

gloom, striding slowly backwards and forwards. A large cask of wine and some in cans stood on the table; and although drinking was not forbidden, one could see that they drank with unusual moderation for they raised the cans but seldom to their lips. They laughed and chatted pleasantly together, while they away the time; each telling what splendid blows he meant to discharge on the Frenchmen in the coming battle.

"Well," said Breydel, "they may say, if they will, that the Flemings are not as good men as they are; but now that such a camp as this has been brought together by volunteers alone, let the French come on, if they like, with their two-and-sixty thousand men. The more game, the finer hunt! They say we are nothing but a pack of ill-matured hounds. We will give them reason to pray that they may not get thoroughly well worried; for the hounds have right good teeth."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—VII.

The barbarity of Russian Tsars is compounded of three elements, cruelty, insolence, and hypocrisy. Nicholas surpassed most of his predecessors in all three. Whenever he had accomplished some horrible outrage against justice and humanity, or was meditating a new one, he invariably announced, as his son did the other day in his speech at Moscow, that he was pursuing a "sacred mission." That mission appears to consist in trampling under foot all the laws of God and man for the greater profit of Russia, in making religion despicable to all who belong to her official Church, and attempting to extinguish it by ferocious persecution in all who do not. It is another view of the subject which Russian Tsars put before Europe. They have just conscience enough to wish to veil the real character of their proceedings from civilised nations. "It is not for Russians," the depraved Catherine wrote to the Governor of Moscow, "that I am founding schools; it is for Europe, where we must not lose ground in public opinion. From the day that our peasants shall have a desire for instruction, neither you nor I will remain in our places." [1] That was a specimen of the "hereditary fraud" which Gregory XVI. imputed to Russian Tsars. Everything in them which is not cruelty is mendacity. It was this Pontiff who one day gave Nicholas an admonition, face to face, by which even his arrogance was cowed. He had entered the presence of the Vicar of Christ with gleaming eyes and head erect, but left it crest-fallen and with eyes fixed on the ground. Since that hour he has met the Judge before whose tribunal Gregory arraigned him. He had tried, with the craft of an Asiatic, to deceive the successor of Peter with fair words and lying promises, of which his own agents throughout the empire perfectly understood the true character. In the famous Diet of 1767, when the solemn pledges and covenants of Catherine were appealed to by Catholics, they received this answer from Bepnin: "Hold your tongue, it belongs to me alone to understand the true sense of the declarations of my Sovereign." [2] All the declarations of Russian emperors have two senses, one for Europe, and the other for those who are to apply them. The successor of Gregory, Pius IX., concluded with Nicholas a Concordat in 1847, by which the Church of Poland was ostensibly secured from the brutal domination of the civil power. Not a single stipulation of this concordat was observed by Nicholas, or intended to be. It had been agreed by successive covenants with Pius VI., Pius VII., and Pius IX., that there should be in the Kingdom of Poland seven Catholic Bishops and an Archbishop, and in the empire fourteen suffragans; in 1856 it was admitted by Russian officials that in Poland only one see, that of Lublin, was occupied, and that instead of fourteen suffragan bishops only one existed in the whole empire. Perhaps the Tsar thought it a sufficient fulfilment of his reiterated promises that they should "exist" in prison or in Siberia. On the 17th of December, 1845, after his celebrated visit to Gregory XVI., Nicholas sent to him the following note written with his own hand. "The emperor begs the Sovereign Pontiff to be firmly persuaded that no one has more at heart than his Majesty to maintain the Roman Church on a footing at once worthy and becoming in Russia as in Poland. The prayers which his Majesty addresses to heaven embrace with an equal solicitude, and without distinction of religious profession, the spiritual interests of all the peoples of which Divine Providence has confided to him the destiny. The imperial word is a guarantee to his Holiness of this intention." [3] At an earlier date, and at the very moment when, in 1839, Nicholas was striving to quench the Greek Uniat Church in blood, and persecuting Catholics with a ferocity which few Roman procurators ever equalled, the same emperor did not fear to scandalise men and angels by addressing this letter to the Pope. "My son has exactly reported to me the affectionate words which your Holiness deigned to convey to me through him. It is a pleasure to me to reply by the renewed assurance that I will never cease to count among the number of my highest duties that of protecting the welfare of my Catholic subjects, respecting their convictions, and assuring their repose." [4] We know how the "imperial word" was kept, and will now give such details as our space permits of the fidelity with which Nicholas respected the convictions of Catholics, his own oft-renewed promises, and what he called with cynical impudence his "highest duties."

