

CATHOLICS IN FICTION.

There must be something in the Catholic Church, said a keen-eyed Protestant...

For years the priest has been the favorite, generally, in the tract, and for years, living in wretched, cruel and filthy...

In recent fiction there are priests galore. The genial Mr. Weyman has given us...

What a certain style of novelist would do without his Catholic villain is difficult to conceive. He is necessary...

At any rate it is a vocation for the Catholic villain, bound on to his interesting anatomical studies...

However there are the types of a year or two back and to-day we have no vivid examples of Catholics at every turn...

His companion says, "Serve the King and a Huguenot to the devil for the Devil for a legion of wine!"...

"A religion for women—one would say it was at least for the novelists who love to portray the Catholic maiden, when, after confession, homeward serenely she walked, with God's benediction upon her..."

"The Gaddy," the concoction of a score of Catholic legends, is a realistic floor; "Via Crucis," the most unflattering realistic piece ever penned...

"They tell us of the lives of Catholics; they tell us of the lives of Catholics; they tell us of the lives of Catholics; they tell us of the lives of Catholics..."

These are but a few sentences culled from our reading and with them, to an accompaniment of clanging chains and torture instruments, we might as well add...

more the ordinary language of Catholicity, but were they to do this while it would make their books more agreeable to dull folk for Catholics?"

In all this and every other Catholic, in all the misrepresentation of Catholic belief, nothing is so bad as a writer, who, correct in form, cannot be correct in spirit, because, Catholic-like, he "conces for none of these things."

A non-Catholic cannot enter into the spirit of the True Church. It is an impossibility. As well give Shakespeare to a child as to a man for a reading book, or give a charming "O matre pulchra filia pulchior, Quam crinibus cunquo volos nodum..."

When Prosper to Dal traces loyalty to pray, in our own hearts' entrancing, "The Forest Lovers," he says: "Now, child, I have done thee a better turn by teaching thee to pray and sign thyself devoutly than ever I did by writing thee this in the cottage..."

"I don't know what to do about my daughter, Lucy," said a perplexed mother who had come to an outspoken but kindly old physician for advice.

"She seems so listless and does not seem to have any interest in life, and she is irritable and does not seem to think that she has any more to do in the world..."

"How old is she?" asked the doctor. "Nearly nineteen."

"Can she cook?" "No, no, she knows nothing about cooking."

"Does she have any part, whatever in the household duties?" "No, I cannot say she has."

"No duties, no responsibilities, no social obligations, no part in the work to be done in every household?" "Well, no."

"Then, madam," said the doctor, frankly, "your daughter has no need of a gymnasium in which to exercise her muscles, and I don't wonder that she is irritable and unhappy."

"What would you advise?" asked the mother, weakly. "I should advise you to make her feel that she has a duty to do in the world..."

One striking evidence of the vast changes of sentiment in the Church of England which have taken place in the last half century is given by the English correspondent of 'The Church Times' in a recent issue...

Penitential discipline, he is giving happiness to small boy who has been holding his horse for about an hour. There, my lad, there's something for you. Small boy? Can I keep the change, please?"

THE TRUMPETER OF DAVENANT.

A Complete Tale by E. B. It was on a wild, windy evening that I first heard of him who gives a name to this little tale...

The dinner hour—at much earlier one than would have been considered fashionable now—had come and gone and the two men had established themselves by the great wood fire...

"What is it?" I asked, forgetful that my grandfather did not approve of youngsters being forward or curious.

"My grandfather shook his grey head and said, 'What is it?' I asked, forgetful that my grandfather did not approve of youngsters being forward or curious."

"No words were spoken for a time; then my grandfather said: 'The boy is young, but Father Clifford and I are old men. I have made him and your Edgar's guardians.'"

"But what, my lad, a moment. Come and be introduced properly to Sir Giles Stanford, and see that you give him the obedience you have given me when he is your guardian..."

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of Jesus, and was connected with some of the noblest in the land. Perhaps that was the reason why he escaped so long, but the Queen's Ministers invented, and then discovered, a Popish plot in the country, and the shame of priest-crowd grew hot. Father Thornley was known to be in the vicinity of Davenant, and the minions of the law had orders to apprehend him."

The priest had been concealed at Davenant, but it was feared that he was not safe at that place and young Edgar was sent to a distant manor to arrange for the priest's reception there. The searching object of his visit, though it might be regarded as a day's company of the young ones of the house, with whom he was acquainted, he set out for home early in the afternoon of the second day, having made the necessary arrangements. To avoid attracting attention, he wore a simple, unostentatious, and his surprise was great when he had ridden some miles from Churnleigh to find himself surrounded by a company of soldiers and declared to be a prisoner."

"I had sat for sometime in the window, but as the wind rose higher and higher, I got up and went to the grandfather who was talking with some animation than I had ever seen displayed of him."

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Alighieri, the murderer of the Bellocchio, the broker of traitors, the prisoner of China, the public robber throughout the East. Will the future historian of the close of the 13th century and the opening of the 14th have to add 'murderer of the Transvaal Boer' also? And will he have to add that English Catholics had to resist the disease as English Protestants? Tell me not that I am no Englishman. One can be a true Englishman and yet denounce England's wrongdoings. Nay, the truest Englishman will ever be he who most denounces them. But even as a piece of policy what a cold word when morally concerned, this 'aping loyalty' is impolitic. When Protestantism is discredited of this war, it will turn upon us and uphold us for not having set it right in its morality. But, listen, Catholics, Englishmen, and tremble at this blood-guiltiness. It is an escaped war correspondent who writes: 'We ought to put a quarter of a million men in the field. South Africa is worth the cost in blood and money.' God help the man! And God help the nation! And this blood-guiltiness is what Catholics are asked to uphold.

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