

Memories of the Heart.

BY F. FITZGERALD.

[For Redpath's Weekly.]

Across the mountain waves, on wings of love, Thy message came, beloved one to me; Like olive leaf, that some white plumed dove

Brings to a wanderer on a shoreless sea— I read thy words, and lo! a witching form All love and soul and beauty by me stood.

Back to the past—the glorious long ago, Back to a vale, the home of all my joys, My spirit fled. 'Twas summer in that land; By a bright lake we wandered on the shore.

Thy hand was warm on my cheek—thy hand Was clasped in mine, as if to part no more. I heard no more the ceaseless maddening noise;

Free as the winds, by whim or rapture led, By one grand force, one mighty master stayed; Love held us captive in his world-wide net.

My Paradise was in your mild blue eyes; Beguiling Time's swift course. The azure skies, With all their shining orbs that roll along.

How oft at twilight by that fay-ruled lake Of moving isles, we watched the evening star; Or when the moon o'er heath-brown hills would break,

And you long summer eves among the hills, At milking time, love's most delicious hour, My heart grew frenzied as with strong new wine.

Then we would sit by the old, still, hearth-side, While chirruped the crickets, till the lamps And still would linger, still would love alone.

Our hearts for ever may with love expand; Now must we drift apart like ocean waves; Till Death shall join us in a happier land.

A CREATURE AND THE IRISH PRIESTS.

New York Freeman's Journal.

Professor Goldwin Smith contributes to the January number of the Fortnightly Review a paper on "The Fallacy of Irish History." This fallacy is, in Professor Goldwin Smith's opinion, the belief

ingenuously disseminated by historians, that Ireland has suffered much at the hands of the English! He fears that the minds of Englishmen may be burdened in the "coming battle" by the weight of

alleged crimes, and in a number of well-written pages he tries to lighten their consciences! This coming fight, he asserts, is a fight for "the Union."

Professor Goldwin Smith lives in Canada; he is a "loyal" Canadian of the most pronounced type. With much cleverness, but an entire disregard of facts, he labors to show that the Irish have not only always been ungrateful, but cruelly unkind to the "sister island" which has taken them in and done for them.

Professor Goldwin Smith accuses the Catholic Church of being the chief promoter of misery in Ireland! "The insane and reckless multiplication of the human species," he says, quoting a London Radical journal (probably inspired by Mr. Bredaugh), encouraged by Catholic priests, has brought wretchedness on Ireland; therefore it follows that "systematic emigration" is the best remedy.

England tried another remedy in the great famine time—starvation—and that did not succeed. Professor Goldwin Smith, doubtless, looking at the matter logically, considers the famine one of those benefits for which Ireland ought to be grateful.

The cause of her misery is, he argues, over-population; any means by which this population may be reduced, is the best thing for Ireland!

Read this atrociously cold-blooded statement: "Systematic emigration, such as shall permanently relieve districts which can bear no crops but wretchedness and disaffection, has been always deemed—at least, by some good authorities—the only cure. To call it cruel seems absurd to those who live in a continent peopled with happy emigrants, though there must always be a pang in the process. But the priests oppose it for fear of losing their flocks, and the agitators oppose it for fear of losing discontent. Against such resistance, it can hardly be carried into effect by a parliamentary government. Perhaps the problem awaits solution by a government not parliamentary, which the crisis towards which events are tending may bring forth. If rebellion a Government which shows its head, the economical measures

which are essential to the relief of the country may some day be carried into effect by means of war." It is hard to read Professor Goldwin Smith's inhuman and un-Christian words with patience, but he is a very clever man, with a great following in Great Britain and Canada, and with a certain number of sympathizers in the United States. His audience is so large that editors of magazines are willing to pay considerable sums for his signature to articles; and as the editors represent the public, that is a very good test of a man's power of gaining hearers. The brutality of his sentiments on the Irish problem is even more astonishing, coming from a man boasting of "Anglo-Saxon civilization," than the inaccuracy of his historical conclusions.

