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CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PALMS. In the soft splendor of a summer evening, musical with the flute-notes of birds, the play of fountains, and the whispering of leaves, while the sun flashed a line of gold along the crests of the distant mountains, tinting the of the distant mountains, drifting clouds and sparkling on lofty temple and ruined fane alike, Nemesius souls who, refusing to deny Christ, gave their lives in testimony of their faith. He had for some days designed. faith. He had for some days debated with himself if it would not be best to do so, but now she had of her own accord asked an explanation of what she had accidently overheard; and, al-though it gave him a bitter pang to acquaint her with the cruel realities of the persecution which they both might be called upon to share, he not shrink from the task. She was only child, whose life, except for the blindness that for a time clouded it, had been like a summer day; she had never beheld suffering, or telt pain, or even heard of violence, cruelty, or blood shed; and he feared that without some preparation her heart might faint terror, and the weakness of childhood give way to the horror that threatened nld the test come.

Seated close beside him, her head against his shoulder, and her hands clasped over his arm, she listened, looking far away into the golden glow, a sweet, wondering, half expectant look

apon her face.
"Does it make thee afraid, dearest?"

he asked, finding she did not speak.
"I am not afraid—oh! no: I was thinking. It may frighten father, if those cruel ones try to make me deny the dear Christus; but I will never, never do it—even if they kill Then He will know that I love Him more than my own life,"

answered, with simple fervor.

"And thou wilt behold the glory of
His countenance; He will crown the with everlasting rejoicing, and with His Holy Mother and the angelic hosts, noble army of martyrs and virgins, thou wilt live in His presence, and drink of the wellspring of His love forever, forever!" said Nemesius, whose countenance shone as if transfigured by the vision that filled his mind, and triumphed over the pain and outery of

She did not see his face—her head -but his words thrilled her heart with silent ecstacy, as love, winged by faith, bore her thoughts upward to a contemplation of the inexpressible joys he portrayed. Could it be that with to which He had given sight, she would indeed behold the divine Christus, His Virgin Mother, the holy angels, and all the resplendent hosts of heaven, and that He from His great ould welcome a child like her Would His Holy Mother, in her shining and crowned with stars, lead her robes, and crowned with stars, lead to Him, ("And show unto us the blessed Fruit of thy womb, Jesus,") and say: "Behold, my Son, the child to say: "Behold, my Son, the child to whom Thou gavest sight, who has loved Thee, and not feared to die for Thee?" And then would He bless her, and let her kiss the hem of His garment, and place her where she could forever see

"Is there no other way to Him ex-cept through death?" she presently

We only follow Him, my little one for He trod the same dread road before us, that by His Passion and Cross His Adorable Presence find there eternal re-

what wilt thou do without thy little maid?" she asked, standing in her childish beauty before him, with the meshes of her golden hair, making her

look already crowned.
"Do? Follow quickly, Our separation will be but for a moment," he

answered, with a strange, glad smile. Claudia nestled closer to him in full content, her innocent heart overflowing with thoughts of that Celestial City, whose light is not of the sun, but of the Lamb Wao dwelleth in the midst thereof—thoughts that spanned like a rain-bow the dark, cloud-veiled stream, whose bitter, soundless waters flow be-tween it and this mortal life.

At this moment a clear, sweet voice

floated like an echo through the silence, rising and talling in sweet inflections, coming nearer and nearer, until the words it chanted because distinguish-

"Our soul hath been delivered," it sang, "as a sparrow, out of the snare of the fowlers. The snare is broken, and we are delivered." (Psalm exxiii., 7.) Then, the singer passing on, his pice drifted into indistinctness and

It was Admetus, going from his t was Admetus, going from his work among the flower-beds. It was his way to retresh his soul by singing scraps of the sacred songs he heard at the functions in the chapels of the Cata-combs. Like a bird, he could not help singing: it was the voice of his heart full to overflowing with the joyfu

anysteries of faith. "That will be our song by and by, my little maid," said Nemesius, laying his hand upon her head, thankful that she was prepared for the hour of trial, and assured that her brave child-heart

would not lose courage in its ordeal of pain; but even he could not fathouthe depths of its Christ-given love faith, and he prayed God to send His to strengthen and comfort her

when the time came.