In the works of Theiner and the Count d'Horrer a complete narrative of the hideous persecutions of Nicholas, in which those of Peter and Catherine were surpassed, may be found, by all who desire to read one of the darkest pages in human history. It is probable that no ferocious despot, not even the worst of the Emperors of Rome or India, ever inflicted upon his fellow creatures such wide-spread anguish as the Tsar Nicholas. Any agent was acceptable to him who would be the instrument of his crimes, and was rewarded in proportion to his cruelty. To the Protestant Schröder, the Governor of Witepsk, Nicholas paid a gratuity of 33,000 roubles, being one for each of the 33,000 souls whom he had compelled by brute force to enter the official Church. "Disgraced not long after," says Lescaur, "on account of his speculations, he could only quit Witepsk under the shelter of night, the popular vengeance having prepared for him a correction for the sanguinary proslavery which he had exercised in favour of a religion which was not his." To employ such a man in such a work was an agreeable evidence of Russia's "sacred mission." The Count Bludoff was sent in the middle of the night to the palace of the aged and venerable Bulhak, the intrepid metropolitan of the Ruthenian Church, to compel his signature to an act of schism, and when the old man, whose days were already numbered, firmly refused to defile his soul with apostasy, these cunning savages resolved to make him do after his death what they could not compel him to do while alive. By the express orders of Nicholas he was interred in the sepulchre reserved to Russian metropolitans, and the report was circulated that he had died in communion with the orthodox Church! When Plawski, the priest of Lubieszow, wrote a book in refutation of the Greek schism, Nicholas banished him to the confines of Siberia, where he was compelled, by the fiendish irony of "orthodox" clemency, to be the bell-ringer of the schismatical church of Wiatka. His wife and six children were torn from him, the latter placed

separately in various schools, and compelled to embrace the schismatical religion. [5] When the priest Micewitz and seven others refused to use the schismatical missals, they were told that it was no question of dogma, and they must yield to the will of the Emperor. "Show me the Bull of the Pope which orders us to receive these new missals," replied the faithful Micewitz, "and I will accept them at once with gratitude; otherwise, with the degrees of the Council of Trent, which reserved all such matters to the Sovereign Pontiff, I should be subject to excommunication."