He does not hold that the Irish people have a right to live in their own country; he does not consider them at all, except as cattle to be driven off the soil as soon as possible. If the priests could be gotten rid of first, it would save a great deal of trouble, for then Malthusian doctrine and practices could be introduced into Ireland by "economists," and the population kept within such reasonable limits that the landlords might increase their demesnes and extend their grazing grounds without fear. There would soon be no people to cry out for the right to live in their own land. The population would gradually disappear, and the lordly Englishman be master of all he surveyed. But the "economists," being able to get the priests out of the country, did it necessary to try some other way of decreasing the population. They tried "assisted emigration," we know how and why that failed, although Lord Spencer personally begged several of the emigrants to accept his blessing. Professor Goldwin Smith can not conceal a hope that the Malthusian arrangement and the "assisted emigration" business being out of the question, war may produce the desired effect of thinning out the Irish people.

Nobody, in England, so far as we know, has expressed himself so frankly and shamelessly as this loyal Canadian subject of the British crown. The Conservatives, realizing the importance of the Irish vote in Parliament, have admitted not only the existence of Irish wrongs, but they have loudly proclaimed their desire to right these wrongs—if they can get a chance. Mr. Froude has been bitter against the Irish; but he has not denied that they have suffered bitter wrongs at the hands of the British Government. Indeed his chapters on the deliberate suppression of Irish industries by that Government are amongst the strongest indictments against alien rule in Ireland ever made.

According to Professor Goldwin Smith, the friends of Ireland can be conciliated only by resolute resistance. The "Union," he says, must be preserved, in spite of the hatred of the Irish for the bond that holds them to the vampire sucking their blood. To preserve the "Union," he thinks that American opinion ought to be brought over to the side of the English—that opinion being of "great practical importance," hence this "Fallacy of Irish History," which is a bundle of fallacies that American "morality and common-sense" can hardly fail to scent, aided a little by the real facts in the case. Besides, Mr. Goldwin Smith has not learned that the larger bulk of the American population, of two or three generations standing, in the regions now the United States, are of Celtic, or Celtic origin,—traditionally hostile to England.

The only charge brought against the Irish people is that they increase and multiply. This charge has been brought against the Irish people in New England by certain native Americans; but these latter have not called it worthy of exile or death by the "economic" measure of war; they have only considered it "vulgar." It was reserved for Professor Goldwin Smith to throw the blame of Ireland's wretchedness on the ministers of that Church which teaches that the laws of nature are the laws of God, and which has made the Irish in Ireland one of the most moral peoples on the face of the earth.

For fear that our readers may not realize the atrocious sentiments uttered by this modern teacher, we quote another paragraph: "The only thing in Canada that can throw any light on the case of Ireland is the vast multiplication, noted by Lord Lorne, of the French Canadians, under the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood, which in Canadian France has added the share of power possessed in old France by the aristocracy to its own. This affords a real parallel to the multiplication of the Irish under the same influence in Ireland. When Great Britain is taxed with this misgovernment, let it be remembered that Ireland has been governed socially, economically and morally by the Irish priesthood. The Imperial Government has been for the last half century the sole power of enlightenment and progress."

These are the concluding words of an article which in its inhumanity, absolute falsity and immorality, would disgrace a Pagan. If Goldwin Smith represented the sentiments of the rulers of Ireland, we could almost forgive the furious threats of the physical force advocates. But we are sure that there is no honest American or Englishman who can read the quotations we have made without amazement that they have been printed by a reputable magazine.

The Irish priests have, he informs us, impoverished and degraded the Irish people, in spite of a beneficent Government of progress which gave them whatever it was forced to give; the Irish leaders keep their hold on the people by holding out the "hope of plunder"; the Irish people complete the cycle of criminality by producing children. And the permitting and encouragement of marriage and the production of children are the results of the "misgovernment" of the priests! If the British Government had its way, there would be little marriage or giving in marriage in Ireland, and no children until the race was thinned out. The Church stands in the way of this, and as the British Government is afraid of the Church, and dare not "assist" her priests to emigrate, the only hope of imperialists like Goldwin Smith is rebellion and war.

