

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

XLVII.—CONTINUED.

But he had taken his wonted direction, and as he rode through the fresh, blooming country, somehow there stole into his mind the thought of the child-life, which Ned had told him of the trees; and then there came conjectures about her present life, what she was doing, how she employed her days, whether Dyke did refrain, as he had said he would do, from visiting her, and whether her heart had become really as cold to him as her last brief note would indicate; and lastly, those felt such a wild, unaccountable yearning to ascertain something about her, that he actually turned about and rode straight to C— again, where he put up at the hotel, and dispatched a messenger to Macgilivray to request the latter to take home his horse.

Then he took the train up the river, crossed to Sangerites, found a better place of retirement than Ned had discovered, and the next morning sallied forth, hardly knowing what the object of his journey had been, nor what he now intended to do.

The village, though quite worthy of the name then, was not so populous nor so well-built as in those progressive days, nor did the people have such a smart, half-city look. And everybody stared at him, as if he were a stranger in the place; and as he walked on, he was not greeted by the eyes of many of them before, and all unconscious of any rudeness upon their part, they continued to look from the well-brushed nap of his hat to his brightly-polished, snug-fitting boots. Finding that staring seemed to be in perfect propriety, he did not mind it, and he went on, and at length, felt his eyes with unusual curiosity upon a very old man, apparently blind, who was sitting on a bench in front of a cobbler's shop. His face had that winning serenity which is not infrequently seen in the faces of the blind, and that seems to speak of a peace in their souls that is beyond the reach of any calamity that can befall them. His attire was poor but scrupulously clean, and his small hands and attenuated fingers showed that they had never been employed in much rude labor.

He was quite alone on the bench, and Carnew, impelled he scarcely knew how or why, seated himself beside him; at the same time three pairs of eyes looked at him from the cobbler's window, and three little, round, strawberry months were opened wide in childish astonishment at the stranger.

"Excuse my speaking to you," said Carnew kindly, "but I am a stranger here, and would like to ask a few questions."

The old man turned his sightless eyes on the speaker, with that singularly intelligent way that the blind occasionally have, and answered in a voice that evinced education and natural refinement:

"There is no apology needed for speaking to me, sir; and ask as many questions as you choose, I shall be happy to answer them."

"Have you lived long here? Do you know most of the people about?"

"I have lived here forty years, and I know everybody within a reach of ten miles, and everybody knows me. I came here from Edinburgh, where I was educated in the university; I came here because I had failed to get along at home. I fancied that I had a turn for farm labor, and that in a new country I'd make a good hand. I was mistaken; my taste for books was too strong, and I threatened to be as great a ne'er-do-well here as at home. But Providence was good to me. From one and the other of the neighbors, though there weren't near as many then, I got something to do in the way of teaching the children. As my own wages looked small, and as I was married to increase them, I managed to eke out enough for my support."

"Since you know the people within such a range, do you know any one by the name of Dutton?"

"Dutton?" the sightless face kindled with delighted animation. "Do you mean Dyke Dutton, that lives out here on the mountains?"

"Yes, I think that must be the same."

"Do I know him?" returned the old man. "It was I who educated him, and a pleasure it was to me to do so, he was so quick to learn, and so grateful, and so noble; yes sir; placing in his enthusiasm, his hand on Carnew's arm, 'Why, he never forget me. Ours that I have done more for grew up, and got rich, and wouldn't know me if they saw me; but he, even in his adversity, didn't forget me. My Christmas and Easter present of money came to me just the same. He thought to conceal from me the poverty whom he trusted the getting of his patent, deceived and robbed him, but there's not much like that can be concealed in these parts, sir. The whole village somehow got hold of it, and if that scoundrel Patten was to show his face here, he wouldn't have life enough left in him to get back to where he came from. But, speaking of Dyke's goodness, sir, on a day, about six weeks ago, when he was in great hurry, riding down, he said, to Barrytown, he stopped for a minute to see how I was getting along, because he said it might be a good while before he would be up here again. I knew by the tone of his voice that he was troubled; but as he said nothing about it, I didn't like to ask him. Afterwards, however, when they got it here in the village that letters had come in his care for Mrs. Carnew, and when farmer Dean, who lives just a couple of miles from Dyke, brought the news that Mrs. Carnew was staying there with old Meg, I couldn't get it out of my mind that he was troubled about her. You see, sir, she was raised with him, and only went away to go to school; but afterwards she made a grand marriage, and perhaps she isn't happy. But, excuse me, sir, for talking so much; I am so fond of Dyke that I can't stop myself when his name is mentioned; and then maybe you knew all that I have told you. You see, if it wasn't for his kind presents, going again into the subject of Dyke's goodness, I'd have to be more beholden to these good people," motioning back to the cobbler's shop, "than I am. And now, sir, what did you wish to know about Mr. Dutton?" forgetting in his childish simplicity that he had imparted pretty much his whole stock of information.

