

Continued.

CASHEL OF THE KINGS

"By CRUX."

FROM 1406 to 1440 the See of Cashel was held by Richard O'Hedian, who repaired the archiepiscopal residence and new built the Cathedral of St. Patrick, which had been founded by King Donald O'Brien, the Red. He died full of years in 1440, and was buried in his own Church. After his death the See was vacant for ten years. From 1450 to 1482 the Archbishop was John Cantwell, a graduate of Oxford, and a Bachelor of Laws of that University. From 1483 to 1503 David Creagh was Archbishop. It was during his term of office that Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, burned the Cathedral. When accused, before King Henry VII., of the crime he said: "Spare your evidence, I did set fire to the Church, for I thought the Bishop was in it at the time."

From 1504 to 1523 Maurice Fitzgerald, or Geraldine, held the See, being advanced thereto by a provision from Pope Julius II. From 1527 to 1550 Edmund Butler, son of Peter, Earl of Ormond, was Archbishop of Cashel. How it comes that his consecration only took place in 1527 is more than I can discover, for on the 21st October, 1524, the Pope had earnestly recommended him to the favor of Henry VIII. He was Prior of the Abbey of St. Edmund of Athassel, in the County Tipperary. From 1553 to 1561 Roland Baron, under the temporal reign of Queen Mary, held the See of Cashel. After his death the See was six years vacant.

We have now come to a turning point in the history of the Archbishopric of Cashel. Early in 1567 the Pope had appointed Maurice Gibbon Archbishop; but on the 2nd October, the same year, James Mac-caghwell was promoted by Queen Elizabeth to the archbishopric of Cashel. A fierce struggle ensued for possession of the province. Mac-caghwell, backed by the forces placed at his disposal by the Queen, drove the Pope's nominee out of the country. Maurice escaped to Spain, and died in the city of Oporto about the year 1578. While the successful Mac-caghwell, backed by the forces placed by Parliament united the bishopric of Emly and that of Clonmac-noise to Cashel. He died in 1570. But his death did not leave the See open to the exiled Maurice, the rightful Episcopal authority.

I have now reached that period in Irish history, when Cashel, like all other Catholic sees, underwent a radical change, became the prey of the benchmark of Elizabeth, and was snatched from the Church by fraud, violence, and the most abominable of injustices. The days of the Pale are at hand, and the long period of bloody persecution and wholesale robbery that cursed the Irish race, but could not crush out the faith of St. Patrick, came like a volcanic cloud to suffocate and to destroy the spirit of the race. No history of that awful time, that epoch of Elizabethan tyranny, is complete without in details of the life and administration of the notorious Miller Magrath. His story is but a counterpart of those of a hundred others; but his is the most prominent, because he occupied, or rather usurped this important See of Cashel, and he was the first of a long series of pervers, persecutors of their own race and renegades to their own faith, while fattening into bloated importance upon the crumbs from the hand of England's Virgin Queen. Of such moment was the life and deeds of this man, that I will have to stay the course of my narrative to tell of what he did during fifty-two years of his archiepiscopal administration. He held sway during the last third of the sixteenth century, and the two first decades of the seventeenth. From 1570 to 1621, Miller Magrath was Archbishop (Protestant) of Cashel. He was a Franciscan Friar, and a native of the County Fermanagh. By Papal decree he was advanced to the See of Down. He soon embraced the Protestant religion, and was by Queen Elizabeth translated to the See of Clogher. Later on he was appointed by the same Queen to the See of Cashel. According to official records the Queen made him Bishop of Lismore, Bishop of Emly, Bishop of Waterford, Bishop of Killala and of Achonry; besides these bishoprics he

had conveyed to him in a like manner the vicarage of Killmocalian, and the rectory of Infra duos pontes, in the diocese of Elphin, the rectories of Castle Connor and Skrine, the Prebend of Dougher, with the rectory of Kilorhin. Add all these to the archbishopric of Cashel, and you will not find that Miller Magrath fared poorly in consequence of his apostasy.

He was in high favor with Queen Elizabeth, as appears not only by the promotions she heaped upon him, but by Her Majesty's privy seal to the Lord Deputy of the 22nd of August, 1592, in the rolls office, whereby reciting "that the archbishop had been a long time at court about the affairs of his archbishopric, and had been employed in her service to her contentation; she willed that no penalty be extended to him for his absence without licence. That as he had a lease in his own right of the priory of Tome, at £11 11s 4d rent, of which there were but a few years in being, a new lease for 31 years be executed to him in revision."

