

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas. CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

GLASGOW. Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of another girl, one of Mrs. Kerr's daughters, who came in with Jeanie, looking somewhat alarmed, carrying a bundle of tartan shawls, evidently just taken out of a shop.

"Mither, the police 'er ahint me! Hide this very minute!" "They're braw! an' unco fine saft wool," said Mrs. Kerr, very deliberately examining the prize.

"Haste, ye, mither!" reiterated Agnes sharply. "Och, dinna poot yersel' about lassie," replied the "mither" very coolly, "ye ken fine they wunna win in till I'm prepared to gie them a reception; just put yersel' atwixt the blankets, an' mak' believe yer sick wi' the fever. Noo, lassie"—this last to Katie, who sat expectant inside the linen press—

"awa' ye gang; there's yon wee wundy, ye'll find it kinna dark maybe. Never heed it, there's nought to harm ye, ye ken."

"A' richt, Mistress Kerr, I's no feart," said the child bravely; and, with wonderful dexterity, she squeezed her small body through the opening in the wall, designated by Mrs. Kerr as a "wee wundy," and she found herself in a deep enclosure, which, as far as she could make out in the absence of light, was a rather large closet, used as a lumber-room.

"Tak' the plaidies, lassie," whispered Mrs. Kerr, handing through the press to her the child now understood to be the bundle of stolen shawls; "dinna be feart gin I leave ye for a wee bittie. Haud yer tongue! dinna gang for to screech oot, or I'll binna murder ye! Noo tak' the class as I gie them to ye, an' hide them in the big chest up agin the wall. D'ye hear, lassie?"

"Ay! I will so do it, Mistress Kerr," once more responded Katie briskly. She was not naturally timid, and there was something in the daring adventure which pleased her; she forgot all her fear of prison, and she readily shut herself to the occasion, growing almost as excited about her own part in the robbery as were her friends in the kitchen. Agnes, having divested herself of her clothing, which was handed to Katie to be safely hidden, had just put herself into bed with a wet cloth round her head, when loud and repeated knocks at the door gave warning of the enemy's approach.

Mrs. Kerr was well accustomed to visitations of this kind. She was therefore not in the least flustered or anxious when, having carefully shut Katie into her hiding place, she presented herself at the door to receive her visitors.

Two policemen (one never came alone to Mrs. Kerr's establishment), accompanied by an indignant shopman, stood before her.

"What's this ye're wantin'?" asked Mrs. Kerr with saucy indifference.

"Ay, ay, my bonnie, doo it's weel for ye to pretend ignorance, but ye needna' think to come ower us wi' yer nonsense," said the foremost constable determinedly. "We'll be obliged to ye to let us pass, it is our duty to gie a bit look round."

"Gin ye've ta'en the notion, please yourself, sirs, I ken fine ye aye mak' it yer business to be lookin' about this hoose. The Lord forgive ye yer rash judgments," answered Mrs. Kerr with amazing coolness, throwing the door wide open, and preceding her visitors with some dignity into the kitchen, where Jeanie stood carelessly cleaning knives at the deal table.

"Guid help us!" she ejaculated with well feigned astonishment, "what's this they're seekin', mither?"

"Yersel' for aucht I ken," responded her parent; then turning to the policemen, "Noo, sirs, maybe ye'll honor us see muckle as to say what it is ye're wantin' in ther' folk's hooses?"

Instead of replying to Mrs. Kerr's question, one of the constables, with a motion of his head towards Jeanie, inquired:

"Will yon be the lassie, Davie?" "Na, na, it's no her, maybe it's the sister; I cud swear I see'd her slippin' up the stair afore I gaed awa' to summon ye," was the positive reply.

"Can ye no search the rooms?" "Ye ken, Mistress Kerr," said the same constable, "that to harbor thieves is to gang in face o' the law. I wudna advise ye to tell a lee. This lad swears it is a perfect fact, an' we hae nae reason to doot his declaration, that an' o'er yer lassies gaed into Maclean's shop the night an' stole frae the counter a heap o' plaidies."

"Weel, I'm sure! I's muckle obliged for yer guid opinion," began Mrs. Kerr, bridling up; but the constable interrupted her with impatience.

