

THE STRIFE INVISIBLE

"Go in peace, and God bless you," said Father Barry, as he closed the altar of the confessional...

"If I can help you in any way," he added, "do not be afraid to tell me; that is what I am here for, you know, and a quiet smile lit up his face."

"But it would take your time from other penitents," she ventured timidly. With one hand the priest pushed the curtain of the confessional aside and looked out.

"He could distinguish a few kneeling figures scattered here and there about the church. Some were at the altar rail, but at the moment no one was in front of his confessional."

"Be at peace; you are taking no one's time," he said. "Now, what is the trouble?"

Touched by his fatherly manner, tears sprang to the eyes of the kneeling woman. "I had not meant ever to tell a soul," she faltered, "for he is a good man when he is not in his cups."

As she spoke a picture of her husband as he was on the morning of their marriage flashed before her; then the contrast, as he was now, his face bloated and disfigured, his whole self changed. But it must not be her finger that would point him as an object of scorn to the priest.

"Father, I cannot tell," she said. "Pray for me," and she arose to go. The priest's voice stopped her. "Listen to me," he said gravely.

"What you say here goes no farther, and will not only relieve your heart, but perhaps may mean the lifting of this curse from your life. Now, let me tell your story for you," he went on gently, as she knelt down once more.

"Your husband drinks and starves you, and you are even deeper. You are thinking of his soul, for he has neglected the sacraments for years, and you are thinking of your little son. Am I right?"

"The woman's eyes grew wide. "But Father, how did you know?" she asked in amazement.

Father Barry was silent. How could he tell her that her husband's wrongdoing was the talk of the parish, or that her own familiar black-lead figure before the shrine of Our Lady of Pity told its too evident story of destitution?

"It is true, Father," she went on, after a pause, "and only God knows how it will end."

"Now, you must not grow discouraged," the priest said, and his voice was full of compassion. "We will begin a novena to-day in honor of our Blessed Lady. Go to her in your need. She is a mother and understands, as no one else does, the sorrows of a mother."

He raised the hand in her soul Mrs. Rathway left the confessional. The late afternoon dusk was deepening and the silence that shrouded the tone of the King was only broken by the scarcely perceptible click of the confessional slide, the gentle sound telling of many a prodigal's return to the arms of a loving Father. A sweet peace, indicating the near presence of God, emanated from the golden tabernacle and filled the poor wife's soul with a consolation so great that instinctively she felt it to be the forerunner of a cross.

When the cross comes into our life we can see our Lord behind it, and we size with what He says to us on our agonizers, how joyous we would be. But when it comes hidden under the ugly guise of sin in one we love, we forget the sweeter thought in our pain.

And yet, before Our Lady's shrine Mrs. Rathway began her novena, pleading her cause at the feet of that Mother to whom no one has more than usual fervor. Christ would listen to her prayer to St. Bernard, and then with a lightened heart wended her way home in the twilight.

But the grim reality soon dispelled her happy moments. She found her home cold and cheerless, her little son sobbing pitifully, and her husband in a drunken stupor by the bare fireside.

All the hope and consolation that had so lately flooded her heart was swept away. The future looked so dark, was it possible there could ever come a rift in the clouds? Her longing for the man at her feet grew so strong that she seemed almost beyond her strength to wait for him. What a coward's part was his, to fall at the first wind of adversity, without even an effort to help the one who had given her all for him!

And then she looked up over the kitchen mantel, where only a few days before she had hung a picture of the Sacred Heart, and a soft impulse came over her. Christ would listen to His Mother's intercession—He who had never refused her anything she asked for the souls he so tenderly loved. With little Michael hushed now in her arms she made her sacrifice. From that moment she would forget self and offer all her trials and heartaches for her husband's conversion.

The days of the novena were passing slowly, but with sweet, womanly courage she kept her resolve and crushed many a bitter thought under a smiling exterior. On the morning of the ninth day she knelt with child-like confidence at Our Lady's feet. As she looked up at the pure face bent so pityingly above her there was absolute certainty in her heart that her prayer would be heard. It seemed as though a great stone had been rolled from her heart, filling with sunshine where all had been shadow before. She had thought her love for her husband dead, but from its sepulchre God called it forth and it pulsed as it did through her being. The same, and yet not the same, for mingled with it was a pity and yearning more akin to

mother love than wife affection. As on that dreary afternoon nine long days ago, her heart was filled with consolation, but now without apprehension for the future.

