

THE FAITHLESS STEWARD.

It was a dark and bitter night. A night in the January of an unusually severe winter. There had been a hard frost for three weeks, and the ground was like iron. Nowhere had the inclemency of the season been more painfully felt than in the always bleak county of Northampton. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, the curfew bell had rung out; when a solitary traveller, who had lost his way, drew his bridle and looked round anxiously in search of shelter. The hard, black frost had seemed to give way about noon, and the sky was overcast with clouds; but a shrill and bitter wind howled over the face of the country; and when those clouds descended, it was not in gentle rain, but a heavy fall of snow.

The traveller had purposed to rest that night at the little town of Daventry, but he had been detained at Northampton, and evening began to fall, and the snow with it, soon after he was clear of the little country town. He had just crossed a wild moor with danger and difficulty, for the snow was not only drifting into the hollows, but covered hard ground to the depth of more than a foot already; and it was no slight increase of peril that it would also overpread the frozen surface of the pools and streams so common to the country, but which were not, it was probable, frozen so thick that the ice would bear a horse and its rider. Well might the traveller look round anxiously as he dismounted, for to continue his journey was at the risk of his life.

Bordering the moor which he had just crossed was a strip of woodland. Less than as they were, the thick branches might afford some shelter, however slight and indifferent. Beyond this, there was the chance that some of the largest trees, which were of great magnitude, might furnish a really secure shelter in its hollow trunk. It was in vain that the eyes of the traveller, aching and half blinded with the snow, sought through the eddying drift for the cheerful ray of a lamp in some cottage, or that, through the howling blast, he listened with strained ear for the bark of some watch dog.

There was no recourse but to adventure into the wood. This the traveller did on foot, leading his horse by the bridle. The wood was less dense than he supposed—and a double row of beeches, the broad limbs of which, linked together from either side, made a canopy, through which the snow had drifted so lightly that our wayfarer discovered that there was a beaten track below.

This avenue crossed the wood diagonally, and was so palpably an avenue in the contrivance of which art must have assisted nature, that benighted man pressed onwards with renewed hope, confidently expecting that the stately colonnade of beeches had some human habitation in proximity. In this expectation he was not disappointed.

After proceeding for about a quarter of a mile the path widened, the trees were more sparsely scattered, and presently the wayfarer emerged upon a wide lawn-like space, at the upper end of which, through the rents which the wind made in the veil of snow which hung pendant between earth and sky, he perceived the walls of what seemed a dwelling of some pretensions.

The ground was now smooth and level, and over the thick carpet of the snow the traveller led his wearied steed. He was, however, surprised as he proceeded that along the broad black front of the edifice that faced him appeared no twinkling ray of light. The building he was approaching seemed scarcely a ruin; but assuredly there was about it no sign of human habitation. The mystery was explained when the traveller stumbled over a gate which lay on the ground, in the interior of which had grown up tall thickets, which shook the snow from their bleak heads as they bent in the breeze blast. A few feet further and the traveller stumbled again. This time the obstruction was caused by a statue which had been thrown from its pedestal. The head was knocked off; but the figure of the statue was in the sculpture artist's hands, and the traveller—a devout Catholic—immediately apprehended that the mutilated figure had been that of the Madonna and Child.

A heavy sigh broke from the bosom of the wayfarer as, dimly through the white glare of the snow, he perceived yawning the black arch of a dismantled doorway. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I find me now. Somewhere in this district stood the manse of Cateby, cruelly suppressed by our late king some three years since. Oh, benighted Lord, look Thou with a pitying eye on the affliction of the children of Thy Church in this unhappy land!"

As the traveller ceased speaking, and, sadly leaning on the crupper of his tired horse, looked up at the dismantled doorway, a female shriek, long, loud and piercing, smote his ear. It was a cry expressive of the extremity of anguish, and was reverberated in dismal echoes by the dismantled walls of the manse and the dark arches of the surrounding woods.

Our traveller a burgher of Nottingham, John Osmond by name, involuntarily drew his breath with a gasp at that horrid cry. A superstitious person might have referred that sound, so unearthly and appalling to a supernatural cause, and supposed that it proceeded from the walling spirit of some one of the poor nuns, so many of whom had, throughout the country, died of want when turned by the atrocious monarch from their holy and happy homes.

