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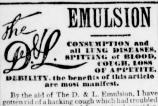
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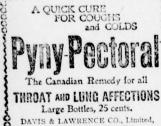
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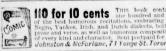
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his words.

"No, no," I cried ont, "it can't be, there is some mistake. I was talking with Mrs. Ennis only the day before yesterday." We had all instinctively sprung up, and were crowding round Mrs. Mackenzie, who only shook her head, however, in a resigned way, and said she wisted she was telling a lie, but it was only too true; that already telegrams had been sent to her nephews and her lawyer. The exact time and circumstances of her death Mrs. Mackenzie could not tell us; but as to the fact itself there could tell us; but as to the fact itself there could be no doubt.

'I'll go over to the inn," said I, still mystified.

"And I'll come with you," said The O'Doherty; and in a few minutes we were on our way. At the pest-office, any doubts we might have had were set at rest by the woman who kept it. She was standing on the doorstep, looking in the direction of the inn, which was not, however, visible from that point; but she had little more to tell us than what we had already heard.

ready heard.

I should think every man, woman, and I should think every man, woman, and child from the village and near surrounding parts must have been in the roadway in front of the inn. The crowd had broken itself up into groups, from the aggregate of which arose a peculiarly subdued buzz, which ceased suddenly now that our arrival gave a fresh turn to speculation. The blinds of the poor old inn were all drawn down; its hospitable door was closed; and we knocked and rang more than once without effect.

more than once without effect.

"If ye plaze, yer honour," said an cld
man, "'tis the parson's got in, an' he shut
the dure, an' he won't lave any one in-

side."
"The parson!" cried The O'Doherty, irascibly, "what's he doing here?"
"I dunno, then, yer honor, but he's in there now, an' there he is, looking at yez

"I dunno, then, yer honor, but he's me there now, an' there he is, looking at yez out of the windy above."

We raised our eyes and beheld the head of the Rev. Mr. Fleming being drawn in.

"What the ——is he doing here?" repeated The O'Doherty to himself, in a very audible whisper. Presently the door was unlocked from within, and opened a few inches to receive us, and us only.

"I thought it as well," said Mr. Fleming, as he locked the door again and fixed the chair, "that some one should be here under these very distressing circumstances, who could look after things a litt'e in the absence of those to whose province it naturally falls. My wife is upstairs, superintending the last sad offices, and seeing that the women light no taper, or superintending the last sad onces, and seeing that the women light no taper, or bring any of their superstitious emblems near the remains of one who lived and died a true Protestant. We did not step in a moment too soon. Already we found

parties of woman chattering and gossip-ing in the very room, some of them on their knees on the floor, muttering beads and what not; but we have happily put How did it happen?" interrupted

"How did it nappen."
The O'Doherty, impatiently.
"The fact is," said the clergyman, "the people of the house are so very uncommunicative, and indeed I may say so uncommunicative, the which thay are response. civil, now that they think they are responsible to no head, that it is difficult, I may almost say impossible, to obtain any re liable information from them. The doc tor, however, tells me it was apoplexy. But I can't help thinking myself, looking

But I can't help thinking myeeir, looking at all the circumstances—"
"Where are the people of the house, that we may have something definite?"
"Toe young woman they call the book-keeper is, I believe, lying down, being completely prostrated by the painful event, following on several sleepless nights. But yonder is Boots coming this way. Perhaps he will be more communicative with you than he is with me," and cative with you than he is with me," and the rector walked away, feeling, perhape, that his assumed authority could not stand if The O'Doherty should address him with his accustomed want of respect in presence of any of the household. Conn threw up his arms as soon as he

saw me advancing.