But the Irish do not need to rebel physically against a Government which they never accepted. The righteousness

of their cause is admitted before the courts of the nations. There are five millions of people in Ireland; there are fourteen million acres of land deducting six million acres of waste land. The population must look to the land for subsistence, because, in spite of the wonderful resources of this little island, one-fifth the size of the State of California, there is nothing else to look to. British jealousy has killed everything else. The Irish people have resolved that the Irish shall possess Ireland, instead of leaving it to the English, the Scotch, and, with the blessing of God, they will possess it.

"For right is right Since God is God: No wrong, right the day must win; To doubt would be disloyalty. To falter would be sin."

HOPE-SCOTT.

THE CAREER OF A DISTINGUISHED CONVERT WHO DIED RECENTLY.

Mr. Hope-Scott, who was born at Great Marlow, in 1812, was a younger son of General the Hon. Sir Alexander Hope, and a grandson of the second Earl of Hope. Distinguished as his own family were, in military, in parliamentary, and in commercial life—for the Hon. Mr. Beresford-Hope, M. P., were his kinsmen—James Hope by two marriages, became allied with families of greater distinction still. By his alliance with Miss Louisa Lovelace, the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott, and the daughter of the editor of the Quarterly, he became in time the owner of Abbotsford, and added to his surname that of Scott, thereby gaining for that name a legal distinction perhaps greater than any which Sir Walter had ever dreamed of when he chose for himself the profession of the law. The death of Mr. Hope-Scott's first wife, who, like himself, joined the Catholic Church, occurred in 1858; and to the anguish of the husband was almost immediately added that of the father, sorrowing over the loss of two infant children. One daughter—now the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford—is the only surviving issue of the union.

At first well sprung home down by the river, for his was a nature made for love—Mr. Hope-Scott kept in seclusion, and relinquished the labors and emoluments of enormous practice at the English bar. In some sense, which, though cast in the conventional mould of the period, give evidence to real feeling, and which, like the other poetry printed in the volumes, have an autobiographical rather than a literary interest, Mr. Hope-Scott thus puts on record his resolution to return to the ordinary routine of active life.

Mourner, arise! this busy, fretful life Calls thee again to share its toils and strife. The still recurring voice of loneliness, The urgent prayer, the hope, the humble plea, Which seek beyond the grave that soil so These yet are true, but time to tell no more. Here, then, for careless hearts, thy sad but true And if life's struggle should thy thoughts beguile, Quickened pulse and tempt the cheerful smile. Should worldly shadows cross that form un- And duty claim a place where grief hath Spurned the balm by toil o'er suffering heart. Nor fear to be disloyal to the dead.

Some what kindred feelings, no doubt, led him to contemplate a second marriage, which took place early in 1861. The bride was Lady Victoria Howard, eldest sister of the present Duke of Norfolk. She was then twenty-one, and Mr. Hope-Scott considerably more than double that age. But there does not appear to have been any disparity other than that of years in that happy union which was ended, only too quickly, by the death of Lady Victoria Hope-Scott in 1870, and of which four children remain, one of them a son.

Mr. Hope-Scott had passed from Eton to Oxford, where at Christ Church he was a contemporary of Mr. Gladstone, who has written for these volumes a sketch of the distinguished lawyer, second in interest only to the sermon—also here reproduced—which Cardinal Newman preached, at the last solemn funeral rites in Farm Street Church in 1873, over all that was mortal of his friend. Elected Fellow of Merton, 1833, Hope-Scott for a year or two wavered about the choice of a profession. He had a desire to go into the ministry, but finally he went to the bar, apparently from a distrust of his own worthiness for the more solemn calling. But he did not embrace a secular career with the idea of being less rigorous about religion. On his twenty-sixth birthday he enters in his diary a resolve to gain, before another year is over, an increase—