In 1611, one William Knight, M. A., was appointed his co-adjutor, but he soon grew weary of office and returned to England. Ware's history says that the cause of Knight's quitting Ireland, was "for that Knight had appeared drunk in public, and thereby exposed himself to the scorn and derision of the people." The same author says: "Archbishop Magrath governed this See 52 years and 3 months—during which time he made most scandalous wastes and alienations of the revenues and manors belonging to it. He died at Cashel in December, in the hundredth years of his age, having lain two years bedrid before his death. In his lifetime he erected a monument to himself in the Cashel Cathedral. Beneath his own arms is an image of St. Patrick, with Episcopal staff in hand, and under it is, in Latin, a line that I thus translate: "Patrick Kearin made this monument." And on the inscriptional plate is to be read this epitaph of his own composition: (I also translate):

Patrick, the glory of our Isle and gown,
First sat a Bishop in the See of Down,
I wish that I succeeding him in place,
As Bishop, had an equal share of grace,
I served thee, England, fifty years in jars,
And pleas'd thy princes in the midst of wars;
Here where I'm placed, I'm not; and thus the case is,
I'm not in both, yet am in both the places, 1621—
He that judgeth me is the Lord, I, Cor. 4.
Let him who stands take care lest he fall.

It is claimed by some authors that Miller Magrath died a Catholic, and that he gave private instructions to have his body buried elsewhere than under his own monument; hence meaning of the strange epitaph. One thing certain, he was the handsomest man in all Ireland. It is equally certain that he advised his own mother to cling to her faith and to confess her sins before dying. He also heard the confession of a dying peasant near the town of Golden, anointed him, and said he did so for the sake of conscience. The place where he did this is still called Knuackanulla—the Hill of the Oil. Although we have no record of his marriage, or mention of his wife, he had six sons, Miles, Donough, James, Thomas, Brian and Mark. His daughter Shelagh was married to Phillips O'Dwyer, of Ardaran, in Tipperary; and Eliza—called after the Queen, who was enamored of him, was married to Sir John Bowen, Knight. Camden calls the Archbishop "a man of uncertain faith and credit, and of a depraved life." And he adds that "no matter in which religion he died, he was of little credit to either."

We may say that Miller Magrath's success in securing unbounded au-

thority and wealth, and his long life of a century, the half of which was spent as a pervers, contributed greatly to the encouragement of others to try to follow his example, and thus began an era of apostacies and persecutions of Catholics in Ireland. But no imitator ever had his advantages; so there was only one original Miller Magrath.

CONGREGATIONAL
SINGING
IN
COLOGNE
CATHEDRAL.

At 11 o'clock there was a Low Mass, and we were fortunate in being able to procure seats near to the main altar. The pews were quickly filled again, the organ pealed forth, and oh, delight of delights! that great congregation raised their voices simultaneously in a soul-stirring hymn of praise of God. In all directions they sang, those good, true, honest German voices—hundreds of stalwart soldiers in uniform, the men of fashion, the lowly peasant, the woman, the smallest children, everybody—and they sang with a fervor and a delicacy of harmony that brought the tears to the eyes. We were not accustomed to such sounds. I am sure that two thousand people sang at that Mass, and the way that golden volume of praise soared to the Gothic roof, and swept back again, in and out of the arches and the pillars, and whispered, and appealed, and loved as one glorious voice, was a vocal prayer that no human hand could pretend to describe. I only know that we knelt, and sat, and stood in a perfect rapture of joy, and it is safe to say that never while we live shall we forget that morning in the Cologne Cathedral. In the evening, when we sailed away up the Rhine, the sun was setting behind a bank of misty red clouds, and the cathedral stood silhouetted in velvety black against the dazzling ball of light. One little star twinkled out audaciously above the lace-like turrets, and all too soon the beautiful structure faded from our sight in the deepening twilight.—Catholic World.

Javanese Method of Inducing Sleep.

