sung, and the household in slow pro-

with long white veils, walking demurely two by two. Then the community, moving noiselessly but for the

musical clink of the long rosary sus-

pended from each girdle; and last, by

right of her position, the stately figure

robes and soft-flowing veil adding to

the dignity of her mien. Not until the notice of her death hung, years after,

on the chapel door, were the sisterhood

aware that the daughter of a ducal

house had been their guide and friend.

screaming in the chimneys, and Sister Katharine, as she slipped the bolt in

the great door, thought with loving pity of the world's homeless one on

Still musing, she went slowly to her

cell, but not to rest. A strange anx-

iety filled her gentle mind with vague

misgivings, and every unfamiliar

sound startled her into a strained lis-

tening. Often she told herself that

lived thirty happy years within these

"I am growing old and anxious; I

will try to sleep;" and even as she blew the candle out a pungent odor

floated into the little room. One moment she stood wondering, the next

ran with but one thought-to reach the

the smoke, making her gasp and stag-

ger as she ran, and now the sharp crackling of the painted wood was fol-

All unconsciously she gathered up her

robe and shook it before wrenching

open the sacristy door revealing a well

One spring she made, being but

small and light, and a loud clamor burst on the still night air. Again

and again she pulled the heavy rope,

already alight with sparks, until she

felt the very dead in their graves on

the hillside must have heard the brazen

veil, Sister Katharine fled back as she had come. Already the convent was in commotion, lights flashed from room

stricken in the rooms farthest from the

cries of excited men; and when morn

come, despite her efforts.

not the money to rebuild.

Sister ?'

Mother Anna to her household;

picture, ready to act as guide to

visitors down the long corridor.

to the Mother Superior."

"Pardon me," he exclaimed, bowing, and followed her silently.

"Be seated, sir," said the stately superior when the stranger named

Katharine's surname, but if you wish I will send and ask her;" and at the

"My name was Dallan, Mother," she

One glance she gave, a vague won-

dering on her pale face, and then cried, "William!" while Mother Anna,

smiling her benediction, glided noise-

summons Sister Katharine came.

"I have forgotten Sister

Then, muffling her head in the long

summons.

Thicker and more stifling grew

Ah me!" thought Sister Katharine.

such a bitter night.

A strong wind swept about the

CTOBER 17, 1895.

NVENT PORTRESS.

ork When the Deed, Not er, Counts Most. RY BOYLE O'REILLY

he high walls of Oakhurst busy life of the city; an rocession of carts and drays filling the air with , while on every side hurians too engrossed to stling trees and the twiton the other side of the stealthy rapidity the city p to the very gate which ed the secluded estate from

lonely country all about forbidding walls guarded convent life from the rude outer world.

e portress, Sister Katha a low chair by the great es and hands busy with a ike lace, setting stitch on patient care, year after nly knew one pattern for k, but each setting stitch n individuality all its own intless repetition; and ished piece went to adorn surplice in the convent ttle Sister would close her le fill her heart at sight of

rs had passed since Sister rst came, a gentle, sad-gging admittance to the an orphan whose only ust left her while he went dig his fortune from the side; and as the years e soft melancholy of the slipped from her, giving quaint merriment of a

meant the cheerful per a multitude of little tasks. ch there was an appointed ch night she sought her muring gratefully "What I have !' And yet she e portress, whose place it meekly by that the choi proceed. et tranquility that Mother as a famous scholar, and s a wonderful musician rs came many miles to ner delightful duty it was ong hall swept and dusted. ingelus at morning, noon

hasten to open the hall rst sound of the bell? in the hallway hung a g of the girlhood of Mary. to the convent a score of and sweet, sitting musistaff, with spindle lying knee, while she ough an open doorway coming of the wondrous th was to make her for all among women, and Sister rom long musing by the caught some of the peacethe Virgin's face.

d every one is to me! er Katharine : "here I ortress for almost twenty ing portress is so interest as good as being sacris en so nearly exciting, Superior, known to her her Anna, gently warned against distraction.

