

IN AN IRISH CHAPEL.

How the Good People of the Town Gather to Recite the Rosary.

The following charming sketch is written by Magdalene Rock in the Rosary Magazine:

It is an October evening in an Irish country parish. There is a long, gold billow sweep of sky in the west, where the sun has gone down, and the fields are brown and bare. In the snug haggards that surround the farm house their produce has been gathered, and now there is nothing to be done but to dig out the potatoes before "the coming November rains," as L. C. Irving sings. In the dim light one can see the women and girls leaving the scenes of their labors, and hurrying homeward "to make ready," as they phrase it, "for the rosary."

Leaves of russet and red and gold are drifting from the trees with each chill blast, the wind pipes loudly amid the vocal reeds, and as the bell of the little church proclaims that it is 6:30 o'clock, groups of people begin to appear from deep boreens and meadow ways. There is a moon almost at the full in the east, and the number of people is increased by that circumstance, for the old try to make their town visits while there is moonlight enough to enable them to pass with some degree of security along paths made treacherous and slippery by heavy rains and fallen leaves; and now they come to the broad road that leads to the little church that looks gray and sombre, though its long, narrow windows are all lit up. There is an almost imperceptible pause as each group passes the low, comfortable, thatched cottage, with its little garden in front, where a few late roses and dahlias and hollyhocks still bloom, for there the curate resides, and you can hear, "We're in time after all, thank goodness," as they notice that the lamp is burning brightly in the priest's sitting room. They have learned from observation in this, as in many previous Octobers, that "his reverence" turns down his lamp till it only sheds a faint glimmer ere he leaves his domicile, and there is a slight slackening of the pace that has kept up for the remainder of the way.

"The bell rang just as we were putting the last sod on the potato pit," a young fellow remarks, wiping his brow. "Well this is my tenth visit, anyhow."

"You'll need to make two or three extra," some one rejoins, since you were late more than once, Ned."

"That's sure, but I set out with a good intention, and that's everything," Ned makes answer, and so they move on past the churchyard, where cypress and weeping willow cast fanciful shadows on the grave mounds, and where the last shivering leaves on the aspens quiver. The headstones and crosses have a ghostly look, and the little river that runs close by seems to be chanting a requiem for the dead that lie so near. Many prayers and petitions will be offered up for the fathers and mothers, and husbands and wives and friends that sleep here in these last days of October.

There is something touching yet not dismal, in those old graveyards in Ireland, with their lines of ancient elms and slender aspens, where the rocks gather at eve. There are very few extensive monuments or columns of marble raised above the dead, but plain gray stones, moss-grown and ivied, bear not one or two names, but those, maybe, of husband and wife, and their children and children's children. There are rose bushes without number planted at nameless graves, where white lilies, too, and clove pinks bloom in the summer days, and graves where the grass grows rank and tall, and where a mourner seldom kneels. Are they waiting, those forgotten ones, I wonder, for All Soul's day, when they, too, will be remembered by that mighty mother who forgets not her children's needs?

Up the church steps the people throng, and passing to the little chapel—a church among the northern Irish generally means the building where the Episcopalians pray—and we can see the congregation plainly. The men have come in their everyday fustians, and the women and girls wear no headgear in the shape of hats and bonnets. They are wrapped in shawls, and not a few of the elder women wear the heavy blue cloaks that were so fashionable in the days of our grandmothers. They are not an elegantly attired congregation, sure enough, but there can be no question as to their devotion. You can judge that by the murmur of voices rising and falling as they make the responses when the priest recites the Rosary or Litany, and when benediction is given one recalls Aubrey De Vere's beautiful lines:

The low wave years along the coast
With sob surprised like that which thrills,
When'er the altar mounts the Host,
Some chapel 'mid the Irish hills.

But now the Angelus is said, and the people slowly disperse. The moon has mounted high, and the sky is of a deeper blue, with clouds scattered over it that look like "carded wool." Neighbors wait on each other, and the walk home is by no means unpleasant for those hardy country people who know pass and fell. There are a hundred and one beautiful things to observe, from the moon, "like a spirit glorified," to the half-naked trees out-lined against the sky, and the gleaming drouce that cling to the thorn; an innocent jest and merry laugh ring out as the people pass homeward from "the rosary."

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THE LUCIFERIANS.

