinctly Catholic and religious. "The main events of the day," says our contemporary, "were the opening of the new science hall, and the blessing of the corner stone of the new university chapel." Verily, this New Scotland is true to the tradition of the old Catholic Scotland of five centuries since. And the union of Catholic faith and Scottish scholarship inaugurated at St. Andrews in 1411 still survives in Antigonish in this twentieth century.

In this case, indeed, it is not the inauguration of a new University, but a new increase and development of an institution that has already done good service to Catholic education. And it is significant that both the School of Science and the new University Chapel are gifts of former students of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, the one being the gift of Mr Neil MacNeil, and the other of Dr. John E Somers. Mr. MacNeil, who is himself a native of Cape Breton, is the son of parents who emigrated from the Island of Barra, one of the most Catholic parts of the Scottish Gaidhealtachd. And the wealth of which he makes such a worthy use is all the fruit of his own enterprise and industry. Dr. Somers is a native of Antigonish. But, like Mr. MacNeil, he has made his career in the neighbouring United States.

It is pleasant to have this practical proof of the continued union between faith and science. And as we have already observed, this good work done the other day in Nova Scotia recalls the foundation of the ancient Scottish University, and affords an effective answer to those who regard the Church as the foe of light and learning. And though it does not seem to have occurred to anyone to make this comparison or connect the new work with the approaching celebration at St. Andrews, those who were present at the Nova Scotian College on this memorable occasion were not allowed to forget this golden age of mediæval scholarship and the earlier alliance of learning and religion. For a notable feature in the proceedings was a lecture delivered by Dr. James J. Walsh, Dean of the Medical School of Fordham University, New York, who had much to say on the merits of mediæval education. This dictum, it may be well to add, is fully reported in The Casket. And we may venture to express a hope that it will also be separately issued and widely circulated.

It is true, no doubt, much of the excellent matter contained in this lecture may be found elsewhere. Many others before Dr. Walsh have paid a first tribute to the educational work of earlier days, have uttered words of warning against false or exaggerated notions of modern progress, and have protested against the popular superstition that there is a warfare between science and religion. Yet in more ways than one this lecture seems likely to have a good effect where the well meaning efforts of others have been unavailing. For one thing, a bright and lively speech may well win a hearing with those who will not listen to learned dissertations which, however true and cogently argued, offer instruction without entertainment. At the same time a distinguished man of science like Dr. Walsh has an obvious advantage in this matter over champions who may be suspected of ignorance or theological prejudice.

Apart from these more serious considerations there is a particular piquancy in a vindication of the past delivered in such a very modern fashion as the following protest against our popular pride in progress. "Unfortunately," says Dr. Walsh, "I am not one of those who, in our American phrase, take very much stock in the supposed progress of mankind. I may indeed say, to continue the metaphor, that I disposed of all my shares in this prospect some time ago, confident that the promoters had so grossly exaggerated its value, or so literally manufactured its assets, that it was a dangerous concern to be any longer a stockholder in." And while he goes to the modern mart for his metaphors, the lecturer does not disdain to quote the wise words of new teachers. Thus he says, with a touch of patriotic pride, "Our own Josh Billings, whom our brother-Canadians are said to have appreciated more than ourselves, once, said 'It is not so much the ignorance of mankind that makes them ridiculous as the knowing so many thins that ain't so.'" And then fearful lest this illuminating utterance might delude us into a belief in progress in philosophy, the lecturer hastens to add: "After all, he was only paraphrasing in humorous American vein what Roger Bacon said nearly seven centuries before, 'What keeps men from making advance in knowledge more than anything else is their fear to say I do not know.'"

These are but samples of the lighter touches in Dr. Walsh's lecture, which, with all its brightness and vivacity, carries withal a wealth of learning. Thus before coming to consider the methods of mediæval universities, he gives a pleasing picture of ancient Egyptian education, which anticipated much that is best in our modern systems and pays a tribute to the "medical wisdom of the Ebers papyrus with its over 700 drugs administered in every modern form." And again, after a just appreciation of the great work achieved in the Middle Ages, notably in the development of jurisprudence, he gives a comprehensive account of the progress in medical science in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, showing how the chief place was taken in turn by Italy, France and Germany. And as an effective refutation of some popular beliefs on this matter, he is able to show the important part played by Catholic men of science, reminding us, for example, how "Father Beccaria was doing the work that in 1775, when he was not yet forty years of age, brought about his election as a fellow of the Royal Society of England."—Tablet, W. H. K.