ress came all the visitors in supplies, returning ho knew well that even ant imposter would not be empty-handed. "Where o, poor dears, if we re-Sister Katharine would h heartfelt pity. Once d a fair in the convent, carried out by the ex till thought lovingly of later, and Mother Anna, isterhood together, smileach a silver ten cen ermission to spend it as thought best. ad Sister Katherine held n of money in her hand, stood quite still to read

an and admire the stately erty graven there. "It tty piece of silver," she ld surprise; "quite like or the design. Alad and tarnished." Alas ! it to rub it gently with her Then round and round oles, laden with beautiful ings, went Sister Kathar by the laughing pupils, snare her into purchas-could she buy? So few ten-cent piece, and for

no use; and so she hesie ringing of a bell anair was ended. her Anna, the polished ng on her palm, tripped

ot as I wished, Sister," rior gravely. "I asked

our money at the fair; treasured it; now you

in your pocket for six

ou, Mother," murmured

ine, venturing no de-ery day, and many times

ine.
?" was the exclamation.
er," answered the little
r, "nothing seemed good

from the room. How much there was to talk of! all the happenings of thirty years, and the little nun, eager as a child, merrily told the simple story of her daily life, with never a thought of how they both had changed since they had parted. And William Dallan smiled tenderly as he recognized the sister he had left

so long ago.
"We are still alone in the world, little woman," said he, when a pause came. "I have no ties to bind me to the West, and as each year passed I grew more anxious to return."

Just then there sounded from the

hallway the ringing of a bell.
"My bell!" cried Sister Katherine,
rising hastily. "O William! I have a family physic.

been so happy I quite forgot my

sung, and the household in slow procession walked passed the hall door on
their way from chapel. First came
the pupils in their simple black gowns,
with long white veils, walking demirely two by two. Then the comvisitor, "I have come to tell you that Sister Agnes takes your duties for today, while you stay with Mr. Dallan and enjoy every moment of his visit. Would you not like to walk about the of the Mother Superior, her long black

"Oh, thank you, thank you, mother!" cried the little Sister, delighted at the unexpected privilege, and presently a score of girlish heads clustered in the class-room windows to watch Sister Katharine trip gaily down the pathway beside an imposing house rattling in the casements, or stranger.

"Is there nothing I can do for you, Kate? Nothing that you wish for?"
"Not a thing, William," she answered, smiling brightly.
"How did this happen?" he ques

tioned, stroking the scarred hand that lay in his.
"O. William, we had a fire; such an

awful fire! All the class-rooms we needed so much, and Mother is too poor to build again," she said, leading the way to the ruins.
"What are you going to do?" he nothing could be amiss, for had she not

asked, standing by a heap of blackened masonry. "Alas! we can only pray," she

answered sadly, her eyes bright with tears. "Kate," said Willian Dallon, "would it give you pleasure to rebuild the wing yourself?" saw her running noiselessly down the long corridor, which was filled with a strange haze. From room to room she

"Pleasure!" she gasped. "Because, if it would," he continued, smiling down upon her, "and \$20,000 would suffice, I think you had better begin at once. It will be far more interesting than being port-

great bell in the sacristy. In two long wings stretching on either side lay the sleeping household who must be awakress."
"Twenty thousand dollars," murmured Sister Katharine, thoughtfully. "William, is not that a great sum lowed by a shower of sparks that lit upon the ample folds of her long dress.

"So people say," he answered, "but men make millions in Montana."
"I once had ten cents," she said softly, "and I did not know how to spend it. O. William, how good you are to me! I was so sad at being useless," and she glanced at her maimed of fire, through which she dashed to where the long bell rope hung against

hands. And that night the Mother Superior told the community of a large gift of money made the convent that the burned wing might be rebuilt, and the sisterhood wondered much who the generous donor could be, but no one gave even a passing thought to Sister Katharine.—Catholic World.

An Awkward Dilemma.

"One of the funniest and yet the to room, Sisters with white, scared faces ran about with armfuls of books and most embarrassing things that ever ran about with armfuls of books and precious papers, while the superior happened during my ministry, said a land some few assistants marshaled the clergyman yesterday, "happened publis to a place of safety. All night while I had charge of a church in a precious papers, while the superior pupils to a place of safety. All night the household clung together terrorsmaller town. One Sunday I had for a guest a clergyman who had removed from our town to a distant city about flames, listening to the dull pumping ten months previous. As he was a very popular man with his townsmen I asked him to occupy my pulpit that Sunday morning. It happened that just at the time this clergman left town a young man, who had only been married a short time, lost his bride and was completely crushed by the blow. Fears were entertained for his ten months previous. As he was a of the engines and the short, sharp ing dawned one wing of the great building was in ruins. But all were safe, all save Sister Katharine, who lay with bandaged hands and closeshut lips from which low moans would blow. Fears were entertained for his reason, and every one in the town, including my friend, the clergyman, "We should be truly thankful," said " and yet it was a splendid wing, and I have felt the deepest sympathy for him. Well it happened that while he was So excitement was followed by a escorting his wife's remains to her former home he met a most charming calm, and after many days Sister Katharine went about the house young lady and in less than six smiling as of old, although she knew months they were married. But the clergyman knew nothing of all this, her hands would be maimed and help-less for all her future life. If her lips and when on that fateful Sunday morning he stood in the pulpit and trembled when she greeted the new portress, it was not because of envy in her heart. With loving kindness she as he supposed, he naturally thought her heart. With loving kindness she was given the old duties simplified of his bereavement. So it was that during his prayer the congregation was amazed to hear him begin to pray and lightened to suit her infirmity, and while the door was opened by a for this young man. He said: stranger, the one time portress still sat in her low chair, under the great