Carnew was a little puzzled what to answer, in order to preclude that he knew very little of Mr. Dutton, and sitting on the first idea that presented itself, he answered:

"I have heard that his home is situated in a very picturesque spot, and I thought as I was in this part of the country I should like to see it."

"Well, about its situation," responded the old man, in a tone that indicated a little of his disappointment at not being asked something directly relative to Dyke's self, "that depends on individual taste; before I lost my sight, ten years ago this very month, I thought it was a pretty, romantic spot, but I have become so used to seeing it for the scenery, it is too wild. As to seeing it for yourself, sir, there will be no difficulty about that; if, the very next corner you will find people glad to let you have a conveyance and a driver to guide you."

"Do you think I should find Mr. Dutton at home?"

"Oh! no, sir; whenever he is at home, somebody down here knows it; for every time the hired man comes down for lettuce, or anything else, he is always asked about Dyke. Last time he was down, he said Dyke was back to his business in New York."

"Well, then, whom do you think I shall find at home?"

"You'll find old Meg; she's a sort of daff now, they say; has what the doctors call softening of the brain, and so doesn't remember what happened last week. And you'll find Mrs. Carnew there, and a hired woman."

"Have you ever seen Mrs. Carnew?"

"When she was a little girl, but now since she was as handsome as a picture then; and how Dyke loved her! They say she has grown beautiful."

"By this time, the owners of the three pair of round eyes and the three strawberry-months had become so venturesome that they dared to get into exceedingly close proximity to Mr. Carnew, and were even about to lay rather familiar hands upon his clothes. Within doors, the honest cobbler and his good-natured helper, who were holding a whispered conversation about the stranger."

Alan smiled, as he noticed the encroachments of the little ones, and while he felt in his purse for a coin apiece for them, he asked the old man for his name.

"Peter Patterson," was the reply.

"Well, Peter," said Carnew, shaking the old man's hand, and leaving in it a golden doonour, "I have quite enjoyed listening to you, and now I shall go to the corner and hire a conveyance to take me out to Mr. Dutton's home."

The conveyance was soon procured, and the driver, being a voluble fellow and well acquainted with the topography, notations of his own village, and seemingly of all the Ulster County, entertained his passenger with the history of the occupants of every farm house they passed, and of the last year's crop, and of the various parties made through the mountains, with a view to building a sort of hotel on one of the most accessible peaks for summer tourists. That capitalists from New York were already on the ground, and that both road and hotel would be completed in another season.

"The place is just four miles beyond Mr. Dutton's, sir; if you'd like to see it, I'll drive on, and you can stop at Mr. Dutton's coming back."

"I do not want to stop at all at Mr. Dutton's; only wish to drive by his place to see its situation."

"Well then, shall I drive you the four miles beyond?"

Carnew assented, and the driver continued his communicative strain, until they came in sight of Ned's home.

"That's Mr. Dutton's house," said the driver, pointing with his whip to the little mottled dwelling, and Carnew leaned forward, his heart beating violently, and his cheeks flushing. The smoke was curling in a lively, home-like way up from the chimney; a fat, speckled cow was grazing in a field near-by; and a man was working at something just outside the barn. The door of the little house itself was open, and some one, at the sound of the wheels passing, came to the doorway to look out. Carnew shrank behind his companion and pulled his hat over his eyes; but it was not Ned, it was only a stout, middle-aged, working woman.