Day had melted into purple twilight, through which the great tremulous stars softly glowed; nightingales fluted their lays to the silvery chimes of the foun-tains, and from the pines on the hill, and the orange blossoms and sweet

olives in the garden, the wind brought spicy odors to embalm the night.

Nemesius and his child; their minds filled with thoughts too sweet and solemn for speech, walked silently back to the villa. After supper, loving words were exchanged and farewells spoken; then, blessing her with fervor, he hastened back to Rome, to bear the Holy Viaticum to certain Christians mned to die on the morrow; to distribute alms to some newcom who had taken refuge in the Catacomb and were without food, and be ready to serve the Pontiff at the altar in morning. Symphronius had instructions how to warn him, should danger threat-

When Nemesius left the Mamertine the night was far advanced, and dark-ened by clouds which threatened a storm. Threading his way in the gloom storm. Threading his way in the gloom through narrow cross streets to shorten the distance, he was conscious that he was being followed. Several times re cently he had imagined that he heard footsteps behind him, but, thinking it might have been accidental, gave no attention to it; there was no mistake now, however, and, wheeling suddenly around, he confronted a man wrapped in a cloak, so dark that he was scarcely discernible in the surrounding gloom. His movement was so quick and unexcted, that the fellow had no time to

fall back, and almost ran against him. "For what purpose dost thou follow me, friend? Dost thou need help?' said Nemesius, in grave, kind tones.

"Aye, illustrious signor," stammered "I heard thou wert merciful to the needy; but I was ashamed to beg, and followed, hoping-

"To attract my attention? I will ask thee no questions; take this," Nemesius, dropping some silver coins into his hand; "and if thou art sore pressed again, come to me openly."

The man's dark, slender fingers close

over the silver, and with muttered thanks he turned away. "I must be more wary," he panted, as he ran more wary," he panted, as he ran through the darkness. "I could have stabbed him, but that would be going beyond my instructions, to say nothing of losing the reward I am promised, and perhaps my head." It was the Cypriot.

Again and again after this, Neme-sius fancied he heard stealthy footsteps near him when going on his errands of mercy at night to various parts of the city; often he felt a presence of some one unseen—by that keen sense, call it magnetism or what you will, by which ome organizations can feel even a pass ing shadow—but there was nothing visible whenever he turned, and he hought it might be the echo of his own

footsteps.

In the meantime Fabian sought by every means to divert his mind from still rested against his shoulder, and the apprehensions that tormented him, her eyes still gazed out into the golden and look again only on the sunny side and look again only on the sunny side of life, but without success; for haunt-ing forebodings attended him still, filling him with an unrest as uncontrollable as it was sad. him to the villa on the Avent ne with an impulse he found it difficult to resist; but he had not courage to go until he should become more accus tomed to the changed state of affairs

One evening he went to the imperial palace. The soft strains of double flutes and stringed instruments blended with the hum of conversation and a light ripple of laughter, as the gay, pleasure seeking guests, clad in festal attire and sparkling with jewels, moved through the splendid and luxuriously. appointed rooms. Stopped often to ex change salutations and a few words with acquaintances and friends of both sexes, Fabian's progress was slow towards the magnificent apartment which the Emperor and his court held state on occasions of this sort. At length he was near enough to see Lao dice — conspicuous as usual by the splendor of her dress and jewels, and children may triumph over the sting the pre-eminence of her beauty-re-and bitterness of death, and in His ceiving like a queen the adulation and flatteries of the groups around her ; she "Then I will welcome death if it glance of her superb eyes invited him lead to Him. But thou, my father! to her. She was in a gay mood, and what will thou do without the little cladate set and on a deadly lever, once on my way from Cyprus, and looks in upon me whenever he passes through tragedy.