HOW STANDS THE RECORD?

Antigonish Casket

"When there is a Protestant majority, we claim religious liberty, because such is their principle; but when we are in the majority we refuse it, because that is ours." This has ever been the policy of the Roman Catholic Church; and there is no evidence that it has changed since the days when the Pope of Rome had power to enforce his decrees.—The Presbyterian Witness.

"Religious toleraunce a fruit of the Reformation."—Archdeacon Armitage in Church Work.

"Presbyteries appointed to summon before them all papists, and those suspected of papistry, in order to satisfy the Kirk, and if they compare not, or refuse to give satisfaction, they are to be dilated to the privy council; who must direct letters, charging the said papists, and those suspected of papistry, to appear before them, and to produce sufficient certificates of due satisfaction given to the Kirk, under the pain of rebellion, and of being put to the horn; and if they fail therein that they be denounced and both their single and liferent escheat belong to the King. And whosoever receipts, supplies or entertains such persons after denunciation aforsaid, shall also incur the penalty of single or life-rent escheat."—Act of 1594, Chap. 197

In the year 1600 it was enacted:

"That the statutes made against Jesuits, seminary priests, sayers and hearers of Mass, and their receipters, should be put in due execution; with the following explanation: That the former acts shall be extended against the hearers and sayers of Mass, without exception. That every person who harbors a Jesuit, seminary priest, etc., shall be subjected to the penalties of the former statutes as wilfully incurring the same, after being warned by public intimation."—Acts of 1600. Chap. 18.

In 1700, a premium of 500 marks was ordained "for discovering and seizing any priest, Jesuit, or trafficking papists that may be convicted."—Chapter 3.

Also in 1700:

"If a man is held and reputed to be a Jesuit, priest or trafficking papist; or if it be made out that he has changed his name or surname, either of these circumstances, with his refusing to purge himself of popery, shall be a sufficient cause for the privy council to banish him from the realm, never to return, under pain of death, being a papist."—Chapter 3.

Nearer home in the New England States, how was it? Take Sewel's History of the Quakers:—(Sewel was a Protestant).

"These detestable scenes of more than savage barbarity, says a Protestant writer, began in the month called July, 1656. Mary Fisher, and Ann Austin, having arrived in the road before Boston, the Deputy Governor Bellingham had them brought on shore and committed to prison as Quakers. They were stript naked under pretence of knowing whether they were witches; and in this search they were so barbariously misused that modesty forbids to mention it. After about five weeks' imprisonment they were sent back to Old England, the r beds and bibles being taken by the jailor for his fees."—Sewel's History, p. 157.

"Scarce a month after, eight, others of those called Quakers, came; they were locked up in the same manner as the former; and after about eleven weeks' stay they were sent back. John Endicot bid them "Take heed that ye break not our ecclesiastical laws, for then ye are sure to stretch by the halter.'

"Then a law was made to prohibit all masters of ships from bringing any Quakers into that jurisdiction. Nicholas Upsal, a member of the Church, and a man of unblameable character, for speaking against such proceedings, was fined twenty-three pounds, and imprisoned also, for not coming to Church, next they banished him out of their jurisdiction; and though a weakly old man, yet he was forced to depart in the winter."—Sewel, p. p. 168, 169.

"The following year, 1657, Anne Burden and Mary Dyer were imprisoned at Boston; and Mary Clark, for warning these persecutors to desist from their iniquity, were unmercifully rewarded with twenty stripes of a three-colored whip, on her naked back, and detained in prison about three months, in the winter season. The cords of these whips were commonly as thick as a man's little finger, having each some knots at the end."

"Christopher Halder and John Copeland were whipt at Boston the same year, each thirty stripes, with a knotted whip of three cords, the hangman measuring his ground and fetching the strokes with all the force he could, which so cruelly cut their flesh that a woman seeing it fell down for dead. Then they were locked up in prison, and kept three days without food or so much as a drink of water, and detained in prison for nine weeks, in the cold winter season, without fire, bed or straw.