"What do you mean by talking to us of the Council of Trent?" was the reply. "Who was there? Only a dozen Bishops, and they were Latins." Banished to a small town in the government of Grodno, Micewitz was compelled to live, amid the rigorous climate, by begging alms, and finally imprisoned at Zachorow, with fourteen others, in the custody of a certain Djubinski, who is described, though a monk, as "abandoned to inebriety and every vice, and horribly cruel when he was drunk." The Abbot Slobotski, of the Basilian Monastery of Kobryns, who was seventy-four years of age, was shut up in a dark cell, because he ceased not to encourage the others to fortitude, and was left to die of starvation. Djubinski, repeating after the fashion of Judas Iscariot, rose in the middle of the night from an orgie in which he was celebrating his triumph, and flung himself into a pool where he was found dead. Among the innumerable martyrs who owed their crown to the persecutors' thirst for blood was the Basilian Boczwick. When the infamous apostate Siemaszko, who had sold himself to the Russian Government for a good deal more than thirty pieces of silver, was expected at Lyskow, Boczwick and Father Czarnowski, assembled with their religious brethren, offered the Holy Sacrifice, made a final confession to one another in presence of the people, and Czarnowski addressed to them this exhortation, worthy to be counted with those which in primitive times were daily heard in the Catacombs. "My children, it is better to suffer death than to embrace the false religion which in a few days will be proposed to you, and which would be for you eternal death. For us, priests and monks, who, as the pastors of your souls, are united to you by the love of Our Saviour Jesus Christ, we are fully prepared to die, even after a thousand torments, rather than be separated from you through the abandonment of our holy faith." It was always the same; on one side, in the ranks of schism, vice, cupidity, and barbarism; or the other, in those of the Catholics, piety, sacrifice, and martyrdom. Everywhere the same scenes were repeated. The priest Baranowski, of the Uniat Church, imprisoned at Torokany, addressed a memorial to Nicholas. He did not wait long for the answer. An aide-de-camp—"sacred mission" of Russia is only entrusted to soldiers and police—asssembled all the prisoners and addressed them thus:—"I give you six months to obey the Emperor. If you will not allow yourselves to be convinced, and if you will not adopt his religion, I shall return myself to compel you, and I warn you, I shall not be sparing of stripes. You all know the will of the Tsar, our august master; you know that he has put an end to the Union which separated you from the Orthodox Church; you will perish, then, if you refuse to obey his unalterable will." (6) Baranowski, scourged again and again, left for days without food, but always faithful to God, died of hunger and thirst. An emissary of the Russian police, who arrived at Torokany on the day of his death, made a report to the Governor-General, in which the martyr was declared to have died from excessive drinking! It is only in Russia that such things are possible.

In Lithuania alone Nicholas suppressed about two hundred religious houses, seizing their property himself, or giving it, like Henry VIII., to his creatures. In 1851 Archbishop Holowinski, of Mohilew, presented a report to the Holy See, in which the mingled hypocrisy and cruelty of Nicholas appear in a strong light. The pretence of the despot always was that in his worst acts he was consulting the interests of his victims. "The director, Skripitzin, of the department of foreign worship," said the prelate, "informed me verbally of the will of the Emperor touching the abolition of twenty-one monasteries, because religious discipline had become impossible owing to the insufficient number of monks, and of his desire that a proposition should emanate from me for their suppression. Holding in my hand the letters of your Holiness I resisted him to the face." After plugging him with all sorts of vexations for a month, the director asked him to use his influence with the aged metropolitan. "I am his coadjutor," was the noble reply, "designated by the Apostolic See, not for the destruction, but for the edification of the Church." It was always the "spirit of Europe" against the "spirit of Asia," or rather the grace of God against the solicitations of Satan. The metropolitan, menaced in his turn, told the servile agent of the Tsar, "I cannot sign my name to what is directly opposed to the Apostolic Letters of our Holy Father. I prefer exile to Siberia, or death itself." A little later the monasteries in question were forcibly suppressed by an ukase of the Emperor, who was as incapable of respecting Christian fortitude and piety in others as he was of practising them himself. The persecution never relaxed for an hour, in spite of the "imperial word" pledged to the Roman Pontiff. Thousands of Catholics, as Mgr. Holowinski reported in 1850, were conducted by soldiers to the steppes of the Chersonese, and allowed neither priest nor church. With the same odious hypocrisy which marked all his acts Nicholas announced, when he forcibly suppressed convents and novitiates, that he did it "to put an end to hasty admissions into the religious life, a measure useful to the Roman Catholic Church and her flock." The monks had always a life in his mouth and a crime in his heart. When he had slaughtered the Poles faithful to God and their country, he seized their orphan children to force them into schism and make them soldiers, and the journals of Warsaw contained such advertisements as the following, inserted by order of the Government: "On the 18th of the present month, at noon, will take place the public adjudication of a *minors* for the transport from Warsaw to St. Petersburg of the sons of Polish nobles. The upset price will be one hundred and twenty paper roubles." (7) For Nicholas men, women, and children were only things, not made in the image of God, but to be stamped by his own hand with the brand of Cain. "Is barbarism no longer barbarism," asks M. de Mazade, alluding to the life-long atrocities of this crowned felon, "because it is called by a Russian instead of a Turkish name?" In point of fact the Turk is comparably more humane and tolerant than a Russian Tsar, and incapable of imitating his hypocrisy. At the very moment that his agents were signing in Rome a concordat in favour of Catholics, he was publishing a criminal code for Poland, which can only be compared, as many writers observe, "to the sanguinary laws of the English Queen Elizabeth." Among the hundred and ninety-five "crimes" which were punished by penal servitude or exile to Siberia, was that of "blaming the Russian religion," which could only form savage persecutors or helpless slaves, and many of the victims of this code of Nicholas received in addition to banishment, and the loss of all civil rights, from eighty to two hundred stripes, under which they often expired. It was of these horrors that Lord Lyndhurst said in the House of Lords, on the 11th of July, 1856: "To cover these abominations with a complaisant silence is to become an accomplice in them." Yet they never ceased, and are in full vigour at this hour. In spite, however, of the litigious comedy which represented millions of Lith-

