place, patiently awaited the result of that private colloquy.

An hour passed and nothing more occurred! What an hour of painful anxiety! At last the Superior arose and went noiselessly to the door, but returned almost immediately, uttering to himself, "*Luquemus contritus est et nos liberati sumus.*" He had heard the murmur of two voices speaking in a low tone, but he was unable to comprehend what they were saying.

We shall not briefly relate what occurred in the meantime between the stranger and the young Jesuit. When the former entered the room Father Antony was a little startled at seeing him carefully lock the door. The stranger then knelt down, and in a low but intelligible voice began to recite the Confiteor. The priest raised his hand to give the usual benediction, pronouncing these words: "*Dominus sit in corde tuo et in labiis tuis ut rite confitiaris peccata tua.*" But before he had time to finish the prayer the stranger, without changing his position, suddenly seized the confessor's throat and quickly drew from beneath his great cloak a pistol, which he pointed at the priest's face, saying in a low, savage voice:

"If you dare move I'll fire!"

Father Antony remained motionless. The hand which was placed on his throat prevented him from uttering a single cry, but his right hand was raised mechanically in his defense.

"Rest quietly," said the stranger, shaking his victim so violently that several buttons were snapped from his soutane.

Looking the priest in the face, and still holding the pistol in its menacing position, he demanded: "Where are the papers F—— gave you three days ago?"

Father Antony made an effort to speak, and this caused the assassin to relax his hold a little.

"I have no papers," he replied in a suffocating tone.

"Liar!" cried the assassin, forcing the priest's head against the wall. "Before F—— died he gave you a bundle of letters."

"'Tis false," replied the priest, who had now almost gained his usual calm.

"Robber! Hypocrite!" growled the assassin placing the pistol against his victim's temple. "If you don't hand over those letters you'll die where you are."

"I haven't those papers of which you speak, and even if I had, you should not get them," replied the Jesuit with firmness.

The murderer uttered a cry of rage, then seizing the priest by the hair he lowered his head so as to plunge a dagger into his neck.

"Wait," groaned Father Antony in agony.

The murderer, thinking terror had made the latter yield, let go this hold. Then both stood up. The priest, extending his trembling hands, said: "For God's sake give me ten minutes—five to make an act of contrition and five to recommend my soul to the Blessed Virgin who is my mother and yours also, unfortunate wretch.'

The murderer, surprised, stepped back, and, as if that sacred name had awakened in his icy heart some feelings of shame or doubt or bitterness, he said in accent where all the sentiments of his heart were blended:

"My mother also?"

"Yes," replied the priest, who remarked the emotion of the miserable wretch, "your mother also, and that of Jesus Christ, to Whom you must one day render a strict account for the crime you are now about to commit."

The wretch seemed agitated for a moment, and then rudely forced the priest on the prie dieu saying: "Pray as much as you like, but be silent."

Father Antony fell on his knees on the prie dieu, and clasping to his bosom, with all the faith and love of the just about to die, an image of the Sacred Heart, he pressed it to his heart. God alone can explain what took place during those few moments, but one thing is certain, that while the priest still pressed to his heart that holy image, there on the very threshold of eternity, he offered up that life which he was about to lose for his murderer. Like a tempest when the winds are suddenly calmed, the fury of the latter ceased. His proud breast began to heave; his dark eyes flashed as in wild surprise he gazed upon the almost prostrate form of the priest, which looked at that moment like that of some supernatural being; then the grace of God entering at the same time his heart of steel, down to his lips those sobs which fill the courts of heaven with joy, because they announce the joyful tidings of a repentant sinner. The sigh rang in the ears of Father Antony as a death knell, and thinking the murderer was about to strike the fatal blow he stood up, white as chalk, but perfectly calm and resigned. But the stranger, instead of striking, let the dagger and pistol fall from his trembling grasp, then, covering his face with his hands, cried in a hoarse voice:

"Oh! pardon me, Father Antony; pardon me in the name of the Immaculate Mother of God."

The report the pistol made when it fell on the ground caused the Superior to think the priest was murdered, while the cries from the outside and the knocking at the door rendered it hard for the Jesuit to know which side he should take. Writhing in agony, the stranger threw himself upon the ground, crying:

"Oh! Father, for the love of the Blessed Virgin Mary, don't ruin me. I'm the father of ten children."

