

so boldly, not to say insolently flourish- ed in our faces. The Catholic Church might plead that the many thousands of her regulars have never yet interfered with military efficiency, hardly as much, indeed, as she would be glad to see.

Now these peaceful and modest communities have largely supplied the images under which we Reformed, from our youth up, have imagined to our selves the early Protestants. At the very least we have fancied them very much like the first Methodists, not denying the lawfulness of military service, but too much engaged in declaring the love of God, the forgiveness of sins, the eternal hope, and universal charity, to have much heart for warfare, and, while growing into a vast and peculiar society, profoundly reverent both to Church and State as already established.

Such have been our images of original Protestantism, and such, very nearly, is the portrait of it drawn by Merle d'Aubigne, whose work on the Reformation is almost a canonical volume with our religious masses, being, indeed, an engaging thing, even for those who know of how little authority it is.

Now had the early Protestants been such men there would have been small excuse for persecution, and none for a Catholic League. In reality such a notion of original Protestantism is a complete caricature of the fact.

Let us take various nations and see in each how the first Protestants behaved, and what claims they advanced. We will begin with Scotland.

Scotland, as the late Marquis of Bute remarks, is perhaps the most favorable example of the state of things at the introduction of the Reformation. The "kindly Scots," although rough, were not sanguinary. Lord Bute makes out only nineteen victims in all, on both sides. Although the law denounced death for a third attendance at the Mass, yet I believe that no one was actually executed. The poor and greedy nobility absorbed the monastic wealth and drove out the monks, but killed none. The Catholic bishops enjoyed their lands, their dignities, and their seats in parliament, as long as they lived. The ejected priests were not left to starve, and were largely employed by the victorious Calvinists as school-masters.

On the other hand, in Scotland, more, perhaps, than anywhere else, the Reformers completely forgot—that indeed Christians have always been abundantly disposed to forget—that the Apostle himself declares his own knowledge of divine things to be only fragmentary, bearing very much the same relation to the heavenly original as a child's knowledge of the world to that of a full grown man. Scottish Presbyterianism has always, at least until of late, emphatically claimed to have discovered not important truth, but "The Truth," specifically, infallible and complete. Save in the mere fringes of belief, Catholic largeness of allowance to religious opinion doctrinally undefined, if not wholly unknown, has been by no means characteristic of Caledonian Presbyterianism.

This self-confidence of having, not truth merely, but the whole Truth, assumed, in Knox and his colleagues—more, perhaps, in word than in act—a grim, indeed ferocious aspect. The Calvinists were the Saints. The Catholics not only were in grave error, but practically had no truth at all. They were not Christians, but unbelievers, idolaters. "Every Papist is an infidel," declared Knox from the pulpit, as a reason why the Scotch should not suffer their Catholic Queen to marry her Catholic cousin. His colleague Goodman insinuated that the "infidel" Queen ought to be dragged to the gallows and hung up there. Knox assured Mary that his obedience to her, even in temporals, was what he most falsely assumed Paul's to have been to Nero, something that would last until he and his found the means to dethrone her. This to a Queen who truly declared years afterwards, that she had never once interfered with the religion of her subjects! The accusation that she had secretly joined the Catholic League, appears sufficiently refuted by Mr. Meline, who quotes the private reports of ambassadors, that Spain and Rome were displeased with her because she had refused to join. They viewed the matter generally, she locally, not holding it right to profess tolerance while privately plotting against it.

The six years of Mary's actual administration offer such a bewildering variety of events, interests, points of view, and conflicting testimonies, that I profess myself wholly incompetent to disentangle them. One thing seems clear: from the Queen's arrival at Leith, till her flight across the Solway, the Reformers and the Lords of the Congregation were attentively watching for an opportunity to set her aside from the

government, and, leaving her the name of Queen, to transfer the actual sovereignty to her illegitimate brother. The birth of her son gave them the opportunity of dethroning her altogether.