Such was not the case of John Osmond, as practical a man and steady a tradesman as any member of the corporation before or after his own time. From human lips that woful cry proceeded—that he knew. That it might be a note of warning of danger to himself, as well as of anguish to the unhappy person who uttered it, he also knew.

The destruction of the convents and monasteries had done much to damage social order. Not only were the members of the various religious communities involved in the most dire distress, but innumerable persons among the trading as well as the agricultural classes, whose industry had been employed by the religious establishments, were deprived of their means of living and made destitute. The result of this was not only an alarming increase in the ranks of the poor, but in the numbers of idle, dissolute men, who

banded together for the purpose of robbery. It flashed like lightning, then, on the mind of Osmond that some strayed traveller like himself had been set upon, and was perhaps being murdered in the ruins. No man travelled unarmed in those days.

Osmond drew a short, strong sword he wore—a serviceable weapon, all unlike the slender, gentlemanly rapier—and dashed through the yawning aperture of the dismantled doorway. The door opened into a spacious hall, on one side of which a lofty open archway gave ingress to the convent chapel, on the other to a cloister or perambulatory. Osmond ascertained this by the light of a hand lamp, which stood in a niche, from which probably the statue of the patron or founder of the convent had been torn. Some living person, then, was about the ruins who must have placed the lamp there.

Osmond caught it up, his first thought was that some ruffian had purposely lingered about the desolate building, where she once had hoped to end an innocent life. Osmond entered the chapel; all there was in the confusion of ruin. The altar overturned, the snow drifting through the gap in the roof, the wind howling through the tall casements, denuded of the glass, with a fury that well-nigh quenched the feeble flicker of the lamp. There was naught living in the ruined chapel save the blind bat, which, dazed even by the faint ray of the lamp, quitted its roost, and flapped its leathern wings in Osmond's face.

He paused and looked anxiously around him. Surely he had not been the sport of fancy. It was a human shriek he had heard. Hark! comes again, echoing more distantly now as comes within the ruined sanctuary. The sound comes, however, from the opposite direction. He turns, he goes towards the cloister, and there he sees a tall, slender figure fit along, and out into the driving snow. It is a figure of a woman draped in a sable robe—not the habit of a nun, for that it would be treason to wear.

Osmond was a man in the prime of life, strong and swift of foot, and he pursued the fugitive. As she passed from under the open arch of the cloister into what had once been the convent garden, she turned her head. Then, by the pale ray of the lamp which he held, Osmond beheld a pale, sweet face, very pale and wasted, and lighted by a pair of wild, dark eyes. The face of a young creature, who could scarce have passed her twenty-second year, but, in strange contrast to its youth and beauty, the hair that surrounded it and swept down to the shoulders, was as white as the descending snow.

In vain Osmond called upon the girl to stop, assuring her that he himself was a harmless and benighted traveller; with renewed shrieks she fled before him; and disappeared. The dismal cries, however, ceased suddenly, as it seemed, at no great distance. Shading the lamp with his hand from the wind, which threatened to extinguish it, Osmond was slowly making his way through the snow in the direction in which, by her footprints, he could tell that the woman had fled.

He had not, however, taken twenty steps when a rider and a stronger light than that which he carried flashed athwart the gloom. Then he heard an exclamation about his horse, which he had left tethered to the shaft of a broken column in the porch. The next moment two men carrying torches appeared. One of them was apparently advanced in life, the other a well built, good humored looking young fellow, about five and twenty, was probably, from the resemblance between them, the son of the elder man. Both were attired after the fashion of the better sort of peasants, or small farmers, of those days.

They advanced rapidly when they saw Osmond with a lamp in his hand. Their anxious brows smoothed when they accosted him, for his staid, respectable appearance reassured them; for, even as he had done, they feared that some bandit had chosen the ruined convent as the scene of his exploits.

"Save you, fair sir!" said the elder of these men to Osmond. "You have doubtless sought in this sacred place a shelter from the snowstorm. Oh, tell us quickly, have you seen aught of a young girl, fair and beautiful, but with hair as white as that of mine own?"

"I have seen such a person," answered Osmond. "Her voice of distress drew me into this sacred pile. I would have offered her aid, but she fled before me like one demented."

"Alack! she is demented!" said the old man. "Good sir, canst thou tell which way she went?"

"Yonder, as I think," said Osmond, indicating with his hand the direction in which the girl had fled.

"Alas," exclaimed the old man, with a sigh. "She will surely die, poor lamb, of the cold this bitter winter. This is the third night within the week that she hath escaped us."