"There is before you, Lord, a young man who has suffered a recent and terrible affliction and for whom we ask your special blessing. Be near and comfort him in his last affliction, keep him safe in life and be near him when death shall remove him from

Here one day there came a stranger asking for Sister Katharine, who smiled gently as she bade him welcome; and because he was unused to convent rule, he asked with strangely excited look: his great sorrow. "Just think what that poor young man and his new wife must have felt sitting through such a prayer as that," "Will you tell me your surname, the whole congregation gasped.

—Indianapolis Sentinel. "Excuse me, sir," she answered, blushing slightly; "I will conduct you

Heaven on Earth.

A well-known priest had preached a him the next day, and said, "Doctor, you told us a great many grand and beautiful things about heaven yesterday, but you didn't tell us where it said simply.
"Exactly!" cried the stranger springing to his feet.
know me, Kate?"
"Do you not "Ah," said the Father, "I am glad

of the opportunity of doing so this morning. I have just come from the hill-top yonder. In that cottage there is a poor member of our church. She is sick in bed with fever. Her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she has not got a bit of coal or a stick of wood, or flour or sugar, or any bread. Now, if you will go down town and buy \$50 worth of things, nice provisions, fuel, etc., and send them to her, and then go and say, 'My friend, I strike us is that no Anglican thinks have brought you these provisions in of his orders in connection with their

To remove the constipated habit, the only safe treatment is a course of Ayer's Pills, followed by a laxative diet. Most other cathartics do more harm than good, therefore leading physicians the final arbiter as to anglican recommend Ayer's Pills, especially as

London, Sept. 4, 1895.

To Catholics it seems curious that lieve indeed, in an Esclesia Docens, Anglican Orders should be so ardently defended by Ritualists. From the Cathdefended by Ritualists. From the Catholic point of view it is not a primary
its teaching for themselves. Let me
question whether Anglican Orders are
take, as a quite recent illustration,
olic clergy, should have now become
valid: the primary question is, "Are
a charge of the Auglican Bishop
Anglicans within the Unity of the of Argyll, on the subject of the rewith "the corrupt and idolatrous
with "the corrupt and idolatrous
with "the Corrupt and idolatrous
resists of Reme?" valid. Had he said that they were valid, he would have contradicted the eaching of his predecessors for three-nundred years. Had he said that they hundred years. were not valid he would have insisted superfluously on what the Church, by her action, has always ruled; while he digression into historical and theological details. Had he said that Anglican Orders were doubtful, he would only have said what every Anglican knows, especially the Ritualists who "defend" them; their doubtfulness being proclaimed by three centuries of contention both inside and outside the Church of England. Indeed, this doubtfulness is a stronger argument against the validity of such orders than would be any amount of evidence from hard facts. Doubtfulness as to every Episcopal consecration; as to every ordination of priest without sacramental confession; as to valid, instead of submitting to the the validity of every ministerial act from the Etizabethan to the Victorian era, is so appaling a chronic woe that

possible, consistently with the divine The recent publication by Dom Adrian Gasquet, the famous Benedic-tine historian, of a Bull and a Brief of Pope Paul IV.—found by the learned father among the Regesta which are kept in the secret archives of the Vatican – has naturally exercised the minds of Ritualists in regard to their authoritative value. The Pope decided, in the reign of Queen Mary, that all ergy who had been ordained by the Edwardine ordinal should be ordained novo and unconditionally. Cardinal Pole was instructed to show a wise iberality in regard to all secular conessions; but as to Holy Orders the lecision was absolute: the new Pro-