"Hoot, wumman, jist haud yer tongue noo! My certie! it'll become ye to get upon yer heigh horse! Davie, man, bid foremost the door. Tony an' me'll gie a squint round, jist to satisfy o'ersel'."

The so-called "squint round" meant a careful investigation of the whole premises, which resulted in no satisfactory discovery. Agnes lay groaning in her bed—"awfu' bad wi' the fever," so said her mother; and though the two constables shook their heads incredulously, Davie the shopman failed to identify her. Consequently as no trace of the stolen goods, nor yet even of the clothes worn by the thief, and to which Davie insisted he could positively swear if he saw them, could be found, the search was abandoned; and Mrs. Kerr, with a triumphant air,

had the pleasure of seeing the unwelcome intruders safely out into the street. The linen-press had indeed been looked into, but the big, empty basket which blocked up the aperture leading into the inner closet had not attracted any attention, and the policeman, after glancing carelessly at the shelves above, which contained nothing but crockery—after plunging his hand into the basket, and remarking that the press was "no likely spot," finally shut up the cupboard, and proposed to his two companions that they should bring their visitation to a conclusion.

Mrs. Kerr, having watched their retreating figures until they turned the corner of the street, came back into the kitchen convulsed with laughter, and immediately liberated Katie from her imprisonment in the cleverly contrived hiding closet.

Agnes, too, came forward on her temporary retirement, dressed in a completely different suit of clothes, and eager to give a more detailed account of her adventures that evening.

It was too late, then, to go to the theatre, so Katie, having been duly praised for her courage and obedience, was put to bed—a more comfortable bed than the poor child had ever occupied in the whole course of her life.

Thus began her initiation into a course of sin and misery that lay before her. Let those who read what follows remember, and be merciful in their judgment of her.

III. DENIS OF GUILT.

"In dens of guilt the maiden played, Where sin, and sin alone, was made The law that all around obeyed. With ready and obedient care She learned the tasks they taught her there— Black sin for lesson, Oaths for prayer." —Legends and Lyrics.

Mrs. Kerr was, in every sense of the word, a bad woman—one of those who are not to be numbered, unfortunately, by units, tens, or even by hundreds, in the population of our large towns. Her livelihood was gained at the expense of the virtue and welfare of her fellow-creatures, and yet she was not by nature cruel-hearted; she was kind to Katie from first to last, with that easy, generous kindness so often to be met with even in persons of the most abandoned character. She was a clever woman, and rarely got herself into any serious trouble. She was well known to the police not only in Glasgow, but in Edinburgh, Dundee, Perth and Ayr, and yet she contrived never to fall into their hands. She harbored gangs of notorious thieves (one of these Katie's mother and sister belonged), and yet she herself never stood for a moment in the dock, and innocent into the "profession," but she played her cards so cautiously and successfully that she almost invariably escaped detection, or got off with a fine, which she could only too easily pay, while the wretched victims of her training suffered the punishment that should have fallen upon her.

Mrs. Kerr did not always reside in Glasgow. Sometimes the place became too hot to hold her, and when this happened she removed herself and belongings elsewhere. Nor was she always known as Mrs. Kerr, but had appeared under the various cognomens of Stuart, Murphy, Dunlop, or Macdonald.

Such was the woman under whose pernicious rearing Katie Mackay spent two years and a half of her young life. Mrs. Kerr had, from the first moment, set a value on the child, nor did the result prove it had been over-estimated. Katie was a sharp little creature, daring too, as she was fearless by nature; so pretty, so guileless-looking, that strangers never suspected her of evil. She could run like a fawn, and her rapidity of motion had won for her among her companions the name of "Flying-angel."

Little enough of the "angel," however, was there in poor Katie's disposition, corrupted as it had become during nearly three years of contact with every species of wickedness; but she was very useful to her employers, and her clever thieving brought in a good handful of money to Mrs. Kerr. She was a favorite, too, among her juvenile accomplices, for, in spite of her reckless love of crime, there was a good deal that was lovable about Katie. She possessed what Glasgow girls call a "guid hair," if passionately violent on the smallest provocation, she was not one to bear malice. She forgave as easily as she fell out. Katie was a thief because she knew no better; she had never been taught the Ten Commandments she never went to school, and at the age of ten her moral training was as utterly neglected as that of any young savage.