He wondered if she were Meg, about whom he had heard so much; but he thought not, for Meg had been described as quite old. So, reassured that Ned was not in sight, he pushed his hat back again, resumed his first position, and once more looked about him. There were the woods, her woods, about which she had told him such quaint tales of the children's fancies; and beyond were the grand, old mountain peaks, looking in the sunlight of the summer-day like gilded monuments of a primeval age. What peace there was about it all! A peace that seemed to make Carnew more tired than ever of his own unsatisfactory life, and of the hollow, heartless people who made up the society of Rahandabad.

The additional four miles lay through scenery as picturesque, but wilder than those they had passed, and late in the afternoon they came upon a perfect hive of laborers. A temporary structure had already been erected in the doorway of which stood what were a couple of evidently city gentlemen, though dressed in the easy costume that bespeaks men who have renounced all the restraints of fashion. They looked with a good deal of curiosity at Carnew, who, tired of his somewhat cramped position in the wagon, had alighted to stretch his limbs.

He bowed to the gentlemen, and then advancing, told how he had heard of their undertaking, and had come to gratify his curiosity by seeing it; after which he presented his card.

"What? Carnew is it?" exclaimed the younger of the two gentlemen, with delighted surprise. "Are you, my dear fellow, the Alan Carnew of some place along the Hudson—some place with an odd name?"

"The very same," replied Alan laughing.

"Well, I am Charles Brekbellow, cousin of that poor idiot, Harry Brekbellow, who made a long visit at your place with the odd name, and who ended by marrying a great beauty and an heiress. Now, if you have formed any personal and private opinion of that same weak devil, Harry Brekbellow, who, like other devils of the same ilk, get the best plums from fortune, don't let that opinion extend to your noble servant. I am his first cousin, son of his father's brother, and shipped from England here, six years ago, because I wouldn't truckle to a rich old quack, a banker in London, and another Brekbellow. Harry used to write to me once in a while about his times in—well, in that place with the odd name; and that's how I came to hear about you. He said you were a good sort of chap, but not much for mingling with the rest of them, which course on your part, if the rest of them were like my cousin, did you much

honor. He didn't have the grace to ask me to his wedding—but here I am rattling on and forgetting all the courtesies. Mr. Carnew, allow me to present to you my friend and partner, Mr. McArthur."

As Mr. McArthur was an Irishman of the type whose hearts entirely rule their heads, it is needless to say that he responded to the introduction by giving sponged to a most cordial shake, and then he followed up his cordiality by wanting to know if Mr. Carnew wouldn't step within and join them in a bit of lunch, to which Mr. Brekbellow responded by taking Carnew's arm, and insisting that he should do so, saying as he led Alan within:

"Now that you are with us on the mountains, why not make a stay of a week? We have everything you need in the way of dress, and I am sure our manner of living will be a pleasant novelty to you. Come, say you will, and let me dismiss this man of yours. One of us will drive you down to Sangerites at the end of the week."

Carnew's heart leaped at the offer; to be for a whole week in the very vicinity of making, in the gloaming of the day, surreptitious visits to the immediate neighborhood of her home, and to catch secret glimpses of her, perchance, were enough of themselves to excite, even if this claim to accept the invitation, even if this companionship were less sincere and less genuine than they were. And then both pressed him so earnestly, tempting him with all the wild, novel pleasures of the place, that he found it difficult to resist. So the driver was dismissed, and Carnew remained with Mr. McArthur and Mr. Brekbellow.

XLVIII.

Carnew found his new abode to be one of pleasant novelty; life there seemed to be something like what he used to read when a boy of the life of the people in a manner almost primitive, and there was such a genial glow over it all by his two pleasant companions. The very second day he found himself entering into all their ways with a zest that was refreshing to himself, and most agreeable to his friends. They took him quite into their confidence.

"You see, Mr. Carnew," said Brekbellow, who in neither countenance, voice, nor manner resembled his cousin, and who, while he could not lay the slightest claim to physical beauty, bore that evidence of manhood which wins involuntary favor. "You see, he repeated, we haven't undertaken this enterprise as much to make money out of it as to give you a new object of interest. If it just pays the expense, we shall be satisfied; if it does not, Mr. McArthur there will lose pretty heavily, but he won't mind, for he's pretty rich, and hasn't any wife to call him to account. As for me, I'm a poor devil anyhow, and the little I sink into the enterprise won't beggar me. There's old uncle on the other side, and as I told you, he washed his hands of me six years ago because I dared to hold some opinions of my own. My cousin Harry will come in for all that fortune."

