

Our author next refers to the period following the Middle Ages, and one can almost imagine himself listening to a modern American Protective Association leader, when he reads

"Still Heaven deferred the hour ordained to rend
From saintly rottenness the sacred stole ;
And cowl and worshipped shrine could still defend
The wretch with felon stains upon his soul ;
And crimes were set to sale, and hard his dole
Who could not bribe a passage to the skies ;
And vice beneath the mitre's kind control,
Sinned gaily on, and grew to giant size
Shielded by priestly power, and watched by
priestly eyes."

Truly if William Cullen Bryant laid the corner stone of American poetry in "Thanatopsis," in his "Ages," he set an example of bigotry and prejudice that has been too faithfully followed by later writers.

Longfellow is known as a poet, prose writer and translator. He is the most popular of American poets. His poetry is characterized by beauty, grace and strength. It has made his name a household word throughout the English speaking world. But it was the poetry of Longfellow and not his prose works that brought him an undying fame. The latter contain many things that cannot fail to insult the Catholic reader. In his romance entitled "Hyperion" are to be found some of the grossest insults ever offered to Catholics. The hero of this romance is Paul Fleming, a young American, who suffers a severe affliction from the death of his youthful bride. He leaves his native country and goes abroad "that the sea might be between him and the grave." We find him travelling in the South of Germany. He visits an old tower built by the Archbishop Frederic, of Cologne, in the twelfth century. "He finds the old keeper and his wife still there ; and the old keeper closes the door behind him slowly as of yore, lest he should jam too hard the poor souls in Purgatory, whose fate it is to suffer in the cracks of doors and hinges." The low ignorance and mean prejudice shown in the above is only surpassed by that in the following, where the writer ridicules the simple faith and piety of the landlady's daughter who, as she prepares to row the hero over the Rhine, kisses the crucifix and raises her eyes to Heaven. "Perhaps" say Longfellow, "she was thinking of that

nun, of whom Sir Gregory in his Dialogues, says, that, having greedily eaten a lettuce in a garden, without making the sign of the cross, found herself after possessed of a devil." Further on in the same work we find the following insulting language coming from the principal character when in speaking of the German author Eckermann, he says, "He works very hard to make a Saint Peter out of an old Jupiter, as the Catholics did at Rome." In book 4, chapter 3, one of the characters alluding to Hoffman, says "I once saw him at one of his night carouses. He was sitting in his glory at the head of the table ; not stupidly drunk, but warmed with wine which made him madly eloquent as the Devil's Elixir did the monk Medardus. There he sat until the day began to dawn. Then he found his way homeward, having, like the souls of the envious in Purgatory, his eyelids sewed together with iron wire." Such language coming from the pen of an author who on other occasions could write so feelingly of the Catholic Church, her ministers and religious practices, shows a bigotry as unpardonable as it is criminal and calls for no comment save the strongest reproach and condemnation. Hear this saine writer in *Evangeline*. The unhappy Acadians assembled in the church, having heard the edict which drives them from their native land, would fain give way to their feelings of wrath and indignation ; but Father Felician comes from the sacristy ; ascends the steps of the altar and thus addresses his people.

"Lo ! where the crucified Christ from his cross is
gazing upon you !
See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and
holy compassion !
Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O
Father, forgive them !'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the
wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive
them !'"

Then came the evening service. The tapers
gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and
the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and
the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,
with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending
to Heaven.