it seems to Catholics impossible-im-

testant rite is of no value. The Ritualists are now trying to escape from that decision, by affirming that the being ordained "in forma Ecclesia "-which was the precise expression used in the Papal Bull-leaves the question as to which form undecided. Yet Cardinal Pole answered the question by his acts; by allowing only the validity of those orders which had been conferred according to the Roman Pontifical. The Canterbury Register also tells us of the clergy who were deposed "ob nullitatem conservathat is, through having been tionis : Protestantly ordained. And the ques tion is answered in the same way in the present day; when every Angli-can clergyman who becomes a Cathelic priest is ordained, unconditionally,

in forma Ecclesiæ.
Yet the regrettable thing is that the Ritualists will cling exclusively to the question of the Apostolic Succession; ignoring the truth that the possession of true orders would be no proof that they who possessed them were members of Christ's kingdom upon earth.

TRUE ORDERS DO NOT MAKE TRUE CATHOLIC PRIESTS.

If they did, then would the Arians and the Nestorians, and all the priests who were condemned by the General Council, have had the right to retort on the Catholic Church, on the Catholic Chitren, 100 are wrong, and we have the right to con-demn you." The truth is well known to all Catholic writers; and it is really inexcusable that a few French ecclesi astics, who are but feebly informed upon the subject, should have come forward as champions of Anglican orders (of course only in regard to their suc cession), well knowing that such hiscession), well knowing that satch into torical succession would be no more than one of many "necessaries." We all remember what great harm was done by the writings of the apostate Courager; and recently the Abbe Gus tave Delasge has published his Validiti des Ordinations Anglicans, in sermon on the joys of heaven. A which work he rushes through histori-wealthy member of his church met cal blunders, even stating that the cal blunders, even stating that the denial of Anglican episcopacy is based on the story of the "ordination of Parker at an iun;" whereas that story was not talked of till 1559, and Angli can Orders were declared null in It is more than a pity that superficial French writers, from a mistaken desire to "smooth things over,' should induce Anglicans to rely on a fictitious succession, instead of urging them to escape out of schism.

As the question which is now uppermost with the Ritualists is the certainty or the uncertainty of their orders, it may be interesting to examine into the Anglican attitudes, in approaching that very delicate question. And the first fact which must strike us is that no Anglican thinks the name of God,' you will see a glimpse of heaven before you leave that little dwelling."

To remove the constinated habit, the constinated habit. own personal responsibility and waits for "a movement of his Church," before he shall make up his mind. Let me say a few words on each fallacy.

selves, instead of consulting the Live own Church a majority of their clergy ing Authority, and will argue where either repudiate the necessity, or re-Church, in Authority, in Worship, in union of the Churches. The Bishop priests of Rome?' Faith?" For this reason it was that said: "Doubtless there must be a No one will the Holy Father, in his recent invita- closer approximation to ancient ways tion to English Protestants, did not and modes of worship, both on our side allude to the subject of orders. Had and on the side of Rome, before any His Holiness alluded to the subject, he unity between us and them could be must either have said, (1) Anglican come a reality." Now here we have Orders are valid, or (2) are not valid, the claiming for individual Anglicans or (3) may possibly be valid or not the power and the authority to dictate valid. Had he said that they were to the Catholic Church, as well as to the Anglican Establishment, what should be the "closer approximation to ancient ways and modes of worship.' Living authority is repudiated by the Bishop; the private whims and ca-prices of a little band of friendly Angwould have had to verify matters of fact which would have needed a vast Docens. And the Bishop, seeing that such a belief is the mere worship of private judgment, tries to escape from the dilemma by declaring that the Church of Fngland "appeals authoritatively to primitive antiquity;"
whereas everyone knows that this
"appeal" is really made to the private interpretation of primitive writings, and is, therefore, an appeal to oneself. It is this denial of the existence of living, Infallible Authority which renders the settlement of any controversy im-possible; and it is this denial which now clouds the vision of all Anglicans, when considering the question of their or deacon; as to every "receiving of the Holy Communion"—and this too themselves whether their orders are

> judgment of the Holy See. And the inevitable consequence of this private judicial attitude is the delaying from day to day, from one year o another year, the decision as to individual duty. In waiting for their "Church" to make a move, they wait for their own deaths-which will be too late. Father Faber has told us that, in the year 1843, having been granted a private audience by Pope Gregor, XVI., he said to His Holiness that h was "waiting for his Church to move. And the Pope replied, "You must think of the salvation of your own soul." Father Faber then urging that "he feared self-will and individual judging," the Pope answered, "You are all, 'individuals' in the English

