THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

LINKED LIVES.

2

By Lady Gertrude Douglas. CHAPTER VI. THE SCHUIL.

* Seest thou yon bark ? It left our bay This morn. on its adventurous way. All gay, and glad, and bright." -Hewitt

The fourteenth of May, the day of Hugh's return to Elvanlee, was a memorable date in Mabel's life. Scarcely less memorable or less important was that same fourteenth of May to another individual destined to a conspicuous part in this story

play a conspicuous part in wars Katie Mackay had passed four years and eight months of detention in a Deformatory School, some Catholic Reformatory School, some three miles out of Glasgow. It is not my intention to enter into a detailed account of Katie's life in the school She had been, when she first entered -indeed, for two years after - as troublesome a child as, from her antecedents, might have been expected. The Sisters under whose care she was placed were, however, accustomed to dealing with such characters, and had not seemed to be so much tormented by her naughtiness as Kasie had expected. This, though a disappointment, did not discourage Katie's evil resolves. She was perpetually in disgrace : her utter contempt of rule, her frequent bursts of violent passion, her riotous, rebeilious disposition, were causes of frequent disturbance, which affected the discipline of the whole school, and sorely tried the patience of her several mistresses.

Nevertheless, taken at her worst there had always been in Katie's character much that was hopeful-so thought many of the Sisters, and not without reason. The little thief was an honest child; she was straight-forward, and above the mean tricks common among the other girls. She never told lies ; she never sought to excuse herself at the expense of others she was always ready to take more than her own share of blame. These were good symptoms, and those in-terested in her augured well from them for the future. They were not mis taken.

spoken.

are over.

St. Cecilia.

tak' meesel' up?

are good, Katie ?'

iserable in here !"

your first Communion !

The change for the better came very suddenly-soon after Katie had completed her second year in the school. and during the Winter which followed upon her thirteenth birthday.

One morning, in the early part of February, Katie had been, as usual excessively obstreperous over her lessons, and, after a series of misde-meanors, had crowned the whole by putting herself into a fit of ungovern able rage and flinging her slate at the mistress's head. The mistress who taught Katie's class was a young Sister who had not been very long in the house, but she was not in the least alarmed by this display of furious temper on Katie's part. Bending her head slightly, so as to avoid the blow aimed at her, she merely shot one quiet, indignant glance at the rebellious child, and then, without taking the slightest further notice of what had happened, she continued the dictation which she was giving to the class.

A murmur of disapprobation from Katie's companions, mingled with expression such as-" Och ! shame on Katie Mackay-ye bold impiden Jassie! I'll give ye a hidin rat freely round the room, and it was some time before the disturbance created by Katie's conduct could be entirely quelled; not indeed, until the author of it, having indignantly flung her

"Yes," said the Sister briefly, "I sent for you." "What's this ye's wantin' then ?" "Is that the way to speak, Katie Mackay! Can you not be civil even to your Mothers?" Katie laughed contemptiously. "Why are you such a bad, naughty child?" continued the mistress plead-

ingly. "Just !" said Katie, saucily. "Just !" repeated the Sister, with-out the least show of impatienceployed just what, Katie? Does it make you happy to be always in disgrace? Do you like to be locked up in the cells?

Do you like rice and water and por ridge? Answer me, my child-do you enjoy punishment ?" "I's no heedin' aboot the parritch. I can tak' the rice ; an' for the cells aweel, Mither, I aye likit them fine. "Oh, nonsense, nonsense, Katie-that is all silly bragging ! Come now try to be a sensible child, and listen to what I am going to say to you. You You have been two years in the school you know you cannot get your own way here; you know that all your naughtiness only ends in getting per ance for yourself. You surely have found out by this time that your life is not made happier to you for all your rebellion. Now do you not think you

have tried your own foolish way long enough? Don't you think, my child you could try my way for a change? promise you it will make you happier than you are now. "I dinna ken," replied Kate, a little more humbly than she had hithert "I's wantin' oot. I's awfu

