

Price of Subscription—\$1.00 per annum.
United States & Europe—\$2.00
THOS. COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher.

Advertisement for teachers, situations wanted, etc. 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.
Apostolic Delegation.
Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey
Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

It has been stated recently in some of our daily papers that it is reported on good authority that many eminent ecclesiastics in the Catholic Church have under consideration a scheme to transfer the seat of the Papacy to Montreal, owing to the ill-will that is manifested in Europe towards the Holy See.

While the congress has not yet begun its work, nevertheless its good effects are already being produced throughout the land. Chief of these is the arousing of interest in the non-Catholic mind in the great doctrine of the Eucharist; belief in which constitutes the most prominent cleavage between the Church and the sects.

that inability to grapple with present evils that is characteristic of Protestantism. A distinguished non-Catholic has recently given expression to this truth in these words: "Protestantism scarcely ever speaks of anything but the past and the future. The Catholic Church unconsciously dwells upon the present as being God, in whom exists the plenitude of being without any past or future. Catholicism would furnish amply the sustenance my present needs demand. It at least affirms that all we actually require may be found daily in the Church. As she is not the arbitrary creation of men but of divine origin, she, always keeping herself in the presence of God, who never abandons her, possesses in herself the entire source of her salutary actions. I, who am not of the faith, am thoroughly incapable of realizing what must be the effect of this possession of God which the Church offers the faithful especially in the Eucharist. I have not the belief and therefore have not the experience of God. Consequently it is not for me to speak of it. Nevertheless, I thoroughly understand in a hypothetical sense what this possession of God would deliver me from. Would it not free me from my sins, my vices and my remorse?"

Truly remarkable words! Would that those who possess that treasure appreciated its value as those who are deprived of it experience its loss! Once we admit the truth of the real personal presence of Christ in the sacrament of the Eucharist, that through the Catholic Church Christ is our Emmanuel, God with us, what He is there to enquire further, for He is the source of all grace and truth?

THE CHURCH'S TREASURE HOUSE
The eagerness of the people of a parish to gain indulgences is an evidence of faith, while neglect or indifference in this matter arises from want of faith or knowledge. It were scarcely appropriate here to enter upon a detailed explanation of the nature of indulgences or the conditions necessary to gain them, but there is one point in this connection on which we wish to offer a few suggestions to our readers.

It would seem that the reason why some people underestimate these spiritual gifts is that the conditions required by the Church appear so trifling, the relation between the work required and the merit acquired so disproportionate. They seem to imagine that the pious exercises of themselves satisfy God's justice. Such is not the case. They are simply proofs required by the Church of the good dispositions of the penitent. When the penitent manifests his efficacious desire to gain an indulgence by complying with the conditions prescribed by the Church, then is the treasure house of the superabundant merits of Christ and his saints opened to him. God does not remit the temporal punishment gratuitously nor does the penitent's prayers or visits to the Church satisfy for it. Christ and His saints pay the debt for us.

How comes it that these trifling works are so efficacious in the sight of God to satisfy for the temporal punishment due to our sins? Because in performing them we exercise humble obedience to the wish of the Church, because we exercise the virtue of faith in the power entrusted by Christ to His earthly Vicar, when he said to Peter "Whatever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed in heaven." These are the virtues which, like the golden touch of King Midas, give to actions intrinsically of little propitiatory value such abundant efficacy. As members of the Communion of Saints, of the household of the faith, we are heirs to the treasures of the Church, and it behooves us to put in our claim while yet we have, through the mercy of God, the power to merit. All that is demanded is that we prove that we have an humble and contrite heart.

A DANGEROUS ELEMENT
The Socialist element is the same the world over. There are some well meaning people amongst them, but the maddest theorists, who bulk large on the platform, trying to persuade their dupes to attain the impossible, may be set down as undesirable citizens. Socialism, put in small compass, simply means that there are a number of people in the world who would like by fair means or foul to come into possession of more or less of the hard earnings of others. A few moments of reflection ought to convince any reasonable being that the Socialist agitator is a humbug. A little investigation and we find the word "Sell" writ large upon him. There is no excuse whatever for the existence of this new cult in a country where the people are entrusted with their government. If there is anything wrong with the powers-that-be the people are blameable. If they enact laws that will press unduly on the working classes, they can, if they make proper use of the ballot box, turn them out. That they have the power cannot be gainsaid, because the farmers and the artisans of every country form the vast majority of the people. The

