

## PETER AMBLE.

PETER is the kind of friend one likes to walk out with. He is known as a "character," mostly perhaps because he is fond of marking traits in other people. Peter's grandfather was originally a poor man, but one who made money toward the end of his life and began late to move about in the society of the owners of money bags. The good man was often ill at ease in this company, because of the evident delight with which his friends would point to their family crests, as much as to say that their right to large fortunes came as a natural accompaniment to those precious cards. The poor old man always felt like an intruder on such occasions, for he had only made his riches by economy and enterprise. How long he might have continued in this state of uneasiness we can only guess, but fortunately his eye one day lit upon an advertisement which set forth that ancestries were traced at small cost at a certain college of heraldry. Away he went in high hope and was met by a little black-coated, solemn looking fellow who welcomed him with much respectful chafing of hands. "Amble," said he, "reminds one of the first words of *De Imitatione Christi*! Some crusading family, doubtless." He apprehended no difficulty in the least, their methods were so exact. So on the morrow the good merchant called again and paid over his guineas for a handsome card setting forth among many shaded curves and dragon-like scrolls, a black shield with a red cross, and a black cockatrice crowing like mad over a Latin motto meaning "never unprepared." "My heirs," thought he, "at least shall not want for a warrant for entry into financial society."

He was altogether right. His son, an unobtrusive person, went in among them with his monies, invested and speculated, and some few years after Peter was born lost everything but the crest, which, on his death, came to Peter. Peter does not move in high financial circles. He modestly keeps the books of entry for a large house, lives contentedly on his income and gives his spare hours to the contemplation of many moods of humanity. Occasionally he has friends at his house, on which occasions he never fails to elevate the plane of existence by admiring the crest and discoursing acutely to his friend the hidden meaning of it all. Not being fond of rude shocks to pleasant impressions, he very seldom tells the tale of its acquisition, but launches out learnedly into an audible reflection on heraldry in general.

He spends much of his time with his books, and of course admires most of all the creations of Shakespeare, upon any of whose characters he will have something so incisive to say that you like to sit and listen, for his mind and nature, between them, thaw out the coldness of the print. Next to those he regards the essays of the lovable Elia.

When Peter goes awalking he keeps his eyes open for any little developments that may arise. He seems to take such unusual views of things. The other day a little shoeblack was walking along, seemingly as miserable as poverty could make him. His clothes were dirty and ragged, his hat all too small and both boot and stocking sadly out at heel. One would have thought that such a moralizer as Peter would have begun a discourse on the multitude of evils attendant upon the want of wealth. Unfortunately for this view, he is no dry economist, and his remark was altogether refreshing, for just then the little fellow reached into his pocket and taking the street for his drawing room and a mouth organ for his music, filled the air with sounds that moved his feet more quickly and sent his head back to a marching position, such as a star militia officer might envy. "He couldn't have that happiness if his shoes were blacked," said Peter.

A few minutes later he pointed out a friend of his. "That," said he, "is a man who had a hobby. Every man should have a hobby. I first met him at an assembly where he and a number of friends repair for the exchange of opinions, and although none of their opinions ever seem to change in the process, they continue the meetings very regularly. Every one of them holds all the rest to be in error, and the varied hopes of assimilation, I suppose, hold them together. For myself I only go to learn their ways. One night Tingle Sax came in. When he rose to speak I observed that he was tall and gaunt, with great masses of black hair formed into a series of natural, defiant elevations on the sides and top of his head. Singular hair, that of his. Always seemed to be the same length and never seemed to be tended. Somebody once said he would like to see Tingle run his fingers through it just to see the effect. Tingle was an advanced economist. When he would speak of the iniquity of holding deeds in land, some of us would instinctively shrink a little deeper into our coats and wish he would stop. 'What is the use' he would say, and his long, bony finger would point straight at you, 'what is the use of trying to increase wealth as long as men are allowed a title to part of the earth against all comers?' Others would try to reason with him but he had the idea firm-fixed, and there was no use in trying to get quit of it.