Well, but, Katie, all your bad conamuse herself just a little, when she duct will not make your time in the school one atom shorter. You have still three years before you, and you know you cannot leave us until they ter ;" she would have a are over. Now, the question is, are you going to spend them miserably, or will you not try my advice? You are thirteen years old, and yet you have never been good enough to allow me even to put down your name fo My dear child, this is sad-very, very sad ! Her time was not properly up till September, but her conduct for three "The mistress's face had flushed more deeply while she was speaking,

and more than once she leaned her head wearily on her hands, with a transient look of excessive pain. Katie saw it, and was distressed, for in her heart he was really attached to her Mother kept a small dairy-farm not far from "Mither, ye're sick. I ken fine y

re-ye're that rosy lookin'!" "I have a bad headache," was the response, " and your naughty conduct has made it rather worse." "Wull ye get better, Mither, gin "Perhaps I may. Now, Katie, you

spirited about the reformatory girls were very rude this morning to your Mother St. Philomene — more than rude, in fact. Do you know that you which " exactly suited " her, she said She had taken a fancy to Katie's singularly pleasing face. might have hurt her severely? when going over the laundry where "Och ! I hate yon Mither -she's aye Katie flytin' on me." "Does she ' flyte ' on you when you happening to want a servant in the "I ken fine I's aye bad. Weel, I's for Katie.

The place was a good one. Conse nae heedin', I war just born t'it.' "Born to it, poor child !-- no, in-deed," said Mother St. Cecilia, emphat quently all minor difficulties were waived, and Katie was to enter upon her new life on the fourteenth of May.

deed, said mother st. ceeting, empiric ically. "No, you were born to be happy, and good, and to live forever with God in heaven. That is why we are all here; that is why there are such was built; that is why there are such Behold her now ! In the early dawn of the bright May morning, she is sitting ready dressed upon the edge of places as schools, where children can be taught all about God and their own her little bed, the last one of a long row, and nearest to the door in souls, that are so valuable in God's sight, my poor child. Born to it incorner of the big dormitory. The dormitory holds about forty children,

begins Katie, in a very audible whisper. "I's been dresst this half high in the opinion of both Mothers and children. Nevertheless, those who knew her best were not without serious 'oor an' mair !"

No answer, only a quiet smile, as misgivings concerning Katie's future the Sister puts her finger to her lips, to enjoin the silence which the rules of career in the outer world. She had no respectable home, and, as far as her the house require shall not be broken elongings went, there was no good prospect for Katie. The only chance, the one to which the Sisters looked, unnecessarily until after morning prayers and Mass in the chapel. So Katie does not expect a reply to her question, but sets herself diligently to was to place her in a safe situation, where she would be under authority, work, in company with two other girls, taken from other dormitories, and beand at the same time, actively en

tween the three a good deal of extra and very particular ironing is accom-That she must necessarily be exposed to a great deal of temptation, every-body who had watched her knew. Her lished before the other children come ownstairs. beauty, which had increased as she grew older, would probably be a dangerous snare ; but more dangerous Katie knows she is going out to the world before long. She has not, how-ever, heard on what day she is to her affectionate heart, and her passion ate craving after amusement. Gladly eave. able signs by which the children are would the Mothers have sheltered the poor little lamb for good, under their enabled to make a pretty fair guess as kindly roof ; but Katie, though she had given up her bad ways, had by no to the time fixed for their departuresuch as fitting on of dresses, making up of coarse aprons, and the like. Katie has, for several days, felt almost positive that her clothes are being premeans renounced her liberty. She had counted the months, weeks, days -nay, even hours and minutes, as they passed, to the time of her release : pared, but she has no idea that the hour of departure is so close at hand. not that she desired to return to her The summons comes that very day, and former mode of life, but simply because she thirsted after freedom with a wild Katie knows it for certain when Sister Mary of St. Austin (who besides being

craving, which nothing short of freedom could satisfy. Poor child ! she meant to be so very school) desires Katie to follow good ; she would avoid all bad com pany, she would go regularly to Mass, to the sacraments; her free time, her holidays, should be devoted to revisiting her Mothers. She would never see Mrs. Kerr, or Jeanie not even her own mother; she would never be dis But, for all that, nonest any more ! she would have her liberty ; she would

could get the chance ; she would see some of the shows at the Glasgow Fair, the day ! and perhaps sometimes go to a "theay " bonnie blu dress" to wear on the Sunday when she went to church or came up to see the Mothers. All these privileges— sweet fruits of "dear liberty"—she face flushing with excitement. would have; nor did she apprehend any danger, so strongly was she armed with her good resolutions.

