

le education. Not a
tality, for the land of
t.

ne public worship was
in Holland and the
ion all told did not
to day they number
are steadily increas-
government, to Parlia-
y department of public
contributed their full
works of charity and
y occupy a foremost
rarchy, which was re-
(the same year as the
y), consists of the Arch-
t with four suffragans,
d that in due time this
de Wetterling, will be
ed College. The dis-
oured by St. Willibrod
almost to its summit. There the scaf-
olding still remains, a disfigurement to
the structure and a monument to Angli-
can parsimoniousness or incapacity.
Now the Dean and Chapter want £5,000
to "preserve this mighty monument of
Britain's Christianity." Better late
than never, it is true, but what a re-
proach to the exponents of the "con-
tinuity" theory.

ANCE to the late Consis-
most unprecedented in-
me in the membership
age, it has been pointed
ernationalization of that
thereby taken a great
Every country in Europe
erable Catholic popula-
resent Russia, Holland,
and Scotland. Because of
oution of the Church in
Bishops being so im-
arbed in their work in
the admission of any
College of Cardinals is
te of things lasts, con-
of the question. Hol-
intimated, may be long
e coveted dignity, and
turn, too, will come in

HAS HAD NO direct
in the Sacred College
at Beaton, who was the
Reformers in 1546, but
two others have since
at Hat, viz, His Royal
Benedict Stuart,
of York, sometimes,
ously called "the last of
who died in 1807; and
Erskine, of an exiled
career as advocate and
again an exile, in Paris,
in his deacon's orders only,
Cardinal by Pope Pius
He is best known in
as Envoy of the Holy See
of George III. With the
e in the Catholic popula-
in the past forty years
robable that she too may
a representative in the
Cardinals in the not distant

VE BEEN, we are sorry
ere very unkind, and to
unwarranted references
of certain Catholics
r. Capel. That that dis-
relate had more than once
been a sort of storm centre
of history, and to say that
mistakes is but to say that
can. But that throughout
of great earnestness and
ill, we think, when all the
s of his career are fully
found to be the unques-
ed. Certain it is that what-
akes in regard to the Cath-
ogy of Kensington (and all
ere not yet been made pub-
cations otherwise entitle him
attitude and regard. Above
paid to his memory by the
of Sacramento, under whom
many years, and in whose
eld, should set at rest all
another sort. The Bishop,
is entitled to speak with
the character of the dead

IN the Sacramento Bay, the
this to say of his departed

death of Monsignor Capel
Sacramento loves a friend,
loved not only by those of
color, but by all others. The
of his disposition made him a
favorite, and his kindness
rich and poor, old and young.
His life-aim was to do good,
and the power of religion to
a splendid mental qualities
ed to the spread of the Gos-
pion the Church has had
time succeeded as well in
her claims. The Monsignor
ly man, and yet seemed un-
it, for he never made any
superiority of his personal-
rich and poor, old and young
in his company and re-
leave it. He was naturally
figure in any assembly, and
his dignity with ease,
he neglected the rest
eeded, and to that fact may
his sudden death, for he
himself. The end was ex-
pected, for he died with
the world's goods, rich only

in his noble deeds of unselfishness and
charity, and his memory is an inspira-
tion to the whole world which has
heard of him. Thus he verified in him-
self the dying words of his great friend,
Cardinal Manning: "I die without
money and without debts."

