

the community as they chanted the Gregorian music, and that most tender and heartrending of all devotional pieces, the "Salve."

One evening a couple of months later, as I was saying my office in the garden, now golden and crimson with the fading leaves and ripening fruits and berries of autumn, the brother brought me word that a young soldier wished to see me. As I was used to such summonses I went off unthinkingly, and was somewhat surprised to find my young friend Corporal Mellroy awaiting me.

"You wish to see me," I said.

"Yes, Father," I noticed that he called me "Father" now, instead of "Sir." "I wish to become a Catholic."

"Why, Allan? What are your reasons? Is there a girl in the case?" I said to him, half-jokingly, and he looked very dejected, and I wanted to see him laugh; and it was quite a common experience to be called upon to receive into the Church young fellows who had made up their minds to "turn" as a preliminary to marrying a good Catholic girl. They generally had no religious belief before, and God made use of this circumstance to draw them into the Church and make them sincere and devoted Catholics.

He flashed a bright smile back at me, answering my mood, then shook his head seriously, sorrowfully.

"No, Father, nothing like that. It's just because of my mother. These last few nights I keep dreaming and dreaming of her, and it's always the same thing. She wants me to be a Catholic. She was always very set on me, was my mother, me being the eldest, you see. And though she never pressed her wishes against my father's, or spoke to me about it, I always felt that she was unhappy over our not being of her own religion."

We talked the matter over there and then, and I arranged that he should come up to the convent for regular religious instruction with a view to carrying out his project.

When he came to me a couple of evenings, I saw at once by his face that he had some bad news. He was deadly pale, almost ashen grey, and again I noticed that he put his hand to his side, as if in pain, every now and then as he spoke.

"It was just as I feared, Father," he said, in answer to my look of inquiry. "My poor mother is dead. I knew there must be some meaning in her coming to me like that. It was surely her spirit came, for she was dead three days before the evening I spoke to you, dead and buried that very morning, Father."

"What do you intend to do?" He looked at me blankly.

"Do? I can't do much now, can I, except to carry out her wishes. I thought of going home, but what would be the use, now that she is gone? Besides, I'm not very strong for the journey. It's my heart, you see. Ever since I came home it has been queer. I've known for quite a long time now that I might drop dead at any moment."

He blurted out this last sentence quickly, shyly, as though half-afraid of showing emotion. "And this news has not made it any better, I think."

No, it had not made it better, I thought, too, looking at his ashen face and the spasm of pain that crossed it. I spoke some words of consolation to him, and gave him at his own request (for I would not have suggested it at the moment) a long religious instruction. He was a very eager, intelligent disciple, and took in everything I told him with a bright understanding that was quite refreshing by comparison with some others of my pupils. His was indeed an innocent, bright mind; a pure, generous heart.

In a very short time I had the happiness of receiving him into the Church, and not a day too soon, for that very week he was seized with the first of those terrible attacks of heart failure which were to cost him his young life.

To-night, as I finger my breviary, alone in my cell, my thoughts are full of him. For only an hour ago I left the military hospital where poor Corporal Mellroy sleeps his last sleep, a smile of ineffable peace on his young face. Let us hope that in God's mercy and goodness he has met the mother whom he loved.—Nora Tynan O'Mahony, in "The Irish Monthly."

AN INCONGRUOUS MESS OF RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

What strange notions some men of excellent attainments entertain regarding what is meant by religion! We see this demonstrated in a terminology which looks well and sounds well but which is not always in harmony with even inaccurate dictionary definition. True, there is to-day a great deal of specializing in definition of terms. Men are not only coining words but they are also coining new meanings.

An illustration of these facts is found in the current issue of "The World To-Day" magazine. Commenting on the recent dedication of the new Christian Science edifice in Boston it is referred to as the Christian Science Cathedral. Speaking of the growth of the Church of Christ (Scientist) it remarks that the body "has passed beyond the stage of mere sectarianism." Again we are told "its philosophy is unintelligible to most people," and the writer concludes hoping that "in course of time it will pay more attention to its critics."

What a beautifully incongruous mess of religious opinion this evidences. There may be excuse for the term used to describe the exercises which characterized the opening of the building to public use. Strictly speaking, however, it is misapplied. But it is positively ridiculous to speak of the building as a cathedral. The word means the principal church in a diocese, and the structure is so called because in it the Bishop has his official chair or throne, say the lexicographers. All of these elements are wanting unless "Mother Eddy" has been a Bishop without her knowledge.