uanian and Polish Catholics as having "joyfully" embraced schism, Nicholas had a medal struck in which that he was recorded as having "did these victims seek the services of a Russian Pope in sickness or death, nor did he venture to be present at their funeral, lest his odious form should exasperate the survivors." (8) On the other hand he willfully recruited his exchequer by accepting bribes from them not to reveal their absence from the official worship. But these vassals of the Tsar had moments of compunction, his own heart was sensible to any suggestion of justice or pity. When the Bishop Gufkowski claimed a convent and a presbytery in his diocese, and even the Russian officials supported his claim, Nicholas turned them both into barracks, and sent the Bishop into exile! But we have heard enough of this persecutor, the narrative of whose crimes would fill more volumes than we have pages at our disposal. We shall see in our next to what extent his son has imitated his example.—London Tablet.

NOTES OF MISSION WORK IN SCOTLAND UNDER JAMES THE FIRST.

[From the London Month for December.]

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

One of the greatest difficulties which a Catholic missionary has to overcome in a Protestant country is to secure for those, whom adverse circumstances, poverty, sickness, a position of dependence or of serious obligations, and the like, place at the mercy of others, that real liberty of conscience which is practically denied to them. Father Anderson gives an amusing description of a clever manoeuvre by which he was able to continue his spiritual visits to a bedridden Catholic lady.

Our Father used often to go to a certain city of this kingdom in order to visit a Catholic widow, who had been confined to bed for six months. The heretics began to suspect, and it was said openly by many that the frequent visitor was a priest. The Father heard it, and bade the Catholics, of whom three noble ladies were present, to be of good cheer. He left the widow's house and went to the principal inn, which was just opposite the minister's house. On entering the inn he ordered supper, desiring meat and eggs to be cooked, although it was a Friday. He then went to the minister's house, and saluted him most affectionately in the name of an intimate friend of the minister's. He invited the minister, in the name of the same friend, to come to the inn, that they might drink together. When the minister came out of his house, our Father proposed a walk through the principal street of the town, because the greatest danger lay in that quarter. They sat together. The Catholics could not help laughing when they saw our Father walking with the minister. The Protestants were surprised, but hid their suspicions aside, and spoke kindly and civilly to him. A certain Catholic nobleman met them, and the Father brought both to the inn. They sat to table, and the minister drank so much that he could not return to his house, though it was opposite the inn. The dishes were brought in, and placed on the table in due order by the servants, who laughed to see the minister so drunk. "O rare preacher, and minister of the Word," said they, "who teachest others but dost not teach thyself!" Thus all suspicion was averted from our Father.