School boards, with the compulsory system of education, but having at that time come into force, Mrs. Kerr saw no reason for enforcing book-learning upon her younger protegee. True, her own daughters had once attended school, but Mrs. Kerr found their doing so brought upon herself a system of surveillance which was inconvenient, and so she withdrew them.

Agnes, the eldest, had luckily for herself spent three years in a reformatory, where she picked up some knowledge; but Jeanie, the second girl, though she could read a little, was almost as ignorant as Katie.

And now for the turning-point in little Katie's life—that turning point which sooner or later comes even to the neglected children of the street, and which was to be her chance of the eternal felicity for which she was created.

It is a warm, glowing evening in the middle of August. It has been very hot all day; it can scarcely be called cool even now that the sun has lost its meridian strength, and is sink-

ing fast below the horizon, leaving behind him remnants of his glory in gorgeously tinted clouds that float like enchanted islands over the soft golden sea of sky.

It is the Sabbath evening. All dwellers in Scotland know what that means in the land of John Knox. The streets present a deserted, dead-alive, depressing appearance. I doubt, in fact, if there exists anything more utterly depressing than a "Scotch Sabbath."

If Glasgow streets are empty, however, Glasgow Green is lively enough. It is literally crowded with human life, that portion of human life which has revolted against the desperate dullness of a Scotch Sunday. There is a sprinkling of all classes to be met with there—the young, the old, the rich, the poor, the respectable, and, largely preponderating—the disreputable!

Among the latter, sitting on the river bank, opposite Glasgow Green, dabbling their bare feet in the Clyde water, is a group of bold, showy girls, who are laughing uproariously, and bandying jokes across to the opposite bank, where some of their acquaintances of the male sex are returning from a bathe in the river.

Agnes and Jeanie Kerr are among the girls, and there, too, close to Jeanie as her shadow, is little Katie Mackay. She is only ten years and a half old—rather young to be a companion to Jeanie. The difference in years is, however, scarcely felt between the two girls, for Katie, who by nature is infinitely the sharper and cleverer of the two, has become prematurely versed in the melancholy wisdom which makes her Jeanie's equal.

The girls have spent the greater part of the afternoon wandering along the Clyde banks, but they are going home now. Agnes has begun to saunter slowly in the direction of the town with some of the elder girls; and Jeanie and Katie are preparing to follow.

"Jeanie," says Katie, suddenly, as they dawdle on, in the rear of Agnes, across one of the bridges into Clyde street, "whaur's this a' folk's is goin' till? Will yon be a kirk?"

"It's no kirk at a'—it's the Catholic chapel o' St. Anereus, lassie."

"Whist," says Katie, as they draw nearer to the church, "they sing awfu' bonnie."

Agnes, who calls Jeanie, standing still to her sister, who has gone on past the church, and who is about to turn the corner of the street.

"What?" bawls Agnes, without taking the trouble to turn her head.

"Och! ye big fatie; that ye'er!" says Jeanie impatiently; "can ye no bide a wee?"

"Eh, what for?" asks Agnes, good-humoredly complying with her sister's request.

"What's this they're singin' in yonder?" inquires Jeanie, lowering her voice to a whisper.

Agnes bends her head and listens. "Och, botheration!—it will be jist one o' they melody revival hymns," suggests one of the girls contemptuously.

"Come on, Agnes," But Agnes shakes her head.

"Sic an idea!" she says, almost indignantly; "it's Benediction. Will ye gang inside?"

"Och no," respond two of the party together; but Agnes tosses her head with an air of indifference.

"Please yersel's. Jeanie, come on. Come on, Katie."

So saying, Agnes pushes the door open and goes in; the others, after some hesitation, follow their leader into the church, which is densely crowded with kneeling worshippers. The girls stand near the door, and keep together, with the exception of little Katie, whose first idea is that in such a closely-packed assembly she will doubtless be able to insert her hand successfully into somebody's pocket. To accomplish this, however, she thinks it may be as well to place her small person among the better-dressed portion of the congregation. Accordingly, she steals softly away from Jeanie's side, and makes her way farther up into the church, near to where Agnes is kneeling.