A few days later Father Barry had a visitor. He was reading his breviary in the little bare room that served both as reception room and study when the door opened softly to admit a man whose haggard face and bloodshot eyes told plainly the story of a dissipated life. His clothing was ragged and not over clean, and he fumbled nervously with his hat as he hesitated in the doorway.

The priest recognized him at once, and arose with a word of kindly greeting. "Well, Michael, what can I do for you?" he asked as he motioned him toward a chair.

Rathway sat down stiffly. Speech seldom came easily to him, and now, in an embarrassing situation, he was completely at a loss.

"It's the drink, Father," he blurted out at last. "I want to stop it."

The priest's grave eyes lightened with a sudden gleam. "You have done well to come to me," he said. "I will help you."

The poor drunkard unbent a little, and for the first time raised his eyes, in a sort of shifting comradeship to the priest.

Father Barry closed his breviary and literally took the bull by the horns. "Come over to the confessional with me," he said. "We will talk business later."

The man started a little, but ashamed to seem to hesitate at the assertion of the previous moment, followed the priest to the church. It was not a regular confession day and few scattered here and there wondered at the time the two were closeted together. But the curtains parted, and Rathway, whose whole manner was incredibly changed, came out and went to kneel before the altar. A moment later the priest, too, left the box and began to pace slowly up and down the aisle. He closed his breviary when Rathway arose, and went forward to meet him again. A whispered word, a slight pressure on the shoulder, and the two left the church together.

Again in his room, the priest drew his chair closer to the table and seated himself with a kindly smile at the man opposite him.

"Well, Michael, we are ready for business now," he resumed.

Rathway nodded. "I am ready for almost anything now," he said, with rather a shame-faced laugh.

"I am not going to urge the pledge," Father Barry continued, "for I have in mind a greater cure than that, if you will follow it."

Rathway was silent. He knew that the keen eyes of the priest were searching him, as though he would read his soul.

What Father Barry saw there evidently satisfied him, for his manner changed as he continued gently: "Michael, your cure is God Himself. Come every morning and receive Him in Communion at the altar rail; then, strengthened by His presence, and helped by Him in your heart, go to your daily work. If through frailty or long force of habit you should fall, come to me at once, and after confession, start anew. But—and something of a divine fire seemed to blaze in his eye—"if you dare, with the spirit of a scold, to pour down liquor on that heart where He has so loved, God's punishment will fall upon you."

The priest's voice was vibrant with feeling, and he lifted one hand in warning as he spoke.

Rathway raised his head, a strange mixture of fear and admiration in his face.

"Father," he said huskily, "I am not worthy of that cure. I do not dare to try it."

The fire died out of Father Barry's eyes. "Michael, God trusts you; I trust you, and your brave wife, whose prayers have brought you here, trusts you. In God's name try it!"

As he spoke, a new light sprang into the man's eyes. "I will, Father," he said finally.

"May God give you strength, then!" Father Barry answered, as he put out his hand. Rathway wrung it earnestly.

"I will keep my word," he said.

And he did. Every morning saw him at the altar rail. It was a bitter fight; but God knows how bitter. For the old comrades and the lights of the tavern were never so alluring as now. Many a day as he worked in the ditch, his throat parched, his head whirling, he longed for the old familiar bar, and only the memory of God in his heart kept him at his post. The victory was not won in a day, nor in many days, but like a soldier bearing the standard of the king and glorifying in his wounds, he pressed on bravely, despite the suffering, and his endurance won in the end.

The first year of the trial had passed, and looking in at the cozy little home, he would scarcely believe it to be the same as that which faced the heartbroken poor on the first day of her novena. Poor it was still, but spotless. A cherry fire was burning on the hearth, the table was spread for the evening meal, and a bright little kettle was boiling merrily on the hob, as if singing a song to itself.

Over the mantel hung the same picture of the Sacred Heart, and husband and wife were standing before it. Rathway's arm was passed around her shoulders, and, undemonstrative as she knew him to be, the little gesture meant much. Baby Michael left his play and toddled to his father's side.