"My dear child," said the Jesuit, "do not be afraid; I shall save you."

The stranger, overcome by his agitation, continued sobbing for some time. Father Antony was about to turn on the light, when a feeling of delicacy for the penitent's incognito prevented him. But the latter, divining the priest's intention, turned it on fully, and, casting his disguise aside, exclaimed with vehemence: "Look me in the face Father, and behold the countenance of your assassin."

He was a tall man, of middle age and well proportioned, his heavy eyebrows almost concealing his dark and flashing eyes, which were almost starting from their sockets. He wore a beard, without a moustache; his long hair hung down over his neck. A large gray manteau, or cloak, beneath which he was fully armed, covered him completely. Father Antony embraced him a second time, and with sweet and fatherly words of pardon and confidence succeeded at length in calming his troubled soul. The stranger, now in a more tranquil frame of mind, proceeded to give the priest a detailed account of the infernal snare that had been laid for him. The Christian death of their leader a few days previous had caused a great deal of anxiety to the members of that sect, as they feared that at the moment of his death he had revealed to the priest all the criminal manoeuvres in which he had always taken such an active part, and hence they had resolved to assassinate the Jesuit so as to secure, by his death, the secret of their plans. The letters did not exist. This was simply a ruse to force the priest, in a moment of surprise, to confess whether he had any of their documents in his possession. The pistol was to be used to threaten the victim and afterwards to secure the murderer's flight in case he should be pursued or attacked by any other party. By forcing the dagger through the priest's neck in a special manner the assassination could be silently accomplished, while the murderer was to secure his own safety by flying immediately to a cab which was awaiting him at the end of the street, and conducted by another Freemason. Instigated by the hatred he bore for the community, since his eldest daughter, under the direction of one of the Fathers, had entered a convent, and neither prayers, entreaties, nor even threats, could shake her vocation, he himself on that account had volunteered for the execution of the crime. The information relative to the arrangement of the house, the number and habits of the Fathers had been supplied by another Freemason, whose name he gave. She was well known to the Jesuits, frequently called to visit them, took part in the different confraternities and (horresco referens) regularly made her confessions to Father Antony. To her the letter had been assigned with a mission to give it a pious turn, and whose exaggeration precisely aroused the suspicion of the Superior. How he had renounced that horrible crime the unfortunate man could not explain, but without knowing why, when he saw the young priest kneeling before the crucifix, without a single cry escaping from his lips, he himself felt as if his heart was breaking. The image of his daughter, kneeling before the altar and praying for his conversion, was than vividly before his mind. As a matter of fact, in the short but awful struggle between life and death the assassin, aided by grace, triumphed over the powers of darkness, and his soul was saved.

Father Antony spoke to him as tenderly as a father would to his loving child; spoke of the love of God for the penitent sinner, and exhorted him, without any further delay, to lay the burden of his life of sorrow before God's minister and become reconciled at once with his Heavenly Father. The priest also offered to aid, and did effectually aid him in the examination of his conscience, and in a short time he who had hitherto lived upon the "husks of swine" found himself an honored guest at the royal banquet.

Before setting out the stranger paused for a moment. He resolved to go to the cab which awaited him, afterwards to seek an opportunity of escaping to some foreign country (which he did two days later.) He warned the priest not to appear in public for the next ten days. The latter assured him he would act accordingly. The two men descended the stairs together, then, having received a final benediction from the young Jesuit, the stranger stepped out into the night. Shortly after a cab was travelling at a quick pace through the almost deserted boulevards. The noise grew fainter and fainter, until at length it died away in the distance.

When he had bid farewell to the stranger, Father Antony returned to join his comrades in the community chapel, where with a grateful heart he thanked Almighty God for so signal a conversion and for his own miraculous preservation.—Joseph Lee in the Dublin Weekly Freeman.

THE CHURCH OF ROME.

FROM LIFE AND LABOR OF THE PEOPLE OF LONDON.