In the American Catholic Quarterly Review, for April, the Very Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, in an article on "The Coming Kingdom of Christ," remarks: "It is the now general and common opinion of interpreters of the prophecies that the great anti-Christ and his kingdom are yet to come. Many are disposed to think that his coming is near at hand, and that the way is being prepared for him by a wide and increasing anti-Christian movement of all the evil elements and forces, intellectual, moral and social, within and without nominal Christendom."

The suggestion is very impressive, because, perhaps, at no time in history were the agencies to which the writer alludes, taking so important a part in and exercising so much influence over the actions of mankind as at present. The destructionist principle reigned during the French Revolution and the prevailing wickedness could not have been greater. It took the shape of a demoniac ferocity and was appalling while it continued, which was, however, but for a short time. The manifestations had the characteristics of a paroxysm and did not resemble the deliberate, patient and inflexible depravity of the Anarchists of to-day.

Anarchism, however, is only a phase. The present movement of the evil elements and forces is not confined to one country; but exists in many, and is, indeed, almost universal; it is not a passing convulsion, but it is methodical, persistent and relentless.

A singular example is the profound and elaborate devil-worship, which is at present conducted without very much concealment in parts of Europe, accounts of which have recently appeared in a number of newspapers. The cable letter of the New York Sun of last Monday gave some particulars of the doings of this hellish sect, and there were other accounts in the Liverpool Times of some weeks ago.

The letter of the Sun says: "The recent sacrilegious thefts in Paris, including that at Notre Dame the other day, have been traced to the sect known as Luciferians, or worshippers of the devil. Their headquarters are near Fribourg, Switzerland, but a large branch live in Paris. They have a liturgy which is a parody of the Mass. The consecrated elements are either stolen from churches or received in Communion by female adherents. A service of profanation then takes place, which is known as black mass. Mgr. Fava, Bishop of Grenoble, has issued a circular to the clergy ordering special vigilance, as the Luciferians abstract the Hosts from village churches in lonely districts without stealing the ciborium and monstrances in which the sacrament is contained. At the Ministry of Public Worship the subject has been discussed, and instructions have been given to the Prefect of Police to increase his surveillance of the churches of Paris."

A species of devil worship similar to that alluded to in the foregoing paragraph was conducted in Paris, during the reign of the Regent of Orleans. The Hosts were artfully obtained from the churches and were used in a sacrilegious service of the Mass, which was offered up to the enemy of God. Devil worship was also once common in the West Indies, and in Africa; but the purpose of these rites, as well as those which took place in Paris, was for sorcery.

The Luciferians of the present day, however, worship the devil apparently out of simple depravity. A writer speaks of the phenomenon as akin to the other strange forms of madness, or demoniac possession, which are exhibited frequently nowadays, and described in the newspapers—the craze for drugs, for unnatural vice, for human blood, as in the Whitechapel murders, and the like.

The Catholic Church is naturally the object of the hatred of the devil and of the outrages of those who have enlisted themselves to do his work. His enmity is not toward the nominal Christendom, otherwise the Luciferians would go to the Protestant places of worship, which are abundant in Switzerland, and commit indignities there. If it were only to insult emblems of religion, the Protestant bread and wine would be taken and carried away to the retreats of the diabolic bands, there to be used in joyous ceremonies. But it is the Sacred Host, consecrated by the priest—the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ—that they need, for the purpose of striking at God, and they will not have anything else. Accordingly, they use both craft and violence, and the most extreme and determined means, to obtain the consecrated Wafers, even corrupting young children to this end.

This is the true proof of the devil's inspiration and of the power he is exercising, more than at any other period since the beginning of Christianity, throughout the world at the present time.—Baltimore Mirror.

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THE PRIEST'S VISITORS.

The death of the Rev. Father Walters recalls not only his connections with the famous Surratt trial, but brings to mind the strange phenomenon of a visitation from a supernatural world, in which he was the principal actor, writes a Washington correspondent.

The following incident was told by Father Walters as his own experience, to a fellow-priest, who is now living in a Virginia town:

One stormy, dark night Father Walters had retired when possibly about 2 o'clock there came a violent pull at the bell. At the sound he sprang up and, opening the window, glanced at the doorstep below. There stood two children—a boy of about eleven and a girl a few years younger. Both were thinly clad and their dress plainly showed that they belonged to parents who had a small share of this world's goods.