"I am it time to say good night, sweet Jesus?" he whispered.

The mother smiled through her tears and folded the little hands in her own.

"Yes, my baby," she answered, gently. "Kissed you by my side."

The child obeyed and the sweet words of his good-night prayer fell softly from his lips. "And bless mother and father. Amen," he added. Then continued in his serious baby voice: "And thank you, dear Jesus, for making us so happy."

Husband and wife looked at each other, and the same thought sprang into their minds, as with full hearts

they echoed the words of their little child—Mary Adelaide Garnett, in the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

A FRENCH STUDY OF THE CULTURKAMPF

HOW BISMARK CONDUCTED THE ANTI-CATHOLIC CAMPAIGN

By Max Turmann, Corresponding Member of L'Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques of Paris.

I In the course of his remarkable studies on the religious question in Germany, M. Georges Goyau has recently published two volumes on Bismarck and the Church, which deserve attention for their personal will not only interest Catholics as dealing with an exciting episode in Church history, but will also serve to encourage them and to provide useful matter for thought. M. Goyau, author of some score volumes, translated for the most part into different tongues and crowned by the Academy, needs no introduction to Catholics.

All educated people know him, at least by name, and may have read one or other of his books, of which large portions have appeared in the Revue des Deux Mondes. More detailed praise would only affront the genuine modesty of Brunetiere's old pupil, whose pen is always at the service of Truth and Justice, for we must never forget that M. Goyau, is, above all, and every sense of the word, a convinced Catholic, a devoted son of the Church. Formerly, on his quitting the Ecole Normale Supérieure, he was sent by the French Government to the Ecole de Rome, where he became the docile and energetic disciple of Leo XIII, through whose inspiration was aroused in the young student a zealous attachment to the larger religious interests. At the present day his talents, his wide and detailed learning and the uprightness of his private life make him a credit to Catholicism and one of her most efficient forces, so that one feels it one's duty to share in the spreading of his influence. Our adversaries never backward in praising, often with slight justification, those of their number who seem above the average; why should we, through excess of modesty, be silent about those of our friends whose lofty intellectual attainments, scientific or literary, are beyond dispute? To take one example, the public does not know, because we have not told them emphatically enough, that the inventor of wireless telegraphy is a professor of the Paris Institut Catholique—a fact which, though not immediately connected with faith, shows at least that science is not, as certain scoundrels suppose, incompatible with Christian belief.

To return to M. Goyau's volumes which contain a detailed and attractive account of one of the most glorious epochs of German Church history. They are the fruits of frequent and prolonged sojourns across the Rhine, of much sifting of contemporary reviews and newspapers, of wide reading of books treating directly or indirectly with the subject. The author has questioned witnesses still surviving, and even in a sense those already dead, for he has been allowed to peruse memoirs and other writings still unedited and preserved in many private and diocesan archives. Thus this historical study follows the true method; it is based on the latest knowledge of the facts, guaranteed by multiplied notes and references throughout the whole work. On the other hand, without concealing his own convictions, the author has succeeded with success at remaining completely impartial, recalling the dictum of his illustrious master, Leo XIII: "The Church desires nothing but the truth."

Space will not allow us to set forth the details of the attack upon the Church, delivered under Bismarck's leadership by the German Government, assisted to some extent by the "National Liberals," and the chiefs of the new sect of "Old Catholics," which arose after the Vatican Council, and which, by its touch Taoungly to understand the Culturkampf, in its terms and in its complicated developments, clearly to estimate its leaders, their attitudes, not seldom inconsistent, their ideals, their projects their hidden motives—for this purpose the volumes of M. Goyau's are indispensable. We find there the smallest in detail noted; every action and word that have any significance are faithfully recorded; even secondary agents and others more remote are brought before us with scrupulous exactness. The author has raised one more to life and action all the combatants on either side, but especially vivid are his pictures of the four incomparable Catholic champions—Windthorst, Mallinckrodt, and the two Reichenspergers—as the following passage will show.