"Lawrence and Chssandra Southwick, and their son Josiah, being carried to Boston, were all of them, notwithstanding the old age of the two, sent to the House of Correction, and whipt with cords, as those before, in the coldest season of the year, and had taken from them to the value of £4, 10s., for not coming to Church."

"In the year 1658, a law was made, which besides imposing heavy penalties and imprisonments, extended to working in the House of Correction, severe whipping, cutting off ears, and boring through their tongues with a red hot iron, whether male or female, and such like inhuman barbarities." — Sewel p. 191.

Be it remembered that those persecuted Quakers were Protestants. Moreover, their errors were largely errors of the mind. Their conduct, as a body, was meek and mild. In fact they exaggerated the necessity of peace in all circumstances, and at any cost.

"The same year William Brend and William Leddra came to Newberry; thence they were carried to Boston to the House of Correction, to work there; but they, unwilling to submit thereto, were kept five days without any food, and then beaten twenty strokes with a three-corded whip."

"Next day they were put into irons, neck and heels, so close together, that there was no more room left between them for the lock that fastened them and kept in that situation sixteen hours, and them brought to the mill to work; but Brend refusing, was beaten by the inhuman jailor with a pitched rope, more than a hundred strokes, till his flesh was bruised into a jelly, his body turned cold, and for some time he had neither seeing, feeling, nor hearing."—Sewel, pp. 190, 192.

A person was heard to say,:

"William Brend endeavored to beat our gospel ordinances black and blue, if then he be beaten black and blue it is but just upon him; and I will appear in the behalf of him that did so."—Sewel, pp. 193, 194.

"In the same year, John Copeland, Christopher Halder and John Rous were taken up, and in a private manner, had their right ears cut off by authority, and as if these inhuman barbarities were not sufficient, John Norton and other persons, petitioned for a law to banish the Quakers on pain of death. The petition was granted October 20th, 1658, by the court of Boston. A short extract of the law is as follows: "Whereas, there is a pernicious sect (commonly called Quakers) do take upon them to change and alter the received laudable customs of our nation, and also to destroy the order of the churches, by denying all established forms of worship; for prevention thereof, this Court doth order and enact, that every person or persons being convicted to be of the sect of the Quakers, shall be sentenced to be banished upon pain of death."—Sewel, p. 218.

"Daniel and Provided Southwick, son and daughter to Lawrence and Cassandra, not frequenting the assemblies of such a persecuting generation, were fined £10 though it was well known they had no estate, their parents being already brought to poverty by their rapacious persecutors. To get this money, the general Court of Boston issued an order, by which the treasures of the several counties were empowered to sell the said persons to any of the English nation, at Virginia, or Barbadoes, to answer the said fines."

"William Mason, at Hampton, was fined £10 for two books found in his house; £5 for not frequenting their church, and £3 besides, as due to the parson; for which fine, he had taken from him what amounted to more than £20. Not long after, above £1 000 were taken from same, only because they had separated themselves from the persecuting church."—Sewel, p. 218.

Thomas Prince, Governor of Plymouth, was heard to say, that in his conscience, the Quakers were such a people as deserved to be destroyed, they, their wives and children, their houses and lands, without pity or mercy. Humphrey Norton, at New Haven, for being a Quaker, was severely whipt, and burnt in the hand with the letter 'H,' to signify heretic."

"Thus unjust and bloody sentence of death was executed upon William Robinson, and Marmaduke Stevenson, the 27th October, 1659 When they were come near the gallows, the parson (Wilson) tauntingly said to Robinson, 'Shall such Jacks as you come in before authority with your hats on; to which Robinson replied, 'mind you, mind you, it is for the not putting off the hat, we are put to death.'"—Sewel, p. 226.

"The persons that were hanged were barbarously used, even their shirts were ripped off with a knife, and their naked bodies cast in a hole that was dug, without any covering, and parson Wilson makes a ballad on them. On the 31st of the 3rd month, 1660, Mary Dyer was sentenced to death by Endicot, and the next day executed. William Leddra returned to Boston, was cast into an open prison, and locked in chains day and night, in a very cold winter, and was sentenced to death, and executed, on the 14th of the 1st month, 1661."—Sewel, p. 254.