put on years had been so very satisfactory that it was judged well to take advan-The Sister improves upon the oppor tunity still left to her while Katie is dressing, pouring into her ears many tage of an opportunity which offered friendly tself for placing her in the family of a well-to do tradesman, whose wife ounsel

"Noo, Katie Mackay, tak' heed, she insists, earnestly. "Keep oot o' bad company. Just tal the convent, and three miles out of the convent, and three miles out of Glasgow. Mrs. Royson was a thoroughly good woman; she had taken many children from the school, and she preferred them, on the whole, to any other class of girls. They had their faults, so had all "lassies," argued May Berson but there was compthing man ye meet for a rogue : dinna heed them that tells ye ye've a bonnie face ; be sure ye gang to Mass of a Sunday, an' dinna be deckin' yersel' oot wi flowers an feathers, an' sic like follies, Mrs. Royson, but there was something ye ken.

Katie listens in silence. Unfortun ately she is too much taken up with her clothes to pay much heed to the good old Sister's words of warning, but One day when she is dressed, and in the act of trying on her neat little straw bonnet, was working at the time, and the door again opens, and this time it is the Mother Superior itself, who has month of May, she begged especially ome to give her blessing, and to wish

farewell to Katie. Katie realizes her position at last, for the Mother Superlor has given her the parting gift of a beautiful prayerbook, and has left her, after speaking

a few kind words of encouragement. Then comes the first mistress, who remains some time talking to her, telling her about her place, and setting before her in forcible language the principle dangers to which, as a pretty girl, alone in the world, she will be ex-

She

exhortations and words of

FAELE OF POPE JOAN. An Ancient and Decrepit Fabrication That is Occasionally Rehashed by Modern Socialists – History Says Nothing of a Female Pope.

A few days ago, a seeker after truth consulted an esteemed local contem-porary anent the history of Pope Joan and intimated a pious wish for author-ities on the subject. Either the question was embarrassing or the authorities were scarce, for the only informa-tion vouchsafed was, that "Gibbon is "Gibbon is one authority for doubting Joan was even on the pontifical throne, though it seems that the statement was never contradicted until after the Reformaion." Since Gibbon speaks of the fable of a female Pope, which as it is tion. There are certain unmistak false deserves that name," and sinceas every one knows-that arch-hater of the Church has given the story its quietus. It is surely putting it very mildly to say that he is an authority for "doubting." But, besides Gibbon, every respectable Protestant writer during the last three hundred years has either passed the story by as a huge joke, or refuted it just as a specimen of sportive gymnastics in critical history. Bayle, Bochart, Boxhorn, eibnitz and Schook might have been infirmarian is wardrobe keeper of the added to the "one authority for doub her down

ing. the store passage, through the glass A POST-REFORMATION FALSEHOOD. door which separates the Reformatory That "the statement was never con from the Convent side of the house. "Weel, Katie Mackay," said the tradicted until after the Reformation should hardly excite surprise. Until Sister at last, pausing in the cloister the Reformation, no one tried to make outside the little room where Katie is capital out of the silly fable. For o lay aside her school dress for everobvious reasons, the reformers became Weel, my child, ve're goin' oot, and prodigiously scrupulous about Pope Joan. "The great champions of the wish ye may find the world as happy is ye expect. I wish I had laid ye to myth," says a Protestant writer, Barrest in the graveyard afore I had seen

ing Gould, " were the Protestants of the sixteenth century, who were unscru "Och, Mither, ye're aye spacing evil pulous in distorting history and supto the childer. Ye'll see I'll be that guid, sae I wull," responds Katie, her pressing facts, so long as they could nake a point." By the way, the naive allusion to exemption from " May oor blessed Lord grant ye the contradiction. comes with ill-grace grace, my child," says the Sister, with doubtful shake of the head, as she from our contemporary. During hundred years and leads the way into the room, where, three story of the lady Pope has been perbefore Katie's delighted eyes, her new sistently contradicted by all historians clothes are spread out ready for her to of reputation, whether Catholic or Protestant, and yet our learned exchange

does not seem convinced enough to give it straightforward denial. TWO CENTURIES AFTER HER ALLEGED EXISTENCE.