"You are better without it, Charlie," said McArthur, in his rich Irish voice; "carve your own way in the world as I did."

Carnew looked at the last speaker, thinking he was rather young to have carved his own way to the wealth he was said to possess; but he also thought, as he continued to look, it was hardly to be wondered at when one noticed the physiognomy of the man. Perception, judgment, observation, memory were all strikingly developed, while benevolence shadowed all, and mirth, the true, Irish, other qualities. It was a face, like Brekbellow's, not possessing the beauty that goes to silly women's hearts, but a face to delight the physiognomist, and the form which it surmounted was somewhat slender, but well-knit and compact.

"We came up here," pursued Brekbellow, "last summer, Dan and I, and we think we are pioneers? Well, that was the way the idea came first, the idea of building a sort of summer-house up among these mountains, and running it for tourists like ourselves. It came to McArthur who was resting for something to do, and he broached it to me, and I said, 'Just say that I had some money in the bank, and I'd put in the magnificent sum of one hundred dollars. Yes, sir; that is the extent of my share in this great enterprise.'"

And the speaker affected to swell with most laughable importance.

"Of course," he continued, "the hardest job would be making the road, and getting the materials up here for our building. We looked about us for awhile, and finally hit on that place of Dutton's."—Carnew started slightly, but he was not observed—"four miles below here; it was such a pretty spot, and not quite so high as this, and instead of having any new road made, we could have improved the old one. But Dutton wouldn't sell; it was an old homestead, and he couldn't part with it. I saw him down in New York, at his place of business, and I never was so much taken with a stranger in my life. There was such an air of simple honesty about the man. I was so impressed by him, I had to take McArthur to see him on the pretence of business, of course, and he came away with the same feeling; didn't you, Dan?"

Dan nodded his head.

Carnew hit his lip with secret exultation. This was the second time within two days that Dyke's praises had been pressed upon him.

"It would have been a desirable site," he answered, in order to get the conversation out of the channel of encomiums.

"I noticed it as I was driven here, and would you object to my becoming a partner in this undertaking? I also, like Mr. McArthur, have some spare funds."

"Couldn't think of it, my dear fellow," interrupted McArthur; "I cannot share the honors of this enterprise any further than I have done; the success or the failure must be ours alone, must it not, Charlie?"

To which Charlie responded an emphatic "Certainly."

That was the honest-hearted Irishman's way of refusing to entrap even a rich friend into what might prove a failure.

That evening Carnew took a walk, a solitary walk that led him down the mountain in the direction of Mr. Dutton's house. It was a brilliant sunset when he started, but it was moonlight when he had traversed the four miles which intervened. The little mottled, well-remembered house was in sight, with the light

from a lamp shining through one of the windows. Like a culprit trying to escape from justice, he stole nearer and nearer to the light dwelling. If he could only get one sight of her, he would be satisfied, he would be happy.

Every wooden shutter was thrown back, so that if the lamplight would not expose him he might steal in turn to each of the windows that were situated at accessible heights from the ground, and perhaps a kind Providence would reward him. He did so, and through one of the open windows near which he stood, he beheld with a great throbbing of his heart the object of his search. She was seated by a little table in the centre of the room, on which stood the lamp that sent its rays so far, and she seemed to be reading a letter to an aged woman by her side.

As only her profile was toward him, he could not see what ravages separation and trust. Have strange and hope a little longer, and this night of trouble will be followed by a clear and perfect day."

At this juncture, whether by that magnetic presence which makes us feel that eyes we do not directly see are looking at us, or whether Alan, in his eagerness, forgot himself so far as to incautiously shift his position, Mrs. Carnew stopped her reading abruptly, and turning so that she faced the window, she saw her husband's countenance.

The suddenness of the sight, the seeming impracticability and impossibility of his being in such a place at such an hour, and in such a manner, all combined to make her think it was an apparition, an apparition that boded some evil to him, according to the old superstitious legends of her country, and with an agonized scream she attempted to stand, but reeled, and fell back fainting to her chair.