The first shock to my confident belief that Mary's deposition came out of the indignant horror of a nation against a woman who had made away with her husband, was administered some fifty years ago by a Scotch Presbyterian minister. Said he, smiling: "I suppose that Mary helped to put Darnley out of the way; but if she had been a good Presbyterian, the godly would easily have declared, under their breath, that such a disposal of the worthless boy—a Papist at that—was but a venial peccadillo." The weight of evidence seems to lean decidedly that way. Knox, I think, would have been staggered at the murder of a husband, but he highly extolled murder in honor of the Reformation, as illustrated in the assassination of Cardinal Beaton and of David Rizzio. Indeed, Mr. Lecky calls him "the apostle of murder."

We have still something to say about the Reformation in Scotland.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK, Andover, Mass.

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DION AND THE SIBYLS

By Miles Gerald Keon

A CLASSIC CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

roared, grimaced, and gesticulated, as they exhibited on the one side, and guessed on the other, the number of fingers closed or straightened in the hands which they darted alternately against each other's faces; and nearly two thousand years later men still roar, grimace, gesticulate, and rave after the same manner over the same curious game in Italy, from Rome to the Boot of Magna Græcia. The only principle of skill in the game is that which gives its interest to the "Odd and Even" of our modern schoolboys.

It seemed as if the soldiers were on the point of massacring each other. The sudden apparition of Paulus and his companions at the door of their bower produced an amusing change of scene. Every gambler was petrified and crystallized in his particular attitude and his own proper and peculiar grimace; but the yelling at once gave place to dead silence, as if by enchantment, and ten pair of eyes gazed askance with a troubled expression upon the unexpected intruders. A word explained all to the foreign-reared Roman. Not a man of the howling company was in the slightest degree intoxicated.

"All is well, my men," said Paulus, with a smile; "be ready for orders, night or day."

"Ay, ay! centurion," was the reply sung out in chorus; and as he left them the roaring recommenced—"Duo! Quinque! Tres!"

"Now they ascended the famous, or rather infamous, Suburra about thirty yards. They stopped on the left side of the street, going upward, at a door which a man with a pinched, withered, yellow face, a long hooked nose, thick lips, and thick overhanging red eyebrows, was in the act of closing. Paulus placed his hand against the door to keep it ajar, the man within set his shoulder against it, and shoved with all his might to close it home; the door quivered slightly, and remained as it was.

"Why, Cassius Chaerias," observed Paulus, laughing, and turning to one of the two eldest of the not elderly group, "you could cut your way through this door, even if it were closed, more easily than through eight thousand infuriated mutineers."

In a recent mutiny of the legions under Germanicus in Gaul, the future slayer of Caligula had actually performed this astounding exploit, as Tacitus particularly recounts.

Cassius Chaerias blushed, and slightly bowing, replied with a smile: "Our friend Thellus, here, who has

COLORED CATHOLIC

Appointed Collector of Internal Revenue at New York City

It is not generally known, but none the less very interesting, says the Catholic Union and Times, that the Hon. Charles W. Anderson, the colored orator who has just been appointed by President Roosevelt as collector of Internal revenue at New York City, is a Catholic, and a very consistent and devoted one at that. He is a remarkable man. Thoroughly educated, he knows how to use great abilities in such a way as to disarm prejudice and win friends. That he will be a notable success in his office is a foregone conclusion, for he has tact, judgment and wide experience in dealing with public men and public matters.

Mr. Anderson is one of the really great orators in the United States today. His fame as a speaker is national, and his power over audiences remarkable. Long a member of the Republican state committee, he has been a consistent supporter of the President and his selection as a collector is another instance of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt, unlike some of his immediate predecessors, does not take an apparent delight in forgetting his friends.

The appointment of a colored man for an important office in New York City is also an answer to the South, which has long maintained that negro appointees are forced upon the Southern states when such appointments would not be tolerated in the North. Now a colored man has been appointed in the metropolis itself, and everybody is to be congratulated on the office going to a man who will make as good an officer as he is a citizen.

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Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

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Table with columns: Lv., WEST, Ar. and routes including Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa, Yorkton, etc.

Table with columns: Lv., NORTH, Ar. and routes including Stony Mountain, Balmoral, Teulon, etc.

Canadian Northern

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