The argument from silence "Keep yerse prime old favorite in the hands of every pecious and fallacious reasoners, but happens to be a particularly dangerus one to urge for Pope Joan. Tha lady is supposed to have worn the tiara after Leo IV. and before Bene dict III .- that is to say, about 855 But why is there no mention made of her by any writer for more than two hundred years after that date? During all that time there were critics and heretics and gossip mongers enough, to whom such a bit of scandal would have been a veritable god-send. To quote again the one authority for doubting: "Would Photius have

> prand have missed such a scandal ?' The argument from silence put with so much negligent suggestiveness by the bureau of our contemporary, is doubly unfortunate, because Anasta-sius, a well-known and reliable historian who lived

WHEN JOAN OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN MAKING HISTORY, has not a word about her. His narra-

tive of the events which occurred be-tive of the events which occurred be-dict III. is so close and succinct as to

AUGUST 12, 1893.

also being looked upon as an unpardonable outrage upon truth and decency.-North-Western Chronicle.

AUGUST 12, 1893.

ABUSE WILL NOT AVAIL. A Protestant Minister Gives Some Advice to His Brethren

The announcement made recently by Rev. Mr. Adams, of the Episcopal Church, that he had withdrawn from the communion and joined the Catho-lic Church was made the subject of more than one sermon in the Ne York churches on Sunday. The most notable of all the discourses that by Rev. Dr. De Costa, who preached on "Recent Defections to Rome from the Episcopal Church, "They went out taking for his text, from us, but they were not of us." (1

John, ii., 19.) 7 The reaction from the Reformation had now set in, he said, and there was a strong tendency toward Rome, the non-Episcopalians rising into the Episcopal Church and the Episco palians going up to Rome. Dur-ing the last week Episcopalians had learned of the defection of two more of their clergy to Rome, "but, he said, "we have a poor right to complain or question their sanity, even complain or question their satisfy, e.e. though the *Churchman* has set an ex-ample of coarse brutality. Vulgar rather inquire whether or not the Episcopal Church is in any degree to blame for these defections.

"Some desire to resolve the whole question into one of ritualism, but there are difficulties that go deeper, and it is time to consider the situation instead of abusing Rome. Some of our brightest lights and ablest minds, both in England and America, have gone to Rome, and the time has come for calm inquiry rather than bitter controversy.

The remarks of the young clergy. man who has just left us, so far as they apply to our vestry system, have no great force. The laity have their share in administration, and they are not to be routed by any sacerdotalism. It is, however, a shame to see men who are not members of the Church put on vestries to rule the Church to the exclusion of devout men who are dis allowed because they are poor. The gentleman referred to may well complain of this. He may also take um brage at a great deal of bad policy which prevails, and which allows the

churches in lower New York to fall into decay. "Romeisan army superbly equipped, but the Episcopal Church in New York

more resembles an ecclesiastical mob -each parish and party struggling simply for self, like cattle crowding and hooking one another to be first in at the corn crib ; and young, ardent, enthusiastic souls are liable any day to turn from such policy with loathing and contempt and go over to the other side.

"These things, however, lie upon the surface of the subject. The reverend gentleman in his letter refers to doctrinal differences in the Episcospared such reproach? Could Luit. pal Church, and it is idle to deny their Teaching among us is existence. tolerated that runs from rationalism to the verge of Romanism. The most vital truths of the Creed are assaulted with impunity, while the ecclesiastical grog shop is openly advocated, with ne things even worse. These things are hard to be borne by tender consciences, especially where the individnal is rather inclined to Rome.

