

extenuation," being made complete by the opportune interrogations of the confessor.

Captain Marryat has even introduced what most Protestants would consider a specially insidious invention for getting hold of impressionable youths, a ten days' retreat in solitude, under the direction of a well-trained master in the art of suggesting soul-subduing thoughts, together with spiritual reading carefully marked out for the same purpose.

Were such things written in a modern novel, they might justly be suspected of having been consciously borrowed from the Catholic Church, and be denounced as Popish. It is probable that Captain Marryat, who wrote the above in 1828, had no thought whatever that his Anglican prelate was playing the popish confessor. In his partiality for the Established Church of England, he wished to show that, in spite of worldly appearances, there might be genuine benevolence, and spiritual zeal and wisdom in its prelates. Yet after all what is the extent of his bishop's heroic devotion? He does kindly and generously, yet once perhaps in a life time, what is the every day business of genuine Catholic priests. The Jesuit or Franciscan or Dominican father, who is appointed to guide laymen through a ten days' retreat, has not indeed to dismiss his carriage and four with outriders, nor to send a message by his daughter to cancel his dinner engagement with a duke, but otherwise he has to devote himself to his penitent very much after the fashion of this supposed venerable bishop. And many a confessor, both religious and secular, devotes — not ten mornings in a life-time, but — many hours every day for thirty or forty years, not to an interesting young gentleman of good family, but to poor women as well as to the rich, to the stupid and ignorant as well as to the apt and clever. Marryat could imagine no motive as impelling *them*, but the most sordid avarice or abominable profligacy!

Lastly, I turned to Rogers. I knew his *Pleasures of Memory*, and expected a certain elegant mediocrity. What would the rich and fashionable banker have to say about Italy? Certainly nothing but good of its scenery and climate. But what of its people and religion? The volume called *Italy*