More mongrel still, however, is the opinion that the Church of Christ

(Scientist) "has passed beyond the stage of mere sectarianism." This is an impossible fact. In a religious sense a sect means a party that has segregated itself from a parent body. The fact that it grows into powerful proportions numerically and financially does not change its essential character. It still remains a dissenting fragment. Hence the unchanging fact, once a sect always a sect.

How amusingly interesting it would have been if the writer had given us something in detail on his theory of progressive sectarianism! The evolution must be a strange process. If it is not, then, one must conclude that the writer is possessed of some wonderfully incongruous notions of what is meant by the Birth, Death and Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and His establishment of a church, not churches, to perpetuate His doctrines.—Church Progress.

DANIEL O'CONNELL AS A CATHOLIC.

The name of Daniel O'Connell is known of in every civilized land in the world and is immortalized in history in connection with Catholic Emancipation in Ireland and Great Britain, an achievement mainly if not wholly due to him and his wonderful powers as an organizer, orator and political leader, referring to which a Protestant writer of our own time, Thomas W. Russell, M. P., in his Ireland and the Empire, thus notes the great qualities of the great agitator.

The hour had come and with it the man. O'Connell sprang into existence as a great political force. Catholic Ireland rose as one man. A great and just cause, a magnificent personality, oratory that swayed and moved great masses of men as they have been swayed and moved before or since swept all opposition like chaff before the wind."

But great as was the illustrious Liberator as a political force, it is probable that it is his greatness as a Catholic and his devotion and power as a Catholic leader that will remain permanent in history as his most prominent characteristic. This at least was the view presented by an Irish Catholic prelate—Bishop Lyster of Achonry—in an address at the recent Annual Conference of the Catholic Young Men's Society, held in Dundee, Scotland, from which we quote some interesting passages:

"In the fullest sense his (O'Connell's) was a busy life. In the highest sense it was a Catholic life. His religion dominated his life. It was the Alpha and Omega of his existence. For its sake he shirked no duty; in its practice he shunned no public stare. No one insulted it and escaped unscathed; no one belittled it without repenting of his daring. The highest judge on the bench, the ablest member of the Ministry, the most powerful favorite from the steps of the royal throne, spoke with respect of the decried decree when O'Connell's ear was near. Sixty years his memory is fair and fresh and green; but men think of him as a great Catholic first, all things else came afterwards. He was Catholic amidst the few, around his family fireside; he stood out as Catholic in the wide world's glare. He was Catholic within his demesne at Derrynane and in the little chapel at Cahirciveen; he was Catholic wearing his way through the throngs of Fleet street (London), and pleading his connection, in the Palace of Westminster. He went to Mass with unbroken regularity—always publicly, at times ostentatiously—when he saw snivelling, weak-kneed Catholics ashamed to go down the muddy lane where the country stood. He often went to Communion, when that was no common custom. It was a pathetic sight to see that broad, towering figure, with noble aspect, with distinguished head and brave, bold brow, meekly, humbly, piously approaching the altar rails. Then, when skies were lowering and the mist began to fall, and he felt his days were numbered, and that the last was hurrying near, he bade his land a sad farewell and set out for Rome—to die! There was his religion, still dominating to the end. Even when disease had stopped his journey, and the Angel of Death, with rustling wings, hovered around him in the home of the stranger, propped with pillows he looked out at the white sunshine, dancing on the glistening waters of the beautiful bay of Genoa, the Superb; he bade those he loved 'Good-bye' and, great Catholic that he was, he gave his last command: 'Bring my body to Ireland, but bear my heart to Rome.' It was the grand Catholic death, ending a grand Catholic life."

Yet this was the man who in the intensity of his desire for self-government for his country said he would rather have Ireland ruled by a parliament of Irish Protestants sitting in Dublin than by the British parliament no matter how benevolently disposed towards the Irish people.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

OBLIGING A FRIEND.

An interesting story has leaked out in connection with the Orange celebration of the twelfth of July in County Armagh. An accident, it appears happened to the drum belonging to the Orange Lodge in Newtownhamilton. The master of the lodge however, solved the problem. He obtained the loan of the drum of the Nationalist "Robert Emmet" Band of Newtownhamilton.