The Reasonableness of the of the Catholic Chur BY REV. J. J. BURE Respect Shown to Ecclesiasti XVI. AVI. "We are ambassadors for Chris were, exhorting by us "(Cor. v. 2) Father sent me, I also send you "("G og thot he whole world and Gospel to every creature" (St. Mar

The respect Catholics ha bishops and priests of the often a matter of surprise of the faith. They do not u as Catholics do, that the 'ambassadors for Christ "preach the Gospel to every For Christ instituted the p carry on divine worship, the Church, to preach His de to administer the sacramen

As in the Old Law Goo priests from among the Aaron, so in the New chooses them from among His apostles and their su fit to ordain. Priests and isters of the Church rece sacrament of holy order and grace to perform would If we duties. seriously for a moment th of these duties and the g of the minister of God, we no difficulty in unders reasonableness of the Cath

of showing profound res priesthood. The priest is the mini Christ, Who chose him t obtain for himself the g and in return bestow th his fellow-man. Jesus him that he might aid work for which He can What a noble mission ! portant duties ! What a nity! To aid Jesus Chi souls, to teach them the tr tion, to loose them from

offer the Eucharistic Sacr

to pray for them, to ad

them, and to fill them w

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Paul also consecrated

On the banks of the

books upon the ground, had, in a towering passion, made her exit from

the school-room, was peace restored. Two hours later when her passion had had time to cool, Katie was summoned into the presence of the first mistress, who received her in the room where she generally saw and conversed with the children under her charge.

It was a very small apartment, with plain, whitewashed walls, decorated with two or three sacred pictures, a wooden crucifix and a holy-water stoup The simple furniture consisted of a little iron bedstead, curtained with white dimity, a rush-bottomed chair, and a cupboard, which also served the pur poses of table and washing stand, the earthenware jug and basin belonging to the latter being, except when in use, hidden away in the interior.

Katie had entered the cell in the very worst of tempers, determined, as usual, to "brave it out," and full of feelings. She had not even angry knocked at the door, but, as it stood partially ajar, had kicked it open with her foot

The mistress's chair was by the open window, which immediately overlooked the school playground and afforded in the distance a charming glimpse of the Clyde valley. The mistress, when Katie entered, was standing by the window, watching the children at their play below; nor did she at first take any notice of the little delinquent, who in order to attract attention to her presence, began to whistle, and stamp with her feet upon the deal floor of the

Then the mistress turned round, exhibiting a fresh, young, pleasant face, with large, dark, serious eyes and an expression singularly winning and beautiful. She was, however, flushed, and it did not escape Katie's quick eye that "Mother St. Cecilia put her hand suddenly to her head as if in pain. She sat down at once, desiring Katie to shut the door, which Katie did with a very bad grace, banging her back up against it.

"Now, Katie Mackay," began the mistress quietly; then she paused, fixed her penetrating glance upon the child's countenance, and gravely shook

"Div ye want me?" asked Katie defiantly

No, no ! remember my words to deed ! you, Katie-you were born for better things than you at present know any thing of.

A tear glistened in Katie's eye while she listened to the earnest voice talking so kindly to her : a right chord was touched in her little heart, and this time she answered very differently. "Mither, I wull try-so I wull !

gie ye me ward I wull tak' mysel' up D'ye feel happy noo, Mither, gin I promise ye? Say ye do, Mither-say ye do !" and the child left her position by the door, where she had sullenly remained, and kneeled humbly down at the mistress's feet.

After a few more cheering words of forgiveness and encouragement and exhortation, Sister Mary of St. Cecilia, being called away, dismissed Kati for once, at least, thoroughly contrite, and full of good intentions for the future. How long would such resolves have lasted? Probably they would too soon have been forgotten, had not a melancholy event followed closely upon that morning's conversation, and fixed them indelibly upon Katie's mind. This event was no other than the sudden death of the first mistress.