All this so quietly and naturally I underlying upon me whenever he passes through tragedy. glad to see the only man in Rome whose wit was worth a tilt with her own; she also had a purpose, known but to herthe sun tangled in the self, which made his presence especi

ally opportune and welcome.

After the first greeting and interhange of pleasant words, flavored with satirical but polite banter, the group of gay adorers, who had been offering so dulously the incense of their homage sedulously the incense of their nomage to her charms, with ready tact with-drew, to avoid being cast into the shade by this more brilliant aspirant for her favor, giving Laodice the oppor-

tunity she coveted.
"Canst theu give me news of the beautiful blind child at the villa on the Aventine?" she asked in soft tones waving her peacock fan gracefully to

and fro with indolent motion. Claudia! she is quite well; I saw er the day after my return from Um bria. She grows more lovely every day," answered Fabian, startled by her question; for none, except her slave, the Cypriot, knew this woman better

than himself.
"Can it be true that her blindness is cured, or is the report to that effect but one of those rumors one is always

earing in Rome?" she asked.
"It is true," said Fabian, having quickly recovered his self-possession and ready tact. "She can see out of a pair of eyes almost as bright and beau-

He must be a most skilful physician

who cured her," she rejoined.
"Yes, the fellow is skilful; he cured e of a dreadful fever I got on a troopship once in my travels, and I recom-mended him to Nemesius. He brings his skill from the East, where he lived pany years; he also studied in the chools of Egypt. He is a strange, mysterious man, who comes and goes like a ghost. It all happened while I

was away in Umbria."

There was a baffled look in Laodice's eyes at this simple, straightforward statement. "What if, after all," she statement. "What if, after all," she thought, "the Cypriot has deceived

At this moment there occurred an unexpected interruption. The Emperor, having taken a fancy to seek amusement among the guests, espied pleasant lines are east, to its distinguished by the cliff in a little thread of a "goat held the death angel hovered with the Cavendish. As might be expected the

turning, Fabian made graceful obeis-ance, and stood waiting his pleasure. "Health to thee, since thou art still alive, which thy long absence inclined me to doubt! Canst tell me aught of thy Achates, our commander of the Imperial Legion?"

"I have been absent from Rome, Im perator, and have seen Nemesius but once since my return. He is looking nto his private affairs, I learn,' Fabian, with as indifferent an air as he could assume. "Truly," he thought,

"Fate seems pressing close."
"Aha! by Mars!" cried Valerian,
with a coarse laugh, "is that all? Can t be thou hast not seen the fair one of his choice, or heard of his soft dalliance the second nuptials? By the Bo Dea! she who has won Neme be a paragon."

Fabian did not know that this was the

inference Valerian had drawn from the esoteric expressions of Nemesius in their last interview, but he was not thrown off his guard; he only said:
"Nemesius rarely talks of what is in his heart; it is his sanctuary, and all it holds is sacred to him."

'A confidential matter, I see; but why such secrecy, unless to make the revelation more splendid by contrast? Commend me to the silent for sur-prises," rumbled Valerian, from his short, fat throat. "Nemesius has his besides his romance.

and looking into the affairs of his large estates, he blends duty with pleasure by visiting the prisons request; to see that those wicked dealers in magic, and conspirators against the State, yeleped the Chris tians, have their deserts. hatred drew the tyrants heavy brows together, and his visage grew purpl

at the very thought of them.

Laodice had stood, all in her superb beauty, silently watching Fabian's countenance, unobserved, as she imagined, in the hope of detecting some subtle, flitting expression, by which she might judge of the truth or falsity of his words; but it was inscrutable He was on his guard, knowing that her eyes were upon him; and now, as he turned towards her, he observed a strange glitter, like a spark of fire, scintillating in their depths, which boded no good-an idea confirmed by her words.

"It will please thee, Imperator, to learn that the beautiful child Claudia, is cured of her blindness," she said, in oneyed tones to the Emperor.