This recalls another Ulster story. On the morning of July 13, many years ago, a page of type of a Catholic paper was "piled" just before going to press. What was to be done? An Orange paper was appealed to, and the only page it could give was one containing a series of speeches made the previous day on the "Twelfth" platforms. The Catholic paper accepted the offer as it was the only chance of publishing at all. But the sub-editor saved the situation. He put at the top of the speeches a heading which read: "This is the kind of thing served up to its readers by our Orange contemporary."—Glasgow Observer.

MEMORIES OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

REVIVED BY THE DEMOLITION OF THE OLD ORATORY AT BIRMINGHAM—A GREAT THOUGH HUMBLE MAN.

The Church of the Oratory, Birmingham, England, in which first as a simple Oratorian and later as a prince of the Church, Newman for so many years was so familiar a figure, will soon be a thing of the past. Already the foundations of the new church that will take its place have been dug around its walls, and the foundation stone itself was solemnly laid on the Feast of the Annunciation of Our Blessed Lady last year. The new church will grow up outside the old one, which, when the building is almost finished, will be taken down from within.

The general plan and design have been based on those of the Church of San Martino di Monte in Rome. This has been chosen as a model, because the Cardinal had always intended that such a church should be erected at Edgbaston, and with this object in view, caused an exact ground plan and elevation of San Martino to be made for him as far back as 1850. Hoping, moreover, to have been able to begin the building of the church at once, Viollet le Duc even executed plans for it, and these are still in possession of the Fathers of the Oratory. But in consequence of the great generosity of the public in defraying the heavy expenses of the Achilli trial, funds to carry out the work were not asked for, and so what was then a temporary church has had, with alterations and additions, to do duty for the last fifty years.

But contemplating as this building of humble brick undoubtedly was, nevertheless its intimate association with the life and work of the Cardinal and of the early Oratorians, gave to it an historical and personal interest that will not belong to its magnificent successor.

The sanctuary which till recent years stood the Cardinal's pontifical throne, the confessional he used before his elevation to the princely rank, the pulpit from which he preached so many soul-stirring sermons, the very walls themselves that have so often echoed the sounds of his quiet, melodious voice, are precious relics of that gracious presence that for fourteen years has been gone from among us, that has passed as his own words tell us "et umbris et imaginibus in veritatem" from the shadows of things and symbols into the full vision of truth that is beyond the grave.

And now when old memories of him are about to disappear doubtless it will be of interest both to those who remember him as a leader of thought, and those of a younger generation to whom he is but a great figure moving in a history of an age that has just gone by, to make a pilgrimage to those places which are associated with his life as a Catholic, and gather a few such recollections of him as yet linger around them.

In 1890 he had been very ill, and one day when he was slowly recovering, he asked as the evening grew on, that Father's hymn, the "Eternal Years," might be sung to him. Accordingly a harmonious was carried to the passage outside his room, and Fathers Anthony Pollen and Lewis Bellasis played and sang the hymn for which he had so tender an affection.

"Some people," he then remarked "have liked my 'Lead, Kindly Light.' It is the voice of one in darkness asking help from Our Lord. But this (the 'Eternal Years') is quite different; this is one with full light, rejoicing in suffering with Our Lord, so that mine compares unfavorably with it. This is what those who like 'Lead, Kindly Light' have to come to—they have to learn it."

Then they played and sang it over again. And he said at the end: "I thank you with all my heart. God bless you. I pray that when you go to heaven you may hear the angels singing with the genius that God has endowed them with. God bless you."

Of Newman as a Cardinal there is not much to be said. The reception of his great dignity did not disturb, to any great degree, the old still life at the Oratory. Men have wondered that a thinker of such great power should have been content with so humble a sphere of action. They have tried to solve the difficulty by saying that he lived apart from the world because he was misunderstood, and disappointed. Only those who really know the Cardinal could tell how wrong such assertions were. When, in 1879, Leo did that most gracious act, an honor to the English people, of singling him out for the dignity of the cardinalate, to the astonishment of many he accepted the gift with quiet thankfulness. Wonder and profound gratitude came upon him, he said, at the condescension of the Holy Father. It had been a great surprise. Such an elevation had never come into his thoughts and seemed to be out of keeping with his antecedents. He had passed through many trials, but they had been overcome, and now the end of all things were at hand, and he was at peace.

Though scrupulously particular that the due respect should be paid to his dignity, he would have no ceremonial, and wished to retain the simple familiar title of "the Father." In his Oratorian life he was undistinguished in most things from the others, and but few exceptions were made. His bedroom was separate from his study—the others had but a single room each. It is customary for the Fathers to wait by turns upon the community in the refectory. Till extreme old age prevented him, the Cardinal insisted on taking his turn in this duty of humility.