A very large head surmounting a tiny body, with two little eyes, weak but searching, and a wide mouth which grew wider as the least touch of merriment, such as Windthorst. Nature, in designing his exterior, seemed to have aimed at making things easy for budding caricaturists by giving them a very simple model with features readily reproducible in Short and slender, his bearing belied him no less than his stature; one's look was to penetrate below the crowded ranks of human shoulders to see, half-way down and hanging, as he walked, on the arm of an obliging colleague, the deputy Windthorst. Minister of the Kingdom of Hanover whilst it still existed, he had faithfully served his King, and still paid him the homage of fond, respectful memories. Uncompromising individualist, he sat irreconcilably from 1867 to 1871 in the parliaments of Prussia and Germany; and then he began to act in support of the Centre. . . . Confronting his Church, there gradually arose in his sight from the earth a complete structure of the persecuting laws, Windthorst attacked this structure with ferocity, seeking to undermine and demolish it. In the parliamentary history of the day, Windthorst was the model obstructionist. A high official once called him "the father of all obstacles." His object was rather to unhorse his adversary than to refute him; he was more of a tactician than a dialectician. . . . None knew, as he did, how to

watch for, or preferably to provoke, an incident bringing confusion to the enemy; then he rose, becoming nearly as tall as his seated colleagues; a thin jet of voice was heard, slender like his whole person, and this jet, against the obstacle, played all round its weak points, gladdened for a while at their assault or at other men, then began the assault again, and kept at it with a sweet, gentle, gradual enmity; little by little, in the midst of a hail of witticisms which Windthorst heaped one upon the other, everything heaved and crashed around a little but growing breach, and the obstacle crumbled away.

Equally due to the hand of a master is M. Goyau's portrait of Mallinckrodt, but we must hasten on. Over against these Catholics of the Centre was set the Chancellor. Not that Bismarck belonged by conviction to the anti-Catholic party.

He was not a Freemason; (M. Goyau writes) when he denied that charge, he spoke the truth. No more can we attribute to him that fanatical hatred against the Roman Church which sometimes inspires certain Lutherans. He was quite sincere when he said in his table-talk that each one should be free to seek his salvation in his own way.

But as soon as Bismarck became convinced that the interests of the State were bound up in particular solution of a religious question, he became essentially intolerant; he hated everything that showed any independence of the emperor to excite his wrath, for he felt bound to yield to his strenuous rule. In his struggle against the Catholics, his principal colleagues were Falk and Marshal Roon.

The former held the Portfolio of Worship in the Kingdom of Prussia. He was a lawyer, learned, punctilious, bound by a narrow logic, skilled in the obscure, ignorant of facts. Edmond Pressensac said of him—"He is as stiff as one of Frederic the Great's sergeants"—a true description which applied to mind as well as body. Falk was indeed the victim of a certain intellectual stiffness which made him insensible to the reactions caused by his religious policy.

Marshal Roon, President of the Prussian Ministry, was quite another type of character.

He was a Christian; the idea of the Kingdom of Christ, alien to the mind of Bismarck, was familiar to the soul of Roon. The Reichenspergers of Heidelberg on the interior life of the Marshal certain gleams all the more attractive as they are unexpected. Overwhelmed with business, Roon could yet spend an hour or three successive Sundays in instructing a valet engaged to be married.

He was bitterly to the point in the Sacrament, and the way in which upon his death-bed he invoked the Diety by the blood-shedding of Christ moved all who witnessed his last moments.

How then was it possible that this earnest Christian of a series of measures which did violence to the conscience of Catholics? The best explanation is that the Prussian Minister was convinced that his Sovereign had been grievously insulted by a speech of Pius IX., and even by the Pope's very attitude.

In military fashion, Marshal Roon gave himself this brief password: "Avenge the Emperor; or he went, without knowing anything about the affairs of the Church, on the path traced by Falk; and his highheartedness even went in puns for playing on the name of Falk, he wrote to Bismarck on Jan. 16th—"To-day the grand hawk-hunting party (Falkenjagd) has begun."