Dr. Steiner observed in Java a method employed to induce sleep. It consists in compressing the carotid arteries. The operator sits on the ground behind the patient whose neck he seizes with both hands. The index and middle fingers are then pushed forward into the carotids which are compressed toward the spine. The patient's respiration becomes more rapid and more profound and his head relaxes backward. The method is absolutely harmless, anaesthesia is rapidly obtained and the patient wakes promptly with no symptoms of nausea or malaise. Dr. Steiner declares the method to be well known in Java, where it is used to relieve headache, sleeplessness, etc., and points out the fact that the carotid artery was known to the ancients as "arteria soporifera," and that its name in modern Russian is "artery of sleep." He does not seem to know that the method is widely practised in India. Kijling's Kim, for example, is put to sleep by a process of the sort. Dr. Steiner experimented upon thirty Javanese, and was successful in all but five cases. He sat in front of the patient placing his right hand on the left, his left hand on the right side of the patient's neck. When the ends of his fingers met at the back of the neck he placed his thumbs back of and a little below the angles of the lower jaw. The beating of the carotid was felt, and then a moderate pressure towards the spine was applied. The loss of consciousness was complete and, in one case, an abscess was lanced without sensation on the patient's part.

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Catholic and Protestant Education

(By a Regular Contributor.)

There is an essential difference between the Catholic and Protestant systems of education, and whoever seeks to contrast or to compare them, must bear in mind that they spring from antagonistic sources, flow through different areas, and end in oceans as separate from each other, and more so, as are the Atlantic and the Pacific. While not entirely applicable in its special details concerning Washington, to our country, there is an eminently able exposition of this subject in the "New Century," published at the American capital.

The aim of the writer of the article in question is evidently to warn Catholic parents of their duty at this special season of the year. After pointing out that institutions like Harvard and Yale, which are frankly Protestant, have their value, but no longer give the imprint of distinction that once was theirs, because they have grown too large, and are frequented by too many, the writer tells us the following solemn truth:—

"We must admit that at Harvard and Yale and Princeton there are admirable professors who so train their students; but when it comes to a system of philosophy which helps to fix minds, to clarify, to strengthen, the Protestant colleges have no system, and faith, when it exists, is not only vitiated, but unsupported. As we accept the Church as the treasury of the truth, all vagaries of philosophy which demand that Revelation is a matter for philosophical analysis, that dogma must be placed by the side of history or physics as a subject for inductive reasoning, are bad. And there is no Protestant college in the world in which these vagaries are not taught."

Much of this applies here in Canada. There is a something that separates the Catholic from the Protestant education which is of vital importance, and parents, when selecting schools, colleges, or universities for their children should take that something into serious consideration. Here is an explanation that cannot fail to have a force:—

"The gulf between the Catholic faith and Protestant collegiate education can be bridged only by a sacrifice. This sacrifice—the admittance of the Thomistic philosophy as the basis of instruction—Harvard or Yale or Columbia will not make. This sacrifice, the admittance that all things in Heaven and earth can be judged fully by the finite human mind. We Catholics cannot make. "Let parents who are not too busy to think of the essentials of the future of their children remember with St. Peter, that faith, to be virile, ought to be supported by the trained processes of reason. This will decide for them the educational question."

Nothing could be clearer. The Protestant educational institution, no matter how grand its proportions, or how brilliant its record, will never accept the Catholic standard in faith, morals, and philosophy; no more can the Catholic institution conform in any of these essentials to the Protestant standard of education. They are as the opposite poles, as the negative and positive, as the presence and absence of color. In the ordinary human sciences the two systems may flow along together, adopting the same rules, and following the same precedents; but when we go beyond the domain of the material, they separate in diametrically opposite directions.

Hence it is that in the realm of higher education there is an absolute necessity for the Catholic to have institutions that keep pace with those of Protestantism, as far as the sciences go, and that outstrip them in everything else. Have we, in Canada, such institutions? We unhesitatingly declare that we have them, and we are most emphatic in asserting that it is our duty to support and encourage them. This is not universally done, and the result is a constant loss a perpetual deteriorating that Catholic parents do not seem to understand. They wonder why their children are lacking in something when they have passed with honors through Protestant institutions. But they fail to realize that their sons have only come forth with the veneering of education, and that the solid wood is not there. Their sons know as much as do the sons of the Protestant citizens who have gone through the same course;

but that is not enough. They should know more and much more about that which is the most vitally essential. And this necessary and superior knowledge is only to be had in Catholic institutions. Here is a subject that deserves the close study and attention of all parents. There is as much difference in the education received in these two classes of institutions, as there is in the religious impressions received in Catholic and Protestant churches.

