The Meeting.

The tree of life has been shaken, And but few of us linger now. Like the Prophet's two or three berries In the top of the uttermost bough. We cordially greet each other In the old familiar tone; And we think, though we do not say it, "How old and gray he is grown!"

We speak of friends and their fortunes, And of what they did and said, Till the dead alone seem living, And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish Between the ghosts and the guests, And a mist and shadow of sadness Steals over our merriest jests.

## **KNOCKNAGOW**

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXXIX.-CONTINUED.

"Is it the gift or the giver you are thinking of?" Grace asked, as she marked the flush deepen upon her cheek.

Bessy looked as if she did not comprehend the question, but after a minute's reflection she understood it very well.

"I believe," she replied thoughtfully, "I was thinking of nothing but that I had a pair of gold earrings. I was often wishing to have them, but they were too dear for myself to buy them." for myself to buy them."

"You seem to be very candid," returned Mary.
"It is too much that way I am," she re-

"Some wise man has said," Grace observed, "that the proper use of language is to conceal our thoughts; and, to a certain extent, I agree with him."
"Indeed you do not," said Mary. "You know nothing is more odious than duplic-

ity and deceit."
"But a little diplomacy is necessary to

get on smoothly through the world. You have told us nothing about your admirer," she added, turning to Beesy Morris. "And do you wish very much to see

reasoning," said Mary, with a smile. "I fear real gold is not always a proof of true

Bessy Morris suddenly became very industrious, and Miss Kearney thought she was trying to make up for the time lost but her thoughts recurred to the dragoon, and her brow flushed as she recollected that she had replied to one or two of his Bessy's mind was busy as well as her fingers. Miss Kearney's warning theretoes, fingers. Miss Kearney's warning, though given half in jest, startled her, and she began to examine her conscience in reference to her conduct towards the soldier. She could not conceal from herself that she had done her best to attract him, and was flattered by every evidence of her success. She had tried to "get inside" other girls, and it gratified her vanity to see herself preferred to them. She even thought her heart was touched, she felt so pained when she fancted her admirer was wavering in his allegiance. But when she became quite sure he loved her, she found that she did not really care for him; and, perhaps to get rid of his attentions was one reason for her leaving Dublin. The intensity of his passion was so evident when she met him in her grandfather's house, after returning from the wedding, that it quite frightened her, and, in spite of the candour upon which she had just plumed herself, she shrank from telling Miss Koarney that her martisl suitor had

profound secret, and Billy Heffernan said nothing about him except that he had met him in Clonmel. stopped sewing, and, resting her

she stopped sewing, and, resing ner hand upon the table, commenced tapping it nervously, just as she had done while sitting in her grandfather's chair, after the soldler's passionate farewell. Happening to glance through the window, a sad, wistful look came into her face; and it was so evident that this look was called up by some object upon which her eyes rested that Grace followed their direction, to see what it could be that made Bessy Morris look so sad, and, as she thought, yearn-ingly. Grace could see nothing in the direction of her gaza but three tall tree standing all alone upon the bare hill.
"I often remark those lonely looking

trees," she observed; "and when the wind is drifting the snow or the cold rain over the hill, I quite pity them. I fancy they must feel the cold. And they sometimes remind me of three tall nuns." "They are more like round towers, or

some, hing of that sort," said Mary.
"Thea," shadow is now on the house where I was born," said Bessy Morris.
"Indeed!" aid Grace. "I thought you must feel inten sted in something must feel inten sted in something up there, you looked so earnestly in that

"My mother was the daughter of a respectable farmer," Be say continued. "And though my father was the son of a tradesman, he was considered a good match for her, as his father was able to give him three hundred pounds, which was given as a fortune to my mother's

sister. I suppose you know, miss, a weaver was a good trade in Ireland long ago. But the rent was raised and crops failed, and my father was ejected. 'Twas a cruel case, every one said, and no one ever offered to take the farm since; so t comes into my mind sometimes

that it comes into my mind sometimes that I'll live there again."