"Who is this unhappy young person, and what brings her to this ruined place?" inquired Osmond.

The old man looked at him doubtfully. "Do you know, good sir," he said, "that this was not long since a manse, which His Grace the King thought fit to suppress?"

"A graceless act!" replied Osmond, sternly. "Old man, if thou wast a friend to any of the poor nuns, fear not to say so to me; for, were my power but equal to my will, they would fall soon be reinstated in their deserted halls."

"Oh, good sir," returned the old man, "many, I wot, are of your mind; but those who have the will to repair these cruel wrongs too much lack the means. Oh, blessed saints! in these evil times one scarce dares speak freely to one's own brother; and I am but a poor and simple man. There seems piety and honesty in your words and looks; but if these speak for you beyond your deserving, I must even bear the penalty. The king can have of me only my poor life, though he were told ten times over that I have done the best out of my little means to maintain the crazed nun of Cateby, whom the ward of the Prioresse, Alicia de Lacy, the fairest and richest damsel in the whole shire of Northampton!"

The old man still pursued his way across

the waste ground that surrounded the ruins, followed by his son and the traveller. The snow storm had greatly increased, accompanied with a fierce gale of wind that whirled the frozen particles like splintered glass into the faces of the party and well nigh extinguished the torch. The locality, however, was perfectly well known to the old peasant, and he presently led the way to a Gothic gate set in the wall of what had once been the cemetery of the convent. A melancholy place even when the quiet retreat from the world's strife, the convent was the abode of the needs of desolation worse than death had fallen on that unostentatious pile. Between double rows of sombre yews, "where heaved the turf in many a mounding heap," each marked with a simple stone cross at the head, rested the mortal remains of the deceased nuns.

Snow-covered now was every mound, heavily laden with snow the dark evergreen branches of the solemn yew that bent down like mourners over the dead, and, shrouded with snow, the memorial crosses loomed up like white spectres. In the fitful flame of the fluttering torch was now seen a tall, dark-robed figure, flitting about the graves.

"Alicia! sweet Alicia!" cried the old man, "I pray thee stay. Come back to our cottage; thou wilt die of cold this bitter night!"

He hurried forwards with what speed was possible through the clogging snow; but the woman waved him back, and sinking down upon one of the graves, twisted his arms about the cross at its head.

"Alicia, gentle lady, reverend Sister, come with us!"

"Sister!" exclaimed the poor wanderer, "standing over her the old man sought to raise her from her mournful resting place, he to pay the accustomed stipend for her board at Cateby, and she had completed her twenty-first year to surrender her estates."

This cunning villain had, however, well noted the signs of the times, and was not unwilling at last to let Alicia's estate be some absorbed in the other property of the convent, as he thought he could foresee a mode of obtaining it after all, with bitter reprisal on the poor prioresse into the bargain.

The thunder cloud burst and the storm of the Dissolution overwhelmed all the religious houses, great and small. The villainous notary then wrought out his evil designs so successfully that he made absolute the mercy of the very commissioners themselves, who strongly recommended the king to spare the convent of Cateby.

Equally futile did he manage to render the appeal of the prioresse to Anne Boleyn, to whom she offered the sum of a thousand marks if she would prevail on Henry to spare her convent.

When the poor prioresse and nuns were driven from their convents, he took part in the process, and insolently remarked that if Alicia would repent of her folly and wed with his son he would settle on her a portion of the property which was now all to fall into his hands.

This proposal the young nun rejected with horror. "Go starve, then, go starve!" said the hoary ruffian.

And starve the poor Sisterhood literally did. The prioresse died before the year was out; the rest of the community wandered away, none either sought or cared to know where; and Alicia would have shared the fate of the Sisterhood but for the kindness of William Barton, an old servant of her father, and now the owner of a few acres of ground, which he cultivated with the help of his son.

On losing her friend the prioresse, Alicia was attacked with a brain fever, which, when she survived it, left her in a state of harmless but absolute insanity. In this condition the sole consolation of the unhappy girl was wandering about in the ruins of her beloved conventual home.

Her friends, the good Barton and his wife, did not oppose this fancy in fine weather, but they were necessitated to oppose it in the winter.

Watch her as vigilantly as they could, however, she would escape them, as she had done on the night of her death, which was caused, no doubt, by her wanderings in the inclement winter.

Such was the short, sad story of Alicia de Lacy, told to the worthy burgher, John Osmond, by an aged white-haired priest, who had been confessor to the convent.