It is evident that Father Anderson soon arrested a great deal of public attention, both amongst Catholics and Protestants, for the depth and soundness of his theology, the readiness of his wit, and his skill as a debater on general subjects as well as on questions of religion. He was well versed in the views and arguments on the Protestant side, and courageous enough to seize upon every opportunity of confounding an adversary or gaining a soul to the Church. On a discussion undertaken with a Protestant gentleman at the wish of his Catholic relative, it was evidently as a skilled theologian that he occupied three or four hours in expounding to him the mystery of the Blessed Sacrament, and with such force and clearness that the Catholics, who had requested to be present, were filled with joy, and the Protestant himself acknowledged that he had wandered from the truth.

About the month of August 1610, the two secular priests above referred to were seized and imprisoned. Those in authority who were most opposed to Catholics took part in the trial which was presided over by the Earl of Dunbar. When Father Roger Lindsay was asked whether he knew Father Anderson, Lord Dunbar began to say much in his praise. The good Father, in commenting on this, adds: "Praise which Anderson knows well is not true. For man's praise is vain, and as the flower of the field so is his glory." Again, when he tells how two false brethren sent their officers to arrest him, he remarks of himself in the third person, "God was with Anderson, although Anderson had not stood by God as he ought." In the same character, he touches on an incident which beautifully illustrates his singular courage and charity.

Another false brother, who almost lived in the house with me, wrote to the English Council about my age, disposition, habits, and all that might cause me easily to fall into their hands. Anderson was aware of this, having been put on the scent, but still remained with that false brother, forgetful of his ingratitude and evil treatment, reconciled his wife, a most obstinate heretic, to the Church, and bestowed the same benefit upon other friends. This he did because he knew it to be the duty of one inscribed among the Society of Jesus to overcome evil by good, and that nothing would more become a son and soldier of the Society than returning good for evil, and for cursing, blessing. Whilst the Father remained with that false brother, he saw him afflicted by God with various and so extraordinary diseases, that all declared him to be struck by the hand of God, and beyond the hope of remedy. Our Father visited him notwithstanding, consoled him, and imparted to him the benefits of the Church.

In the same rank of life as most of those whose conversion or recovery from serious illness the Missioner records, was another great triumph of faith granted to his ingenuity and supernatural trust in God.

The heretic wife of a certain Catholic nobleman was very ill. Her state was becoming worse, and the physician was sent for. He proclaimed her case desperate, in presence of the heretic minister who was in attendance as usual. Our Father arrived, and caused himself to be announced as a physician. He discussed the nature of the disease with the earl and others. He saw no hope of her recovery, but told her to be of good cheer, promising her health; the Father understood the health of the soul, if she would, but obey the physician. She promised. He prescribed a potion to mitigate the heat of the fever. This he set about making, with much ostentation, though it was only barley-water; talking the while to the servants, who stood waiting for orders, of the properties and effects of the herbs, so as to give the bystanders the idea that he was a doctor. When this was done, our Father withdrew, and earnestly prayed God to save the soul of the countess, that he would overflow her with light that would lead her into the Church. He prayed to St. Patrick for that intention, and after his prayer was over, he went up with the earl to the countess's bedroom. He told the earl to watch, and that he would soon see how powerful was the right hand of the Most High. He

offered her a little of the barley-water in a spoon, with the relics of St. Patrick reduced to powder, and mixed up in it. She refused again, and a third time, and with such an angry face, that you would have said that she was impelled by the devil, at whose malice our Father marvelled. At last she drank it.

After half-an-hour she exclaimed, addressing the many assistants, "Oh, show me I pray, the way of salvation; let me at least die well, who have lived in error! Why this delay? Let me enjoy Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life!"

The Earl was astounded, and ordered all out of the room. When they were gone, the Father asked the countess if she wished to be received into that Church in which all her ancestors had died?

"Most sincerely do I desire it."

"Dost thou wish to be received into the bosom of the Catholic and Roman Church?"