"Is your mother dead?" Grace asked.

"She is, miss. The day the sheriff was there to turn them out she clung to the door, and one of the balliffs, in dragging the them has more the grace. her from it, threw her upon the ground, and it was thought the fall killed her; I believe it was her heart that

"And is your father allve?"
"I hope he is, but I don't know."
Grace locked at her with surprise.
"When he heard my mother scream,"
continued Bessy, "and saw Darby Ruadh
fling her upon the ground, he lost all control over himself, and taking hold of one
of the policemen's guns he dragged it
from him and knocked the bailiff down
with the butt end of it. He then swore
he'd shoot the first man would lay a hand
on him; and they were all so much taken
by surprise that they let him walk out of
the yard, and he had a good start before
they ran after him."
"Did they catch him?" Grace asked

eagerly.
"No, miss," returned Bessy, "he hid himself in an old sandpit on the farm and

escaped."
"D: you remember your father and mother?" Mary asked.
"I do, miss, well," she replied. "My mother was a beautiful young woman. She died the next night at my grand-father's. And I remember my father coming to take his leave of her though the soldiers and police were converted to "I do, miss, well," she replied. "My mother was a beautiful young woman. She died the next night at my grandfather's. And I remember my father coming to take his leave of her though the soldiers and police were scourging the country after him, for 'twas thought Darby Ruadh would not recover, as his skull was fractured. There was nothing but meetings of magistrates, and rewards offered, and houses searched, and people arrested to give evidence. You'd think it was war that was in the country. My grandfather advised my father to go to America, 'and let me see the man, 'said he, 'that'll offer to take your farm. You were robbed, and no man but a robber will offer for your land. This trouble about the bailiff will blow over, and you can come home again. And I'll be a father and mother to little Bessy,' says he, when he saw my father taking me in his arms and kissing me. And he kept his word," she added, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"And did you never hear from your stream of the my man and the sing me. And he kept his word," she added, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"And did you never hear from your stream of the my most of them?" she was called the Darba that any of them?" "She was called the Darba that any of them?" "She was called the Darba that any of them?"

her eyes,
"And did you never hear from your

father after?'
"Never," replied Bessy. "except once a
man from the colliery mentioned in a
letter that he saw him out west, and that
he had carpets on his floors. But though

mirer," she added, turning to beer mirer," she added, turning to beer mirer, "Who and what is he?"

"If they are real gold," Bessy observed, contemplatively, as she looked at the earrings, "his love must be true."

"I am not sure that is quite correct of my father. That was another motive of my father."

"I am not sure that is quite correct of my father. That was another motive that induced me to become a dressmaker; for I said to myself I'd get employment in the different towns in America, and

love."

"But sure he would not go to such expense," returned Bessy.

"Oh, I have no doubt but he admires you very much," replied Mary; "and, unless he is rich, so costly a present may be a proof of the ardour of his regard for you."

"Well, he's only a sergeaut in the army, miss," replied Bessy.

"Oh, I have no doubt but he admires might come back to look for you."

"That's true," returned Bessy. "But I'd keep up a correspondence with Judy by the pup a correspondence with Judy Brophy, or some one. I don't think I can ever have an easy mind till I am sure of what happened to him, at any rate. I am aways thinking he is poor and neglected, and was ashamed to write to us."

that she had replied to one or two of his letters. He might, she thought, accuse her of faithlessness; and her conscience told her the charge would not be altogether without foundation.

"I will request of him not to come tagain," she said to herself; "and if he be a men of anist he will respect to a will be a men of a night he will respect to a will be a men of a night he will respect to a will be a men of a night he will respect to a will be a men of a night he will respect to a will be a

again," she said to nersell; and if he beamen of spirit he will respect my wishes."
"Surely that is Apollo in the garden with Adonis," Grace exclaimed. "I wonder where are they going? I thought he was to be away on business all day—what

was to be away on business all day—what do you think, Mary?"