1. In a true sense of my own past sins, and present sinfulness and infirmity. 2. In humility of mind and sincerity before God and towards man. 3. In self-denial and control in matters of appetite, conversation, personal distinction, and the convenience and honors of others. 4. In habits of meditation upon objects of faith, as well as those of repentance. As a sequel to these resolutions, we may fittingly push into the future, when Mr. Hope-Scott was a famous pleader and a Catholic, and look at the beautiful picture drawn for us by Mrs. Bellasis—the wife of another exemplary and famous lawyer:—

"All that Mr. Hope-Scott did in religious observance was done so naturally, so simply—whether it was in going down to the committees with my husband, when he would pull out his rosary in the cab, and so occupy his thoughts through the busy streets; or when, in mounting the stairs at Westminster to reach the committee rooms, he would repeat, *sub voce*, with my husband, some slight invocatory prayer, or verse of a psalm."

For a year or two after, his call to the bar in 1838, Mr. Hope-Scott practiced a little in the ecclesiastical courts—where his preferences lay. But circumstances took him into the committee rooms at Westminster, where he was the Parliamentary barrister most in request among the railway directors then springing up in crowds. His noble presence and the melody of his voice were admitted gifts, but they are not to be omitted in the estimate of that brilliant success which

was built upon the solid foundation of a keen intelligence, a mastery of detail, and a fluent perspicacity of expression. It would have been interesting to know what income was derived from such a practice; very methodical, probably kept a record of it, though, as Cardinal Newman says, he kept no record of his charities. But on this point Mr. Ormsby hesitates to enlighten us. That it must have been enormous may be gathered from the fact that one company in one year paid him as much as £20,000 as leader in cases to any of which he could give only the slightest personal attention. His labor was, however, like his income, immense. He rose between five and six, made his coffee, performed his devotions, and then attacked his most urgent briefs. After a day at chambers and in the committee-rooms, he came home exhausted in the evening, and invariably fell asleep for a couple of hours after dinner, waking up about ten to conduct the family prayers. Fortunately the legal holiday is a long one; but even this, in his case, was treasured upon by his charge of the Norfolk estates during the minority of the Duke, and of the long-contested Shrewsbury property, to say nothing of the management of his own properties at Abbotsford and Dorlin. The latter—a Highland estate—had an aboriginal Catholic population, for whom the successful lawyer did much service in establishing missions. He built, also, a house there, and with much skill developed the property, which, towards the end of his life, he sold to the late Lord Howard, of Glossop. Before closing this hasty survey of Mr. Hope-Scott's professional career, we must quote some words of one of the greatest—perhaps the greatest—among contemporary orators. Among the listeners to one of the first speeches the young lawyer made was Mr. Gladstone, who writes after the lapse of years:— "I need not say that, during the last forty years I have heard many speeches, and many, too, in which I have had reason to take an interest, and yet never one which I so highly as well as by its winning qualities more powerfully impressed me." Of the powers of Mr. Hope-Scott's mind, Mr. Gladstone goes on to speak in words of generous appreciation. "From the correspondence," he writes to the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, "you might suppose that he relied upon me—that he had almost given himself to me. But whatever impression his warm feelings, combined with his humility, may have prompted, it really was not so; nor ought it to have been so, for I always felt and knew my own position beside him to be one of mental, as well as of moral inferiority."