"Why this delay?" replied she, "I do vehemently desire it; let me die well, let me enjoy Him Who took the Catholic Church to His Spouse; let me die with Him Who died for me; for I know that he cannot have Christ for a Saviour who has not the Church for a ruler and mother."

When our Father heard these words, he absolved the countess from the sentence of excommunication, and received her into the Church. He then heard her confession, on account of the violence of her disease and the shortness of the time, and absolved her from her sins. She expressed loving of her minister, and railed at him. She even sent to tell a certain countess, her daughter, that no minister was to cross the threshold of her mansion.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

FATHER BURKE IN DUBLIN.

On Sunday, 3rd December, in the Church of St. Andrew, Westland Row, Dublin, the Very Rev. Thomas Burke, O. P., preached the annual charity sermon in aid of the schools and orphanage attached to the church, and under the immediate supervision of the Sisters of Mercy. After the last Gospel of twelve o'clock Mass, Father Burke having ascended the pulpit, selected for his text the following passage, taken from the Book of Wisdom:—

"Wisdom is an inestimable treasure of man, which they that possess become the friends of God, being commended to the action of discipline, for it teacheth prudence and justice and temperance, which are such things that man had nothing more precious in life."

You must realize to yourself, my dearly beloved brethren, the great purpose for which we are come together here to-day. Amongst the wants and necessities of a parish the Church of God places first of all the necessity of schools and of education, and it is to meet this great want of this large and populous parish that we are assembled here to-day—to consider it fully, and direct our mind to the great question of its merits and its necessities; and, having convinced ourselves of those, to put forth from ourselves the life-like power of gentle and simple lovingness and true Christian charity. I am come before you to-day to plead the cause of nearly fourteen hundred little children that cry out aloud for education. Eight hundred, nearly nine hundred, of these are already gathered together to receive the treasure of education at the hands of the sacred spouses of God—the Sisters of Mercy. New schools are being built, and are already nearly complete, in one of the most populous and at the same time one of the most neglected positions of the city—schools in which five hundred children will be educated by those sainted nuns. Besides the schools, I have to plead—to speak to your hearts and minds—to-day for the orphanage, where the fatherless and motherless little ones of God receive all that is necessary for soul and body. Behold the charity, my brethren, for which I am here to plead to-day. I will not appeal to your munificence; I will not claim your contributions by appealing, as I might do, to that tenderness of heart that bounteousness of charity, which I know well to exist amongst you; for often and often I have had occasion to draw largely upon your bounty. On this great question of Catholic education I will address myself to your intelligence before I appeal to your hearts. We must consider the great want which lies here before us to-day which we must endeavour to supply. When we consider our own being and nature we find that threefold is the life of man—the physical life, the intellectual life, and the spiritual life. We first of all must live our animal life. For man is an animal. He has in his body, with its members, its appetites, and its wants, a community of being with the brute beasts that roam over the fields. Like them he must be guarded against the rigours of the seasons; like them he has his bodily feelings, inclinations, passions, necessities. All these things go to form the animal life of man. If man had no soul, no intelligence, if Almighty God had made him for nothing higher than time and its necessities, then might man, like other animals regulated by the natural law, develop under that law to the full perfection of his being. I ask you, my dearly beloved brethren, does man under the natural law in his animal life attain to the full perfection of his being? Oh! how far from it. What does this growth of the animal life produce in man, if unaided by the action of the intelligence and the development of the soul within him? What does he reap by the growth of this animal existence? That debased, that degraded, that horrible form of life we behold amongst savage tribes, uncultivated, uneducated, unenlightened. Behold them how they burrow in the holes of the earth like brute beasts. Man living only in the animal element of his being scarcely rises to the standard of the law of nature, which all other animals obey. We have been created for a higher and holier purpose, destined to be governed by a higher and holier law. Therefore, the human being left without instruction, left under the sole dominion of the animal passions within him, does not rise even to the level of the brute; to the simple grandeur of the unsophisticated law of nature and of instinct. The savage beast follows faithfully the instincts of the law of nature—the savage man violates them all. The spotted tigress, fierce beast as she is, will fight in defence of her whelps; she bears will expose herself to death to save her newly-born cubs. But the Chinese mother, with a heart hard as the nether millstone to the sacred instincts of nature's laws, will with her own hand give to death the tender offspring of her womb. Worse than beasts, because they are supposed to be infinitely higher and greater than they. No being created in this world is so utterly dependent upon the cares of others as the infant child of man. The young of every other animal is born with some instinct of self-preservation—makes some effort to preserve its life if it is exposed to danger. If it be cast into the water it will at least make some struggle for life before it sinks and dies. The child of man is the most helpless of God's creatures on this earth. If it be neglected it dies. It is born without a single instinct of self-preservation; exposed to danger, it can only send forth its wail of infant tenderness and weakness and expire. Such is man. But then another element in our being, far more noble, far greater than the mere body, the mere animal, that is within us, and that element is the intellect—the mind of man. The moment we pass from the mere animal life to the intellect oh! how great the difference we behold! How great, how almost limitless, the scope for our thoughts and for our admiration! That moment we rise. The moment that man arises from the savage phase of animal life: behold how grand the prospect that opens before him! Nature, with all her mysteries and hidden laws, is unrolled before him like a hidden book. The elements that were before the objects of his unbounded savage and superstitious fears become plastic and obedient in his scientific