Osmond had accepted the proffered hospitality of the good Barton, and accompanied him to his own home with their mournful burden of the dead nun.

Osmond was a well-to-do, as well as a worthy man, and at his cost Alicia was laid beside her friend the prioresse, in a fashion befitting her condition as a landed heiress not that of an outcast nun.

Now this Master Giles Overing had a son, a bold and somewhat handsome boy, a few years older than Alicia de Lacy. Immediately on his obtaining the supervision of the fortune of the little heiress, Master Overing determined that she should be the wife of his son. With this view, during the holidays at the convent school, Alicia was always invited to the notary's house, and, had she not been a child of the most amiable disposition, she would have been spoiled by the indulgence and flattery which were lavished upon her there.

But Alicia was not to be spoiled, neither was she to be inspired with a love of the world. Though affectionately attached to Maurice Overing, the notary's son, it was only as a sister might have been, and when she was sixteen years of age, and Master Overing made known to the prioresse his project of a union between Alicia and Maurice, he had the bitter disappointment of being told that the young girl had resolved to devote herself to a religious life.

The tenets of Luther had by that time taken considerable root, and though Master Giles Overing, knowing the temper of Henry, was far too cunning to join the ranks of the Protestants, he had a great kindness for their tenets.

Through the raid on the religious houses had not yet commenced, he did not hesitate to load the prioresse with abuse, and avow his determination to retain the whole control of Alicia's property till she was of age; and that, in the interim, she should see whether the law would not prove that she had been unduly influenced.

The law, however, was not then in a condition to satisfy either the malice or the avarice of Master Overing.

He was compelled during Alicia's nonage to pay the accustomed stipend for her board at Cateby, and she had completed her twenty-first year to surrender her estates.

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HOPE FOR ENGLAND'S FUTURE.

SERMON BY THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

At the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, on Sunday last, High Mass was sung by His Lordship the Bishop of Ampleforth. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop assisted at the Mass and preached. His Eminence took for his text the words, "I will ask the Father, and He shall send you another Paraclete, and He shall abide with you forever—the Spirit of Truth whom the world cannot perceive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but you shall know Him, for He shall be with you, and He shall be in you." His Eminence said that the Holy Ghost came, first, as the Illuminator; secondly, as Sanctifier; and thirdly, as the Author of all unity—for without Him there is none. The fire was the symbol of His Illumination. He is the fountain of light, and though for three years the Apostles had been taught by the Son of God Himself, He had not taught them all things for He said, "I have many things to say unto you, but you cannot bear them now; nevertheless, when the Paraclete is come, the Spirit of Truth, He will teach you all things." They had received without charity to know can be no unity. Wherever unity had been broken charity had been broken, and wherever charity reigns unity is the product and the reward. This is the first office of the Holy Ghost—the Illuminator. Secondly, He is the Sanctifier. There was never a created soul born into this world with whom the Holy Ghost had not striven with patience and with love to draw back its will and heart to the law of God. Every member of Christ is at the same time made a temple of the Holy Ghost, and His soul is the sanctuary of the indwelling of the Sanctifier. Thirdly, and lastly, He is the author of all unity. Without Him there is none. First of all He descended and became the spiritual life of all those upon whom the tongues of fire set. They became partakers of one life. As the soul is the life of the body, God the Holy Ghost is the life of the soul. And having one life.

THEY BECAME ONE BODY. Their separate personalities were united and merged, as it were, in the individuality and personality of one visible body. On the Day of Pentecost the Apostles were united to their Divine Head in heaven. And because they were one body, and under one head, and had one life, they had one mind, one intellect, one illumination; and because they had one illumination, they had one heart, for the Holy Ghost is the charity of God, and "the love of God was poured out into their hearts." Why is the visible Church one in all the world? Is it because unity was a law laid down like the ten Commandments? Is the law of unity a mere precept—even though a divine precept? Is it only an external unity, and does the external unity create the internal unity? No; directly the reverse. It is the internal unity which creates the external, visible, intrinsic unity. The Spirit of God has had from the beginning a universal office to illuminate and sanctify individuals one by one. But that was not His full and complete office for which he came into the world. He came for another purpose.

On the Day of Pentecost He assumed what, from the want of a better word, may be called a corporate office. He came to create the body of Christ, to dwell in it, and to make it the organ of His voice. From that day to this.