"If that is not his fetch, it seems he has come back," replied Mary. "But as to where they are going, I wonder you should

where they are going, I wonder you should think it necessary to ask."
"Oh, yes," returned Grace with a toss of her head, "the attraction in that quar-ter must be very strong indeed. But they might at least have the politeness to income whather we would go." inquire whether we would go."

Mr. Lowe turned back before he and

"She is such a model of industry, I don't think you can induce her to go out — but let her answer for herself."

After a little hesitation Mary came to the window, saying, "Well, if you have patience to wait for a few minutes we will go."

but he always thinks first of his preclous self, and would only remember poor me when I was already gobbled up."

"Are ye going to keep us waiting all day?" the subject of this not very flattering criticism called out.

"He is not inclined to go "fair and go."

Mr. Lowe bowed, and went to tell the doctor, who was standing with folded arms near the laurels, and looking intensely sentimental.

tensely sentimental.
"Well, now," said Grace, as she went on
arranging her hair—on observing Bessy
Morris move her chair so that she could see the two young men in the garden—
"which of those two gallant gay Lotharios
do you think is the best looking ?"
"I think Mr. Richard has the advan—

tage," Beesy answered.
"He is particularly well got up just now," returned Grace, glancing over her shoulder through the window, "and does really look handsome."

"Twas always given up to him miss," rejoined Bessy, "to be the handsomest young man in the parish. 'Tis often I heard it said that he was the handsomest boy, and Miss Mary the handsomest girl going into the chapel of Kilthubber. Though some would give Miss Hanley the palm."

"Why, Mary, you are quite famous! And do they never talk of those who go

to church?' "Oh, yes miss. Miss Isabella Lloyd has a strong party, who say she is by odds a finer girl than either of them. I'm told she is to be married to Captain French—and a fine couple they'll be. He's to and a line couple they if be. He's to throw the sledge with Mat Donovan next Sunday. But, talking of handsome men," continued Beesy, while her eyes sparkled with admiration, "there is a handsomer man to my mind than any of 'em."

Mary ran to the window with quite an excited look. Was there some one who, to her mind, was a handsomer man than her remarkably handsome brother? She smiled at what she mentally called her foolishness, and the flush faded from her cheek. But her eyes eparkled, too, when she saw the person to whom Bessy alluded.

"Why," exclaimed Grace in astonishment, "'tis Fionn Macool!" ment, "'tie Fionn Macool?"
Who is that, mise?" Bessy asked.

"Oh, that's what I call him," she replied, pointing to Hugh, who had just some into the garden.

"You couldn't call him a grander name," returned Beesy. "He was the great chief of the Fenians long ago. The top of Slievenamon is called Shee-Feen after him. My grandfather would keep telling you stories about him for a month."

"What way does he tell the story of

with the butt end of it. He then swore he'd shoot the first man would lay a hand on him; and they were all so much taken by surprise that they let him walk out of the yard, and he had a good start before they ran after him."

"Did they catch him?" Grace asked eagerly.

"No, miss." returned Bessy, "he hid."

Bessy, "As hid."

"Yes, that was the way, miss," replied Bessy, "he hid."

"Yes, that was the way, miss," replied Beesy,
"The longest-legged or the longest-winded was to have him. Do you call him a hero? The man was a savage; and the poor girls that came to grief in the race were most fortunate."

"She was called the Fair haired Grauna —she was a namesake of your own—for Grauna is the Irish of Grace."

"Ob, I am quite proud to be the name-sake of a lady so distinguished. And who knows but it may be an omen, and I may, like her, be clasped in a warrior's arms. Oh, those brave days of old, when one might win the love of some noble knight sams peur et wars reproduc. When I think ans peur et ians reproche. When I think of it I am sick of your Apollos and your Adonises. In fact, Bessy, I could almost envy you your 'sergeant in the army.'"
"Whether you joke or no, miss," replied Bessy, laughing, "'tras something like that was in my mind when I met him first."

first. "I wonder at you, who are such a patriot, Grace," said Mary, "to talk in that

"Oh, I was only thinking of the soldier

in the abstract," replied Grace with a frown. "And will not Mr. Lowe be an English soldier one of these days?"
"So I understand," returned Mary.
"And how would you like," she added, turning to Bessy, "to have your husband with those soldiers who passed this way the other day to shoot down the poor people whose houses were going to be levelled if they offered any resistance to the crow-har beloads"

levelled if they offered any resistance to the crow-bar brigade?"