"Ab, Mr. Shipley! 'tis little I thought you'd ever have seen us in this plight. Who could have guessed it? And now it has happened 'tis plain enough that this was what it was coming to these weeks past. If we had only known! and yet I've been thinking it over and over, and I Or been thinking it over and over, and of don't know what else we could have done. Oh, Mrs. Ennis! now you've gone, I've lost the oldest and the best friend I had!"
"How did it happen, Conn?" said The O'Doherty, who had joined us, in a kind

"Well, sir, she seemed no worse last "Well, sir, she seemed no worse last night than usual; only when my wife went in to her the last thing, she found Mrs. Ennis lying awake and saying she felt very nervous and didn't like being left alone. 'I'll stay in the room if it'll be any comfort to you,' says my wife. 'Do,' said the poor woman, 'and tell Conn to bank up the fire, and to bring up the large arm-chair for you from the library.' I did so, and I banked up the tire and all, and as I had my hand on the door to felt very nervous and didn't like being left alone. Till stay in the room if it'll be any comfort to you, says my wife. Do,' said the poor woman, and tell Conn to bank up the fire, and to bring up the large arm-chair for you from the library. I did so, and I banked up the tire and all, and as I had my hand on the door to leave the room, 'Good night, ma'am, says I, and 'Good night, ma'am, says I, and 'Good night, Conn,' says she, 'good night and God bless you'—the last words I ever heard her speak, rest her soul! It seemed to me not long after, but 'listed of uncertainty. Only one thing seemed sure, namely, that some stranger indignation to one of despair. "I shall have now to write and tell the whole thave now to write and tell the whole thing to his brother Justin in Canada. Thus did the death of Mrs. Ennis by degrees asume the character of a public loss. The day and hour came when the mistress of "The Harp" was borne says I, and 'Good night, Conn,' says she, 'good night and God bless you'—the last words I ever heard her speak, rest her soul! It seemed to me not long after, but

GLENCOONGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY BHERIDAN

KNOWLES.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

"Thank you kindly, sir. I couldn't bear to think that you and your good lady should be left in ignorance, and I knew you couldn't have been told, because no one has passed between the lodge and the Castle this morning, except myself. My daughter's husband has gone down to the village to hear more. Oh, wirrawirra! who'd'a thought it—a young woman, too! five years younger than me, and I was but sixty last Michaelmas!"

"Bless me! what is the woman talking about?"

"Ah, sir!—there comes the breathing bad again—it chokes me to have to say it—Mrs. Ennis, sir, and no one elec Gone, sir gone!"

"Gone?" repeated The O'Doherty, puzz'ed and impatient.

Mrs. Mackenzie's answer, through her sobs, was inaudible to us at table, but it staggered The O'Doherty. He opened his mouth and his eyee, and looked straight before him at vacancy for an instant; then he turned, and came towards the table subdued. He must have seen from the inquiry in all our faces that we were still unenlightened, for he said presently, in a tone full of awe: "She says that Mrs. Ennis is dead!"

A general cry of consternation greeted his words.

"No, no," I cried out, "it can't be, there is some mistake. I was talking with Mrs. Ennis only the day before yesterday." We had all instinctively sprung up, and were crowding round Mrs. Mackenzie, who nolly shook her head, how-will saround, and the most passionately of miles around, and she watched and admired colin database she would say that he took after his mother, the tallest, straightest girl for miles around, and the most passionately fond of dancing, in the days before she married Dan Hoolahan and became the mothers of sayon sons.

mother of seven sons.

Many a voice was busy chanting her epitaph that day. As when the sun has just gone down, an after glow lights up for a brief while the track of the day's for a brief while the track of the day's career, ere night closes in, so to-day did the landmarks in the life of the mistress of "The Harp" stand out in many memories, and many a forgotten act of kindness reappear, and many a harsh word remembered receive its softening touch at the forgiving hand of Death. Her coming there, the night of her wedding, the funeral of her husband—I passed a dozen groups along the road or at cottage dozen groups along the road or at cottage doors, where these or kindred topics doors, were the theme of conversation; and t envied her the retrospect which almost enviel her the retrospect which called out comments of such warmth and kindliness as those I heard.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOPES AND FEARS. But brief was the looking back! Be fore the second day, regret for Mrs. En-nis's death was less keen than speculanis's death was less keen than speculation about the future of the inn, with the fortunes of which the prosperity of so many in the district was more or less bound up. Every one knew that Mrs. Ennis had only a life interest in "The Harp," which now by her husband's will devolved upon his two nephews. What would happen? Would the brothers, or either of them, come back to their native place and manage the inn? It was hardly likely that Justin Ennis would give up the good appointment he was said to by the good appointment he was said to hold in Canada; but George Ennis had not done so well in his career. He had not done so well in his career. He had been wild and unfortunate. It was likely enough that he had learned "sinse" by this; and faith, he might do worse

by this; and faith, he might do worse than return to the business to which, "in a manner speaking," he had been born.