THE UNITY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH has been indissoluble. Branches may be broken from the tree, provided they be divorced from the authority, but it has remained the same in personal identity from that day to this hour. On the Day of Pentecost the Holy Ghost came as He had never come before; He came personally. One of the greatest saints and doctors of the Eastern Church, writing in the fifth century, says that on the day of Pentecost it was not only the union that was poured out, but the Anointed Himself came. It was a personal coming in the same century St. Augustine wrote, "It was not the odor of the balsam which was poured out on the Day of Pentecost; it was the substance of the balsam itself; How is it that men can read the Holy Scriptures and not perceive this truth? Our Lord said, 'I will ask the Father and He will send you another Paraclete.' Why another? It means this: I have been your Paraclete hitherto; but it is expedient for you that I go away; but I will ask the Father, and He shall send you another Paraclete, and He shall abide with you for ever. I am going, He shall never go. And it is to be noted that the words in the original as they were written by St. John have all the distinct and incommunicable marks of personality: 'He shall abide with you. The world shall not know Him, but ye shall know Him.' The Holy Ghost is not spoken of as a POWER, AN INFLUENCE, OR AN AGENCY; but He is spoken of as a PERSON—"another Paraclete." And, further, the world will not receive Him; because the natural man or the animal man, "perceiveth not the things of the Spirit of God"—they are "foolishness unto Him," and for this reason: they are "spiritually examined and discerned," and because the world can neither see nor handle the Holy Ghost, it does not believe in Him. Well, the truth to be laid to heart is this: as the Son came, a Divine Person, co-equal with the Father and Holy Ghost, came for a special work—to redeem the world—so when He ascended into Heaven, the Holy Ghost, co-equal with the Father and the Son, came to carry on the work of the Son, and to accomplish it until He should come again. There is another truth. When He

came, He came through the Incarnate Son. If the Son had not been incarnate, and died, and redeemed the world—then, so far as we know, He would not have come. He came through the merits of our Lord. When our Divine Master, after He rose from the dead, breathed on His Apostles and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," He did a symbolical action whereby He taught us that the coming of the Holy Ghost was in virtue of His merits. And that is the point which distinguishes the Catholic faith from ALL FORMS OF MILITATED CHRISTIANITY. Furthermore, He came to create the mystical body of Christ. He created it by these three united: He united all the members of Christ with their Divine Head in heaven—He united them with one another on earth, and He united Himself with that body by a perpetual indwelling, dependent only on the Divine will, so that the words of St. Paul are literally true, "He is the Head over the Church, which is His body." There is one more truth. How can the life of the Church be other than imperishable and indestructible if that life be Divine, with a Divine Person dwelling in it? The promise that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church is founded on the fact that the life within it is indestructible, because it is Divine. Secondly, how can the unity of the Church ever be dissolved if it be

THE OUTWARD MANIFESTATION, and the necessary product of the intrinsic and invisible unity springing from the Spirit of Truth, who dwelt in it and guides it always? Thirdly, how is it possible that any one who believes in the Day of Pentecost can for one instant believe that the Church, the body of Christ, the witness of the Holy Ghost, the witness of the Incarnation, the witness of the Day of Pentecost, can ever err in teaching the way of salvation? And if it cannot err, how can it be other than infallible, and how can men justify their refusal to accept its testimony to the truth which was once delivered to the saints? His Eminence deduced two lessons from this consideration of the mystery of Pentecost. The first was the necessity for special daily devotion to the Holy Ghost. Secondly, he asked all to remember that their bodies were the temples of the Holy Ghost. If the body was the temple, the soul was the sanctuary. How holy, then, ought the body to be, and, above all, how holy ought the soul to be—the soul which is made to the image of God. Let them pray for sanctity. The Holy Ghost is at this moment striving with the souls of men in all the world, and He is striving most with those who.

BY THE SINS OF THEIR FOREFATHERS, have been rent from the unity of the faith. And he believed that there was not on the face of the earth any people calling themselves Christians in the midst of whom He was striving more patiently, more lovingly, or more profusely, than in the midst of the English people. Three hundred years ago the people of England were robbed of their faith. They never gave it up; no. They fought for it, they suffered for it, they laid down their lives for it, and he believed God would not hold them guilty for the breach of unity, and the scattering of men, and the mutilation of faith, which they saw round about them. It might be that a ray of light was at this moment piercing into the heart and the conscience of some who heard him. Let them follow that ray, for as the first gleam of the morning led to the light of noonday, so they who followed the first gleam of truth with fidelity, would stand in its noontide light in the kingdom of eternal life.