The Dean and Chapter of Canterbury
have issued an appeal for funds for the
restoration of the great central tower of
Canterbury cathedral, known as
Archbishop Chichele's Tower. It is a
singular circumstance that with all the
wealth of the Establishment, with its
State patronage and the social prestige
of its membership, they are unable to
keep the glorious cathedrals of old
Catholic times in decent repair even.
It is many years since the restoration
of the tower was determined upon, and
the zeal of its custodians at that time
got the length of erecting scaffolding
almost to its summit. There the scaf-
olding still remains, a disfigurement to
the structure and a monument to Angli-
can parsimoniousness or incapacity.
Now the Dean and Chapter want £5,000
to "preserve this mighty monument of
Britain's Christianity." Better late
than never, it is true, but what a re-
proach to the exponents of the "con-
tinuity" theory.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL is certainly
a glorious monument to the faith of the
English people in the days when Eng-
land was Catholic. To the Catholic of
to-day, with an eye to see and a spirit
to feel, it is still the most affecting spot
in England. Its every stone is redolent
of the faith and piety of other days;
every raftle-echoes the solemn chant
of its carved and sandaled builders and
custodians. It is still, notwithstanding
the sacrilegious violence of Henry VIII,
the tomb of St. Thomas a Becket, and of
a long line of Catholic Saints and
Bishops whose very names cry out across
the centuries in tones of rebuke to the
temporizing strangers who have usurped
their charge. St. Thomas' ashes may be
scattered to the four winds, but his
dauntless spirit still hovers over the
edifice and it remains in a very real
sense his tomb. Some day (God
knoweth) it may pass again into the
hands of its rightful keepers and the
sacred walls re-echo once more the
music of the Church's liturgy. It is to
be hoped then that the appeal now
made for funds to restore Archbishop
Chichele's tower may not fall upon heed-
less ears.

FATHER W-S XMAS RIDE

By Rev. D. A. CASEY

It was piteously cold. Beneath the
thickness of the coonskin coat the man
shivered as the wintry blast beat in his
face. His frozen fingertips were be-
coming painful, his feet were as lumps
of ice. And thus he drove on in the
silence that was unbroken save for the
crunch of the snow beneath the horse's
feet and the jingle of the sleigh bells.
He could make but little progress, for
the snow drifts lay heavy and often-
times almost impassable. Only one
thing helped him—the night was bright
with the light of many stars far up in
the frosty heavens. Thus painfully he
struggled along, and from time to time
the disengaged hand was pressed to his
breast, where over his beating heart re-
posed the little silk-lined purse that
explained the object of his journey.
"God grant I may be in time this
Xmas night," he murmured, "Blessed
Patrick, pray for your exile child."
Suddenly above the crunch, crunch of
the snow, and the jingle of the sleigh
bells, came another sharp, shrill,
fear-inspiring. The horse pricks up his
ears and listens. The driver crosses
himself involuntarily.
"There are other wolves abroad to-
night, Bob," he says, addressing his
only companion, "and you and I have
got to bawl them of their prey," and
as his hand tightens on the lines he
presses closer to his heart the precious
burthen. The horse winces in reply,
and as if he understood he bravely
summons his flagging energy for a final
effort.

"Good old Bob!" his master murmurs
affectionately, "how well you under-
stand! How many, endowed with the
supreme gift of reason, are less pliable
to the Divine Will than you, poor
beast?"

Thus weary, cold, and famished these
two instruments of God's mercy toiled
on in the night, while he for whose
sake they had undertaken the journey
lay upon his rough couch of straw in
the rude log cabin, watching the first
glimmer of the dawn, and listening for
the sound that he knew would come.

And as he listened it came. Very
faint at first, but gradually coming
warmer, until finally he heard the beat of
the horses' hoofs and the rumble of the
sleigh above the sound of the bells.
Then all at once it ceased, and he knew
the expected had arrived.

There was a moment's delay, and al-
though he could not see it, he knew a
robe or two was being thrown over the
poor shivering animal, a hot door
opened, and a man wrapped about in
furs entered the cottage.

"Thank God I am in time," he said.

"You are Father W—?"

"Yes, I am Father W—, and I am glad
I arrived in time to help you make your
peace with God."

"I know you would come,"

"Yes, but I might have been delayed
—an accident might have occurred. Let
us thank God together that it has not
been so."

"I was not afraid of that. I knew you
would come in time. She would see to
that."

"She? Oh, you mean the woman who
summoned me here. Afterwards we
will talk, however. But first your con-
fession and the Holy Viaticum and
anointing."