Justin Ennis would not be at the funeral; that was impossible. But George would, of course, travel to Glencoonoge, where he had not been seen now for several years. People wondered whether George Eanis would have changed much. Every one was prepared to welcome him kindly, and to let him see that they were willing to forget his old reputation and let him start fair. When one, it wo, and three days passed, it was martivelled at that he did not appear, nor even two, and three days passed, it was martivelled at that he did not appear, nor even two, and three days passed, it was martivelled at that he did not appear, nor even two, and three days passed, it was martivelled at that he did not appear, nor even two and there seems thim. At last, Mr. Jardine, who as executor of Mr. Eanis's will was master-in-chief and directors general of everything, told the bookkeeper and Conn that he had had a letter from Mr. George Eanis. The terrible news of his lamented aunt's death, George wrote, had been broken to him just as he was recovering from a severe time came he brought some coveted piece of news, his visits were eagerly looked for. At one time we learned that in his capacity of executor he had received a communication from Messrs Goble & Land, in which they laid calied claim to the share of the property of the late Mr. Eanis devolving upon his just as he was recovering from a severe illness, which he had concealed from his revered relative for fear of causing her distress. The catastrophe had utterly prostrated him in mind and body. His doctor forbade his attempting to travel, and insisted upon perfect rest. More than once he had determined at all risks to disregard the advice of his physician, eminent though he was, and fatal though the consequences might be. But grief and exhausted nature had asserted themselves at every fresh endeavor to rise from his sick bed. One consolation he had in his severe trouble, and that was the knowledge that in Mr. Jardine's hands everything would be done in a be-coming manner. There was more which Mr. Jardine did not read, but he told Mr. Jardine did not read, but he told them so much, he said, that they might make it generally known; so that people might not misunderstand the absence of Mrs Eanis's favorite nephew.

There Mr. Jardine left the matter for the present. But the announcement only gave a new turn to public criticism and an intermediate with a result not favorable to

anxiety, with a result not favorable to newly-budding estimate of George's im-provement. His old extravagances were enlarged upon, and no doubt mag nified. His improvidence, as I knew, and as I found now was generally known, had been from time to time a source of vexation and anxiety to Mrs. Ennis, and many did not hestitate to assert that it had caused her death. He was ill was he? tooill to be able to come to his aunt's he? too ill to be able to come to his aunt st funeral? So this was what his way of living had brought him to! If he was really as bad as he said, the chances were he would die. And then? That query launched the speculatists upon a seamed sure, namely, that some stranger would henceforth rule "The Harp," and

tainment of his ambition, which had lately seemed so remote, was all at once in a marvellous manner, and, as it were, by the hand of Fa'e, brought within touch. Every day he became more auxious in considering the chances of getting "The Harp" into his hands, and more testily sensitive in regard to anything he heard which seemed to endanger them. Mr. Jardine must have talked elsewhere with as much freedom as he did at the Castle, for everything we knew was known at the inn and in the village; which made The O'Doherty, though not a lawyer, very jealous in regard to professional etiquette: for, as he said, Mr. Jardine had no business to make the affairs of his clients public property. But the news that the inn was likely to be in the market, had fravelled even beyond Glencoonoge before many days. Lord Lisheen's agent, Mr. Hopkins, unexpectedly put in an appearance and was taken, at his own request, all over the inn by Conn, who also pointed out the boundaries of the land that belonged to it. When this came to The O'Doherty's ears he fell into extreme moodiness. Lord Lisheen was by far the wealthier man, and could afford to give a heavier price for anything he might choose to set his heart on: and nothing was more like'y, thought The O'Doherty, than that he would choose to become the possessor of his cousin's lost acres, if only to spite his cousin, with whom he had been at loggerheads off and on for years. Ragarded from this point of view the case seemed desperate. But hopes soon again alternated with despair in The O'Doherty's reflections — hopes founded on known avarice of Lord Lisheen, who did Ennis, as so often happens to prosperous people, died childless, her funeral train was still not that of one who passes away unhonored and unwept. Great numbers of people came from far and near to be present at her burying. Many a heart moved with unaffected sorrow, and many a spontaneous salutation of farewell greeted the appearance of the coffin and accompanied its progress, as Conn and three of his brethren, William the son of Murtagh Hoolahan, and Jan Harrington the boatman, bore her on filial shoulders out of the portals that had been hers so long; past and away from the garden she had tended from year to year. The crowd, swelled and lengthened, following slowly along the distance of some five hundred yards between the inn and the Protestant church. The O'Doherty, Mr. Jardine, and I, together with the rector's wife and daughter, watched the procession as it approached, from the church-yard, at the gate of which the rector, surpliced, was waiting to receive the coffin. "Hypocrites!" muttered Mrs. Fleming, after surveying the crowd for some time in scornful silence. "It would be more respectful, I think, for them to stay at home. Look at them on such an occasion in all the colors of the rainbow!"