It is the 15th of August, the day upon which the Roman Catholic Church celebrates the Festival of the Assumption. The altar is lit up for the evening Benediction—a hundred wax lights are flashing from the sanctuary, which is full of priests in gorgeous vestments, and acolytes with their scarlet and white robes. The air is laden with the perfume of choicest hot-house flowers, and fragrant with the delicious incense which rolls upwards in wreaths of vapor, bearing the praises of the Church Militant, to unite them before the throne of God with those of the Church Triumphant.

Katie's eyes are fascinated by the imposing majesty of the tabernacle before her. Poor child! she understands nothing about the God whose glory is present in the Blessed Sacrament; but her senses are dazzled by the outward ritual, and she forgets for a moment her previously conceived design.

The music, at first so slow, so solemn, changes suddenly into brighter strains, and when the choir break forth into one of Schultze's harmonious litanies, Katie, who has a natural love for music, stands like a one spell-bound, longing to be able to join in the chorus, as Agnes is evidently doing. The desire becomes so strong that she cannot resist the temptation to hum the tune.

Agnes, who hears her, turns round sharply, and seeing Katie standing close behind her at the corner of the bench where she is kneeling, pulls her by the frock, whispering authoritatively—

"Dinna be standin', ye hathen that ye are! Kneel ye doon oopon yer knees."

With which she makes room for Katie in the bench beside her, and pulls her down somewhat roughly.

"What's this they're singin'?" asks Katie in a loud whisper. Agnes frowns.

"Haud yer tongue, Katie, an' whisht ye!" Thus adjured, Katie asks no more questions until the short service is concluded; after which Agnes takes her by the hand and leads her up the middle aisle past the High Altar to a smaller side altar, where there is a beautiful image clothed with a blue robe, crowned with silver stars, before which a large number of girls in white, with blue badges upon their breasts are kneeling.

"Is she no bonnie?" says Agnes, admiringly. "Wha wull she be!" inquires Katie.

Agnes answers with a stare of astonished incredulity—"It's oor Blessit Lady's statty. Dinna ye ken, Katie?"

"Na," responds Katie, briefly. "I niver heered tell o' a' that aboot her."

Agnes attempts no further explanation till they are outside in the street, where they look about in vain for the rest of the party, who have disappeared.

"Come on, Katie," says Agnes at last; "they'll hae wearied o' waitin'."

Katie feels rather glad, for she wants to ask some questions. "What kin o' a kirk d'ye ca' yon? It's awfu' bonnie!"

"Och! lassie, did I no tell ye it's nae kirk at a'? It's the Roman Catholic Chapel o' St. Anereus's."

"What wauld yon'll frae the kirk?" Agnes bursts out laughing; then checks herself, looks grave, and replies: "Hoot! Katie, d'ye no ken the kirk belongs to Protestants?"

"Hoo wad I ken? Are ye no a Protestant, Agnes?" "Guid guide us! The Lord forgive ye, Katie! deed no!"

"I dinna ken o' a' aboot it, ye ken, Agnes—dinna look sae vexit."

"Och! lassie, I's no carin'—but wae ye niver in the Chapel afore?" "Na—I dinna min' that I wae. It's bonnie! Why d'ye no come oftener, Agnes?"

"Maybe 'twad be a deal bettor gin I did come ma' oftener," says Agnes, with a sigh.

There is a short silence. Agnes is deep in her own reflections, from which Katie rouses her to ask—

"Wull Jeanie be a Protestant?" "Jeanie's na ma'ir a Protestant nor me," answer Agnes, with renewed energy. "We war a' baptizit Catholics, Katie, an' sae wae, lassie. A' the Irish is Catholic, ye ken, an' baith yer mither an' mine war Irish."

"Aweel, I's no carin'," responds Katie, with a yawn. "But what's this ye war speykin' vunder?"

"Speykin'?" Why, what sud they be speykin', but jist sayin' the' pra'ises?" "I dinna ken what ye mean," says Katie disconsolately. "Wha tell me aboot pra'ises, I sud like fine to ken?"

"Guid save us! ye are that ignoran', Katie! Ye sud gang to the schuil an' larn. Did ye niver hear tell on God?"

"God!—God!" repeats the child, with a bewildered air. "Oa ay, I hae heered tell on Him whiles." And her memory travels back to Georgie Green's question on an eventful night in her young life.

She has heard the name since sometimes, most often mixed up with oaths and curses, but no one has ever asked her again if she knows anything about God.