The little maid of the Aventinethe child of Nemesius! By Apollo such news is like the jewel in a toad's forehead, in times like these. Health to the little beauty! But tell us by what skill or magic the extraordinary cure was made!" he asked, with singuinterest. "Fabian says by the skill of a famous

Eastern physician," rejoined Laodice.
"He must possess the skill of Machaon himself, to give sight to one born blind. Is the report true?" inquired the Emperor, turning to Fabian for confirmation.

"It is indeed true, Imperator, to the joy of all who love her," he answered, feeling himself on dangerous ground.

"The pretty one is favored by the gods to be in such luck. I remember her as beautiful as Psyche. But I would hear more of the wonder-worker, astrologer, magician, or what, who cured her. By Fidius! if he can give sight to one born blind, he must able to bring the dead to life," said Valerian.

"Some go so far as to claim that he can, but there is a margin in all reports for exaggeration,"

"Where is he to be found? I'll give him his own price, however high he may rate his services, to go with me when we march against Sapor.'

"I can not tell, imperial sir. He was on his way to the East when he saw the child. He may return soon, for he comes and goes like a shadow. He cured me of a deadly fever, once

Rome. Should be appear again before the army moves, I will apprise thee." "Thou wilt earn my gratitude by so doing," answered the rumbling, imperial voice, as the General of the Praetorian Guard approached,—one whose claim to attention no Roman Emperor could afford to slight. Pabian almost drew a sigh of relief as the burly form of Valerian moved away. But he not quite through the narrow strait, in

which, so far, he had skillfully avoided both Scylla and Charybdis. Laodice, however, determined to probe the affair further.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PASSING OF THADY.

By Maude Regan, London Oat, in Dona-hoe's Magazine for November, 1903. Thady's cabin, poor enough in crea-

ture comforts, is tucked away in one of the many windings of the prettiest road in Ireland, therefore in the World. The road leads ultimately to the sea, but pursues its course with leisurely in directness, as though it were of little consequence whether it attained its destination to day, to-morrow or next week, and when you have humored its fancy for doubling and twisting as often as I have, you won't think it matters

For if it takes its own time about bringing you those seven miles "as the erow flies," to the scarred cliffs against which the ocean beats in impotent wrath, it vindicates its every digression wrath, it vindicates its every digression in a manner entirely charming, and essentially Irish. And ever at the end of its windings—beyond the little byway where of old the pilgrims wended to the holy well—beyond the little turning that leads one to the flower-word leaf that the disket where the turning that leads one to the flowerpaved, leaf-thatched thicket where the
"good people" featly foot it at their
moon-lit revels—lies that unexplored
mystery, the "say." In sun-kissed
heaving splendor my fancy pictures it,
—a lovely vision which I am curiously
leath to compare with an acquality loath to compare with an actuality

which must surely prove less fair. Half way down the road, measured from the little ivy clad inn where my pleasant lines are cast, to its ultimate

and gosson" path that scrables down

At least it used to be Thady's, until the "quareness in his chest which he had poulticed and against which he had pointieed and sorven are winter, developed into a galloping con-sumption that hurried him off into a specially lovely turn of the road leading to a very quiet, grassy churchyard, whither all this forbears traveled when

t was time to rest.
So although from old habit I call the cabin Thady's, his home is really out in the shadow of the ruined Abbey wall, and possesses this one advantage dear to the Irish peasant haunted by the fear of laying his bones in alien soil, that he lies among his own people.