Socialist is in large measure an outcast. He has no country which he loves. He has no flag to which he may bear allegiance, that is, if he be the typical Socialist. Proof of this comes to us from Elton, Louisiana. At a Socialist encampment held there a few weeks ago the American flag was torn down. This was the result of a lecture delivered by a man named A. M. Lewis, on "Evolution." When the news spread, a mob formed, and it was only through the utmost efforts of cool-headed American citizens that the Socialists escaped summary punishment. And so it is in every country in the world. In the Dominion of Canada, which ranks high amongst the most prosperous and happiest countries of the world, the Union Jack might share the same fate at Socialist gatherings at the hands of men who had been maddened for the moment by the intemperate and unreasonable utterances of the demagogue. Let us repeat, the government of the country is in the hands of the people, but that government, to be worthy its great trust, should be placed in power by men who carry their consciences to the ballot-box. The man who votes for and the man who sell their votes form the greatest danger to our weal. We have them in plenty at every election and it is to be hoped that our law makers will sooner or later find a remedy. The only real preventative, to our mind, is to disfranchise the classes we have referred to.

KEEP LANDLORDISM OUT OF CANADA
It is stated that the Duke of Sutherland, the largest land owner in Great Britain, will visit his estates in Western Canada next year. If the noble gentleman has by some means or other come into possession of a large tract of our country with the purpose of introducing the tenancy system, it should be discouraged to the utmost. We want in Canada only men who will settle on the land and reap the profits of their industry themselves. It would be a sad day for our country were we to permit the introduction of that system prevailing in the British Isles which has put the average tenant in a condition of semi-slavery. A few generations ago thousands of tenants on the Duke of Sutherland's estates in Scotland were ruthlessly expelled from their little homes, the owner desiring to use the land for the purpose of cattle raising. These sturdy people, luckily for themselves, found their way to Canada, and they now take rank amongst the most prosperous and wealthy of its citizens. The motto of our government should be, as the song says, "God made the land for the people." We should keep it out of the hands of the speculators and the Captains of Industry.

STRANGE INCONSISTENCY
At the general conference of the Methodist Church held in Victoria, B. C., on the 10th inst., Rev. Dr. Carman, the general superintendent, made, we are told by press despatches, a vigorous address at the opening. "Beware of the money power," was the warning thrown out by the rev. gentleman to his fellow clergymen. "It seems necessary," said he, "to recall the words of John Wesley, that we are to beware lest we make rich men a necessity to us." This warning had its foundation in the fact that certain wealthy Methodists in Toronto and other centres of population, become dissatisfied oftentimes with the clergymen the stationing committee appoints them. The preacher who takes ordinary rank, who comes out of college with a fair education, but whose preaching is of a commonplace order, is looked upon with disdain. The purse-proud occupant of the pew will have none of him. The old Gospel story told in the old way is not to his liking. He craves for the loud voice, the ringing tones, the rounded periods, the spiced originality, the hair raising exhortation, the thundering sentences that bear the flavor of the hustings, the brave words that hover on the border, or step beyond, the bounds of heresy, and incidentally an unjust and uncharitable allusion to the Captain and officers and crew of the old barque of Peter that has "braved the battle and the breeze" for two thousand years.

This is the style of preaching that suits some of the new rich Captains of Industry who go to church, not to pray, but to be entertained. The number of those highly educated, faultlessly groomed, security-laden and gold-laden semi-pagans bulks very large indeed.