"Whaur dis He bide?—can ye tell me that, Agnes?" she asks anxiously, peering up into Agnes' face.

"He bides up in Heaven, an' in the Blessit Sacrament o' the altar," answers Agnes, almost reverently. "I larn't it at the schuil, ye ken, Katie," she adds quickly. "Is he goin' to bother mysel' muckle aboot Him—He's awfu' strict, an' wunna tell folk tak' their fun. They aye tell us at the schuil we wad gang to hell for stealin', but I's no carin', gin I get my fun here."

"What's hell?" Wull it be like the Briedewell?"

"Och! a deal waur nor the Briedewell; folks as gaes in yonder, will no woot oot sae easy, ye ken."

"Eh! Agnes are ye no feart?" TO BE CONTINUED.

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POPE HONORIUS.

Very Rev. Aeneas McDonald Dawson, V. G., L.L. D., etc., in the Owl.

A Divine of the Oxford school, misled by erroneous traditions gave out for the information of the British public, that the distinguished Pope Honorius, in the seventh century, was condemned as a heretic by the sentence of an Ecumenical Council. The assertion of the learned divine is opposed by such an array of learning, acute criticism, historical investigation, the testimony of witnesses contemporary with the accused Pope, that Pope's own letters, which, it is alleged, contain the supposed heresy, the judgment of eminent theologians and even Papal authority, that it would have well become even an Oxford scholar to hesitate and investigate before giving utterance to so serious an accusation.

What was really the case? When there was question in the Eastern Church of an opinion with regard to the person of Christ, which, when fully developed and understood, proved to be heretical, and was condemned as such, Sergius, Patriarch of Constantinople, consulted Pope Honorius concerning this opinion. The excellent Pope replied in two letters which have come down to our time, and, fortunately, they enable us to use our judgment as to what they express, and exempt us from the perplexing task of examining the whole criticisms and other writings of by-gone times. Having read these letters attentively—and they are the only documents on which the charge of heresy pretends to be founded—we cannot concur in the view expressed by the Oxford divine, that in them Pope Honorius declared his entire concurrence with Sergius' opinion.

The simple question is, adds the learned Doctor, "whether the heretical documents proceeded from him as an infallible authority, or as a private Bishop." We do not think that any such question ought to be asked; but we do think that our author ought, before denouncing the documents in question as heretical, to have asked himself the question whether they express any heresy. Let anyone read the letters, and it will be seen that they are written with much pains and great anxiety. They find fault, it is true, with the term operations as applied to Christ—a term which was at the time new and which, even at the present day, sounds somewhat barbarous. The Pope advised that this term should not be used, as it was interpreted, or rather misinterpreted, to express two contrary volitions in the mind of Christ, causing constant warfare, as in each man the will impelled by concupiscent, wars against the will which aspires to virtue. Thus in man, fallen from primal innocence, there are not two wills, but the same will at variance with itself having two contrary operations, the one towards good, the other towards evil. There could be no such operation in our Blessed Lord, who, Pope Honorius distinctly says, is perfect God and perfect man, having all the attributes of the Divine nature and all the faculties of the human, but in no degree subject to corruption or concupiscent, the fruit of original sin, the stain of which he had not, could not, have contracted. It would scarcely be possible to affirm more plainly the sound doctrine concerning the person of our Lord, to which the Monothelite heresy, afterwards condemned, was opposed. Holding such sound doctrine, the Pope could well afford to discourage the use of terms which were apt to be abused and which were abused. More than this, he dreaded and had reason to dread, that if discussions were continued at the time, there would ensue a separation of the Eastern from the Western Church. In the latter prevailed orthodox doctrines in regard to the matter so violently agitated in the East. Was it wonderful, then, that Pope Honorius judged the time inopportune for further discussions, the assembling of councils and the pronouncing of dogmatic decrees? We are not touched, no erroneous observations in consultative letters or in the course of discussion on a question not yet finally decided, amounting to a judgment or pronouncement ex cathedra by the Pope.

Erroneous ideas of long standing are not easily eradicated; and so there may still be some, who, notwithstanding the great weight of evidence above referred to, and much more that could be adduced, persist in holding that there is error in the correspondence of Pope Honorius with the Patriarch Sergius. Let such take consolation from the admission of our Oxford Divine that by such correspondence the question of infallibility is not touched, no erroneous observations in consultative letters or in the course of discussion on a question not yet finally decided, amounting to a judgment or pronouncement ex cathedra by the Pope.