"Many, both men and women, were stript naked from the waist and upward, tied to the cart-tail, and scourged in the brutal and barbarous manner, while the persons who were the principal instigators to such more than savage meanness were pleased in nothing better than in the exercise of such anti-Christian and diabolical cruelties."

"Peter Pearson, and Judith Brown, being stript to the waist, were fastened to a cart-tail, and whipt through the town of Boston. Also Josiah Southwick was stript, and led through the streets of Boston, at the cart-tail, vehemently scourged by the hangman. The same day he was whipt at Roxbury, and next morning at Dedham. The whip used for these cruel executers, was not of whip-cord, but of dried guts; and each strung with three knots at the end."—Sewel pp. 271, 324.

"December 22nd, 1662. At Dover, Anne Coleman, Mary Tompkins and Alice Ambrose, were sentenced to be fastened to the cart-tail, and whipt on their naked backs, through eleven towns, a distance of nearly 80 miles. Teen, in a very cold day, the deputy, Walden, at Dover, caused these women to be stript naked, from the middle upward, and tied to a cart, and then the parson looked on and laughed at it. Two of their friends testified against Walden's cruelty, for which they were put in the stocks."

"The women were carried to Hampton, and there whipt; from thence to Salisbury, and again whipt. William Barefoot at length obtained the warrant from the constable and let them go; the parson advising to the contrary. Not long after these women returned to Dover, and again seized, while in meeting, and barbarously dragged about at the instigation of (a man falsely called) Hate-evil Nutwell, a ruling elder."

"The barbarity of their persecutors, on this occasion, exceeds description, being seized in meeting, while on their knees in prayer, they were dragged by their arms nearly a mile, through a deep snow, across fields and over stumps, by which they were much bruised. The next day they were barbarously dragged down a steep hill to the water side, and threatened with drowning; and one of them was actually plunged into the water, when a sudden shower obliged them to retreat; at length after much abuse, these poor victims of orthodox barbarity were turned out of doors at midnight, and with clothes wet and frozen, were obliged to suffer the inclemency of a very severe winter's night. Afterwards Anne Coleman and four of her friends were whipt through Salem, Boston and Dedham by order of Hawthorn, the magistrate. Anne Coleman was a little weakly woman."

It gives us no pleasures to recall these scenes of savage intolerant. We do so because we wish to see whether such writers as Archdeacon Armitage and the editor of the Presbyterian Witness are so absolutely in love with the dreams they have dreamed as to be proof against the plainest facts of history.

Also we wish to end, so far as facts can do it, the self complacency which first assumes, and then constantly repeats the fable that religious tolerance was the fruit of the "Reformation."

THE MODERN LITERARY CONSCIENCE

Conscience is the mirror in which the Eternal Law is reflected. Sometimes the mirror is soiled, or broken, entirely or partially, so that the Law is not clearly or only fragmentarily reflected. But in every case the injury done to the mirror is by the free act of its owner. He is responsible for the obscuring or the breaking of what the Creator intended to image correctly, eternal truth and moral obligation. Truth and obligation, as they appear in conscience, are the compelling subjective guides of every man; for behind the eternal law is the sanction of the Eternal Lawgiver, God.

There is no one to whom God gives better opportunities of knowing the Eternal Law than to men of superior intellect; for by their gifts they have been endowed with the faculty of knowing and understanding well the truths of reason and of revelation. With them there is no excuse for ignorance, for the ignorance of indolence or of malice is not excusable; hence they are culprits when they misrepresent, falsify, deny, or supress the truth, and place Venus in the place of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Judged by these simple principles, what are we to think of those writers who maliciously assail God, deny the Creed, and violate the Code imposed by Him on mankind? When such writers lie, are they not conscious of the malice of their act? When they teach immorality, do they not know that they are doing a vile thing? And when they suppress the truth or distort facts, do they not know that they are doing a dishonest act? Was Voltaire honest? Was Rousseau? Did not conscience tell them they that they were despicable for writing certain things that they did write? And of the horde of immoral writers, ancient and modern, from Boccacelo and Rabelais down to the recent French, German, Italian, English and American authors of salacious and atheistic novels, was there one in good faith? Was there one whose conscience did not reprove him for violating its primary promptings and precepts? Did Spinoza believe what he wrote? If so, he should have been put in a lunatic asylum. Did Haeckel's conscience not reprove him when prompted by a hatred of Christianity, he forged figures to prove a false theory in science?