Church. You have only ex-ternal communion . Your doc-trines are taught amongst you anyhow. You must think for yourself and for your soul." What sound common sense? That one individual Anglican should wait for another individual Anglican-or, which is the same thing, for fifty or a hundred individual Anglicans-is like a soldier who has mutunied waiting till others who have mutinied shall dictate their

The decision as to Anglican Orders

terms to the commander.

cannot possibly come from the Estab-lishment, both because there is no authority to decide, and because a majority do not wish for a decision. Dr. Perowne, the Bishop of Worcester, said that the Ordinal of Edward VI. eliminated all priesthood from the Anglican Ministry; and the present Archdeacon of Warrington has just expressed his opinion that there can be no identity between two such obvious opposites as the Roman and the Anglican Holy Orders. Here we have "individualism" settling the question, and this too by the rejection of Living Authority. But since indi-vidualism is the only ultimate arbiter of Living Authority. But since individualism is the only ultimate arbiter in a Church which has no divine authority, how obvious is the duty of every Anglican who is in earnest to follow the counsel of Pope Gregory? Father Faber's account of his audience with that Pontiff should be read at this day by all Anglicans. Indeed that day by all Anglicans. Indeed that counsel is more needed now than it was in 1843. Fifty years ago there was the earnest searching for Authority: and Newman and Manning and hosts of others obeyed it so soon as they had found it. And on this very question of Anglican Orders, Newman, after his conversion, wrote most clearly. He said that the Protestant rites of Ordination were "a cutting up into bits, a docking and twist-ing into essentials and non-essentials" at the heretical will of a Cranmer or a Ridley, which was a sacrilege and perilous to validity. Individualism" had maltreated the Catholic rites, and in these days indi-vidualism talks of waiting till "the Church"—which was the creation of a few Cranmers and Ridleys-shall move unitedly towards a Catholic reunion As well wait till heresy shall inculcate bedience, or schism insist upon unity Pope Gregory XVI. spoke a transpar ent truism when he said: "You are all individuals in the English Church you must think for yourself and for your soul." Where there is really no Church, but each man is a Church unto himself, it is the dictate of common sense to appeal to that authority which

always was, is, and must be, infallible And why do not Ritualists make that appeal? Because they know beforehand what the answer would be. why, it may be asked, do they not ques-tion the Czar's Church, "the Holy Eastern Church," as they call it? would be. These very sects who fra-ternized with the "Old Catholics" at ORDERS IS THE HOLY SEE. Bonn, positively declined to recognize
Here it is that all Anglicans break such pretensions. Then to whom shall

WHO IS TO DECIDE ABOUT down. They will consult with them-the Ritualists appeal? Within their selves, instead of consulting the Live own Church a majority of their clergy pudiate the fact of the possession of Roman Catholic Orders. non Conformists, they want to know why the Anglican clergy, who for

No one will recognize Anglican Orders. Yet since every act of the Ritualist clergy, at the altar or in the confessional, must be either superna tural or profane, it seems high time Christ, "Counsel us, and we will obey. Century rolls by after century, and no progress is made towards "reunion. because no one will appeal to Authority If Anglicans would but make that ag the mere question of "Succession" is but one of a great number of obstacle These are the great questions of schism and heresy, which involve, not the question of Succession, but the ques-tion of Divine Jurisdiction. And without that Jurisdiction—utterly lost in the Church of England — even true priests would be wandering in the wilderness, and would have no right to exercise their powers. It seems wonderful that Ritualists, so accom plished and so earnest, do not see that Jurisdiction is an integral part of Catholicity- both having their pledge in Supreme Authority. Anglican Bishops have only the same jurisdiction which is enjoyed by a Postmaster-General - derived from exactly the same source. "Law" is their insular notion of jurisdiction. As Lord Chief Justice Coleridge well put it, "The Established Church is a political insti-tution, established, created and protected by law, absolutely dependent on Parliament." A Lord Beaconsfield or a Lord Salisbury is supposed to impart a jurisdiction, of which he does not possess in himself one single shred. And by this gift of purely imaginary jurisdiction, the Anglican Bishops and clergy proceed to exercise powers, derived also from Parliamentary grants. Queen Eliza-beth was the foundation of the new Orders, and a Prime Minister is the oundation of Jurisdiction. Is it prulent to continue to act in eternal in ersts with an indifference to the di vine source of Jurisdiction, as well a

Jnity?-A. F. Marshall in Boston Pilot

to an assured Episcopate and Priest hood, and also to the obligation o

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