"My mother, may the heavens be her bed!" "My father, God rest his soul!" How often have I heard poor Thady thus speak of those he was soon to join. Yesterday, little Patsy standing those to his mother's side made same prayer for Thady, with solemn childish eyes devoutly raised, "My father, God rest him!" and I saw Molly catch her breath sharply.
There are still moments when she almost forgets "Himself" is gone, most forgets "Himself" is gone, though the neighbors have begun to speak of her as the "Widdy O'Connor." The cabin is as neat and tidy as

bustting industry can make it. hardy flowers struggle up on either side of the door-step, and behind the house lies the potato plot in all of green leaf and snowy, gold-d blossom. So straight and even crested blossom. the furrows run that the plants seem to march in soldiery files, unbroken save where Molly and the children have been with their spades, "gettin the pitaties in agin

"And little I though this time twelve months, 'tis cryin' I'd ever be over so fine a crop," said Molly to me in a burst of misery when I came upon he

yesterday busy among the drills. When the doctor gave Thady his death sentence he found him at first in-credulous. "Never a soul belongin' to him had thought of dyin' under sixty," and Thady had no ambition to break precedent established by an honorabl line of long-lived ancestors. beneath the pitiless medical logic, incredulity yielded to doubt, and doubt conviction, Thady wasted of the precieus moments to sad e of the precieus mome idle repining. There were none few of those moments left that it became a question of coping with the

ost urgent needs of "Herself," and the little ones, of mending the thatch, and planting the crop and of abando ing those vaguer plans for their well-being, scattered further down the road was never to travel-the road to

sixty—and beyond.

How well I remember the day I saw him plodding drearily homeward from the fateful interview, a figure strangely out of keeping in Nature's setting of a splendid sun-filled morning of early pring. White clouds chasing one another across a sky, deeply, wonderfully blue; thrushes in distant thickets iping Nature's reveille; the gold of the primrose scattered over the distant slopes, and Thady, uncomfortably clad well brushed Sunday suit donned in

honor of the doctor, going home to tell the verdict to Molly and the "childer." When I walked over to the cabin about sun-down the first wildness of Molly's grief was spent, and though despair looked at me from her eyes I despair looked at me from her eyes I knew she would never again fail Thady in his need. She told me "Himself was busy settin' out the pitaties going into the bare brown field, I found him digging with a feverish energy that

sorely over-taxed his worn frame, puffing the while at his discolored pipe. He told me between puffs, wantin' to plant as many as ud put her over the winter and leave her maybe a sack or two that Peter Conlon at the store ud be glad enough to take off her. By next spring Patsy, the crather! 'ud be a great help to her, if they could manage to tide over the winter. All this so quietly and naturally I

ing interest in that potato plot -an interest only second to Thady's—that I never got to the "say." I could never pass by Thady, scant of breath and strong of soul, casting up row after row of orderly drills, each one a new arrier in the way of that grim invader

Want. Nor was it easier to go my way, when the last furrow planted, Thady took to the house easier in his mind, having done what he could to smooth the way for those he was leaving, and with arge confidence trusting the rest to God. It became my habit to drop in of an evening, and sit with him, chatting of many indifferent themes, and in the pauses of our talk his eyes would stray through the open window to the potato plot—a rolling sea of smooth brown waves, crested as the spring advanced with delicate foam of richest green.

I don't think after that first day, he and Molly ever spoke of the parting, in evitable and imminent, whose shadow

lay so heavy on their souls. As Moliy once said to me looking ou on the gray loneliness of her future, "Thady ud have the best of it;" and this conviction, hugged to her unselfish heart, gave her courage to speed him

on his way. Although I had realized in a dim sort of way that Taady's day were to be few the news brought by a neighbor's child, one July evening, that he was "goin' fast," found me strangely unprepared. When I reached the cabin, I found gathered in the outer room, with Molly in the middle, the group of friendly neighbors whom affliction never fails to ssemble in the dear old land.

Through the open door I could see Thady propped with pillows in a chair by the window, because it was easier to reathe so, and beside him Father John who had married him to Molly fifteen years before, young and strong and never to growill or cld. I do not think heim had carefully encised the numerthere can be many who come to travel-stained as the unworldly Thady. "He'il be with God and His blessed Mother to-night," Father John whispered brokenly to Molly as he beckoned

outspread pinions. With a love stronger than death Molly fought back the rising sobs and began in steady tones

the prayers for a soul departing.