Only once did he sing pontifical High Mass and that was on the feast of St. Valentine, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. At all great functions, except when prevented by ill-health, he assisted from the throne.

His sitting-room has been left untouched since the day of his death. There is but one thing left to describe, and that is his grave at Rednal, a little hamlet some seven or eight miles southwest of Birmingham.

It is one of the picturesque spots in the Midlands. Its pine clad hills form one of the most southern spurs of the Pennine chain. The Birmingham road runs in a miniature pass between the high ground which slopes down precipitously towards it on both sides. The country house of the Fathers of the Oratory lies some distance from the road, and is approached by a narrow railway line, leading past the royal fields which slope up to the wooded hills which bend round and enclose the estate on two sides.

Rednal is indeed a recedent of memories of Newman. It saw much of his quiet, contented life. It charmed him by its beauty, it soothed and sheltered his grief when he came thither to lay in his last resting-place the body of his beloved friend, Ambrose St. John, the friend of whom he wrote so touchingly in the "Apologia": "Dear Ambrose St. John, whom God gave me when He took everyone else away; you who are the link between my old life and my new; who have now for years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender; who have let me lean so hard upon you; who have watched me so narrowly; who have never thought of yourself, if I was in question. And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar affections and companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief."

We direct our steps towards the little cemetery where he came at length to lay his bones with those of his friends; we pass the chapel with its steep flight of moss-grown, weather-worn stone steps, and we are there.

A small patch of level grass, very green by contrast with the dark foliage around it, is before us. On our left is the chapel walk, while on other sides except when we stand at the little wicket gate, are the woods on the hillsides that rise sharply from the edge of the gate.

At the head of each of the eight or nine graves is a simple stone cross; similar to the rest except that it bears two names, is the one that marks the place where Father Ambrose St. John and John Henry Cardinal Newman sleep their last sleep together.

HOW MY GREAT-GRANDUNCLE MADE A FRIEND.

"Is it not terrible, grandmother," I said, that the religious Orders should have been turned out of France?"

Grandmother mildly assented. Her needles clicked in and out for a while; then she resumed the conversation.

"English people are proud of their tolerance," she remarked, "and of the hospitality their country shows to foreigners. They are apt to forget that, a century ago, Catholics in England were oppressed by cruel laws."

Now, grandmother's words recalled to my mind the family hero, old Major B. He had died at the ripe age of ninety-nine, when I was a tiny tot.

"Your uncle, the Major, was in the British army. How did he enter, being a Catholic?" I asked.

Grandmother shook her head. "A few did manage it—that much I know. But so carefully were they obliged to conceal their faith that two Catholics were sometimes together in a regiment without being aware that they professed the same creed."

Her grandmother smiled reflectively. "A story!" I cried. "Tell me the story, please!"

And the sweet old lady went on, nothing loath: "The regiment was encamped near Quebec at one time, and my uncle's tent was shared by another young officer. The two men had known each other for some months, but no confidences had hitherto been exchanged between them. One night my uncle, unable to sleep, lay listening to the breathing of his more fortunate companion, when the latter began to mutter in his sleep, and words fraught with significance reached my uncle's ears. 'Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is with thee,' that was all he heard, but that little was enough."

"The man is a Catholic!" my uncle thought jubilantly. He resolved, nevertheless, to frighten him a little, and next morning he addressed the young officer sternly: "'Sir,' he said, 'I heard you mutter prayers in your sleep. How is it that you are in the army? Are you not a Papist?'"

"He read confirmation of the supposition he had made in the sudden paleness which overspread the young man's features."

"You are a Roman Catholic," continued my uncle. "I can denounce you to the authorities if I please."

"Do so if you will," the young man retorted bravely. "God forbid that I should deny my faith!"

"He had turned and faced my uncle by this time; the two men stood confronting each other for a moment. Then my uncle's hand came down on the other's shoulder."

"Never mind, old fellow!" he cried in a hearty voice, and his eyes were as kind now as before they had been stern. "If you are a Catholic and amenable to the law, why, take courage; for so am I!"

"And that was how your great-granduncle made a friend," said my grandmother. "Their intimacy lasted until fifteen years later. Captain S. was killed at Waterloo."—Ave Maria.

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