One day he met me on the street and taking me by the button, said very seriously, 'It's all over.' As I had not known enough of his personal surroundings to have expected any calamity, I strove to look at once serious, sympathetic and comforting, but begged to be informed of the precise nature of the loss. Then he reassured me by the infor-

mation that it was his old idea that was gone, and added half regretfully that he had been pursuing a shadow. But the loss was a great one. Tingle Sax had lost his hobby. The next time I observed him with his hat off, that awful hair was sleeked and parted so carefully one might have thought him a most fastidious beau rather than a dry economist."

It is such men as these Peter likes to observe, and as he has been at it a long time and has a wonderfully pleasing power of discernment, and because he is always so sensible about it, Peter Amble is really the kind of person one likes to go a long walk with. CYRIL.

## A POPE WHO DIED IN EXILE.

BY THE REV. RUEBEN PARRON, D.D., IN *Actu Martii*.

*Conclusion*

kings of which countries, recognizing the wisdom, justice, and protecting authority of Rome, had made their crowns feudatory to her, thus assuring to themselves and their heirs a protection against domestic rebellion and foreign attack. Our age, remarks Canto, styles itself liberal, and yet it bases its constitutions on the inviolability, or rather the infallibility, of rulers, and it rages at the thought of their responsibility to a spiritual power for their acts. "Our ignorant ancestors saw infallibility only in that Church with whom Christ promised to abide forever. They thought that the Church possessed the right of watching the conduct of rulers, of correcting their sins, and of punishing their contumacy. The wisdom of to-day, in order to balance power, introduces a loyal veto, and a refusal on the part of parliament to vote the budget, and the Chambers not only call the ministers to account for their administration, but sometimes pretend to change dynasties and to send kings to the scaffold or into exile. Terms have changed, the substance of things remains. In the days of Gregory no one had heard the maxim that ordinary morality and equity should not regulate government affairs. Then and let it be noted by those who believe that liberty was born only yesterday no man was born a king; he was elected a king, and merit was a condition of his election. Kings were not despots at that time, but were restrained by the assemblies of the nation; and the supreme authority of the Pope was acknowledged not only by the canon but by the civil law."

Much has been said of the violent disposition of Gregory VII. Bossuet descants upon this idea unto nausea, and even Voigt seems to accept the notion, and to apologize for his hero by saying that "every great man is violent, heavy blows are necessary to force an idea upon the world." This may be true of human ideas, and in the case of those great men who are nothing more than men. But our Pontiff was something more than a great man: he was a saint. Powerful blows he certainly did strike, but the sweetness of the Eternal Lamb was never absent in his severity. He wielded the reforming sword as probably no one has ever wielded it; but he ever withheld the blow when the guilty manifested repentance. Superficial historians merely regard the excommunications and definitive depositions pronounced by Gregory VII.; they say nothing of the four hundred letters addressed to the wicked men who were ravaging the Christian world—pathetic exhortations to return to God and His justice. But well-instructed writers, from Baronio down to Mabillon, permit no doubt as to the gentleness of our Saint. Mabillon credits him with a proneness to "leniency rather than severity." And Natalis Alexander, by no means too favorably disposed to Gregory, says that "his tendencies were towards mildness." However, reforming Pope as he pre-eminently was, the mildness of St. Gregory VII. does not impress the ordinary observer so forcibly as does his stern determination to actuate the design he had formed even in his early youth. The very independence and pre-eminence of the Church were but consequences of the reformation which he was bound to effect, and to effect from within. As monk, he performed his task in his monastery of St. Paul's; as archdeacon and chancellor, he began the good work in the pontificates of Gregory VI., St. Leo IX., and Victor II., of whose elections he was the cause, and to its completion he dedicated every pulsation of his heart. He died in exile, but his work was accomplished.

## "CATHOLIC CANADIAN CELEBRITIES."

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

SIR, Under the above heading, in your issue of 26th ult., it is stated that the late Sir George E. Cartier "was instrumental in bringing about the secularization of the Clergy Reserves," &c. Then your contributor goes on to say, "But still more beneficial to the rank and file of his own province was the abolition of the Seigneurial Tenure," &c.

Is it to be understood from the last quotation that it was Sir George who brought about that beneficial change? Because, if so, I think that to another, and to that other almost entirely, belongs the credit of the Act of the Old Canada Parliament, I mean the late Honorable Lewis Thomas Drummond. "Honor to whom honor is due."

Yours truly,

OTTAWA, 5th April, 1892.

BRANSAGH.