Alan fled; though a moment before he was softened, and touched even in Dyke's favor, by the hearing of that letter, which had not one harsh word of himself, now his old pride had returned. He would not be caught thus, he would not be fairly shy reading abruptly, and turning so that she faced the window, she saw her husband's countenance.

When Mrs. Carnew recovered, knowing that old Meg would not understand her, she decided not to say a word of what had caused her to faint. She satisfied the sympathizing inquiries of the woman by answers which, while they were truthful, still did not betray what she wished to conceal. Poor old Meg asked nothing; only put her arms around Ned, and pillowed her head on her breast as she used to do when she was a strong and comparatively young woman, and Ned was a little, helpless child.

When Mrs. Carnew thought about the strange cause of her fainting fit all the more because of her silence upon it, and when she replied to Dyke's letter, which she did that very night, she begged him to find out something about her husband's health. She did not tell him why she made such a request, further than to say it was owing to a sudden, strange anxiety, because she saw that Dyke would be glad to hear of anything that would do him good, and she was only an hallucination of her own disturbed brain, and that he would deem her weak and unwomanly for yielding to it.

And Dyke did smile a little when he read her request, but he loved the writer none the less for it, and as he slipped the letter into the fastening which bound her other letters—he kept them all together—he resolved to go to Rahandabad, that he might ascertain in person the information desired by Ned.

Alan had regained his mountain quarters in such a state of breathlessness that his companions wanted to know if he had met a bear, and if the killing of it had thrown him into such a panting condition.

"No; but I've had a long quiet walk up your mountain, equal in exertion to an encounter with a bear," answered Carnew laughing, and then he fell to the late supper which had been delayed for him, and took his own animated part in the bright, genial conversation of his companions, as if his heart and his head were not on fire with thoughts of his wife.

At midnight, when his friends had retired, he stole out to walk and think.

If but one message would come from her; one little word of wifely love, or remembrance, he felt he would be willing to condone everything, and implore her to return to him. But this willful obstinacy and pride upon her part, made him equally determined and proud, and as he looked up to the clear, moonlit sky, he shut his teeth hard together, resolving no love on his part should betray him into yielding one iota, until she had made the first advance. But when he turned in at last to sleep, his fitful slumber was beset by visions of Ned as he saw her that evening, reading Dyke's letter.

He remained with his mountain friends every evening he rambled in the direction of Ned's home; but only far enough to be in sight of the house; he was afraid to risk again a nearer view, for, though on the first occasion he had fled so quickly that he was certain he had not been recognized, he might not be so fortunate again. Sometimes one or both of his friends accompanied him, and though they remarked the lugubrious look with which he turned from Dutton's place, they little dreamed, not knowing that Carnew was married, of the dear, dear object under Dutton's roof.

On the day of his departure, Brekbellow drove him to Sangerites, and obtained from him a promise to revisit the mountain quarters before the setting in of cold weather.

"An' next season, Mr. Carnew," he said, as he shook Alan's hand, "we'll be able to give you the welcome of a prince," to which Alan responded, by reminding him of the promise he and McArthur had given to visit Rahandabad during the winter.

As Carnew neared C—, his last inter-

view with his aunt—when she had attempted to read Ordette's letter through the keyhole, and had failed so disastrously—came to his mind for the first time since he had dashed away so frantically, and filled as his thoughts were with disturbing and weighty matters, the indignation of the scene struck him as it did not do at the time of its occurrence.

It was evening when the vehicle turned down the broad, admirably kept road which led to the house, and the wonted festivity was under way.

Scarcely looking at the flashing lights, and the gaily dressed ladies flitting past the open windows, he directed the man to drive to the side of the house, and having paid and dismissed him, he went quietly entered when a servant knocked for admission.

"Mrs. Doloran desired to know the moment you returned home, sir, and having been told that you are here, she wants to know if you will go to her, or if she will come to you."

Carnew frowned, thinking that perhaps she meant to renew her attempt at reading Ordette's letter, and he concluded, that he had better consent to the interview in order to prevent a repetition of the keyhole scene.

"Tell Mrs. Doloran that I will see her here."