But the great event of Mr. Hope-Scott's life was his conversion to the Catholic Church—that event being nothing less than the fulfillment of the promise which was struck in his heart. "He might," says Cardinal Newman, "almost have put out his hand and taken what he would of the honors and rewards of the world. Whether in Parliament or in the law, or in the branches of the executive, he had the right to consider no station, no power absolutely beyond his reach." But for these things he never had any ardent ambition. The reader who is first inclined to be disappointed by Mr. Ormsby's not given us, with all the effect and romance that might have invested it, the story of a uniquely brilliant career at the bar, will before he is done, see that the biographer's sense of proportion was a just one; and that whatever Mr. Hope-Scott's public life or might have been, in his private life it was in religion that he had his largest interests and his greatest hopes. Mr. Hope-Scott began his friendship with Cardinal Newman by expressing a desire to call on him at Oxford in 1837, and that friendship lasted to the end. The letters here printed show how brotherly the affection between them was, and how stirring was Cardinal Newman's influence over the younger man, but yet how independently that illustrious Newman, Hope-Scott kept himself in the crisis of his spiritual life. Six years the two friends remained divided; for it was not until 1851 that Mr. Hope-Scott, who had been shaken in his Anglicanism by the establishment of an Anglo-Lutheran bishopric in Jerusalem, finally felt the ground taken from under his feet by the celebrated declaration which allowed the priest and his position in the Established Church, though he denied the doctrine of baptismal regeneration.

That decision gave to the Catholic Church, not Mr. Hope-Scott only, but other eminent men, and of pre-eminence. With Cardinal Manning, Mr. Hope-Scott had already formed an intimate friendship, which the events of 1851 must have made a very specially dear and lasting one. The then Archbishop of Chichester, writes Mr. Hope-Scott's Councillor from Lavington in November, 1850—the time of the Papal Aggression:—

"The anti-Popery cry has seized my brethren, and they ask to be convened. I must either resign at once, or convene them ministerially and express my dissent, the reasons of which would involve my resignation. I went to the bishop and said this, and tendered my resignation. He was very kind, and wished me to take time, but I have written to make it final."

Before taking the quite final step, however, his Eminence and Mr. Hope-Scott "went over the whole ground again together to satisfy themselves that there was no flaw or mistake in the argument and conclusion." The result was sure. In the words of the Cardinal there was only one alternative: "It is either Rome, or license of thought and will." On Passover Sunday, 1851, the two friends were received by Father Brownbill, S. J., at the Church in Farm Street. There were trepidations up to "the last opening of Father Brownbill's door," to be succeeded by a deep calm, and by a feeling "as if," writes the Cardinal, "I had no desire unfulfilled, but to persevere in what God has given me for His Son's sake."—London Register.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE.—Twenty-four beautiful colors of the Diamond Dyes, for Silk, Wool, Cotton, &c., 10c. each. A child can use with perfect success. Get at once at your druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

DEATH OF FATHER BROUILLET.

SKETCH OF THE DISTINGUISHED INDIAN MISSIONARY.

Rev. John Baptist Abraham Brouillet was born in Lower Canada, not far from Montreal, Dec. 11, 1813. His father was a farmer, who died not long since, past ninety years of age. Father Brouillet's life was uneventful until he became an Indian missionary. He studied for the priesthood, was ordained at Montreal, August 27th, 1837, and, after being made Professor of Philosophy at Chambly, was sent to a country charge, where he was peacefully serving God, when Bishop A. M. A. Blanchet called for volunteers to go to far off Oregon to labor in the missions which his brother had established some few years before. The young priest's heart was fired, and the Bishop's selection of himself he considered the voice of God, and he obtained the permission of his ordinary, he started for Oregon in 1847. He went overland, and one can imagine what he endured on that journey. Soon after arriving there, and while new on his mission, he went to the Indian village of Wallatpu, where he found that the Indians had massacred Dr. Whitman, the Presbyterian missionary, his wife and several others connected with that mission, and had made prisoners of the remainder. He buried the dead, and gave what comfort he could in his then very broken English to the survivors. On his return he was accompanied by his faithful interpreter, and two Indians who were determined to kill Mr. Spalding, another missionary. Meeting him, Father Brouillet saved his life at the risk of his own, saying Spalding was his friend, and that they should not kill him. His words being interpreted to the Indians, and his presence, which those who have had the happiness to know him can never forget, filled with divine courage that flashed from his eye and animated every gesture, so affected the two Indians that they could not oppose him, and they went back to consult with the chiefs of the tribe. Time was gained, and Spalding hastening away, his life was saved. And what a use was made of it! He turned against the man to whom he owed his life, and accused him of instigating the massacre! A baser act of ingratitude was never chronicled.