Dr. Carman is, we think, right when he sounds a warning note against the money power, but is he not strangely inconsistent? If the money power is a danger in the church, is it not equally a danger in the State. Thousands of times it has been dinned into our ears by Dr. Carman and his confreres that the boundless wealth of Protestant nations is proof positive of their superiority, in the spiritual order, over the less wealthy Catholic commonwealths. Or, in other words, the open Bible leads to prosperity and the accumulation of the money bags, while the simple devo-

tion and intense love of a merciful God, which is the attribute of Catholic countries, leads but to poverty. While Dr. Carman is right in declaiming against the money power, we may ask why is it that this power exerts such an extraordinary influence in the Methodist communion? Is it not because the work of the pulpits has left untouched the hearts of many of the wealthy in the congregations? A sincere love of the Redeemer, a careful study of the Scriptures, a spirit of prayer, a heartfelt respect for the commandments of God, and a close adherence of these commandments in our daily lives, have given place to the furious passion for sensationalism. Were we to look for proof of this, a glance at the titles for Sunday sermons in the daily papers would be sufficient. Were we asked to advise our Methodist brethren, we would simply say that were they to make their churches houses of prayer, and not simply places of entertainment, they would approach more nearly the Christian ideal.

A REMINDER OF DICKENS
An occurrence recently brought to light in Toronto calls to mind "Dotheboy's Hall," in "Nicholas Nickleby." The Globe report informs us that two boys appeared before the Board of Control with a complaint against a Working Boys' Home, where they alleged they had received unjust treatment. The boys boarding at this home do so because it is cheaper than the ordinary boarding-house, and their complaint had reference chiefly to the fact that last Sunday because they did not attend Sunday school they were not allowed to have their dinner. They were charged up for it, however, and when the boys tried to keep back 25 cents for the meal the superintendent, according to the boys' story, promptly raised the board from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a week. The wife of the superintendent admitted "that there was a rule when the boys miss Sunday school they are denied their dinner, and claimed that this was just as in other boarding-houses; if the boarders did not abide by the rules and be there in time they did not get their meals. They know these rules; if they don't want to stay by them they don't need to stay another hour." As this institution receives money from the public treasury a strict investigation should be made of its doings. As there is a charge of \$2.50 to \$3.00 a week for the boys it seems strange that it should receive a grant of public money. The managers of the institution cannot justify their action in refusing a boy his dinner and then charging him for it. If in a Catholic institution boys were deprived of food because they did not attend catechism class, there would certainly be a great ado and a shower of resolutions denunciatory of Romish persecution would be scattered to the breeze by the Orange lodges.

SHOWING HIS HAND
That the Premier of Spain is well up in Masonry, and in consequence one of the Christ-haters, becomes more evident every day. Forging a popular uprising he was cautious at first, and made pretence of being friendly towards the Church, but now he has thrown off the mask, and boldly declares that he wishes to bring about a condition of things similar to that which prevails in France. This unfortunate man, who has cast odium upon Spanish traditions, declares it is his intention to pass a law insuring neutral official education, not hostile or favorable to any creed, but free from any dogma. He also states that the policy of his government is not directed against the religious orders, but that he will have them pay taxes, from which they were exempted by a Conservative Government. This simply means that he would tax them out of existence. Senor Canalejas, the premier of a Catholic country, has placed himself upon record as desirous to give us in the next generation a pagan Spain, for if religion is not taught in the schools the people will in a decade be either non-Christian or anti-Christian, or both. We trust the great Catholic heart of Spain will in this emergency not be found wanting, and that it will rise up as one man and cast from place and power the Masonic clique who worship only at the shrines of Voltaire and the dissolute "Goddess of Liberty."

A GOOD NUMBER
The Kingston Freeman issued a very creditable illustrated edition on the occasion of the consecration of the grand new altar in St. Mary's Cathedral. This paper is worthy of preservation because of the valuable and interesting sketches of this great diocese, whose Bishops generations ago fought the good fight for the faith. Kingston is the mother diocese of Ontario, and a good mother has she been. The present occupant of the archiepiscopal See is a worthy successor of those who have laid down the burden. His amiability, his administrative capacity, his warm-heartedness and sincerity have endeared him to the hearts of his faithful flock. May his years be many. It means much for God's Church.