"He'll know my voice best," she said, answering Father John's kindly remonstrance, and Thady on the border land lingered a moment held by the spell of the familiar tones. They never spoke of self, they never broke in sob or cry, but rose and fell with a sort of despairing intensity, as she followed Thady to the very edge of the world, and marshalled with splendid confidence the hosts of Heaven to help him on his

"Let the splendid Company of Angels meet thy soul at its departure, let the Court of the Apostles receive thee, let the triumphant army of glorious Martyrs conduct thee, let the crowds of joyful Confessors encompass thee, let the Choir of blessed virgins go before thee. No strangers they, to these simple rish peasant, but life-long friends to Irish peasant, but life-long for be counted on in time of need.

be counted on in time of need.

"Let thy place be in peace and thy abode in Holy Sjon," Molly prayed, striving with tear bright eyes to pierce the veil that hid the splendid abode

whose gate were wide for Thady.

One by one the frail strands holding him were parting; it almost seemed as though the earth and its cares had slipped quite away from Tnady, whose suddenly he groped his way out of the suddenly he groped his way out of the d quite away from Thady, when mists back to the world where Molly was to live out her days. With some-thing of their old light, his eyes turned from the window beyond which lay the potato plot, all golden in the mellow glow of sunset, to meet Molly's tense, despairing gaze.
"They're coming up finely, glory be to

God!" said Thady quite naturally, as the last strand snapped and calm and unafraid he drifted out to the Infinite.

THE JESUITS OF HISTORY AND FICTION.

LECTURE BY THE VERY REV. CANON O'MAHONY AT THE CATHOLIC CLUB. Cork Examiner.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following lecture by Rev. Canon O'Mahony, who was one of the ablest ecclesiastical scholars the diocese of Cloyne produced in the nineteenth century. We feel sure it will be read with avidity by many priests in Ontario and in the United States:

In English prose literature the number of authors is not large in whose works we cannot be sure of finding some express diatribe against, or some passing insult to, a great Religious Order, of which we as Catholics have good reason to be proud. Some of the assertions regarding the Jesuits amuse us by their grotesque absurdity, and others awaken stronger emotions their gross injustice. English anti Jesuit prejudice has its aspect, which is presented to us in Goldsmith's play of "The Good-natured Man," where Mr. Croker, the type of the average Londoner, lives in perpetual fear of Jesuit plots, and in real life it was exhibited in the declamations of Sir Harcourt Lees and the other bigots of the Catholic Emancipation period, nd more recently in the speeches in the House of Commons of Messrs. Newdegate and Whalley, one of whom said to have regarded the other as a Jesuit in disguise, commissioned by his astute superiors to make a salutary National prejudice ridiculous. The progress of enlightenment has made ny entertaining exhibition of this kind a thing of the past. But serious writers of name and influence, writers such as Macaulay, and Hallan, are Carlyle-to say nothing of those who write for yowedly polemical purposes—continue to exhibit to a wide circle of readers a grossly untrue picture of the Order periodical literature of the day contributes to sustain the same traditional misrepresentation. In the larger reviews, after a certain definite inter val, the inevitable new article on the Jesuits, full of all the old prejudice, is sure to turn up like a circulating decimal on the regularly-recurring tune of a certain street musical instrument. But we live in a time which is not so favorable as past times were to the perpetuation of unverified and unveriable statements. The tendency to laborious investigation and criticism of the re-cords of the past—the materials of history-is a feature of the age we live in, scarcely less prominent than the ardour with which the study of ardour with the laws of nature is pursued. It is a tendency which the Church has, on the whole, good reason to wel-One of the most eminent writers of recent times has declared in a well-known sentence that what was called history in these countries for the past three centuries was, as far as the Church was concerned, one vast conspiracy against truth. now the spirit of research and the desire to communicate the results of research have successfully contended even against inveterate prejudice. A writer of history has now to reckon with a more critical and exacting class of readers than those of a past generation whose curiosity was satisfied by the lucubrations of the "Armehair historwhose only aim was by a manipulation of second-hand authorities and attention to style to construct a pleasing narrative which would confirm readers in their traditional prejudices. The mediæval period especially suffered from this class of authors who have not survived the scathing exposure of their methods in Maitland's "Dark Ages" and other similar works of research Readers of Cardinal Newman's lectures will not forget the famous passage of Robertson proving that religion in the Middle Ages consisted exclusively of ceremonial observances, by borrowing ous references to the interior worship and of their earthly way-faring so little of the souls. But now no intelligen man would think of seeking historical information from such writers of Hume and Robertson, any more than he