As a matter of fact this famous hawk-hunting party had started somewhat earlier; already at the end of the year 1871, the Bavarian Minister, Lutz had passed a measure known as the "pulpit paragraph," according to which a priest's sermon or the national who was extended in the pulpit in such a way as to endanger public order—"a crime which was punishable by imprisonment for two years. Again during the first two months of 1872, the enemies of the Church had continued their hostile operations by depriving the clergy of the school instruction. In logical sequence they then set to work to take them away from members of Religious Orders also, and as a matter of course from the Society of Jesus in particular, the most influential and active of those then in Germany. On June 19, 1872, the Reichstag, by 181 votes, passed the law banishing from the territory of the empire the Order of Jesus and all its affiliated congregations; existing religious houses were given six months in which to dissolve themselves; foreign Jesuits were liable to expulsion, those of the country were subjected to police regulations, forbidding them to leave the country, and to receive any communication into concerning their residence there. And under the false pretext affiliation to the Society, many congregations of men and women were included in these measures of proscription.

Having smitten the Religious, anti-Catholic hatred in due course extended itself to the secular clergy, and these latter were the victims of those "May Laws" with which the names of Bismarck, Roon and Falk are unhappily connected. Later on, when he was defeated and compelled to "go to Canossa," the Chancellor strove to minimize the share he took in this hateful and ill-conceived enterprise, but despite his denials his responsibility remains complete.

The discourse pronounced by Pius IX. in the Consistory of December 23, 1872, in the Holy Father protested against the persecuting measures already passed, was made by the German Government the occasion of these fresh anti-Catholic enactments. The official journals spoke of the Pope as the "new Benedictine" who had affronted the King of Rome, as the Corsican had done King Wm., and, to avenge this insult, the Reichstag was invited in 1873 to vote en bloc the "May Laws" which it was hoped would reduce to a state of impotence the Catholics, Bishops, clergy and laity alike. We may now, under the guidance of M. Goyau, contrast the principal items of this bellicose legislation.

The substance of the "May Laws" is embodied in these three—that which arranges a programme of studies for the priests, that which gives to the civil authority a final voice in ecclesiastical nominations and that which appoints a lay tribunal to decide disputes between members of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. M. Goyau's work shows us how skillfully the Prussian State contrived to give its tyrannical pretensions a legal form. We may note to start with that the "May Laws" were applicable as much to the Protestants as to the Catholics of Prussia.

A single principle aimed at dominating both Churches, one of which throughout its history constantly asserted its liberty, whilst the other, quiescent moulded by the civil power. This identification was the result of a legal abstraction against which the whole of past history protested. The State legislated uniformly for two entities without reference to their essential differences. . . . The Prussian Government set out to determine how it desired that the Christian churches should proceed within its territory. It proceeded, impartially, within the limits of tolerance and through regard for equality, to make regulations for both these Churches. The couch of Procrustes also made a point of equality in regard to those he named,—which is why it became a couch of torture.

In the event the Protestant sects were able to accommodate themselves easily enough to the new laws, which on the other hand, were in very many points absolutely unacceptable to the Catholic Church. There is no difficulty in considering the regulations for the studies of future clerics. To become a priest or pastor, one must first have passed the "examination" of some German "gymnasium," and then have made three years' theological studies, either in a German University or in the theological seminary of the diocese, provided that the Prussian Government considered the latter as equivalent to a University. The final examination, which was obligatory, included philosophy, history, and German literature. Both the preparatory and the higher seminaries had to submit to the President Superior of the province a layman and ordinarily a Protestant, their programmes of studies and their disciplinary regulations. The professors of the preparatory and theological seminaries had to possess the same qualifications as those of the secondary schools and universities, and the President Superior could object to their appointment when submitted by the Bishop for State approval. Thus the Government claimed to determine finally and without a preliminary understanding with the Church, under what conditions her priests should be educated, by what professors or directors she should be guided on her path, in a word, to meet what exigencies her studies should be subjected. And let us not forget that the Prussian State which advanced these strange claims was essentially a Protestant State.