"Oh, the poor people, God help them!" exclaimed Mr. Jardine.

"Poor! They are poor because they are improvident," retoried the rector's lady. "Even so, one could forgive their tawdry appearance if this profession of sorrow were anything but a mockery. But thern is a motive in it all, rest assured. They have a keen eye to the main chance these people, and their coming here is to curry favor—or for some other reason."

"My dear madam—" began Mr. Jardine, but Mrs. Fleming interrupted him. other reason."
"My dear madam—" began Mr. Jardine, but Mrs. Fleming interrupted him.
"If they really mourned our dear departed sister, how is it they will not one

"I should say, ma'am." said Mr. Jar-dine, "that if their object was to curry favor, they would not hesitate to do either "Pray don't think I am upbraiding you, Mr. Jardine. Between respectable Roman Catholics and this rabble there is and amicable spirit. and amicable spirit.

It was necessary to keep The O'Doberty's spirits up in this way, otherwise his depression and irritability would have become unbearable. And the enthe difference of earth and heaven. As for these people, believe me, it is no motive of sturdy independence that wilkeep them outside our gates, but a low superstitions dread of that very coarselection great of theirs." couragement he got was sincere enough as far as his children were concerned. They were infected by his eagerness, and hoped he would bny the inn, because he was so anxious to nave it: they were too young to consider how the purchase would affect their interests, or to perceive that in the end their school-boy brother, and not they, would gain by the acquisition. But Madame O Doherty saw that she would suffer inconvenience

superstitions dread of that very coalestooking priest of theirs."

The people, as Mrs. Fleming predicted, did not enter the gates of the churchyard, and even the bearers, having deposited their burden within the church, retired outside till their services should be again wanted. From the other side of the churchyard wall, and out of hearing of the heretical service, the interment was witnessed by many attentive eyes; and after the reading of the prayers was in-ished, the people would have thronged into the churchyard to look in the grave, and cast into it each one a fragment of clay in token of good will, but that Mrs. Fleming had told Shanly the sexton to lock the gate. In vain the people clam-ored for admittance. Sandy was tacit-urely obdurate: and it was a source of great satisfaction to the worthy rector and his good lady, then and long after, to see and recollect how disappointed and ansult in accordance with her wishes. and recollect how disappointed and annoyed the people were at being locked out, and the resentful looks they cast backwards as they turned away.

The O'Doherty, Mr. Jardine, and I strolled back together in the direction of the inn, all more or less depressed; and as we were auxious to escape its emptiness, The O'Doherty and I accepted Mr. Jardine's offer of a lift on his car to the Castle; while Mr. Jardine, on his part, when we got there, did not require much pressing to dismount and postpone for an

f them enter our church or stand round

the grave while my dear husband reads

in his impressive way our thrice beauti-

ful burial service?