"That's true," Bessy answered thoughtfully. "And I thought, too, how my grandfather was flogged in '98."

"But, Bessy," said Grace, as she drew on her gloves near the window, "how can you say such a black-looking fellow as that is handsome? I always set him down as the ugitest fellow I ever saw, And though I have modified that opinion somewhat latterly—particularly since I saw Mr. Beresford Pender—still it does make me wonder to hear him called a handsome man. Where, in the name of goodness, is the beauty?"

handsome man. Where, in the name or goodness, is the beauty?"
"Well, I don't know, miss," she answered,
work and looking at laying down her work and looking at Hugh Kearney, "but see how strong, and manly, and honest, he looks. If a lion was rushing to devour you, or a ship sinking under you, wouldn't you feel tafe if

that it quite frightened her, and, in spite of the candour upon which she had just plumed herself, she shrank from telling Miss Kearney that her martial suitor had already "steered his barque" to Knocknagow; for she devoutly hoped no one in the neighbourhood would ever know anything about it, as Peg Brady had promised faithfully to keep the dragoon's visit a day is so fire?"

Inquire whether we would go."

Mr. Lowe turned back before he and the doctor had reached the stile, and Grace threw open the window.

"Going to pay your devoirs to the early of Castleview?" she excitaimed.

"Yes, the doctor is going to call at Mr. Hanly's; and perhaps you and Miss Kearney would stand his ground in his cool way. But I strongly suspect Adonis would cut and run. Not out of cowardice exactly, the always thinks first of his proclosure. his arm was around you ! but he always thinks first of his preclous

Grace observed. "Are you ready, easy. Mary ?"

"I'll be ready in a moment. I merely

have to direct this letter to Father Car-roll."

"By the way," returned Grace, "you

did not show me that note Barney threw up to you the other evening. It has just occurred to me that Barney put Bessy's letter in his hat, too, and forgot it, and as hers was a love letter, perhaps so was

That's all nonsense," said Marv. "Did you ever see my brother Eimond, Bessy," Grace continued, "and what did you think of him?"

"He's a tue pleasant fellow, miss," returned Bessy. "He used to be fishing with Mr. Hugh, at the river, and they sometimes called in to have a chat with my grandfather."

I thought he would come home a Christmas," said Grace, "but something turned up to prevent him. I wrote to him to say that he has no business here any more." And she nodded her head Mr. Lowe, in a way that made both Mary and Bessy Morris laugh.

"And did you tell him that Anne sent her love to him?"

her love to him?"

"Yes, but that's nothing. I am quite sure Annie will end her days in a convent."

"I thought Edmund would be sure to win that prize for which so many are contending."

"You mean Minnie Delany? No, it

will never come to anything. He has something in his head that I cannot make out. I heard Father Carroll and Arthur O'Connor jesting about it. Edmond says that he and Arthur always fell in love with the same lady by some fatality; and only that Arthur is to be a priest they would be sure to run foul of each other. Oaly think of a duel between two such

you want to have Richard vowing venge-ance sgainst us. And she ran so precipi-tately out of the room that Grace shock her head and knit her brows, as if she thought that between her brother and Arthur O'Connor and Mary Kearney there was most certainly a mystery, which, as yet, she could not make nothing of. She followed Mary to the garden, leaving Bessy Morris in the little room, alone.

CHAPTER XLI.

MISS KATHLEEN HANLY THINKS IT ADVIS-ABLE TO BE "DOING SOMETHING."