This was not all. When the priest, trained and instructed according to these new legal decrees, should be appointed to a parish, the Government did not relax its protection and its paternal watchfulness. In the first place his appointment did not hold good, unless within thirty days the lay-President of the province, duly informed of it, allowed it to pass without opposition. Again a priest, appointed in accordance with the law and freed from all Government censure on other accounts, could still come under the veto of the President Superior of the Province, "if certain facts made it probable that he would not observe the laws of the State and the arrangements of authority which would be necessary in accordance with the grounds of mere likelihood determined by itself, the Prussian State would have the extraordinary power of preventing the appointment of a cleric to be rector or curate or to hold any other post than that he actually occupied. At every stage in the career of the cleric, the State could interfere and defeat the purposes of ecclesiastical superiors. Moreover, since without the special permission of the President Superior no post could remain vacant for more than twelve months, that period alone was left to the Church to discover and appoint a personage pleasing to the State.

Nor were these limitations without effect. Heavy sanctions, Bishop or President of consistories, who should appoint parish priests without the consent of the State, were fined from \$200 to \$1,000. A maximum of \$100 was exacted from a cleric who should "illegally" perform ecclesiastical functions: a similar fine for officiating in a parish for more than a year. "What power was left in the Bishop's hands of appointing or promoting his clergy may now be easily judged.

Yet the enemies of the Church did not think this enough; they wished, besides, to deprive the Bishops of all discipline over their priests. Religious exceptions could no longer be inflicted except in accordance with a process dictated by the Government. The houses of retreat, where the clergy by order of superiors could be sent to do penance were to be under the care of the civil authority. Seclusion in these retreats should be voluntary and never exceed a period of three months. And all this was to be observed under pain of a fine of \$1,000 and the closing of the house of retreat. Moreover these ecclesiastical penalties, thus controlled and limited, were subject—a point particularly objectionable—to an appeal to the civil tribunal. The recalcitrant cleric could always reject them as emanating "from a power not recognized by the laws of the State," i. e. from the Papacy. And not only the cleric in question but the President Superior himself could formulate the appeal, if he thought public interest demanded it. A special tribunal was appointed to judge the cases—"the Royal Court for Ecclesiastical Affairs"—the eleven members of which were to be appointed by the King of Prussia. Thus there would be set up at the head of the State a sovereign jurisdiction over the internal principal items of this bellicose legislation.

Papacy and Catholic episcopate would be deprived of all effective control power over the priests of Germany.

And the State did not shrink from interfering even with spiritual sanctions, censure and excommunication. The ecclesiastical superior who should visit with such penalties a layman or priest guilty of having obeyed such civil laws as these of having used against law, full direction their electoral powers, would be exposed to the maximum penalty of \$200 fine or two years' imprisonment.

Foreseeing an organized resistance on the part of certain Bishops and priests to this group of tyrannical enactments, the Prussian State claimed in advance the power of depriving such ecclesiastical officials of their official character as Churchmen.

According to the law, the President Superior, after having invited the Bishop either to resign his functions or to reinstate the suspended priest, could before the Royal Court for Ecclesiastical Affairs, which latter claimed the power of "unfripping" ecclesiastical dignitaries, whatever their rank. Once degraded in this fashion, these clerics by exercising their office would expose themselves to a fine of \$1,000, a repetition of the longer able to appoint vicars or curates without reference to the State, must at the pleasure of the State witness in silence the deprivation of her vicars or curates or even of her Bishops.

Catholic Germany could not brook such arrogant and baseless claims: Bishops, priests and layfolk arose with one accord to resist the tyranny of the State. They were victorious: their victory will form the theme of another article.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LIGHT IS SPREADING EVEN IN BELFAST

The correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle, now in Ireland to study the Irish question, sends the following regarding Belfast:

What is the truth, what is the reality behind the Orange violence in Belfast? It is not the tiresome matter which many educated people in England suppose it to be. It is not merely the provincial subsistence of a bigoted sectarianism. It is something of remarkable interest to the student of affairs. Papal Christianity and Bible Christianity are but pieces on the chess-board. The players are Privilege and Democracy, and the game is for dominion.

THE BEGINNING OF ENLIGHTENMENT

Some years ago there came into ship-building yards of Belfast a number of skilled workmen from the Clyde. What concerned these men were such questions as decent housing, fair wages, provision for physical recreation, the public health, education and a more equitable adjustment of taxation. They were never heard to say that they stood for their rights "with the Bible in one hand and a sword in the other."