he had received a communication from Messrs Goble & Lend, in which they laid claim to the share of the property of the late Mr. Eanis devolving upon his propher Mr. George Ennis whose reconstructions. nephew, Mr. George Ennis, whose reversionary interest they had purchased. The O'Doherty had been so much away from home of late that he was greatly shocked at this intelligence; but the lawyer had long ago divined that some-thing of the kind had happened. A tew days later Mr. Jardine read us a whining letter from the said George Eanis, who in answer to Mr. Jardine's inquiries as to in answer to Mr. Jardine's Inquiries as to the accuracy of the statement made by the Dublin solicitors, admitted that it was only too true. He declared, with many asseverations, that circumstances had left him no alternative. But the sum he had received had been very much less than the value made over, especially as the reversion had fallen in so much sooner than any one would have expected. The victim entreated Mr. Jardine, his good friend and his uncle's and aunt's kind and trusted adviser, not much less than the value made over to desert him now, but to help him out of his difficulty if there was any method, any outlet by which the ill-advised and be escaped. If that were impossible, could not the firm, he urged, be induced to make some further allowance in consideration of the short time it had had to

stand out of the money.
"Did you ever hear of such an idiot?" cried Mr. Jardine, excitedly, folding up the letter, "and the meanness of the fel-low too! 'Gad, I'll have nothing to do low too! Gad, I'll have hotting to do
with him. He must abide by his bargain. Not got the full value of his inheritance! Of course he has not, and serve
him right. Was there ever a man so
worried as I am!" continued Mr. Jardine, suddenly changing from a tone of
indignation to one of despair. "I shall

alternated with despair in The O'Doherty's reflections — hopes founded on
known avarice of Lord Lisheen, who did
not like spending money, even when it
was to gratify a pique, and on the less
likely but, as it turned out, the wellfounded surmise that possibly Lord Lisheen was only anxious to prevent a
stranger from getting a foothold in the
neighborhood, and would be satisfied if
the property were bought in by the descendant of its former owner. We all encouraged The O'Do-herty in this idea, and
urged him to put into execution the plan
which sprang out of it, of going to Killany Abbey to see his cousin, and of talking the matter over with him in a frank
and amicable spirit.

should the purchase involve even a temporary complication in The O'Doherty's sffairs, already somewhat embarrassed. See accordingly held herself in reserve, listened to, and with her accustomed tact advised her husband, but refrained at the same time from showing how much she same time from showing how much she was opposed to his craze, preferring to await the development of events, and to avail herself of such opportunities as might hereafter arise of guiding the re-

As often as I looked at Madame O'Do-As often as I looked at Madame O'Do-herty's face, so calm, so comfortably trust-fal in the good fortune which had never yet failed her, I wonder how it was I had received no answer from Mr. Chalmers, though a considerable time had now elapsed since I had written to him. Had he died of his illness? Had he left elapsed since I had written to him. Had he died of his illness? Had he left Cannes, and so missed my letter? One day about this time the questions rereceived their settlement. I was going down to breakfast when I found Conn Hoolahan standing at the foot of the staircase and it was for me he was waitstaircase, and it was for me ne was waiting. His face, which was serious, became more overcast when he saw me, and putting his hand into his breast-pocket, he drew out a letter. It had come some time before, he said; he remembered its arrival quite well, just in the thick of all the transless he had not it by intending the trouble; he had put it by, intending to give it me or send it—and the matter had gone clean out of his mind ever since, until this morning, when he had come

upon it by accident. but tearing the letter open and turning to the end I found it was signed, "Eustace

"Confound it!" said I, "this was a very important letter," and without saying more I skimmed through it rapidly. The more I skimmed through it rapidly. The writer gaue unmistakeable proofs that the track he had followed when he left Glencoonoge, led nowhere; and he quite disposed of the additional reasons advanced in my letter to him, in support of my certainty that the new mistress of Gencoonoge Castle was his sister. A feeling of something like dismay passed beling of something like dismay pas feeling of something like dismay passed over me as I read. So the speculations I had delighted in were only castles in the air after all! Mr. Chalmers spoke of his illness and of that period in it when he seemed to have neither the power nor the desire to live longer. He spoke of his pretent enervation, of the sense of despairing weariness with which he regarded his fruitless search, and how he was without heart to renew it. So soon as he was fit to travel—if indeed he was destined to recover—he would proceed to destined to recover—he would proceed to London; perhaps he might there find some new ray of guidance; otherwise he must abandon, at least for a time, the pursuit of a forlorn hope. His French doctors recommended a sea voyage as the best restorative; and as a visit to Australia would would be convenient in othe ways, he would probably adopt their advice. In the meantime would I bear him in mind? He gave me Miss Walsingham's address in London and his own in Australia, in case I should ever have occasion to communicate with him.