Katie never saw her again on earth the headache which the Mother had owned to had been, in fact but the commencement of her last illness. A severe attack of erysipelas ended fatally after three days of intense suffering, and at the early age of nineand twenty the young mistress of the Reformatory was laid low in her coffin. She had made the sacrifice of life

willingly, offering it, as well as all her sufferings, for the conversion of her beloved children, among whom Katie had been specially remembered. seemed, indeed, as if that sudden death were destined to mark the turning-point in the child's life : from that day she became an altered being. Bitterly she

had she wept when, standing with her companions round the still open grave, had taken her last farewell look at the humble coffin which hid from her sight the mortal remains of one who

had ever been to her a true friend. She improved steadily from that time forward, not without some slips, but where she finds, waiting for her, one never falling quite back into her old of the lay Sisters who superintends the

ways : and now that her time of detenlaundry tion was well-nigh ended, Katie stood

It

sed. who, with the exception of Katie, are still fast asleep. The hour for rising is 5 o'clock, and it is now only just The hour for rising Katie has altered very much

for the better-in her appearance as well as in her conduct. She is tall impossible for her ever to forget them. Alas ! poor Katie, it would be better if now, probably as tall as she ever wil be ; she has a neat, slim figure, a fresh, she were not so self-confident. clear complexion, and is altogether very pleasant to look upon. Her has yet to learn the bitter lesson of her own weakness. eyes are still her chief beauty, they The poor little ship is in the habor still, where the waters are calm; but are such speaking, starry eyes, full of mirth and sunshine. Her pina eyond it stretches a mighty ocean fore makes her seem childish still, Who shall dare to say that so frail though Katie is now past fifteen ; and its effect is aided by the simple dress-ing of the pale golden hair, which is ship will safely weather its storms ! The hour for departure has struck the cart which is to convey Katie to he smoothly back off the laid very smoothly back off the temples, and stowed away under a new home is waiting at the door. Poor Katie rubs her eyes energetically with black net, which does not, however, entirely hide its yellow gleaming. Katie is not idle, she has just drawn one of her new pocket-handkerchiefs, and tries to smile through her tears. Several of the Sisters, who have known from under her pillow an unfinished her since she first came to the place course blue shirt (destined for a "jolly tar"), and diving into the have come to the door to say good bye and to wish her God-speed. She nearly pocket of her print frock, she produces breaks down then, and is wishing wit thimble and a twist of thread, which all her heart that she had never asked she tosses forthwith over her shoulder. to go away ; but it is too late to draw back. Mechanically she climbs up to and then, pinning her work on to her knee, she begins with wonderfu her seat in the cart, sees, as in a mist, celerity to stitch the wristbands to the her little box put up after her, the leeve of the shirt.

Mothers gathering about the door smill Katie is one of the elder girls now ing and nodding to her. She sees old She belongs to the upper division of Mother St. Austin wiping away some the first class ; she has passed a very tears from her eyes, catches one las creditable examination before glimpse of the first mistress, and hears Government Inspector ; she is monitor of the dormitory, the best scholar, the her say "God bless you, my dear child!" Then the cart begins to move, neatest sewer, the most skilful ironer gradually getting into rapid motion as in the laundry. She wears upon her breast the highest badge of honor in t drives off down the avenue towards the high road. the school, for she is one of the six "Children of Mary." She looks wonder-So long as a single corner of the old grey building remains in sight, Katie holds her breath and gazes earnestly fully happy too; her work is interesting to her, she is anxious to get on back, waving her hand to the last with it as soon as possible, and never pauses to rest her fingers, until at the but when the cart turns out of the lodge gates, and the high walls shut in the end of half-an-hour the light footstep of some person coming softly up the stairs is heard. Then Katie bends her head o listen, and hearing the well-known click of the Mother's latch-key, she grief. folds up her work, thrusts the thimble

back into her pocket, and stands ex-pectant, until the door, opening from without, admits her into the passage,

"What keepit ye sae lang, Mither ?"