WHO OWNS THE UNITED STATES? Catholic Standard.

This is a serious question, for many religious denominations in this country in their official organs and public declarations seem to think that they own the country, have entire control of it and all who live therein, and are personally responsible for its wellbeing. There is certainly a conflict of authority on the point, as all these bodies assert their claims with equal dogmatism under the name of the people, a few millions perhaps, who would object to being considered chattels of the whole of these denominations united, and a great many millions who would object to be considered the property of any one denomination in particular.

The Methodist have recently held a General Conference in New York City, and the Bishops in their address used "we," "us" and "our" with great ease and freedom. We have taken the liberty of inserting the word "Methodist" in the following passage, to show the modest assumption of these gentlemen. They assemble as Methodists, and of course use the pronoun as Methodists, so that our interpolation is justifiable: "The increasing multitude of Romanists coming to our Methodist shores to share our Methodist privileges and to rear their families under the influence of our Methodist institutions have claims upon us Methodists for instruction, and for special efforts for leading them into the purer light of our Methodist Gospel, which claims we Methodists have never fully appreciated. As an ecclesiastical political power, Romanism forces herself upon the attention of all patriotic and evangelical thinkers, who know her history and appreciate her greatness and her spirit, as a menace to our Methodist liberties and a snare to our Methodist people; and yet the millions born within her pale and baptized at her altars are entitled to our Methodist sympathy and need our Methodist ministrations. We Methodist Bishops therefore ask your Methodist attention to the problem of evangelizing the Romanists in this country."

Now, if the Methodist had done a little bit in the days of the American Revolution to establish the liberties of all the people in the land, and thrown their weight on the side of national independence as Catholics did, they might claim a share with their fellow citizens; but in view of what they did then, and what Catholics did then, is there not a little too much of this "We, Us & Co." business?

Avoid the use of calomel for bilious complaints. Ayer's Cathartic Pills, entirely vegetable, have been tested forty years, and are acknowledged to be the best remedy for torpidity of the liver, constiveness, and indigestion.

Written for CATHOLICS OF M...

BY THE REV. ANSELM M'DON...

LL. D., F. R. S., &c.

PART II.

FROM THE EXTINCTION OF...

ARCHBISHOP IN 1603, TILL...

MENT OF BISHOPS, VICAR...

IN 1694.

At the time of Mr. Ballantyne's death, the Government was at its height to 1650, the reign of terror reigned with redoubled fury of the defeat and death of Cromwell. It was, however, Cromwell who the battle became master of the North, gushed the terrible Covenant be supposed, the number of the Catholics were considered by such a long and extension. Many who had formerly reconciled to the Church by type. Of this number was of Huntley, in whose house fact chiefly resided.

Meanwhile Mr. Leslie's Rome in the prosecution of work which he had in mind, not however, without opposition from excessive caution, ostentatious motives, opposed he were not wanting among orders parties who looked of importance of their society of religion. Their influence amount among the Catholics would be greatly diminished, mission came to be organized. The Congregation which was recently established more favorable view of the Leslie, relying on their before then a detailed state of affairs in Scotland to the cardinal's his own of his friends regarded which had indicated the efficiency of the mission the means by which it might be removed. The appointing a bishop was earnestly insisted on. Propaganda had already once in the management countries, to see and reborn of the agent's application desired, however, could be obtained, so formidable to his proposals. Dis in a hurry. It was only of negotiation that it was mission should be regulated under a Prefect. But, obtained that the Prefect bishop. On Father Ballantyne were conferred very although not so completely had petitioned for. The not forgotten; 500 crowns allotted to ten missionaries done in 1663, from which commencement of the Father Ballantyne and much gratified by this partial success. It appeared a prospect of the Catholics of Scotland, his liberty in some of the formation at Rye, which of Father Ballantyne as soon as he landed in London and into the Secretary of State, Thurlow, Secretary of State, and being granted his prompt liberation, he was granted the rank of a peer, and admitted a peer on a journey believed him and gave messenger at Westminster house he lived for about Secretary often visited ledged that he was patience and courteous desired, however, could be obtained, so formidable to his proposals. Dis in a hurry. It was only of negotiation that it was mission should be regulated under a Prefect. But, obtained that the Prefect bishop. 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