Poor man! There was no trace in his letter of the energetic wilfulness which had once characterized him. In its place there appeared to have settled a resigned despondency such as a man might feel upon whom rests the shadow of the valley of death. Well! there was no more to be done. The letter was three weeks old. be done. The letter was three weeks old. If I had had it three weeks sooner I could still have done nothing. Looking up I found Conn's eyes fixed on me penetrat-

"I don't know that any great harm is

ing himself to-morrow to take an invent-

It did certainly look like business. We had seen nothing of the lawyer for the last five or six days, and did not know what new turn things might have taken

what new turn things might have taken in the interval.

"They say, sir," said Conn, hoping no doubt to gain some information in addition to that which he already possessed, "that The O'Doherty will buy the inn."

"I hear," I returned, that Lord Lisheen has his eye on it."

"Egad, then we'd sooner have The O'Doherty, for he's on the spot and deals with his tenantry himself; and 'tis easier for a man to do harsh things when he does them through another, like Lord Lisheen with his agent."

TO BE CONTINUED. TO BE CONTINUED.

ON THE EVE OF THE REFORMA-TION.

Had the Church Lost its Hold on the Affection and Intelligence of the People?—Answer to a Frequent Query—A Notable Volume by an Eminent Catholic Writer.

A distinguished English priest, Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, D. D., O. S., B., Superior of the Benedictine House ot Study, London, has issued a no-table volume entitled "The Eve of the Reformation in England" (Putnams). The following review of the book is from the pen of the literary critic of the New York Sun. "It is true that, before the rejec-

tion of the Roman jurisdiction by Henry VIII., the Catholic Church had lost its hold on the affection and the intelligence of the English people? This question is answered in the negative by Dr. Gasquet. The book does not protess to be a history of the English Reformation, or even to offer a consecutive narrative of the religious movements in England during the sixteenth century. It merely presents s series of studies, the collective aim of which is to indicate the position of the Church in the eyes of the nation at large just before the Reformation began, to exhibit the attitude of men's minds to the Roman ecclesiastical system as they knew it, and to set orth what with regard to religion they were doing, and saying, and thinking about when the change came upon them. Information on these subjects ts still difficult to get, and the work before us is designed to supply some evidence concerning them. The author does not deny them. The author does not deny that, in many things, there was need of reform. This was rocognized by the staunchest sons of the Church; and the Council of Trent itself affords proof in its decrees hat, by the highest authorities, it was acknowledged that every effort must be made to purify the ecclesiastical system from abuses superstitions and scandals which, in the course of the long ages of its existence, had sprung from its contact with the world and from the human weaknesses of its rulers and ministers.

TRENT WAS NOT THE BEGINNING. Dr. Gasquet denies, however, that

the movement for reform began at

Trent, or was simply the outcome of a-terror inspired by the wholesale defection of nations under the influence of the Lutheran revolt. He points out that the need had been long recognized by the most devoted sons of the Church. There had long been those who had been designated as the "morose Cardinals," who saw whither things were tending, and strove to the utmost of their power to avert the threatened catastrophe. Janssen has shown that, in the middle of the fifteenth century, for instance, Nicolas of Cass initated reforms in Germany, with the approval, if not by the positive injunction, of the Pope. His reforms, however. ciple, not of destruction, but of purifi-cation and renewal. Holding that "it was not for men to change what was holy, but for the holy to change man," he began by reforming himself and preaching by example. He restored discipline and eagerly welcomed the revival of learning and the inven-tion of printing as the most powerful auxiliaries of true religion. His projects of general ecclesiastical reform presented to Pius II. are pronounced admirable. Without wishing to touch the organization of the Church he desired full and drastic "reformation in head and members." This purpose obviously differed from the aim of those who attacked the Church under the leadership of Luther and his followers. The object of the latter was not the removal and purification of abuses, but the overthrow of the existing religious system. Dr. Gasquet insists that in the half century preceding A. D. 1517, or even 1521, no one dreamt of changing the basis of the Christian religion as it was then understood. The most ear-nest sons of the Church, indeed, did not hesitate to denounce this or that abuse, but they never intended that their work should undermine the edifice ; such an outcome of their efforts was foreign to their conception of the essential constitution of the Church. To suggest that men like Colet, More and Erasmus had any leaning to "the Reformation" as we know it is, in view of what they have written, misleading. LUTHER ON THE STATE OF THE TIMES.