Another incident will show the sublime courage of the man. He was staying with a branch of the tribe who had murdered Dr. Whitman. The Indians were speaking against him, saying that he had no right to interfere when they were at war to save Spalding. The tribe was with sympathized with the murderers, and one, Five Crows, a very powerful chief, demanded that a young lady, one of Dr. Whitman's teachers, should come to his wigwam and be his wife. She sought Father Brouillet's protection, and he told her this was a very serious matter, but that if she would do what he commanded that the priests would save her or die with her. But she must show no sign of giving way when the time of trial came. The young lady remained at the man's house where the priest lived, and Five Crows came over to get her, little dreaming of opposition, for under the Indian custom the young lady was his property, having been made a present to him by her captor. Five Crows asked for the young lady, who sat trembling near by. The interpreter making known his words, Father Brouillet told the Indians to tell him that he could not have her; that the girl was under his protection, and that he was responsible for her, and he could not and would not let her go. The interpreter, believing they would all be killed, refused to tell Five Crows what Father Brouillet had said, though several times commanded to do so, and finally Father Brouillet conveyed to Five Crows by signs that the girl should not be allowed to go with him. The Chief was furious, but it mattered not. Father Brouillet opened the door, and compelled him to retire. Even the fierce savage recognized his master. For a while there was a great commotion in the village. The priests were anxious but calm and prepared for the worst. The girl, however, leaving for her life, and against the earnest exhortation of the priests and their belief that no harm would come to them or her, insisted on going to the wigwam of Five Crows, and all they could do would not prevent her. And this girl afterwards said, or was falsely made to say, that the priests refused to protect her.

The war which followed these troubles broke up the missions north of the Columbia, and a year or two following Father Brouillet went into California among the miners. Remaining a year he returned with a handsome sum of money to Archbishop Blanchet. He remained in the Diocese of Nesqually with Right Rev. A. M. A. Blanchet, who still lives at Vancouver, Washington Territory, being made his Vicar General, staying there until several years since, when he came East to help prosecute the claim of Bishop Blanchet to St. James's Mission at Fort Vancouver. While here the "peace policy," as applied to Indian affairs, was developed, and Father Brouillet, though not fully approving that policy, was certain that Catholics could do the Indians a great good by if they would make use of the opportunities it afforded of establishing Catholic schools among the Indians. He founded the Indian Bureau here, and in the face of many obstacles and much bitter opposition he has laid the foundation of a work that will redound greatly to the honor of the Catholic name and to the glory of God.

We have not space or time to go into the work of the Indian Bureau, suffice it to say that at the date of the organization of this bureau the Catholic Missionaries and Sisters had among the Indians two boarding and five day schools, supported by the United States Government at an expense of \$8,000. As the result of the expenditure of the money hereinbefore indicated and the efforts of the Catholic missionaries and the Sisters had on the 30th of June, 1883, under their charge eighteen boarding schools, located at nine Indian reservations. This year these schools will receive \$74,320. During this ten years three thousand three hundred and fifty-

six Indian children have been educated in these schools, for which the Government has expended \$23,266. This is the work of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions in ten years. Does it not speak well for the man who organized and conducted it? While rendering just tribute to Father Brouillet's work, we must not neglect the late Commissioner Ewing, whose labors added so much to the work of the Bureau, and may he enjoy God's peace with the good priest who so soon has followed him, and whom he loved so well.

In person Father Brouillet was tall and well formed, and had a fine presence. No one could see him without being impressed with the fact that he was more than an ordinary man. His manners were easy and winning, and he never forgot what was due to others or himself. He was a man of great endurance, but the hardships of a missionary life told on his body, though nothing could conquer his spirit, which was gifted with the highest courage, yet was as gentle and as loving as a woman's.