"Ask Hugh to come." And Mary's somewhat anxious look brightened as she saw Hugh submitting to be led on with them by Grace, who seemed to take his compliance as a matter of course. Mary was a little afraid of being left alone with Mr. Lowe. His admiration has risen to such a height that it was really no vanity in her to consider a downright declaration of love within the bounds of possibility. Her good sense enabled her to see the folly of such a proceeding, and her good nature—to say nothing of the real likeing she had for him—made her shrink from wounding his feelings in any way. She said to herself that he would soon forget her in the bustle and excitement of the gay world. And if he passed on with nothing more definite than a bow and a smile—or she might have no great objection to a sigh—it would be better for both. ABLE TO BE "DOING SOMETHING." world. And if he passed on with nothing more definite than a bow and a smile—or she might have no great objection to a sigh—it would be better for both. So that Hugh's docility was a great relief to her, and she talked cheerfully, and even gally, as they passed on through the hamlet, stopping occasionally to say a kind word to the woman and children, who always greated her with smiles and sometimes with blessings. Nelly Donovan was examining one of her beehives, which had barely escaped being overturned by Kit Cummina's cat in endeavoring to escape from its deadly enemy, "Friskey Laby" (in Knocknagow the patronymic of the owner was invariably bestowed upon his dog)—and Nelly became so eloquent in detailing the injuries and verations brought upon her by Kit Cummina's cat that Mr. Lowe forgot his own woes and stopped to listen to Nelly Donovan's harangue with a more cheerful expression of countenance than he had been seen to wear for several days before. Then old Mrs. Donovan appeared, smoothing her whitt hair over her temples, after removing her spectacles, and had a,word to say in private to Miss Kearney; so that a quarter of an hour was lost before the party came up with the doctor, who was waiting at the corner of the clipt hedge, and gezing pensively towards the old castle. Catching a glimpse of the redoubtable Kit Cummins herself with arms akimbo inside the thresglimpse of the redoubtable Kit Cummin herself with arms akimbo inside the thres

hold of her own door, evidently prepared with a defence of her persecuted cat, the with a defence of her persecuted cat, the doctor thought at this rate they'd never reach the house on the bill; and, to avoid further interruptions, he proposed to turn in by the short cut through Tom Hogan's farm. Whereupon Kit Cammins thrust her hair under her cap, and tried to bottle up her wrath for a more favorable opportunity; but, finding the effort too much for her, she relieved her feelings by a long and well-sustained invective upon her next door neighbor and all belonging to her. And the never-varying response on such occasions—"Gir r r r out, you bia'guard!" fell with such plersing distinctness upon Mr. Lowe's ear that he stood still in the middle of Tom Hogan's field, and gaze8 around in amazement—though the partition between Kit Cum

field, and gazes around in amazement—though the partition between Kit Cummins and her next door neighbor was so thin that the purring of the vagabond cat could easily be heard through it.

Attorney Hanly laid down his newspaper, and left the room so abruptly that his wife stared after him for a minute, and commenced rubbing her eyebrow. Mrs. Hanly had dropped an occasional hint during the morning, intended to lead up gradually and naturally to a certain subject with which her mind was occupied. But the abrupt and unexpected exit of Mr. Hanly seemed to have hopelessly disarranged her plans. Looking through the window she saw Mr. Isaac Pender shambling up the avenue; and the attorney

bling up the avenue; and the attorney soon appeared wrapped in his great coat, and met the old agent half way between the gate and the house.

"Run, Lory!" exclaimed Mrs. Hanly, as if she saw there was but one chance

money."