By Chas. Booth (non-Catholic)

The reality of the power of the Church of Rome, is as remarkable with the cultivated classes as with the rougher, with the educated as well as with the ignorant, with those who have all the wordly advantages no less than with those who have none. For poor and rich alike their religion seems to be their greatest possession. True religion, wherever met, brings with it this equality before God. Among those of rank, wealth and fashions, whether hereditary Catholics or newly won converts, their faith enters into and I think governs their lives to a degree rare among Protestants. One cannot mix with them, or enter their places of worship, or talk with the priests, or have audience of the dignitaries of the Church without being conscious of this. All seem to have a common spirit, all seem to be working with a common aim; every institution the Church possesses comes into line, every resource is brought into play.

The priests in London live as poor men among the poor. Their food is simple, their clothes threadbare; they take few holidays. They live from day to day. If they have a shilling in their pockets no one will want in vain. Austemious and self restrained themselves they are yet lenient judges of the frailties that are not sins, and of the disorder that is not crime. This kindly gentleness is after the event; at the time no one could be more uncompromising in denunciation or more prompt in interference.

CONTROVERSY UNAVOIDABLE.

"What is the religion of South America? There is Paganism and Romanism in the worst form and type, that which teaches that a man can be wicked all his life and then be prayed out of purgatory for a small sum. South America needs the touch of Protestantism. Romanism does not touch or benefit the people."

Considerable difference of opinion is manifested over a recent letter of Father Kenim Vaughan's to the Freeman's Journal. This learned and traveled priest has spent a very large portion of his life in South America, and he knows the condition of Mexico and several other principal States of that continent as well as any one alive.

It is Father Vaughan's contention that "the golden sword of controversy" is most useful in the dissemination of the truth, and for this he has been sharply taken to task by a Paulist Father and other writers. The paragraph we have quoted is taken from a discourse recently delivered by the Methodist functionary called Bishop Needy. It is part of a systematic and continuous campaign of calumny against the Catholic people of every country, in both hemispheres, kept up by the Methodist emissaries. Will any one say that the sword of controversy should be kept in its scabbard while the enemies of the Church are endeavoring to strangle her and trail her body in the mire? What is the character of the statement made by this missionary fire brand? Is there any word but one in the English language to stamp it for what it is? It is a bold, brazen, wicked lie, and the Catholic who would remain silent under such an imputation on his religion is unworthy of it.

One Catholic at least has taken it up. The Rev Father Bogan, of St. Mary's, Plainfield, N. J., has sent to the editor of the Daily News of that city a letter challenging the Bishop to the proof, and offering to donate a hundred dollars to a local charity if such proof be forthcoming. In the course of his letter the indignant priest protests against the monstrous system of calumny by means of which the missionary chest is replenished. He protests against it as an endeavor to stir up strife between the different people of the United States, who are all equal before the law. He says, amongst other things:

"Ingrate indeed would I be were I to hold my peace when faith in the fair name of my mother were made the subject of malignant insult. None the less infamous would silence be when foul invective is uttered against my religious faith, when its assailed representatives are too far away to defend themselves. The Catholic Church ten thousand miles away is the same Catholic Church whose members the right reverent collector has insulted in this city. Sins there are and have been and shall be, for which humble atonement is daily offered by Pope and peasant, priest and people alike; but, share as we may the human frailties of our fellow-men, never have we descended to the depth degrading wherein we appeal for help to spread the knowledge of Christian charity by detraction and calumny. It is indeed a sad commentary on the intelligence of any American audience when an appeal to the pocket is made by such vulgar tactics.

As a citizen with the dearest interests of our fair city at heart, I protest against such vulgar efforts to stir up religious rancor, to engender strife, where not only the law, but the best of real American sentiment hold the protecting aegis of the square deal above Protestant and Catholic alike."

It is astonishing to find that while the Government is straining every nerve to bring about a better understanding between the South American people and those of the United States, firebrands of this kind are allowed to frustrate the good end by villainous lying and appeals to the spirit of religious hate. It is part of a deliberate, long continued plan. We find it breaking out now in Mexico, in the shape of the monstrous conception of a "race for souls;" again in Italy, in the shape of a tale how a priest sells "tickets for heaven." Everywhere those Methodist inventors go they leave a trail a bitterness, engendered by their unconscionable slanders on the Catholic people.