hands. The very lightning that would fain destroy leaps forth from the cloud to flash the thoughts of man throughout the world. All the treasures of the accumulated knowledge of ages are set before his admiring eyes. Wonders that to the unscientific eye would appear miracles are performed with ease, by him. Nature's laws are unrivalled, nature's powers are restrained and governed, by the powerful, the overpowering intellect of man. The arts in all their beauty display themselves before him. His eye is feasted with the subtle charm of the glorious works which the great masters of painting and sculpture have left behind them, the grand collections of paintings, the magnificent pieces of sculpture, the glorious temples raised by the hands that are now mouldering in the dust. He tastes the exquisite pleasure which arises out of knowledge in the expanding of his mind and the training of his very sense, which raises him from the revolting, degrading and horrible form of savagery to the grandeur and stateliness of civilization which we see around it. And if man were only destined for this earth—if the high intelligence with which the Almighty God has gifted him were only destined to dive into the mysteries, to explain all the laws of this natural and material world—if the astronomer were created for no higher aspirations than the stars which are the object of his study—if the electrician were created for no greater motion, no swifter flight than that which he makes on the electric vehicle of his thought—if the painter and the sculptor were never destined to contemplate a higher form of beauty than that revealed to them upon this earth—if this earth were man's all—if he were created to live in it, to enjoy it, to ornament it and to end with it—then, this beautiful and intellectual life that I have endeavoured to describe to you would be quite sufficient for all his wants and all his inclinations; and I, the priest, the preacher and the monk, would have no stand-place from which to address you—no argument to bring before you to-day. But, dearly beloved, is the intellectual life, with all its beauty and all its grandeur—with all its scientific research—with all its miraculous power and influence, and nature's laws—is it sufficient in all things for you and me?

After the sermon a collection was made, and a considerable sum realized.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY, EDINBURGH.

LECTURE ON THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF THE CHURCH.

The third lecture of the session was delivered on the 6th Dec., to the members of the Edinburgh Catholic Young Men's Society in their hall, St. Mary's-street. The lecturer was the Rev. Patrick Agnew, of St. Andrew's Church, Dumfries—a gentleman who only recently was attached to St. Patrick's Edinburgh—and the subject on which he addressed the society was "The Church—Her Trials and Triumphs." The president of the society, Mr. John Adair, Senr., occupied the chair; and on the platform with him were the Rev. E. J. Hannan, chaplain of the society; the Rev. Matthew Brady, and Messrs F. A. Maciver, and Mr. Whittey, vice-presidents; James M'Ever, James Paterson, Daniel Donworth, secretary, John McFadyen, librarian, Mr. James Adair, and others. There was a good attendance, and the rev. lecturer was frequently, in the course of his address, greeted with hearty and appreciative applause.