Lory started off without his cap, and quite terrified old Isaac by simply pro nouncing the word "money" and holding out his hand. It seemed to have a standand-deliver effect upon Lory's father too; for he at once thrust his hands into his waistcoat pockets, and then into the his waistcoat pockets, and then into the pockets of his great-coat. The result appeared in the shape of two or three pound notes, two or three shillings in silver, and two or three pence in copper. Rolling all these into one bundle, Mr. Hanley thrust them into his son's hand, who are heart to the house rainfulne.

who ran back to the house rejoicing.
"Well, it is better than nothing," said "Well, it is better than nothing," said Mrs. Hauly, after counting the notes. "But I wonder why did he mind giving me the odd coppers?" Lory asked, dropping them into his pocket, and resolving to have a game of pitch and toss with Barney Brodherick and Jack Delany's apprentice the first convenient opportunity.

"Ah, you don't know all the plans he as," observed his mother. 'Don't you see I am now to suppose that he has given me all the money he has, and left himself quite penniless?"

Lory uttered that startling two-fold sound he intended for a laugh, and evi-dently looked upon his father as a clever fellow. "I may as well keep this for my-self," he remarked, looking at the silver

in his open hand. Scarcely had he uttered the words when his hand was struck, and the money sent rolling about the floor.

"You must not keep it, sir. I don't know what you want of money. Come here and hold him, Kathleen."

There was a tremendous struggle be-"You mean Minnie Delany? No, it till never come to anything. He has omething in his head that I cannot make ut. I heard Father Carroll and Arthur he has and Arthur always fell in love rith the same lady by some fatality; and may that Arthur is to be a priest they rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But in spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But and there is to stop its arking. Mrs. Hanly quietly placked up one shilling which rolled to stop its arking. Mrs. Hanly quietly pone shilling which rolled is applied to stop its arking. Mrs. Hanly quietly placked up one shilling which rolled is spite of all she could do Lory rould be sure to run foul of each other. But and the sold of the third and thrust it into the sure of the sure of the

arm quite immovable, she paused to parley and take breath.

"Now, what do you want that money for?" Rose asked, as she twisted up her hair.

"For the novelty of it," added Lory, jingling the coppers, which were all safe in the other pocket.

"No, sir; it is not for the novelty of it. I have found you out. Miss Lloyd, who hates you, because she thinks 'its purposely to frighten her you talk loud, told me that she saw you call for three pints of beer at Bourke's; and that you dralked and swaggered in a most awful manner. She could not understand half what ye said; but it was plain to her ye were steeped to the lips in infquity, she said."

"And where was she !" Lory asked.

"She went in through the yard gate when she saw you in the shop, and remained behind the door while ye were there."

"I'm sorry I didn't know she was "To the lips in infquity, she said."

She has, after the custom of the premature newspaper reporter, already composed

"And where was she?" Lory asked.
"She went in through the yard gate when she saw you in the shop, and remained behind the door while ye were there."

there."
"I'm corry I didn't know she was
there," returned Lory; "I'd put Brummagem up to kiss her, and pretend he
thought it was Kitty, the servant girl."
"O mercy!" exclaimed Rose. "What
am I to do with him?"

am I to do with him?"

"Who is this person you call 'Brummagem?" her mother inquired.

"That horrid fellow with the black face," Rose answered. "They call him 'Lovely Delany,' too. I suppose because he is such a monster of ugliness."

"Don't mind her," said Lory. "He's Jack Delany's nephew. His face is black because he's a blacksmith; and they call 'Brummagem,' because he was born in Birmingham, in England. I suppose they call him 'Lovely' on the same principle that you are called 'Rose," said Lory, with a laugh that would have been the death of his enemy, Miss Lloyd, if she

with a laugh that would have been the death of his enemy, Miss Lloyd, if she were within reach of it.

"Don't be impertinent, sir," retorted Rose. "And didn't I see you playing pitch-and-toss at the end of the grove with this person and Joe Russel, and your other interesting friend Barney Brodherick alias Wattletoes."

"I suppose it was he gave poor Lee the

"I suppose it was he gave poor Joe the black eye," Mrs. Hanly observed. "Ob, no," said Rose, "that happened the last day he drove us into town. Grace Kiely can tell you all about it."

A CRITIC SHARPLY CRITI-CIZED.