They never found it necessary in developing a train of reason to utter the immortal warty of the Orange Party: "To h— with the Pope." Nor did they embroider their arguments with obligatory biographies of the great and noble Catholic neighbors. They talked like reasonable men making for a definite goal, very quietly, very determinedly, and earning their bread as they went along. These Scots who came to Belfast in the eighties were not Orangemen. They were Radicals.

This was the beginning of enlightenment, the first introduction of intellectual sugar into Belfast's bitter Orange of bigotry and prejudice. Local talent was perplexed. Then came the realism with which Lloyd George vitalized modern politics and stimulated the energy of reformers. The Orangemen began to think. All their lives they had been taught to regard Liberals as traitors of the most abandoned kind. They had heard one of their ministers of religion proclaim that if the Liberals passed the Home Rule Bill, Ulster would "sick Victoria's crown into the Boyne." And here were these Liberals, these Jesuitical liars!

Gradually the heaven worked. The Scotch and English workmen, fraternizing with the sensible mechanics of Belfast, increased the ferment of ideas. Ulstermen began to see that curbing the Pope, shouting for King William, and marching, even with the Bible in one hand and a sword in the other, to crack Catholic skulls, did not increase their wages, improve their houses, or assist their children in the battle of life. They began to ask themselves what benefits they had ever received from Lord Londonderry, Sir Edward Carson, Captain Craig, and William Moore. How many of these chieftains, anxious to keep them loyal and fervid Orangemen, ever proposed Old Age Pensions, or suggested the taxation of monopolies for the social advancement of Democracy? Strange and arresting question! Had the leaders of the Orange Party ever lifted a finger to ease the load of laboring humanity? Strange and arresting negative!

Few of the braver and more intelligent actually rebelled against Orange dominance. At a certain meeting, during the last election, an audience of working men was addressed in the old manner by a local firebrand. The orator invited them to stand up, to make their wills, to raise their rifles to their shoulders, and to die like their fathers before them. A workman rose from the body of the hall said:

"Mr. Chairman, before you put that resolute, I should like to ask a few questions. I have been invited to sign God publicly and adequately he needs enter the Catholic Church and assist by his presence at the holy sacrifice of the Mass. This is the first reason why Smith should go to church. Churches should be open at all hours of the day for the worship of God. Protestant churches are not for the individual services and not for the individual needs to be open at times other than when these services are being held. If Smith wishes to worship God during the week

secondly, what I am supposed to die for? "What am I invited to die for? What for? I don't own a blade of grass? I've got nothing in this city I can call my own except a wee bit of furniture and the children I work for. I'm Lord Londonderry, I haven't got plenty, and more than plenty. I have to work for the little I've got, and directly I stop working it will be taken from me—home and all. One more question. If I die I'll feed my wife and children, who'll clothe them; who'll pay the rent for them? As a rational man I should like to get answers to these questions before I vote for the resolution."

The man who asked this question had been a fanatical Orangeman. At the last election he worked for Joseph Devlin night and day.

THEN CAME A SLUMP IN ORANGE LODGES

This spirit, which was becoming exceedingly strong with the progress of Lloyd George finance and Lloyd George reform, spread every day over a wider area. It passed from the workman's side to the lodgings and institutes of shop assistants. Even clerks became interested in Democratic ideas. Then there came the marmors against Capital. Stories were told of intolerable sweating, of dreadful slums, of misery and destitution hidden away in the dark corners of the city. Every aspect delivered, increased discussion. Prosperity was startled. Privilege felt itself threatened. There was a slump in Orange lodges. The laity of the Presbyterian Church had to put the screw on, in the case of certain ministers infected by liberal ideas. "Priest ridden" Catholics smothered black-ridden shepherds.

At this point, most strangely, Lord Londonderry and Sir Edward Carson suddenly took the field with a feudal vigor. Presbyterian ministers were worked up to white heat. The old Orange was boiled to swell the pulp. The Liberal Ministry, by whose activities a George stimulated thought, increased discussion. Prosperity was startled. Privilege felt itself threatened. There was a slump in Orange lodges. The laity of the Presbyterian Church had to put the screw on, in the case of certain ministers infected by liberal ideas. "Priest ridden" Catholics smothered black-ridden shepherds.

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