INDIGNITIES TO PRIESTS IN HOSPITALS.

Official investigations are to be made at once of the allegations made by the Rev. James J. McKeever, pastor of the Church of Rose of St. Lima, Newark, to the effect that indignities were offered to priests while they were in the performance of religious duties in the Newark City Hospital.

When the matter was brought to the attention of Mayor Seymour he declared that he would see to it that the proper authorities take quick and positive measures to investigate the matter and to take such action as the case merits.

"Father McKeever must surely have deemed it a matter of public necessity to make those allegations," said the Mayor, "and now that he has made them, it is due to him, to the hospital and to the people of the city to have them sifted to the bottom. We cannot condone any offence against the sacred obligations of a clergyman, no matter what his creed or religion may be."

Dr. Aaron K. Baldwin, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Medical Board of the City Hospital, announced that the committee would immediately begin an investigation into the allegations made by Father McKeever.

"We hold it to be not only a courtesy," said Dr. Baldwin, "but a right, that clergymen of all denominations, and particularly those of the Catholic Church, because of the last rites which they perform, shall be given every consideration and assistance by the hospital authorities. We propose to find out all about the cases cited by Father McKeever."

"The Medical Board cannot take final action in such cases, but can determine the merits of the case and make recommendations to the Board of Health, which had entire charge of the institution."

Board of Health Commissioner John H. Furman, chairman of the Hospital Committee, declared that his committee will take up the charges made by Father McKeever at its meeting.

Father McKeever, who is widely known and respected, was everywhere given praise for the stand he has taken in the matter, and his statement that he did not publicly accuse some of the physicians in the hospital of eavesdropping while priests were hearing confessions until he had to be regarded as justifying the publicity now given to the matter.

Apostolic Delegate to Manila.

Monsignor Augusto Guidi, who is to be consecrated archbishop on September 21 and is to start at once for Manila as Apostolic Delegate from the Vatican, comes of a noble Roman family and has had a remarkable history, almost wholly diplomatic. He studied at the Gregorian University and Collegio Romano until 1870, when he entered the Pontifical Seminary, that institution so dear to the heart of Pope Pius IX. Distinguishing himself there, he was sent to the University of Innsbruck, in Switzerland, where he took theology and law, the latter because he has a peculiarly legal and diplomatic mind. His education was completed at the Sorbonne in Paris.

His career began almost at the moment the present Pope was elected. The place was that of secretary of the Nunciature at Madrid, always the highway to preferment in the Church of Rome if the occupant of the place possesses ability. He was secretary of the embassy that represented the Pope at the coronation of the Tsar, and went immediately afterwards to the Nunciature at Lisbon, remaining there until 1887. Next he was promoted to be auditor at Munich, and then secretary of the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs at the Vatican. Ten years ago he went on a special mission to Ecuador, but since 1899 he has been at the Vatican, occupying rooms there and having access to the Pope at all reasonable times and upon important matters.

The Ursulines In Holland.

There is probably no school for young ladies in Holland where education has reached such a high standard as at St. Ursula's Convent, Roermond. That establishment is under the direction of the Ursuline nuns, and the teaching staff of mistresses includes diplomaed professors in the Dutch, French, German, and English languages.

The Ursuline Order, founded by St. Angela of Marici in the sixteenth century, was the first that devoted itself exclusively to the education of young girls, and during the first hundred years of its existence the Order spread into almost every country of Europe. In the Netherlands the history of the Order is closely mixed up with that of the country, and, like it, has felt the vicissitudes of war and peace.

As far back as 1646 the Ursulines founded at Roermond a large convent school, which was patronized by all the best families of the country. At the end of the eighteenth century, during the dreadful days of the Revolution, the Daughters of St. Angela were forced to leave their convent, and, like their Sisters in France to-day, were obliged to return to their families or seek homes in foreign countries.