victory of research and criticism over prejudice though noticeable has as yet been only partial and must be gradual. It is in the domain of ancient history where prejudices—racial, political, and religious-exercise the minimum of dis-turbing influence, that modern writers have been most successful in eliminating untrue pictures of men and institutions that have so long been accepted as historical. In Grotes History of Greece it is interesting to read his exposure of the uncritical methods of most preceding historians of that country in modern times. He shows (1) that the character of a statesman is often drawn from the assertions of a contemporary writer without any deduction for the known hostility of that witness: (2) he gives instances where the lampoons of comic writers, were gravely transcribed as exhibiting

a just portrait of the public men assailed; (3) he shows how large bodies of men — notably the professional teachers called sophists, were condemned in sweeping general proposi tions based on only a few individual instances. In short, he proved that what passed as the history of ancient Athens was a series of statements formed in utter defiance of the most elementary laws for evidence.

It is the object of this lecture to show that the notion of a Jesuit which the average Englishman has imbibed from the literature of his country, has been obtained by a perfectly similar disregard of the laws of evidence by accept ng without question the testimony of bitter enemies, adopting the caricatu of satirists, generalizing from a few observed instances. I do not intend this discourse to be regarded as a vindication of the Jesuits against the charges made against them. It is not they, but their accusers, that badly require to be defended. My remarks are intended to be not a vindication of the Order, but an indictment of their accusers, an exposure of the characters of their principal opponents, of the shameful methods by which they per-verted history, of the flimsy grounds on which slanderous imputations were based. It would be a more pleasing task to dilate upon the great which the Jesuits rendered to religion. to literature and burligation. But can only touch on that subject in very general way, and just as far as seems necessary for explaining the seems necessary for explaining the origin of the antipathy of which they have been the object. For I have undertaken to give not their history, but a history of the calumnies directed against them. In the year 1640 the Order completed the of its existence. Centenaries were not then as usually celebrated as in this age of ours, which will soon celebrate as in this age of ours, which will soon celebrate the centenary of everything. One province of the Jesuits availed themselves of the occasion to One province of the Jesuits publish a folio bearing the title of

"Imago Primi Seculi Societatis Jesu" written in Latin partly in prose and partly in verse, from which, by the way, some modern writers who have won a name for Latin poetry have borrowed rather too freely. In this they celebrate the memory of their founders and other distinguished members and dwell with not unjustifiable satisfaction on a century's record of great achievements But the story of those achievements has been since told in much more glowing language by many a hostile pen. In some respects the society would not suffer if its history were compiled solely from historians who differ from them in taith and in the actual words of those writers. So rapidly did they reach full maturity of their influence that the Order was said to have no intancy. First of all the founders of the Order flung themselves with ardour into the great religious contest then raging principally in Germany, but also to some extent in other parts of Europe. The results must be told in the words of Ranke and Macaulay. "We we beaten on our own ground," says " We were "and stripped of a German historian, great part of our territory." testantism," says Macaulay, in the beginning of the century had carried all before it, was now stopped