GAIL HAMILTON'S "ITALY AND THE POPE.

Kate Vannah in Globe Quarterly Review. The editor of the North American Review for February, 1890, announced "a vivaclous paper—from a woman's point of view
—on 'Italy and the Pope,' by Gail Hamilton'' (otherwise known as Miss Abigail Dodge). I have read the paper with interest, a little surprise and some amusement.

ment.
As to its "vivacity," it is marked by a certain vivacity of inception, apathy of progress, and prematureness of decay. The above italics will explain its incoherence of matter, startling suppositions without proofs—"the cause concealed, the effect notorious"—all of which will pass for strong reason with unthinking minds, ever ready to condemn what they do not understand. understand.
Miss Dodge, like many other writers

Miss Dodge, like many other writers not of the Roman Catholic faith, comes to us preposessed by the high authority of the secular press and bigoted historians. Hence it is not strange that she regards everything Catholic with a preconceived neutrality, or with the eyes of prejudice. It is at once evident to the Catholic reader that whatever heights she may have attained in political polemics. have attained in political polemics, Miss Dodge comes to us not by any means crammed for ecclesiastical discus

It is with certain qualities as with certain senses: those who are entirely deprived of them can neither appreciate

or comprehend them.

It is only natural that a writer who confines himself to histories mulcted of justice and truth should fail utterly—and oftentimes ludicrously—to comprehend the spirit of the Church.

The author of the paper in question is "like a child, which, insensible to the glowing significance of a Greek statue, only touches the marble and—complains of cold!" The most clement apology to be made for her I have found in a paper from her own pen, entitled "Catholiciam and Public Schools," in the North Ameri-can Review of November, 1888. She preaces her sketch thus:

I am speaking entirely from a point of sight of a Protestant—a Protestant not only by every trait and tincture of hered-ity, but by every conviction of reason— a Protestant to whom some of the assumptions of the Roman Church seem not only unwarrantable but well nigh intolerable.

Now, then. "Italy and the Pope' opens with a coup de theatre. The curtain ses upon two striking figures—the King of the entire Catholic world and the King of Italy. Miss Dodge accords precedence to the latter. I trust that she will pardon me for reversing the order. Humbert stands at the helm, watchful, gracious,

constant, calm."

'Leo is borne along just as inevitably as Humbert, and just as rapidly, but struggling, plunging, flinging (?) against the current with vain and vociferous violence." The alliteration of this statement admits of no question, whatever misgivings we may have about facts, or the Holy Father's proficiency in swimming. "Leo XIII. is a spoiled child, hurling

down his toys with petulant willfulness because fate will not re instate him in the Thirteenth Century." The secret of his wish to retrograde is not given.

The second scene is even more impres-

The second scene is even more impressive. The Pope is to celebrate Mass in St. Peter's for the first time in eighteen years. We like to see Mass spelled with a capital, en passant, since Mass is a renewal of the Sacrifice of Oalvary.

Miss Dodge is there, impatiently waiting, greatly annoyed by the delay of the princely celebrant. After a long while, however, "the great bronze doors opened wide, and, far, approaching, thrilled a strain of music, enchanting to such a degree" as to cause the writer to forget certain notable decorations of St. Peter's. certain notable decorations of St. Peter's. Among these were "the yard-high mosaics in which the words of Christ have been

She has, after the custom of the premature newspaper reporter, already composed the obituary of Leo XIII., and founded a "new republic" as easily as the Brazilians.

After reminding us of certain inestimable privileges accorded to the Papal Court by the Law of Guarantees of '71, she continues: "I cannot see that the Pope is restrained from the exercise of any important function of the holy office except that of burning Bruno."

Here we have the first symptoms of hysteria, and the attack continues through

bysteris, and the attack continues through
the entire article.

"The Pope," we learn, "is not a prisoner
at all though he chooses to call himself so.
It is pure childishness, constructive dishonesty and bad policy to style himself a
prisoner when he can really go where he
likes, and he remains in the Vatican solely
because he is fond of it."