"What do you want?" asked the priest of his small visitors. "Our father is dying and wants you to come to him immediately," one replied. "We will show you the way."

In a few moments the priest was dressed and, opening the door, stepped out in the street where the two children were waiting. It was cold and the sharp wind seemed to pierce the thin garments of the pair, but without a word they set out, with the priest following closely behind. After a long walk through lonely streets and dreary alleys they turned up a lane and stopped before a tall, rickety tenement house that stood with only a single taper gleaming from a garret window. The boy opened the door but did not enter.

"My father's door is the first at the top of the house," he explained as the priest stepped within. "You will see a light shining through the keyhole and cannot miss it."

Stumbling up the dark stair from floor to floor the priest groped his way towards a faint line of light that shone above like a tiny thread in the darkness. And not a sound, save his foot-falls, broke the solemn stillness. At last he reached the top floor and opened the door from whose keyhole the light appeared.

Here a piteous sight met his eyes. The room which was bare of any furniture save a broken chair and a ragged pallet, was dimly lighted by a candle stuck in a bottle. Its feeble ray danced in the dark corners and threw grotesque shadows on the livid man beneath the rags.

"Who are you?" demanded the man in a low voice as the priest entered the room. "I am a priest—you sent for me a few moments ago," Father Walters replied.

"You are mistaken," the man whispered. "I did not send for you—I have no one to send—I am alone—dying alone."

"That is strange," replied the priest: "for two children, a boy and a girl, came to my house, told me their father was dying and showed me the way."

"Two children," gasped the man as he almost sprang upright. "What—what did they look like?"

In a few words the priest described their appearance, and as he did so the man covered his face with his skeleton fingers. Slowly the tears trickled through and sobbed convulsed his frame.

"They were my children," he cried at last. "My poor dead children," and he fell back on his pillow almost exhausted.

When his strength had somewhat returned he told Father Walters his story. How, after the death of his wife he had taken to drink, how the children had been neglected and had finally been laid by their mother's side, how he had sunk lower and lower till now he lay dying a drunkard's death. He had prayed for a priest, but there was no one to send for him.

"They were my two dead children who came for you, Father," he said with a broken voice. "My poor children were sent by heaven to bring you to their dying father." And the repentant sinner received the last offices of his Church.

This story is vouched for by a gentleman whose veracity cannot be doubted, and while it seems a fiction, really took place in prosaic, everyday Washington.

Mental Freedom.

Mental freedom does not mean that a man may think what he pleases, but only that he may think rightly and truly of a given subject. To think rightly and truly a man's mind must be unbiased by prejudice and passion. The Catholic has true mental freedom for he knows what to believe and what he is to do, not carried about by every wind that blows without any certainty. If he is free in a civil sense can he be free in a spiritual sense? It is little use for a man to know the truth, unless his heart is ready to embrace it. But how is the heart of man, addicted to evil, to aspire to the possession of truth. The grace of God does this. What truth does for the mind, grace does for the spirit. Thus we have the double liberty of mind and body. Paganism and the modern isms may train the mind and body, but they do not the heart. This is the grand prerogative of the true religion.—Pittsburg Catholic.

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CATHOLICITY OF THE CARDINALS.

Results of a Study of the Character of the Pope's Counsellors.

Philadelphia Catholic Times. The Cardinals are the chosen advisers of the Bishop of Rome, the head of the Church. It is remarkable how the catholicity of the Pope is evidenced in the character of these men.

Let me cite a few examples from those of our own tongue. Do you want a man whose intellect shows the broadest catholicity?

Look at Cardinal Newman. Read his splendid vindication of the rights of conscience in the famous letter to the Duke of Norfolk. "Conscience is the aboriginal Vicar of Christ, a prophet in its information, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas, and even though the eternal priesthood throughout the Church should cease to be, in the sacerdotal principle would remain and have a sway." (See his "Difficulties of Anglicans.")

Read his essay on the "Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures," which Bishop Healy, of Clonfert, undertook to criticize. Read his letter on the "Doctrine of Hell," recently brought to light and published in the London Weekly Register, March 17, 1894.

Read any and all his works, written or revised after his reconciliation with the Church. How brilliant their expression of truth, how fascinating their beauty of thought, how charming their "English undefiled."

Are you looking for a man with catholicity of heart?

