

suit their idea of us we must be uncanny and deceitful, and some even seem surprised if we do not prove to be such as they have been led to believe we are. Many of them look upon us as upon actors on a stage, each playing his part, but having a separate individuality from that which he shows to the public. This idea is fostered by many agencies which strive to keep the world in ignorance of what we are, and among these may be mentioned the novel.

Against nearly all novelist, with the exception, of course, of Catholics, the charge made by T. W. M. Marshall in the London Tablet against Scott, holds true. He says: "He (Scott) is offensive and unjust to Catholics. He misrepresents their belief, perverts their intentions, and caricatures their practices. His saints are madmen, his monks half fool and half beast, his lay Catholics scoundrels or pretended heretics . . . More than once he speaks of what he calls 'a hunting Mass' purposely abbreviated for the convenience of hasty worshippers, being totally ignorant that no ecclesiastic has power to suppress a single word of the Missal."

Let us see if this charge holds true of our present novelists. Thackeray introduces to us his Father Holt, and for mysteriousness and veritable Jack-in-the-box performance, no one can surpass this reverend gentleman. He pops into and out of sight with a nod that reminds one of a circus clown. Of course Father Holt is a Jesuit, and Thackeray was but pandering to the popular prejudice when he imagined this being. Now, we who know the self-sacrificing sons of St. Ignatius Loyola, know that this caricature does them a glaring injustice, and we protest against so gross a libel

upon this noble society, whose members are in the true sense of the words, soldiers of Christ.

We also wish to call attention to the writings of Charles Lever, because of his popularity with a great class of novel-readers. His Father Roach and Mickey Free are, of course, only huge jokes, but unfortunately, they are not taken as such by many Protestants, and even by unenlightened Catholics. The religion of the great majority of the Christian world is no matter for jesting, and Lever shows a most striking lack of good taste by making it the subject of his humor. Father Roach, with his "six Masses the day, two in the morning, two in the afternoon, and two at vespers," and Mickey Free paying to get his father out of purgatory, are for most Protestants truthful examples of the trickery of the Catholic clergy, and of the imbecile superstition of a duped laity.

These are only a few of the types of Catholics in novels. I have not mentioned how they buy indulgences—"licences to sin;" how all their bad deeds are forgiven them in confession, and they may go on sinning till they come again and receive absolution; how they adore the saints, and especially the Blessed Virgin Mary. In fact, nothing is too bad, too stupid for a Catholic to be guilty of; and should one, priest or layman, happen to be a good, moral, sociable person, he is not so *because* of his religion, but *in spite* of it; because, as Miss Howard an American novelist, says in *Gucnn* when speaking of Thymert a priest, he does not "keep the ropes of his religion quite taut."

Here then is the reason for the existence of the *Index Expurgatorius*. We have inspectors of schools,