He had no desire to traverse the gay house as he would have to do to reach any place of interview appointed by her, for an incredibly short space of time, as if she might have been waiting in the next passage for the servant's answer, Mrs. Doloran presented herself. Her very dress, devoid as it was of taste, or becoming color, was an eye-sore to her nephew, and the way in which she strutted and rattled her ample silken skirts, caused an aching in his ears; but he said to her respectfully, and waited for the announcement of her errand.

"Alan Carnew," she had evidently worked herself up to the pitch of anger at which hysterics usually supervene, but for some purpose of her own she seemed determined to waive the hysterics for the present, if not indefinitely. "I demand this instant from you an explanation of your conduct; what do you mean by shutting yourself up with a strange man for a whole hour early in the morning, going off after that for a week, nobody knows where, and having during your absence that same strange man coming here asking for you, and when you're not to be had, asking for me, just to know how your health is, and when I told him that you had the health of all fools, without a pain or an ache that disturbs people of such a purpose as his aunt stated. Could it be that he had brought a message from Ned? But no, in that case he would not have asked for Mrs. Doloran; and so, with his eyebrows still raised, and his whole manner indicative of grave wonder, he replied:

"I am as much astonished as you are, madam, that information of my health should be the single object of any person's visit to Rahandabad."

TO BE CONTINUED.

KNOWLEDGE OF LITURGY.

Prof. W. F. P. Stockley Makes a Plea for Closer Adherence to Ritual, Hymns and Practices of the Church.

W. F. P. Stockley, a convert, and a professor at the university at Fredericton, New Brunswick, makes a most powerful plea in an article in the Catholic World Magazine for February for a closer adherence to the ritual hymns and practices in the Catholic Church. He would place the grand old hymns of the Church in the hands of the laity. We do not understand him to advocate the use of the venaular in the liturgical services. His Catholic sense is far too strong for that.

He seems to have acquired a deep love for the Church's liturgical life and the deepest veneration for the divine guidance even in the details of rubric and observances. With such a man the hallowed customs of the Church are safe, and we listen with respect to his plea for a better knowledge of the life of the liturgy among our Catholic people.

As a humble-minded Sister of Charity said who for long was in an Anglican sisterhood: "Of course I know the Church's hymns (the hymns of God's own Church) far better than the nuns here." Excuse me? Because it was Protestants they inherited as Catholics.

"Catholics are disinherited." Do not let us forget it, in as far as it is true.

"I like its intelligible services," said—concerning Anglicanism—one who did not heed God's invitation to please Him rather than self. But when we are looking at men as they are, and at the religion that uses natural means for reaching their souls (and means so noble), the religion whose great priest said he made himself all things to all men, it is not to be thought of much and long that so little is done to make God's service intelligible even down to its very smallest details?

A good priest writes to Catholics of the holy words used for the feast of the Most Holy Redeemer. But the people probably never heard before of the feast, nor of the words; certainly they never heard them; and certainly they have no means offered them of seeing them again. The proper of the Mass is omitted by our Catholic choirs, so astounding in themselves, indeed, but more astounding still in the license accorded them, notwithstanding Rome's binding laws. The prayer books not containing the proper seem to have vogue, and to have little check put on their circulation, notwithstanding episcopal sanction of a liturgical

book, and notwithstanding the many protests against new inventions in devotions, things that 'breed like vermin,' as one distinguished and devoted author-priest does not hesitate to say."

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH, 1901.

Religious Congregations in France.

Recommended to our prayers by His Holiness Leo XIII.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The bill against Religious Congregations, now under consideration in the French Chamber of Deputies, may be very tedious reading; but without reading it and noting the admissions of its framers as the parliamentary discussion of it proceeds section by section, no one could believe it possible that such a measure against liberty of conscience, of lawful association and religion generally, could be introduced to day into the legislative hall of any civilized nation. We shall accordingly append it to this article in its latest form, as reported by M. Trouillot, by whose name it commonly goes, together with some of the amendments which the Socialists insist on inserting in certain of its articles.