The fact is, according to Dr. Gasquet, that around the real history of the Reformation movement in England there has grown up a mass of legends from which it is often difficult to disentangle

are the facts? Was the age immedi are the facts? Was the age inhabitar ately antecedent to the religious up heavel of the sixteenth century so black as it has been painted, and was it the genius of Luther which divined how to call forth the light out of the "voice and entry darkness?" Our authorized and empty darkness?" Our autho summons Luther himself to tell us hi opinion of the century preceding the rise of Protestantism. "Any on reading the Chronicles," wrote Luther "will find that since the birth of Christ there is nothing that can be compared with what has happened cour world during the last hunirg years. Never in any country have people seen so much building, so mu cultivation of the soil. Never has sugood drink, such abundant and delica food been within the reach of so man Dress has become so rich that it cann in this respect be improved. Who h ever heard of commerce such as we s ever heard of commerce such as we it to-day? It circles the globe; it ebraces the whole world. Painting engraving, all the arts, have p gressed, and are still advancing the state of the s More than all, we have men so capa and so learned that their wit pe trates everything in such a way t now-a days a youth of twenty kn more than twenty doctors did in d gone by." Here we have the te mony of the German reformer him that the eve of the Reformation was no sense a period of stagnation.
world was fully awake and the li
of learning and art had already daw upon the earth. How, then, can progress of commerce and the pros perity of peoples be attributed to religious revolt of the sixteenth REFORMATION A DEATHBLOW TO S SCHOLARSHIP. There is evidence to prove Luther's picture of Germany is as

rect for England at the same pe There is abundant testimony learning in the fifteenth century i a congenial soil in the last n country. It is further to be noted in its origin, as well as in its prog the English revival of letters, may be accurately gauged by the newal of Greek studies, found its patrons in the fifteenth and ear teenth centuries among the clerg the most loyal lay sons of the Cn On the other hand, the fears of mus that the rise of Lutheranism prove the deathblow of solid se ship were literally fulfilled. In land no less than in Germany the religious controversies and th sequent social disturbances, lea except in so far as it served to exigencies of polemics or meet the troversial needs of the hour, de for well nigh a century; so fa the Reformation affording the able ground upon which scho and letters flourished, it was, i ity, to use Erasmus' expression the movement, a "catastrop which was overwhelmed the s tial progress of the previol tury. The state of the univ of Oxford and Cambridg fore and after the period of the ious change, bears testimon effect on learning in general. the differences of opinion in r gave rise at once put a stop t ternational character of the universities. English name with disappeared from the lists at the great centres of in France and Italy, and the opened by the Reformed chu Germany by no means as compensation. It should be bered that only through the a received from monastic and co houses had a large proportion lish students been enabled to university training.

DENTS The episcopal registers bes to this useful function of the ious corporations. The ser dered in this way may be without any implied appro the monastic system as it exis condition of Oxford after the sion of the monasteries is a the degree lists. In the and, again, in the year l single student graduated, a torian of the university has the lamentable state to which were reduced. In a sermo in Queen Mary's reign, Ro appeals for charity for the po at the two national u
"Very pity," he says, "n
exhort you to mercy on the
dents in the universities in
Cambridge. Cambridge. They were n

in number, and yet those

us are ready to run abros

world and give up theivery need." As early Cambridge scholars petition

for an extension of privil ground that they feared struction of learning. To save Oxford, it was ordere clergyman having a benef £100 per annum should, o ing, support at least one so university. Bishop Lati reign of Edward VI., look regret to past times, helped the scholars," for almost no man helpeth Truly," he adde them. pitiful thing to see the so lected. Schools are not scholars have not exhibi few there are that help It would pity a man's what I hear of the state o what it is in Oxford I co think there be at this da 10,000 students less tha within these twenty yestudies, apparently, di the religious turmoils wh

England. Upon Mary's mpt was made to rek