A WOULD-BE GOVERNOR GONE WRONG

Hiram Johnson is a candidate for the office of Governor of California. Judging by Hiram Johnson's utterances we must conclude that the great Republic, like Canada, gives life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to a set of men, who, were it in their power, would deprive their Catholic fellow citizens of this great boon. Hiram Johnson appears to be a bigot built on pretty much the same lines as our own Dr. Sproule M. P., Most Worshipful Grand Sovereign of the Loyal Orange Association of British North America. Like some of our Canadian would-be statesmen, Hiram Johnson conceived the idea that it would be a brave thing to say something smart about the Pope—and he said it. "I, like Roosevelt," said Hiram Johnson, "do not take my politics from the Pope of Rome. Roosevelt is a greater man than the Pope of Rome." In speaking thus Hiram Johnson thought he would force all good Protestants to one side of the political fence, all the Catholics on the other, and thus climb into the gubernatorial chair. But Hiram Johnson will be a very disappointed man when the ballots are counted, for the good common sense of the Protestant people has taken his measure. Indeed it would not be necessary for Catholics to say anything in this connection. Those not of their communion have already entered at their hands that heroic treatment which always proves a sure cure for those who are afflicted with the virus of religious intolerance. The San Francisco Evening Post states the church going people of all denominations are shocked at Hiram Johnson's attempt to stir up religious prejudices in California and that the indignation of the Catholics is seconded by other denominations. "His remarks," continues our contemporary, "are characteristic of the unreasoning and narrow bigotry." When the election is over we trust Hiram Johnson will be put in his proper place—the place occupied by his kind in Canada, at the foot of the political axis, relegated to that obscurity assigned to undesirable citizens.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

It is a singular circumstance that though Catholics were but a small fraction of the population of the Southern States before the war, and that during the short existence of the Confederacy they, with one exception, held no position of influence or prominence, it fell to their lot nevertheless to give to the "Lost Cause" the only two poets whose work has survived the period, and been caught up, so to speak, in the permanent literature of their country. Of these one was a priest, whose name is a household word throughout the South, and scarcely less so in the North. It is, indeed, not too much to say that the name of Father Ryan has penetrated wherever the English language is spoken, and that such lyrics as the "Song of the Mystic" and "Rest"—to mention only two—have become the common heritage of the race. As effectively, we think, as anything in English literature, they voice the profound pathos of man's earthly state and point the soul to its only haven—God. Who that is sick and weary of the ceaseless striving which the very nature of our existence entails, and with heart oppressed, "winds across the desert years," but will find expression given to his inmost and most hallowed longings in the exquisite lines of "Rest."

WHERE IT IS as the poet of pathos that Father Ryan is chiefly distinguished, high rank must also be conceded him among the lyricists of war. There is, to our thinking, no nobler apostrophe of patriotism in our literature than "The Conquered Banner," voicing, as it does, the burial of a people's hopes and their enforced submission to the arbitrament of a long and cruel war. In no people of whom history makes mention was the instinct of patriotism developed to a higher degree than in the people of the Confederate States, and in Father Ryan's lyric this intensity of feeling, in no way diminished by the disaster of defeat, finds fearful and affecting expression. It has something of the abiding pathos of King David's lament over the Babylonian exiles as set forth in the psalm *Saper Flumina*: "Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept when we remembered Zion." The parting from their cherished ideal, and the final abandonment of their hopes as a distinct people, went to the heart of Father Ryan, immortalized that lament in song. And in a scarcely lesser degree "The Sword of Robert Lee," "flashed

from its scabbard in the cause of Right," will forever epitomize the last age of chivalry.

THE OTHER Catholic poet to whom we allude is James Ryder Randall, whose death two years ago awoke his countrymen to the fact that not only did they possess in "Maryland! My Maryland!" one of the few deathless battle songs in the language, but that its author was a poet worthy of their highest appreciation. It has been said that the world does not know its greatest men, and that unless some giant upheaval forces them upon the attention of their fellows, they may live and die in the obscurity to which their own native modesty consigns them. If this is true of the statesman or the soldier it is in a very special sense true of the poet, and examples innumerable occur to the mind without effort. How many "mute, inglorious Miltons" rest in country churchyards or upon their native hillsides the world can never know, but in Keats, whose name, as he himself thought, was "writ in water," in Chatterton, "the marvellous boy who perished in his pride," and in the ill-fated Edgar Poe, we have examples, saved from the wreckage in the eleventh hour, sufficient to illustrate the undoubted truth of the saying. With names such as these Randall can hardly be said to rank, but this, perhaps, because poetry, though an essential attribute of his being, was not, as with Keats, the sole object of his pursuit, but found expression only in the urgency of the hour. Keats was a poet by profession, a "radiant child of fire" to whom poetry was, in all essential respects, religion, whereas the poet soul of James Randall fed itself rather upon a mystic contemplation of the Divine. This is apparent in the verses themselves, as in the beautiful lines on the death of an only son, entitled "Bereft," or in the incomparable "Resurgam," in which more than one man of eminence among his contemporaries has paid tribute to his voicing in a way impossible to themselves their own thoughts and aspirations and the elevation of the soul to God. But much more in his familiar letter to friends, among whom we had the privilege of being included, is this characteristic made manifest. He was in the world but not of the world, and while enduring patiently poverty and the other hard knocks which the world has to bestow upon his kind, he, by the grace of God, retained always a cheerful disposition and lived contentedly the life apart.