His health had not been good for many years. When he went to Rome a few years since it was thought doubtful if he ever returned. His health seemed to improve until last fall, when he went to Dakota to establish a farm school for Indian boys. This was too much for him, and he returned with marked symptoms of paralysis in his left eye and throat. He was about 70 years of age. He was somewhat improving, he continued on. During the summer and fall he went to Chicago, where he established an Indian training school for boys under the direction of the Christian Brothers, and another at Milwaukee for girls under the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. Returning here in November, he seemed much improved in health, though he complained of a cold. It was soon developed that it was not a cold that troubled him, but paralysis of the throat, and that he was liable to be suffocated at any moment. He accepted the affliction as a visitation of God. His hope was so strong that it could not be shaken, and he talked of death as if it was a journey to complete a work he wanted. He spent his remaining days in preparing for death, being assured that the work he had done would be continued, and the Indians whom he loved so well would receive the benefit of his labors in the past when he could no longer work for them. We saw him only a short time since, when he had partially recovered from the attack that brought him to death's door. His welcome was as warm, his smile as genial as it had ever been. There was no apprehension, no fear, and we could see that the peace of God that surpasseth understanding, dwelt in his heart. He expired peacefully on Tuesday, February 5, 1884, and we have every hope that he is now enjoying that happiness which eyes hath not seen, and ear hath not heard, nor the heart of man conceived, which our God has prepared for the faithful in heaven, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The funeral services took place at St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C. His remains were taken to Dr. Chapelle's pastoral residence, and on Friday morning were taken to the church. At nine o'clock the Office was opened. The priests who observed in the sanctuary were, Fathers De Wolf, of Pikeville, and Cunnane, of Marlboro, Md., and of this city, Dr. Ryan, S. F. Ryan, Walsh, Hurley, De Ruyter, Ahern, Rocfort, S. J., Murphy, S. J., Schuster, S. J., Walter, Thomas, Edelean, O. P., O'Sullivan, Sullivan, Hughes, Maynard, Maginnis, Birch, and there were present Brothers Tobias, Gustavus, and others of the Christian Brothers.

At half-past nine a Solemn High Mass of Requiem was begun, Dr. Chapelle, Celebrant; Rev. J. A. Stephan, Deacon; Rev. John F. Malo, Subdeacon, and Rev. J. D. Boland, Master of Ceremonies. At the close of the Mass Dr. Chapelle gave the Absolution, and then delivered an able sermon.

A UNION OF THE SECTS. "When the devil was sick the devil a monk would be." Protestantism finds itself stricken with inability to overcome the moral evils that threaten its existence; it would ally itself with Catholicity. Such is the proposition of a writer in the Century Magazine, and, as a matter of course it has aroused much discussion.

Straws denote the course of the wind. The Century article indicates the drift of the sects. But there will never be a union of Catholic and Protestants on the basis proposed by the Century. No "future Pontiff" (to use the Century's words) of a liberal spirit and a courageous temper will arise up and "shield that supreme power which the Vatican council has conferred upon him" for the purpose of uniting Protestantism with Catholicity by mutual concessions.

It will occur, however, in God's own good time, when the load that Protestantism is now struggling under has grown too heavy to be borne any longer, then it will acknowledge defeat, cry *pecora*, and cease to battle against the truth that is mighty and will prevail. But that time is not yet, though it is nearer at hand than our Protestant friends are willing to admit.

The first union will be a union of the sects, and that will, for Protestantism united will possess no element of strength that is lacking in its present divided state. The Presbyterian lion may be made to lie down with the Baptist lamb, but no good will be accomplished thereby, and the Bray of the Methodist jackass will ever fall harshly upon the delicate ear of Episcopalianism.

The evils that beset the different sects now will not disappear when they have become one, and the divisions that now exist will never be more than outwardly healed. While united in form it will be divided against itself in fact, and thus will fail. The way will then be open, Protestantism will then unite with Catholicity, but not in the way that the Century suggests.

The true way of uniting with Catholicity will be revealed to any Protestant by a perusal of a Catholic Catechism.—Brooklyn Catholic Examiner.