Katie listens, and cries, for she is feeling now how hard it is to leave no room for Joan-except in the imagination of the gullible and stand by the Anglican system and leave what has been, after all, a happy home. She makes many promises the malicious. endeavor to reform whatever is amiss all the sincerity of her heart she makes them—and thinks that it will be When, at last, the lady in the case in doctrine or discipline instead of

makes her debut in the Chronicles of shrinking away from the fight. Marianus Scotus, about the year " If we would stop defections we must guard the entrance to the min-1,100, she figures in the printed writistry, use more care in training theo-logical students, simplify and unify ings of that author, not in his manuscript copies. Historians have long ago decided that the deft hand of a belief, have better management and discipline, make the Creed a part of ago decided that the dert hand of a Chronicles of Scotus. Two centuries the life of our people, raise the stand-dard of Christian thinking and living, later our heroine again crops up in the writings of Martinus Polonus ; but give greater liberty in religious acthat author opens the biography of Benedict III. with the words, "Im-mediately after Leo IV. Benedict was tivity and show greater love for Christians of every name.' unanimously chosen to succeed him,

CHALLENGED AN A. P. A. and Dollinger proved conclusively that PREACHER. Polonus was as guiltless of the Joan

Kansas Catholics Effectively Silence Lecturer J. G. White

A committee representing the La Salle Club of Kansas City, Kan., adthe very time when she is reported to dressed the following challenge to Rev. J. G. White, the A. P. A. lecturer:

fore high heaven; it has not a word "You have stated in all the places where you have lectured, that through though such a scandalous romance the confessional, priests and penitents would have easily found tongues and commit sins too atrocious to mention pens. Surely ten years of such elo You either know of this fact of here. quent silence is worth ten centuries of vice and crime on the part of the priests and penitents in this commun-ity, or you do not know of it. Now contemptuous indifference and exemp tion from contradiction when the myth did at last take shape under the quill we challenge you to give the name of of a Waldensian editor. It is less even one priest of good standing in the probable that Anastasius was guilty of entire State of Kansas, and even one a glaring suppression of truth in a penitent in the entire State, who are guilty as you charge. If you believe what you state, you will only be too case where such suppression could not escape detection than that an unknown writer two centuries afterwards comglad to give the names. If you cannot mitted to writing a vague legend at a give the names of even one priest and time when there were no notes and queries column of Monday editions to one penitent, it proves you to be a common liar, and that your atrocious correct and enlighten folk by natively libels are wilfully malicious. If you suggesting "one authority for doubtwill give the names of such persons to brove your charge, we guarantee to have you arrested under our criminal laws, this being the only way in which we can evoke the law for our protec-tion." tion.

No reply was made to this challenge, because to meet the challenge wo have introduced him to the county jail.

No other Sarsaparilla has the merit to secure the confidence of entire communities and hold it year after year, like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

life the Holy Scriptur Greece and Rome, and the fathers ; founded sities of Europe ; and the past, the greate world. He does all God. Do you wonde olics love and revere Nowhere can there of men or a series of able, so renowned fo charity and holines bishops and priests Church in every age Christ to the present.

Cellba XVI "He who is unmarr things of the Lord, how Cor, vii, 32).

The Catholic C matrimony as a holy mends celibacy to greater perfection, her priests because "He who is unman the things of the Lo It is said that the a hard, lonely one, scriptural. Let us one of hardship path is by no mean rather one covered young man knows With a its duties and respo ingly enters the pri well that it is a life crosses. He know whole life of Jest stable of Bethlehe Calvary's heights, trial, cross, mortific life of every follow minister, of Jesu fashioned after t Model. "If any Me," He says in th Matthew, "let hir up his cross and f ciple, the minist

TO BE CONTINUED.

Fretful, crying children should be given Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. It regulates the system and removes worms.

The many truthful testimonials in behalt of Hood's Sarsaparilla prove that HOOD's CURES, even when all others fail. Try it

hat of the old woman that lived in a shoe can no longer be raked out from the dust-bin of old-time prejudice and ignorance to insult Catholics without

to-day stands upon a higher plane than it occupied before, and stories which have no more foundation in fact than

convent and its school from her view The story of Pope Joan is an exthen she wakes as from a dream, bursts into a flood of tears, and rocks ample of a style of handling history which, like the churlish knack of callherself to and fro in a perfect agony of ing one's opponents hard names, has en voted out of court. Controversy

legend as an unborn babe.

ONE OF THE LIMBS OF THE EXPLODE

MYTHS.

have been playing such pranks be

about her for centuries afterwards

Thus history is silent about Joan at