THAT SUCH a man should have become the laureate of the Confederacy and given to the Southern people the most stirring lyrics of the great conflict is surely remarkable. Mystic and devotee as he was by nature, and inclined to the arts of peace, there yet burned deep down in his soul the fires of patriotism and the ardour of the soldier. It was not his lot to bear arms or to take any active part in the defence of his country. He enlisted as a private at the outbreak of the war but was shortly afterwards mustered out because of severe hemorrhages of the lungs, a malady which threatened an early termination of his career. Deprived of the privilege of service in this capacity he was destined to render a greater service to the cause he had espoused. At the very threshold of hostilities and when the part his native state was to play in the great struggle was still in doubt, Randall, in a moment of inspiration, sounded that impassioned appeal which now, that the heat of conflict has died away and the commonwealth is, outwardly at least, re-united, has become the cherished possession of the whole nation. In spite of its appeal to "sectionalism" (to use a favorite term in the North) and its fiery denunciation of the "vandal horde" and the "Northern sump" which has decreed the destruction of the Confederacy, the inherent qualities of "Maryland! My Maryland" have raised it to this dignity as a national heritage. And it has well earned the title, for defective in parts as it is as a poem, it is nevertheless one of the most impassioned compositions in any language, and one can well conceive that its effect upon an army in the field would be inspiring in the extreme. To be the author of such a poem is in itself a title to fame. Yet, until his death, of the great multitude to whom the song was familiar, how few knew even the author's name!

IT IS recorded of Randall that he never sold or received direct compensation for any of his poems, a circumstance perhaps unique in the history of modern literature. At the height of the struggle between North and South an adherent sent him a token of appreciation in the shape of \$100 in Confederate currency, about sufficient at its then current value to buy the poet a pair of shoes. His effusions, as they were written, found an outlet through the daily or weekly press, but no effort was made to collect them or to ensure a permanent form of publicity until towards the end of his life, when the late Hon. William Pinkney White, United

States Senator from Maryland, interested himself in the matter and arranged for their publication in a volume. It was the year of the Jamestown Exposition, and the proposal was made that the day set apart in that event as "Maryland Day" should be dedicated to the long deferred official recognition of the genius and patriotism of the state's exiled laureate. The poet was then editor of the New Orleans Morning Star, a weekly paper devoted to Catholic interests in the South. The day arrived and with it Randall came to Baltimore and to Jamestown as the guest of his native commonwealth, and the central figure in the exercises at the Exposition. The attention of the whole country was focussed upon him, his merits as a poet were heralded abroad, and the proposal to so provide for him as to ensure to his declining years some measure of ease and comfort took definite form. It seemed as if the long years of neglect had terminated at last and that while life remained he was to enjoy something of the reward which was his due. Then it was that men recalled the curious fact that while Randall had written much and the merits of his verse were known to some of the brightest minds in the country, his fame to the generality of men rested solely upon the authorship of "Maryland! My Maryland," and that of event that inspiring song a mere fraction had any knowledge of its author. Such is the recompense of modesty and self-effacement in this modern world.