Of course, Bishop Neely will not take up Father Bogan's challenge. His immediate object has been achieved. He had his "collection" in his pocket, and he will let his pride keep it company there until the affair has blown over. He will return to South America to resume the foul work of calumny and pander to the ignoble prejudices of narrow minded pietists who believe they are far superior to the "priest ridden" Catholics of South America, Italy, Spain and Ireland.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

CONTROVERSY.

The Rev. Kenelm Vaughan joins issue with a speaker who said, recently, that the time is gone by for controversy with non Catholics and that the sword of controversy should be relegated to "the museum." We agree with Father Vaughan that such a statement is too absolute. Controversy still has its place in the warfare of the true Church with heresy, but the sword of controversy is a dangerous weapon, and should be wielded only by those who are well trained to its use. In any other hands, it wounds without convincing and renders no service to the cause of Christ. Again, different measures are needed in different circumstances. The vast majority of the non Catholic people of this country, to-day, are not and should not be looked upon, as enemies of the Church, armed with intellectual weapons to attack her. They are more like people blinded by heresy and groping for the light, blundering by striking at the danger which their blindness conjures up and which they have been led to believe is the Catholic Church. Should the shining sword of controversy be unsheathed against such people when all they need is a simple surgical operation on their spiritual eyes? Of course not. It would be a waste of time and energy and would do more harm than good.—Sacred Heart Review.

VITALITY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

For nineteen centuries without change in its creed, for nineteen centuries advancing and throwing out missionaries to all known parts of the world, for nineteen centuries, comprising the whole of the Christian era, misunderstood, reviled, hated and the Holy Roman Catholic Church has "fought the good fight, has kept the faith." To day it stands in the zenith of its power. Still advancing, its goal the millenium, never wearied in the good work, it will bring to generations yet unborn, that peace of mind, that rest for the heart, that complete happiness, which is characteristic of the life of the good Christian and in the end when life is done and the sins of flesh are expiated, eternal life is the heavenly abode of our Father.

Wherever the teachings of the Church have been propounded, by some they have been accepted. The doctrine of love—and with what a world of meaning we Catholics interpret that word—as taught by the son of God, is to-day as potent as when the Savior walked the earth and exposed the chicanery of the sons of man. The gentle rebukes administered by Jesus Christ to his self seeking followers and the eternal truths uttered by this Holy God Man stand today as perfect evidences of the love bore for the human race. God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son that we might live. In His Son was the same great undying affection which prompted His Father to send Him. Jesus came in all humility. No pomp, parade or chivalric hosts accompanied him in all his journey from Bethlehem to Calvary. His coming inaugurated the Christian era and the Christian era will go on till time is no more. In His life He established the Church—the Holy Roman Catholic Church—and it, too, will live on until the work started by the Son of God has been accomplished and time is no more. God knew the suffering man brought on himself by sin; God knew the trials His Son must bear; God knew the tribulations His Church must undergo; God knew the difficulties His people must overcome. Do we trust in God's wisdom? Have we faith in His integrity? Yes. Then let us with willing hands and courageous hearts bear the yoke and do His work, mindful ever of the reward that comes to all who labor in a just cause.—International Catholic.

PLAIN TRUTHS.

FOREMOST BAPTIST MINISTER OF NEW YORK STARTLES HIS PEOPLE

One of the most remarkable sermons of a decade was preached last Sunday by the Rev. Dr. Madison C Peters, in this Baptist Church of the Epiphany, Madison avenue and Sixty fourth street, New York. In his sermon, which was on the subject: "What Protestants Should Learn From Catholics," Dr. Peters said:

"Catholics teach us the lesson of constant attendance upon public worship. Protestants go when the weather is just to their liking. Who has not heard early on Sunday mornings the tramp, tramp, of people, with a hard week's work behind them, and often a hard day's work before them, while we are asleep, hastening to the Catholic Church, with prayerbook in hand?

THE CHURCH FIRST.

"The Catholic puts his Church first. Seek to employ a Catholic, his first inquiry is whether there is a Church handy. Catholics go to Church to worship. Protestants frequently to hear an eloquent preacher. At the appointed hour for service, instead of being in the seats to join in the devotional part of the service, the Protestant audience begins to gather, and by sermon time, the supposed worshippers are in their pews.