The Rev. Gentleman treated his audience to a rapid, but able and striking, resume of the Church's history during the four epochs into which he, for the purpose of clearness and grasp, divided it—the first epoch falling between the first years of the Church and that which saw at once Her triumph and that of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor; the second taking in the years which intervened between that event and the total destruction of the Roman Empire and civilization of the West; the third being the period of European history during which the Church was engaged in gradually and laboriously—but surely, and with wonderful, because divine, skill and foresight—building up the new European and Christian civilisation; and the last epoch being that which saw the birth of that gigantic revolution which was the signal for, and forerunner of, all the civil revolutions which have since afflicted society, and which has been misnamed the Reformation. This last epoch, in the view of the rev. lecturer, was not at this hour completed, inasmuch as it has yet to be historically rounded off, so to speak—in other words, peculiar trials to the Church which it has borne in its bosom have yet to be crowned with the glory of the appropriate and pre-ordained triumph, whose sun setting after the due period of trial would seem to be a chief lesson which the past history of the Church gives for the consolation and encouragement of her sons. Each of the preceding epochs, Father Agnew pointed out, had for the Church its own particular triumph, for which in the providence of God, the way had been led by the nature of the trials themselves that preceded it; and the triumph was akin to the trials, and all the more decided, complete, and glorious because of the very extremity and depth of the danger or suffering which were its fore-runners. And thus it would be with Protestantism, which was the trial of the Church in this fourth epoch. All the signs of the times went to bear witness to its disintegration, and to the coming triumph which would impart renewed life and activity to the whole Church. The rev. lecturer concluded an exceedingly interesting address by calling attention in a few sentences to the history of Ireland and of the Irish people, since their conversion to the Faith of Christ, by St. Patrick and St. Brigid, as in a particular manner illustrating this lot of alternate trial and triumph, to which he had drawn attention as being that which God had to all seeming laid down for His Church. For the children of the island of St. Patrick then, the history of their country carried with it a similar lesson to that which he had just deduced for the Church generally.

On the motion of Mr. F. A. Maciver, seconded by Mr. James M'Ever, a hearty vote of thanks was awarded to the rev. lecturer for his address.—Mr. Maciver pointing out as especially gratifying to Irish Catholics the second triumph to which Father Agnew had alluded. Just as Sir Charles Dilke had found in the English speaking people of Great Britain and her colonies and of the United States the materials for his ideas and book about "The Greater Britain," so Mr. Maciver saw in the emigrant sons and daughters of Ireland who have as yet been taken possession of these colonies and States and even of Great Britain itself, and are every day growing in numbers and social and religious power the people of "The Greater Ireland" which should in brief time out-grow and enlighten with the light of Catholic Faith, that very Protestantism which even by its measures of persecution and malice had materially helped to work out the designs of Providence.

A vote of thanks to the president, proposed by Father Harman, closed the proceedings.—Catholic Times.

A Montrose lady hated paying taxes, and always pretended to misunderstand their nature. One day, receiving a notice of such payment, signed by the Provost (Thorn), she broke out:—"I dinna understand these taxes; but I just think when Mrs. Thorn wants a new gown, the Provost sends me a tax-paper."

[1] Tondini, *The Future of the Russian Church*, p. 11.
[2] Lescaur, t. 1, p. 226.
[3] Lescaur, t. 1, p. 196.
[4] P. 400.

[5] Theiner, quoted by Lescaur, t. 1, p. 163.
[6] Lescaur, t. 1, p. 172.
[7] Lescaur, t. 1, p. 228.

[8] Lescaur, t. 1, p. 300.