Look at Cardinal Manning. See how he abstained from intoxicants purely and simply to help the poor of London by his example, so that even in the weakness of his last hours he would not take alcoholic stimulants.

See how he praises the Methodists, saying that "the English people might be today sunk again into barbarism if it were not for the religious movement started by John Wesley a hundred years ago."

See how he writes to the leader of the Salvation Army: "My dear General Booth, my heart is in your book."

How he defends the Jews: "We owe to them both the justice of the Old Law and the charity of the new."

No wonder the poor of London followed his hearse, for he lived and toiled and died for them, and chose his grave among them.

Are you seeking a catholic ruler? Look at Cardinal McCloskey. He was a regular Roman.

After finishing his theological studies at St. Mary's College he cultivated the sciences two years longer in Rome. Like the Pope he placed his authority in commission, in extraordinary cases at least.

Once a prominent individual in his flock offended public sentiment and appealed to a jury of his peers against the suspension threatened by the ordinary.

The Cardinal took him at his word, appointed two jurors, or, it may be, assessors, and invited him to name other two; these with, I believe, the Vicar General to hear and decide the case. Then he appeared before the tribunal, stated his charge and the punishment appealed against and went out. The accused he thought proper. The Cardinal's judgment was affirmed. On another occasion power was made over to the *judices causarum*, then established in the diocese. In neither case was there an appeal to Rome.

"No," said the late Cardinal Simoni, Prefect of the Propaganda, to myself in 1880, "during these sixteen years that Cardinal McCloskey governs the Church in New York we have had no appeal from his decisions."

I have spoken of the dead. May I dare to portray the catholic spirit of our own living Cardinal?

Who does not know it? Is it not written on the record of labor's struggles for justice? Is it not inscribed on the minutes of the Parliament of Religions? Is it not the tradition among the faithful as well as amongst the wandering children of the Church in Virginia and North Carolina?

Who that has witnessed the simplicity of his manner, that has heard him speak, that has read one of his essays, that has seen him in the Capitol at Washington listening to the debates on public affairs, that has assisted at his performance of episcopal functions, or watched him as he spoke and prayed over the heads of the newly-wed couple, or intoned the funeral chant over the illustrious dead of the nation—who, I say, cannot bear witness to the broadness and comprehensiveness, that is, the catholicity, of him who is now the chosen representative of the spirit of Rome in our hierarchy? Truly, the catholicity of the Pope is shown in the character of those whom he selects to be his counsellors in the government of the Universal Church.

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Dignitaries Startled.

The young women of the Chicago Methodist Missionary Training School for Home and Foreign Missions have given the Methodist dignitaries somewhat of a fright. It is rumored that they have taken the vow of celibacy. They were called together and exhorted not to pledge themselves to any such nun-like course. As at a consequence, they will remain single until they get an offer of marriage.

This episode reminds us of a story related by Father Walworth, in a delightful chapter in the May number of the *Catholic World*. Speaking of an annual Presbyterian convention which he attended with his father many years ago, he writes:

"The principal action of the American Board of Missions at this meeting was one that opened my eyes very much to the practical fruitlessness of Presbyterianism. The standing committee of the board made a public report to the meeting, in which they recommended that thereafter all missionaries sent out to foreign missions should be single and remain unmarried. The reason was that married missionaries have generally large families, which engross much of their time and cripple their capacity for missionary labor. It was found, moreover, that the children of missionaries carried abroad or born there were not only deprived of the advantages of a good education, but were exposed to the evil influences of heathen immoralities. This made it necessary to send them home in large numbers to be maintained at the expense of the board. Hence the recommendation of the committee to employ only celibates in foreign missionary labor. The report of the committee fell like a thunderclap upon the assembled multitude. Here was, in fact, an unexpected justification of the Catholic Church in enjoining a life of celibacy upon her clergy and in her employment of so many women vowed to celibacy in Christian education. The agitation of the assembly was intensified by the shock given to a large number of ladies present, wives and daughters both of clergymen and laymen. The report of the committee had cast a wet blanket upon the whole assembly. A silence prevailed that was ominous. The unfortunate report was as the guinea pig in 'Wonderland,' when 'Alice' sat down upon him."

To a remark of his his father replied: "That is true. Our foreign missions are doing very little. The expense of supporting the missionaries would be greatly lessened if they would go without families and remain unmarried, but don't you see that in that case we would have no missions at all? Women would not be employed; men would not go."—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

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