The old convent which they occupied in Roermond is still standing, and the cannon balls in some of the outer walls tell their own tale. In 1853 the Ursulines returned to Roermond, and all their efforts to get their old convent back proving ineffectual, the present House was purchased. It was not at that time the splendid block, which is now looked upon as one of the finest buildings of the town; it was a large private house, with extensive grounds. It soon became necessary to make enlargements and add new wings. At present it affords accommodation for boarders, 150 day scholars, and a large community of Sisters. The convent has increased so rapidly within the last few years, that the want of a large chapel is greatly felt. The Sisters hope to be able to make soon that important and absolutely necessary addition to their building. They have now labored for fifty years in the town of Roermond. Their efforts have been crowned with success, and a large number of their old boarders and scholars, grateful for the benefits received at St. Ursula's, have already expressed a wish to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the re-establishment of the Sisters in Roermond in a manner worthy of the occasion on the 10th January, 1903. They are sure that all old boarders will be glad to receive this intimation of the coming event.

THE ROSARY.

The illustrious Bossuet, one of the greatest geniuses of the time of Louis XIV., not only recited the rosary assiduously, but also had himself enrolled in the confraternity of the Holy Rosary. In his train we may range all the institutors or reformers of modern congregations—St. Francis de Salle, St. Vincent de Paul, the Venerable Jean Baptiste de la Salle, the learned Cardinal de Berulle, the pious Olier, founder and first superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, with a crowd of others. Better than that, the kings and great ones of the world have imitated these celebrated men. Father de la Rue, a learned religious of the company of Jesus, relates that one day, being admitted to an audience by Louis XIV., he found him saying his beads. The religious could not help showing his surprise. "You appear surprised," said the king, "to see me saying the rosary. I glory in saying it. It is a pious custom which I have from the queen, my mother, and I should be very sorry to miss a single day without discharging that duty."

Why is it that we, in the very kingdom of grace, surrounded by angels and preceded by saints, nevertheless can do so little, and instead of mounting with wings like eagles, grovel in the dust and do but sit and confess sin alternately? Is it that the power of God is not within us? Is it literally that we are not able to perform God's commandments? God forbid! We are able. We do have a power within us to do what we are commanded to do. What is it we lack? The power? No; the will. What we lack is the simple, earnest, sincere inclination and aim to use what God has given us and what we have in us.

OLD-TIME

In the year 1877 our actions carried us beyond the Grand Lake on the may be remembered by during the year in question following, that year long the northern slope entians, at the source and the various streams Gatineau and the Dumfries with wolves. The more remarkable scarcely ever frequents the Moose, but rather track of the Red Deer always been plentiful not wolves. It must be fact starvation that drove ocious animals into the land of their great all events they were had a way of making felt.

During the course of man named David Wright hunt moose throughout He was a jovial, fine shot chamois in Switzerland in India, gizzly bears in he was a soldierly-looking about five and thirty, that he had an office, with his father—an em at 19 Pine street, New He had selected a Tete dian as his guide and He was perfectly well moose hunting. He s nights at our depot, a him to be an exceedingly cated man and a mo companion. He could most any subject, and of the world gleaned in travels made him still tive. In fine, it was us to have him in our presence helped to ban monotony of the back while his rifle brought splendid meal of game, many little treasures was a magnificent diary was worth not less than the setting was most u all admired it on more casion, and he told us that was connected with

About the end of came our way again, bye, and thank us for tentions we might have told us of several encounters the wolves that would to that country very. Finally he left us to r

It was about two we I had occasion to go to pot on the Black River of about forty miles. pany of a foreman, ne Drouin—who is still a broke—I took the jour across the hill. When Coughlin creek, at the Black River, we came peared to us to be an place of some hunter, was evident, at first the place had been vis immense pack of wolves long since we could n The suns of early spring ready commenced to c spect of the country; at succeeding frosts, wit furries of snow had of the traces left behi were not long in disc tragedy had been ena lonely spot. We found a human being, and p but they had been grot out of shape by the wolves. As we were the place Drouin caught rifle, the end of which stung from behind a stick aming the rusty and I was astonished to find the one used by David there been anything w firm our fears as to h evidence was at once

amongst the broken bo the diamond ring. Th question. In all like Wright had discharged the Carreau, and be upon the main road t he proceeded alone to journey. In so doing lowed the general rule case he did not calcul wolves.

I took possession of the ring; I intended ke as a memento of the and of sending the r ther, whose address I