This is much the assumest and he

This is much the argument used by a hyper-sensitive spinster who wishes it distinctly understood henceforth and forever that she is an unappropriated blessing not from necessity but from choice. But who believes us when we make this bold assertion?

assertion?

If, perchance the paper under discussion should be read to Leo XIII, he will quote at Miss Dodge the famous Meredithian couplet:

"Golden wires may annoy us as much as steel bars
If they keep us behind prison-windows."

"The Pope," we are told, "is at once a devout and a professional Catholic. Queen Margaret of Italy is a devout Catholic, while Humbert is a moderate Catholic." What is a moderate Catholic?

It is a Catholic who just clears the law,

so to speak.

When a moderate Catholic, be he prince or pauper, has become so apathetic that he does not even clear the law, the portals of the Courch are flung wide: he is at perfect liberty to scale the walls and practice his moderate religion al fresco, with others

There is an old Breton proverb: "He who does not answer to the rudder must answer to the rocks."

An Italian noble tells Miss Dodge that

"the men in Italy do not go much to con-fession. They have no time. The king goes once a year or so." "Once a year" is

goes once a year or so." "Once a year" is clearing the law.

'Or so" might tip the balance either way. I know not into which side of the scale the noble meant to drop it.

Victor Emanuel had "no time" also. But it was rumored that, when death approached, the ambassador dispatched by his old friend Pope Pius IX. was admitted, albeit unaided by Cavour, and his services not despised by the dving king, who had not despised by the dying king, who had been a "moderate Catholic."

been a "moderate Catholic."

All moderate Catholics hope for the same chance. I heard the "bravery of the unrepentant thief" lauded the other day; yet even the moderate Catholics prefer to imitate the penitent thief, in extremes.

That latest inspiration of the fermenting Piedmontese, Brano, is having its little hour. To day, a king; to morrow, nothing.

ing.

Miss Dodge will have it that the Holy Father "sulks," refuses to be comforted, "because he cannot burn Bruno," an irreligious charlatan. This thunderbolt of rash judgment is smplushed (if I may coin a word) the next moment thus: "I do not suppose

that benignant faced old man would really burn a fly; but it is difficult, otherwise, to conjecture why he weeps." It certainly does take a woman to stand Logic on her head.

About Bruno. It is pitiful—too pitiful to be amusing—to observe how men will become the dupes of their fancies by affecting to discover motives and analogies. the most unconnected imaginable with the objects themselves.

When one learns that Bruno taught, when one learns that Bruno taught, among other things, that all religions are false; that Christ was an imposter and the inventor of impostures; that there is no punishment for sin; that the soul is a product of nature, not a creation of God; that it passes from one animal into another, and is the same in man as in beast—It is easy to understand the joy of Swinburne at Bruno's resurrection—Swinburne, an apostle of what Southey denominated as the "Stanic school of poets." It is easy, also, to understand the admiration evinced for Bruno by Col. Ingersoll, whose latest utterances upon "The Improved Man" are of a stripe with Bruno's classic savinos. classic sayings.

If Miss Dodge will read the article entitled "Brunolatry" in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record (June, 1889,) she will find much to her own enlightenment, if not to the glory of the above mentioned "reformer," so called. It is better sometimes not to follow great reformers of abuses beyond the threshold of their homes, a certain Encellah author talls as Errest beyond the threshold of their homes, a certain English author tells us. Everything that patience and prudence could suggest was done by the Church to wean Bruno from insubordination and error. Then the Church decided, "to a victous dog, a short chain." But as to his being burned, there is large doubt; and, even so, Protestant historians bungle matters sadly in discussing the action of the Church and the action of the State.

However, I am rather inclined to think that the Holy Father, prostrate upon the floor, was doing penance, and praying for an elevation of the moral tone of Italy, not "weeping because he could not burn Bruno," as Miss Dodge suspects.

She gives a covert accusation of toady-ism, next, on the part of the Pope; and

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