AS A FIRST step to Randall's rehabilitation the publication of his poems was at once put under way, and the task of seeing the book through the press entrusted to himself. Then, from a high quarter came the suggestion that the office of keeper of the State Archives be tendered to him, or failing that, other provision be made for him in the State's service. Finally, it was decided that his portrait should be painted and placed as a perpetual memorial upon the walls of the Capitol at Annapolis. All this, while but inadequate atonement for a half-century of neglect, was at least tangible evidence of the regard and good-will of his countrymen, and as such came as soothing balm to the poet's soul. But on the very eve of his triumph he died. He had gone to Augusta, Georgia, his former home, for a short visit, was taken suddenly ill, and, in a few days, had passed to his account. Augusta had once been his home, and there his wife's people resided. Randall had for some years been connected with the Chronicle of that city as editor or as Washington correspondent, and in both capacities was highly regarded by those able to rightly estimate the character of his work. Indeed, it may be said in passing, that had he never written a line of poetry, the quality of his prose, graceful and trenchant as it is, to an unusual degree, entitled him to more than passing recognition. In Augusta his remains now repose, and it is to the honor of his Georgian admirers that his last resting place has been suitably marked and a handsome shaft to his memory will soon arise on one of Augusta's leading thoroughfares, bearing as part of its inscription these lines from one of his own poems—lines so reminiscent of his fellow-minstrel, Father Ryan:

After a little while,
The cross will gladden and the thistles
wane
Above my grave,
And planets smile,
Sweet Lord! then pillowed on Thy
gentle breast,
I fain would rest
After a little while.

THE BOOK of poems came out in due time and at once attracted widespread attention. But it was incomplete and hastily put together, and could not be regarded as a satisfactory presentation of its author's genius. Now, however, from the press of the Tandy-Thomas Company, New York, comes a second edition, a handsome volume, which may be said to afford the material upon which posterity may base its final estimate of Randall's place in literature. It is this volume which has suggested these remarks. It would be beside our purpose in calling attention to the book to attempt any critical analysis of its contents. That we may essay at some future time, but for present purposes it is sufficient to indicate the two essential features of Randall's verse, and in doing so to hail him as by no means the least in the ever widening circle of American Catholic writers.

RANDALL'S verse, like Father Ryan's, is especially distinguished by its profound pathos and its vehement patriotism. But while Father Ryan may be called *par excellence* the poet of pathos, Randall's fame must ever rest chiefly upon his martial inspiration and his impassioned appeals to that undying fidelity to country and freeds instinct in the human heart. One does not require to have been an adherent, or the son of an adherent of the cause wrapped up in the Southern confederacy, to appreciate the point and verve of Randall's muse. To these qualities, as exhibited in his best

known poem, the whole tribute, and even so ardent of the Cause which it Oliver Wendell Holmes in this volume, expressed in his "could not write a My Massachusetts, the once as Randall's production however does not stand book before us. In "The South" the same quality, while in "At Arlington, B. Drexel" and "The I have a trinity of com which any poet might mentioned, which ensh modern times, only to space prevent us from full. It relates how those forced marches now or in the annual faint, fell into deep sl for setting the night day went to the asked if he should wa was the response, "all will watch the camp t We mourn for him who He marches to the He kept the faith and Sublime and all it He sleeps—and all it Who watched

WE MENTION here Randall's poems, his surger." It is, as it prayer and a hymn was the cherished o White in sickness a public life. It is b similar strain and religiousness and G man.

RANDALL was b 1839 and died at A life, therefore, was the Republic. But recall that he was and, through his sccendant of Rene notary" immortal Evangeline. He c hope of visiting C to the present writt his life said: "I Canada, but it is peasant's longing did go to Californi more improbabl my grandmother's die. But his care remnant of his pe in the fair land merged forever in tions of the race.

BISHOP FALLON On the occasi of the new altar dral, in Kingd Bishop of London at Vespers. We Kingston Freeman of the synods course. The congregat evening service, was an eloquen Fallon's popula that Sunday ni the largest ca cathedral. Evc occupied and th with the overfl of such a nat large congregat tion. After his sermon one c Bishop Fallon's with all classe power of magne eloquent flow the congrega all-absorbing h has ever had many in the co a different fai some of his sta away by his r resist admirin viction. King his a son, and her pride. "I have th words, "I hav thy house." dress by the bishop Gauth of renewing th "It was in the old altar, that there we the world—g one by his p place now a handsome str kneeling before God came to matter what day advance my own Mas "I congrat elergy and possession of and yet what of the altar among peo nacle com reaches the we keep the fear. Whet pulpit be si always be t profound. "What d foundations altars in the promi The altar shadow;