"I have known many men and women who in lowly homes of poverty sent up grateful prayers and praise of God, were faithful to their Church and gave liberally from their pittance, but now that the humble home has been exchanged for the costly mansion and higher social ambitions they have forsaken the God of their youth, neglected the Church of their less prosperous years and out of their abundance give little or nothing. Catholics seldom even in their prosperity turn against their Church. Would to God our rich Protestants were as faithful!

"The rich Catholic hesitates not to kneel by the side of the poorest. There is a real democracy in a Catholic church in prayer before God.

LESSONS FROM CATHOLICS.

"Protestants should learn from Catholics how to give. Catholics are generally poor, but behold their churches, behold the earning they lay upon the altar of the church. Any financial committee will tell you that from one-third to one half of those whose names are on our church rolls give nothing, and with many who give, when hard times come they begin retrenchment at the Lords's end of their income.

"Every Catholic is identified with some parish. There are tens of thousands of Protestants whose church membership is in their trunks or in the place where they used to live. In caring for their children Catholics teach us a lesson. Statistics show that Protestants do not hold their own children to the church. The Protestant laity need to be awakened to a deep sense of the magnitude of their duty toward the children. Here is the source of strength in the Catholic Church. The seed of divine truth is planted in the hearts of the children.

TOO MUCH TALK.

"The Catholic Church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. Protestantism has swung to the other extreme and not put enough stress upon good works. Good works won't save, but faith without works is dead. Our religion is too much talk. We have too many women's meetings and not enough sisters of charity. Kindly generous, loving acts—people believe in that kind of religion.

"The Catholic charities covering every conceivable case of need and suffering, put Protestants to shame. One Orphanage is worth a whole ton of tall talk. Christianity is not only a recipe for getting to heaven, it is rather a powerful incentive to make this world better for our being in it."

THE LOURDES PILGRIMS.

CURE OF ONE OF THE AFFLICTED.

Great excitement was caused among the pilgrims who recently left London for Lourdes, under the patronage of the Catholic Association of England, when it was announced that Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes had granted a favor to one of their number. The pilgrim in question is Mrs. Darby of Lyme Regis, who joined the pilgrimage, with her friends Mrs. Lance and Miss Laffan, in the hope of obtaining some amelioration of her condition. Mrs. Darby is a sufferer from cancer and underwent a serious operation twelve months ago. The following details are officially supplied:

"Mrs. Darby, of Lyme Regis in Dorsetshire, came to Lourdes with the Catholic Association pilgrimage on September 11. She underwent an operation for cancer in the right breast a year ago, in August, 1905. She had never been able to use her right arm or raise it to her head since. In fact, her arm was practically useless. On the second day of the pilgrimage she was resting in her room talking to Miss Laffan (a friend), when she drank a small glass of water from the Grotto. They were talking together when the subject of her last year's illness came up, and in the course of conversation she found that her useless arm was completely cured, and she could straighten it, put it up to her head, and button her dress at the back without the slightest trouble. In fact, as she said, she was cured." — B. C. Orphan Friend.

"FOLLOWING OF CHRIST."

Thackeray, who was not at all a spiritual minded man, once said that the maxims of "Following of Christ," if practiced, would make the world a dreamy desert. The Rev. Charles Bigg, D. D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History of Oxford, in his "Wayside Sketches on Ecclesiastical History," takes a more rational view of the matter, as shown by the following passage from his essay on Thomas a Kempis:

"We want politicians, soldiers, men of business. But it is desirable that they should all be religious, that every man should do his duty in the faith and fear of God. Now, if society is to be permeated by religion, there must be reservoirs of religion; like those great storage places up among the hills which feed the pipes by which the water is carried to every home in the city. We shall need a special class of students of God, of men and women whose primary and absorbing interest it is to work out the spiritual life in all its purity and integrity."

To which the Spectator adds: "And Thomas a Kempis is more than justified by what he left behind him. No one can tell how many souls have been watered from his 'reservoir.'"—Antigonish Casket.

Nothing so hinders one from being natural as the desire to appear so.—La Rochefoucauld.

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