N. Y. Catholic Review. Suffering is beneficial to man. If it were not, God would not have imposed it on us and make it a law of life on earth. He would have spared His own. A sword should not have pierced the heart of the mother of Christ. She would not have met her Son on the way to Calvary, tottering, faint, and bloody. She would not have had to stand beside a cross on which hung her only Child, nailed to the wood, on fire with pain and loss of blood. Nor would that Son be the Man of Sorrows. Nor would He have endured the agony in the garden, nor the scourging at the pillar, nor the crowning with thorns, nor the crucifixion. Saint John, too, would have been spared his trials, and Saint Paul would not have had to bear stripes, imprisonment, shipwreck and other hardships. Nor would Scripture tell us that those whom God loves He chastises. Nor would St. Teresa have said, "Either to suffer or to die" was her one desire. Why should we murmur, then, when the cross is put on us? Why not bear it willingly so that our pain may flower and fruit in eternal joy?

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only one will of His holy humanity, and not the two contrary wills of the spirit and of the flesh, as it is known that some heretics foolishly say. Thus, then did our predecessor reply to the question of the Patriarch Sergius: that there are not in our Saviour two contrary wills, because He inherited nothing vicious from the prevarication of the first man; and, if any ill-informed persons desired to reproach Him with having spoken only of the human nature, he must be shaped according to question which was told that the answer of the Pontiff was addressed to him. We, therefore, in consequence of Adam's sin, have two contrary wills, so that the sting of the flesh sometimes resists the spirit, and the will of the spirit sometimes endeavors to combat that of the flesh. But our Lord assumed only the natural will of humanity of which He was absolutely master as God whom everything obeys. My predecessor, then taught that there are not two contrary wills in Jesus Christ as in us sinful men. Some parties misinterpreting this teaching in order to suit their own views, suspected the Pontiff of having said that there is only one will of our Lord's Divinity and humanity which is wholly contrary to truth." These words of Pope John IV. are conclusive. They would warrant us in holding that any passages in the letters of Pope Honorius, if indeed there were any such, which might seem to tell against his orthodoxy, are interpolations—ingenious devices of the enemy the Levantine supporters of the Monothelite heresy.

Let us now consider what Oxford learning has to say as regards Pope Honorius having been found guilty, as it is alleged, of heresy by an Ecumenical Council. He was not and could not have been so condemned. Such an august assembly as an Ecumenical Council would not pretend to judge and condemn without trial. Now, Honorius was not tried; he was not even cited, and could not have been cited to appear before the said council. It was held some forty years after his time.

There was no possibility, therefore, of inquiring into his case, or of affording him a trial, whether fair or unfair. Less important tribunals do not condemn without hearing the accused. Hence we are compelled to agree with the most eminent critics that there is no condemnation of Pope Honorius in the genuine acts of the sixth Council which was held at Constantinople. If mention of his pretended heterodoxy be contained in any writings connected with the Council, it could only be as a rumour current at the time through the care of the Monothelite party in the Levantine Church. Such rumours cannot be the subject of Ecumenical dogmatic decisions. This alone would show, as proved by so many able critics, learned theologians and Popes, even, that there was no condemnation of Honorius in the genuine original acts of the Council. Supposing for the sake of argument that there were. What then? There is no Ecumenical Council without the Pope, any more than there is a living human body without the head. But no Pope was a party either in person or by his legates, to the alleged condemnation; nor was it afterward ratified or accepted by any Pope. On the contrary, as soon as it was removed that there was such a thing in the acts of the Council, it was repudiated by the Popes, and the orthodoxy of Honorius, as has been shown, completely vindicated.

Eroneous ideas of long standing are not easily eradicated; and so there may still be some, who, notwithstanding the great weight of evidence above referred to, and much more that could be adduced, persist in holding that there is error in the correspondence of Pope Honorius with the Patriarch Sergius. Let such take consolation from the admission of our Oxford Divine that by such correspondence the question of infallibility is not touched, no erroneous observations in consultative letters or in the course of discussion on a question not yet finally decided, amounting to a judgment or pronouncement ex cathedra by the Pope.

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