Among scores of novels issued annually from the non-Catholic press, a reader can hardly find more than one or two fit to be read by a decent person. They violate the ordinary laws of truth and decency. These authors write for the low motives of money-making or of notoriety — never to do good. After forty or fifty pages of the new book, the unveracious and immoral part of it usually begins. Yet each of the writers had originally a conscience. What did he or she do with it?

Lack of conscience is shown in the suppression of truth as well as in falsifying historical, theological, or philosophical facts, and printing indecency. These writers violate the natural law that binds even the conscience of the savage; for he knows that it is wrong to lie, steal, murder, or take his neighbor's wife. Certainly, civilized men who have lived in the atmosphere of Christianity know and feel that lying and indecency are morally wrong. Even the Turk, the Hindoo, and the Oriental pagans know the primary laws of morality. Among us the most intellectual and well educated writers are often those most lacking in conscience! Some of them have been the chief corrupters of morals.

Here is a writer, although not a prominent culprit, who will serve as an example of a lack of conscience: J. C. Wright, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, some few years ago wrote a translation in verse of Dante's "Divine Comedy." It is fairly well done as to the rhymes and the sense. But his prose introductions to the different parts of the poem show a malicious purpose to exaggerate Dante's censure of ecclesiastics and to misrepresent the poet's meaning in his great work. One special illustration of this author's bias and bigotry must suffice. In the introduction to the "Paradiso," after giving a fair resume of the different cantos, he balks at the last one, evidently because the Blessed Virgin is there invoked in the beautiful prayer of St. Bernard composed by Dante. "By the intercession of St. Bernard," says Wright, "Dante is endued with grace to look upon the brightness of Jehovah and offers up a prayer that he may be enabled to show forth to unborn nations some traces of the glory revealed to him." But it was by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, whom St. Bernard invoked on Dante's behalf, that he was "endued with grace to look upon the brightness of Jehovah!" Why does not Wright say so? Why does he not give credit to the Blessed Virgin in this case, since he does not deign to name her in his three prose introductions? What kind of conscience can a writer have who ignores the truth when it is expressed in the plain text he is translating? Where is the "mens sibi conscia recti" of such a writer?

Another instance of this lack of conscience is evident in the new school of so called atheistic and foul novelists and writers of Irish plays. Where is the conscience of Shaw and of Synge? Why, even the very Preface to Synge's vulgar and loathsome "Playboy of the Western World" damns him. Hear him: "When I was writing 'The Shadow of the Glen,' some years ago, I got more aid than any learning could have given me from a chink in the floor of the old Wicklow house where I was staying that let me hear what was being said by the servant girls of the kitchen." Imagine Synge lying on the floor, now listening, now peeping through a hole in it at the poor innocent girls, to get a plot for an indecent play! An eavesdropper and a peeping Tom combined! It required a personality as low as that to write the plotless, vulgar, false, disgusting caricature of simple Irish peasants in the "Playboy." Yet some people call this literature!

If Dante could come back to life on earth he would probably place these violators of the canons of good taste and morality in a new edition of his "Inferno," impaled on the forks of the Malebranche.—HENRY A. BRANN, in America.

The growth of grace is like the polishing of metals. There is first an opaque surface; by and by you see a spark darting out, then a strong light, till at length it sends back a perfect image of the sun that shines upon it.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus means devotion to the love and humanity of Jesus Christ. The depths of that love are wholly beyond fathoming. Its story is told in the thirty-three years of the Saviour's mysterious sojourn among men. In every event of His life it stands forth prominently and appeals to us with an emphasis, which is not to be misunderstood.

The Dead G

So young! so fair! so swift the sudden calling,
A child, and dead!
Ah, wonder not the bitter tears are falling
O'er his dear head.

Sealed lips! dim eyes! no cheery word of greeting
For loved ones nigh.
But out beyond the stars he waits the meeting
With God on high.

So sleep, beloved, in hope of glad awaking
With Christ above.
In peace to rest, the prayer thine own are making
Through tears of love.

Thy will, not ours, we bow to Thy decision,
O meek and mild!
Sweet Jesus, grant, we pray, Thy blessed vision
To our dear child

—D. A. CASEY ("COLUMBA")