And as the priest busied himself with
the preparations he could not also
gather a curious question that
would persist in occurring to him. Why
was he so confident I would arrive in
time, he asked himself, and who was the
woman that summoned me?

"She is coming for the last time to-
night."

The priest had performed his sacred
duties. The confession had been heard,
the absolution given, the Holy Viat-
icum received, and the poor shivering,
pained body anointed. A great
peace had descended upon the dying
man. Quietly he lay, breathing out the
few remaining breaths of life, the
priest's hand in his.

"She is coming for the last time to-
night," "Yes, yes," the priest answer-
ed gently, "you are going home to her
very soon—to her and the little babe."

"I am going home with her, Father,
the sick man corrected him, "she is to
come at dawn."

He paused for an instant as if collect-
ing his thoughts. Then:

"Father," he continued, "put your
hand on my head that I may feel God's
pardon resting upon me, whilst I tell
you the story of my life."

The priest smilingly complied.

"I have been a bad man, Father, as
you know from the holy confession that
God and His Blessed Mother had
helped me to you. But since I was
good and innocent until they put me
and the child and herself upon the
road to die. I knew I did wrong, but
when I was mad, and with revenge, and
I swore above their corpses to have it.

To be sure I knew vengeance was the
Lord's, not mine—I knew it before, but
at the time I only knew that my wife
and child were dead, and their murder-
er living in luxury a stone's throw from
the spot where I saw the red clay fall
upon their corpses. Aye, and it was to
have more money to squander upon his
pleasures that the ashes were quenched
upon my hearth and the root-tree thrown
down. But look, Father, better than men,
and the bullocks he would have. True,
indeed, I was not the only one evicted.
The whole countryside was cleared.
But sure I need not tell you these
things, Father, you know the history of
the "bad times" in Ireland." "Yes, I
know it," answered the priest, "I am
one of the victims," and, a little proud-
ly, "my father was evicted too."

"Ah!" and the cold, wasted hand
closed tighter upon the warm hand of
the priest. "So you will understand."

"I do understand," said Father W.
"God knows I have had reason enough."

There was a lump in his throat as he
spoke, and for the moment he heard no
more. Father W. replied, "you have made
your peace with God, and you can now rest con-
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child I could see blood on his face and
arms, and the tears of the mother
falling upon it but powerless to wash
away the stain. And I knew that she
wanted to tell me that I should undo
the wrong I had worked with tears of
penance. I fled the haunts of men, and
lived all alone here in the wilderness.
It must have been years since I last saw
the face of a man, but she and the child
have been with me. Last night she
came and whispered to me, 'He is
coming,' and I knew that the priest
she spoke of, for I felt that the
time had come. Thank God you did
come, Father, for now I am at peace, and
can go out to meet herself and the
child with confidence that my penance
has been accepted. Tell me, was it she
called you, Father?' "answered
"A woman called me," answered
Father W. "It was she, I knew it," he almost
shouted. "And now she comes for me.
Do you not see her held out her arms?
And there is the child?"

Long hours Father W— toiled in the
stuffy air of the log cabin to prepare a
grave for the dead, for the ground out-
side the cottage was frozen and hard to
digging. The stars had long faded from
the sky when he placed the poor
weary body in its rough resting place.
There was no one near to answer the
lonely prayers for the dead—none but
the angels, and, it may be, herself and
the child.

THE "OUTLOOK" ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

The Outlook devotes a good deal of
its space (Nov. 4) to the Catholic
Church. First of all it has an article of
more than four pages "Cardinal Gib-
bons on American Democracy," and
then an editorial of more than a page
"The Roman Catholic Church." It is
not to be expected that the Outlook
should see eye to eye with Catholics on
the subject of the Church; nevertheless,
Bullock puts better than men, and
the Outlook is not the only one evicted.
The whole countryside was cleared.
But sure I need not tell you these
things, Father, you know the history of
the "bad times" in Ireland." "Yes, I
know it," answered the priest, "I am
one of the victims," and, a little proud-
ly, "my father was evicted too."

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