What strikes one as strange in the terms of this bill is that all mention of Religious Congregations is excluded. One would imagine that it has been introduced to regulate all associations not organized for financial purposes. As first proposed by M. Brisson as far back as 1882, and again as late as November 1899, it contained certain phrases which betrayed too plainly its real animus against the Congregations. It declared null and void associations whose members would "renounce rights that are inalienable," i. e., the right to own property, to marry, and to do as one pleases—rights which are sacrificed (not alienated) by religious vows. The government dare not manifest its purpose so frankly; and besides the oaths taken by certain secret societies which flourish in France, the oath of the Masonic Grand Orient for instance, and of the Universal Jewish Alliance, really make the members swear away rights which no man, Christian or pagan, can honorably yield. Hence the obnoxious clause must not appear in the first draft of the bill, though the Socialists have announced their intention of introducing it as an amendment to Article 11. To M. Trouillot was imparted the task of framing the bill in its present form, and by suppressing the true purpose of it, he has so far surely proved himself a master of the practice of mental reservation of which he accused Religious in general in the Chamber a few weeks ago, in the course of a speech which made self-respecting women leave the galleries. Should the Deputies ever reach the consideration of Article 11, the Socialists will no doubt force their amendment on the Government, just as they succeeded in forcing M. Waldeck-Rousseau to adopt their amendment to Article 4 exempting all but Religious Congregations from its requirements, and should M. Rousseau's diplomatic illness permit him to push his bill, they will likely again the further amendment they propose, to prevent anyone who has been a member of a Religious Congregation from being admitted to teach in any school until he shall have ceased to be a member.

The duplicity of the Government in framing this bill so as to omit all mention of the Religious Congregations while determining to drive them out of existence, has been made so plain not only by the express declaration of their allies, the Socialists, but also by the admissions forced from their own spokesmen, that Catholic France has begun at last to realize the amazing dishonesty of the clever free thinkers, Masons and Socialists to whom it has too long entrusted its government. The specious declaration of policy made by Waldeck-Rousseau last October in Toulouse diverted the attention of too many Frenchmen from his real purpose. His plea for state education for state functionaries, as he ardently calls all employees of the government—secretaries, teachers, messengers and gendarmes—satisfied them that he intended to deprive the congregation of a portion only of their pupils; his alarm at the ever-growing wealth of the Religious was manifested by citing statistics gathered by his henchmen for months, so that no one could discredit them without laborious investigation; his audacious public charge that the Congregations were usurping the functions of the secular clergy, and his private hints that he had information to this effect from several Bishops, shocked the simple faithful who had been receiving impartial information from both. The time was ripe; with the country seemed well disposed; and the Socialists and other men of no country with whom he has formed a suicidal alliance, he could count on a majority of votes; the Catholic press of the country, whose most active organs he had attempted to suppress in his action against the Assumptionists last Spring, were vainly, it would seem, striving to arouse the people to a sense of the danger, but little was done; the masses of the people were themselves too honest and confiding to conceive it possible that their rulers intended to deceive them.

One might ask here, why could not the bishops and priests of France have enlightened the faithful about the evil intentions of the Government? Why did they not deny the insinuation of Waldeck-Rousseau that they were surrendering the Religious Congregations to usurp the functions of their secular

clergy? The Annoyed the ment in every sympathy with last year, the Good Sheph will recall stirring cha published in So long as a individuals tackled the H was merely of State mea, functions, it, the hierarc their behav became nat announced tion against individual hierarchy in priety mak there is a the Concor the Holy S the Head of everywhere the Govern country his religion ar spoke, and certain ton directly to as he high Cabinet ob referring a Church in they are b he wrote to and through and ahead bishops of their judic action of th sympathy arries, the

If, as the last April either the sonie and ously, the made them threaten prevent a parable Church a destruction flock of Jews for society religion; these cha would, it country a the French press the to lose the nation by aries in the to spa tions, sin on the s teach; a measure of the C guarantee everything soul exercise

M. W nouncing ment, with as well as scarcely formerly member an attach the plain Catholic all in on with the At the d was dis deputy, mission "bring cille Church past fact," q Mun, " the will on the w mentioning said it of the p cordat, extrap as it is of Fran It is

us find ous big- tregat duties revolun pretext tack ellate Even v are old of bein the pro abidin proper

The real p Church expla again nigh an ear been b and in burde and o and a the ex out re ty, on nately and by a taxed