in its progress by the Jesuits and rapidly beaten back from the foot of the Alps to the shores of the Baltic. A great many districts were restored to the Church, and the territorial boundaries between the two religions were fixed, as they remained to the present day. Again, perceiving clearly one of the great wants of the time, they resolved to make the education of youth their own special province. They obtained possession of several universities, they established colleges, generally en dowed by princes, and those colleges were rapidly multiplied through every European country. Wherever a sufficient endownment was obtained they taught gratuitously both rich and poor. I prefer one more that their success should be told by unfriendly witnesses. "Their pupils," said the German his-torian already quoted, "learned more from them in six months than they would in two years from others, so that those who differed from them in faith recalled their children from their own colleges and sent them to the Jesuits."
No one will deny," says Hallam,
"that in classical scholarships the Order might stand in competition with any scholars in Europe." And Lord Bacon, who had narrowly examined their schools, says in 1620, in his De Augmentis Scientiarium, "Look at the schools of the Jesuits, there is nothing petter. When I see the industry and ability of these men, I must exclaim, 'Would that they belonged to us.'' The success of their colleges must, think, be to a great extent attributed to the profound and original idea of their general, Lainez, who determined that men of first-rate ability should be appointed to teach even the elementary classes. It was a plan that would ensure the proper expansion and development of many a youthful mind, which would be stunted by the routine instruction of an inferior man. was a plan that certainly did not ad mit of being copied, and that must have been kept up with difficulty by the society itself. But as might have been would look for information on chemistry expected, the whole course of education

took one direction, it tended to secure

and to defend the Catholic Fa and to defend the Catholic Fa theological regulation of the was at once established by to sentatives they sent to the Trent. When Lainez (alread Trent. When Lainez (alread to) their second general, rose prelates left their places might hear from a nearer when the second second second second training of time that The limitations of time that forced against other teachers pensed with in his case, and ents of that great assembly its debates during his tempo illness to secure the advan presence. During the remain century after the celebrati Council Bellarmine became controversial theologian of mical times. We may judge versaries he had to encounter see that each of his treatises number of chapters devote exposing gross misrepreser the Catholic doctrine. He ample of fairness to his adv example, however, that the of his order and his faith ollowed from that day to t Instead of inventing argu opinions and attributing opponents, he went straig representative writers, and in whole paragraphs. Inste ase had never been replied pains to find out whatever been given on the other sid ger, a German opponent, to his fairness and cando multifarious activity in Eu multifarious activity in Eutries did not exhaust the conew Order. The wide field ary enterprise remained, years after their foundar Xavier had carried the books of the control of the state of the stat Cross to the frontiers of converted nearly a milli whom he had preached languages never before Edinburgh Review, sums in very striking languag days of Paul of Tarsus mankind exhibit no oth soul borne onward so through distress and dang most appalling aspects."
continued by Ricci, whafter a long struggle wi in entering Pekin, over judices of the Chinese by tical and astronomical kn funeral procession passes streets of Pekin attended of his converts to a ma especially in his honor b of China. Before the first century about the had at the cost of the of their members laid the tian State, which has of Paraguay for ever men a society formed from age tribes, and fi the appliances of ci governed without the punishment or imprison hundred and forty year famous Portugese state bal, succeeded in blott that bright creation of and charlty. The stor most interesting reading briand's account in his tianity may be special In order to accomplish they had in view they ial vow to renounce as as it is possible for the lignities of the Churc tined to serve so well prising that this rare zeal, self-devotion, a tracted admiration. Sovereign invited men to his Court, and appreachers and conf heir influence confir Amongst the body of Protestant writer, G year 1623, the Jesuit oute on account of the lives and their disint ing gratuitons educatheir position on re centenary. But dow their foundation the with unexampled op Human nature woul higher level than it h if such a transcender ence the Jesuits had close of their first o cite antipathy and pathy did not soor felt by calumny felt by calumny Among those outsi dium theologicum v very intense again Catholicism who h umphant progress of recovered so much said Melancthon, These horrible Je vance of our reli not be one papist some evil genius these brawlers. V society might per like what two Voltaire wrote in his friend Helveti destroyed the Jest Christianity in child's play to stated honestly t pathy. Had he ater he would h of pretending founded solely or that were attribu the Church the rivals in education ping them, rouse mity of the univ not be said that ereigns and tho ance of carping